

SAINT ANDREW'S NOBLE ORDER OF ROYAL SCOTS GUILD

PARCHMENT

HIGHLAND EDITION

Inside This Edition:

Character Bios

Costuming Tips

Who, What, Where

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Good My Lords and Ladies, good gentles all,

It is my privilege to present to you the first Highlander Edition of the Parchment. It has been a personally rewarding and educational opportunity to have worked with the Highlander Household during the course of this past quarter gathering their creative writings, character bios, and participating on their web chat as they build unity within their group and work on characterization and language not just for individual satisfaction and growth, or for the benefit of just their "household", but for the good of the guild as a whole — making the picture the guild tries to create complete and well-rounded.

Toward that end, the reader will find some fine educational pieces telling of all the components that embody being a Highlander, or even what that means geographically. Guendolyn Elliot has stepped up once again and provided a very worthy piece on costuming for this group, as well as for the Irish, and how the two are linked historically through dress. Through the creative writings and those character biographies presently available, the reader is also sure to discover for themselves new information that they can pull into their own performances and interactions (both on and off "stage").

With unity as an underlying thread in the creation of this publication, it seemed especially appropriate that we include a look at another guild working to present an historically accurate portrayal of Highland life by including a glimpse into a day at faire with the Highland Warriors through Birgette Anderson's eyes. We (St. Andrew's) are, after all, not an island; and so just as we want to best be able to play off the scenarios provided by those within our own midst, so too it is useful to be able to familiarize ourselves with some of the other guilds we regularly encounter and incorporate that understanding into our gigs and portrayals; and it is my intent to provide some of these guilds with copies of this Highland Edition that they will also profit in their re-enactment efforts with us by knowing who our Highland Household "really" is.

I hope you all enjoy this publication as much as I have enjoyed compiling it.

I remain, most humbly,
Jo Craden,
Editor Parchment and Scroll Publications



Greetings unto Our Beloved Subjects and Guests of the Realm,

Once again the year draws to a close and We reflect upon the most recent progresses with a sense of wonder and repose. The shire of Pleasanton regaled us with its beaming sun, We were so dazzled that when Our secretary Rizzio appeared from his most recent sojourn We almost recognized him not. 'Tis wondrous to have Our little Italian back in Our midst.

The close of the season has always promised Us the treasure that be Truckee Faire. In sooth, it delivered all that was expected and more. The travels of Mary Beaton left Us one Lady short, howsomever, Lady Margaret Dalrymple and the visiting Lady Mary Margaret Kennedy didst step in most admirably. Not to be forgotten, even a few lasses from the Highlands didst offer their hands and company, which We enjoyed most well. Our good sister, Lady Jean Stewart, strove to make Our stay in her hamlet as glorious as is usual, We do thank her most kindly.

The time has come to stoke the fires and fold away the traveling gear. We wish to thank one and all for making St. Andrews a home away from home for all. Now 'tis time to recover, repair and refresh until next year begins anew.

Fond regard,

Mary

COMMUNIQUE FROM THE CHAMBERLAIN

Lords and Ladies of Saint Andrew's

As Saint Andrew's year winds down, with only the Shasta Dragonwood Faire in October and then Winter's Feast in November, I look back at what all of you have accomplished. It is you, the members of Saint Andrew's, that have made Saint Andrew's the premier shining star that it is. Every event we have gone to, we have been compensated with more than what we contracted. New members have been joining us throughout the year, that they too can be part of the family and fun that is Saint Andrew's. To you, the family of Saint Andrew's, I say three hardy kogaurs for the hard work you have done to make Saint Andrew's what it is today.

Speaking of hard work, I would like to talk about the very hard work that must be done to load the truck to get us to faire. My question to all of you, is: why is it always three or four over sixty-year-old men always loading the truck? Why was it after Pittsburg, when I showed up to unload, it was the same sixty-year-olds unloading? Where were the member who live close by Sir Orew's castle (and even if you didn't live around him, Pittsburg was only thirty minutes away)? I realize everyone is tired after a weekend of faire, but the truck must be un-loaded and it would go so very much faster if a few more people were there to help. I may be preaching here. I know that we pay to be a member of this organization, but there is some work involved in putting on the shows that we do, and it should not be the older generation alone that gets us there. Enough said about this, I just hope more people will get involved.

In closing, I would like to say, I have had a wonderful time at faire with all of you. I cannot think of a better group of people I would like to be playing with at faire. You are great. I want to thank Mistress Elena for the wonderful "You have been Boethwelled" pins. If you don't know what the pins are, ask her, I'm sure she'll tell you. Thank you again Elena. I did forget to give you one, as you were the first to be Boethwelled. Back when.

I look forward to seeing those who can make it to Anderson and I will miss those who cannot. May blessings be upon you.

Your Humble Servant

James Hepburn

4th Earl of Boethwell



FROM THE ROYAL GOVERNESS OF THE QUEEN'S COURT



Good Day To All,

I hope this finds each and every one of you well. This has been a very busy year and I am, as I sit and write this, formulating plans for next year. It is my very real hope to help make next year a bigger and better year for all. We have all but one faire left and then it is Winters Feast. With all the tidbits of secret information that I can gather from the events committee, I can tell you all that it will be grand. Thank you members of the Event Committee for everything you do for the guild. I am hoping for next year to get the Costume and Character Committees to start gathering up information, so that we can have resources where our new and old members can go if they need help. And I would like to say that if any of you out there have an idea for a new jig or skit, please submit it to the Jig Committee. We always need fillers for when the Queen is at break or while we are on parade so there are goings on in the court at all times. I would like to take this time to tell you that you are all special and important to the guild and I thank you for it.

Faithfully Yours,
Dame Raven Gunn Sinclair
Governess of Her Majesty's Court

Every day is a journey.....make tomorrow an adventure to remember. - R.S.

Advertising Rates

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3/4 page	\$37.50
Full page	\$50.00

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1/2 page	\$50.00
3/4 page	\$75.00
Full page	\$100.00

IN SERVICE TO HER MAJESTY

Good my Lords and Ladies of St. Andrews

As we approach years end, I think back on all the events we've done since Opening of Parliament way back in February. Each event was different and yet the same. The confusion of set up, the quickness of tear down, the joys of hug circle, the fun we had with our gigs and shows and the color and regalness of our court. All these came together through the efforts of the people of Saint Andrews.

I remember these people and all it took to make these events happen. Like our events each of us is different, yet we are all the same. St. Andrews is a team effort and we must never lose sight of that. The faces of those that visit us during the day are our thank you, especially the kids for whom it is so real and it is for these people that we do what we do.

I think of my own dear ladies and the wonderful job they do in seeing to our Most Gracious Majestys comfort and well being. Thank you Lady Seton and Lady Livingstone. To those ladies who came forward to help out at Truckee (Lady Margaret Dalrymple and Lady Kennedy as well as Mistress MacLeod and Mistress Kersten) I do wish to publically thank you for your kind help. It was greatly appreciated and went a long way in easing the work load. I now look forward to the remainder of this year and to a joyous holiday season.

'Til Later,

Dame Mary Beaton

Chamberlain of the Ladies-in-Waiting Household

RUFFING IT WITH THE COURTIERS

Good day My Lords and Ladies,

I do believe you will agree that we have had the most grand of times since I have last written to you. We have attended several fairs. We did have a fun time at Willies. I hope you had as much fun as I had. We also had a new member join us. Welcome to the family Ainsley,

Pittsburgh although hot was most grand with the wedding vows that were taken. The wedding was most grand indeed!! The Lady Caitin was most beautiful in her wedding dress. I wish to congratulate Lady Isla Scott for a job well done and for she did work hard and was awarded my personal award.

At Pleasanton the heat did go up a notch. We were kept vary busy but I think we had a lot of fun. Everyone did a grand job at keeping the Court filled and introducing the public to Her Majesty.

For those of you who could make it, Truckee was most well met. The days were perfect; not too hot and not too cold. We did have a grand time. Thank you Lady Jean for a great fair. I would like to thank Dame Britta, as My goodly Husband was not feeling well and I needed to take him home early on Sunday and Dame Britta did step up to help me for the rest of the day. Thank you Britta, for all your help (not only at Truckee but at every event. Your help is most appreciated).

As we come to the end of our season I do hope to see you all at Anderson. I also do hope you can all attend Winter Feast. It should be most grand. I do hope to see everyone safe and healthy when we meet again.

In service to Her Majesty,

God Save the Queen!

Annebell Somerville

Viscountess of Cumbernauld

Chatelaine of Cumbernauld Castle

Bareness of Avon Waters

THE DOGS OF WAR

Good Day Gentleman,,

Since we last met we have appeared at numerous faires. Willits, Pittsburg, Pleasanton and Truckee were all grand events that we can all be proud of. Willits Faire set us up under the beautiful shade trees with 9 guard in attendance. There was a trooping show and the return of the bar brawl. I really don't know if we have more fun fighting, drinking or betting with the Highlanders when we perform this gig for all are quite enjoyable. Pittsburg Faire was very special to the guard and a weekend that we, the guard will not forget anytime soon. Lt. Teage Seaton was married to the lovely Caitin Kelly from the Irish Household on Saturday evening and let's not forget the announcement of his squiring that will be done at Angels Camp next year. We are very proud of him. Pleasanton Highland Games brought back an old comrade of ours, Cpl. Liam MacLaidlaw . It was good to see him once again.

On Saturday, we had more men than halberds and the trooping show was one of the grandest this year. After which we had a teaching lesson for the crowd on the different weapons that we would have used on the field. Shopping was great and the bar brawl went off without a hitch. Captain Keegan once again portrayed Robert the Bruce at Bannockburn. If you closed your eyes and listened, you could just imagine yourself standing there so many years ago on that battlefield. There was also a knighting for an old friend of St. Andrews, Sir Kieran Henderson, on Saturday where many if not all the guard attended. Truckee Faire was the last faire we did and the weather was grand. Karas, a long ago member came and taught a sword class to all those willing to learn. It was very informative and appreciated. The guard had an inspection on Saturday and on Sunday we were all paid for the year. The bar brawl seems to only get better. Saturday you would have sworn that Oame Raven was really after the blood of our dear highlander Katie. She seemed to take it

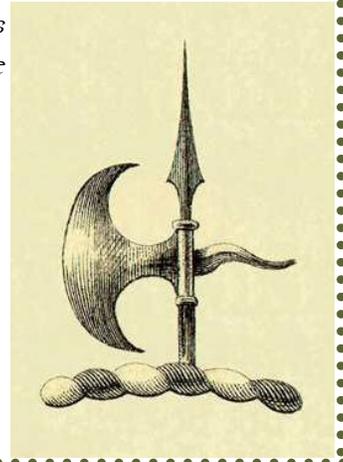
down a notch or two on Sunday, when it was taped and put on youtube. Our next event will be the Shasta Faire in Anderson. I hope to see all of you there.

Gramarcy,

Cpt. O. Somersville

*Uha for Scotland's King and law freedom's sword
will strongly draw, free-man stand, or free-man
fa'. Let him follow me!"*

*- Robert the Bruce speaks
to his men before the
battle of Bannockburn.*



A MESSAGE FROM CHIEFTAIN MACPHEARSON

I wanted to take a few lines in the Parchment to remind members of a few things about the daily lives going on within the Wicked Aye.

Firstly, please remember that the tavern is an active stage within the guild camp set up. That means that there are gigs going on and that patrons are watching us. While something may not appear to be a gig, you never know. Somake sure to not jump into interactions until you are certain that you will not be throwing off someone else's gig.

The other thing to remember is that the patrons are watching us and therefore things going on within the confines of the tavern perimeter need to be period just like if they were going on in court. So when you come to the

tavern with food and drink you need to make sure that you have a period plate or bowl to eat from, period utensils to eat with and a period drinking vessel. These are not items that the tavern will keep in stock so I would recommend a visit to one of the wonderful vendors about the shire to purchase some of these things (I know that Lady Alice generally has a goodly stock of period appropriate items).

Lastly, I want to remind everyone with the upcoming season almost upon us, please do not forget the viands table. Remember that we need pickles, olives, nuts, dried and fresh fruits, gator aide, hard-boiled eggs, fresh veggies and the like. Please make sure that all is cut up and ready to serve. This makes it better for all involved the less handling at faire the better.

Gramercy,

Chieftain Heber MacPhearson

TALES FROM THE TAVERN

To all who read these words: this is the work of our own resident storyteller. Please read and enjoy and do ask him while in the tavern to recite some of his own stories to entertain.

Thanks,

Heber

My business affairs changed last year and it became more advantageous to conduct those affairs from the Wicked Eye Tavern, an establishment owned by Clan MacPhearson and run by Heber MacPhearson with the capable assistance of Morna MacGregor. Allow me to describe, from my perspective, the day to day happenings of this pub.

The business practice is quite liberal compared to traditional Scottish methods. Everyone is welcome, except for underage Guards, and MacPhearson will even let you run a tab, if you happen to be first cousin to his wife Fionnula. If you are even more fortunate, as I was, the Earl of Argyll will pay your tab. He gambles poorly at dice.

Every lost and forlorn Highlander that comes down to Her Majesty's court ends up here. Each has their own story to tell. They will gladly share that story over a pint of that watery Scottish ale. Even Scots Borderers frequent this establishment like that border ruffian Cullen Elliot, who is fortunate enough to be married to my other first cousin Gwen.

I have befriended Philip MacAlisdair of Kintyre and have shared many an adventure with him, despite he and Heber's reference to me as "dogtroter" and "malworm". I can count on him along with Conner and Faolan for a song or two when the mood strikes us. Connor and Braden are grand fighting me as is young Brady.

One must not forget the ladies for the place would not function without



them. Heber's sister Elena is his trusted adviser. Maureen is a poet and storyteller, good as any I've heard in Ireland. Katie MacLeod from Skye is a magician with needle and thread and serves Her Royal Majesty most well. Sara MacBride, Oetta, and Akira bring beauty to a dreary day. Jack and Paulette are quick to lend a hand when its needed. We have new people coming to stay nearly every day.

There is entertainment and refreshment in abundance and many come from all over to partake. The residents of the Wicked Age come closest to upholding the ancient laws of hospitality of the Gaels than any other group I have encountered in Scotland. Anyone is welcome here regardless of origin, creed, or station. Where else could an Irish Catholic bogtrotter bend elbows with the might Earl of Argyll or gamble on the horses with the Earl of Bothwell.

I would tell any visitor to this realm that if you want for food, drink, poetry, song, or conversation you need look no further than this tavern. I feel blessed and most fortunate that they tolerate me here.

Maitiu' MacRoibeard de Faoinc

HER MAJESTY'S JEWELS

Greetings Children's House members and parents!

Our year is swiftly approaching its end, and we have seen a great many changes. Our children continue to grow and change, apprenticing themselves to new households, playing new and different games, and taking on major acting roles in guild gigs. (Those of you who missed young Franz's acting debut at the Truckee Bar Brawl missed a rare treat!) What if your child isn't an actor? Encourage them to interact in a household of their choice or to join Annabelle for dance instruction. We would love to have our own small ensemble of dancers to show the adults how the dances are really done!

As your child grows we would like to remind you to take advantage of the Children's Trunk. The Children's trunk is now heavy with garb handed down from our older members. Would you like to exchange some of your child's present garb for something in the next size up? Make sure that you let us know, and we can arrange to bring the trunk out for you!

The next big event on our calendar is Winter's Feast, and we would encourage you to allow your children the treat of this event. We will have a special craft that our young ones can do and Her Majesty is going to be favoring the wee ones by giving them their own special time at her feet while she reads one of her favorite stories. What a rare treat indeed!

Thank you for all of your love and support over this last year! It is a great honor and joy to be a part of the lives of your wee ones!

Warmest wishes,

Gwendolyn Elliot and Akira MacCallen



FROM THE MISTS

Good MORROW one and all from the Irish & Mercenaries!

We have indeed had some eventful faires the past couple of months. First we had Willic's faire - Grady was in attendance with his parents, and he did engage in quite a bit of training with our sword master, Lord Teage. We also were visited by a young band of troubadours who were gathering tales of Her Majesty's progress. They created many Flemish portraits of Her Majesty's court and they did promise to join us on our next stop of progress... the shire of Pittsburg.

As you all know, the progress in the shire of Pittsburg was most eventful on a personal note, in regards to my wedding to Lord Teage Scott Seaton. I am most proud to now call myself his wife and him my husband!

The Mercenaries were all in attendance at Pittsburg: Grady and his family were there- but unfortunately Grady was unable to participate in the days battle as he did have a fall from his mighty steed and was unable to help fight that day due to his injuries. We were also joined by the Devitt family, and were glad to have them in attendance as well. And of course, the MacCarraig family joined the progress to the shire of Pittsburg as well, they couldn't have missed it.

The wedding itself was magical for me - a dream come true. We had a great number of family and friends join us for our special day. And I am most proud that all of you were there to share the day with us. And many, many thanks to all of those who helped us!! I do fear that if I name any names that I will forget someone and I do not wish for anyone to feel slighted... but there are some special thanks that I must convey.

First to Her Majesty and Sir Drew, we want to thank you for allowing us to have our wedding in court. It allowed us to include all of our friends from Her Majesty's progress, and it was indeed special for us since all of you were witnesses to our courtship.

Also our thanks go to Dame Bonnie for her MOST delicious cake! Not a crumb was left at the end of the day, and I do regret that I did not try the Grand Marnier cake as it was the first to be gone - but the chocolate and the white cake with lemon and raspberry filling were both delicious!

I must also thank Lady Cheri, Lady Gwen, Lady Isla and Dame Bonnie for their experience and assistance with my wedding dress - I couldn't have sewed it without their help and guidance, and also for their help on my sweet Kat's dress.

On the day of the wedding, I would like to thank Lord Mossman and Lady Mossman for the wonderful un-handfasting ceremony - it was truly romantic! And Lady Alice Sinclair, who did help watch over our guest book and card castle. And last but certainly not least, to the Highlanders and Cullen - who helped to organize, pour, cut, and otherwise serve all of our guests at the wedding. We definitely cherish each and every one of you, thank you for all of your help!

And of course thank you to Steven - for creating his Flemish portraits of our event - they are absolutely wonderful!

I do so hope that I have not forgotten anyone, as I know that each and every person in the guild did help us out in one way or another, and I thank all of you for helping to make our day so very special to us!

