



Clan MacEwen Society Bulletin

Reviresco

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Commander's Message Sir John McEwen

"To be perfectly frank, I had expected not to be writing a 'Commander's Message' by this stage - we were all hoping that six months after the Clan made its decision regarding the Chiefship, the Lyon Court would have moved to make the Chiefship official, the Commandership defunct. But, things move slowly at such elevated levels of discourse and, having waited for 575 years without a Chief, we can wait a wee while longer. Our journey to this point has been made possible by many Clansfolk, far too numerous to mention, over many years. In recent times, the push has come in particular from Sean McCuin and Ross McEwen, two extraordinary fellows, completely distinct, complementary and, in their different ways, wonderful expressions of Clan spirit. Thank you to them, and to all who have brought us to the brink of breaking through into the first rank of ancient Scottish Clans. Now, let us be patient...."



Chairman's Message Sean McCuin

Hello to all!

This year has been full of exciting developments, and I am truly looking forward to the days to come. We, as a Society are moving forward to a new chapter in our growth and the growth of our clan. Our schedule of participation at highland games throughout the world is our most ambitious yet and I look forward to seeing you all!

Our motto "Reviresco!" is always at the forefront of everything we do as a Society and Clan. All the individuals who are involved in bringing the traditions, history and values to the greater community, are the core of our success. The Society would be very different without the dedication of each and everyone of its members and committees.

As the Chairman, I am truly blessed to be associated with such talent and dedication and look forward to the coming months.

Reviresco!

Co'mhla!

GySgt. USMC Ret.

Chairman

Clan MacEwen Society



www.instagram.com/



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From The Editors

A major change will hopefully take place to the Bulletin in the New Year. The cover page will no longer show the “Commander’s Message”. We say this in anticipation that Sir John will finally get his promotion to Chief of the Clan McEwen and a new chapter will begin along with a new banner on the cover page - “The Chief’s Message”. We look forward to that being a reality.



So much has happened since the gathering back in June and most of that has been brought to you in this edition. With baited breath and all things crossed, we await an announcement that Sir John is formally recognised as Clan Chief. But in the meantime, if it is a celebration you want, then there is always Burns Night. This legendary poet and Scottish icon is celebrated far beyond the rugged shores of Scotland. To whet your appetite there is an ‘amuse-bouche’ about people and places in Burns’ life that inspired his poetry.

Virginia and Iain McEwan’s research using Y-DNA could bring more understanding to the Clan’s history. Read their abstract below but you can read their full article on the Society’s website and how to get involved.

Mythical beasts are all around us especially in Scotland, if you know where to look, and one place Scotland is proud to show them off is on the nation’s coat of arms.

Matt McEuen offers advice on how to develop your own coat of arms at a time when more McEwens are being awarded their armigers.

We are offered more insights to the comings and goings through Sir John’s ancestors’ diaries. There are more revelations that could have an important impact on the family.

We have reported in previous Bulletins’ the exploits of McEwens and the struggles and challenges they faced. So, we explore through a new series, called ‘**Legacies**’, that tell of great and small deeds that have benefitted groups in various parts of the world, starting with Dr James McCune Smith. Another way to make yourself immortal is to become a well known painter, a story brought to you by Herma Goosens. Or, you could name a place after yourself. To illustrate this we reveal two places named after McEwens, one in Australia and one in the USA. The challenge before you is to share with us more McEwen place names.

We hope you enjoy the read!!

Where ever you are in the world, we wish you a happy and healthy 2025 !



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Canada Commissioner Report by Maggie McEwan



Clan MacEwen in Canada is quiet during the fall and winter, however on Friday Dec 6th Sir John McEwen and I were together in a Zoom presentation to the 'Scottish North American Community Conference' (SNACC). Sir John was the first keynote speaker, discussing the art of Rory McEwen, giving a reading from 'Scotland - Whit Like Is It', the one man play that we enjoyed at the 2024 AGM in Otter Ferry, and to close, Sir John and I had a discussion about the journey to Chiefship. I am on the SNACC Board, representing the Scottish Studies Foundation.



I am sharing a few photos of the extraordinary fall colours. This year they were really breathtaking in my area of Southern Ontario.

Most of the country is now under blankets of snow as we look forward to celebrating Christmas and Hogmanay.

I wish all a happy, healthy and exciting 2025



USA Commissioner Report by Bob and Carol Owens



Greetings to our MacEwen members, family, and friends! As 2024 comes to a close, I look back with pride and great admiration for all that has been accomplished by our Regional Conveners and area Conveners here in the U.S. The past twelve months have seen Clan MacEwen proudly represented at more than two dozen events in fourteen states including Alabama, Arizona, California, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Maine, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Ohio, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Vermont, and in one Canadian province (New Brunswick). A hearty and heartfelt “Bravo Zulu (well done!) All!

