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Scotland & England: Culloden & The Mixed Clans (1992)

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II. ABERDEEN

I knew I was in trouble when I got off the plane at Dyce Airport in Aberdeen, Scotland, an hour's flight north of London. My colleagues had left a rental car for me to pick up at the airport. I was now to drive north to St. Fergus. This normally routine event was complicated by the fact that the U.K. drives on the left, the steering wheels are on the right, and you shift with your left hand. I was instantly transported back to Ireland, where two and half years before I jeopardized everything driving a week this way. I never lost the feeling I was driving in my rear view mirror.

When I asked directions to St. Fergus from the girl in the parking lot tollbooth at the airport, I was greeted to a melodious but impenetrable explanation in an accent so thick I realized I was to be cast on waters without a compass. I made due the best I could with the map, which was quite easy. It took me an hour to drive along the A92 and A952 to Peterhead and north to St. Fergus, around several roundabouts, which, when traveling 25 mph, you got used to and actually functioned quite well, but which could easily be used in any amusement park in the States as a sure fire bumper-car attraction.

I arrived at St. Fergus an hour before the opening ceremonies started. In the cafeteria, located in a trailer operated by the general contractor, I found room by a window where I could eat my bowl of shepherd's pie soup and look outside at the same time. I heard it had rained steadily the previous few days and the 30-40 mph winds off the North Sea had worried the organizers. The wind was still clicking along, but the sky was clear of rain clouds. The horizon was streaked with richly shaded, billowing clouds that moved briskly across a dark blue sky. The invigorating North Sea air smelled clean. The PR guys had constructed two platforms, one for TV cameras and the other for the host who would read a speech commissioning the plant. They also built a tent to keep people out of any bad weather that showed up. The wind blew the tent sides in and out, snapping the canvas as though it was a sail.

It was in this setting that Mobil ceremonialists would publicly mark the connection between community and the industrial plant in their midst. In time I joined the gathering outside and waited for all 192 children from the schools of St. Fergus and Crimond to cut the 70-foot ribbon with scissors specially commissioned for the purpose. Since the children were the future of the community it was fitting that they open the plant. We thought this much better than having some fancy royal, say like Princess Diana, cut the ribbon. Besides, her participation would cost a $250,000 donation to a charity of her ladyship's choice and she was busy anyway. So the children it would be. They were led to their positions along the ribbon by one teacher/chaperon for each 10 children, who were followed by a squad of a dozen men from the Grampian Police Pipe Band dressed in full Highland regalia. As a brisk North Sea wind blew around us, this dignified command piped the gathering into a

mood of appropriately melancholy longing for the might-have-beens of Scottish history.

As in Ireland and in other parts of Britain, history's echoes resonate everywhere in Scotland. Pictish stone outcroppings etched with ancient carvings of unknown meaning are in frequent evidence, even at the first roundabout at you leave Dyce. Ruins, covered by vegetation of various greens, dot the landscape. To draw the connection between the industrial colossus and this past, the Mobil ceremonialists prepared a brochure for the event, which explained that the SAGE plant, the latest embodiment of Scots' aspirations, possessed appropriate ties to Scotland's mythic past. The brochure used the Book of Deer (now in Cambridge University Library) as the metaphor for the festivities of the day. Written in 10th century Latin, the Book of Deer was originally crafted in the Celtic monastery of Deer, a few miles west of St. Fergus. In the 11th and 12th centuries, other scribes wrote in the margins notes in Gaelic about the gifts the ancient chieftains gave to the monastery. These are the earliest known Gaelic writings in Scotland. It is this book that gives the area its first local history.

Among the stories in the Book of Deer are the tales about the arrival of Saints Columba and Drostan at Aberdour by sea to convert Bede, the Pict's thane (leader), to Christianity. When the saints' prayers saved Bede's ill son, the Pict thane granted Columba and Drostan the land they wanted. It was called Deara, or tears, to commemorate the tears Drostan shed at Columba's departure. In 1219, the Earl of Buchan founded a Cistercian Abbey at Deer (Deara), whose ruins today are found on the road from Mintlaw to Fraserburgh.

Mobil ceremonialists argued that this industrial plant was suitably placed. The SAGE plant itself is located in an area called Buchan, akin to a county, on once Pictish land at the end of Pittenheath Road, near the ancient Burgh of Rattray. "Pit" in Pict mean "piece of land" while "rath" means "circular fort." Modern excavations show that a castle existed on the SAGE site from the 12th to 15th centuries. Near the castle was something of a small town, where ancient industries were performed. Archaeologists uncovered evidence of three pottery kilns and metal working shops nearby.

Not only that, the Comyn family, as Earls of Buchan, were owners of 13th century Rattray, or Rettre as it was then known. Nearby, the ruins of St. Mary's Chapel, a favored tour spot, showed the sophistication and prosperity of the area. To help with the upkeep, the Earls of Buchan provided six shillings in taxes. The SAGE plant would generate millions of pounds toward recreation, education, transportation and health care.

The Cromyn Earls of Buchan, in their day, aspired to the Scottish crown and for years warred with Robert the Bruce, who had his own ideas about who should be royalty. Once, according to one ancient chronicler, "Bruce

pursued Cromyn to Turriff, and afterwards destroyed by fire his whole Earldom of Buchan." Rattray would prosper under other families, namely the Douglas clan. In 1563, the clan fighting over who should rule Rattray was so contentious that Mary, Queen of Scots, elevated the area to a Royal Burgh. But the town was dependent on its port, and in the 17th century the port was blocked by silt. After a storm in 1720, silt completely blocked the port for good. Since then prosperity had fled elsewhere, until the St. Fergus gas plant. The plant was constructed by Mobil North Sea Ltd., a Mobil unit which, as founded in 1895, is Britain's oldest independent oil company. The plant brought over 700 construction jobs, 100 full time jobs and revenues to pay for what everyone everywhere the world over wants.

The pipers finished their duties. The children snipped the ribbon into nearly 200 pieces and the ceremonies drew to a close. The chaperons, having successfully prevented any child from losing an eye with the scissors, led the group to the nearby trailer where all were treated to soft drinks, sandwiches, fruit, cakes, cookies, and other treats. As the group chowed down, I disappeared to a nearby office and sent an electronic message to Fairfax headquarters instructing the PR guys to issue the news release prepared earlier that said that Mobil opened its $1 billion gas processing plant in Scotland and began deliveries to the British Gas pipeline grid and to industrial customers. This was my job that day: to report the plant's opening to the waiting world.

The news about the opening of the St. Fergus plant was not mentioned in the *Wall Street Journal*, *New York Times*, *Washington Post* or *Financial Times* in London the following day. But the news release wired by Fairfax headquarters to more than 100 news and investment house information services would create paragraphs in upcoming stock analysts' 20-page reports about why investors should purchase Mobil stock. Also, bankers, oil and gas traders, speculators and government treasury agents all take note of such announcements because in such news one is able to know how the world expects to create wealth, employ itself and pay its bills. It is such knowledge that causes leaders of governments around the world to welcome visitors who come by to ask questions about geological sediments and rocks millions of years old.

In the Aberdeen metropolitan newspapers and on Scottish TV news that evening, the children opening the Mobil plant were the main story. Local politicians were quoted about the benefits such a plant will bring to their constituents. The images photographed were of balloons, smiling children, cakes and hair tousled by the winds.

The traveling Mobil group later retreated to the Waterside Inn in Peterhead, where local management had established a gathering spot. I went to a motel room that contained several computers company technicians had installed so we could link up with our telecommunications net and do a bit of work. After an hour and a half in front of the terminal, I had communicated

and done business with colleagues in Fairfax, Jakarta, Lagos, Dallas and Calgary. What was said that day was routine chatter. But it continued our running conversation about how to do our professional chores in a unified and consistent way, and it was done while I was seated in a motel on the North Sea coast in Scotland. In the electronic village, the world can be one.

The Mobil ceremonialists had prepared the festivities so that several things came together at once. The plant has been finished and operating for several weeks. Declaring it officially open was a thing to be done at will. Knowing this, the ceremonialists had consulted the calendar and their promotional judgment. Calling to mind the early Church fathers who scheduled holy days to coincide with days of pagan ritual, my colleagues aimed the St. Fergus celebration to coincide with Guy Fawkes Day, November 5, which is Britain's traditional time to ignite fireworks, burn bonfires in open fields, and have a U.K. version of Halloween, Independence Day and Thanksgiving all in one.

This is a good-natured celebration, which in fact marks an occasion of very serious doings. Guy Fawkes Day commemorates the crushing of a conspiracy in the fall of 1605 to blow up the houses of Parliament, kill King James I and his family, and restore Catholics to power in Protestant England. History calls it The Gunpowder Plot. The best known of the plotters was named Guy Fawkes, a Catholic soldier of fortune and veteran of Spain's war in the Netherlands, who was caught with the gunpowder in the basement of Parliament.

Fawkes and the other conspirators were angry because greater religious toleration was not allowed under James I. The conspirators convinced themselves that if they blew up the country's leaders, things would be made right and English Catholics could seize power. In this cause, Fawkes and his gang tried to enlist others in the conspiracy. One of those contacted warned his Catholic brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle, to stay away from Parliament on November 5. Despite his religious allegiance, Monteagle warned the government and on the night of November 4-5, Fawkes was found in the Parliament cellar with the gunpowder. Fawkes was tortured and ratted on his pals, who were either killed resisting arrest or jailed and tortured. On January 31, 1606, the surviving conspirators were dragged through the streets and executed. Their severed heads were stuck atop tall pikes for public view.

In the conspiracy's wake, Protestant suspicions of Catholics intensified, and laws fining all those who did not attend Anglican services were strictly enforced. To remind the people of the foiled conspiracy and the evil intent of its plotters, Parliament decreed that thereafter that November 5 would be a day of public thanksgiving, and celebrated with bonfires, fireworks and the carrying of "guys" through the street.

One of my Mobil colleagues who planned the St. Fergus events was Frank Beach, a Catholic from the English Midlands, who enjoys ironies where he

finds them. Beach timed the ceremony at the plant for November 5 to coincide with Guy Fawkes Day, on which Mobil would stage a celebration at the Waterside Inn for every resident of St. Fergus, Crimond and Buchan and Banff.

In arranging this event, Beach had to contend with one snag. In community relations work, one shares the lessons learned by cops, priests, reporters, nurses and teachers: Human nature rules. Near the Peterhead motel was a farmer who, for some years, has been trying to turn the Mobil operation into an alternate profit center for his sheep raising business. In years past, he has wanted to swap land of no value with Mobil for land Mobil owned but on which he would like to build a subdivision of homes. He has wanted the plant to buy his sheep. He has complained about traffic and demanded compensation because the noise disturbed his sheep. And now, Beach learned, he was telling neighbors that Mobil hadn't notified him properly about the Guy Fawkes fireworks display. He wouldn't have time to move his sheep, he argued, and he wanted compensation because the noise would surely disturb them. The farmer felt it was only fair that he be paid for the inconvenience to his sheep.

