

**HISTORY OF THE CLAN
MACFARLANE,
(MACFARLANE) MACFARLAN,
MACFARLAND, MACFARLIN**

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History of the Clan MacFarlane, (Macfarlane) MacFarlan, MacFarland, MacFarlin by Mrs. C. M. Little

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MRS. C. M. LITTLE

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W. W. MacFarland

HISTORY OF THE CLAN

MACFARLANE,

(Macfarlane)

MACFARLAN, MACFARLAND,

MACFARLIN.

BY

MRS. C. M. LITTLE.

TOTTENVILLE, N. Y.

MRS. C. M. LITTLE.

1893.

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TO MY DEAR AND AGED

MOTHER,

WHO, IN HER NINETIETH YEAR, THE LAST OF HER GENERATION, WITH INTELLECT UNIMPAIRED, STANDS AS A WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE INDOM-

ITABLE RACE OF MACFARLANE,

THIS BOOK IS REVERENTLY

DEDICATED,

BY HER AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

"Why dost thou build the hall? Son of the winged days!
Thou lookest from thy tower to-day; yet a few years and the
blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court."—
Oesian.

BRING, myself, a direct descendant of the Clan MacFarlane, the old "Coat of Arms" hanging upon the wall one of my earliest recollections, the oft-repeated story of the great bravery at Langside that gave them the crest, the many traditions told by those who have long since passed away, left upon my mind an impression so indelible, that, as years rolled on, and I had become an ardent student of Scottish history, I determined to know more of my ancestors than could be gathered from oral traditions.

At length, in the summer of 1891, traveling for the second time in Europe, I was enabled to execute a long-cherished plan of spending some time at Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, in the Highlands of Scotland, the hereditary possessions for six hundred years of the chiefs of the Clan MacFarlane.

I trod the same paths that my forefathers had trodden, I stood beneath the broad oaks they had planted, I walked the highway that was once the noble avenue of their ancient park, I stood with emotion in the few rooms left of their old castle, I gazed long at the ruins of their strongholds, on the Islands of Loch Lomond, I looked

with awe upon the majestic mountains which their eyes had beholden for centuries, I spent long summer days in their old grave-yards, I scraped the mossy coverings from the armorial bearings upon their tombstones, I gathered the blue forget-me-nots that sprang from their sacred dust, I heard their dark legends, and, as the bagpipes sounded forth some wild martial strain, it aroused in me the feeling that the genius of my clan had laid her hand upon my head, and said—Daughter, write! Tell to those scattered over the whole habitable globe, who have one drop of the MacFarlane blood in their veins, of their noble ancestry.

I have obeyed the call.

C. M. L.

TOTTENVILLE, STATEN ISLAND, JULY 4, 1892.

PREFACE.

The difficulties to be surmounted in the preparation of a genealogical work can only be appreciated by those who have engaged in a like undertaking, and while it may have been a labor of love, the task has been somewhat appalling.

The heads of many families, widely separated, their addresses, and often names, quite unknown, were to be consulted, frequently causing from fifteen to twenty letters to be written, to secure dates for one family alone.

In one case, to find the name of a remote ancestor, one hundred and thirty letters were written, fourteen town and county records "searched," public libraries examined, the treasures of antiquarian and historical societies, as well as the State archives of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, looked through, and when it was *found*, "we tossed up our bonny blue bonnets!"

The subdividing and renaming of towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts as well as the burning of church records in Londonderry, N. H., prior to 1820, have made the task still more difficult.

I can only say that, hereafter, the Book of Genesis will have a new meaning for me.

Without an exception, the family have most