

HECTOR'S HERALD[®]

January, February, March 2020



NEWS OF CLAN MACLAINE OF LOCHBUIE - FAMILIES OF MACLAINE & MACLEAN, SEPTS & FOLLOWERS
OF HECTOR THE ASTUTE (EACHAINN REAGANACH) SENIOR LINEAGE OF IAIN DUBH MAC GILLEAN

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For Communications with
the Editor of

"Hector's Herald"

All communications related to
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The Tanistic Directive

Subtitled by: Lorne Maclaine of Lochbuie in communication with Alan Maclean

Primogeniture. Patrilineal primogeniture is inheritance according to seniority of birth among the children of a monarch or head of family, with sons inheriting before brothers, and male-line descendants inheriting before collateral relatives in the male line, and to the total exclusion (according to some sources) of females and descendants through females.

Elective Agnatic- Tanist. In the practice dating from before 400AD, the Tanist was chosen from among the righdamhna (literally, those of kingly material) including all males of the sept in question, and elected by them in full assembly of the clan. Eligibility was based on patrilineal relationship.

When the Lord of the Isles, granted charters to both Hector and Lachlan, sons of Iain Dubh MacGillean, the brothers became feudally independent; effectively and legally creating two separate clans. Both charters were later ratified by the King, hence today we speak of Maclean of Duart and Maclean of Lochbuie.

Given that a Tanist was elected by all the males of the sept it is unlikely that the story of Iain Dubh's deathbed nomination of his younger son Lachlan to head the family is altogether true. Regardless of this, nothing of Iain Dubh's deathbed bequest could make Lachlan chief of the Lochbuies ... and certainly could not give Lachlan overlordship to Hector's lands, cadets, septs, or followers.

Scottish Law

Scottish Law- introduced by King Malcolm, fixed as the heirs-of-line of succession, "son or daughter, grandson or granddaughter, whom failing, the nearest of the royal or collateral stock." In 1292 the Centumviral Court-Tribal ruled the same order of succession applied to Crown, Earldoms, Baronies and heritable offices. The respected and most-quoted authority, The Highlanders of Scotland explaining succession when a direct line expires, says, "in the absence of a tanistic directive, the senior cadet of the clan is next in line".

Assuming Iain Dubh MacGillean deathbed "tanistic" decree applied when the direct line of Lachlan expired in 1750 without heirs-of-line and without tanistic directive then (theoretically), as nearest collateral stock the senior lineage of Hector of Lochbuie would be next in line of

succession.

Instead chiefship was vested in Brolas of Duart's line! This action suggests, beyond question, that the Duarts themselves, as far back as 1750, recognised there were two separate Clans; the Lochbuie Macleans/Maclaines and the Duart Macleans.

LOCHBUIE IN GLORIOUS 3-D

By Neill Maclaine, Clan Genealogist



This charming, original, 3-D artwork; depicting 'John & Jane' [you know who you are] feeding the birds at a picnic bench on the shoreline of Lochbuie is the handiwork of talented artist, Erica Sturla. She typically makes her unique and exquisite art from polymer clay applied to colourfully painted canvas backgrounds. Please view her website: www.ericasturla.com where you will find hundreds more wonderful images and learn that Erica can be commissioned to create bespoke pieces. *"Portraits have proved to be enormously popular as unique mementoes of life's big events! Individuals, groups and pets can appear in the picture in a particular setting which is special to them. Birthdays, Anniversaries, New arrivals, graduations and weddings are the perfect occasions to celebrate with a special commission. Family portraits are particularly pop-*

ular with each member appearing in their chosen outfit or busy at their favourite pastime. One company even commissioned a new logo in clay!"

LOCHBUIE – Shared with kind permission of Erica Sturla and John & Jane who commissioned their portrait

MEMBERSHIP DIRECTOR CHANGES

John Earl has supported Clan Maclaine of Lochbuie for many years, as an Assistant Commissioner, Treasurer and Membership Director.

Unfortunately because of health concerns, John must now step down.