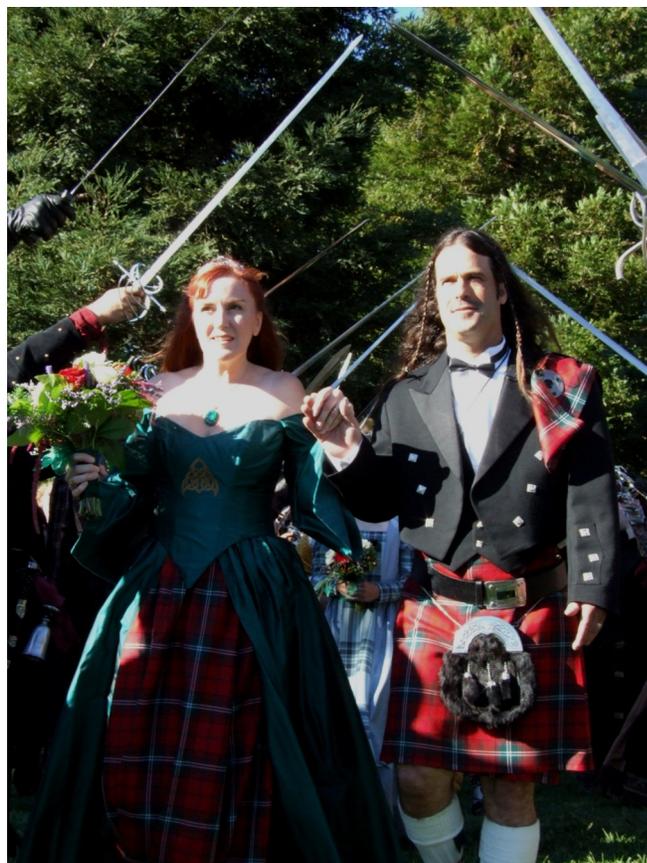
For our next faire, we of course had Pleasanton, which was quite warm as you all know. We did have a lot of fun and unfortunately a few casualties, but the fair was fun and exciting. We all enjoyed the bar brawl, the battle, and many other events. The Devitts, MacCarrairs, and Kellys were all in attendance - a most wondrous site to see the Irish & Mercenary household growing this year. We also had an additional young Irishman with us, Master Maiziu's son, Danny. We did enjoy his joining us for this part of our progress and do hope that he will join us again in the future.

Following the progress to Pleasanton was a stop in the beautiful shire of Truckee, hosted by Lady Jean - many thanks, my Lady, for putting on such a wonderful faire for us to enjoy. And I must say, young Master Faolan had so much fun participating in the bar brawl - and I also have to point out that he did a wonderful job (proud mama talking!!) If you haven't seen the wonderful "moving painting" (video) of this, be sure to find the link on the chat room - the gentlemen of the Guard and the Highlands did a wonderful job. And Dame Raven and Mistress Katie is a pair not to be missed!

As the season winds to a close, I must say that it has been a wonderful year, thanks to all of the fantastic people that we get to play with on the weekends. It has been very special for me to share my wedding planning and the wedding itself with all of you - you have become an extended family to our little threesome over the past three years, and it was so nice to have all of you to celebrate our little family becoming four. I have been truly blessed by my last three years in St. Andrews, we have all made many good friends, and I found my true love. I look forward to the many years that we have ahead of us to share with all of you.

Kozhair to one and all in our St. Andrews family!!

Do take care of yourselves this winter,
In service to Her Majesty,
Caitin Rua Kelly Seaton
Ambassador of Education for Her Majesty
Chamberlain of the Irish & Mercenaries



PRIDE OF SERVICE

Now serving in the United States Military::

Donnie Valentine, United States Air Force, — son of Cary and Robert McCutchen

Josh Thompson, United States Air Force — husband to Meghan Thompson

Matthew Welch, United States Air Force — son-in-law to Jo Craden and Jon Feuchter

And leaving for Camp Pendleton, October 22nd, Jean-Luc Charizat (Ian MacCarragh), United States Marine Corp — son of Jean and Ann Cheri Charizat

Please keep these fine young men in your thoughts and prayers while they strive in their individual efforts to bring peace and order to the world.

GUILD HOUSES

We hope that you are in constant contact with your Guild House Laird or Chatelaine! Please feel free to contact them for help with anything Guild related...costuming, character building, history...and let the friendships bloom!

Antioch Guild House

925-754-6052

Kithnkin@pacbell.net

Chatelaine—Dame Mariota Arres

Sacramento Guild House

530-505-4355

Mystic_kodiak@yahoo.com

Laird—Lord Logan Gunn

Modesto Guild House

209-526-8812

sinclaircastle@juno.com

Chatelaine—Lady Alice Sinclair

Hayward Guild House

510-886-4762

sjearl@earl-family.org

Chatelaine—Lady Jillian MacKenzie

Winter's Feast
Saturday, 10th of November
Tracy Community Center, 950 East Street, Tracy, CA

<i>10:00 AM – 1:00 PM</i>	<i>Set up</i>
<i>1:00 PM – 2:00 PM</i>	<i>Break for Lunch, Dress in Garb, Empty Great Hall</i>
<i>2:00 PM</i>	<i>Great Hall Opens, Guests Announced, Festivities Begin!</i>
<i>6:00 PM</i>	<i>Music & Merriment with Avalon Rising</i>
<i>8:00 PM</i>	<i>Jam Session with the Band-Join In!</i>
<i>10:00 PM</i>	<i>Evening Ends All Too Soon, Tear Down</i>

Tickets are required for admittance and can be purchased for the paltry sum of \$30 for those 16 years of age and older by contacting Dame Brittah Sutherland Helie at (209) 862-4147 or Brittah.M@yahoo.com.

Reminder: Your canned food donation for the Food Bank is gladly accepted at the door. Donate more than four cans and be entered in a drawing for a Gift Basket. We will also have a drawing this evening for a Gift Basket for those who donate more than one coat to the Winter Coat Drive at the October BBQ & Social. We will also hold our last 50-50 Drawing of the year.

Directions:

From the Sacramento Area - Take Highway 99 South/I-80 BR, exit at exit #458A/Tracy onto W. 11th Street/I-205 BR, turn left on East Street.

From the Livermore Area – Take I-580 East, bear left on I-205 East, exit at 11th Street onto W. 11th Street/I-205 East BR, and turn right onto East Street.

From the Modesto Area – Take Highway 120 West, exit I-5 South, exit at exit #458A/Tracy onto W. 11th Street/I-205 BR, and turn left onto East Street.

From the South – Take I-5 North, bear left on I-580 West, exit at exit #76/Chrisman Road, onto S. Chrisman Road toward Tracy/Modesto, turn left on W. 11th Street, turn left onto East Street.

EPISTLE FROM THE EVENT COMMITTEE

The July Picnic & Games was well attended and great fun. Niles Trail Head Park was wonderful, private, with cool temperatures. A grand time was had by all with good food and even better company.

The Living History Ceilidh & BBQ, hosted by the Pleasanton Games Officials was well attended and well organized. While there was an abundance of potato salad, the potluck was well organized with all in attendance contributing their favorite dish to the table. Obviously someone was preely hunting on Her Majesty's lands, as the game offered was more than anyone could consume! The varied live music was a wondrous addition. We look forward to next year!

UPCOMING EVENTS

Ongoing ~ **50-50 TICKET FUNDRAISER**, 1 tickets for \$1, 6 tickets for \$5, Arm's Length (you choose the arm) for \$20. Drawing to be held at Winter's Feast. 50-50 tickets can be purchased from Lady Annebell.

Ongoing ~ **LADY JILLIAN'S GOURMET DINNER FOR TWO FUNDRAISER**, tickets are \$5 each. Drawing to be held at Winter's Feast. Tickets can be purchased from Lady Annebell.

On going ~ **WINTER COAT DRIVE** in conjunction with News 10 Sacramento. Please collect new and gently used winter coats thought out the Summer and Fall. Search your closets, and the closets of your friends, neighbors, relatives and coworkers! The Event Committee will collect your donations at the October BBQ & Social. If you have storage problems before the official collection date, please contact Dame Brittah. Donate more than one coat and be entered in a drawing for a Gift Basket at Winters Feast!!

On going ~ **CANNED FOOD DRIVE** in conjunction with the Salvation Army. Event Committee will collect your donations at Winters Feast. If you have storage problems before the official collection date, please contact Dame Brittah. Make a single donation of more than four cans and be entered in a drawing for a Gift Basket at Winters Feast!!

October 27 ~ **GUILD BBQ & SOCIAL** at Buchanan Park in Pittsburg. Bring a dish to share, your favorite item to BBQ, your constructive, positive comments about the 2007 Faire Season and positives ideas for 2008. Bring your appetite, your kin, and your imagination!

(Continued on page 15)

November 10 ~ **WINTER'S FEAST** at Tracy Community Center in....Tracy. Food, grog, 50-50 Drawing, Lady Jillian's Gourmet Dinner For Two Drawing, Winter Coat and Canned Food Gift Basket Drawings, Picnic & Games Champions and Honours announced, and live band Avalon Rising! Whew!! Tickets are \$30 and can be purchased before the event from Dame Brittah or at the door on November 10.

Dame Brittah Sutherland H'elie

Brittahm@yahoo.com

Lady Alice Sinclair

SinclairCastle@juno.com

Lady Mary Livingston

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Lady Annebell Somerville

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Mistress Katie MacLeod

M3Designs@comcast.net

2007 CALENDAR OF GUILD EVENTS

October

Friday, 5 th	Anderson Set Up	TBA
Sat & Sun, 6 & 7 th	Shasta Dragonwood Renaissance Celtic Faire Anderson River Park, Anderson, CA	2 Day Event Full Set Up
Monday, 8 th	Truck Unload, Castle Dunvegan, Brentwood, CA	12pm
Saturday, 13 th	Management Meetings, Castle Dunvegan, Brentwood, CA	12pm - 5pm
Saturday, 27 th	Barbeque Social, Buchanan Park, Pittsburg, CA	11am.-4pm

November

Sat & Sun, 5 & 6 th	Drops Repair Day, Dunvegan Castle, Brentwood, CA	9am - 6pm
Saturday, 10 th	Winters Feast, Tracy, CA (see details inside this edition)	10am - 10pm
Sunday, 12 th	Truck Unload, Castle Dunvegan, Brentwood, CA	10am

THE ROYAL SCHOLAR'S SYLLABUS

By LORD JAMES STEUART

We represent Scotland in the mid-16th century, but in doing so we are representing three different cultures, largely defined by the geography in which they inhabit.

The highlands make up the northern two-thirds of Scotland. As the name suggests, this is a mountainous area, isolated and sparsely populated. Two major mountain ranges make up the Highlands: the Northwest Highlands and the Grampian Mountains. These two ranges run parallel to each other from the northeast to the southwest. In the midst of these mountains are two kinds of valleys: Glens, which tend to be steep and narrow, and Straths, which are broader and hillier. Glen Mor, the largest valley, separates the two mountain ranges.



From a cultural perspective, the islands to the north and west are included in what we call the highlands. While Scotland does have a monarchy that is in theory recognized in the highlands, in practice the highland chiefs of the various clans were the ones who held sway. The centralization of power in the monarchy that was occurring across Europe had not yet reached the highlands, and while the highlands were

technically under the crown's rule, it was the highland chiefs and family allegiances that decided the daily matters of life and death. (I won't attempt to explain the intricacies of highland politics as they are well covered elsewhere in this publication in an excellent article by the Earl of Argyll). Suffice to say that in this inhospitable land, the principle export was fighting men hardened by hardship and a nearly constant state of war between rival highland clans.

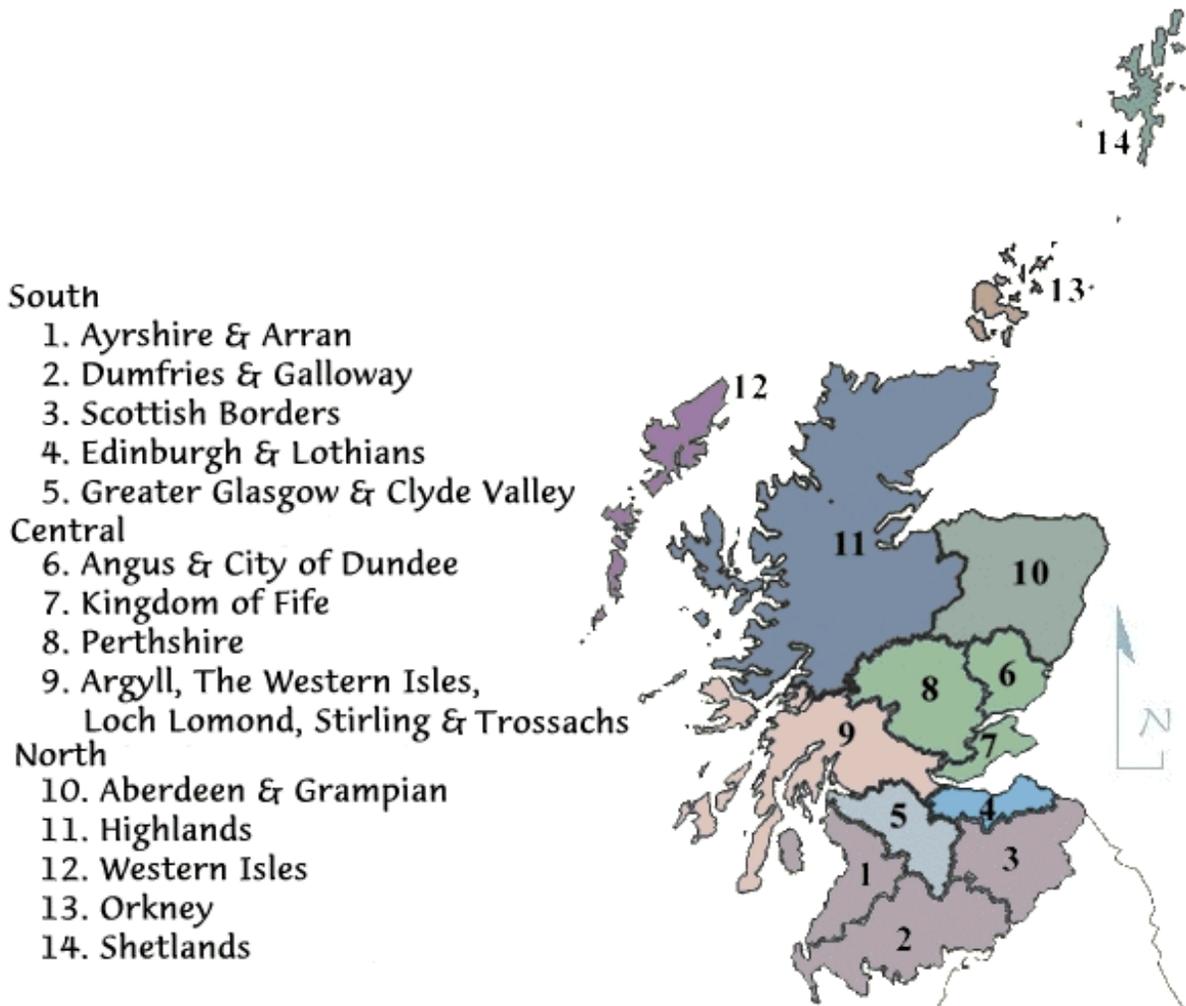
The Central lowlands, by contrast, are the most heavily populated part of Scotland. The Lowlands are made up of the valleys of the rivers Clyde, Forth, and Tay. The region features wide, fertile fields and well forested rolling hills. The best farmland in Scotland is there, an infrastructure of roads and towns are well established, and the power of the crown over these areas are basically unquestioned (as much as that is possible in Scotland). The central lowlands were also the most metropolitan part of Scotland, new ideas from the continent spreading rather freely in this area. One of those new ideas, Protestantism, would take hold in the cities and be one of several causes of turmoil in the coming years. Technological advances also landed first in the central lowlands, as did fashions and innovations in warfare. Many from the elite families of the Lowlands were educated on the continent, usually in France, as France and Scotland were still held together by the Auld Alliance against the English.

The last area is the Southern Uplands, also known as the Borders. The Borders are a hilly domain, straddling the border between Scotland and England. Rocky, boulder-strewn, wind-blasted hills are the primary characteristics of this land, punctuated by grassy valleys which are ideal for grazing livestock. In the south, Borders rise to the Cheviot Hills. Because of the unfortunate location of the Borders, the people of the land were often exposed to terrible violence. Every time an argument would erupt between London and Edinburgh, the highlands would find

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themselves invaded. Even relatively benign armies of occupation will cause problems for resident populations. Usually English armies of occupation were anything but benign, living off the land, stealing from the people and occasionally visiting horrible atrocities on them. Scottish armies were not much better on the people of the borders. They also lived off the land and displaced people from their homes when the need arose. On top of that, an army in retreat would generally exercise a scorched earth policy, leaving nothing of use for the pursuing army, or the unfortunate residents of the border regions. This plight would sour the relationship of the people living in the Borders with their respective governments. Consequently, alliances and feuds formed between the most powerful families in the Borderlands (see Sir Guy Maxwell's article The Feuds in this publication), not unlike the ones that formed in the Highlands. The difference was that in the Borders, sometimes one's closest ally was a family on the other side of the border and one's worst enemy could be their next door neighbor. Because of this, the modest border dwelling evolved over time into tower houses and bastilles, virtual fortresses in miniature in which a family could hunker down with its property and livestock and wait out the frequent raids by border reivers, whose primary industry was living off the stolen goods and livestock of others.

Each of these cultures has been the topic of articles and entire books. To know where your character is from is to know your character. Do some research and you'll find a goldmine of source material for developing who you will play and how he/she will interact with others.



16TH CENTURY HIGHLAND POLITICS

BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD SPOT

By Richard D. Hills

“Ou, than we may speak it quietly among ourselfs, there’s baith gude and bad o’ the Campbells, like other names” – Rob Roy MacGregor

The 16th century Highlander was indeed caught between a rock and hard spot, when talking of loyalties, fealty, and piety. There were both good and bad of every Clan, and much of that was due to the power struggle of the Clans and the politics that caused the power struggle. Like modern day Parliament the Highlander of the 16th century needed to pay attention to three houses, so-to-speak, when it came to politics; The house of Lords (The Noble overlord), the House of Commons (The Clan Chief and Chieftains), and the House of Clergy. It was a constant balancing act for the Highlander, and if he wasn’t careful, he could loose his head depending on how he received the holy sacrament of communion.

First let us look at the Highlander, “House of Commons”. Nearly all Highland Clans trace their origins back to Ireland. As such, the Highland Clans ran their tribal communities using ancient Gaelic Brehon Law. I will not go into Brehon Law in depth here, because it is a very deep, rich and colorful rule for the people. I will however quote; “The laws were a civil rather than a criminal code, concerned with the payment of compensation for harm done and the regulation of property, inheritance and contracts: the concept of state-administered punishment for crime was foreign to Ireland’s early lawmakers. They show Ireland in the early medieval period to have been a hierarchical society, taking great care to define social status, and the rights and duties that went with it, according to property, and the relationships between lords and their clients and serfs.” (Wikipedia, 2007)

This was the Clan way. Clan in Gaelic means ‘progeny, or children’. The Clan Chief was the Patriarch of the ‘family’. It was the Chief that was to care for his clan, as he would for his own children. The Clan itself would come to the Chief to resolve disputes, bless new homes, babies, and marriages. The Clan was, for the most part all blood relations. “The chief was believed – like the old pagan kings – to be semi-divine, in that he could do no wrong and loyalty to him was absolute. The clan chief was the real owner of the clan territory; the clansmen got their land from him and in return gave him goods in kind and military service. The clan was by no means a democratic organization; like all Celtic society, it was highly aristocratic” (Ross, 1976, p. 24) The Clan Chief was on the top of the pyramid; below him were commanders of the various cadet branches of the clan. Each branch would have its Chieftain or Tacksman. Often the Chieftain would be directly related to the Chief, but that was not a given. Often the Chief would rotate the position of Chieftain among the clan to ensure loyalty. “Every head of a distinct family was captain of his own tribe. Every clan had its standard-bearer ... a hereditary post. Every chief had his poet or bard, to praise him in life and to lament him in death”. (Ross, 1976, p. 25) To the Highlander, the Chief was the highest power in the land. “The clansmen who [failed] to save his chief’s life at the expense of his own, was regarded as a coward who

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pled from his father's side in the hour of peril. Upon this simple principle rests the whole doctrine of clanship ..." (Scott, 1993, p. 31) The Highlander lived by the sword and died by the sword, to do anything else meant not being a Highlander.