Beach found out through his office that the farmer, despite his protestations, had been invited to the event a month before and had called back a RSVP for himself and his five family members. Forearmed, Beach called the farmer and said in the most friendly but disappointed words about how sorry Mobil was to hear that he was distressed about the disturbance to his sheep.

"Yes," said the farmer, "I only found out about this two days ago and I won't have time to move my sheep away from the noise…" He opined that only a payment of $500 would suffice.

Beach was ready. "Oh, well. How could that be? We have you and five in your family listed on our guest sheet for November 5 at the Waterside. It appears you responded nearly a month ago that you were coming to the Guy Fawkes barbecue…"

He was a snagged fish. "Uhhh…"

"I believe it wouldn't be fair to pay you and not the other farmers," Beach continued. "Perhaps our only alternative at this late date is to cancel the barbecue and fireworks and tell the community leaders that it was because you objected…"

Beach paused to let this sink in. This was an absolutely impossible set of affairs. For the farmer to be accused of causing the collapse of such an event and in circumstances that every neighbor would agree was being caught in a "sharp" practice, well, this wouldn't do. Within a moment, the farmer had retreated and the issue was moot. The event would proceed uninterrupted and without further extortion attempts. Beach notched his phone with one more small victory.

That night, every tent (which Brits call a marquee) in the Grampian

region was enlisted for use. A fleet of 30 modern buses transported people from pre-arranged gathering points to the motel in Peterhead. More than 2,000 people came. Dozens of caterers barbecued meats, poultry, fish and served Scotch, wine, beer, soda and fruit, vegetables, salads and breads to entire families who came to the motel to eat and enjoy a variety of music groups. At about 9 p.m. everyone gathered on the damp fields at the rear of the hotel under a clear sky and a 35-degree chill to watch a 20-minute Guy Fawkes fireworks display over the North Sea courtesy of their neighbor, the oil company.

III. LADY ABERDEEN

As a Yankee and a republican, it's probably beyond my reckoning to correctly fathom nobility. But, as I understand it, Britain is, in effect, divided into the domains of peers who inherit titles and often great lands, property and wealth from forbears, who at one point since the Conquest enjoyed the favor of that day's sovereign. This is done in accord with the laws of primogeniture, which means that the eldest son of an eldest son gets the goods and siblings get oongatz.

This causes younger siblings to join the military, clergy, academe, commercial trades or the professions to make their way; or perhaps, to marry well. In Britain this system has been known to cause the "younger brother syndrome," which is characterized by a somewhat officious, insecure, striving, and easily offended personality. An American finds it no surprise that Virginia's Tidewater culture, in which a hierarchical gentry oversaw plantations run on slave labor, was the handiwork of the younger brothers of England's 17th century peerage who had come to Virginia to seek fortune. Their handiwork, of course, was utterly destroyed by the society created to the North by East Anglian Puritans. Alas, as my brother, Bill, knows, such a syndrome is no longer exclusive to younger brothers, as older brothers also seem apt to demonstrate an insecure or striving nature.

In the U.K., a peerage occasionally combined with great landowning families. The Gordon family of Aberdeen is a good example. The Methlick Gordons, as they were called after a nearby village, were descended from a 15th century gent named de Gordon, an opportunist of Norman descent who came to Scotland during one of the many English/Scottish border wars and who would subsequently acquire huge land holdings though purchase and marriage.

The Gordon peerage started with John Gordon, a Royalist present at the battle of Turrif in 1639, who joined King Charles I's forces at Newark in 1642. In recognition, Gordon was created a Knight Baronet of Scotland that year by King Charles I, who was in Scotland to defend himself from dissidents there while also trying to organize a war on the Puritans who had seized control in

Parliament. John Gordon's descendant William, the 2nd Earl, remained a Jacobite (a follower of Stuarts) a family whose ambitions, I would learn that week, had such a profound effect on the history of Scotland, England, Ireland and America.

Over the years, the Gordon family's holdings in Aberdeen grew to more than 75,000 acres, much of it flat, treeless plains along the Grampian lowlands but some was on the fringe of the Grampian Highlands. The title of earl passed with the land from eldest son to eldest son along with all the rent receipts and responsibilities. It was William, the 2nd Earl of Aberdeen, who built Haddo House, the Gordon family's Georgian estate, in 1735, which was to be my rest stop in Scotland this trip.

When I arrived at the St. Fergus plant, I was told by a colleague that after the Guy Fawkes celebration I would stay at Haddo with my two colleagues, Chris Palmer and Liam Slattery. I had heard about Haddo in passing in months past, and understood it to be some sort of Scottish estate that was now a museum or cultural or arts center or some such thing; perhaps a bit of a hotel. It was all very vague. I had been to another Scottish estate that had been converted to a hotel and thought the same awaited me at Haddo. I only focused on the matter as the night grew cold and I grew tired. By 10:30 p.m., I was getting ready to sleep and sought out my colleagues about details. Oh, yes, I was to drive with Liam and follow Chris through back country roads to Haddo, a half-hour or so away.

"Is Haddo some kind of hotel now?"

"No, it's Lady Aberdeen's house."

"You mean someone lives there?"

"Oh, yes," Liam said. "We'll be her guests. She is an insomniac and will probably be up to meet you."

Guest! I had no idea. On the drive over darkened narrow back roads, Liam filled me in on the lore of Haddo and the history of the Gordon family. The Methlick Gordons, it seems, held sway over a decidedly modest portion of Empire. Though rolling and at times beautiful, the land was comparatively barren and, until Haddo, a backwater. With Haddo, however, the Gordons signaled to the Empire that this section of Scotland aspired to distinction. Haddo was constructed on the site of the old tower house of Kellie. The Palladian mansion was designed by William Adam and constructed by John Baxter and completed by 1735. The wood used in the construction came from Norway, and the limestone from Strichen, and the rubble stone from Pitmedden. Haddo had a center house of some four stories and two side homes of three stories connected by wings with long curved hallways. The courtyard in front was covered with stone. The front door at the second story was at the top of a curved twin stone stairway.

The Aberdeen who reached the most distinguished post in government

was George Hamilton-Gordon, the 4th Earl. He was an associate of William Pitt the Younger and instrumental in creating the Oregon Treaty (1846), which settled boundary disputes in western North America between Canada and the U.S. The 4th Earl served as prime minister from 1852 to 1855 but was forced to resign after his government's censure for its blundering conduct during the war with Russia called the Crimean War. Despite his political troubles, Queen Victoria visited Haddo in 1857 and signaled society that Hamilton-Gordon was still in royal favor. The queen liked the area and, looking for real estate, purchased and settled at Balmoral Castle on the River Dee nearby, which was sold to her by a Gordon cousin who lived there. Members of the Gordon family and the Windsors have been friendly ever since.

Queen Victoria, however, wasn't that big a fan of the prime minister's grandson, John Campbell Gordon, the 7th Earl, and his wife, Ishbel Majoribanks. The 7th Earl and his lady were political liberals, friends of Gladstone, and believers in the various reform movements of their day. Lady Aberdeen, for example, believed in universal education for both men and women, including her servants, for whom she made provision that they learn to read and write. Queen Victoria huffed that she could no longer dine at Haddo because, with Lady Aberdeen as hostess, she couldn't be sure whether she would be seated next to the cook.

The 7th Earl and his wife were devoted to other good works. Lady Aberdeen was a suffragette as well as an arts advocate. She believed culture should be available to everybody, and constructed a large theater behind Haddo so that neighbors could enjoy musicals, opera, theatrical productions and concerts. The Gordons believed in religious tolerance. Next to Haddo was a large chapel, which the 7th Earl built in 1877 upon his marriage to Ishbel. She insisted that the chapel was for all religious denominations and that Catholic, Presbyterian and Episcopal services be held regularly, which they still are.

Though devoted to religious enlightenment, the chapel was better known locally for a superstition dealing with the ghost of Archibald Gordon, the 7th Earl's son, who was killed in a car wreck in 1909 at age 25. Among the sadder portraits in Haddo was of Archie dressed as an adolescent page boy, a function he performed for his father in Canada. The sorrow of his death was so great, and his life ended so swiftly, all believed that his ghost haunted Haddo.

Despite Queen Victoria's opinion, the 7th Earl and his wife were favorites of Prime Minister Gladstone. Painter Alfred Edward Emslei put color to canvas and produced a much-on-display painting called Dinner at Haddo depicting Lady Aberdeen chatting with Gladstone at a dinner party in 1884 attended by Gladstone and his successor, the Earl of Rosebery. The 7th Earl served the British Empire for 15 years. He was the crown's senior officer in Canada, where he was governor general from 1893 to 1898, and also in Ireland, where

he served as lord lieutenant and governor general in 1886, and again as viceroy from 1905 to 1915. For this service, King George V in 1916 made the 7th Earl the 1st Marquis of Aberdeen & Temair. Temair was an ancient form of the word Tara, where Irish kings gathered before the 6th century. This was the Gordon family high water mark.

Their attention to good works, however, caused the Aberdeen estate to suffer. The 7th Earl inherited an estate of 75,000 acres, which included a mile of the River Dee and salmon netting rights at its mouth, which was a favored royal fishing spot for the Windsors vacationing at nearby Balmoral. By the time of the 7th Earl's death in 1934, the Aberdeen holdings had shrunk to 15,000 acres.

The grandson of the 1st Marquis was named David, who would become the 4th Marquis. He went to Harrow, the prep school, whose headmaster was a descendant of a French Huguenot immigrant named Boissier. His daughter, June, was a musician. David and June married and they subsequently became the Marquis & Marchioness of Aberdeen & Temair. They began living at Haddo in 1946. He was a landlord, farmer and gentleman, and she pursued her musical career. It was the former June Boissier who was the Lady Aberdeen waiting for our visit. Liam advised that one should call her Lady Aberdeen, not Mrs. Gordon or Mrs. Aberdeen or Your Ladyship.

"She will tell you if you can call her June," Liam explained. "I have known her for six years, and still call her Lady Aberdeen."

Lady Aberdeen is now an 80-year-old widow, who resides in the south wing of Haddo, having been given life use of that section after she and her late husband arranged the donation of Haddo to the Scottish National Trust upon his death in 1974. Lady Aberdeen, it turned out, had become a professional conductor of some standing, as well as a patron of choral, theater and various arts groups in Scotland. The Canadian style theater on Haddo's grounds became a favorite charity. Mobil's patronage of this theater was among the reasons Lady Aberdeen was willing to host my visit.

The Aberdeens had no children of their own but had adopted two girls and two boys. The laws of primogeniture are strict. Upon her husband's death, Lady Aberdeen sought an Act of Parliament to allow the title and lands to pass to her children. The House of Commons, ever the upholder of the British class system, denied her request. In 1974, the title and all receipts from more than 15,000 acres of lands passed first to her husband's brother, then to another brother, and one day will go to the son of David's youngest brother. None of her adopted children will inherit lands or title. Lady Aberdeen cares for her granddaughter, the oldest child of her older daughter. The granddaughter was about 20 and the victim of a childhood brain fever that left her severely retarded. This young woman lived comfortably at Haddo.