Sandra McClane O'Bryan will be assuming the dual roles of Treasurer and Membership Director. Sandra's contact information is:

Sandra McClane O'Bryan

Membership Director,

Clan Maclaine of Lochbuie

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Please join us in thanking John for his years of service and welcoming Sandra into her new Clan Maclaine of Lochbuie offices.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

During the emailing of the Newsletters, I have encountered problems with several (8-10) email addresses, and these are "bounced" back to me. They are simply sent to me as "Not delivered, server could not be found."

If you know of someone who should be receiving the newsletter and is not, please let me know and include their current email address. Please, also be sure the person wants to receive the newsletter. I will not just enter "blanket" lists because I have had several responses, some not too cordial, telling me to take them off.

Thanks for your help. WLM

LOCHBUIE'S USA Choir Honors Fellow Singer

By: Wilbur McCormick

Since 2018, the D. M. Davis Male Voice Choir of Jackson has been the first choir in the United States to be invited to be a member of the Welsh Association of Male Choirs. We have made many friends in the United Kingdom as well as around the world. One of those special friends, and a special friend to music, is Bill Nash of the Caldicot Male Voice Choir of Wales.

The Davis Choir has honored him on his 97th birthday with a plaque and one of our "logo" polo shirts.

Here is Mr. Nash's story:



~Bill Nash, Singing for 80 Years~

"On Thursday 9th January Caldicot Male Voice Choir will, once again wish its oldest chorister a happy birthday by enthusiastically singing the tune 'Happy Birthday' to Bill Nash.

Bill will be celebrating his unbelievable 97th birthday on Thursday which surely must make him the oldest male voice chorister in Wales still actively and regularly singing.

One of the many highlights of his almost 50 years in Caldicot Male Voice Choir was to be presented to HRH Prince Charles when the choir was honored to sing at the Prince's celebration of his 70th birthday at Buckingham Palace in May 2018.

Bottom bass Bill makes the journey to practice from the center of Bristol to Caldicot twice a week aided by his family and is still able to make it to many of our concerts.

Bill was born in Llanharan in 1923 to later sing, at the age of 14 with his father and brothers in Llanharan Male Voice Choir and attend Cowbridge Grammar School from where he left at 16 years old to serve in the RAF before and during the second World War as an aircraft fitter. He served in North Africa, Italy, South Africa and other countries before moving to Gloucester after the war and then to Bristol in 1952 to work many years for the British Aircraft Corporation and where he has lived since. He sang in Redland Male Choir in Bristol for many years before joining Caldicot Male Voice Choir in 1970.

He has, in his long history of over 80 years of male choral singing, sung in every section of a male voice choir. An incredible, probably unequalled record.

Bill was presented with a well deserved Lifetime Achievement award and conferred as an Honorary Vice President of Caldicot Male Voice Choir at a special presentation by John Griffiths AM and Musical Director Siân Hatton at the Annual Concert in April 2014.

Bill has an incredible knowledge and expertise as a chorister and is always willing to pass on his experiences to younger and new members of the choir, not to mention our musical team.

Thank you, Mr. Nash, for your service to your country and to the musical community.

Clan Maclaine's Got Talent

JESSE MACLAINE

By Neill Maclaine, Clan Genealogist

Jesse Maclaine is a very accomplished pianist/ singer/ songwriter/ composer. Her music is both powerful and alluring and, according to some, "defies categorisation". Her singing style would probably best be described as a mezzo-soprano. Whilst she is based in Boulder, Colorado, USA, she is always busy touring and playing gigs there and in surrounding Cities and States. You will find her shows under the names of 'Aural Elixir' and 'Jesse Maclaine & The Scotch', amongst others. She plays mainly as duo with drummer/ percussionist, Ryan Elwood, but also as a soloist and as sometimes as a three-piece band. Jesse is quite ambidextrous and is often seen playing two back to back pianos/ keyboards at any one time. "Critics, colleagues, and audiences of all ages rave about Aural Elixir's creativity, compelling songs, refined musicianship, dynamic range, and stellar talent!"