Plans for 2025 will include events in all the above-mentioned regions, as well as adding Illinois to the schedule. The US season will kick off in early January in Florida at the Keys Celtic Festival, followed closely by the Central Florida Scottish Highland Games. February will see us in Phoenix, AZ, and both Tallahassee and Mount Dora, Florida. Information on additional events taking place throughout the country during the first half of the year will be posted on our Clan MacEwen Society Facebook page. Keep an eye out, and plan to join us for fun!



Thanks to the excellent efforts by an unwavering commitment of these Regional and area Conveners, Clan MacEwen has become known in the U.S. as a well known and highly respected Clan. I am delighted to report that MacEwen has already been selected as the Honored Clan for both the 2025 Maine Highland Games & Scottish Festival (August 16-17, Brunswick, ME) and the Chicago Scottish Festival & Highland Games (June 13-14, Wheaton, IL).

As we ring out the old and look forward to the new, Carol and I extend to you, and yours, the merriest of Holiday, and our hopes for a New Year filled with peace, prosperity, and great good health for all! Reviresco! Co'mhla! “We grow strong again! Together!”

**If you are already convening an event of which I am not aware, please let me know so we can recognize and thank you publicly and offer any assistance you might need!*



USA Commissioner Robert "Bob" Owens receives a Letter of Recognition on behalf of Commander John R.H. McEwen from Ross McEwen during the 2024 New Hampshire Highland Games. Owens has held the position of US commissioner since 2019 and is charged with helping expand the Clan's reputation, visibility and impact in the United States. Along with the efforts of four Regional Conveners, Jim McEwen (Angela), John McCuen (Tanja), Forest "Bing" Ewen, and Justin MacEwen (Susan), and a half dozen additional area Conveners, the Clan's participation has increased from a mere handful of events in 2019 to more than two dozen events in 2024, and Clan MacEwen has become a well known and well respected presence throughout the Scottish-American community.

A New Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland

By Ross McEwen

Congratulations are due to the Clan's USA Commissioner Capt. Bob Owens, who was duly elected as a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, at the Society's AGM in Edinburgh.

The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland was founded in 1780 and granted a Royal Charter in 1783 by King George III to research and support innovation into Scotland's past, advocating as an independent voice for heritage and sharing knowledge of the past with everyone. The Society has for 244 years committed to ensuring equality and accessibility for all in the Scottish heritage sector. Sir Walter Scott served as Vice President of the Society in the 1820s.

Clansman Rick Ewing and I, are existing Fellows of the Society, had the great honour to act as sponsors of Bob's Fellowship application and are delighted to see him join the special global community of Fellows, which happens to include the Dowager Lady McEwen also.



St Andrew, Unicorns and Saltire

By Ewan Rowland

St Andrew, the patron Saint of Scotland, is celebrated every year on November 30th. The Saint is also very much associated with the Saltire, Scotland's national flag and a unicorn. The latter is the national animal of Scotland. Animals are adopted symbols for lots of countries, for example, the Beaver for Canada, the Bald Eagle for the USA, the Kangaroo for Australia and Kiwi for New Zealand but none is more evocative than the unicorn.

However, the unicorn is very special in the history and culture of Scotland. They can be seen almost everywhere, on buildings, coats of arms, monuments, castles, cathedrals and university gates. The mythical creature has been linked to Scotland for centuries. It symbolises freedom, purity, magic and innocence. It is all encompassing because the unicorn is also associated with positivity, hope and diversity. The unicorn's symbolism is not lost on the Scots since its adoption is associated with tales of strength, dominance and



French Medieval Tapestry



Mary Queen of Scots Coat of Arms



Scottish Royal Arms under unification of England and Scotland

chivalry. The word unicorn is derived from the Anglo-Norman language but ultimately it comes from Latin; uni = one + cornu = horn. The word first appeared in a text in 1230, and the mythical beast was always seen as a male. "A woman's wrath is wolven; a man's is wolf, or lion or unicorn." (wordorigins.org)

The unicorn appears on King William 1's Scottish royal coat of arms from the 12th century. It also appeared on gold coins minted by King James 111 in the 15th century. When Scotland and England unified under King James VI of Scotland in 1603, and when later he became James 1 of England, he replaced one of the unicorns with the English lion on the Scottish Royal Arms. These unicorns can be seen with chains around them, and it is thought to symbolise the power of the Scottish kings, since the unicorn was seen as fiercely independent and famously difficult to capture. (Visit Scotland and National Trust for Scotland)



King James I Coin



King James VI Coin



Representation of Medieval Tapestry in Stirling Castle Showing the Unicorn



Unicorn and Saltire at Holyrood Palace



Unicorns Appear on Prestigious Scottish Buildings

Burns - His Drive and Passion

By Ewan Rowland

Today, Robert Burns has a worldwide following and is celebrated every year on January 25th known as “Burns Night”. He was a passionate romantic as testified in some of his poems and love songs, and he was never shy at sharing his thoughts through poetry whenever he fell in love.

