



AUSTRALIA

Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

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Volume 20 Issue 2

August 2022

Blether

This Month

Blether	Page 1
From the Eagles Nest	Page 1
A Multitude of Munros	Page 3
Australian Celtic Festival	Page 4
John Munro (Dearg)	Page 5
Information Sheets	Page 7
Gossiping & the 3 Sieves	Page 7
American Declaration of Independence	Page 7
Membership	Page 8

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I was so sad to hear of the passing of two stalwarts of the Clan. First was Isma Munro, for many years the Clan Treasurer and the lovely lady who persuaded me to take on the job of our Chief Hector's representative in Australia. That was exactly 20 years ago at the Clan Gathering in August 2002. I have fond memories of my contact with Isma over the years.

More recently was the passing of George Munro our most recent treasurer. Members throughout the world will remember George from his business as the best tour guide in the North. Coincidentally, George lived in the wee village of Maryburgh not far South of Foulis Castle, where I was born eighty six years ago. (Maryburgh not Foulis Castle!!)

You will notice a family story this month by new member Tanya Carlyle. Lots of you out there must have stories that I can use, so please let me have them. They don't have to be fantastic, just good honest stories of our ancestors. I have used two of mine so far, so let me have yours, please.

If you are thinking about visiting Foulis Castle here is an update about what you must do. Tours of the castle are conducted on Tuesdays and could you give at least three weeks' notice of your intended visit. Times are either 10.30am or 3.00pm. There is no charge for your visit but a donation put in the Clan Munro Association box for the castle restoration fund is appreciated. An appointment to visit the outside and the grounds is not required but please let the Castle know when you intend to visit.

Contact our webmaster Ian Munro at info@clanmunro.org.uk and he will arrange your visit.

Visit the clan Munro website at www.clanmunro.org.uk where you will find lots of interesting information about the happenings at Foulis and the Clan in general.

Welcome

No new members this month

From the Eagles Nest

Dear Cousins,

Following the disappointment of the cancellation of Scottish Week last year we were excited by the news from the Scottish Australian Heritage Council (SAHC) that this year it would be held from the 24th to the 28th June.

Helen and I attended the first function at the beautifully restored art deco style Castlereagh Boutique Hotel in the city. This being the Burn's Supper with special guest Malcom Murray, the Right Honourable Earl of Dunmore, who is the patron of the SAHC and Head of Clan Murray. My immediate impression of the Earl was how he resembled our own Don Munro. They could pass as twin brothers!

Following welcome introductions by the SAHC President, Malcolm Buchanan, we had the Piping in and address to the Haggis. The haggis served as the entrée for the three course dinner. During dinner we were treated to three young highland dancers followed by a Toast to the Lassies and a response Fae the Lasses. More highland dancing was followed by the Flowers of the Forest and a rousing sing-a long of Scottish Songs led by Alex Parker. The following Tuesday, Tartan Day, was to be held at the NSW Parliament House, however, we had a change of venue because Parliament was in recess. Lunch was quickly reorganised by the ever efficient Nea MacCulloch to the Graze Restaurant, part of the old Maritime Services Board building at Circular Quay. This was an excellent opportunity to make our clan known to all the other major clans belonging to the SAHC and discuss common problems, particularly clan membership, experienced by all. I also had a long conversation with the Earl who is a very jovial fellow and was a source of knowledge which I appreciated much.

Don and I were, and still are, passionate about the Clan Munro YDNA Project. The administration of this project has been spearheaded by our clan associates in the USA. Margaret Bardin and De Ann Steely are the co-administrators of the Munro YDNA project at Family tree DNA who work with a Genealogist and two researchers.

There are two main DNA testing methods. The first is YDNA which is the paternal line and is used to match you with others who have similar YDNA lines indicating a common paternal ancestor probability. Testing provides "marker values" and if you share substantially the same marker values a common paternal ancestor may be identified.

The second test is that of Mitochondrial mtDNA which involves the maternal line and both males and females are tested. Using this test is not altogether successful.