Jesse Maclaine

Having been a regular performing artist for over 20 years, Jesse has built up a large repertoire of songs. Many of these are of her own composition but she also plays a considerable number of cover versions of songs by artists such as Tori Amos, Fleetwood Mac, Kate Bush and, even, Elvis Presley. Her recorded CD's are often exuberantly named, such as: 'Love & Grappling', 'Bedspread Jumpsuit', 'Like It; Lick It!', 'Anomaly, New Orleans Style' and 'Partially Domesticated Amazon: Exposed!'

A review of Aural Elixir's live Ep "Better" (2015) reads as follows:

"Jesse Maclaine's Aural Elixir has been making unusual music for nearly 2 decades and surprisingly, this seventh release actually borders on mainstream, in the most exciting way. "Better" features five original Aural Elixir songs captured live at Herman's Hideaway in Denver, CO on 12-10-2015. These particular songs lean into the realm of pop, rock, and folk music while still embracing that singular Aural Elixir sound.

Singer-songwriter-pianist Jesse Maclaine & Denver drummer Ryan Elwood have been performing together for quite a few years and have developed a tight groove and intuitive flow well suited to the semi-improvisational nature of Aural Elixir music. "Better" Showcases this unusual duo's ability to fluidly transverse genres, weave a rich sonic atmosphere, and smash stereotypes of the female singer-songwriter variety. Considering the 8th release from Aural Elixir, "Instant Octopus", is expected to be an avant garde adventure in 100% improvised solo piano music which leans heavily on Jesse's classical training, this EP "Better" was intentionally crafted (self-produced by Jesse Maclaine) to be upbeat, fun, and heartfelt but with that carefree, cheeky aspect signature to Aural Elixir- in tribute to Jesse's two main influences Frank Zappa and Tori Amos."

Whilst Jesse Maclaine is actually her stage name, she really does have strong Maclaine roots. Jesse is the daughter of Brian Maclaine Holt and granddaughter of Margaret Bates Maclaine (1914-1960) of the Glasgow Maclaines that I am currently researching with her help. So far, we have got back to Hector Maclaine (1848-1914), "The Lochbuie Coachman".

More about Jesse Maclaine and Aural Elixir can be found at www.auralelixir.com



Aural Elixir – Live

Lochbuie Post Office Reconfigured

By: Lorne Maclaine of Lochbuie

The quaint and much loved Lochbuie Post Office that has served the Lochbuie village community for many decades is currently being transformed into a facility more akin to a village cafe. Construction is underway and target completion date is early summer.... weather permitting in May.

The Lochbuie Post office will offer for sale local produce and home industry crafts, plus light refreshments.

This initiative was sparked by Flora Corbett , Jim Corbett's daughter-in-law, and we wish Flora every success.

The Lochbuie Post office is located at the end of the road that leads to the Lochbuie foreshore. It is to the right of St. Kilda's and the Coronation Monument.



*Scale model of proposed
"new" Lochbuie Post Office and Shoppie*



The books "Siol Eachainn" and "One Clan or Two?"

By: Lorne Maclaine of Lochbuie

Copy sales of both these two books have progressed surprisingly well. Encouragingly I have received good reviews from a number of clans folk as well as compliments from a few other clans.



Undoubtedly the coverage of topics not related directly to my family have been enjoyed as have the chapters about our sept cousins.

To those readers who have yet to purchase a copy of either or both books please go to Amazon books. Their web site allows the reader to "view" snatches of the contents. Regrettably the price of the colour edition is rather high but the black and white version is agreeably priced.

Both books are essential reading for all clans folk and will arm you with information about your family of which you may previously have been unaware.

I'm sure you will enjoy them.

Dead Line For The June Issue is June 10th

The Way it Was

Submitted By: Wilbur McCormick

Over the next several Newsletters, I will reprint a series of stories about life for a Scottish family in Southern Ohio in the early 20th century.

The family was associated with Clan Farquharson and by marriage to Clan Maclaine of Lochbuie. They lived on a 160a farm in Hamilton Twp., Jackson Co., Ohio, USA.

In addition to farming, the father, Frank, was a school teacher. The mother, Mamie, was a house wife and mother (9 children with the oldest grown before the youngest was born)

The family savings was all lost during the great American depression of the 1920's and 1930's. The family survived better than most because of the produce from the farm, and the small income from Frank's teaching.