It is believed that his first love, when he was a 15-year-old, was Nelly Kilpatrick, and this inspired his first poem. Their meeting came about when Burns’ father hired some extra help to bring in the harvest. Robert wrote of her that she was “*Handsome Nell*”, “a bonnie, sweet, sonnsie lass”.

*“O once I lov’d a bonnie lass,
Aye, and I love her still,
And whils’t that virtue warms my breast,
I’ll love my handsome Nell.”*

In 1783-4 Robert met Elizabeth Paton, a servant on Burns’ family farm. The affair with “Betsy”, as she was also known, produced Burns’ first child. Burns’ family refused him to marry Betsy and as a result he had to confess his sins in front of the church congregation. The whole affair left a bitter taste in the 26-year-old Burns’ mouth, as not only was he censured, but had to pay a fine. This episode led to the poem “The Fornicator”. Women played a big part in Burns’ life and influenced and inspired several songs and poems. Robert was unrepentant and he promised himself that after the baby was born, he would further “sportin by and by to get value for his guinea”. When his daughter was born, he welcomed her with a poem, “Love-begotten Daughter”.

*"Welcome! lily bonie, sweet, wee
dochter,
Tho' ye come here a wee unsought
for,
And tho' your comin' I hae fought
for,
Baith kirk and queir;
Yet, by my faith, ye're no unwrought
for
That I shall swear!...
Lord grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, an'
merit,
An' thy poor, worthless daddie's*

No poems seem to have been inspired by Elizabeth, but it is believed that she was in his mind when he wrote “The Rantin Dog”.

*"There lives a lass beside yon park,
I'd rather hae her in her sark.
Than you, wi' a' your thousan mark;*

In this piece he may have been referring to Elizabeth as the “lass beside yon park”.

Burns wrote that he..." *never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I got once heartily in love and then rhyme and song were in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart. I remember I composed it in a will enthusiasm of passion and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts, and my blood sallies at the remembrance*". (The World Burns Club 17/12/2011, cited by Wikipedia – Nelly Kilpatrick)

When not being enthralled by handsome women, his other influences came from well known Scottish poets of an earlier generation, these being Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson. Ramsay (1686-1758), was a wig maker as well as a poet and was considered a pioneering contributor to poetry along with his collection and dissemination of ancient Scottish verse and song. He is believed to have provided the foundation on which Fergusson (1750-1774) and Robert Burns were to build. Such was Burns' admiration for the poet, he privately commissioned and paid for a memorial headstone of his own design in 1787, following Fergusson's death. Many of the works by Burns either echo or are directly modelled on the works of Robert Fergusson. The works of Alexander Pope, Henry MacKenzie and Lawrence Sterne fired Burns' poetic impulse and his relationship with the opposite sex provided his inspiration, which characterised the rest of his life. (BBC – Robert Burns – Biography – Early Life).



Robert Fergusson

National Galleries of Scotland



Allan Ramsay -

National Galleries of Scotland

Burns was also being influenced by the rise of the Scottish Enlightenment, a period in the 18th century, described as an out pouring of intellectual and scientific accomplishments. The reasoning of the time was underpinned by the importance of human reason and a rejection of any authority, the church being one of those authorities. This approach to how society should move forward played into Burns' radical views, which were further heavily influenced by what he learned of the United States Revolutionary War. A handful of songs and poems mention America, "the common theme is an association with liberty", so states Aran Sood in a BBC documentary about Burns in America. Sood points out that Burns was further influenced by Frederick Douglass, a slave from Maryland, who made strong arguments about the abolition of slavery and enlisted Burns into his own discourse on the subject. Douglass's own stance made Burns feel, he too, was affected by pious frauds and bigotry. He said, "Burns broke loose from the moorings which society had thrown around him." Burns' poem "*A man's a man for a' that*" points to his wish that all men be considered equal.