DNA test results may differ with surname, family history or paper records. The results could be surprising! Groups of men sharing most or all STR (Short Tandem Repeat) values will most probably have a recent common male ancestor. The Munro Project has so far identified three large and many smaller groups. Like all clans there are many male lines in the Clan Munro.

So, if you have hit the end of your paper trail DNA testing with Family Tree DNA is the path to follow. The information feedback from the testing facility is highly comprehensive and very helpful. To order a test with the Munro Project follow the below instructions:

- Log onto www.familytreedna.com
- Scroll down to surname search window and enter Munro.
- Click on Munro under Projects
- Scroll down to list of different tests
- Order YDNA test for males carrying Munro/Monroe surname (descend from Munros paternal line)
- Best choice is 67-marker test
- Second choice is 37-marker test

We can highly recommend this test project as it has helped greatly with our family tree information. Recent research released during World Gaelic Week has shown that from 2018 to 2021 there was a 72% increase in the number of Visit Scotland users visiting Gaelic related content. Additionally, there are over 1.1 m Gaelic learners worldwide.

Scottish brewer Brew Dog has released a beer called United Ukraine. All proceeds to the Ukraine Crisis Appeal. Finally, I would send a get well message to our clansman, Quentin Munro who is recovering from a recent stroke.

Yours faithfully,
Ray Munro.
Clan Munro Representative, Australia.

A Multitude of Munros

An excellent story by Tanya Carlyle about her great grandfather and telling how DNA solved his mystery.

Up until 18 months ago, my family had no idea that we had any association with the name Munro or the Munro Clan. Personally, it was certainly a shock to find out that my last name was in fact Munro, and not Carlyle. Thanks to the wonders of DNA technology, we were able to solve a 90-year-old mystery as to the real identity of my mysterious great grandfather Alan Leslie Carlyle.

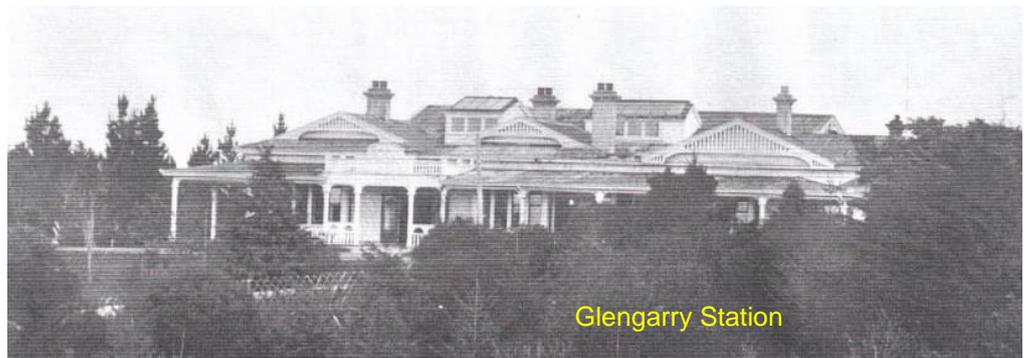
His real name was in fact, Robert John Munro, son of John Munro and Elizabeth Wiggins, born in Napier, New Zealand in 1862. Robert had 'done a runner' due to mounting debts and a marriage that had turned sour, reinventing himself in Australia, taking on a new name, new wife and having a new family.

My male relatives were able to confirm our Munro lineage through joining the Munro Clan DNA project. It was exciting to trace our line back to George Munro, the 10th Baron of Foulis, who lived in 15th century Scotland. But I wanted to know more about our Munro heritage, so I went looking for more about Robert's father, John Munro. Where was he from? What did his parents do? What was his life like in Scotland and why did he leave? I was able to find that he arrived in Australia in 1841. He ran a pub called 'John Munro's Inn', near Portland on the border of Victoria and South Australia. John Munro was also granted a licence to start a post office at the inn. Here in Portland, he met and married Irish immigrant, Elizabeth Wiggins.