By the way, the story teller is Wylodine Bowman McCormick 1921 - 2011. My mother. She and I were both born in that little farm house.

The Last Century

Stories of the Farm

By: Wilbur L. McCormick

As told by:

Wylodine Bowman McCormick

*Fall,
the season of Harvest*

On our little farm, every time of the year brought new tasks that had to be completed. Oh, the every-day schedule didn't change much. There were those things that had to be done each day, no matter what the season, It seemed that everyone had their specialty, and when each took care of their particular things, the family ran smoothly.

The late summer days and early fall brought a new set of additional tasks for both the men and women. Mother and we girls had the task of canning the garden produce. We had a way of canning, drying, or pickling about everything. Canning was the hottest of the jobs because we didn't have the luxury of a summer kitchen as many homes did. Peas, because they were planted early, were usually the first to be canned. As the years progressed, we went from glass jars with glass lids and rubber seals to the jars with lids and rings like we use today.

There isn't room here to go through the garden products one by one. Enough to say that peas, beans, corn, beets, carrots, and pickles of all kinds made their way to jars and then to the cellar.

We had ten gallon stone jars that had three main uses. Pickled beans, kraut, and salt pickles (cucumbers). These in turn were packed tightly in the jars and salt brine added. To be sure that everything remained under the salt brine, an old plate would be placed on top with a stone added for weight. These were placed in the "cave" until the salt could do its work. Some how mother always knew just how long to wait before we kids could "test" the products. Ever have a bowl of kraut right out of a stone jar, or a big salt pickle, or a sandwich of pickled beans on fresh, homemade bread. Gooooood eatin'!!!

Beans from the later garden patch were allowed to dry in the sun until the pods were crisp. Then the plants were pulled up and the bean pods picked and placed into an old dish pan. These were pounded to break the pods and release the beans inside. Then they were pored from one pan to another to allow

the wind to blow away the broken pods, leaving only the dried beans. Of the finished product, part was heated to kill any insect eggs that might infest at a later date and then they were put away for that pot of soup beans on a cold winters day. The remaining part was placed in jars with a small bit of cloth with a few drops of turpentine. These would be next year's seeds.

While the ladies of the family were taking care of the garden things, the men had other duties. The time between haying and corn cutting was used to fill the wood shed for the winter. Wood was the sole means of heating and cooking, so it took a lot when the winter wind started to blow. First trees, dead and well seasoned if possible, were felled and cut into sections. The larger part of the trunk was cut to firewood length on the spot because they were easier to move that way. Remember there were no chain saws, so all this was done by two men (boys) and a crosscut saw. This took a lot of "arm-strong" power. The smaller upper limbs were cut into poles to be cut to length once they arrived at the house.

Once the wood was hauled to the house with the team and sled, more work began. The larger pieces had to be split into a size that could be used in the stoves. This was done with an ax or sometimes, a sledge and wedges. The small poles needed only to be cut to length with the use of a "buck" and back-saw. The splitting job was done by dad and the older boys, while the sawing fell to the younger boys with the sometimes reluctant help of a little sister or two. All of us worked to stack it in the woodshed in an orderly fashion. Dad seemed to know how the supply was doing and if a mid-winter haul would be needed by how fast the sections of the shed emptied.

The last long days of fall and into the nippy evenings, dad and the older boys spent in the corn field cutting corn and putting it into shocks. Did you ever wonder how those corn shocks, or fodder shocks as we called them, kept from blowing over in the strong fall and winter winds? Simple; the men knew just how many hills of corn it took to make a shock. They would count out half enough hills in a four row section. Here they would draw the tops of four hills together and tie them into each other. These four hills formed the foundation for the shock; still tied to the ground. From here, they worked their way around, cutting the hills of corn with a long "corn

knife" and gathering the corn into their other arm. When they had all they could handle, they would take it to the shock and stand it in a circle around the anchor. When the shock was finished, a rope was put around the center and pulled tight. This was something like putting a belt around the shock. When it was pulled tight, twine was wrapped around it and tied, then the rope removed. Presto; a fodder shock, tied to the ground, ready to stand up against all nature had to offer.