After the death of Robert's father, he became involved with Jean Armour. He described her to a friend as being, "clean limbed, handsome and bewitching". Jean became pregnant and produced twins. Her father disapproved strongly of her relationship with Robert, but they became betrothed despite his protestations. Under Scottish law mutual consent followed by consummation constituted a legal marriage. However, it's thought Jean went back on her word which enraged Robert, who then took up with his new lover Mary Campbell. The rift between Jean and Robert nearly sent Burns to the West Indies. Robert called Mary his "Highland Mary" composing a song for her in 1792, which was one of three songs completed in 1780s and included "*Highland Lassie, O*" and "*Will ye go to the West Indies my Mary*".

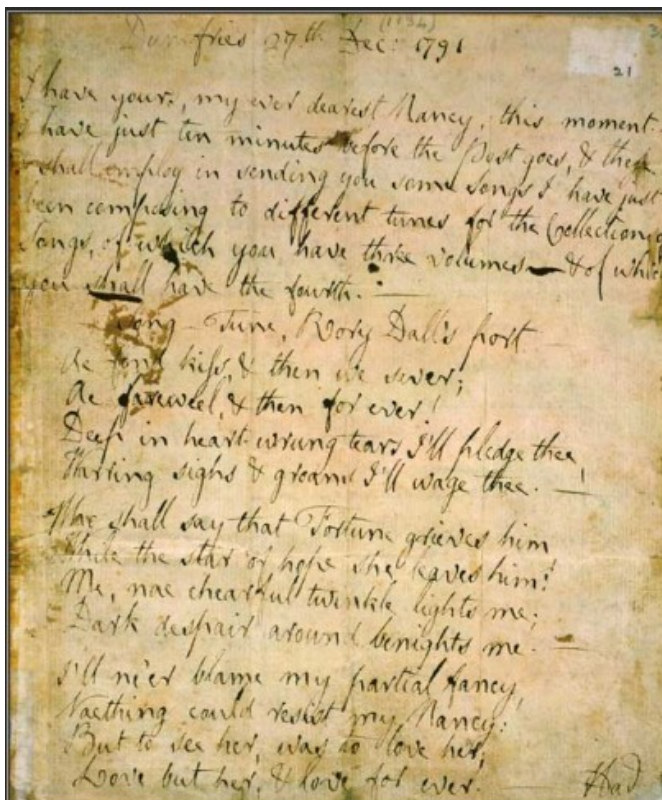
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early! -
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly -
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!



Mary Campbell and Robert Burns

National Portrait Gallery

At about this time Robert Burns was gaining notoriety and popularity among the Edinburgh society. There he became involved with Agnes Macle hose, who at the time was separated from her husband. Burns' relationship with Agnes was described as 'tempestuous' and Nancy, as she was also known, didn't warm to Burns. Despite an unsteady relationship, Burns penned the classic poem "*Ae Fond Kiss*". They did however exchange love letters, an example of which from Robert is shown here. It's difficult to read but clearly, he used lines from the letter in his poem/song.



AE FOND KISS

BURNS

Ae fond kiss and then we se-ver! Ae fare-weel, and
- then for ev-er! Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
war-ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:
Naething could resist my Nancy!
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Not content solely with trying to win over Nancy's affections, he struck up a relationship with her servant, 20-year-old Jenny Clow, who bore him a son called Robert Burns Clow. Jenny died three years later from TB.

Burns became friends with James Johnson, an avid collector of old Scottish music and songs. In the winter of 1786, the two men collaborated on a project to improve and re-write some of the collected works. Three volumes were published to which Burns contributed several of his songs. The last volume included Burns' first song "*Handsome Nell*". Other songs Burns provided included "*Auld Lang Syne*", "*My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose*", "*Ae Fond Kiss*", "*Scots Wha Hae*" and along with ten others.

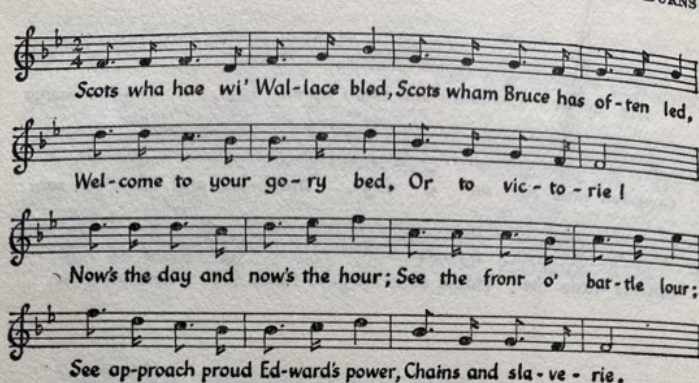
David Daiches in his piece, 'Robert Burns Scottish Poet', said he won the reputation of being a dangerous rebel against orthodox religion. He disliked all forms of political thought that condoned or perpetuated inhumanity. He would best be described as a humanitarian throughout his adult life.