The couple's time in Australia was short though and they moved to New Zealand in 1850. There is quite a bit recorded about John's life in New Zealand. As well as running another inn and another post office in New Zealand, John also ran a

store, a sawmill and at one time owned a magnificent sheep station called 'Glengarry Station'.

Glengarry consisted of 10,000 acres, 2,000 sheep and 40 head of cattle and boasted a 'good homestead'. He and Elizabeth also had



Glengarry Station

12 children, 11 of which survived to become adults. He lived a good and relatively long life, dying in in 1886 at the age 66.

But while there was a lot of historical material available on John's life in Australia and New Zealand, his life and family and Scotland was still a totally mystery. We know that he was born in about 1819-1820 and was possibly from Inverness shire.

There were more than 200 John Munro's born in 1819-1820 in Scotland. This brought me to a painstaking process of sifting through the record and trying to eliminate couples and trying to focus on Ross and Cromarty shire and Inverness shire.

But, fellow members, as you can appreciate, the Scottish naming tradition has proved a help but mostly a hinderance, due to the multitude of Munros all named exactly the same.

In a wonderful Eureka moment, we managed to find John's grandparents – another John Munro (b.1765, d.1808) and Christian Montgomery (b 1766, d.1852). This is one time I was happy for the Scottish naming tradition, as John had named his third daughter, Christina Montgomery Munro and this information helped to track the records, which were later confirmed through DNA. Thanks to this development I was able to narrow down the parishes – with grandmother, Christian, hailing from Kilmuir Easter in Ross and Cromarty and grandfather, John, coming from the parish of Urquhart and Logie Wester (specifically Ferintosh, Black Isle). I've also narrowed it down to two of their sons – John or Alexander, but as yet no clear evidence has emerged to support either of these men as being the father of my John Munro.

If this story rings any bells for you, I'd love to hear from you. Please contact me at tanyacarlyleford@gmail.com

2022 Australian Celtic Festival

Once again John Munro from Tamworth attended the Australian Celtic Festival in Glen Innes and sent us this excellent report. It sounds like it was a great success.

After being cancelled in 2020 and a reduced program last year because of Covid, it was great to head to Glen Innes again for the 2022 Australian Celtic Festival. It begins each year either towards the end of April or the beginning of May. This was its 30th anniversary. It aims to present and highlight the music, dance and culture of Scotland, Ireland, Isle Of Man, Asturias, Galicia, Brittany, Cornwall and Wales. The last three were the focus for this year.

Events took place all over town but it was up on the hill at the Standing Stones, a circle of over two dozen granite pillars rising 3.7 metres above ground, where the main action happened.

Some warm-up activities took place on the Thursday. Friday had the official opening ceremony. That night was when the adrenalin began to flow with a haggis toasting ceremony and music at the Services Club, and / or a Medieval Long Table Dinner and show under cover amongst the Stones. Careful planning meant attendance was possible at both sites.



So much for the warm-up. The weekend was when the action really got underway.

A street parade presented a chance for all to step forward and display their particular interest. Each interest group was dispersed amongst the many musicians, most involving loud and vigorous piping and drumming. The majority of participants were kilt wearing Scots proudly displaying their clan flag and crest. I attempted to raise ours above all the others. Now and then a call would come from the crowd lining the street to stop me for a photo opportunity. In past years, at parade's end, the bands have joined for a combined presentation of their talents. Unfortunately, this was not the case this time.



We had purchased a weekend pass allowing attendance to all shows at the Stones. On arrival the scene before us was of a sea of people, flags, tents and vans for commercial outlets and interest groups, and three large marquees where most music and dance items took place. Over the two days we could come and go as we pleased between venues if there was a clash of interests. About twenty musical acts displayed their talents, most presenting multiple shows. Elsewhere there were several dance competitions and displays, choirs, arts and crafts, poets, information sessions, workshops, battle demonstrations, highland games, strongman competitions, massed pipe bands, and a highlight for me, jousting competitions.