In referring to Highland law and customs, you can see they were anything but common. In many respects, Highland politics was more like feudal law than the law their lowland cousins were used to. The Chief was "King", he divided his lands out to his people, and they in turn paid tribute and scutage to him. It was the chief's land, yes, but he 'gave' it to his clan, and the landholders certainly felt the responsibility to do well with it. "The Highland clansmen therefore enjoyed a certain freedom, a certain degree of independence and of self-pride and self-respect, that was often denied to people of the peasant class outside of the Highlands". (MacKinnon, 1984, p. 72)

One of the Highland customs or laws was that of hospitality. They say, 'there is always room for one more in the Highlands!' "An example of this hospitality in action can be found in the history of the Clan MacGregor. Around 1600 their chief was Alexander MacGregor of Glenstrae. While he was at home, his son went out with a hunting party and they met the chief of clan Lamont. They (the hunters) dined together and a sudden quarrel broke out, and Lamont dirked the young MacGregor. He (Lamont) managed to get away but was closely pursued by furious MacGregor's who had found their chief's son's body. Lamont reached Glenstrae with the pursuit close behind, and going to the MacGregor chief, he said he was fleeing from foes and asked for shelter. It was readily given with no questions asked, but soon afterwards the clansmen turned up and told MacGregor of the killing of his son. Alexander refused to hand his guest over to his angry clansmen. He had given hospitality, and he had to stand by his word!" (MacKinnon, 1984, p. 76)

Even while the Highlander enjoyed his own breed of law and customs, he could not escape that which matched parliament known as the House of Lords. Europe was evolving, and Scotland was evolving too. It started in 1490 when James IV stripped the title of Lordship of the Isles from the MacDonald Clan and held it (forever more) as a royal title. The ancient Kings of Scotland; Alexander, David, MacBeth, Somerled, and their descendents no longer held sway over the realm - we had entered into the Stewart dynasty. Like it or not, the Highlander had to adjust to this the best they could. For some it was easy, the Campbell's for example, but for others it was more difficult, and they naturally resisted (i.e. the MacDonalds). The Highlander had to adapt from Brehon law, to Parliamentary law; what we might call, Highland politics according to the 'House of Lords'.

This was an era of Nobility and power struggles for land; land was divided up by the King into shires, and Sheriff's were appointed to oversee and control the land. Great lords were appointed to rule over the Clans with an iron fist as Sheriff; Argyll in the West, Huntley in the North, Bozwell in the East, and the Elliot's and Maxwell's (to mention a couple) in the south. While the average clansman still held homage to his or her Chief alone, the Chief was now forced to pay homage to the overlord. In some ways this did not really impact the Highlander, because the geography was so inhospitable, it was difficult to control, but great Highland Chiefs like Argyll and Huntley were given the job, which

they performed most zealously. Even though there were still pockets of Brehon Law in the Highlands, Parliamentary law quickly swept the land and made quick waste of it. In the shires, like Argyleshire, the Royal courts of Edinburgh were being emulated, with the Sheriff holding District Court, Sheriff Court, and Court of Session etc. The Highlander found himself with a new Master... the Nobleman.

The face of Scottish politics cannot be discussed with entering into it Religion, The House of Clergy if you will. In the 14th century and before, the Highlander were a people free to practice either their ancient forms of paganism or Christianity in the form of Catholicism; although one would be practiced in secret away from the other. The missionary priests, however, were all too willing to take pagan holidays and merge them into the Catholic dogma. This changed too, very dramatically with the advent of The Reformation and the reformed church of Protestantism. "... in 1561, Mary Queen of Scots would have had a Catholic High Mass sung in Sterling Castle, 'the Earl of Argyle and Lord James so disturbed the quire that some, both priest and clerks, left their places with broken heads and bloody ears. ... In 1560, the question of religion came before the Estates [Parliament]. The meeting was packed by the Protestants, and they controlled the vote, although they were a minority of the total population of Scotland. Strict rules of religious observances were passed, including a law providing severe penalties for hearing or saying mass." (Campbell, 1947, p. 108)

This aspect controlled Scotland in a very subtle way. Land was always a premium in the Highlands. The Catholic Church owned some of the most valuable lands. Since most of the more powerful nobles were Protestant, they enforced Parliamentary law. "The posting of the 'Beggars Summons' on the doors of the priories ... If the priors did not completely change their ways, they would be evicted on 'Flitting Friday', the annual day for the removal of tenants". (Oawson, 2002, p. 88) After eviction, the land was confiscated, and divided up among the Lords, and those ministers of the Protestant faith, thereby increasing the holdings and power base of the Nobles and Protestant Church. The Highlander could no longer profess to be either pagan following ancient traditions or Catholic, for fear of their very life.

Through it all, the Highlander survived. They even survived the more modern events as the Scottish Clearances, and Potato famine (more on that another day!). They lived with ancient Brehon and Norse law; they lived with Parliamentary law; they lived with feudal law; they lived with a Patriarch (in their Chief) and a Monarch, (in their King or Queen). They lived with Druids, Friars and Priests. They did not live these things in different times; no they had to live these things all at the same time during the 16th century.

The key is - they LIVE!

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FROM THE BORDERS PT. VI

THE FEUDS

by Sir Guy Maxwell

No story about the Borders or the Borderers would be complete without the mention of the feuds and wars between the clans. A feud is defined as a long and deadly quarrel between individuals, families, tribes, etc. often lasts generations.

Reasons for a feud could be almost anything from territorial disputes, religion, politics, insults or grievances real or imagined, to even unrequited love. The deadly feuds or vendettas between clans was considered by many to be the greatest cancer of the border lands. It was one of the reasons that the borders remained in such chaos for so long a time. People were afraid to kill or injure the raiders in fear that it would invoke a vendetta against them. It was far better to lose a few cattle or possessions than to incur the wrath of a powerful reiver family. The authorities also were reluctant to get involved in feuds because it was their thinking that they could stand back and watch troublesome families kill each other and rid themselves of problems associated with them. In fact, in some cases the authorities would secretly help one side or the other as a way of prolonging the affair.

Most feuds were English against English or Scot against Scot though some feuds did cross over the border. But it was feared that any such action might lead to a full scale war between the two countries and these were quickly settled. Some feuds were purely personal and were settled by single combat. Some feuds could be settled by permission of the authorities. Examples of these were the Collingwood-Burns feud in which each side was only allowed six individuals in a fight to the death or the Carleton-Musgrave feud which achieved official backing to fight til one side or the other was destroyed or reduced to nothing for as long as it took.

Families could be involved in several feuds at once with several different families. The confusion and magnitude of feuds and the complicated way the feuding was interwoven among border families can be shown by the small list and the diagram accompanying this article. As an example, the Bells, Carlisles and the Irvines were on one side and the Grahams on the other. A year later the Bell-Graham feud was still going on, the Grahams were also feuding with the Maxwells and had joined the Irvines to fight the Musgraves. The Armstrongs joined in against the Musgraves and at the same time were feuding against the Robsons and Taylors, the Elliots allied to the Maxwells were at feud with the Fenwicks and the Foresters. The Turbills were at feud with the debatable land Armstrongs, but not the Armstrongs of Liddesdale, who in turn were at feud with the Elliots of Ewesdale, but not the Elliots of Liddesdale. The Scotts had feuds among the different branches of their same family. It seems that an outsider could not keep track without a scorecard. It is a wonder that the families themselves could keep track. One thing was certain though, like war no one really won in a feud.

Since we portray Scots and feuding it seems was a way of life, I thought it might be fun to mention some of the feuds involving names found within our Guild. These not only name Border families but Highlanders as well, and in some cases involve feuds that were after the time period in which we play.

Scott-Elliot

This feud began with a Scott being accused of stealing sheep belonging to an Elliot. The Elliots then murdered one David Scott and in turn the Scotts pursued and killed several of the raiding Elliots. The feud erupted into a small war with the English getting into the act by assisting the Elliots with

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money as a way of keeping the Border in a state of unrest. The feud lasted fifteen years.

Sinclair-Campbell

This feud started with a land dispute and ended at the battle of Alzimarlech, near Warwick where it was said that so many Sinclairs died that the Campbells were able to cross the waters of the Wick without getting their feet wet. In reality only some 300 Sinclairs died and there was no mention of the Campbell casualties. This battle was important in that it was the last major clan war fought in Scotland and occurred on July 13, 1680.

Keith-Gunn

This feud started with the Keith taking possession of lands in Caithness and settling there. In 1478 following a disagreement both sides arranged a meeting to reconcile their differences. To limit the numbers attending only 12 horses per side were allowed. The Gunns complied, but the Keiths arrived with 24 men, 2 to a horse, thinking it no breach of agreement, seeing as how they had but 12 horses as agreed to. While the Chieftain of the Gunns and 11 of his kin and followers were at prayers, the Keiths burst in and killed them all (although the Gunns claim that only 8 were killed and 4 escaped badly wounded). In retaliation the Gunns Chief's grandson attacked and killed the Chief of clan Keith and his son. This started a feud that lasted on and off til 1978 when the clan chiefs of the Keiths and Gunns finally signed a Treaty of Friendship.

Sutherland-MacKay

This feud like the last started with the murder of the chief of the MacKays in his bed during a truce in 1372. It continued on and off til 1555 at the Battle of Garbharry where some 120 MacKays clansmen were killed along with members of the Sinclair and MacLeod clans who were allied with them.

Maxwell-Johnstone

This feud started when the Johnstones violated their obligation of man-rent and failed to support Robert Maxwell against the English, taking 500 crowns instead to betray him to Lord Wharnton in 1545. This resulted in his imprisonment in the Tower of London til 1549 when he was exchanged for Sir Thomas Palmer. In poor health from the treatment he had received, he died three years later at the age of 36. The feud smouldered on and off til 1593 when the Lord Maxwell led near 1000 men on Kings business to arrest the Lord Johnstone for acts against fellow Scots within the Border region. Lord Johnstone receiving word gathered some 800 followers and set out to do battle. At a place near Lockerbie called Dryfe Sands he tricked Lord Maxwell into recklessly attacking him and then sprung his trap. In the ensuing battle the Maxwells lost some 700 men including Lord Maxwell. Proclaimed a rebel for this act Lord Johnstone managed to escape punishment and regain the King's favor only to be killed in 1608 by yet another Maxwell during a truce. Fleeing, this Maxwell was finally betrayed and executed in 1612 thereby ending the 67 year old feud.

With this part I conclude this series of articles on the Scottish Border and its people. I hope that you enjoyed them and have found something of interest and value in them.

Sir Guy Maxwell

A LITTLE BIRD DIDST TELL ME...

By Lady Birgjetta "Birdie" Anderson

Recently, this little bird winged her way to the shire of Dunsmuir where she had the distinct pleasure to enjoy the famous Highland Hospitality of the Highland Warriors. I had ever heard much mentioned of the Campbell hospitality from Lord Argyle and his wonderful wife Lady Jean. I was much impressed to find that such was indeed so.

Although Lady Jean and Lord Argyle were indisposed with business elsewhere, I did enjoy the gracious treatment I received at the hands of Oiarimid Campbell. His warriors were well-mannered and sweet-tempered; their stories of bravery and skill much remembered me of my homeland and my beloved brothers! The warriors treated me to sword demonstrations, which I found most interesting, and even took my two young pages under their wings for a bit of lessons. My young pages were quite enthralled by the gallantry and chivalrous behavior that the warriors did demonstrate toward my personage. The women were also most kind and accommodating and did welcome me most fondly into their encampment. My dear friend, Skye, did sing such lovely laments that I but feared she could charm angels to cry at the loveliness of her sweet voice. Oiarimid didst share his table with me and treated me to such learned speech. I was most pleased to discuss such things as chess and poetry with one such as him. He did so remind me of my dearest father, whom I miss much. Himself offered me introduction to his dearest mother and found her so delightful and I was most honored to but spend a quiet afternoon in her company. We did enjoy a conversation of sewing, the young warriors, and even her own dear son when he was younger.

I know that I speak overmuch on the gentler side of my stay and should now share the little tidbits that a little bird didst share with me before I didst make my journey home. Such interesting words I didst but hear from my faithful little bird! Talk of a poisoner in the encampment! I wouldst not have believed such a thing if I had not seen two young lads fall dead of such poison upon their lips whilst treating my own personage to a game of chess! Immediately the food and drink was swept away and the matter rushed quickly before Oiarimid. The woman was found and brought to justice before she couldst but cause another moment of distress! The dear chief did apologize most profusely for my having to witness such a thing. Later there was held a Chief High Justice Court. I must admit that I didst but try to sneak in to bear witness to the events held therein. Alas, to no avail! I didst but have to make do with the whisperings of the birds to hear what was therein. I have heard that there was much discussion on whether one woman didst sell another woman a pig but exchange it for a cat or whether it was indeed a cat that was sold in place of a pig. I never did sort which was which.

However, as I was about to try one more attempt to enter into their court, I didst see a commotion near the entrance. Two hearty warriors didst appear with a third betwixt them. The third was none other than the handsome James MacDonald! From all that I could hear over the yelling and shouting was that some monies had gone missing from Oiarimid's accounts and that it was much believed that the young MacDonald didst but have a hand in it. I didst hear that the handsome lad didst have the monies upon his personage! He was dragged to the stocks to be drubbed but the young lad shouted that e'er got free he wouldst but kill Oiarimid for the indignity! My heart was a-flutter and I couldst see the shock upon many faces; and none more shocked than Oiarimid! Poor Oiarimid didst have to announce a death sentence upon one of his



he

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favorite warriors. But as the young MacDonald was being dragged out of the encampment, Oiarimid grabbed James by his hair and slit his throat. Such a sad affair! I must confess that the excitement was nearly too much for me to handle and several of the young ladies didst have to escort me to a shaded spot and bring me wine to calm my nerves! I daresay that my brothers would have been most shocked if I had dared to account such a fascinating story to them. I suppose the whole mess was rather a pity; the lad was rather comely of a visage would have but made some young lass a happy husband to look upon!

I should but wish to now account more happy news that did to end my visit quite well. I admit to finding several warriors quite handsome to look upon and didst but enjoy the chance to look! And ever by my side was my dearest friend, and soon to be my sister Bonnie McMillan! My dear brother FinnR didst but send me with a mission to fulfill and which I most happily didst satisfy! He sent an offer of a bride price to my dearest friend and with Oiarimid as witness Bonnie didst but accept! Oiarimid didst most happily bless the match and handed Bonnie into my hands to prepare her properly to be the wife of a nobleman! We shall be spending many a day and night happily sewing her new wardrobe and preparing for her marriage to me dearest beloved brother.

Out of the faithful mouths of birds....

FROM THE HEARTH OF HER MAJESTY'S KITCHENS

Submitted by Lady Jillian MacKenzie, Warden of Her Majesty's Hall

During the time of Her Majesty, MARY, Queen of Scots, root vegetables were a large part of any meal. Root vegetables were easy to grow and easy to store. Here is one of the most common recipes using root vegetables. ✂

Kneeps

6 ea CARROTS
2 ea Rutabaga
2 ea parsnips
Fresh ground Cinnamon
Fresh ground Nutmeg
Kosher Salt
Fresh Ground Pepper
2 ea Sticks of Butter

Peel and cut into 1/2" pieces all vegetables. Put into sauce pan and cover with water. Add Cinnamon, Nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste. Bring to rolling boil then reduce heat and cook until mushy. Drain off water. Add butter and mash well. Add additional seasonings to taste. This may be served hot or at room temperature.

PERSPECTIVES ON COSTUMING FOR THE HIGHLANDERS AND IRISH HOUSEHOLDS

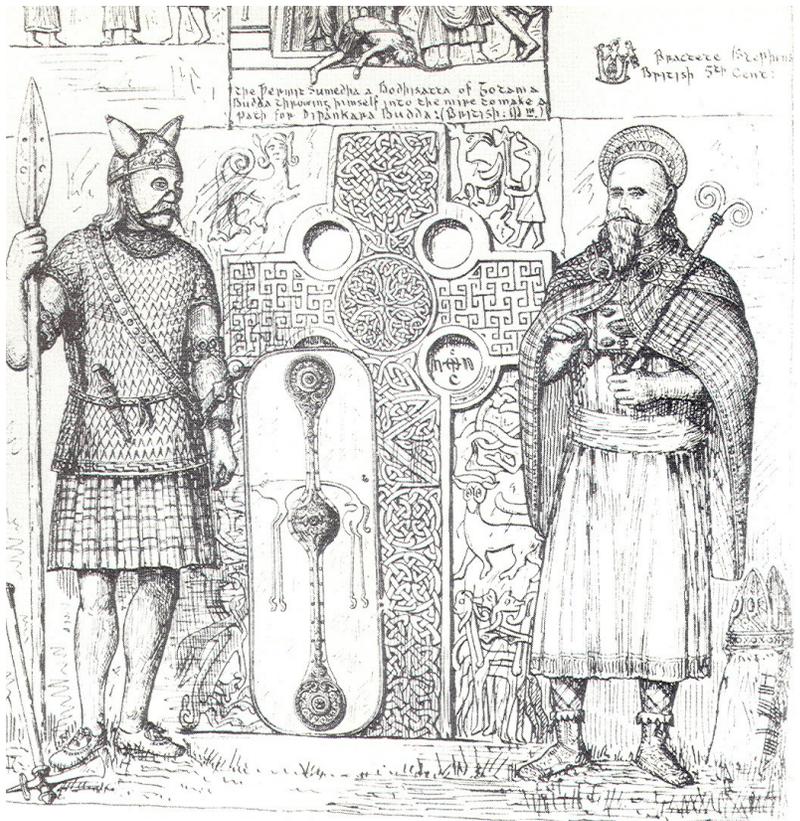
By Guendolyn Elliot

When we joined ST. Andrew's, we agreed to become a small part of Scotland, 1562. We are a combination of nobles, ambassadors, courtiers, children, and everyday people who have come out to view this new queen and to see what she can bring to their home. It is a small part of these people, the highlanders and the Irish, that I am going to try to address in this submission. As we see and portray them, they are very different and distinct groups, who vary in everything from their dress to their demeanor. This was not quite the case in 1562.

Highland Men

Highlanders were a very elusive group. What knowledge and information that we have of their dress comes from woodcuts and the descriptions of travelers who had the opportunity to observe them. It is from these images and descriptions that we can begin to discern what highland dress may have looked like. It may surprise some of you that the Jacobean shirt and plaid material we see at faire are not correct historical interpretations of 16th century highland dress. A type of kilt did come about at this time, but it was not a clan specific tartan.