After the corn was "in the shock" dad would start to haul it to the barn with the team and sled, one or two shocks at a time. There he would shuck out the ears of corn to be stored in the corn crib. The stocks, or fodder, was placed into a large feeder behind the barn for the cattle to feed on as they wished. The corn was shelled in a hand driver "sheller". I used to love to turn the big wheel on the sheller while my sister dropped in the ears of corn one by one.

If we wanted to grind feed, dad would jack up the rear tire of the car and put a belt around it to the "hammer mill". Shelled corn, and sometimes, whole corn would be fed in and cracked corn would come out. All this was stored in big, oak barrels in what we called the buggy shed.

One of my special memories is of frosty fall mornings on a weekend shortly after school had started. Dad would hitch up the team and the boys would put side boards on the sled. My sisters and I would put on our leggings. (Girls all wore dresses all the time but we would put on leggings in cold weather) It was the boys job to shuck the corn and ours to pick it up and put it on the sled. When the sled was full, we all got to ride to the barn to unload. We all tried to find an ear that was all red. (we planted open pollinated corn in those days) There wasn't any prize except bragging rights and dad would always save that ear as part of the seed for the next year.

The fall social event (in our neighborhood anyway) was the evening all the neighbors got together to make sorghum molasses. My older sister and her husband always planted the sugar cane for our family. One of our neighbors had a cane mill, so on an appointed evening, we all started the rounds of the cane patches, cutting the cane and removing the leaves. Once this was done, we "kids" had little to do but get into mischief.

The cane was fed into the mill that crushed it and collected the juice. There was one old horse that powered the mill by walking around and around in a circle. I always felt sorry for him because it seemed to be a job where he never got anywhere.

The green (and I do mean green) juice went into a cooker where it went through several stages until it came out as good, sweet, dark molasses. I remember that we liked to get a bit of cane and dip it into the hot molasses. It would harden as soon as it hit the cold air, making a sort of sugar pop.

As the molasses cooked, it developed a slimy, sticky, green scum on top that had to be skimmed off. This was dumped into a hole by the cooker called the slime pit. I remember a young lady, who shall remain nameless, who fell into this pit one night while playing around the cooker, but that's another story. One that will "stick" in your mind.

God Bless and Watch Your Step!



"A Dish of Tea with Dr. Johnson"

By Neill MacLaine, Clan Genealogist

I have neither read the above book nor seen the play however I do recall the old story that when the eminent man arrived at Lochbuie House with James Boswell during their Tour of the Western Isles of Scotland that he took one sip of the China tea offered that afternoon before throwing the rest of the dish out of the window!



Dr. Johnson

Mr. Boswell

John MacLaine, 17th of Lochbuie, apparently, there and then, took him for a stroll outside and around the outside of Moy Castle to discuss his manners. How-

ever, when writing their recollections of their journey, Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) and Mr. James Boswell (1740-1797) were still not too overly complimentary about the place we all love so much. Some 225+ years later our own Clan Bard, Dr. Brent MacLaine (see Hector's Herald of April, May, June 2019) wrote and published a poem (see below) entitled: *'To Dr. Johnson at Moy Castle, Lochbuie, Isle of Mull; Thursday October 21, 1773'* in the form of a letter to the great man to put him straight. In Dr. Brent's own words: *"Having discovered Boswell and Johnson's travel diary account of their visit to Moy, I was struck by a certain meanness in the description. Partly, as an exercise, I undertook a kind of poetic defense of the family name. A couple of things:*

- Please overlook or forgive any historical inaccuracies. While most of the details are drawn from Boswell, there are, certainly, poetic embellishments and flights of poetic imagination.

- Note that the first stanza uses language that comes chiefly from Boswell. It is he and Johnson who are being rather high-handed about their hosts and the locale. Not the poet."