Robert was a handsome, charismatic poet who undoubtedly enjoyed the company of women, from society ladies to servant girls. (The Life of Robert Burns: Scotland's Bard – Scotland.org/inspiration). Burns valued women and their contribution to his creative soul. In his poems he was able to combine his views on religion and politics, with tenderness and emotion from those who influenced his adult life.

Burns' poetry covers a wide range of themes, from love and nature to political commentary. "A Red, Red Rose" is a timeless expression of romantic love, while "A Man's a Man for a' That" reflects his egalitarian beliefs. Each poem offers a glimpse into Burns' profound understanding of human emotions and social issues. (Robert Burns – The Man, The Myth, The Legacy in Scotland's Enchanting Kingdom).

SCOTS, WHA HAE

Tune: *Hey Tutti Taitie* BURNS



Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots wham Bruce has of-ten led,
Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie!
Now's the day and now's the hour; See the front o' bat-tle lour;
See ap-proach proud Ed-ward's power, Chains and sla-ve-rie.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?—
Let him turn, and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or dee!

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Walter MacEwen - Painter

By Herma Goosens

Walter MacEwen an American painter

Chicago, 13 February 1860 - New York City, V 20 March 1943.

He was the son of an entrepreneur of Scottish origin. Initially he took a trade course, but in 1877 he decided to become a painter and left for Munich, where he enrolled at the Academy of Fine Arts. In 1881, he moved to Paris to study at the Académie Julian. There he also made the acquaintance of George Hitchcock and his lifelong friend Gari Melchers, who by then were already making plans to work in the Netherlands.

Following in the footsteps of Hitchcock and Melchers, MacEwen settled in Egmond aan Zee in 1884, making him one of the first members of the Egmond School. He was to live and work there for three years. Even in the decades that followed, until he temporarily returned to America during World War I, he continued to come to the Netherlands from Paris with great regularity to paint, especially in the summer. Apart from Egmond aan Zee, he also worked in Hattem (where he had his own studio for a while), Volendam and Haarlem. He focused on simple, rural themes and was very fond of the works of Jan Vermeer, although he also displays some influence from the Hague School.

A good example of MacEwen's work originated in Holland is **De notaris** (1884-85): a young woman sits at a table by the window, hair covered with a white cap, a quill in her hand, while a man gives directions over her shoulder. The scene betrays a strong Vermeer influence. Embroidered on the tablecloth is the Dutch lion with the year 1641: the year the Treaty of The Hague was signed, an alliance between the Netherlands and Portugal against the Spanish kingdom.

MacEwen was an internationally acclaimed painter in his time. He exhibited several times at the Paris Salon and won several prizes and medals, including at the 1894 World's Fair in Antwerp. He also participated in the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago and the 1900 World's Fair in Paris. In 1898, he was inducted into the Legion d'honneur.



After World War I, MacEwen would relocate to Paris. Notwithstanding his popular and rural theme choices, he was known as a fashionable, cosmopolitan man. During the interwar period, incidentally, he would also paint many commissioned portraits. In 1940, at the outbreak of World War II, he returned to the United States again, where he would die in New York in 1943, aged 83.

Works by MacEwen are in the Dallas Museum of Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Telfair Museum of Art in Savannah and the National Academy of Design in New York, among others. The Singer Museum in Laren also has work by MacEwen in its collection.

The Witches

The Letter



A Ghost Story

The Absent One On A Souls Day

Throwing light on our MacEwan family origins story !

By Ian and Virginia

Abstract

This paper documents a study that explored whether Iain MacEwan's Y-DNA signature can be linked to figures or groups or places in history - to throw light on our family origins. The amateur study was conducted both for our own family and Clan MacEwen Society members with the aims of:

- applying the latest Y-DNA research conclusions that identify Inner Hebridean haplotypes, and
- making sense of them by linking them to historical genealogical narratives, and
- identifying potential patrilineal figures
- looking for links to Clan MacEwen of Otter
- encouraging men to take a Big Y DNA test, so that we can grow this knowledge base.

Iain MacEwan's Y-DNA signature goes back about 1500 years and indicates unbroken Inner Hebridean ancestry throughout that time. To add flesh to this skeletal timeline, to help make sense of the genetic signposts, and to look for what drove families to migrate, both within Scotland and internationally to the colonies, we accessed the ancient genealogies for clans, and literature tracing 1500 years of history.