The Scottish Tartans Museum has done many years of research into the dress of 16th century Gaelic people, and what they found about the kilt is this:



“The type of kilt that we will begin to encounter in the 16th century is called a feilidh-mhor (great wrap), a breacan-feile (tartan wrap) or simply a belted plaid. All refer to the same garment. I prefer the latter for ease of use. A plaid or plaide is a length of heavy woolen fabric worn over the body like a mantle or a shawl. It has nothing to do with the modern American usage of the word plaid, except that they were often of a tartan pattern, which “plaid” is synonymous with in America. A belted plaid is simply a very long plaid that had been gathered into folds and belted around the body. It is often called in modern reenactment circles a “great kilt.” Despite what you

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saw in Braveheart the belted plaid was not worn in the 13th and 14th centuries. The belted plaid costumes worn in that movie were not even very good representations of the belted plaids.¹

Even the Nobles of the time would have worn this garment, as it was utilitarian, except the Nobles would have had more colors to show their ability to purchase different dyes. In a time of war and unrest, for both the Noble and the common man, a plaid could be a great asset.

Their ancestors wore plaids of many colours, and numbers still retain this custom but the majority now in their dress prefer a dark brown, imitating nearly the leaves of the heather, that when lying upon the heath in the day, they may not be discovered by the appearance of their clothes; in these wrapped rather than covered, they brave the severest storms in the open air, and sometimes lay themselves down to sleep even in the midst of snow.



So yes, the great kilt was worn, but it was not worn with the shirt that many of our highland men adopt. So what did they wear upon their upper body? The Scots wore the same garb as their Gaelic neighbors: the saffron leine. Here are but a few examples that site this way of dress:



In 1556 a French writer named Jean de Beaugue wrote an account of the siege of Haddington in 1549 in which he describes the Scottish Highlanders who were present as wearing “no clothes except their dyed shirts and a sort of light woolen rug of several colours.” This again confirms the leine and brat combination common in Gaelic dress. In 1573 Lindsay of Pitscottie wrote of the Highlanders that “they be cloathed with ane mantle, with ane schirt saffroned after the Irish manner, going barelegged to the knee.” In 1547 James V went on a voyage around the north of Scotland and the Orkneys, and back down to Galloway. An account of this voyage was published in 1583 by Nicolay

D’Arfeville, cosmographer to the King of France. He writes of the ‘Wild Scots’ found in the north, “They wear like the Irish a large and full shirt, coloured with saffron . . .”

So what of the leine? Is what we see at faire a true and correct interpretation of its lines and style? The answer to this is yes, and no.

A leine (plural - leinte) is the basic unisex garment of the insular Celts of Ireland and Scotland, worn underneath everything else. It can be variously described as tunic-like, peplos-like, or some sort of chemise. It does seem to have been composed of two long rectangles of fabric attached at

the shoulders either by seams or pins, with or without sleeves, gussets or gores. Necklines could be round, square or v-shaped, guessing from illustrations in the Book of Kells, but boat neck and slit-front are not out of the question.²

The construction of the léine is very simple, and if you are at all interested a great many sites on the web will walk you through the faire-accepted version of the léine. What is puzzling for those who want to be as historically accurate as possible though, are the sleeves. From looking at period portraiture and reading the descriptions of observers, it wouldn't seem that the léine of the time had any gathers visible on the tops of the sleeves. The sleeve would just bag from the arm and create a drape without all of the gathers we are used to seeing.



Irish Men

What was the typical wear for an Irish man? Here we do have a great example put before us at almost every faire. Our good Irish friend Maiciu's attire is made up of period-reconstructed garments that have their foundations in historical research. So that you can better understand the pieces that make up proper Irish male attire they are:

Inar The Inar was a jacket. It was normally constructed of wool and like the later doublets had a skirt. The skirt of the Inar was heavily pleated.

Trius The trius or trows were a type of pants. They were normally fairly tight to the leg. Some existing bog examples have buttons up the back of the leg from the bottom to mid-calf. These were made of wool cut on the bias.

Brat The brat was a mantle or cloak made of a long rectangle of wool. It was edged with some sort of fringe. The longer the brat the more affluent the individual.

Léine The léine or shirt can be considered the mainstay of Irish and early Scottish clothing. It was worn from mid thigh to below the knee depending on if it was worn alone or with trows. Fashioned of linen, the léine was dyed a saffron color for those of better standing.³

Irish and Highland Women

Irish women, and from what we can infer their Scottish cousins as well, would have also worn the léine, but it would have reached between mid-calf and ankle.

We do know more about townswomen than we do of the poorer rural dwelling women. In general a woman would wear an ankle length léine. Over this she would wear a dress. Over this she would wear a brat (shawl/cloak). The brat would be similar to that worn by a man. To be authentic, you should wear a léine over which you will wear a sleeved dress.⁴

Over the léine was an overdress. There are several types of overdress, and here is a description of two:

One option for women is what we call "the tucked-up kirtle". The kirtle is a simple fitted dress popular all over Europe from the 14th century. In the 16th century, Lucas De Heere drew Irishwomen wearing such a garment with a contrasting petticoate, tucked up into a belt to show a different coloured fabric or fur lining. The garment laces closed in the front with zig-zag lacing. The sleeves may either be of the "hanging" type shown on the [Shinrone gown](#) or tightly fitted and with cuffs. The tucked-up kirtle is worn with a bag-sleeve léine or a fitted-sleeve underdress. Another option for female 16th century Irish re-enactors is the Flemish kirtle. We call this dress "Flemish" because it appears in many paintings by Flemish artists. In truth, this type of kirtle was worn by common women all over Europe in the late Middle Ages. It bears a striking resemblance to the [Shinrone gown](#) but it is much simpler to make for a beginner. Sleeves may be of the hanging variety like the Shinrone gown (and a léine worn showing through). Other sleeve options include fitted sleeves or sleeveless. If the gown is worn sleeveless, a long-sleeved linen underdress or léine *must* be worn. There is no documentation to support Irishwomen going around with bare arms!⁵



For women, most would wear their hair covered, as with all other ladies at the period. This was in self-defense against lice and also would help to keep your hair clean and manageable between baths. Hats, head scarves, or a combination of the two are all period appropriate. There is also evidence for hair being unbound.

Luke Gernon, an early 17th century writer who is known for his equitable treatment of the Irish, described the regional differences in Irish women's headgear: In the country even among their Irish habits they have sundry fashions. I will beginne with the ornament of their heads. At Kilkenny they wear broad beaver hatts coloured, edged with a gold lace and faced with velvett, with a broad gould hatt band. At Waterford they weare capps, turned up with furre and laced with gold lace. At Lymerick they weare rolles of linnen, each roll contayning twenty bundles of fyne linnen clothe, and made up in the form of a myter. To this if it be could weather, there is added a muffler over theyr neck and chinne of like quantity of linnen; being so muffled, over all they will pinne on an English maske of blacke taffaty, which is rarely ridiculous to behold. In Connaught they wear rolles in the forme of a cheese. In Thomond they weare kerchiefs, hanging downe to the middle of theyr backe. They maydes weare on the forepart of their head about foure yards of coloured ribbon smoothly layd, and theyre owne hayre playted behind. In other places they weare theyre hayre loose and cast behind.⁶

There is a great deal of information on the web for period appropriate Irish and highland dress. There

are patterns available from *Reconstructing History* and (coming soon) *Margo Anderson*. If this topic interests you, do your research. This is only a very brief overview of what was worn by these people in this period. The research is stunning, and at times sad (when you read about the restrictions made on Irish culture even in terms of wearing their traditional attire).

In closing, please remember that we do this research and write these pieces to give you, our fellow guild members, a glimpse through time at what was worn and why. We do not expect to see all highlanders in leine and brown kilts, but we do want you to be prepared to discuss your costuming with our patrons and other guilds in a knowledgeable way. An important thing to remember is that while we are re-inactors, we are also actors. Clan tartan kilts, bodices, Jacobean shirts...they are all fair acceptable representations of the Renaissance to the fair community at large, so they are acceptable and fair board approved. But, if you choose to sport a leine or bog dress, do it! You are completely supported by research, and now you know where to go for more!



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An Irish Odyssey

In all of my travels through this world I have never met a more welcoming group of people than the patrons and employees of the Wicked Eye. It all starts with a publican who surrounds himself with good people. Heber MacPhearson has been that kind of publican. He is also a good husband to my cousin, Fionnula, and he is my friend. I am a foreigner but I have been received as family despite our differences.

This was on my mind as I sat next to Philip Alexander MacAlisdair, one of my drinking buddies, prior to my annual sojourn back home to Ireland. We were sitting by a snug turf fire staring out the window when I asked, "How would you like to accompany me to Ireland? I would love for you to see Waterford. We could drop in on Fionnula and Gwen's people. You can be sure they have heard about the grand poet of Kynntyre. Besides having your company I would also enjoy your poetry."

Philip replied, "I have always desired to see the land of the Oal Riada, the home of Columcille, Finn MacCumhall, and Cu' Chullain. I would like to hear your poets reciting in the court of the Earl of Desmond and listen to a 'real' seanchai'. Besides, I have heard the ale is grand and the Irish girls are a sight to behold."

Kacie Macleod had entered the room, along with her cousin, Maureen - just out of our sight. "I heard that, Philip, you *blagard*. Irish girls indeed! Are you going with that amadan, Maiciu? That is sure to be a misadventure."

I replied with a bit of Irish charm, "Ah, there's Kacie, the flower of the MacLeods. Your voice is as sweet as a lark in the morning."

Kacie replied, "Your flattery is insincere, Irishman, you *dogtrotter*. Why don't you make a story about that!"

Fionnula and Gwen, sitting across the room couldn't resist joining in. Fionnula said, "Is that Kacie picking on you, cousin?"

Gwen chimed in "But I liked what Philip said about pretty Irish girls. Really Kacie, Philip should go. Black Tom Butler is in London with his cousin Elizabeth and Maiciu's ale has been known to calm any pirate."

Kacie sighed, "Of course he will go if he has a mind to but I don't have to like it."

I am fortunate I have an occupation that allows me to travel home once a year. The Earl of Desmond and Sir James Mossman have established a trade agreement that I help facilitate: Gold for ale. The Earl has more ale than gold and Mossman has more gold than ale. It seemed simple enough. I am considering setting up a brewery in Scotland but that will require negotiations between the Lords and Royal approval.

Heber MacPhearson gets his ale at wholesale. Fionnula has some kind of influence over the Earl and Sir James to get this deal for her husband. It seems mysterious to me and I have learned to never underestimate my cousin. You would think I, in turn, would get my own ale gratis but Heber makes me run a tab.

Soon the day came and Philip and I boarded the vessel bound for Waterford. No one, not even Philip, knew of the great sum of money I carried on my person. Of course, I never told Heber, he would have me use it to pay off my tab. These are Sir James's funds for the ale. We shared this ship with a large troop of Redshank mercenaries. These are fine Scottish lads, mostly from the Isles, coming down to

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Ireland to fight during the summer months for some Irish lord who would hire them. These fighting men on board assured no harassment by pirates on the way down. I always had a half dozen extra kegs of ale on board to assure no harassment on the way back. The extra ale was viewed by Sir James and I as just another cost of doing business.

I was not at all pleased Sir James had hired a Norwegian to captain the ship. He mostly hires Scots who know the ways and customs of the people on the west coast of Ireland. The Norwegian was a heretic and an eejit. He pussed about making petty orders to his crew and he was constantly debating with me or anyone who would listen the evils of Catholicism. His English was horrible and his Gaelic was worse. While Philip and I did our best to avoid him the Redshanks just ignored him or growled at him whenever he passed by.

We arrived in Waterford in record time due to the unusually fine weather, not due to Captain Heretic. When the Redshanks disembarked they headed straight to the taverns along the quay. There they would drink and brawl until they were hired out. For that reason Philip and I went straight to the house of Sir John of Desmond, the Earl's brother, to pay for the ale. I visited the brewery and viewed the facility and spoke to the staff. I made sure we visited Gwen and Fionnula's people as those two had given Philip correspondence to share. Philip was a hit with the poems, especially the poems of praise for our patrons. My cousin Nora was quite taken by my Scottish poet/friend. She listened in wonder and delight but before he could sweep her off her feet I told Nora about the wrath of Clan Macleod. She wisely backed off, much to Philip's annoyance. I wonder if Katie will ever thank me for that.

Our return trip was scheduled on a Sunday afternoon. The winds were fair, the tide right and it was a beautiful day. The Norwegian didn't work on the Sabbath, he was some brand of Calvinist, so we lost a day. Being a good Catholic boy I went off to hear Mass. Philip passed on my invitation and wandered off to commune in some oak grove.

When we departed Monday the ship was loaded with ale and whiskey and we were sure to make good time. As we rounded by Bantry Bay we met with turbulent weather. Poor Philip, never was he so sick. I really had to keep an eye on him. I thought he might throw himself overboard. Or more likely myself for bringing him on this trip.

The storm delayed us by at least 2 days more as we had to put into Galway for repairs. A port like Galway has many eyes and ears and mouths. I told Philip we would surely have visitors outside of Galway Bay. The O'Malleys knew we were coming and they also knew full well what was onboard.

Encountering the O'Malleys off the west coast of Ireland is never pleasant. With diplomacy, forbearance, and a half a dozen barrels of ale we can usually secure a safe passage through their territory. This captain, the Calvinist heretic, wanted to fight. It was his false belief that if he delivered more barrels of ale and whiskey he would get paid more. We were in no position to fight. We had two small cannon one fore and one aft. They were more for show than for fight. We would be outmanned and outgunned but he would spare the six barrels we would get the rest of the shipment through. I pleaded with him to allow me to do the talking but he would have none of it. When the O'Malleys approached he fired. We were doomed. Philip was as daft as the Norwegian. The Poet-Warrior wanted to fight.

I said, "Are you daft man? We'll be cut to ribbons and for what? Ale! I can always brew more. Get in the curragh man and let's leave!"

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We each grabbed an oar and pushed the curragh away from the boat and made the long row toward shore. The pirates were too focused on the booty to pay us any mind. But Philip's blood was up and he gritted his teeth and grumbled as we rowed away.

Philip viewed the landscape where we landed. "It's a bog, man. No one lives here. What are we to eat? Where is shelter? We should have been men and stayed on board and fought. Instead we fled like frightened mice. I would rather fight and die than starve to death in an Irish bog."

"First of all Philip, this land is filled with people. There are many watching us right now. Wait patiently until they figure out what type of men we are then someone will come and want to trade us for our boat. Sure, we could have remained and fought. You might have killed some O'Malleys but not all of them, and they would have killed us and pissed down our dead throats from my ale. You may think of me as a coward if you must but I would rather to struggle and live than die for property or the greater glory of Clan MacAisdaire."

It wasn't long before we were approached. Three men appeared quite suddenly and mysteriously and we negotiated. For the curragh I bargained for dried salmon, brown bread, and a pair of pampooties or bog shoes if you like.

"Give them your boots, Philip, and put these on. They are better for the bogs. I am going barefoot."

Philip looked at the men and said in English, "Timid men of a conquered race."

I was thankful none of these "conquered men" spoke English or we would have their hawthorn sticks over our heads.

"The road is this way Philip, follow me."

"I see no road."

I replied, "and yet here is the road, follow me and keep up."

We moved quickly along an ancient path. To an Englishman or a Scot no road could be seen at all but to a native Irishman, who knew what subtle signs to look for, the path was apparent.

"No wonder Heber calls you a bogtrotter! How do you know where to step?"

In two days we moved into the territory of Clanricard Burke. The Burkes are an ancient Norman family who displaced the native Gaels centuries ago and claimed this corner of Ireland as their own. Similar to the other Norman families like the Fitzgeralds of Desmond, the Burkes began to dress like the Irish and speak Gaelic. The New English would say they had gone "native" and become more Irish than the Irish themselves. The Burkes even observed the Brehon laws, when it suited them, and obeyed the ancient laws of hospitality. They actively supported Irish arts, music, and culture by being patrons to traveling poets and storytellers and musicians. Philip and I presented ourselves as such artist to get a bed and a warm meal. My stories were familiar to the Burkes and politely received but Philip's poems were both novel and quite good. Staying in the Clanricard compound one hears and observes much. The Burkes were constantly maneuvering against their neighbors and had started courting the favor of the new English of Elizabeth's reign like Sir Richard Bingham. These new English were searching for tax revenue and hearing that the O'Malleys had captured a shipment of spirits destined for a Scottish port sparked their interest. They wanted the tax revenue. I learned that we were persons of interest. It was time to leave.

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Philip didn't want to leave. "Why do we go? We have food, drink, and shelter. Are you jealous? They love my poetry. Or are you becoming timid again?"

"Philip, feel free to stay. Stay as long as you like or until the Burke sells you out to Bingham when he tires of your poetry. I have friends among the O'Connors. It's there I am going."

Before dawn I arose and crept away from the dozing guards of Clanricard and was out on the road. About two hours on my way I heard the stumbling ruckus of one unaccustomed to travel on an Irish path. I stepped off a discreet distance to allow whoever it was to pass and observed the Warrior-Poet of Clan MacAlisdair stumbling along in his pampooties. "Would you be going my way, your lordship, o great poet of Scotland and the Isles." "Mairiu, you timid but also sly Irish mouse, I overheard a conversation that lead me to believe I might soon be a guest of Sir Richard Bingham, Elizabeth's toad. I fled. It is against my Scottish nature to flee but I am adapting."

The O'Connors are a proud Connaught clan. They once held the High Kingship of Ireland. Surrounded by enemies they too sought favor with the English. Henry VIII of England implemented a policy of "Surrender and Re-grant". The Irish chieftain would surrender and renounce his Irish title for an English one. Many a dimwitted and ignorant clan chief submitted in this way believing the changing of titles meant nothing. Their status was intact. In reality it left them and their predecessors open to the implementation of English common law and "shiring" into their once Irish Gaelic domain. Clan O'Connor had submitted and was now suffering the indignity of English intrusion. There were O'Connor factions that resisted and that is where Naccadin O'Connor came in. Naccadin and I had campaigned together in our youth and he was an old friend. There was a grand celebration when we arrived. There was a great gathering of the O'Connors who clung to the ancient traditions and wanted to hear stories and the exotic poems of the Scotsman. Philip became, once again, the center of attention. My stories were familiar and politely received but Philip's poetry was new, novel, and exciting.

Even Naccadin remarked, "where did this fellow come from? Never has a Scotsman been so articulate. All of our young ladies are good smacked."

I replied, "He's Philip Alexander MacAlisdair from Kynntyre, that's all I know. He's none too fond of Argyll, that's for sure."

Naccadin replied, "Argyll's reach is not quite down here but if you continue north you will find many friends and enemies of that blagard. Shane O'Neill has assumed the title of "The O'Neill" and is trying to enforce the ancient subjugation rights and rents on O'Donnell, MacMahon, and Maguire. Shane and Argyll and O'Donnell are somehow connected although it is not clear who supports whom. I find the politics of Connaught confusing enough let alone that of Ulster."