On Sunday some official events also occurred. These included a Scottish ceremony where each clan announced their attendance (ours included) at the gathering, followed by a Kirking Of Tartan where clans were invited to have their tartans blessed.

As if we hadn't spent enough time already clapping, singing and foot tapping during daylight hours, both nights concluded with a revisit to the Servo for a meal followed by bands, Murphy's Pigs on Saturday, and The Gathering on Sunday. The place rocked.

For us, the experience ended at a pub, where many of the artists we had seen, came together as one, in a jam session. What a great way to end a marvellous time in the Glen.

A booking has already been made to attend next year to do it all again. It is to be held from the 4th May (Thursday) to 7th May (Sunday) 2023 and will be celebrating the land of the blue flag with the white cross, SCOTLAND.

John Munro (Dearg)

There are many well known Munros and there are many not so well known who are also very interesting. I came across this one and thought you might like to hear about him

A most prominent man during the earlier part of the 19th century was John Munro, generally known as John Dearg, Red John. He started his career working on the roads for sixpence a day. But he had been brought up on the farm, and had an eye for animals. While still a lad he began to deal in cattle and sheep. He had luck as well as judgment; and was a comparatively young man when he became tenant of Swordale and Clare, then Foulis property.

We can understand how this exhibition of success made people stare. John Dearg could account for it; but they could not. How could he have come by so much money, they said; why, it's only a few years since he was a loon on the road; it's not natural. They remembered that there had been a mail coach robbery; the thieves had never been caught; nor had any of the money come to light. Surely, people said, the thieves had hidden the money somewhere until, the crime forgotten, they could take it out and spend it safely. And John Dearg - the sly one - he must have found it.

Sometime after entering Swordale and Clare, John Dearg took a lease of Leclair, this belonging to the Mackenzies of Mountgerald; descendants of the Mackenzie who had changed the old descriptive name Clyne - Gaelic for a slope - to the somewhat fanciful Mountgerald.

After Sir Charles, 27th Baron, succeeded to the property of Foulis in 1849, he had to meet heavy legal costs incurred in the action to secure the title, and found it necessary to disentail and sell parts of the estate. It would seem that, as a consequence of this, John Dearg bought Swordale and Clare.

When his lease of Leclair expired, he found that under the agreement to renew fences and buildings, he would be put to much expense. In preference, he bought that estate. For a period, he also had a lease of Ardullie;

Stories still told show that John Dearg was a man of many parts.

While he was living at Swordale, and before his marriage, he had a housekeeper whom we may call Mary. Davy, the grieve, was a single man; he had been courting Mary in a somewhat desultory way for a considerable time.

"Mary", said John one day, "it doesn't look to me as if Davy is ever going to marry you."

"Indeed, that's what it looks like, Mr. Munro", was Mary's despondent reply.

John Dearg thought over the matter. He didn't want to lose a good housekeeper; but Mary, it was certain, had a considerable liking for Davy. And, some days later, John said: -

"I want you to look after some money for me, Mary. Look, here I have £250 (A considerable amount in those days). Put it away in your kist, and speak of it to no one. When I ask for it, you'll give it to me."

Not long after, her employer handed Mary another £250 to put with the first.

Being a single man, Davy the grieve lived in a bothy: but he got his meals in the farm-house. One morning he was seated in the big kitchen enjoying his breakfast porridge, and talking with Mary, when in came John Dearg.

"Mary," he exclaimed, "I'm going away this morning, as you know; and I need to take money with me. I overlooked to draw some when I was in Dingwall, and I haven't a penny in the house. Can you, by any chance, help me?"

"Certainly, Mr. Munro. How much do you want? Five hundred pounds?" "No, no - nothing as much as that. If you can give me two hundred and fifty." Mary tripped away; and during the minute or two of her absence, John Dearg discussed the coming day's work with Davy, who, maybe, had only half his mind on that.

Mary came back, and handed a bundle of notes to John Dearg. "Will you count it please, Mr. Munro?"