We specifically surveyed the ancient history of the Inner Hebrides and the mainland coastal areas of Cowal, Knapdale and Kintyre trying to throw light on each of two MacEwan/MacEwen enigmas: firstly. how long had 'our' MacEwan family lived on the Isle of Islay, and where were they before moving to Islay? Secondly, after the loss of the Barony lands in the mid-late fifteenth century did some of the Clan MacEwan of Otter families migrate westwards to the Inner Hebrides as 'men' of the Argyll Campbells?

This study deepened our understanding of the key political, economic and social factors that took place in this small corner of the world over the last 1500 years.

Our study found basis for an assumption that some Clan MacEwen of Otter families did relocate to the Isle of Islay, and what may be relevant for Society members information that during the late seventeenth through to the nineteenth centuries the Inner Hebrides was a departure point for many emigrants to the colonies. We also found a connection between 'our' MacEwan family story and Clan MacEwen of Otter - a link that needs ongoing research.

More lines of enquiry have emerged during the study, and we have become aware of scholarly interest in challenging and validating the ancient genealogies for the Hebridean clans, and in determining whether some of the named patrilineal figures were historical or mythical. Contacts with several researchers both in this historical genealogical field, and in the separate, but linked field of Y-DNA research, will help to focus our 'watch party' for future developments.

This paper may be of interest to people wanting to identify whereabouts in Scotland their ancestors lived prior to emigrating, and people who are thinking of submitting a kit for Y-DNA analysis.

Le deagh dhùrachd, Virginia and Iain

Add your comments and collaborate with others in real time. You can read the full account by visiting <https://www.clanmacewen.com>

Will you join me in searching for our eponymous ancestors?

Iain and Virginia MacEwan: macewan@xtra.co.nz November 2024

Clan MacEwen's Family Convention in June this year has completed the nomination of our Commander as Chief of the Name and Arms - so that all people with MacEwen names will have central leadership and a 'home base' in Scotland. Do you now have time to pick up a new project, to develop new understandings of our ancient Clan history, to inform your own family story, as well as the Clan's story?

From seminal ancient texts we have the genealogy of Clan MacEwen of Otter, and their place in Scotland's history. We also have the heraldic records of the Clan's growing group of Armigers.

Many of our kindred have family records that trace their ancestry back hundreds of years. Even so, there are many kin whose ancestors emigrated in the 17-18th centuries and are not sure whereabouts in Scotland they originated from.

It's not clear what happened to the MacEwens who lived near the castle at Kilfinan, or around the coast of Loch Fyne, after our last chief died and the Barony lands were transferred to Campbell ownership in the fifteenth century. While we know that several distinct lines of MacEwens spread out across Scotland - there were known distinct settlements of MacEwens in Lennox/Glenboig, Dumbartonshire, Perthshire, Stirlingshire, Galloway and other places. There are also beliefs that there was a MacEwen sept of MacDougall and one of MacPherson. While we know about these settlements, we don't know which lines are related to one another. It would be great if we could start to distinguish different family lines of MacEwens and any relationships between them.

Of course, each branch of the MacEwen family is important, whether, or not, they can be linked to MacEwen of Otter.

Nowadays we have DNA data that provides an additional form of evidence that's capable of enriching our ancestral knowledge. DNA provides an excellent adjunct to traditional genealogy, especially where the historical records are sparse or absent, as it is for Clan MacEwen of Otter.

Y-chromosome DNA (Y-DNA) traces descent from father to son. Y-DNA is a permanent record of ancestry and can be very useful for identifying clan histories as Y-DNA markers can be age dated and can reveal patrilineal lineages over the last 1000 - 1500 years. If the Y-DNA markers cannot yet be linked to a historical figure, they can often quite specifically suggest the location where the ancestor lived at a point in time.

The Family Tree DNA© (FTDNA) 'Discover platform' <https://discover.familytreedna.com/> draws from their massive worldwide database to form genetic trees, comprehensively mapping haplogroups and mutations as branches, showing matches and their shared ancestry.

Getting to grips with Y-DNA research is a fascinating pastime that also requires great patience - and the help of FTDNA experts. There are several of these experts who keen to help identify the different families of MacEwens and they can make links to the area ancestors lived in. Y-DNA can also help to validate or challenge the Clan MacEwen ancient genealogy. But we need MacEwen men to take the Y-DNA test.

Many other Scottish clans have launched Y-DNA projects to identify their clans' unique DNA 'signatures', family branches, and origins: in July a representative of the Clan MacGregor Society said *"by combining family research with the DNA results we may now be able to glimpse our place in the Clan's history. It is as if 'you are re-uniting with your ancestors in the story that is Scotland'".* With their DNA project Clan MacMillan notes that *"clans have never just consisted of direct male-line descendants of its founder, especially the powerful clans who conquer the lands of other clans and absorb their members into their own kindred by marriage and/or name change. We know therefore that any clan Y-DNA project is going to show many different results"*.