Naccadin took pity on an old friend and gave me a modest sum of gold to pay for our future expenses. A ship ride from O'Neill country was less perilous than any other alternative. Our next step was to go to the Maguires with letters of recognition and goodwill from the O'Connors. They might be future allies against Shane O'Neill. From there we hoped to find a ship to Scotland, without alienating O'Neill.

Arriving at the Maguires stronghold we had another surprise. When my daughter Mary and I made our failed pilgrimage to Rome we met my sisters at Salamanca. There was a small Irish colony that resided there. Among my sisters' neighbors was a young Irish priest named Thomas James

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Maguire. Thomas and I shared in common a devotion the Church and a love of ale. Good ale is difficult to obtain in Spain but I brewed a batch for the Irish fathers there and as a reward we were remembered in the Mass. I am certain that is how we survived the Serbs. Thomas was home and received us with open arms. He arranged a recitation of Philip's poems and again Philip was an acclaimed celebrity. The Maguire was so impressed he said, "I'll send this Scotsman to O'Neill as a gesture of goodwill and hope it reduces his demand for rent." Bidding Thomas farewell we traveled with an armed guard of Maguires into O'Neill country.

Philip was basking in acclaim and commented, "Maiciu, there is not a corner in Ireland where you are not unknown. It will be the same with me and my poetry soon." Philip was growing fond of Ireland. His proud Scottish nature blinded him to the dangers we were soon to face.

Shane O'Neill was a fierce and ruthless warlord. This powerful man moved freely in the circle of the powerful. He intrigued with Elizabeth. He had the audacity to appear in her court and submit to her authority but dressed in his flowing saffron leine. He spoke to her in Irish Gaelic even though he knew and could speak in English. He corresponded also with Mary Stuart, her rivals and deputies. O'Neill's wife was Catherine MacLean, former wife of the 4th Earl of Argyll and stepmother of the current Earl. Upon entering O'Neill's domain Philip appeared quite at home, brimming with newly gained confidence. He could better understand the Gaelic of Ulster as it was closer to his own dialect. Besides the accents the customs and dress were also more similar. One similarity, however, brought a source of trouble for Philip. Shane was dealing with Argyll for galloglass troops and Argyll's agents were present in his court. An insult to Argyll would not disturb O'Neill himself but it might offend his wife, who was fond of her stepson and it may get back to the Earl himself and place their deal in jeopardy. Philip's bile for Clan Campbell boiled up in his guts and one night, in the presence of O'Neill, his wife, and retainers and guests he recited a satire poem highly critical of Archibald Campbell.

Aye, Tha Laird's Satire

Aye, the nigh it be cold,
On tha nor' shore o' Scotland -
Tha lads be most bold,
When they fight fer our homeland.

We feud an' we war,
An' tha English appear -
'Tis such a boar,
Ta Hades, no tear...

An' I say ta ye gents,
Put yer feuding aside -
As though it 'twere Lent
Let tha land be yer bryde.

Together we stand,
An' ta Argyll we fall -
He consumes all the land,
Mi Laird walks an' strides tall.

Lady Jean be 'is bryde,

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Though some may most wonder –
She doth ha' her pride,
Be it something ta ponder.

An' 'is eye it doth rove,
An' move all aroun' –
Watching 'is trove,
An roaming 'is ground.

Tha' good Mistress Katie,
Didst enter 'is eye –
She came somewhat lately,
From the Island o' Skye.

Watch out fer MacLeods,
An' Clan Alasdair –
Their lasses be proud,
And kill on a dare....

Campbell be but a fox,
Who thinks he's a bear –
He dost follow John Knox,
Into tha Devil's own lair.

The recitation caused a great stir in the gathering. I thought I saw O'Neill smirk initially but when he saw his wife's reaction he was stirred to a false anger.

"I will dispose of this Scottish poet unless someone objects."

For the love of a friend and companion, myself, the timid Irish mouse roared, "I object. This man came to you governed by the ancient laws of hospitality and you threaten him. You are not worthy of the title 'The O'Neill'."

O'Neill's pride was impugned. "You, little Munsterman are his friend and you want to save him? You are a scrawny spawn of Munster."

"I remind you I serve the interest of Gerald Fitzgerald, the Earl of Desmond in Scotland. I am no match to you with the sword but I can match your wit, o Shane, the proud." "Your name is Mairciu' of Desmond. I rename you 'Mairciu', the Matworm'. So Squire Matworm, if you can answer these next three questions I will let you and the Scotsman go free. Answer incorrectly and you both will hang together."

Shane asked his first question: "What was the first thing I thought of today when I awoke?" The man was a known glutton so this answer seemed easy enough.

"You thought of what you should eat to break your fast."

Shane yawned, "You are correct little man."

Shane asked his second question: "How many buckets of sand are there in Ulster?"

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I could not believe the answer that came out my mouth. "One, sir, be the bucket big enough."

Those present politely applauded and Shane seemed annoyed. Now came the third and final question.

"How much am I worth?"

That was a loaded question and Philip's life was at stake. I said a silent prayer and the Holy Spirit gave me this answer.

"You are worth 29 pieces of silver."

"How did you come to that sum, you blaggard?"

Looking at the priests present in the company I said, "Our Lord Jesus Christ was sold for 30 pieces of silver. Surely even the Great O'Neill is not greater than the Son of God."

The priests in attendance applauded until O'Neill stared at them, then they stopped. "Very well, send that little man and the Scotsman out the door. Make haste Malworm before I change my mind!"

Out the door we flew. A man, standing in the shadows wearing tartan trews whispered, "Flee to the Glens of Antrim where friends will await the great poet of the MacAisdairs." We turned east and broke into a trot.

Philip said, "Sorley Boy MacDonnell dwells there. He is an ally to Clan MacAisdair." But I too had heard of Sorley Boy MacDonnell. "I hear he eats Irishmen for breakfast. I fear I am running to my doom."

We weren't a day of fast walking when we encountered Scottish settlers. They were unique in both their dress and speech. It was a delight to Philip's ears and eyes. Before long two horsemen approached with a saddled third horse trailing.

Before they drew near Philip grabbed my shoulders, "During this whole trip I thought you a coward and a timid mouse. You wouldn't fight on the ship and you were ready to run at the slightest provocation. You trotted through the bogs like a skittish marsh deer. Then, then you stand up to that tyrant O'Neill for my sake. I shall never forget."

The lead horseman announced, "Are you Philip Alexander MacAisdair of Kynntyre?" Philip nodded.

"Your fame proceeds you. Sorley Boy desires to hear your satirical wit. Take this horse, compliments of himself".

Philip gave me a troubled look and said to the horseman, "What about my friend?"

The horseman sneered, "He is a bogtrotter is he not? So let him trot."

So off we went to the castle of MacDonnell, three horsemen and me trailing at a jog.

The MacDonnells are a sept of Clan Donald, a powerful Scottish family and rivals to the Campbells. They carved out this corner of Ireland by routing the MacQuillans out of their ancient lands. Ireland has thus been plagued by invading usurpers since the days of the Milesians. These MacDonnells were hard men created by hard times and harder enemies. Their contempt for the

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MacQuillans was the same for the O'Neills as it was for any Irishman, even from far off Munster.

Sorley Boy received Philip with honor and me with suspicion. After reciting the Argyle satire as well as a few other favorites Philip tried to portray me in a positive light.

"This is my friend Maiciu' MacRoibeard de Faoite. He is a brewer and seanchai' and hails from Desmond."

Sorley Boy stared at me with a knitted brow. "You are the son of Roibeard de Faoite, the Grey merchant from Waterford who swindled my family out of cattle and sheep years ago. You are probably an English spy."

Philip protested, "I know him not to be. I knew not his father but he could not be all bad to raise up a man like Maiciu'."

I feared Philip's efforts were in vain. I will never be the great man my father was. My Da cast a great shadow over my life though he was always good to me.

"Philip, I cannot risk this man to run loose on my lands. I will remand him to your custody and place at your service one Andrew Clyde Bell, to guard him. Bell is a veteran of the Border Wars and was sent here on contract to train my troops. He is heading back to Oumpries on the morrow. Go with him to home and family and I will ask the March Warden and his inquisitor to question this man to make sure he is indeed not a spy."

That night my Da appeared to me in a dream. "You have always made me proud. In the hard times to come remember who you are and fight to live."

Bell was a nice enough fellow for a Borderer. We might have even been friends in another life. When the ship pulled into the harbor Philip and I were separated. As I was taken down into the hold of the ship to be interrogated Philip called out,

"Maiciu', I will do my best for you. Trust and have faith."

What would they do to me? I heard they cut off fingers until you told them all you knew. I prayed I would face them bravely like a son of Roibeard de Faoite. Then I heard vaguely familiar voices. Philip was laughing. I walked to my inquisitors. Cullen Elliot and Guy Maxwell saw me and laughed.

Cullen said, "So this is the spy that daft MacDonnell sent us to interrogate."

Sir Guy then said, "Maiciu', do you want an ale?"

Upon returning to my Scottish home I reported to Sir James Mossman who seemed unusually understanding. "If Gerald and I can work out a deal, you will be brewing your fine ale here and perilous trips to Desmond will be unnecessary. I promise to hire no more Norwegians."

Finally back at the Wicked Eye, sitting by the same fire and staring out the same window with Philip we listened with amusement as Akira and Elena, Heber's sister, debated who was the best seamstress in the area.

I bellowed, "Can a man not get a quiet pint around here?"

Akira, in perfect Gaelic, replied "Ouin do dheal, Squire Maltworm."

"Philip", says I, "the service around here is dreadful. Do you want to go back to Ireland with me?"

Philip gave a startled jump and fell off his bar stool.

JOURNEY TO THE MISTY ISLE

Philip looked up at Mairi from the floor. "You must be daft! Go to Ireland again? I've seen enough of that place, for now anyway. I need to go to some place that is peaceful and familiar."

"Now that you've been to Ireland, if you go again, it will be familiar."

"Peaceful, familiar, and not full of Irishmen."

"All right then, I am leaving. I've been called a 'maltworm', 'a timid mouse', and a 'bogtrotter'. I have had enough abuse."

Akira, sitting nearby cleaning the pub glasses and over-hearing the banter chimed in, "Don't go away mad, Irishman, just go away."

As Mairi trudged away Katie came over and scolded Philip. "Get your arse off the floor! There goes a man who risked his life for you. He can be a bit sensitive about trouble back in his homeland. You owe him an apology."

"I'll get to it, I promise", said Philip as he slowly rose from the floor. "I'll just let him cool off first."

"Darling, I, too, am worried about home. I am receiving troubling news from Skye about my people," sighed Katie.

For over 100 years there had been conflict between Clan Donald and Clan MacLeod over land, wealth, and power. Skye was their battleground. At one time Clan Donald held reign over the whole western seaboard of Scotland from Lewis in the north to the Mull of Kintyre in the south. They even occupied the Glens of Antrim in Ulster province in Ireland. They had many enemies wishing to knock them from such a lofty perch, chief among them was Clan MacLeod. As Clan Donald's power was eroded MacLeod's demands were pressed. There were tit for tat cattle raids, petty thefts, and even murder. This story seemed all too familiar to Mairi when he later heard of it. Ireland, too, suffered the curse of disunity and lack of national purpose.

Philip was of Clan MacAlisdair who were both kin and allies of Clan Donald. As he had earned some notoriety for his poetry Katie hoped Philip could use his celebrity to diplomatic end. Katie was sure Philip could help but she feared her husband's bold nature, pride, and audacity, if not tempered by caution and discretion, might lead to disaster. Mairi was the remedy. He was cautious, wary, and apt to use force only as a last resort.

Therefore, Katie was not willing to wait for Mairi to "cool off". After a discreet interval she left the pub to pursue her husband's Irish friend and convince him to accompany Philip to Skye.

Katie found Mairi, by and by, at the dockside staring south toward Ireland. As Katie approached she saw her husband's Papist friend fingering his Rosary beads. Tears were streaming down his face. Not wanting to disturb the man at his prayers she waited until he put his beads away and approached. "My man holds you in high regard you know."

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"Does he now? Sure and it's not reflected in his words."

"I want him to go to Skye and visit my people. The MacLeods and Clan Donald are at fighting one another. Philip, being a known poet to both clans, might be able to help establish peace. I want you to go with him. He needs you, you know."

"Are you sure about that? I take my daughter on a pilgrimage and nearly get her killed. You, yourself, almost became a widow. He needs me indeed!"

"I am not a widow now, am I? And you are the reason. You two make a good pair. Please go with him."

"How am I to finance this journey? I have no money. Our wee adventure in Ulster has nearly ruined me financially."

"Write to your Earl. Skye has resources. People there have been brewing and distilling on a small scale from time immemorial. Your skill and resourcefulness could create a business opportunity for your Earl and Sir James Mossman."

"Katie, your idea has merit. Of course, I will need help from your people. Who of the MacLeods would I speak to?"

"I will put you in touch with my own first cousin, Andrew. He is always looking for a way to generate revenue."

"He is a true Scot, no doubt!"

Four weeks from when the letter was sent Maiciu' received correspondence from Sir John of Desmond. Sir John wrote that the Earl was willing to finance the trip to Skye to "see if an opportunity exists." Maiciu' reported the news to Philip and Katie, who were both delighted. Philip was inspired by the news -

As I fell ta tha' floor,
Mistress Kate didst appear -
"Till show ye tha door,
Fer ye no more beer."

Miss Maureen o' MacLeod,
Didst say wit' a smile -
"Ye be somewhat loud,
Get thee ta tha Isle."

"Go nou wit' yer brother,
He o' Irish renown -
Do not give me bother,
Travel safe and most sound."

"Ta the Isle o' Skye,
Away with ye both -
Be gone from mi eye,
Ta tha land o' mi troch."

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Through the lands o' MacPhearson,
An' o'er the dale -
Ta the home o' mi son's son,
Were he dreus mooch good ale.

Maiciu fingered is chin,
There was gold in is eye -
He covered his grin,
An' we set off ta Skye....

Before Philip and Maiciu' departed three people approached Maiciu' with confidential requests. Katie wanted Maiciu' to speak to her cousins about Maureen. Maureen appeared one day at the tavern knowing little about her background but that she was a MacLeod. Katie, so homesick for the Misty Isle, wanted very much to believe her and treated her as beloved family. Katie was discreetly asking for verification.

Heber approached Maiciu' on the eve of his trip to ask a favor. "Boyo, you are a dogrotter to be sure but I also know you to be a devout Papist, I mean Catholic gentleman. I have consummate trust in your integrity."

"What is it you want, a chara?" asked myself.

"Please take this letter and sum of money to my mother at Cluny Castle."

"Heber, we are going to Skye and the MacPhearsons holdings on the River Spey are not exactly on our way."

"Some of the money is for your expenses and I give you our clan badge to show when it is needed. One last thing, say nothing to Elena about this. She must know nothing about the money or letter."

"I promise to say nothing."

Later Elena approached Maiciu'. Maiciu', being determined not to betray a confidence listened to her request. "My brother tells me you are going to Badenoch before visiting Skye."

"Tis somewhat out of our way, but anything for the husband of Fionnula."

"Please, then, take this letter and money to my mother. Say nothing about this to Heber. He must not know."

Maiciu' was honored to be so trusted by both MacPhearsons and wondered about the family intrigue. He remembered Ignatius Loyola saying virtue was a gift. Why did it feel like a burden.

Philip was smiling from ear to ear as it was now his turn to show his country to the Irishman. The detour to MacPhearsons' lands was blessed and without incident. Maiciu' had convinced Philip to keep a low profile so he could enjoy the stark beauty of the vast mountains, broad glens, and pristine lakes. Maiciu' was gobsmacked.

"Philip, we have money enough to secure humble lodging and not draw attention





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to ourselves. You must do most of the talking as my accent will be sure to draw suspicion on me."

"Fear not, my timid Irish mouse. I will proceed as you wish."

Maiciu' once read a Spanish ambassador's description of the Scottish Highlanders: "They spend all their time in wars and when there is no war they fight one another." Maiciu' did not know the relationships between all of the factions in the Heilunds. Alliances shifted as quickly as the wind. There were MacKenzies, MacLeans, Stuarts, and MacIntyres. And there were Campbells. Many, many, Campbells. Campbells elicited caution in both Philip and Maiciu'. They were certain no Campbell could be trusted.

Arriving in the district of Badenoch on Spey, MacPhearson's country, Maiciu' discreetly displayed the clan badge Heber gave him. "Touch not the Cat but a Glove". Despite his foreign accent he was received as a brother and along with Philip was invited to Cluny Castle. That evening Philip's poetry was unleashed on the MacPhearsons.

I entered a tavern,
One fyne springtime da-
I have not come out,
Heber holds me at bay.

We have a fyne Chieftain,
Heber now be 'is name-
He be fair to all,
As long as he gains.

Ah, this is all fun,
And lead no one astray-
It shows us our mix,
On this fyne spring tyme da'.

His praise poetry was gladly received. His satire poems were scipled by a wary "Irish mouse." "Philip, no Argyte satire, please!"

At the appropriate time Maiciu' was introduced to Heber and Elen's mother. She was an elegant and dignified woman with a kind face. Maiciu' imagined she must have broken many a heart in her youth. "My dear lady, I apologize for my accent. Can you understand me?"

"Your accent is no obstacle. It reminds me of a special young man I met years ago before I married Heber and Elen's father." The Lady MacPhearson had a faint smile and a far away look in her eye as she remembered her "special young man".

"It sounds as if he was Irish. Do you remember his name? Do you remember

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from where he came? I might know the place."

With her smile now broadening she remembered. "His name was Cachaí MacCasey. He was from Carlow in Leinster. He was recruiting gallouglass for some Irish lord."

"That would be my uncle Chick! Saints be praised, I never knew he came up this far." To himself Maiciú thought "Wait until Heber and Elena hear about this!" "I have correspondence from your children, my Lady. I was given strict orders from both not to reveal to the other that this was done."

"Did you read the letters?"

"Oro ní, I mean no my Lady. I know not the content of the letters nor the amount of funds being delivered. It would relieve me of a great burden if you would take them from me and say nothing to me about it."

She left the room to read the letters and count the sums. After a while she returned and embraced Maiciú as one might embrace their own child. "Your family has been a blessing to me, Maiciú MacRoibeard de Faoite, nephew of my dear Cachaí. Is he still serving that Irish lord? Do you see him ever? I have a message for him."

"Lady MacPhearson, tonight, when in your prayers, you may speak to him. He is now in the service of the Lord of Hosts." There was a hint of a tear in her eye when she heard this. She sent for and served pints of ale to Philip and Maiciú and began to tell stories of Heber and Elena when they were children. The stories would certainly be repeated later in the Wycked Aye to embarrass and tease their protagonists.

Once outside of MacPhearson's country Maiciú and Philip resumed their low profile. It was on to Skye. One night whilst by their fire, Philip said to Maiciú:

We traveled tha shires,
One fyne sprin'tyme da -
Mountains an' spires,
Got not in our wa'.

Ta the Isles we didst roam,
Tha fyne sprin'tyme da -
O'er tha land we didst comó,
Fer gold an' fer prey.

We had gone from tha ale house,
Fer many a da -
Me an' a bog mouse,
Naught holds us at bay.