When we turned into the entrance to Haddo, we began a two-mile drive

along a very narrow roadway that had room for passing cars only if both went off the road. In the moonlight, I could see the rolling landscape was cultivated and sculptured farmland, broken only by fence lines dividing one crop section from another. We passed a small cottage where a groundskeeper lived. An owl, frozen in our headlights and perched on a brick entry post, quietly surveyed us as we passed by.

Proceeding slowly, we passed through a rear entrance and saw a granite block edifice ahead that looked like a hospital or university dormitory. A lone light was suspended above the large dark door and cast a dim light over the parking area and shrubs nearby. We got out and the silence was complete. The moon lighted the nearly cloudless sky and backlit the huge barren oaks and maple trees. The night was damp, and the fall leaves were clustered in piles here and there as we approached a large wooden barnlike door enclosing an inner courtyard.

Chris and Liam led me through a doorway cut into the barn door. We stepped into a dampened courtyard and approached a two-story granite stairway leading to a very unassuming rear doorway. We walked up and entered as though it were the most natural thing. A great and silent golden retriever greeted us with a wagging tail. As we gathered our baggage through the doorway around us, I heard a greeting from above.

Looking over a second story banister above us was a tall, athletic-looking woman with white hair and thick glasses, extending pleasant welcomes to Chris and Liam, whom, it turned out, she had known for many years. We deposited our bags in bedrooms off a long hall and I entered what turned out to be a family tour of Scottish shadows.

IV. BACKGROUND: EAST ANGLIANS

That night as I lay in bed, I anticipated not only my visit here in Scotland, but a planned trip to East Anglia in England later. To put the visit to Scotland in better context, I want to jog this chronological narrative a bit and tell about the East Anglia visit first.

The last time I was in the U.K. I went to Banbury in Oxfordshire, the hometown of ancestors named Betts and Boardman, and which I also suspected had been the home territory for John Savage. These English immigrants arrived in New England during the Great Migration between 1630 and 1641. Finding out the few historical details I could about Banbury during the English Civil War and some information from wills, deeds and the like about these ancestors set me on a new course in research.

Among the helpful volumes I tracked down was *Albion's Seed: Four British Folkways in America* by David Hackett Fischer, published in 1989 by Oxford University Press. In his book, Fischer demonstrated that there were four distinct migrations of British to America. Fischer argued that though all

four groups were English speaking, they were very different people; from different social, religious and economic environments. The four groups were 1) the Puritans who came to New England, 2) the Quakers who migrated to Philadelphia and the Delaware River Valley, 3) the Anglicans from Southern England who settled Virginia, and 4) the Borderers, who were peoples from Scotland, the North of England and the North of Ireland, who settled in pockets of New England, in the Appalachian Ridge from New Hampshire to Georgia and in the emerging communities of the American frontier.

Fischer demonstrated that the folkways of these four British groups established the initial cultural patterns for the English speaking community in America to which all subsequent immigrants would adapt as American, no matter what country their ancestors came from. In fact, much of American history can be viewed as the interaction of these cultures with each other and their evolution, separately and together.

What interested me were the first and fourth groups as the origin people of my mother's parents, Willis Isaac Savage, the descendant of Puritans, and his wife, Louisa Close Howard, who considered herself Scotch-Irish. Before my trip to Scotland this time, I did some homework.

I knew the ancestors of Willis Savage came to New England during the period historians call the Great Puritan Migration between 1630 and 1641. During a trip to the U.K. the previous year, I had hunted up Banbury, near the Three-Shire Stone joining Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, and Northamptonshire, the hometown of some of Willis Savage's ancestors. But my subsequent research turned up the fact that most of New England's Puritans didn't come from the Oxford area but from that part of England called East Anglia.

East Anglia comprises about 7,000 square miles, or about 8 percent of Britain, and is located north and east of London in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Lincolnshire, and parts of Bedfordshire and Kent. For more than 1,000 years, the sea had exposed East Anglians to raiders and invaders, who, in their time, were the Viking Danes, Germanic Angles, Jutes from Denmark, or Dunkirkers from France. These invaders, besides murdering, stealing and raping, also settled with their ways. Overland communication with the rest of Britain was hard and travel dangerous. However, the sea linked East Anglia, Kent and Lincolnshire with each other and also with the Netherlands. This region developed special trading relations and also a common culture and religious outlook. East Anglia, like other parts of Britain, developed its own culture, speech and character. East Anglians were more like each other than the rest of Britain. Linguists trace New England's twang to East Anglia, for example. New England architecture originated in East Anglia.

The Protestant Reformation of the 16th century flourished in East Anglia, and the area was a major center of resistance to King Charles 1. The years

1630-41, the period Whig historians call the "11 years tyranny," was a time of economic depression and epidemic disease, when political and religious ferment created great social uncertainty. East Anglia's political character manifested itself in rebellion and a religious life marked by Puritan dissent. During the Civil War itself, East Anglia closely matched the Parliament support area called the Eastern Association, which had its headquarters in Cambridge. Oliver Cromwell, an East Anglian, made Cambridge, which he represented in Parliament, his base during the war.

At the time, East Anglia was a densely settled, highly urbanized section of England. In 1630, the East Anglian city of Norwich was England's second largest city, whose population had grown 300 percent in the preceding 50 years. The region was dotted with small seaports and market towns. In 1600, there were some 130 little ports on the coast of Essex alone. In 1630, half of the adults of Essex were employed in the cloth trade. Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge and Kent were major textile centers, specializing in the manufacture of light woolens favored in southern Europe. Known as "Suffolk shortcloths" these garments were considered luxurious and were worn by the elite of the Western world. Ideas and goods were traded with the Netherlands, which was a center of religious tolerance as well as commerce.

The soil of East Anglia was poor, but the farmers used the latest techniques to produce harvests. With a regime of mixed farming, East Anglia supplied food for urban markets and wool for local weavers. But in the years leading up to English Civil War, the area's economic depression was compounded by wars with Spain from 1625 to 1630 and with France from 1627 to 1629. At the same time, the corn crop in 1629 failed, and out-of-work weavers and farmers crowded cities and towns pleading with authorities for work.

East Anglia's religious traditions and the proximity of Cambridge University and its intellectual fervor galvanized local dissent. During the Great Migration more than half of the 129 university-trained ministers who went to New England had once lived in East Anglia. Furthermore, more than three-quarters of New England's college-trained ministers and magistrates were born, bred, schooled, married or employed for long periods in the seven counties of East Anglia. Nearly half of these ministers went to three of Cambridge's colleges, Emmanuel, Magdalene and Trinity, with one-third from Emmanuel College. Rev. Thomas Hooker, leader of the emigrants who founded Hartford, was an Emmanuel graduate.

When looking at the religion of these emigrants from today's vantage point, one must stand back in awe. New England Puritans were Calvinists whose views revolved around five basic ideas: depravity, covenant, election, grace and love. The concept of depravity was that man was by nature corrupt, a consequence of original sin. As a result, a Puritan knew that evil was a presence on earth and there was no horror that man could not commit.

The universe was nothing but a struggle between dark and light. In Genesis, however, God had struck a covenant with Abraham, offering man salvation. Salvation required no preconditions but many obligations, which consisted of a web of contracts and agreements between mankind and Providence. Calvin believed that Christ did not die for all humanity, however, only a chosen few (the elect) who would be admitted to the divine covenant. Under Calvin's doctrine, deciding who was among the elect was the mixed work of man and God, which today looks to have been an imprecise selection process administered by the congregation, divine revelation, recognition for demonstrated good behavior and other somewhat vague criteria. For the elect and those who aspired to the position, the believer held firmly to the phenomenon of grace, an emotion from the heart, which was unconditional, irresistible and inexorable. This was an emotion so clear its origin could only be a connection between the soul of the believer and God. Grace gave the believer a sense of spiritual freedom, often called "soul liberty." The central tenant of love held that salvation was only possible by God's love; because man was so depraved and unworthy, God's love had to be all merciful, unknowable and infinite.

The demographics show East Anglia emigrants to be more family centered, better educated and more urban than their English countrymen. In general, the New England immigrants had occupied the middling strata of English society and arrived as part of family households. Women had standing in East Anglia. In a community where the practice of religion was central to the culture, records of church membership show that most members in New England (the elect) were women. In the population itself, however, the ratio of men to women was 150 to 100. Only 11 percent of Winthrop's original fleet were identified as gentlemen, and less than 5 percent were listed as laborers. Most were craftsmen, yeoman, husbandmen, artisans, merchants and traders. One-third came from small market towns, one-third from large towns (a much greater proportion than the English population as whole), and less than 30 percent from manorial villages. To illustrate the relative wealth of the emigrant group, records indicate that nearly 75 percent paid their own way, and only 25 percent traveled with servants. The price of a third-class passage was 50 pounds, with 60 to 80 pounds for minimal comforts. At the time the typical English yeoman earned 40 pounds a year, while a husbandman would gross 20 pounds a year, saving only 3 to 4 pounds after expenses. Nearly two-thirds of the emigrant men could sign their name, while in England at that time only one-third could do so.

In the period before the English Civil War, some 80,000 people fled England. New England accounted for only one-quarter of the migrants. Another 20,000 went to Ireland, 20,000 to the Netherlands or the Rhineland in Europe, and another 20,000 to tropical trading islands in the Caribbean,

such as Barbados, Nevis and St. Kitts in the West Indies, or Old Providence Island off Nicaragua. In 1630, the first year of the Great Migration, 17 ships sailed to Massachusetts. During the next decade, an estimated 200 emigrant ships made the crossing, each vessel carrying 100 passengers, with the migration slowing to a trickle in 1641 as the Civil War improved prospects for Puritans at home.

These 20,000 migrants were the stock for the Yankee population of New England. They multiplied rapidly. By 1700, the Puritan defendants numbered about 100,000, a century later about one million, and a century after that (1900) about six million. Among those Americans at the turn of the century was a 20-year-old farmer named Willis Isaac Savage, who had been born March 27, 1880, and virtually all of whose ancestors came to New England in that wave of Puritans between 1630 and 1641.

V. A CUSTOM TOUR OF EAST ANGLIA

With this information buzzing in my head, I put to use my free day Sunday, November 8, and followed my nose to East Anglia. My research showed that my targets were the hometowns of three of my grandfather's ancestors: Chelmsford, Essex, where *John White* was born; Combs, Suffolk, where *Elinor Lockwood Knapp* was born; and Elmdon, Essex, where *William Mead* was born.

I got a road map, hired a car and guide and set out on what my companion said he would log as the Collins Custom Tour of East Anglia, which might not be wanted by anyone else ever again, but which was what I had in mind nonetheless. Because of the distance I wanted to cover, I only had time that day to make a quick drive through these East Anglian places. Longer, more lingering visits would have to wait for another time.

Whatever East Anglia looked like three and a half centuries ago, today it is under siege by the urban colossus of London and the modern world. Within miles outside of London, you enter traditional East Anglia to find the terrain more like Jersey City or Queens than the bucolic marshlands and canals envisioned from the readings about the Puritans' East Anglia. The area is dominated by warehouses, highways, train tracks and the like, and commuter apartment buildings.