In the hope of whetting your appetite to make your own Y-DNA discoveries, let me tell you a little about our experience with Y-DNA research - using the Y-DNA kits for my husband Iain, and my twin brother Danny, as examples.

With the help of FTDNA experts we know that Danny's placement on the 'Discover' haplotree maintained by FTDNA, suggests he descends from Feradaig (v.c.400 AD), great-grandson of Eoghan/son of Niall of the Nine Hostages (300 CE). The latter stands as the semi-historical founder of one of only two families in Europe that can be traced back indisputably in the male line from the present day through the Medieval times beyond the Dark Ages to the fourth century A.D.

In Iain's case, his Y-DNA full signature indicates he is from one of the early Dal Riadic Scots clans going back to around 450 A.D. One of his later Y-DNA markers (R-PF5236) shows shared genetic ancestry (around 650 A.D) with a group of men who all originate in the Inner Hebrides. Earlier markers suggest his ancestors still lived in that same area around 950 A.D. and 1550 A.D. – indicating that Iain's ancestors lived in the Inner Hebrides continuously from around 450 A.D. until recent years.

In conclusion

Y-DNA testing can distinguish between distinct branches of MacEwens, and where they connect or split - IF enough men bearing the MacEwen surname and its variants, submit samples for testing. No blood is required, just a mouth swab. Y-DNA samples are anonymised by using kit number/codes. When you submit a test, it shows the kits you match with, and where you sit on the worldwide haplotree. Information about you just might provide the clue that someone else is waiting for to unlock their own search for who and where they come from.

I hope you will join me and share future discoveries. Together with an experienced researcher, who can help us make sense of test results, I want to encourage MacEwen men to join the massive FTDNA database of 800,000 men. Will your Y-DNA show your ancestor's place in the MacEwen genealogical line?

Please think about ordering a Big Y test because that will give you the most information. The tests are expensive, but the information you'll gain is a family asset.



BIG Y-DNA TESTING

In Pursuit of McEuen Arms

By Matt McCuen

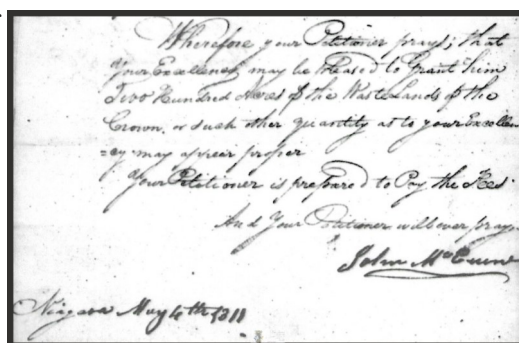
I've always been passionate about the preservation of old beauty, and the celebration of old tradition. So, when Ross shared his newly granted arms a few years back, I was captivated! That the medieval art of heraldry is not only practiced today, but is done so in continuity with hundreds of years of tradition that trace back to medieval Scotland -- who knew! I picked up my old copy of Scots Heraldry by Sir Thomas Innes, Lord Lyon, and reread it from a new perspective -- as a living history that I could participate in and promote.



My enthusiasm waned a bit as the required burden of proof became clear: as an American, I had to prove to a legal standard (the Lyon Court is a court of law, after all) that I am descended from a Scottish McEuen, who that particular McEuen was, and where he was born. For someone whose McEuen forebears have been in the new world for seven generations, that was a daunting task, and I resigned myself to registering arms in an American registry (the pros and cons of which are another topic) instead.

For the first of many times, Ross stepped in with a word of encouragement: just give it a try! The worst that could happen is that I'd learn a bit more about my family tree. And so began a two-year research adventure, aided greatly by my genealogist Aunt, Marg McEuen. In the end, a combination of certified birth and death certificates, census, marriage, and baptismal records, historical journals and memoirs, land petitions, military correspondence, and a handwritten power-of-attorney document – these presented the compelling case. Comparison of written signatures in the last three helped me to demonstrate that John McEuen of Kirkcudbright, John McEuen the Merchant of Niagara, and Captain John McEuen of the Lincoln Militia were in fact all the same John – a lynchpin in proving my descent from a particular Scot.