Tha Isle o' Skye,
Be most wondrous an' rare -
A jewel ta mi eye,

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Aye, we finally got there....

Tha home o' MacLeod,
An Maureen an' mi Kate -
Our well come was loud,
As we strode though tha gate!

As mentioned before, the blood feud between the MacLeods and the MacDonalds reached back 100 years to John, Lord of the Isles, of Clan Donald. In those days the Kings of Scotland and England and the Lord of the Isles engaged in political maneuvers. In 1462 John signed a treaty with Edward IV of England. This was to have caused John to lose or forfeit estates in Scotland. James III of Scotland formally restored the Lordship back to John in hopes of winning him back and making him a Lord of Parliament. John was peacefully inclined and might have given no further trouble but his bastard, Angus Og, who had married Argyle's daughter, took a different view and declared war on both James III and his father John, thus splitting the western Heilunds in two, and, incidentally, starting a prolonged feud between the MacDonalds on one hand and the MacLeods and MacKenzies on the other".

When told to Maiciu's Irish ears the thread of Saxon perfidy and Campbell complicity was clearly heard. "Philip, Katie has given you an impossible task. No poetry, diplomacy, or business endeavor will easily reverse 100 years of hard feelings."

"Have you no confidence in me? I will bring peace with heart felt verse of praise. I will emphasize our shared heritage and appeal to our Scottish patriotism. They will be arm in arm when I am done."

Philip was expected and well received upon arriving at Dunvegan Castle. As his patrons flocked to him Maiciu' was introduced to Katie's cousin Andrew MacCuairt to discuss business. Andrew and Maiciu' struck an immediate friendship. In their conversation they discussed Philip's optimism and potential business opportunities. While Maiciu' enjoyed the company he was discouraged about what he heard.

"Maiciu', your idea of a brewery will sound grand to all who initially hear it. We have many thirsty mouths on the Isle. Many of the lads have served as gallouglass in Ireland and have grown fond of the fine ale and whiskey of your home. The love of spirits might even bring the MacDonalds and MacLeods together better than any MacAlisdair poetry. But every chief, near and far, will want to have his hand in the profits. We barely grow enough grain to feed ourselves. There is little surplus for brewing in a size that would be profitable. Hops would be difficult to import, and the levies and taxes would be too heavy and the supply would be too unreliable. No, Maiciu', tell your Earl it will not be possible to establish a large enough enterprise to be profitable."

"Do you think Philip has a chance with peace?"

"We will see. I have invited, under truce, a party of the leading MacDonalds to hear the poetry and drink some of your fine Irish ale and whiskey. MacAlisdair has made quite a name for himself."

"Andrew, Katie has met a lass who claims to be a MacLeod. She wanted me





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to ask about her. Could you help?"

"There are quite a number of us in Clan MacLeod, Mairciu'. What is her name?"

"Maureen MacLeod".

"Maureen, is it? That is a name from your part of the world. Let me see what I can find out."

The next day, as preparations were being made to welcome the MacDonalds, Andrew reported to Mairciu' what he had learned. "Some of the old women seem to remember a galloglass named Robert MacLeod who had married a local girl, a MacCrimmon, I believe. They gave their girl child an Irish name. It is heard he took his wife, Maire MacCrimmon, and their girl child Maureen, on a campaign. He went to the Scottish borders rather than Ireland under Shane O'Neill. They were never heard from again and presumed to be lost. Tell my cousin Katie I am sorry but that is all I know."

The famous fairy flag was flying over Dunvegan castle as the banquet was slowly filled to capacity. There were two tables of MacDonalds there. They were as nervous as whores in church. The MacLeods sitting near them, while more relaxed, seemed somewhat on guard themselves. Seeing this Mairciu' was thinking of his old friend and best customer, Hugh O'Donnell, and how Hugh would be planning an escape route anticipating how the evening would probably end.

Philip was also anxious and was not quite ready to perform. Some fiddle players played a rousing tune. Philip insisted Mairciu' tell a story while he continued to compose himself. Mairciu' told the tale of "Oeirdre of the Sorrows" and how she caused the downfall of the Red Branch Knights. Despite his Irish accent he was mostly understood and politely received but his story was not of Philip's liking. "Great Mairciu', a cheery Irish tale to calm everyone," Philip said sarcastically.

Fearing the worst Philip began his praise poems recalling the founding of Clan MacLeod by Leod, a son of Olan the Black, King of Man and the Isles. He told the MacDonalds of Conn of the Hundred Battles, High King of Ireland and Conla Uais, the first of his descendants to venture into the Hebrides. He told of the Lordship of the Isles and how the MacLeods once supported John, Lord of the Isles. As promised the poems and then the songs that arose spontaneously from the patrons, lubricated by fine Irish ale and whiskey as well as local brew, had all the Scots arm in arm, MacLeod and MacDonald, singing and laughing.

Philip had pulled it off. This could be a miracle. Then it happened. Someone called for a satire. Philip's eyes lit up and he began to recite his favorite.

"Philip, not the Argyll satire, please!"

Too late, it flowed from his mouth like a mountain stream. The MacDonalds crowded with derisive laughter and most of the MacLeods glowered. Many were friends and even relatives of Archibald Campbell. First words were exchanged, then voices raised, and then fists were flying. Andrew, Katie's cousin, yelled to Mairciu', "Get my cousin's husband out of here."

Darting and dashing through the brawl Mairciu' rushed the dais and tackled Philip

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like in the old days when he played Gaelic football. "Philip, flee, anois!" As they ran out the side door of the banquet hall Mairciu' thought of how Philip called him a timid Irish mouse. There were two fellows fighting in the hallway that led to the side door. Doubling up his fist Mairciu' popped a MacLeod across the yob and sent him sprawling across the floor. The MacDonald began to say, "Thanks Paddy", when he received the same treatment. "You are all blagards" ranted Mairciu' as he took Philip by the arm.

Andrew found Philip and Mairciu' just outside the castle grounds. "There'll be hell to pay now. The whole island will be in an uproar. You're on your own lads. God be with you." Philip thought their best chance was to reach a fishing village before the word spread. Their salvation came from an unlikely place.

When John Knox instigated reform in the Church the active clergy who were not willing to embrace Calvinism were given the choice to retire and accept a pension or die - so there were many retired clergy living off a pension keeping their Papist beliefs to themselves. One such man lived on Skye, by the name of Duncan Campbell. Campbell ran a boat service from Skye to South Uist to supplement his pension and smuggle his co-religionists to a more friendly place. He encountered Philip and Mairciu' on a footpath outside the small fishing village where he kept his boat. Philip was asleep while Mairciu' kept watch. Mairciu' took the time on watch to pray his Rosary. Campbell observed this.

"What have we here? An Irish Papist by the sound of your voice and your manner of prayer. How exotic!"

"Who might you be, you wee sly man, sneaking up on a poor soul at prayer?"

"I am Duncan Campbell and I run a boat from here to South Uist for those who have the money for it. It appears you might be wanting to leave the Misty Isle with the recent uproar."

"Trust a Campbell. One must be very desperate to do that!"

"That would be Father Campbell to you, my son."

Duncan explained his situation and Mairciu' remarked, "A Catholic Campbell, that too seems exotic."

From South Uist Mairciu' and Philip were able to secure passage back to the safety of the Wycked Aye. Mairciu' gave his reports to Elena, Heber, and Katie. Philip now thought himself a great storyteller and proceeded to give his version of our latest adventure to Faolan and Morna -

We've traveled together,
Both near an' both far -
Bogmouse an' I,
Steered by a star.

Through tha Isle o' Emerald,
An tha nor' shore o' Scotland -

We fought through ta gecher,
Ta Katie's own 'omeland.

I've opened mi mouth,
An' speued out most shite -
'Twere luck tha we lived,
An' not wits nor our might.

Tha Wicked Aye Tavern,
We doest call our 'ome -
Though oft' doest we wander,
An' much doest we roam.

This man be mi broch'r,
As we move all around -
He watches mi back,
An' 'olds fast 'is ground.

Squire Malt Worm, Bog Trotter,
An worse were thee called -
Off wi' their 'eads,
Wilst I 'old them enthralled.

Here our gold we doest squander,
An' plunder tha night -
Maitiu' - Heaven help us,
There be Campbells in sight!

Maitiu' sat in a quiet corner with parchment and quill and wrote these words to Sir John of Desmond:

To Sir John of Desmond;

Greetings from your agent in Scotland, Maitiu' MacRoibeard de Faoite. We thought there existed an opportunity to establish an enterprise on the Isle of Skye. Further investigation reveals no profitable situation exists. The Scots are as divided and unstable as any Irish province. The shipping costs and the tenuous supply line outstrips any amount of revenue we might earn. Please send my regrets to our Lord Earl. I have failed again but with his indulgence I will continue to serve at his pleasure with my fullest efforts.

Gach Beannacht,

M. de Faoite.



FOR KATIE

A Story by Maureen MacLeod

The Wycked Aye Tavern was busy this night. Everyone had gathered for Philip and Maiciu' had just returned from Skye and had many a tale to tell. Philip was out in the middle of it all, causing a ruckus as he always did. I had been workin' in the tavern since the day Heber had brought me here. Fillin' pitchers and cleanin' tables to earn mi keep. I would always be grateful to Heber for bringin' me to this place, and to Katie.



Philip Alexander

Katie was up front at the bar and I was in back drawin' ale from one of the kegs when I heard Maiciu' speak. I wasn't really listenin' too closely until I heard mi name come up. I stopped and heard Maiciu' say to Katie, "I checked on her just like ye asked Katie. The old women of Skye, they remembered a MacLeod girl child named Maureen. They said she be the child of Robert MacLeod and that they had disappeared years back and had not been heard from since. Seems MacLeod was a gallouglass. He took the wife and girl child with him on campaign and they never returned to Skye. 'Tis all I could find out fer ye Katie". She thanked him quietly and I heard him speak no more.

I couldn't believe it. She didn't trust me. The one thing I knew for sure was that I am a MacLeod tried and true. But Katie, she didn't believe me. Could it be that this place was not the home I had hoped for after all? If Katie wasn't sure about me, then the others were probably askin' the same questions she was. In all truth, you couldn't blame any of them for their doubts. 'Tis not every day when a woman alone walks into your tavern claimin' to be your kin, and not carryin' a damn thing to her name. (And mi name, a Scot with an Irish first name).

Just then I heard Katie call from the bar, "are ye fillin' those pitchers or drinkin' em girl?"

"I'm bringin' em straight away, Katie", I replied, and hurried back out into the tavern. Maybe 'twas time to move on... again.

'Twas a long night at the tavern. A night of stories, laughter and song... and a lot of ale. So many goodly people they are, the Highlanders of this tavern. My heart was heavy with the thought of leaving. Mayhaps if I could find something, anything, frommi family that I could give to Katie, maybe then she would trust me.



Elena
MacPhearson

Heber's sister, Elena, put her arm around my shoulders, "a bit quiet you are tonight girl, somethin' on yer mind?"

"Nay, Mistress MacPhearson, (you know good 'n well that you can't get a word in edgewise with Philip tellin' his tales and Maiciu' singin' his songs.

I didn't want to leave this place. Yet, I wanted these people to know that I be true to mi word. It would mean returnin' to the border. 'Twould be wrong to just leave and not say a word to anyone... I would think on it for a day or two and talk with Fionnula.

In the two days that had passed from that night at the tavern, I thought long and hard about travelin' back to the border. Back to the huddle where mi Mum and I had lived when Oa had gone off



Maiciu' de Faoite



Katie MacLeod



Maureen MacLeod

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on campaign. Gone off with that wretched O'Brien. I remember, though I was very young at the time, mi Mum taking the coin Da had left with us and the few precious trinkets we had and burying them just sup from the huddle. He had insisted that she hide it; I never understood why. When she died and the trouble started, I fled without even a thought of lookin' for any of it. The huddle would surely be gone by now, but the marker should still be there. It would be a risky trip but worth it if I could find it. The chest held a broach with the crest of Clan MacLeod. Our names were engraved on the back of it. I would find it and bring it back for Katie.

Fionnula MacPhearson was wife to Chieftain Heber. She was also the cousin of Mairiu', the Irishman. Matworm they called him for the brewmaster he was. They had some other names for him as well; names I didn't care for too much. I liked Mairiu', a good man, true to heart. Fionnula was very much like him. A kind and gentle woman, pretty, and a bit of a flirt. But though she still be a young woman, she carried with her the wisdom of an old Croan.



Aisira MacCallan

'Twas early in the afternoon when I walked into the tavern. Aisira was there keeping a watch over our two little angels of the Wicked Aye: her own daughter, Trinity, and little Laurie Elliot. Laurie be the daughter of Cullen and Guendolyn Elliot. Cullen sometimes brought Guen and Laurie to the tavern when trouble was about; Elliot land lay very near the English border and times were not safe right now. Cullen had returned to defend his lands and left Guen and Laurie under the watchful eye and ready sword of Chieftain Heber. The two wee ones laughed and played, happy and content with a world that, in their eyes, had no trouble at all. Their giggles alone could bring a smile to your face. There is always hope in the laughter of children.



Fionnula
MacPhearson



Guendolyn Elliot

Fionnula was back behind the bar beginnin' to prepare food for the night at the tavern. She looked up as I approached. "Your early lass but I'm glad to see ye, I could use the help."

"I've something on mi mind Fionnula, can we talk a bit?" I shared with her what had happened in the tavern and what Mairiu' had said to Katie.

She stopped, put down the knife and let out a long sigh. "It has been a long time since Katie has been back to Skye and seen any of her Clan. She misses her own people. When you appeared out o' tha blue on that snowy day she was very happy ta have one of her own Clan with her. Don't be too hard on her lass, maybe she just wants to be sure. Maybe she doesn't want to get hurt, to get too close, and then have ye disappear".

I told Fionnula that I would be gone for a short while, three or four days at the most. That I was going back to the border to bring something back for Katie, then she would have no doubts. I am Clan MacLeod, of that I am sure and when I returned everyone else would be sure of it as well.

Fionnula looked at me, crossed her arms over her chest and dropped her chin a bit. There it was... that look. The look of wisdom and disapproval. "I don't think it wise to be goin' off by yourself girl, especially off to the border, not now. Chieftain would not approve," she said.

"Chieftain doesn't need to know", I replied. "And besides, I've been on my own for a very long time, I can handle myself. I need to go back and get that chest. 'Tis all that's left of mi family, I should never have left it there".

At that Fionnula shook her head and said, "You're just as stubborn as Katie, you must be a MacLeod".

I stayed and worked that night at the tavern. I would leave first thing in the morning.



Bernadette (Detta)
MacPhearson

I was up early to pack my horse and head out on my own. I was nearly ready to ride when I heard footsteps in the straw of the stable. I turned and it was Detta.

"So, riding out are ye?", she said.

"I have some business to take care of Detta and I will be back in a few days".

Detta worked the early hours at the tavern. She was a sweet thing, quieter than most of the women at the tavern. She has a son, Merrick, a handsome young lad. She is idy herself with the boy; I'm not sure what became of the man. She has never shared that with me, nor have I ever asked her.

"What kind of business are ye doin' that causes ye ta wear three blades?" she asked. I was carrying my single hand, my dagger and my doe-hoop.

"Can't be too careful these days". I could tell by the tone of her voice that she knew this was not a simple ride through the countryside.

"Does Mistress Morna know ye be leavin'?"

"Nay", I replied, "but Fionnula does".

"God's speed girl", she said.

"Grammercy Detta, don't say anything to Katie". And with that I mounted my horse and rode out.

If I had only known of this earlier I could have asked Cullen for escort to the border. But he was well on his way and back on his own land by now. The Elliots had been kind enough to allow mi Dum and I to stay on their land while mi Da was away on campaign. Cullen himself would have been too young to remember us being on their land. But the father had granted us safe keep whilst mi Da crossed over to England with Shane O'Brien and the rest of the gallouglass. Men and their wars. What good does it do 'em? I was too young to understand the need for it when mi father left. All I knew was that he was leavin' us behind... and alone.

I rode out at a good clip, toward Lintithgow Castle. The road would be quiet now. The Queen and her court had moved on to Falkland Palace for retreat. 'Twas a place she dost frequent to escape the troubles of politics, to enjoy the countryside, and do some hunting and falconering. With the roads clear and quiet, I would be back on Elliot land in no time and then back to the tavern before anyone really noticed.

'Twas the end of the second day when I arrived at the old path that had led up to our huddle. The land was as beautiful as I remembered. Years had passed since I had left. I first went to the place where, by my own hand, I had laid my Mother to rest. The fever had taken her one very cold night while father was away in England. There was no one to tell, no one to help. I had waited as long as I could alone in my huddle, hoping mi Da would return... but he never did.

I was surprised to see that a dist of the old huddle had remained. Not much, but enough to give a landmark to work from. There just off the corner and up the hill was the marker. A simple stone marker set under the watchful bows of the Great Oak. Low and behold the chest was still there, wrapped in oilcloth and fairly well preserved. I quickly opened the chest and there was the broach, also wrapped in oilcloth. There were a few other things as well, another small chest, some coin, and some odds and ends.

I didn't take the time to look closely as the sun was setting and this was no place to be caught at night and alone. I quickly returned the chest and covered it as best as I could. Everything else went in a saddlebag. I took one more look around, said a prayer to mi Dum and left. I would never return to this place again. There was a pub about three miles back down the road. I would take rest there tonight and head back to the Wicked Eye in the morning.



Tanaiste

Morna MacGregor

'Twas Mistress Morna who noticed mi missin' that first afternoon. "Where's the other MacLeod this day?" she asked Fionnula.

"She won't be comin' in tonight Morna, might be a day or so before she's back", she replied.

"She should have checked with me before leavin'; we have a tavern ta run ye know, and Oetta can't stay all night".

"I know Morna, we'll manage", Fionnula replied. "She should be back in a few days, she had some business to take care of near the border and..."

"Near what border?" 'Twas the voice of the Chieftain. Katie and Philip were behind him.

"She's left?" asked Katie.

Fionnula knew there was no point in trying to hide. She had been married to Heber for years and he knew her far too well. Fionnula told Heber of our conversation in the tavern. She told Katie that I knew about Maiciu' and Skye.

"This is all my fault" said Katie, "I'm goin' after her".

"I'll go with ye, Katie", chimed Philip.

Gwen spoke up, "Can we get word to Cullen?"

"NAY NOT, ENOUGH!" The Chieftain had spoken and that was that. He looked toward Braden's face. Braden was one of the finest swordsmen in the Highlands and a fierce warrior. He loved a good battle of any kind. Heber turned and slapped Braden on the back of the head as he sat at the table and said, "Get ready".

The men had gathered their swords and as the Chieftain approached the door to the tavern he turned, looked straight at Katie and said, "If one more MacLeod woman walks through this door, I'm leavin' for good".



Chieftain

Heber MacPhearson

The little pub was busy and many turned to look as I entered. Although many Highlander women carry blades, 'tis not usual to see a woman traveling alone and armed. I found a small table back out of the way. It was good to sit and rest. The patrons of this tavern were a mixed bunch. We were very near the borders of Clan Armstrong, Clan Elliot, and England. A pretty woman moved between the tables, servin' ale and cleanin'. The men would yank her around and pull at her skirts. She looked tired and sad. I knew exactly how she felt. She approached, and asked if there was somethin' I wanted. She looked down at mi dagger and said, "ye best put those out o' sight, these men, they be lookin' for trouble".