To Dr. Johnson at Moy Castle, Lochbuie, Isle of Mull

Thursday, October 21, 1773

*For weeks you had been riding round
that treeless land of stone and water,
over every dreary heath and hill,
a land, you say, comprised of matter
incapable of form, dismissed by nature,
and disinherited – orphaned, then.
Your eye had weathered, it appears,
a wide extent of hopeless sterility,
the gloom of desolation and penury,
while in your ear remained the rasp*

*of rude speech from a barbarous people
with nothing to express, a language nowhere
but on the people's breath – I shouldn't wonder*

*if you seemed a little peevish
knocking at the door that night at Moy.*

*Even so, my ancestors let you down:
Murdoch the Stunted was nowhere to be
seen,
and the Lochbuie Laird, softer by far
than his reputation, neither boasted
nor roared, in fact, showed little sign
of temper. It's a long way to come,
I agree, to see a bristly old man.
In terms of doggedness and character,
you could have done as well at home.
No prisoners rotting in his dungeon,
no blood, no stench of sacrifice, no smoke
of pagan history. A pity the Laird had
hawked
that war-saddle of renown at Falkirk Fair.
A pity no tartaned daughter showed to fling
with Boswell – for you, no library to cri-
tique.*

*Still, tired or not, was it polite
to bolt your chops and dash to bed?
That night, did little whirling savages
from smoky huts come wrapped in skins
of beasts? Did they poke the fire
of your imagination with the thought
that all of this slumming in the Highlands
might come to something after all – a book?
Sleeping in that Iona barn might prove*

*a useful anecdote; the strain of learning
to impose and nosing out a free meal
or the best bed could find reward in print.
And if the best English standard were ap-
plied,
even lovers of naked nature could learn
your trick of crowning stony hills with oaks.*

*We can excuse, I suppose, your gruffness
in the morning, gripped as you were,
by visions of home, of flowery pastures
and waving wheat, while pranking Boswell
egged the Lady on to offer you
a breakfast savoury fit to test
an English appetite. Yet who could have
guessed
that a cold sheep's head could clear
you off? – you and the landlord rocking to
Oban
in a brush-bedded boat. And never once
looking back at Moy or the Lochbuie sea,
to the gorse-yellow hills and granite shore
where fleeing ships crunched their keels
in the days of piracy. No never once
did you mention the beautiful Lochbuie sea.*

First published in the collection: 'Wind and Root' (Montreal: Véhicule Press, 2000)



Lochbuie by Jeff Burkett (August 2017)

BROACHING HISTORY

By: Lorne Maclaine of Lochbuie

Three unique historic brooches, the Lorne, the Lochbuie and the Ugadale, each have a legendary history involving the Scottish King, Robert the Bruce, who led Scotland against England during the First War of Scottish Independence. These clan brooches were talismans, made for the wives and female members of clan families. There were links between the three families who at one time owned the brooches - MacDougall of Lorne, Maclaine of Lochbuie, and Mackay of Ugadale - through the proximity of their traditional lands on the west coast of Scotland, relationships through marriage, a loyalty to Royalist and later Jacobite causes, and in the 17th and 18th centuries, and not least, disputes over their land with the Campbells of Argyll.

There have been vague suggestions that because all three are filigree set, and this being a particular skill of 18th C Italian jewellers the rings were commissioned by or gifted to Highland families through their Jacobite connections in Italy? The claim that the brooches were possibly created in Italy was further confused by the invention of fictitious histories linking them to Robert the Bruce?

Claims have also been made that expatriate Scottish families for whom these bespoke brooches were made, were connected through the recently established Masonic Lodges in Paris. These Jacobite Freemasons supposedly used local silversmiths skilled in the art of filigree to create their reliquary brooches?

Whence the brooch of burning gold

That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-fold,

Wrought and chased with rare device,

Studded fair with gems of price.

SECOND CANTO THE LORD OF ISLES, A POEM BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1815)

Phrasing in Sir Walter Scott's 1815 poem stating that the brooch was worn by a chieftain is strictly-speaking incorrect for, despite their size, these target brooches are plaid brooches traditionally part of the dress of female Highlanders, and recorded as such

by Martin in 1703.

In many cases the open space [reliquary] in the middle of the ring, as in modern brooches, was filled up, and in the early examples was sometimes occupied by a turret-like ornamentation set with a crystal, while obelisks rising from the ring of the brooch were set with polished stones such as cairngorms or with Scottish pearls. Reliquary relics may be the purported or actual physical remains of important people such as bones, hair, pieces of clothing.