Carefully, John Dearg counted. "Two hundred and fifty. That's splendid, thanks very much, Mary - you've got me out of a fix."

Davy sat there, forgetting to lift the spoon to his lips, his eyes popping out of his head. Before the week was out, he had proposed to Mary.

As a sideline, John Dearg had dealings in smuggled whisky. No precise details are available, but from what we do know it seems that the whisky was made here and there in stills hidden among the nearby glens, by his own tenants and likely by others also, and brought in to him at Swordale, whence he disposed of it in bulk.

Once, when a good stock of unlicensed stuff was on the premises, word was brought in that a small party of men were approaching Swordale. They were doubtless gaugers. Such a visit would have been planned for, we may trust, John Dearg. Preparation was made for the arrival of the excisemen. The small kegs were packed under a table in his private room. The cattleman was brought in; ten shillings were to be his reward for playing his part. He laid himself on the table, sheets were placed over all, and the stage was set.

The strangers came to the door. They were indeed excisemen and they wished to see Mr. Munro. The housekeeper (could she have been the Mary aforesaid?) - had been primed for her part. She was doubtful as Mr. Munro's dearest friend, had just died suddenly and Mr. Munro was grief-stricken. All morning he had been sitting by the corpse which was laid out in his own private room. No one dared to intrude on him.

"Dear me!" said the chief officer, "what a pity!" We did so badly want to have a few words with him." "I'll try," offered the housekeeper

She came back shortly, and showed the men the way to the room of mourning.

It was said in Ferindonald, that at this very juncture, while the tread of feet sounded in the passageway outside, the cattleman chose to murmur, from under the enveloping sheet, "Another ten shillings, Mr. Munro, or I'll speak."

The excisemen came no further than the doorway. They beheld the table, and the outline of the body, draped in white sheets that reached to the floor. There sat John Dearg, lifting grave eyes from the Bible which he held open in his hands. The officers were so much affected by this evidence of bereavement, that they hastily apologised, and drew back.

John Dearg laid the Bible aside, and, still showing every appearance of deep grief, rose and took the gaugers into another room, where he produced a bottle of whisky - duty-paid this time - gave to each a dram, accepted their condolences, and saw them depart.

Frequent consignments of whisky went from Swordale into Inverness. The gaugers were aware that contraband was thus slipping in, not only from Swordale, of course, but from many another quiet place among the hills; they often kept watch on the roads into the town. John declared that, despite them, he would get a load in on a certain day. He hired a hearse; and the gaugers, who were that day stopping all suspicious traffic, stood to one side and removed their hats respectfully as the coach of death rolled by. I need not say what were the contents.

John Dearg had too many other affairs on his hands to be continually personally engaged in this smuggling; his was the directing mind. But it has been told that at least once, disguised in the rough garb of a poor man of the hills, he drove a cart well loaded with liquor into Inverness.

Despite his wealth it seems that he remained a man of simple tastes, who scorned to keep up with the Joneses. It was his habit to walk to church, going down by the old track from below Drummore to the River Skiach and by the foot-bridge at Katewell Mill. Thus far he carried his boots and stockings, but when over the river he put them on. He took them off at the same point on his return journey. This had been an old custom among country folk.

It was his custom to plant trees on his property. Especially due to him was the thriving wood that covered the long ridge of Swordale hill and extended an arm down to near the river opposite Redburn. Doubtless jestingly he remarked at the time of planting that he would be "coming back" to see how it was getting on in years to come. Some long time after his death two local women who knew of that saying were in the wood gathering fallen branches and cones when they were startled to hear a voice say, "A bhean." (As I have been given it and which may suitably be translated, "Hey, woman.") There was nobody to be seen, and concluding that it was the spirit of John Munro Dearg they fled terrified and never dared to go near that part of the wood again.