We arrived in Chelmsford after a 45-minute drive over flat urbanized terrain on what could have been a stretch of the Long Island Expressway through Queens and Nassau. Chelmford turned out to be a tired, mature city of 100,000 not unlike many in the New York metro region, say, Yonkers or White Plains. It is dominated by highways and transit interchanges, commuter apartment buildings and townhouses, and possesses a downtown with some less than memorable office buildings alongside very old churches or municipal buildings. Chelmsford, the county seat of Essex, is the administra-

tive center for many religious groups, such as the Anglican Church, which has this part of Essex under the domain of the Chelmsford Diocese. I looked at my notes and realized that John White was born in 1600 near Chelmsford. Roaming around the city I realized that his birthplace could be anywhere in the Essex countryside.

In John White's day, Chelmsford was the home of Rev. Thomas Hooker, who taught school and preached at Chelmsford's St. Mary's Church. Hooker, a graduate of Cambridge University's Emmanuel College, 30 miles away, was among the day's most fervent and eloquent Puritan divines and associated with other Puritan ministries from nearby Braintree and Bocking. John White was a follower of Hooker.

That in mind, we set off for the town of Braintree, 10 miles away. The distance between Chelmsford and Braintree is like Tysons and Vienna, or Guilford and Madison, or Berlin and Middletown. Bocking, which as it turned out could easily be called a section of Braintree, was the home of Elder William Goodwin, one of Rev. Hooker's most important congregants. Historical material I had from the States treated Braintree and Bocking as separate and distinct. To the eye today, they are the same community. Situated along the River Blackwater, Braintree, recalling East Anglia's weavers past, remains a silk and textile center. The town's center features prosperous masonry used on several new housing developments near a silk factory and museum along the river.

Braintree commands a special place in Connecticut history because it gave its name to the emigrant company founded by Hooker and his key lieutenants, Rev. Samuel Stone, a Puritan minister originally from Hertford, 25 miles away, and Elder William Goodwin. In the late 1620s Hooker organized the Braintree Company to consider settling in the New World. Persecuted by Anglian authorities, Rev. Hooker was forced to flee to Holland, leaving Elder Goodwin to pursue emigration.

As it happened, in 1632, Elder Goodman, acting on behalf of Rev. Hooker's Braintree Company, hired Captain Pierce and the ship Lyon to carry the congregation to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. On June 22, John White, his wife Mary, their son Nathaniel, and one other child boarded the Lyon with 119 others. All told, the passengers included 33 men, 40 women and 50 children. The Lyon arrived in Boston on September 16, 1632. The Braintree Company first settled in what is now called Braintree, Massachusetts, but was soon ordered to relocate to what is now Cambridge. John White settled in 1633 on land that is now part of Harvard's campus. Rev. Hooker and Rev. Stone joined the congregation that year. In February 1635, John White was chosen one of the congregation's seven selectmen. In 1636 divisions between Rev. Hooker and the Massachusetts authorities caused the Braintree emigrants to move south to an area the Pequots called Quinnetiquet, the "land along the

wide river" and establish Hartford and the municipal government that evolved into Connecticut.

Driving now along these roads, I imagined in my mind's eye John White, a young man in his mid-20s walking or riding between Chelmsford and Braintree during the 1620s to hear Rev. Hooker, Rev. Stone and Elder Goodwin discuss religious matters and emigration plans. Was his ghost watching me in these musings? John White, who later became an elder in the Hartford communion and became one of Hooker's senior organizers, was born in these parts. Could these young religious dissenters have known that their efforts would lead to a society whose people presumed it their natural duty to actively pursue the demise of evil in the world?

After we left Chelmsford, Braintree and Bocking, we found our way on village roads. The terrain turned rural. East Anglia, despite easy access to London and relatively unfamiliar to today's tourists, had been a region of major importance in ancient and medieval times. But East Anglia was bypassed by the Industrial Revolution and has remained a backwater ever since. This backwater quality today is part of East Anglia's charm. It has preserved much of its cultural character and landscape. The terrain is open and flat, with long vistas of land broken into well-cultivated farm sections and the occasional small village at a crossroads. In parts you could think you were riding along the Cape Cod coast. The marshes are divided by canals and narrow farm roads. The occasional windmill, reminiscent of Holland a few miles across the water, dots the horizon. Many homes still have elaborate thatched roofs and half-timbered sides with white plaster. The place names in East Anglia (Boston, Norwich, Ipswich, Brockton, Braintree, Sunbury, Cambridge and dozens more) are familiar to any New Englander.

We drove along A131 to Halstead and then Sunbury, small towns along waterways, where the remains of factories, weavers' mills and warehouses lined the main streets and rivers. The map showed that if we took a road B1115 to Bildeston and then B1078 we could get to Combs near the town of Stowmarket, another weavers and market town, located on the River Gipping. We crossed the county border from Essex into Suffolk and followed the small road signs toward Combs. The signs led us to a section about two miles from the center of Stowmarket beyond some postwar attached row homes that had been built on top of a hill. Over the rise of the hill were pasturelands and fences below, and in the distance a lone church, Combs.

We drove along a farm road more suitable for tractors than tourists and came upon the sign in front of St. Mary's Chapel, Parish of Combs. The village, or what might have been a village, was gone. The chapel was the centerpiece to a graveyard, with stones over the last 200 years the only ones visible.

The only life in Combs of the 20th century were the row houses several hundred yards away, whose construction showed complete indifference to the community that might have once surrounded this lonely church more than three centuries ago.

Nicholas Knapp, a weaver, was born near Essex in 1605, and had married Elinor Lockwood, a daughter of Edmund Lockwood of this vanished community called Combs. Nicholas and Elinor, and her father and perhaps brother, were among the first of the East Anglian emigrants. In 1630, a lawyer from Suffolk named John Winthrop organized a fleet of 17 ships to carry emigrants to the Shawmut Peninsula, now Boston. The Knapp/Lockwood family made the crossing with Winthrop and settled with the congregation of a gentleman named Sir Richard Saltonstall, which was established in Watertown on July 30, 1630. Saltonstall had accompanied the crossing with Winthrop on the ship Arabella, named after its most distinguished passenger Lady Arabella Fiennes, sister of the Earl of Lincoln, who was making the crossing with her brother Charles Fiennes and her husband Isaac Johnson, a wealthy landowner from Rutland County.

Were Nicholas Knapp and his family among this distinguished company? If so, only as a weavers family, one of the many yeomen, artisans, and husbandmen who made the crossing that year. Indeed, Nicholas may not have been much of a Puritan, either. Records in Boston indicate that on March 1, 1631, the Massachusetts General Court accused Nicholas of "taking upon him to cure the scurvy by a water with no worth nor value which he sold at a very dear rate." The court ordered Nicholas whipped and jailed until he paid a fine of five pounds. Apparently the sentence was reduced when Nicholas's father-in-law, Edmund Lockwood, paid the court three pounds. Since no one had complained about the water and in fact some said it had helped treat their ailments, the remaining fine was dropped and Nicholas set free.

Within five years Nicholas owned 30 acres and, by 1638, nearly 200 acres. In 1646, he sold everything and set out for Connecticut, where he lived in Wethersfield for two years. In 1648 he was among the original purchasers and proprietors of Stamford. Nicholas and Elinor had nine children.

My journey through East Anglia turned west along the N-Highway through a town called Bury St. Edmunds, where we took a few moments to drive near the ancient Norman Abbey, now a ruin, where on November 20, 1214, 25 barons met with the Archbishop of Canterbury and swore they would compel King John to recognize their Charter of Liberties, the opening round in the long struggle in our civilization for civil rights. Next year, these same barons compelled King John at Runnymede to sign the Magna Carta. The abbey, with huge stonewalls in various stages of ruin, occupied a city block. Inside these walls were fallen stones and a huge green grass park in which tourists now walk.

It was the middle of the afternoon. Time pressure forced me to keep the trip through Cambridge short, but I was able to inspect Kings, Trinity and Queens Colleges along the main River Cam and also Queen's Road, King's Parade, and St. Andrew's Road. My target in Cambridge this day was more modest. It was Emmanuel College, which I found situated off the main college area among other schools called Christ's College, Sidney Sussex College and Magdalene College. In pre-Civil War England, Emmanuel was a centerpiece of East Anglian religious dissent, and the intellectual home for many Puritan ministers who would guide the early development of New England. It was a three-story edifice, with a black iron gate crossing its entry driveway and revealing a lush green court yard inside. But this was not the main stream on campus. The glory in town clearly belonged to Kings, Trinity and Queens Colleges, which had majesty and heft as part of their presence. Emmanuel, now relatively small and square, appeared unassuming here in the Cambridge backwater, an out-of-the-way institution in which America's first leaders learned what is right and what is wrong.

My last stop was Elmdon, a village of 300 located 10 miles south of Cambridge just off the M11. Elmdon, unlike Combs, had a few homes surrounding the church, which was named St. Nicolas Church of Elmdon, a flint covered Victorian edifice on top of the hill at the intersection of three farm roads in the village center. St. Nicolas was organized in 1325. Elmdon is now inhabited by farmers and Cambridge and London professionals, and is the village center for a farm community that surrounds the village. William Mead was born in Elmdon in 1600 and married there in 1625. His son, John Mead, was also born in Elmdon a few years later. The posting inside St. Nicholas Church identified Thomas Gardener as the vicar in William Mead's day.

In April 1635, William and his wife and young son boarded the ship Elizabeth under the command of Captain Stagg at the port town of Lydd, in Kent. Records show there was another Mead aboard, Goodman Mead, perhaps William's brother. The title Goodman was used in those days to denote a person of respect, perhaps a yeoman, artisan, or person of means. William Mead and family moved south to Wethersfield, which had been founded in 1634 and where in 1641 William Mead joined Nicholas Knapp and others as the original purchasers and proprietors of land in Stamford.

When I got out of the car at the crossroads in front of the church, a man in his early 50s was walking his dog in front of a home, which a small sign identified as The Old Vicarage. His rumpled clothes were well made but possessed a once professional air. His wavy gray hair was mussed. His slacks were worn, and oxford cloth dress shirt was open at the collar and sleeves rolled up halfway. When he saw me get out of the car, he walked over to me with an expression of anticipation, as though I were going to ask for help.

I introduced myself and said I was from America and that I was here because an ancestor of mine was from Elmdon. Well, this was greeted with delight. He said his name was Don Hunter and insisted that I come in for tea and chat. His home, The Old Vicarage, akin to many an old buildings, had uneven floors and doorways. The building had the ambiance of a converted barn. Inside the decor was very rough stone, unpainted wood beams and with worn furniture that would not lie even on the stone and brick floor. We sat in the kitchen where he prepared and served tea and biscuits. He was helpful and eager to assist. It turned out there wasn't much to learn. He didn't know much personally because he and his wife had lived in town only 11 years, and despite his best efforts he was unable to raise the local historian on the phone. He got out some local history books from his home library, but these volumes began in the 19th century and none of the family names listed in the volumes were familiar. What did look familiar were the photos. They showed Elmdon people at harvest time, working with livestock and conducting other farm chores. They could have been taken at any New England farm.