I'll be careful", I replied. "Dead, and some bread and cheese, if ye please".

The mead and food were comforting. All seemed to be going well when from behind me I heard a voice say, MacLeod, Maureen MacLeod".

A cold chill went down my back; 'twas Armstrong, a filthy toad of a man. A man I'd had dealings with before.

"I wasn't sure at first if it was you", he said. "Then I saw the doe-hoof".

He walked around in front of the table. His right eye bore a nasty scar, compliments of mi doe-hoof knife. He moved around to mi side, put his fist in mi hair and yanked mi head back. "Have a good look at your handy work, lass", he said.

I said nothing and started to reach for my blade. He yanked my head back further and said, "Oon't, it won't

(Continued from page 51)

work this time, you owe me girl”.



Cullen Elliot

“I owe ye nothing’ ye filthy toad, I told ye that before”, I snapped.

“Your father took something from me and I want it back”, he growled.

“I told ye before ARMSTRONG, I don’t have anything and he never told mi anything”.

Just then there was a rustling of tables and skidding of chairs across the floor. From the corner of my eye I could see, there he was, striding toward us from the front of the tavern straight toward ARMSTRONG; Lord Cullen Elliot stood only a few feet from the table. His sheer presence commanded respect.

“Release her ARMSTRONG, and we’ll allow ye to live through the night”, he said.



Braden Elliot

ARMSTRONG did not move and did not let go. I heard the familiar singing of swords being drawn from their scabbards. Chieftain Heber’s sword was on ARMSTRONG’S throat before he could blink an eye. From behind, Braden appeared and his blade was square on ARMSTRONG’S back, pointed straight at his black heart. He released his grip and I scrambled from my chair. Braden grabbed mi arm and pushed mi out of the way. They led ARMSTRONG out of the tavern on the points of their swords.

What was said and done outside the door, I do not know.

When Chieftain came back in he simply looked at me and said, “Gather your belongings and get your horse. We’ll be havin’ a talk when we get back to the Wicked Aye”.

The journey back to the Wicked Aye was without incident. Cullen rode along, as things were peaceful enough to gather Gwen and Laurie and return to their home. As we entered the tavern, Ashira met Braden with a kiss. Fionnula embraced the Chieftain. Katie and Philip came toward me. Katie had tears in her eyes, as did myself.

I took Katie’s hand and laid the brooch wrapped in oilcloth in her palm. She opened the cloth to reveal the brooch with the Crest of Clan MacLeod — on the back were the names: Robert, Maire and Maureen.

“Cis beautiful”, she said.

“I want ye to have it Katie; a gift from MacLeod to MacLeod”.

“Ye did na have to go all that way just to bring this to me”, she said.

“But I did, you’re all I have now Katie, I want ye ta trust me”, I replied. And with that I turned to leave the tavern. As I passed by Heber, he grabbed hold of my arm. I looked up and said, “I know Chieftain, we’ll be havin’ a talk”.

When I arrived back in mi little room, I took the satchel and dumped it out on the table. I had not taken the time to look through it until now. Most of it was as I had expected. A small amount of coin, a ring that was mi mum’s... but the other small chest, I did not remember. The chest contained two leather pouches. When I opened them I damn near fell off mi chair. “Mary, Mother of God”, I whispered to myself. The first was full of gold and the second was full of gems: red, green, and white stones. So this is why mi Da had wanted it hidden away. Could this be what ARMSTRONG was after? It looked like the Chieftain and I would be talkin’ about a few more things than he expected.

To be continued...

SNOWY LOWLANDS

One nigh' in a tavern near the border they met,
Lords Argyll an' Bothwell, an' a Chieftain, well met -
They argued their causes, an' spoke of religion,
Common ta all, love fer ale 'twas their pigeon.

Aye, they maneuvered fer gain,
An' all watched their backs -
As tha snow it didst swirl,
An tha trees they didst crack.

Argyll follows John Knox,
An' Bothwell tha Queen -
Chieftain Heber 'is family,
'Twas a sight ta be seen!

Indeed drank themselves silly,
That evenin' they did -
Passed out willy-nilly,
As the wee-est o' kids.

They 'twere out of ale,
Whenst Faolan appeared -
Wit' a keg full of ale,
Naught ta be feared.

Ta tha castle they went,
All our good Chief Heber -
He went 'ome ta 'is wyfe,
Aye, away from tha strife!



LABRADOR

By Philip Alexander

I sat by a fyre one fyne springtime eve at Castle Tarbert, wic' mi family. 'Twas a good, balmy evening, on tha weather shore o' Scotland. As I looked out o'er tha lochs, I didst indeed fynd miself yearning fer tha sea.

"Why," I asked miself, "doest ye yearn fer tha sea? 'Tis a place 'twich ha' brougth ye nothin' but mischief...."

An' there came a timid knock at tha gate.
"Wot in tha hell - Maitiu, 'tis tha you?"

"Aye, indeed it is I, God bless all here." No longer timid, an' quite struck wic' his self, indeed, Maitiu' made 'is entrance.

'Is lanæ floued aboust 'im, nou dedecked all in silver -

"Cover yer eyes, lass," says I,
"Err he'll set ye a quiver...."

"Welcome ta Tarbert," said I.
"An' nou shallst we leave?
I've been on ye travels,
An' deasts we 'ave reeved."

Maitiu' replied,
"An' where can we go,
Where we have not already been -
I'll go there most boldly,
As long as no sin...."



An' tha good squire didst not know o' tha silver I 'ad hoarded. We couldst nou commence our journey....
"Toward tha set o' tha sun," says I. "Cha' be tha way ta go..."

Aye, an' we had sworn an oath ne'er ta sail against wic' a Norwegian. Yet none but 'e be fool enough ta follow tha sun....
An' so we set off.

We sailed on a path long sailed. Saint Brendan hadst sailed it, as indeed 'ad many others. Aye, an' maghaps be best ta sail wic' a Norseman....

Much 'twas I sick,
An' all we didst heave -
I held ta mi stick,
Ah, Saints, ye relieve!

On an' on, 'til it felt we couldst indeed sail no more. Even a sight o' Grace wouldst be welcome come nou.
Eire 'twas long past, when we got down an' prayed....

"LANO HO!" he didst cry, at tha top o' 'is lungs.

"What be this land," asks I?

"Couldst thi' be tha storied land o' Princess Henry?"

An' Maiciu' replied, "Calamh an Éisc."

"It's name be not of import" said he - "it be land."

Maiciu' preached caution - an' once again I shouldst ha' miself' been listenin'.

An' tha Beothuk 'ad nae reason ta be friendly, indeed... 'Twas their land.

I'll be polite wuth a broadside a' mi back - learnin' I am!

Wait - what be tha beast? 'e be most black as Hades, yet blazoned wuth' white!

"I want 'im alive!" says I. " 'arm 'im at ye peril."

I couldst nae believe it,
as Maiciu' didst take tha lead -
'e dashed on most boldly,
An' tha beast 'e didst thieve!

Back on ta tha boat,
They all 'twere a shiver -
Onward they float,
All 'n a tither!

"Set sail per 'ome,"
says I ta mi crew,
"We shall write in tha tome -
Indeed o' Maiciu'!"



An' so it came tha we didst indeed 'ave a small black an' white beast let aboard. An' we didst damn nae make it 'ome - as 'e ate all our food....



SO LONG I HAVE WANDERED THE HIGHLANDS

So long have I wandered the Highlands alone
in search of my kin and place to call home.

'til one day to the Shire of Truckee I came,
I there met a Highlander, Ne'er be his name.

To a Tavern he led me, 'Twas not far away,
where the Highlanders gathered to rest and to play.

A new man approached, Phillip Alexander says he.
What be your name Lass, he questioned of me.

My name be Maureen of the Clan of MacLeod,
I said to him strongly, surely and proud.

By the hand he took me, saying come with me Lass,
You have found your long lost Kin
at last.

For me goodly wife Katie, she too
be MacLeod
and like you Lass, she be strong
and proud.

To Ne'er I'm grateful for taking
me in
to the Wicked Ale Tavern and the
Highlanders within.

For long have I traveled and long have I
roamed,
to find my Clan and a place to call home.

My heart and my soul are full to brim
with the Highlander's love I carry within.

Grammercy to you all.

Maureen MacLeod



CHARACTER BIOGRAPHIES

Editor's Note: Though some of these characters were more fully described in some of the creative writings printed herein in, the decision was made to still include these biographies supplied by the individuals so that you, the reader, would have the opportunity to appreciate the work the individuals in this household have put into researching and developing storylines and characterization for the benefit of the audience as well as the guild.

Akira MacCallan

On May 18th 1561 My Uncle, Donald MacCallum, who is the second son of Gillespie MacCallum was granted land at Polcollack in Argyll, by Duncan Campbell of Duntroon. My Uncle, in turn for a small salary gave charge over his guard as well as the estates sables to our father, Lochlan MacCallum.

Our father was not at all happy about this arrangement. He felt that since he was the eldest of Gillespie's sons and was married to Lillian Campbell, one of Duncan's kin that he should have been granted this land, even though our mother Lillian had died giving birth years earlier to Kyra, her 3rd child.

After our mother's death, my father fell deep into gambling and drinking to make up for the broken heart he had. He fell deeper and deeper in debt.

Our father Lochlan was in desperate need of this land to help pay his gambling debts. The small salary that he received for his services under our uncle Donald was not sufficient enough to pay his vast debts. Since he had no other alternative to pay for his gambling debts he chose to sell us and our older sister into marriage or indenturement, whichever he might fetch the highest price.

Our sister Sarah was the first to be married off and was with child shortly after. Her husband was an unkind man who often beat her and misused her. Sarah died shortly after giving birth to a beautiful daughter she named Trinity. I kidnaped Trinity from her father and kept her hidden for some time. When I was found out, as to what I had done, my sister Kyra and I feared the wrath of our father as well as our brother-in-law. At this we fled our home with the baby Trinity.

As a precaution we changed the spelling of our last name from MacCallum to MacCallan. Not wanting to stray too far from our true name in fear of slipping up and giving our birth name we only slightly changed the spelling of our surname just enough to throw our father or any kin off of our track.

We wandered the wilderness for some time, surviving on the wild bird eggs we would find and sour berries, for the most part. When we would come across a small village we would beg for food.

The Good Chieftain Heber McPherson came upon us lost in the woods, half frozen and half starved from being with out shelter or food for so long in late winter. Being in such a desperate state we allowed him to take us to his good wife, who nursed us back to health.

After hearing our story, Heber offered us his protection, and aid in exchange for working in his tavern. He also promised to help us find suitable husbands that would care for us, and love us.

We now travel with Her Majesty's Royal court, working in the tavern owned by Chieftain McPherson in exchange for his continued protection and support.

Sara MacBride

Sara's story, in her own words:

I am Sara MacBride eldest daughter of Angus MacBride, the nephew and namesake of me Gran's brother Angus MacDonald of Kintyre.

Born to the Isle of Skye, I have kin the beauty of the sea, sky and love of family. Childhood was good, scurrying over the heather with Alex, Katie, and me wee

(Continued on page 58)

brother. We played Shinty and splashed in the waves of the seashore no kin to what clan we be.

Me Òa tells us the endless stories of how the MacDonald, MacLeod and MacLean clan fight and fight over each scrap of sod and fish that the Isles of Skye could provide. Each clan laying claim to the trade route to Ireland and the dream of power and wealth such adventure would supply.

As we became of age Alex became my betrothed. We were waiting for the spring and the heather to bloom for our handfasting. Alas, such a thing will never happen, for my beloved Alex perished in the autumn of the year of our Lord 1561. He had to follow the MacDonalds in a wretched bloody border skirmish. Once again clans fighting over some disputed piece of land, blast the clan MacLean. The land was not worth my Alex's blood. I cried for days, weeks and months. My Òa had such worries for me lamenting in such a way

At the next springs time our new queen has come from France and wishes to meet her people. Gran's clan MacDonald was very supportive of Her Majesty Mary Queen of Scots. The clan was ready to serve our queen in any way on her progress through the land. By my father's thinking he would send me with the clan hoping that as I visit the countryside I mayhap find a new life and love. I kin he wants me to be his happy lass again and perhaps give him grandsons to work on the boats alongside him.

Luck was with me on progress, I was able to find work at The Wicked Aye Tavern. Chieftain Heber MacPherson has very kindly allowed me to work for my room and meals. I earn coin by helping his goodly wife with the accounts, for there are many and I have been told I have a hand at letters.

Here I have met again a childhood friend, the child no more, Katie MacLeod. She has brought something special to our friendship that will help bring me back to my existence, a smile to my lips and thaw to my sad frozen heart. There is now Shinty on the tavern green for those who are still children at heart. There is still a secret, I shan't be telling a soul, for Katie is hiding from her own clan. There are MacLeod clansmen with murder plans on their minds. We shall be together and help each in making our lives better.

Morna MacGregor

My full name is Lady Morna Elisabeth

MacGregor Baronet of Loch Kathrine. As most know I am the twin sister (the younger one) of Britta. We were born in a brochel and separated soon after birth. I was traded for two hens and a goat. We were reunited six years past at the Anderson faire. My birthday is not known, I do believe my dear sister keeps this from me so her dear husband will not know our true age.

My father is a fabric merchant and tailor to the court. I traveled with my father and he taught me all he knew. My father and mother are both well educated, so am I. I can read and write well.

My dear sister did find me a grand husband. Three years past Her Majesty did handfast myself to Lord Sog chieftain of the Trolls. Our union did bring about the wee baronet Augusta Elisabeth Sog.

Cullen and Guendolyn Elliot

Cullen was born in 1532 to John Elliot and Winda Armstrong Elliot, the second of five children. His great-grandfather was Robert Elliot, the 13th Chieftain of Clan Elliot. Robert was the Captain of Hermitage Castle under James IV, and he died at the Battle of Flodden along with many other Scottish nobles. Cullen's grandfather, James Elliot, became the 14th Clan Chieftain, but in the turbulent years following the Battle of Flodden, James V stole the Elliot's rights to Hermitage Castle away and gave them to Patrick Hepburn, 3rd Earl of Bothwell and father to the current 4th Earl of Bothwell, James Hepburn. James Elliot died early in 1543 from a combination of nagging injuries sustained from the battle of Solway Moss and a severe case of pneumonia, and Cullen's uncle, Robert Elliot, became the 15th Clan Chieftain, a title he still holds today, in this year of our Lord 1562.

As a lad, Cullen showed an affinity for reading and the study of armor making, and at the age of eight was sent off to the Abbey in Dumfries to prepare for a possible future in the priesthood. For the next five years, Cullen read all he could about the history of the time, and about warfare, weapons, armor, and battle tactics. As time went on, Cullen began to show less interest in the clergy, in no small part due to the rise of Protestantism and the hard times being had in the Borders during Henry VIII's so called Rough Wooing. Instead of continuing on at the Abbey, and shortly after his thirteenth birthday, Cullen left the in the company of one Angus Maxwell, who had been the local blacksmith for the Abbey and town of Dumfries.

Angus was returning to his home in _____, where his brother had died, to take over as the assistant Armourer to Sir Guy Maxwell, the current Warden of the Western Marches. Angus had offered Cullen an apprenticeship, and Cullen jumped at the opportunity. This arrangement continued for the next several years, and Cullen soon found himself a journeyman armoror, with an affinity for crafting chain maille, a profitable skill indeed.

By the time he had turned twenty, Cullen was starting to get bored with simply making armor day to day. He had already made himself a good sum of money, and with Angus's blessing, he decided to return home to sharpen his riding and fighting skills. He spent the next few years riding with his brothers, Aiden and Braden, enjoying life to the fullest, until wanderlust got the best of his younger brother. Braden had decided to join several friends and journey to mainland Europe to become mercenaries. Cullen made the trip to France with the young group, but quickly decided that if he wanted a life following orders from someone, he'd return to his job with Angus. However, upon his return, Cullen discovered that Angus was in failing health, and could not continue as a blacksmith and armourer for very long. Cullen helped Angus finish a masterful suit of armour for Lord John Maxwell, then cut a side deal with Lord Maxwell that in exchange for forfeiting his share of the payment, Lord Maxwell would find a paid position for Angus until his death. With matters settled, Cullen bid fairwell to Angus for the last time and returned home again.

Onto the highlands, for 10 more years of stories. - *to be continued when I have the time!* - Jeff

Robert's only son, Wallis died during a fierce border skirmish with the English two years ago. This leaves Cullen's father, John, as next in line to be Chieftain, and his older brother, Aiden, as the heir apparent after his father. This brings us to the current, where Cullen's father and uncle have been busy preparing Aiden for his future duties, and have sent Cullen, as the most learned in the family, off to Mary's Royal Court for several purposes. Cullen's main objective is to be the envoy for Clans Elliot and Armstrong, and the area of the borders know as the Middle Marches. He is also there to lend support to Sir Guy Maxwell, an important noble of a neighboring clan, as he can, especially in situations that can benefit the Clan.

Unbeknownst to any but his immediate family, Page 59

however, Cullen also has a secret mission in his duties as envoy to the Queen's Court - to follow the movements and dealings of the Earl of Bothwell, and if the right opportunity presents itself, to use any opportunity to discredit him, bring him out of Royal Favor, and restore the stewardship of Castle Hermitage to Clan Elliot, to whom it rightfully belongs.

Guendolyn is not actually a highlander by birth, but a good Irish lass. So how did she come to be in the highlands, traveling with the radiant Queen of Scots? Well, it is a simple tale of the twists and turns of life.

Guendolyn did have herself a cousin, whom she held dear to her heart. Finola was a free-spirited lass, whom Guendolyn always wished she had the courage to emulate. Finola always followed where her heart led her, and to Guendolyn, who always did as she was bid, this appealed to her sense of mystery and romance. When dear Finola didst disappear into the highlands to marry herself to a chieftain of that wild land, Guendolyn missed her dearly and did wish that her life would follow as exciting a course.

Alas, it did not seem as if it were to be. Guendolyn was destined to marry a suitor from her own village. A plain widower, with a small home in the quiet countryside (and half a dozen wild children who needed a woman to call mother). Although this was not adventurous, and far from desirable, Guendolyn resigned herself to it, not wishing to grieve her elderly parents by objecting to the match. But really, six children! No wonder their mama died!

Guendolyn's parents were not to live to see the match take place. With winter came a terrible wave of illness. Some attributed it to the spirits in the woods being angry over something, and tried to appease them by setting out all sorts of sweets and gifts, but to no avail. The village was decimated, and Guendolyn saw her chance to change her life.

She fled to Scotland with a widowed friend, Ceanna, and her children, all of them seeking the protection of Finola and her new husband. You see, the Chieftain had won favor with the Queen of Scots and was preparing to travel with her across the lands. If they could make it to Scotland in time, they could join the progression.

It was a dangerous journey, but as Cullen's family was not a poor one, they were able to afford to buy their way to safety. When money would not buy them protection, the presence of Ceanna's son

UaTraig, who was almost a man, or the mention of Fínoíá's dangerous husband, did often deflect those who would seek to do them harm.