He was pre-deceased by his wife Fanny. He died in 1860, aged 80 years and was buried at Kiltearn, to the north side of the church. The stone which covers him bears the inscription: -
John Munro (Dearg) of Swordale and Lemlair died 3rd February 1860

Information Sheets

The clan Munro website in Scotland has many interesting items, among them the Information Sheets. Many of you out there have no access to them so I thought I would include some of them in the newsletter. This month we will look at Patronymic and Occupational Names and this tells us how at least some of us got our names.

Patronymic: defined as 'a name derived from father or ancestor' e.g., father Donald has sons Iain MacDonald (or John Donaldson), and Alexander MacDonald or Donaldson, and grandsons Donald Maclain, Vic Donald and Iain MacAlastair Vie Donald (Mac or Mc means 'son of and Vie is the genitive form Mhic for Mac).

Such a system provided no settled surname and the naming pattern changed for each generation. This was the custom in the Highlands until the 18th Century, but the Chiefs and their families used surnames on formal occasions much earlier. The Munros of Foulis appear in that form in documents in the 14th Century but in speech they would have been called by their patronymic or more probably by the name of the lands they held and called simply 'Foulis' or 'the Laird of Foulis'.

Bye names (nicknames) were extensively used to distinguish individuals in communities where surnames and even patronymics might be common to many of the inhabitants. These include descriptive names such as 'more (big), 'beg' (small), 'roy' (red), 'dubh' or 'dow' (black), 'ban' (fair) etc. Sometimes a man's occupation was turned into a surname so that gradually for example 'Donald the miller' became Donald Miller.

Differently named family groups either because they shared a common progenitor or already occupied lands granted to the Chief became adherents and associated with the Clan. These were known as septs. In the case of Clan Munro, the names Dingwall, Foulis, MacCulloch, MacLulich, Vass and Wass are recognised as septs. Bearers of several of these names also regarded themselves as septs of the Rosses. People moving in from different areas under the protection of a new Chief might well find it advantageous to adopt his surname also. As a result, with scant written records, and when other evidence is not available it is often difficult to know from which Clan a person is descended.

Gossiping & the Three Sieves

I came across this recently and thought – how true. Socrates was a wise man!!

Gossiping often carries an element of malicious criticism and judgment of others, and so it also strengthens the ego through the implied but imagined moral superiority that is there whenever you apply a negative judgment to anyone.

~Eckhart Tolle

Here's why you should not GOSSIP:

In Ancient Greece, Socrates had a great reputation of wisdom. One day, someone came to find the great philosopher and said to him:

- Do you know what I just heard about your friend?

- A moment, replied Socrates. Before you tell me, I would like to test you the three sieves.

- The three sieves?

- Yes, continued Socrates. Before telling anything about the others, it's good to take the time to filter what you mean. I call it the test of the three sieves. The first sieve is the TRUTH. Have you checked if what you're going to tell me is true?

- No, I just heard it.

- Very good! So, you don't know if it's true. We continue with the second sieve, that of KINDNESS. What you want to tell me about my friend, is it good?

- Oh, no! On the contrary.

- So, questioned Socrates, you want to tell me bad things about him and you're not even sure they're true? Maybe you can still pass the test of the third sieve, that of UTILITY. Is it useful that I know what you're going to tell me about this friend?

- No, really.

- So, concluded Socrates, what you were going to tell me is neither true, nor good, nor useful. Why, then, did you want to tell me this?

"Gossip is a bad thing. In the beginning it may seem enjoyable and fun, but in the end, it fills our hearts with bitterness and poisons us, too!"

The American Declaration of Independence

It is thought that as many as twenty one, maybe more, of the men who signed the American Declaration of Independence had Scottish blood. Two of the signatories - John Witherspoon (the only clergyman to sign) and James Wilson – were born in Scotland. Among the signatories with Scottish forebears were Thomas Jefferson, Thomas McKean, Francis Lewis, Phillip Livingstone, George Ross and Benjamin Rush.

Membership

Annual:	\$25.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$8.00
Three Years:	\$55.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$20.00

*Clan Munro (Association) Australia
Newsletter*

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