Hunter was eager to chat about American politics, the Clinton election, and his years in New Jersey with a computer firm. He is now a consultant on software maintenance and commutes. Within 20 minutes his wife returned home from work and after a pleasant chat it was time to leave. On the steps we said our goodbyes.

"This is so exciting," Mrs. Hunter said. "An American here looking for his ancestors! I'm going to have to tell the Parish Council! One doesn't think of this here, does one? I mean, this is more something the Irish do."

VI. BORDERERS

Returning this narrative back to Scotland, I should say that while there, when not occupied by work chores, I tried to piece together the evidence at hand with what I had learned about the history of the Scotch-Irish and the family of my grandmother, Louisa Close Howard, who in 1913 had married Willis Isaac Savage, the son of Puritans.

The book on the four phases of British immigration explained that the Scotch-Irish could also be called Borderers. The label Scotch-Irish used in the U.S. is more a term of art than a description of any precise ethnic identity. In 18th century writings, Americans used the term Scotch-Irish to label the Scot, Northern Irish and Northern English settlers to distinguish them from earlier English immigrants, or from the Dutch or Germans. Later in the mid-19th century the term Scotch-Irish became important as a way to distinguish these immigrants or their ancestors from the Irish Catholics who were arriving during the potato famine in the late 1840s and 1850s. The famine Irish were more often ignorant and poor. In contrast to earlier emigrants from Ireland, be they English, Irish or Scots, the famine Irish were predominately

Catholic and once in America were quickly relegated to society's lower orders and treated accordingly.

Notwithstanding the desire to be considered distinct from the famine Irish, the so-called Scotch-Irish were in fact any combination of Irish, Anglo-Irish, Anglo-Scots, Angle, Scot, or English Borderers. Some came directly from Scotland and never set foot in Ireland. Other Scotch-Irish were English settlers in Ireland who had never been in Scotland. Others were from the Northern England near the Scottish border and had never set foot in either Ireland or Scotland.

What the Scotch-Irish Borderers shared was a cultural link. If you look at a map of England, Scotland and Ireland you will see that around the Irish Sea between the two islands are several key counties: Ayr, Dumfries and Wigown in Scotland, Cumberland and Westmoreland in England, and Derry, Antrim and Down in Ireland. This area and its people were in fact part of a single region, much the same way East Anglians were linked to each other and the Netherlands by sea travel, commerce and war. For centuries, the Celtic people from Ireland moved into Scotland, and the people of Scotland came to Ireland in return. Much of this movement was war, some was trade and in time links between families. There was also trade with the people of Northern England as well, not only to Ireland but also to Scotland.

In the ethnic subsoil of the land surrounding the Irish Sea, the identities of these peoples are pressed down by the each other's weight. There were Celts, Angles, Vikings, Picts, Scots, Britons, Danes, Saxons and Normans. The soils of genetic archaeology are blended layers of peoples and tribes. Who can correctly tell which dominates, which is the true origin people?

It is easier to look at the common culture of those surrounding the Irish Sea who called themselves English, Scot or Irish. What they shared in common was residence in population centers whose common history for 1,000 years had been political turmoil, extraordinarily bloody violence, continuing threat of war, remote political authority, and migration, war and marriage with each other.

Three thousand years before Christ, Celtic flint users came from Ireland to Kintyre and established a Celtic clan civilization that would last well into the 18th century. Others invaders came to the North from Norway. Romans had pushed north into Scotland and fought with inhabitants in the 1st century AD. In the 4th century as Scot, Frank and Saxon raided the southern coast of Britain, a people called Picts, whose origins are unknown, invaded from the north. These continuing invasions left the people a legacy of wars, treachery, rape, villainy and other assorted episodes of bloodlust. Though the details are known only to ghosts, their echoes made sure that violent bloodletting would continue for 1,000 years.

As the northern peoples evolved into Scots and the southern into

English, the borders between the two was a focus of continuing dispute. Neither side could agree where the border was. From 1040 to 1745, every English monarch except three faced a Scot invasion from the north or invaded Scotland in return. The borderlands between Scotland and England were a slaughterhouse. A reading of Scottish history describes a story of unending greed, pride, betrayal and butchery. That any civilization could survive in this border area is beyond reckoning. In fact, the civilization that did survive was clannish, anti-authoritarian, primitive and violent. The Scotch-Irish Borders were reduced by history and habits to a people of impatience, simplicity and directness. The people, whose social structures never lasted long enough to provide useful social glue, grew to trust no organization, authority or institution. What they trusted was the moment, the people nearby and little else.

North of the Borders the land swept from a Lowland plains into hills and mountains called Highlands. In these Highlands and the glens between, a distinct Celtic culture remained. Apart from the Border culture, the lasting division between the Scots people was between Highlanders of the upper hills and mountains and Lowlanders of the valleys below leading to the coastal plain along the North Sea. Highlanders were people most closely related to the Celts of Ireland, with whom they shared blood and culture. Celtic society was tribal, with clan and family ties being the bond between leader and led. Though blood ties might be slight, clan allegiance was tenacious. In a clan alliance, with origins in the myths of a clan's prehistory, a person could easily make his spiritual bond with the origins of time. The clan leader was your father, and he was responsible and in exchange for protection and land to work, you owed him service in clan wars. Under Celtic society, your life today had meaning as part of an everlasting continuum. The unwritten laws of the Celts were passed down by the brehon, the community's wise man, storyteller and judge. Such a bond enabled the ruled to give his life for the clan ruler, secure in the knowledge that in doing so a follower ensured his memory, confident that those he left behind would remain within the comforting fold of the clan forever.

In contrast to the Scots of the Highlands, little of the Celtic society lasted past the 12th century for the house-holding Scots of the Lowlands. The continuous invasions, wars and other influence of the Angles, Saxons and Normans had created a feudal society, more like England, with its Norman councils of great men advising on the rule of a kingdom. The bond between ruler and ruled was more like a contract, open to non-family members, based on exchange of goods and pledges, promises of benefits given or denied. Social intercourse was more free of history and family burdens. Action and innovation among diverse peoples was possible when organized for a purpose.

VII. TO CULLODEN

On Friday I had a free day before the evening's events. During a congenial breakfast of boiled eggs, toast and coffee, Lady Aberdeen and Liam patiently listened to my description of various hunts for ancestors in America, Ireland and England.

"You must see Culloden," Lady Aberdeen said immediately.

The ride, it turned out, would be three hours each way and I should have plenty of time to tour the area and see the countryside before my duties required me to be back. With a few instructions I was off. I first followed the B9170 to Oldmeldrum, then the A920 to Colpy, where I joined the main road A96, a fast two-lane highway that took me through towns named Huntly, Keith, and Fochabers, across the Spey River along the northern coast bordering a wide blue bay with the melodious name of Moray Firth. I drove through Elgin and Forres and crossed into the Highlands. I went through Nairn and just before Inverness, turned left off A96 and climbed high ground toward the boggy moor at Culloden, where Scots lost control of their destiny forever.

To understand the importance of Culloden, envision a world in which power is vested in royalty whose rights are secured in war's blood. In Britain, after centuries of royals at war, the royal houses of England and Scotland were joined into one in 1603 in the person of Scotland's King James VI, a Stuart and the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and nephew of England's Queen Elizabeth I, the Tudor, who died without an heir. Under the rules of primogeniture and royal right of succession, James VI of Scotland became James I of England in 1603.

The Reformation was sufficiently in force so that Protestant fervor hindered any Catholic instincts that might have come with the Stuart line. But James I's son, Charles I, as king, would lose his head in 1649 owing to his lack of tact in the face of rising powers of a Puritan Parliament and his subsequent failures in the English Civil War.

Scotland, however, remained loyal to the House of Stuart. Scots crowned Charles II King at Scone in 1651. Charles II remained Scotland's king throughout the Cromwell era, and, after the Restoration, of England, too. When Charles II's brother James VII came to throne in 1685, Scotland stayed loyal. However, this Stuart, like his uncle, was not sufficiently Protestant to suit his English subjects. It was around this James, II of England and VII of Scotland, that the revolutionary worlds of England, Scotland and Ireland would turn.

James II did not have the trust and support of the English nobility who were the true rulers of their time. When James II's wife gave birth to a son, ensuring a Catholic dynasty for England's royal family, England's leaders said no. James II fled Britain in 1688 and tried to mount an armed return from Ireland where, on July 1, 1690, his forces were defeated in the Battle of the

Boyne, which Ireland today marks as a dark turning point in its history.

King James II's conqueror was his son-in-law and nephew, an aloof asthmatic homosexual from the Netherlands named William of Orange, who was the son of James's sister, Mary I, and also married to James's daughter, Mary II. With King James II having lost the support of Parliament, Commons invited his daughter, Mary II, to become queen to replace her father. Parliament said it was okay for her to bring along her husband, William of Orange. William brought an army with him to England to make sure Commons kept its promise.

How the royals stole power from each other is still is a matter in dispute. Later that week in the *Sunday Telegraph*, I read a review of a learned book entitled "The Anglo-Dutch Moment," published by Cambridge University Press, in which the author, Professor Jonathan Israel of London University, claimed that the so-called Glorious Revolution of 1688 was in fact a Dutch conspiracy to take over Britain.

The professor's research of Dutch archives established that the expulsion of James II and installation of William and Mary as king and queen was manipulated by the Dutch to bring Britain into a war against France, the Netherlands' enemy. Parliament, far from directing the action to take the crown from James II, was in effect acting at the will of Dutch army, which was brought as William's guard, and in effect occupied London for 18 months.

Prof. Israel said the Whig Parliament later invented the cover story that Parliament had invited William of Orange to England in his personal capacity as husband of Princess Mary, the heir to the throne. The Whigs argued that William came with a small private army and on British terms. When James II fled the country in 1688, the British Parliament freely voted to depose him and put William in his place, this cover story goes. But, the book claimed, evidence showed this to be nonsense. Sure, William's arrival was popular with the British people at the time, but they didn't want William as king. To underscore his argument, Prof. Israel pointed out that within a year of William's installation, two-thirds of the British army had been committed overseas, and taxes had been raised 400 percent. Furthermore, the argument that it was inevitable that Parliament's role should be expanded and the royals' reduced was more an unintended accident. William's war in Europe kept him out of London and unable to check the rise of Commons.

Regardless of these disputes, the end of the English Civil War, the conquest of James II in Ireland in 1690 in the so-called Glorious Revolution which brought William and Mary to the throne had the effect of elevating parliamentary democracy in England and increasing autonomy from Rome. At the same time, however, the persecution of Highland Scots who remained loyal to the House of Stuart intensified.