The Loch Buy brooch, of more elaborate workmanship, is surmounted by a cabochon crystal on a raised dais. On the ring, within a low border, are ten tall turrets, each surmounted with a Scottish pearl. The Lochbuie brooch is illustrated by Thomas Pennant in his *A Tour in Scotland*, 1769, first published in 1774.

This famous brooch, long in the possession of the Macleans of Loch Buy in the Isle of Mull, came later into the collection of Ralph Bernal, one of the first and most eminent of latter-day connoisseurs. It was purchased by the British Museum in 1855.

The Maclaine of Lochbuie Brooch bears the inscription:

'The Silver Oar [are] of this Brach was found on the Estate of Loch buy in Mull and made by a Tinker on that Estate about the year 1500. It was handed down by the Ladies of that family to one another until Anna Campbell lady to Murdock McLean who had no Male Issue, gave it to Isabella McLean, their daughter, spouse to John Scrogie Esq, to whom she presented it the day after their Marriage'.

Hector Maclaine (c. 1649-1717) fought with Protestant Covenanters as an Episcopalian under Viscount Dundee at the Battle of Killecrankie in 1689. The 13th Maclaine of Lochbuie, who died after 1729, had no son; his third daughter, Isabella married John Scrogie [possibly "Scroyne"] after 1730.

Inspired by the Brooch of Lorne, in 1842, Prince Albert Saxe-Coburg commissioned a similar circular gold plaid brooch for Queen Victoria. The jeweller apparently chose to base his work--centred with a garnet, and surrounded by ten 'turrets' each set with a Scottish freshwater pearl--on the Lochbuie brooch. The brooch was given by the Prince to the Queen on

10th February 1843, exactly two years after their daughter had been christened. The Queen Victoria jewel has remained in the Saxe-Coburg family through the Royal couple's son, and third child Alfred of Saxe-Coburg (1844-1900) and thence by descent.

The celebrated Brooch of Lorne plus two further West Highland examples, the Lochbuie brooch from the 1600s and a third one known as the Ugadale brooch are now in the British Museum.

All three jewels, the Lochbuie, Lorne and Ugadale, were exhibited together in the British Museum's exhibition 'Shakespeare-Staging the World' in 2012.

A comparison between the turreted ladies plaid brooches

- Both the Lochbuie brooch and the Albert Brooch have 10 perimeter towers while the Lorne and Ugadale have eight.
- The diamond shape decoration to the turrets/towers is unique to Lochbuie: similar on Albert.
- The defining filigree wire up the side of each individual tower is present only on Lochbuie and Albert.
- The claw mount and the use of pearls on the Albert are similar to both Lochbuie and Lorne but not Ugadale
- The Albert's outer circular border to the base of the brooch is closer to Lochbuie than Lorne or Ugadale with double castellations
- There are ten central half-towers on Lochbuie but only eight on Albert.
- The tops to the Lochbuie central towers are most complex. A similar decorative outline is used on Albert.



The Ugadale Brooch,
c.1800s

The silver-gilt brooch has an outer band decorated with strap-work. Within it, eight turrets set with coral and pearls alternate with small round bosses. The oval crystal in the middle is set on the lid of a capsule which opens to reveal a relic container.



The Lochbuie Brooch,
c.1600s

The underside view depicts a twisted wire filigree band and a single filigree diamond fret decoration to the tower as seen on the Royal gold brooch.



The Brooch of Lorn,
c.1715

A medieval-style "turreted" disk brooch centred on a large quartz charmstone and owned by the MacDougall of Du-nollie Preservation Trust. The legend is that this charmstone (mineral artifact) once belonged to Robert the Bruce.



The Albert,
1842.

A gold plaid brooch, the gift of Prince Albert to Queen Victoria



As our countries face the outbreak of the CORONAVIRUS let us all make every effort to follow guidelines set forth by our various health officials, and not panic.

We will get through this, but how quickly will depend a lot on "we the people." Stay home, if possible, and stay safe.

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