Chieftain Heber MacPhearson

If ye be buying a drink or two from the Chieftain, and if ye ask kindly, and if he be in the mood for talkin', then ye might learn a bit about him, something like this:

I was born in the year 1517 in the Scottish Highlands.

I am the second son of Chieftain Donal MacPhearson and Ghillian MacPhearson. I was being groomed for military service, possibly even the queen's own guard, until the death of my older brother Lochlan. Upon his death, my father began quickly grooming me to take over the clan as he got older. My younger brother Connor was killed at the same time as my older brother on a cattle raid with a nearby clan. I also have a younger sister Elena.

I have come to the queen's progress as a representative of my clan and several nearby clans to find out what the queen's disposition towards those of us in the highlands. She seems to be surrounded primarily by lowlanders, and we of the highland clans need to know how she feels about us before we can pledge her our support. Traveling with me are my wife a highland herb woman and healer, since we could not trust the lowlanders to take proper care of us in the event we need attention. My younger sister, Elena was sent to me by our parents to raise in a proper highland fashion as a fosterling, and to find a suitable husband, preferably from within the clan. My sister in law Bernadette, the wife of my older brother, and her young son. My niece Myra, who has come to us to be fostered also, since she has been out of control. Lastly, two lowland lasses, Akira and Kyta, who ran away from a situation and came to me for protection. As well as many others that are with me for a variety of reasons, including relations to my goodly wife.

Upon the death of my older brother, I came to the Chieftainship later in life. Well trained in the art of warfare, since I was destined to go to the military. I have gained the backing of many in the highlands partially due to my military strengths and partially due to my ability to negotiate. Those are the reasons that I was chosen to join Her Majesty's progress, along

with those whom accompany me.

My hopes are that I shall find the queen's disposition favorable to highlanders, and that the clans that I represent can profit from backing her. I also hope to make some alliances with others in court that will profit those of the highlands. I would like to become allied with the powerful highlanders that are already in court, most especially The Earl of Argyll.

Maítiu' MacRoibeard de Faointe

I was born in Clonmel on Suir in the year 1528. Clonmel lies on the border of Ormond (controlled by the Butlers, cousins to Queen Elizabeth) and Desmond (controlled by the Fitzgeralds). My family in Ormond are known as White with Nicholas White being the most famous and widely known.

My father was a "grey merchant". He was a middleman facilitating trade and business transactions between the Old English in the towns and the Irish Gaelic people in the countryside. He was equally comfortable in both worlds and raised his family the same way. We were raised as devout Catholics although we have Protestant cousins that we are close to. Our devotion to Catholicism places us squarely in the camp of Gerald, Earl of Desmond. My mother was a MacAsey, a sept of the O'Byrnes. I have three sisters that are married. My oldest sister is married to a Greek olive merchant, my next oldest sister is married and lives in Salamanca in Spain. My youngest sister lives in the New World in the service of Philip II.

My father's sister married a Scotsman and moved to Scotland. One of their children is my first cousin Fionnula, who is married to Heber MacPhearson. Much of my spare time is spent in the Wicked Eye for love of both family and ale.

My wife is Sharon and we have three children, O'nal, Bri'd, and Ma'ire. Ma'ire lives with me in Scotland while the rest of my family spend most of their time in Desmond.

I was trained as a master brewer of beer and ale. I had developed a professional relationship and later friendship with Sir James Mossman. Sir James is one of my best customers. I have customers throughout Ireland. The late Sir Hugh O'Donnell and Morgan MacCarraig also number among my customers.

Earl Gerald Fitzgerald has employed me as his agent in the court of Mary Stuart to lobby her favor and solicit favorable trade arrangements. He views my prior familial, fraternal, and business connections as fine assets for this post.

We in Desmond and throughout Catholic Ireland are hopeful that MARY STUART will successfully consolidate her power and be in a position to help us shed the shackles of Saxon tyranny and religious oppression. We would be honored to hand the kingdom of Ireland over to her benevolent rule.

Philip Alexander

Overheard in a conversation in the tavern:

"Basically, I am an Alexander, a sept of Clan MacAlister. The MacAlisters came to Stirlingshire some time in the fourteenth century, and during generations that followed their Celtic name was anglicized into its more familiar lowland version, Alexander. By the sixteenth century they settled on the estates of Menstrie only a few miles north-east of the mighty royal Castle of Stirling.

"Within the Court I am also Uncle to myne younger brother's son, Christopher. Mayhaps thee hath seen myne nephew at Court? Christopher Alexander be his name."

Katie MacLeod

By her own hand, a bit about Katie:

From Katherine MacLeod
Wicked Eye Tavern
To MARY MacLeod
Dunvegan Castle (ancestral MacLeod home)
15 JANUARY, 1562

Dearest Foster Sister and Cousin,

Please believe that your father and my sweet Uncle William is still in my prayers. 'Tis been some years, yet his passing still weighs heavy on me as I ken it does thee.

I must send this most urgent missive by secret messenger - Ian our most loyal kinsman. I trust this letter finds thee in health and receiving kindness from the hands of the Earl of Argyll. Thus he has become your guardian - my prayers to St. Bride have been answered. He has taken thee to court, mayhap as a lady in waiting to our most gracious Majesty.

Mayhap the eminent peril can be diverted with their Excellencies assistance. I am thus hiding as thee have directed, 'tis a hardship. I ken the necessity of it

all with the eternal family feud.

"Men are such blasted beasties," say the women of the tavern.

Thee are brave MARY, to rely only on the Earl's protection. I miss thee dearly, our shared childhood has gone so soon. First your father dying, even then we were able to stay sisters of the heart. Then the dark times when my Oa, your uncle Donald, claimed the clan lands as his own. I ken the lands are your's, by ancient law. We were still able to stitch and laugh together. Then the darkest of times Oa being murdered by wicked John MacLeod in Trotternish. That has made my disguise a necessity and parting a sorrow to us both. I wander in my melancholy, oh please dear cousin I have gained information thee must impress to your guardian, the Earl, or against all possibilities the ear of our returned Queen.

I ha gleaned with my presence in the tavern a most paramount plot. There was a guardsman of thou snudge John MacLeod, bragging with his besotted mouth bold as can be, to his drinking companions of the scheme his master has brewing. Our father's youngest brother, Tormod, is in dire peril and he so far away studying at the University of Glasgow. They are on their way, MARY, to commit murder. Thee must influence the earl to speak on his behalf, for our uncle's sake, MARY. Or you must some how gain her majesty's notice. The family blood shed must halt. I am relying on you for from my place in this tavern I can do nothing.

Do not worry of me, I do find kindness and hospitality amongst these Highlander clans not unlike our clans on the Hebrides. They do remind me of our kin working hard all the day, with music and song of a courser nature, of course. The music is not as thee related to me of court in your letters.

I long to join thee soon some where along your journey with our Majesty Queen MARY and I await the time we can share days of laughter together, perchance before the Earl can find thee a powerful husband and send thee far away from each other again.

As always, I remain your sister of the heart,
Katie

YOUTH OUTREACH PROGRAM

From the Ambassador of Education for Her Majesty

To one and all in St Andrews, please remember that starting in early spring we will have our school presentations beginning. For those of you who are new to St. Andrews, we do presentations at various schools throughout the Bay Area to (usually) 7th graders. We speak about the history of the times that we portray, including Queen Mary's personal history, the politics and religion, the clothing, the weapons, and whatever other things that our members might have experience with.

This is a wonderful time for us to share our love of history with young children. Sometimes they do ask the darndest questions as well. If you have never been to a school presentation, and have some time to spare, please do try and attend. All school gigs are published on the guild calendar. We added a few new schools this past year, and the children were all quite excited to share this time with us.

Personally, in my daughter's fifth grade class this past month, they were studying about knights, and I had the opportunity to go into her classroom this past week and share some of my knowledge about weapons and a few other topics. Surprisingly enough they were most interested in the weapons (for those of you who've been to school gigs, that will come as no surprise!) They were all quite eager to learn, and I did spend over half an hour just answering their many questions.

As I said, if you have the time to spare, the school presentations are a wonderful way to share some time and a love of history with the kids. Hopefully we will inspire that same love of history in a few of them...

In Service to Her Majesty,
Caitin Rua Kelly Seaton
Ambassador of Education for Her Majesty

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

For several years, I have asked about a publicity person for the guild. I think we can not depend on the faire board to publicize us. They do send out some (apparently small) amount of publicity for their events, but I'm thinking that we need a publicity person who would send some of Steven's wonderful photos along with an article about the queen's court. The only faire that gives us adequate to wonderful PR is Truckee Faire (thank you Sandy). I think this is something that should be considered at our October meeting, and perhaps should be a person on the working board of directors.

I do not know how to send photos via the web, but I could do the write up and find the names and addresses of local papers to send our stuff to. Is there someone else who could put it together with a photo and send it if I provide the info of where to send the articles and photos?

Alice Miller



THOR'S HAMMER ROYAL HONOREES

At the beginning of all of the faires where we perform, the Star Chamber is asked to take most particular note of outstanding efforts during the event. At the end of the weekend, a vote is cast amongst them, and a Thor's Hammer is awarded during the Hug Circle to that person whom the majority agree made the greatest individual contribution to our success. This is a once in a lifetime award, a singular honor, and is worn proudly by each recipient, for all who look thereupon shall honor them as they well deserve, as one of the most valued supporters of our Guild.

Our Apologies! If you find that you were inadvertently left off of the complete list of Thor's Hammer or Children's Thor Hammer Recipients, please let Lord James Hepburn (<mailto:earlofbochue11562@yahoo.com>) know so we can add you to it. Gramercy!

Christopher Alexander	Innes MacAlister	Kacie MacLeod	John Melville
Philip Alexander	Orion MacAndrew	Maureen MacLeod	Shiona ni Briain
Mariota Arres	Elsbeth MacBeath	Moirra MacLeod	Aaron Rockwell
Mary Beaton	Cheri MacCarrraig	Jillian MacKenzie	Mary Seton
Katelyn Blackthorne	Morgan MacCarrraig	Conor MacMillan	Alice Sinclair
Bregan Borland	Shannon MacCodrum	Cora MacMillan	Raven Sinclair
Charlotte Carmichael	Beòhain MacDomhnaill	Ian MacMillan	Brianna de St. Joer
Maitiu'de Faoite	Pryderi MacDomhnaill	Kyra MacNeil	Jennith Stewart
Cullen Elliot	Emma MacDowning	Fionnuala MacPhearson	John Stewart
Guendolyn Elliot	Tucker MacDowning	Heber MacPhearson	Sara Stewart
Adam Gordon	Christina MacGeorge	Orew MacQuain	Annebell Somerville
Alexander Gordon	Phillip MacGeorge	Megan MacQuain	Duncan Somerville
Bonnie Gunn	Rose MacGeorge	William Maitland	Ryk Tucker
Keegan Gunn	Brittiah MacGregor	Juan de Marana	Wolfgang Von Oeckel
Shaila Gunn	Jessica MacGregor	Robert McCutchen	Marta Von Mier Jegiel- lonska
Claudia Hamilton	Kael MacGregor	Sabina de Mendoza	
Helen Henderson	Morna MacGregor	Guy Maxwell	Johan Von Pluym
Andrew Hepburn	Thomas MacLaren	Hannah Maxwell	
Mary Livingstone	Ian MacLeod	Bronwynne Melville	

LOOKING BACK ON PAST ISSUES



Editor's Note: I was asked by a number of members about the cover of last quarter's issue and determined that there was no one more suited to explaining the significance of the Honours of Scotland than our own member, Richard Crossman (Sir James Crossman), 13th great-grandson to the goldsmith appointed to originally make and later refashion the Crown of Scotland.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF REGALIA IN EARLY SCOTLAND

In 574, it is written, an angel appeared to Saint Columba, Abbot of Iona, and commanded him to ordain Aedan mac Gabhrain King of Scots of Dal Riata. According to Adomnan, Columba's biographer:

"The saint, in obedience to the command of the Lord, sailed across to the island of Io (Iona), and there ordained, as he had been commanded, Aedan to be King, who had arrived at the same time as the saint. During the words of consecration, the saint declared the future regarding the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Aedan, and laying his hand upon his head, he ordained and blessed him.

In Dark-Age Scotland, as elsewhere in Europe, kings like Aedan, who ruled over a people recently arrived from Ireland, and the kings of the native-born Picts, were more like tribal warlords who exacted tribute from the people in their territory and led raiding parties beyond it. But through the Middle Ages, the nature of kingship changed. As the nations of Europe emerged, along with the Christianization of the West, the Sceptre and Sword were fixed as instruments of sovereignty.

The Sceptre signified the sacred nature of kingship, bestowing an authority to rule with discretion and sincerity, not with tyranny and partiality. The Sword, on the other hand, was a symbol of power on earth, imposing on its holder a duty both to dispense justice and to protect his subjects from their enemies.

About 842, Kenneth mac Alpin, already King of the Scots, became King of the Picts. Thus the nature of kingship changed. The Scottish royal house was transformed from a remote Irish warband, perched on its rocky fortresses at Dunadd and elsewhere, into a powerful dynasty controlling a greater part of northern Britain, from its base at Scone.

Sadly, no regalia have survived from early medieval Scotland and we have to wait until the thirteenth century for further information about the inauguration of the medieval Kings of Scots.

In his *Chronicle*, John of Fordun details the events of the summer's day in 1249 when King Alexander III was enthroned at Scone. It was held in the open air; the central act was the setting of the King on a stone, symbolic of his union with the land and its people; allegiance was rendered to the new King; and a Highland bard recited the King's genealogy.

No mention was made of King Alexander III being crowned or invested with other emblems of kingship. But, on a seal of Scone Abbey, which appears to depict his inauguration, the youthful King is enthroned with an open lily Crown on his head and a Sceptre in his right hand.

Although the kings of Scots had been crowned such, none of them had ever been anointed by the Christian Church. It wasn't until 1251, two years after Alexander III's inauguration that Pope Innocent IV finally

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decreed the Kings of Scots should be anointed and crowned. Thus were the Kings of Scots finally given the distinction of being the anointed of God.

The first written record of the Crown and other Royal Regalia occurs at the close of the short and ill-starred reign of John Balliol (1292-96). His reign came to an end in 1296 in a humiliating ceremony held at Montrose Castle before the English King Edward I. The Sceptre, Sword, Crown and Ring removed that day from King John were taken almost immediately to England.

When Robert the Bruce seized the throne of Scotland in 1306, a hastily-made circlet of gold was placed upon the King's head. But, within three months of the ceremony at Scone, his army was routed in battle near Methven and Bruce fled west to escape the wrath of King Edward of England. Such was the confusion that the newly-made golden circlet fell into English hands once more and was taken south to England. There is no record that it was ever returned and the legend that Bruce's circlet of gold forms part of the present Crown must be false.

A new Crown, Sword of State, and Sceptre were made for the coronation of the Bruce's only son, David. It is assumed that these same symbols of sovereign power were presented to King David II's successor and to his successors until the reign of King James IV, who ascended the throne in 1488. But, what became of these ancient Regalia, last used at King James IV's Coronation, remains a mystery. During King James's reign and that of his son, King James V, they were replaced by the Honors that are now on display in the Crown Room in Edinburgh Castle.

A small, but important, indication of the importance of the new regalia was a change in the Royal Arms of Scotland. Part of the Arms is the crest, which is located on top of the helmet above the shield. From about 1502, the Scottish crest consisted of a seated crowned lion holding a sword in one paw and a flag in the other. During the time of James V, the saltire flag on the crest was replaced with a sceptre. This change allows the crest lion to hold two of the Honours of Scotland, the Sword and Sceptre, and to wear the third, the Crown. Thus representations of the Regalia became part of the Royal Arms of Scotland.

The earliest illustration of King James IV wearing an imperial Crown is in the *Book of Hours* made for the King to commemorate his marriage to Margaret Tudor in 1503. The appearance is delicate, suggesting that it does not contain a great mass of gold. The Treasurer's accounts show that it was repaired in 1503, possibly because it was light and delicate. When James IV was killed at the battle of Flodden in 1513, the Crown passed to the boy king, James V.

The Crown had to be repaired again in 1532. By the time an inventory of royal jewels was made in March 1539, further damage had been done. In 1538, James V married Marie de Guise. In 1539, John Mosman, a member of the Incorporation of Goldsmiths in Edinburgh, was commissioned to make the Queen's Crown. Upon seeing the work of John Mosman, the king determined the Royal Crown should be remade. Thus, in January of 1540, Mosman set about refashioning the Crown of Scotland.

This concludes my brief history on the Honours of Scotland. In another article, I'll go into the work done on the new (and current) Honours of Scotland and some of the colorful history surrounding the regalia in later years.

Parts of this article were excerpted from: *The Honours of Scotland-The Story of the Scottish Crown Jewels*, Historic Scotland, and from *The Scots Regalia*, Richard Halletwell.

Sir James Mosman



FASHION FAUX PAS CONTEST

And the winner is: Lady Alice Sinclair!

Interestingly enough no one participating in the contest was able to determine all of the costume errors in the photograph. Just as interesting was that some of you were actually able to see some faults that I hadn't even intentionally tried to create. And since no one was able to discern more costume blunders than anyone other person taking part in the contest I am awarding the gift certificate to Lady Alice for the simple reason that she was the first person to submit her list. Congratulations to Lady Alice and I hope that everyone enjoyed learning better costuming through this test.

Herein then are the fashion don'ts for someone hoping to achieve demonstrate an understanding of historical reconstruction for the noble woman on display in this photo:

- *Hair should be worn up*
- *A period correct hat should be worn (and not a circlet or wreath)*
- *No dark glasses — though some round-rimmed spectacles were worn they were not shaded glass and were worn more for doing jewelry, mintage, or other detail work*
- *A noble woman, especially in Scotland, would have worn a Partlett*
- *No deep cleavage, the bodice would have been cut much higher*
- *No peek-a-boo shoulders*
- *White or light colored chemise/smock should be worn, not purple and NOT purple silk*
- *The bodice for a noblewoman would not lace up the front and would be highly decorated and include a set of sleeves and some style of shoulder treatment*
- *There is some debate about whether or not rivets are in fact "period" but again the bodice on a noble woman should be laced up the back (or sides) and measures can be taken to "hide" the rivets if they are used*
- *No belt as a noblewoman would have had a servant to carry her personal items, a girdle might best be substituted*
- *No weapons; a noblewoman's station would ensure that she had a body guard or guards*
- *No bells*
- *The material for the forepart of this gown in question is not period, too floral, too large a design (Chintz is not period)*
- *The farthingale should not be visible*
- *The feet should not be visible*
- *The overskirt length should reach the gown and be as long (or longer) than the forepart*
- *Closed-toed shoes/boots*
- *Stockings need to be worn*
- *We should not be able to see the feet, so the fact that toenails are polished is almost moot*
- *Fingernails should not be polished but if you want to get technical, a noblewoman of the period would have been wearing gloves*
- *There is a decided absence of jewelry and/or beading, embellishment that was so very much a part of the nobility's "uniform"*