The Scots' loyalty was less due to religion than to the Celtic links with the

past, the nature of clan leadership, the import of promises made and kept, and also a continuing hostility toward being told what to do by the people of the south. Throughout the rule of William and Mary, the Stuart loyalists, called Jacobites after the Latin word Jacobus for James, never gave up. But the crown stayed safely in the hands of Protestant rulers. Mary died in 1694, and after William died in a fall from a horse in 1702, Mary's sister, Anne, assumed the crown. Queen Anne ruled for a decade. Upon her death in 1714 the crown passed to George I, a German who was a great-grandson of James VI of Scotland and I of England. George I's mother, Sophia of Celle, was James I's granddaughter and a first cousin of the deposed James VII and II. She had married Ernest Augustus, elector of Hanover, and their son, George, had enough English royal blood to suit Parliament. England's Protestant leaders preferred this German Hanover line to the Catholic Stuart line.

After his defeat at the Battle of the Boyne, James II remained in exile in France, a frustrated claimant to the English throne. Throughout, both France and Spain, Catholic and eager to counter Protestant England, exploited the situation, offering James II financing, moral support and occasional encouragement to return to his rightful place in England. In Scotland and England, meanwhile, Jacobites staged repeated rebellions. Also in Scotland, the Celtic Highland clans, who never adhered to the Norman feudal system of command, remained loyal to family tribe and kin and never accepted English rule. Jacobite rebellions persisted and the dreams of the banished but rightful king who would return was a persistent mythic theme among the people.

When James II died in France in 1701, King Louis proclaimed his 13-year-old son King James VIII of Scotland and III of England. Known as the "Old Pretender" this Stuart made a career of wandering the courts of Europe seeking support. France and Spain continued to offer the Jacobites help in staging various rebellions and invasions. Once in 1708, James, now 20 years old, tried to land in Scotland with a force of 6,000 French troops in 30 vessels. This plan was foiled when blocked by a superior English naval force. In 1715, James tried again, landing with a force of 10,000 at Peterhead in Scotland. After failing to win any battlefield victory, James fled the next year, leaving the country to King George I.

These invasions and the multiple Jacobite rebellions brought greater retribution along the Scottish borders area and for the Highland clans. These included mass executions, exile and abolition of Scottish titles. At the same time, English civil engineers constructed 260 miles of road into the Highlands and more than 40 bridges over rivers and fords to gain access to the clan strongholds and maintain order. Along the way, some clans became loyal to the English crown and many Highlanders, whether for gold, glory or revenge, enlisted as warriors for England against the remaining Celtic clans.

Queen Anne, meanwhile, oversaw the Act of Union between England

and Scotland in 1706, which had disastrous consequences for Scotland. The English Parliament, which considered Scottish loyalty bought and paid for, treated Scotland like a second-class member of the union. Scottish will to resist, however, at a low point. A plantation venture in the New World at Darien, in today's Central America, had failed, bankrupting investors and sapping confidence. Under the Union with England, the value of land changed, making it more beneficial for a landlord to institute agriculture, and raise beef and sheep. The people were now a burden. England and Scotland clearance policy not only dispossessed the people, it destroyed communities and families. The clearance program also put Scotland into the emigration business.

This was the backdrop for the final Jacobite rebellion. James III's son, Charles Edward Stuart, had been born in Rome and raised to believe he was the true heir, destined to be King Charles III. In the summer of 1745, so-called "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and a band of warriors from the Continent and Ireland landed in Scotland and began to solicit support from the Highland Clan chiefs for an assault to retake the crown. Some clans wanted no part of the young prince's scheme and told him to go home. "I am come home, sir," replied the prince.

In August, at a ceremony at Glenfinnan, Prince Charlie proclaimed his father King James VIII and III and himself as regent. He gathered a force of 1,200, most of them Camerons, and the rest MacDonalds of Kippoch. Gathering more support as he moved east, Prince Charlie's forces marched into Edinburgh nearly unopposed where on September 17 he occupied the Palace of Holyroodhouse, home of his Stuart ancestors. An English government army meanwhile came to Edinburgh to resist the Jacobites, but at the Battle of Prestonpans, on September 21, the Jacobites routed the English force in 10 minutes. Now ruler of Scotland, Prince Charlie wanted more. In November he marched his army toward London. By November 16, the city of Carlisle in Cumberland had surrendered. The Jacobites reached Manchester on November 28 and Derby on December 4. But the advance was flawed; leaders argued and 1,000 Highlanders quit, returning home to their glens. Meanwhile, three English armies were gathering. On December 6, now just 127 miles from London, Prince Charlie decided it was better to retreat to friendlier ground. Dispirited, the Jacobites made the long walk back to Scotland, reaching Glasgow on Christmas and eventually north to Inverness where the army spent the winter.

Meanwhile, an English force, led by King George's second son, the Duke of Cumberland, landed at Aberdeen. Though obese and not yet 25, the duke was an experienced combat commander. His force of 9,000 included 5,000 Hessians. In April, the duke left Aberdeen in pursuit of the Jacobites.

Anticipating the English force, the Jacobites left their supplies in Inverness

and camped on a flat moor called Drumoissie, where one of Prince Charlie's misguided commanders believed the Highlanders should meet the English army. Seeing the army hungry and cold, another of the prince's commanders suggested a surprise attack on the evening of April 15 on the Hanoverian army in Nairn nearby, where it would be drunk after celebrating the Duke of Cumberland's 25th birthday. A night attack played to Highlander strength of independent single combat, but the Jacobites couldn't move quickly enough to stage the attack. Daybreak forced them to call off the surprise.

In the early morning of April 16, 1746, Prince Charlie ordered his tired and hungry force of 5,000 to draw up; those on foot in two lines, cavalry in the rear, and his artillery (13 guns) in three batteries on the right, left and center of the front line. His force was still not at full complement, with many off in search of food and others asleep exhausted. Across from the Jacobite army, the Duke of Cumberland's force of 9,000, including 6,400 infantry and 2,400 cavalry, drew up in two lines. Included in the government order of battle were 15 regiments of 400 men, 800 mounted dragoons, and artillery of 10 three-pounder guns and six mortars.

At 11:00 a.m. the armies drew within sight of each other. The clansmen at Culloden, dressed in tartans and wearing a white cockade in their caps, came from the clans Cameron, Drummond, Fraser, Gordon, MacDonald, MacDonnell, MacGregor, MacIntrye, MacKinnon, Mackenzie, Murray, and MacLachlan, to name a few. They faced a force nearly twice their size, better armed and rested. Though the Jacobites' artillery fired first, Cumberland's gunners returned fire with 10 three-pounder guns in pairs in the front line and with mortars. This volley hit with devastating effect. The first barrage opened huge holes in the Highland ranks. The Highland order to charge was delayed and then unheard. The men waited as repeated artillery swept through their ranks. When the order to charge was finally given it was too late. Now it was charge and attack on their own as they could. What was left was slaughter.

The battle lasted less than an hour. It was a total rout. Cumberland's soldiers took no prisoners, killing the wounded where they lay. Scots warriors who had crawled near a well to treat their wounds were slain, their blood turning the well water red. The duke would have no witnesses. Civilians who gathered on the outskirts to witness the battle were chased down and killed. Dragoons rode along the road to Inverness packed with fugitives and killed all they found, fleeing clansmen and bystanders, women and children alike. Government soldiers rode through the nearby villages, inspecting homes to find any Highlanders who may have slipped away. Those found were killed with their protectors.

Prince Charlie and some of his commanders escaped. The young Stuart was hidden by a 24-year-old woman named Flora MacDonald, who dressed the prince as her maid and led him to safety. Prince Charlie escaped to Europe

where he lived out his life, broken in defeat, his cause lost. He became a drunken wife beater. The Highlanders' dreams and Jacobite spirit lived only in tales and prayers. Culloden was the last armed combat between British combatants. The Jacobite challenge to Hanoverian rule ended.

In arriving at this place called Culloden, I proceeded along a narrow road up a hill, passing through a modest residential neighborhood. After cutting through a stand of pine, the road broke into a clearing at the crest where the terrain became flat and stretched ahead of me at the slightest incline over the next mile or so. I drove to a parking lot near a visitor's center and got out. The air was brisk and cool in the early afternoon light. It was utterly quiet, the only sound a steady wind, which blew under a clear sky painted here and there by swaths of gray-white clouds.

Inside the center was a small gift shop with books and tourist items, and an exhibit and film that explained what happened at this place nearly two and a half centuries ago. There was just the slightest hint of tourism about the place, with its displays and artistic renderings complete with swords, firearms, uniform samples and the like. Near a side door was the obligatory portion set aside for the commemorative plaque and photographs of today's Prince Charles, appropriately wearing royal tartan and kilt, when he represented the queen in officially opening this Culloden historical center a few years before. I got out of this place and began an hour's walk around the battleground.

Various memorial societies from Scotland, Ireland and England have fashioned markers noting significant events along a narrow stone walkway that meanders over the flat moor. The wind blew uninterrupted as I walked along, stirring the purple heather and earth colored moss, which grew abundantly under foot. I was alone that day, and no one was in sight. Around me, the spirit of the terrain displayed a serene calm. Despite the nearby encroachment of the modern world, this was not a tourist spot, but hallowed ground.

I followed the pathway around the battlefield and passed stone markers placed by surviving clansmen in a memorial area called the Graves of the Clans. There was a stone for the Mackintoshes, for the men of Clan Donald, and a marker called the Keppoch Stone where clan Chief Alasdair MacDonnell, 16th of Keppock, fell. A marker was erected at the Well of the Dead, where wounded were slain as they sought water at the well, and where water now still ran at my feet. In the distance across the moor and away from the walkway was a marker for the Irish Brigade, known as the Wild Geese, who were in French service and had fought for the Jacobites here. These Irish, who successfully covered the retreat of Prince Charlie at great cost, were spared murder. Because they were in French service those who came into Cumberland's hands were treated as prisoners of war and not traitors, a dig-

nity that acknowledged Irish separateness and spared their lives. In the midst of the specific clan markers, was a single stone marking the graves of Culloden's anonymous dead. This simple stone, covered with earth and moss, green and brown, stood alone and stopped me cold. Carved on its face were two words—Mixed Clans.

Across from the stone I walked to a viewing area, where you could stand and view the entire battlefield. The battlefield was 1,500 yards stretching from the west, where the Jacobites drew up in line, to the east, where the Duke of Cumberland arrayed his superior force. The field was perhaps 750 yards from south to north. At the horizon ahead of me at the horizon and below were the towns of Inverness and Nairn and the wide waterway called Moray Firth. At each corner of the battlefield curators had erected tall flagpoles from which flags, bearing the white cockade for Jacobite and black cockade for Hanoverian, snapped in the wind. Black birds picked at the grass and moss, flying here and there, riding on the stiff breeze.

In the aftermath of Culloden, the rulers from England did all they could to eradicate the culture of the Highland clans. In Scotland, the Disarming Acts demanded surviving clan weapons be surrendered; bagpipes too. A new law banned wearing the tartan, the kilt, or displaying Highland garb. The Heritable Jurisdictions (Scotland) Act of 1747 stripped clan chiefs from their hereditary power and made them ordinary landlords of lands poor in all respects and without authority over the men who allegiance they once commanded by custom and clan law.

The English social, political and economic pressure on Scotland, which reached its extreme in the Battle of Culloden, had been relentless throughout the 18th century. The pressure had its effect on the Borderers between the two countries, and on Northern Ireland, where so many Scots had moved under the Plantation policies of the previous century, and which also suffered from England's neglect and economic discrimination.

The pacification in Scotland brought about a sweeping social revolution in the region around the Irish Sea. The New Order of English and their Scot allies not only destroyed the rebellious Highland clan culture, in doing so they were also creating a new economic system which dispossessed people from the land, destroyed families and communities. Border warlords who once depended on rent income found they could make money on sheep and had no need for tenants. Tenants were dispossessed and undertenants were vulnerable to exploitation. Evictions were commonplace. Clan chiefs whose wealth and prestige was once determined by how many men they could command at arms, now saw these same men as candidates for export and the land better inhabited by sheep and cattle. Migration became an economic activity as an end in itself. Some ship operators, seeking to exploit the social situation for their own greedy purposes, actively solicited passengers from Ulster, and

the English/Scot borders and Highlanders. Migrants were packed on these ships like livestock cargo in conditions so horrendous they rivaled the conditions of the African slave trade.

It was not a single migration. From 1718 to 1775, for example, the immigrants averaged 5,000 a year. An estimated 150,000 came from Northern Ireland, sailing mostly from Belfast, Lough, Londonderry, Newry, Larne and Portrush. Another 75,000 emigrated from west Scotland, from Clydebank to Solway Firth. At least 50,000 were counted leaving Northern England from Maryport to Merseyside, though researchers believe the number is much higher.

Only 1 or 2 percent of the migrants were among the elite. Most of the English were Anglican, a few from Ireland and Scotland were Catholic, but most from those two areas were Presbyterian; of the Scots-Irish migrants, most came in families. Records show that 61 percent from Northern England, 73 percent of those from Scotland and slightly more from Ulster came in family units. Unlike earlier migrations from England, the reasons weren't religious or political, particularly. For the most part, migrants who went to America were fleeing high rents, low wages, heavy taxes and short leases. In the dreams for the rest of their lives they saw vivid images of oppression, hunger and disease.

VII. BORDERERS NAMED HOWARD

In time, England employed Highland warriors as British soldiers in the empire building to follow. Also, the elimination of armed rebellion brought about an intellectual and cultural renaissance in Scot culture. This led English society to adopt romantic myths about the Highlanders, and build beautiful homes in the Scottish countryside. English settlers began to wear tartan clothing and forget that only decades before these were the styles, homes and ways of a people they held to be wild and beneath contempt. Eventually the Scots middle class would move freely within the English middle class, gaining a measure of respect.

In the next century, Scots took their place in British culture, as a respected if perhaps odd lot. Celtic Irish and their Irish Catholic culture remained outside the bounds of polite society. Even in the famine of the mid-19th century, British rulers could watch more than a million starve to death in Ireland and at the same time believe it perfectly just to continue to encourage Irish landowners to export food and grain to England.

It is this world that continued to send the Borderers of the Irish Sea to North America. They called themselves Scotch-Irish. Among them were the ancestors of Mary Ann MaGee and James Reynolds Howard, my great-grandparents. Who were they? For years, I have searched records and books, asked family questions. The result has been hints, reports of rumors, and

echoes of stories told long ago. How to string these small, scattered beads together?

Howard is an English name that is prominent in Cumberlandshire, located on the Irish Sea along England's northwest coast in the English/Scots Borders. At one time, Cumberlandshire was the domain of Howard, the Earls of Carlisle, Cumberlandshire's main town. Notorious among the Howards in history is Catherine Howard, who was among Henry VIII's wives but who was separated from her head for sleeping with someone who wasn't Henry. In the Duke of Cumberland's army at Culloden was a regiment named Howard, after its commander. Was this a family connection?

In Dublin, directly across the Irish sea from Cumberlandshire, where many English went for trade, commerce and other of life's attractions, records show that on February 9, 1832, a son named Patrick was born to Thomas Howard and his wife, Nellie Welsh. Patrick Howard would marry Susannah Lunney of Dublin and together they immigrated in the 1850s to America and found their way to Fairfield County, Connecticut. Records of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service in Bridgeport report that on October 30, 1860, Patrick Howard, a native of Ireland, was naturalized a U.S. citizen by raising a hand and swearing that he did: "absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any Foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland."

Patrick and Susannah's son, James Reynolds Howard, was born in Connecticut on November 11, 1856. Susannah died September 30, 1886, and Patrick, a farmer, died January 2, 1909. About 1880, the son, James Howard, married Mary Ann MaGee, who was born in Connecticut in April 1858. James and Mary Ann (MaGee) Howard lived in a section of North Greenwich near the Stamford town line called Stanwich. James farmed a bit of land, did odd jobs around the community and with his wife had eight children, including my mother's mother, Louisa Close Howard, who was born in 1884.

Little is known of Mary Ann MaGee. Her name, which had an Irish spelling, comes from County Antrim, along Northern Ireland's coast a few miles across the Irish Sea from Scotland and its northwestern islands. Stanwich grave markers and records from Greenwich Town Records and 1900 census tell more. There are also random clues and hints from family correspondence and recollections. In the 1900 census, while Mary Ann is listed as residing as the wife of James Reynolds Howard in their North Greenwich home, a woman identified as Sarah McGee is listed as a resident border in the nearby home of Patrick Howard, James's father. Sarah McGee is listed as having being born in Michigan in January 1867.

What are the chances of this happening: two women with the same name (if spelled differently) living in the home of in-laws in North Greenwich. Were

they cousins, sisters? The different spelling could be explained by a census taker's imprecision or inattention; MaGee is the Irish spelling, while McGee is the Scots spelling. I recall hearing hints while I was growing up that Mary Ann MaGee or her family may have come from Canada. Could this account for the Michigan birthplace of Sarah McGee? There were other hints that Mary Ann MaGee worked in the household of a local family before her marriage. Could her family have lived in that section of Stamford below the railroad tracks called Little Dublin, crowded with immigrant families employed as domestics and laborers, and where today there is a MaGee Street?

One intriguing possibility is that William and Agnes MaGee of Edinburgh, who came to America with their children in the mid-19th century, may have stopped in Canada and upstate New York before several adult children settled in Connecticut. One daughter, Agnes Jane, born in Edinburgh in 1838, married John McCoy in Middletown in 1860. Another daughter, Martha Jane, born in 1845, married Truman Cowles in Hartford in 1869. Could Agnes Jane and Martha Jane have had a married brother who named a daughter Mary Ann? Mary Ann MaGee was born in Connecticut in April 1858, and would name one of her daughters Agnes. Could Mary Ann have chosen Agnes because it was the name of her aunt and grandmother?

In researching the MaGee name, Irish history books about clan origins show that MaGee comes from County Antrim, along Ireland's northern coast. In Scot histories, the names MacGee, McGee, and MacGhee are listed as a branch of Clan Donald, also known as MacDonalds, who dominated Kintyre and other western Scot islands just a few miles from Antrim in Northern Ireland, after these Isles were given up by Norway. Over the centuries in Scot history, the clans of The Isles supported Scottish wars of independence in exchange for the lands of their enemies. The leaders of Clan MacDonald, which emerged from these wars as victors, claimed themselves independent of all authority, and the proper leaders of what remained of the original Dalriada invaders from Ireland and as such were the Celtic heart of Scotland.

The Scot domain of the MacDonalds was just across the Irish Sea from Antrim in Ireland, where the ruling Celtic clan was named Donnell. The Donnell were related to the Donalds of Kintyre and frequent allies, trading and marriage partners. Over time the Donnells and Donalds became the same family, Celts of two countries separated by a few miles of Irish Sea. Irish and Scot clan history books show the MaGees of Ireland and the McGees of Scotland as part of the MacDonald and Donnell clans.

What can we learn from this about MaGee? We can know that the facts are lost forever. But MaGees, as relatives and an allied clan, likely fought alongside the Donnells and MacDonalds and celebrated in victory and suffered in defeat. We know that leading up to the English Civil War, before King Charles I surrendered, that among the king's warriors in arms were

MacDonalds of Kintyre and Donnells of Antrim. A century later, these same clans were among those slaughtered at Culloden, and their offspring scattered to the winds like wild seeds orphaned by a hurricane. Their destinations were places like Belfast, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Liverpool, New York, and Toronto.

Could this be the origin family of Mary Ann MaGee, whose story remains untold? Nobody will know. Some time ago, after the death of my grandmother, Louisa, I wrote her brother, Arthur Howard, a retired banker who had lived his adult life in Florida. I asked what he knew about the ancestry of his parents. "I know nothing," he replied. "I was raised in an era when children were to be seen and not heard."

Louisa Howard believed that she was Scotch-Irish and could have been raised Catholic. When her daughter Mary, my mother, married my father, an Irish Catholic, she told them that she had no objection on account of religion. Louisa said that she herself could have been raised Catholic, but the priests never were able to get to North Greenwich to teach her family and serve Mass. As a result, Louisa had been raised in and married in the Congregational Church, the legacy of Connecticut's Puritan settlers.

James Reynolds Howard and Mary Ann MaGee had eight children and lived in a small home near the Stanwich Congregation Church in North Greenwich. Living next door to the Howards were the church's rector, Rev. Frank C. Potter, and his wife, Olivia Close, who had no children of their own.

The Howards, with eight of their own, "placed out" their daughter Louisa with the Potters, who raised the girl as their own. This was the bond that lasted. When Rev. Potter retired as minister of the Stanwich Congregational Church, Louisa moved with the Potters to Middletown, where they lived in retirement. Louisa kept in touch with her parents, brothers and sisters, but this family tie was not smooth. In time, James and Mary Ann set up separate homes, with James staying in Stanwich, and Mary Ann maintaining a home in Stamford. Louisa lived with the Potters, graduated from Middletown High School, and enrolled at Mt. Holyoke College. She later married Willis Isaac Savage, the son of a farmer from nearby East Berlin. When the Potters died, they were buried in the Savage family cemetery in East Berlin, and still later Louisa and Willis with them.

IX. HADDO EVENINGS

The night we arrived at Haddo it was well past 11 p.m. Haddo was not asleep. We had gathered in Lady Aberdeen's sitting room, a tidy cluttered living area where somewhat worn and overstuffed furniture was organized around a fireplace and end tables. The room was filled with bric-a-brac, clutter of a very personal sort. There were family photos, the odd saucer, pressed flowers, mementos from excursions scattered about the tables, windowsills and man-

tel. One table, contained only three photos in silver frames, with personal inscriptions to Lady Aberdeen from Princess Margaret, the queen's sister; the Queen Mother; and Prince Edward, the queen's youngest son, a noted patron of the theater. All three are frequent guests at Haddo.

We talked about the election and the fates of Bush and Major and how they seemed cursed by the same God. Lady Aberdeen discussed music with Chris and her Canadian-style theater out back. This was the sizing up period. I kept my manners intact.

It happened I was wearing my double breasted blue blazer, blue Oxford cloth shirt, gray slacks as well as my blue Columbia tie with the gold crowns on it, owing to the university's origins as King's College in 1754. Considering this setting, I realized that my dress had the presumptive New World's attempt to evoke the security of empire. So American.

This contrasted with the setting, which was warm and ordinary in a very deliberate way. I was told later it had to with the credo and style of the aristocracy: buy once, preferably in some previous generation. Lady Aberdeen, and later her brother and sister-in-law, who would arrive the following day, wore clothing that was, well, to be blunt, rumpled, linty and dusty. Edges were frayed. Elbows and collars were worn near to holes. Slippers and footwear were nearly worn through. Pants and shirts were pulled together in a haphazard way so that you were not surprised to see that a button might be missing or a zipper broken.

In fact, that first evening Lady Aberdeen wore a woolen tartan skirt. When I first saw her, I thought to myself that her skirt seemed so familiar, like what I remembered my grade school teachers wearing during the New England winters. Only, it was a Scot tartan being worn by a true Scot, an aristocrat even. She was entitled, literally, to wear a Scot plaid. It was genuine, all right, but it was old and worn. This was so consistent among the Aberdeen family and others I met that it had to be a style as carefully drawn or assumed as any other. It conveyed a sense that what is of greatest value is old and well used, meaning that you have had it so long because you have long had wealth and you are beyond worrying about modern concerns. Furniture is old, the more worn the better. Shabbiness is a virtue because it conveys that you are beyond the cares of the immediate material world. You care about tradition, culture, art and the like. You have inherited this point of view because you have long been among the elite, and therefore are upper class.

Though nearly 80 years old, Lady Aberdeen was physically vigorous and mentally agile; and a sport, too. Her younger brother, a retired headmaster of a public school (read: prep school), while pouring tea, teased his sister's indecision, saying: "We shall have to wait until her ladyship decides what she wants." He wrinkled his eyebrows so I could see his humor. This was very funny, I thought. Lady Aberdeen was also an accomplished musician, which

was something she did care about. Out back was a large green wood structure that looked more appropriate to the Canadian Yukon than Grampian. It was a theater and center of some considerable activity. A succession of young men in their late 20s and 30s appeared during our stay who were working on a benefit performance for the local trust. Her sister-in-law good naturedly teased that these young men were Lady Aberdeen's "boy-toys."

Though it took me a bit of time to get used to her accent, her conversation had zip. She had lively opinions about Bush, Major and Clinton. At one point she discussed a snag in the current agriculture talks in which the French were holding the alliance hostage by insisting on keeping their subsidy on oilseed rape. "The French are too stubborn," she said, adding, "I shouldn't be so prejudiced, being of French extraction myself." This, I later learned, referred to a 17th-century Huguenot ancestor.

After our first half-hour visit, we arranged the logistics of the next day, times for breakfast, tea and dinner the following evening and the like. We retired to our rooms. Mine was called the Ivy Room, and had ivy as its central motif. Everywhere. On the wallpaper, the bed linens, the trim on the vanity tables, even the oilpaper liner in the closet. The room had high ceilings, and four large windows overlooking utter darkness. I later found out it was a corner room on the third floor overlooking the front courtyard of Haddo. I sat and looked through the books that Chris had given me about Haddo, and also looked over the volumes on the shelves in the Ivy Room.

At the black-tie reception and dinner the following night some 250 VIPs from Northwest Scotland gathered at Haddo to be entertained in the formal rooms. The setting was enchanted. The temperature of the rooms was very cold at first, warming to the people and open fires in each room. Champagne and hors d'oeuvres were served from silver trays by polite staff.

Lady Aberdeen was dressed in green velvet and looked stunning. During the reception we talked and she confessed she was distracted by her granddaughter who was suffering from an infection, and not communicating that day. She was distressed by the girl's illness, so I tried to accommodate the situation and changed the subject, asking about the sole pendant she wore on her grown, a wreath surrounding the antlered head of a deer. I asked her its significance. She perked right up, glad I noticed the pin. She said it was the symbol of the Gordon Highlanders Regiment and that she had worn it deliberately to show the M.P. from Grampian, who happened to be a member of the Scottish Nationalist Party and an advocate for Scots' rights. Lady Aberdeen wanted to make sure that they discussed the Tory proposal to disband the regiment along with many other traditional regiments to save money. To disband a regiment whose members shed blood in honor over the centuries was an outrage and disgrace to the memory of all those who believe that only with due reverence to the mists can you ask men to die for queen and country. This was an act of

clerks without the hearts necessary to create, protect or conquer empires.

Liam, dressed in black tie, wore a cheerful tartan vest. Liam, though a 20-year resident of Windsor, married to a Manchester girl, and now the proud holder of a British passport, was born in Hoboken. Slattery wasn't a clan name that I recognized.

Which tartan name is the vest, I asked.

"Clan Tie City," he said, referring to the chain stores I'd seen in the airports and train stations.

Liam, as an orchestrator of the evening's festivities, summoned a piper dressed in full Gordon Highland regalia, to blow his bagpipes and lead the gathering into the Haddo library as prearranged, where dinner would be served. As the piper gathered the air in his bagpipes, Lady Aberdeen and a Mobil executive stood arm in arm ready to lead the gathering into the library. But something was wrong. The piper was blowing his mournful call, and the wail of pipes dominated all the rooms, but he was walking away from the library and toward a drawing room.

Liam went up to the piper and leaned over and said something into his ear. But the sound of the bagpipes dominated the piper's senses. His slow-step military procession continued. Now some people were gathering behind him unaware he was to lead them somewhere else. Liam tried again.

"You're going the wrong way," he shouted to the piper.

Still no recognition from the piper about what Liam had in mind. More people gathered behind him. This was getting serious. Liam stood on his tiptoes and leaned his mouth an inch from the piper's left ear. "YOU ARE GOING THE WRONG WAY!"

Lady Aberdeen and a few others had watched all this was considerable amusement. When the piper finally understood the error and gracefully turned toward the right doorway, I was laughing so hard I nearly wet my pants. Liam's face was now red from his high-energy shouting and he was smiling and shaking his head at the emblematic little tableau he had just played in.

This pixilated mood continued later during dinner. The guests were seated 10 each around 25 circular tables. My table was situated in the southeast corner of Haddo's long library, which had been converted to serve as a dining hall for 250 guests. My back was to the front window and beside me was the wife of the builder of the St. Fergus plant, a Londoner who proudly said she was a Cockney; born under the sound of the Bow Bells.

The hand of the waitress serving us slipped during the first course and dropped a muffin and plate to the floor between us. The woman next to me tried to ease the mind of the waitress, an elderly woman embarrassed at the mishap. There was no harm done and the incident was quickly forgotten, until

the next course was served, and at the same spot the same waitress dropped a dish of salad to the floor. Oh, dear. This again embarrassed the waitress. The woman next to me offered more soothing words to ease the waitress's distress. Again, this was forgotten until the third course, and again a plate slipped to the floor.

Okay, that's it. It's Archie. The Gordon ghost. Had to be. The conversation stayed in this vein for the rest of the course, with everyone describing their experiences with the paranormal. The woman next to me confessed that she had been seated in an old London restaurant, alone with a female friend, and was pinched and groped while seated in a chair and no one was around.

The conversation about the ghosts passed for now until dessert time came, and my dinner companion and I held our breath as the waitress came to serve the cake. She carefully and effortlessly served the others at the table and finally came between me and my companion to the last plate. As she eased the plate toward the table it slipped from her grasp and fell to the floor. All of us sat wide-eyed. This was beyond coincidence. The waitress stood frozen.

"It's Archie," said the woman next to me. "That's all there is to it." There was not one of us who had the slightest doubt.

X. SPIRITS

When I had left the Highlands earlier that day on the way back to Haddo, I drove through a soft afternoon rain that slicked the roadway and cast dark shadows here and there from the alternating storm clouds above. After two hours of driving, I came through a winding valley and into a clearing near Methlick that stretched ahead toward the Lowlands. Ahead of me I saw a rainbow, arching over the green valley below. The rainbow seemed still on the horizon and I reckoned that its left base was roughly where Haddo house would be located. When I see such phenomena associated with my thoughts and immediate doings, I try not to read more into them than simply note the facts of their juxtaposition, whose balance at that moment seemed to evoke a near perfect beauty.

These facts of Culloden, Aberdeen and Scotland that night whirled in my mind as I awaited sleep. The room was dry and warm from the hot water running through the radiators. I arose and stood by the tall window at the foot of the bed and looked over the sculptured ground at the front of Haddo, which are now tended by the Scottish National Trust. The oak and maples in the distance dominated the horizon. The clear sky was velvet black and flecked with stars. I got back into bed, and mulled this over. Haddo was the home of the British crown's colonial leader in Ireland during the political ferment between the Ulster Unionists and Home Rulers. Viceroy of Ireland, 1905-1915. Lord Aberdeen had served what we today would call a liberal cause, seeking compromise to grant Ireland a measure of independence. The advent of World War

I and the failure of compromise ensured the Republican rebellion in Ireland that followed, which was consummated by Michael Collins of County Cork, whom I fancy was a distant cousin of my grandfather, James Michael Collins, whose father came from County Clare.

Those ghosts of republicans around me wondered, how can I take sleep in the home of the enemy? The ghosts of the Highlander Clan Donalds and County Antrim Donnells asked how titled nobility could ever offer warm shelter. Spirits of East Anglian Puritans looked at this scene wondering what had become of their eternal war on evil. In the moonlight, I recognized that warrior spirits were loose. But as these ghosts whirled around me asking their haunting questions, I asked them: If this place is of an enemy, how come it feels as comfortable as if I was at Grandma's?

The reason, I realized, was on the field of Culloden, in that grave of the Unknowns marked Mixed Clans. I was of Mixed Clans, after all. My father was of Irish Catholics (Collins, Langan, O'Connell and Sheedy). My mother's father was of English Puritans (Savage, White, Mead and Knapp). My mother's mother was of Scotch-Irish (MaGee, Howard, Lunney and Welsh). In their times, in their places, these people (my ancestors all) lived at war with each other and occasionally among themselves. For years I have wondered if it was their rage I heard in my own ears. What made their hate boil so? I spent years seeking answers. Did the rhythms of their long-past conflicts live on now in ways that could explain the conflicts of my own time, in my own family, in my own heart? Did my sense of self, my honor, require that I take sides in their wars? If so, whose?

Long ago I began wandering in the past, finding hints of answers to questions I wasn't sure how to ask. Mysteries remain. But I have learned lessons, too. Survivors of all battles are left with two things to consider: the dead and how to live. Soon, with luck, as the habits of life return, the question about how to live is forgotten. But the dead remain. In time, fog rolls over the past, and the living not only have no answers about what came before, survivors soon can't even properly identify the victims and combatants any longer. All you have are the tombs of the Unknown, and the mysteries of the dead.

Let them sleep, I decided that night. The duty of the living is to accept their memory, strike the balance of their common humanity in your heart, and find your path in your own time. Pulling up the covers of the bed in Haddo, the ghosts' whispers began to fade in the darkness. For, as learned on the field of Culloden, under stones marked Mixed Clans go the remains of us all.