The result of this effort, in addition to a formal petition to the office of the Lord Lyon, King of Arms, was successful: a grant of arms to my fourth-great grandfather, Captain John McEuen of Kirkcudbright, born 1777; as well as a grant of differenced arms to myself: *Or, a lion rampant Azure, armed and langued Gules holding in its dexter paw a violin Proper on a chief enarched Azure a Celtic cross between two oak leaves one in bend and one in bend sinister all Or charged with a mullet Argent. Above the Shield is placed an Helm befitting his degree with a Mantling Azure doubled Or and on a Wreath of the Liveries is set for Crest the trunk of an oak tree couped, eradicated and sprouting Proper, charged of a mullet Azure, and in an Escrol over the same this Motto "THA MI AG ÛRACHADH".*



But I've gotten way ahead of myself. What is this heraldry stuff, anyway? It's a thing of beauty, and a thing of tradition! Its original purpose was to differentiate the shields of combatants on the battlefield, so that they could tell friend from foe while wearing armor. Over time, it became a means to visually differentiate all sorts of worthy individuals, whether by shields, flags, stationary, wax seals, or any number of other media. Bright colors, whimsical animals, fanciful emblems, stirring mottoes! Scotland, in particular, has a rich heraldic tradition, and its heraldic authority (the aforesaid Lord Lyon) is attested during the reign of Robert the Bruce in 1318. The Lord Lyon holds legal accountability for additions to the Public Register of all Arms and Bearings in Scotland, the first volume of which was bound in 1677, and the most recent volume of which contains Ross', Chris', and (soon) my own arms. Each entry in this register is unique and meaningful, often with beautifully painted appeals to family, history, and personal ambition.

I hope to write a follow-up newsletter article describing my arms themselves but will here touch briefly on one aspect that should be encouraging to my fellow children of the Scottish diaspora. The arms granted to my ancestor are essentially what I had proposed to the Lord Lyon, with much advice from Ross. In differencing them for my own unique arms, however, the Lord Lyon chose to add a prominent five-pointed star ("mullet") – important enough to put smack dab in the middle of the shield, as well as on the MacEwen oak stump in my crest. I believe that this follows after the example established by Chris McEwan in his arms, which incorporate the seven-pointed star of Australia. It seems to me a very welcoming gesture for Lyon to choose to incorporate a symbol of America – and I hope that it encourages other non-Scots that their nationality is not an obstacle to petitioning for arms, but rather an opportunity to spread this beautiful tradition beyond its traditional European home. *Tha Mi Ag Ûrachadh* – *I Am Renewing!*

I'm happy to discuss further & share my experience with anyone who is interested in petitioning for arms of their own.



The Legacy of James McCune Smith

April 18th 1813 to November 17th 1865

By Pauline Rowland

We are all proud to be part of the growing McEwen clan family. We are a clan that has, over the centuries, ventured from Scottish and Irish shores to new lands in both hemispheres of our world and in so doing, the spelling of the name McEwen has taken many forms, as illustrated on the Clan website. One of these derivatives is **McCune** and is thought to have originated in County Sligo, Ireland.

This piece is dedicated to the life, work and legacy of one **Dr James McCune Smith**, who was a pioneering African American with strong links to Scotland, particularly Glasgow.

Smith was born into slavery in 1813 in Manhattan and was set free on July 4, 1827, at the age of 14, by the Emancipation Act of New York. That was the final date when New York officially freed its remaining slaves. His mother was an enslaved woman named Lavinia, who achieved her freedom later in life. She was born into slavery in South Carolina and had been brought to New York, as a slave, by his father Samuel Smith, a white merchant and his mother's master. He grew up only with his mother and so it was by no means obvious that Smith would come to enjoy the five years of unprecedented freedom and advanced education that he would experience on the other side of the Atlantic. Yet he did have several advantages that helped make it possible. For one, his mother Lavinia, his Aunt Sally (Sarah) **McCune**, "Grandma Weaver," and others in their supportive community made sure that McCune Smith received an excellent education from an early age. "Grandma Weaver" paid for **McCune Smith's** 'first tuition' and directories reveal that Aunt **Sally McCune** and "Grandma" Mary Weaver were both teachers. Mary Weaver does not appear to be a family relation to **McCune** Smith; however, it is reasonable to assume that the **McCune** name was adopted from his Aunt Sally, a possible blood relative of his mother.



The young James was a promising student and attended the African Free School. When he graduated, he applied to a variety of colleges in the United States. However, despite being an exemplary student, his applications were all rejected due to his race. Ultimately, he ended up attending university across the Atlantic in Glasgow.

In 1832, McCune Smith travelled from New York to Liverpool aboard the ship 'Caledonia'. After that, he travelled to Glasgow via steamer, probably disembarking at the Broomielaw, a dock on the north bank of the River Clyde.

At Glasgow, McCune Smith studied subjects such as Greek, Anatomy, and Medicine. After his graduation in 1837, McCune Smith was granted a trainee position as Clerk at the Glasgow Lock Hospital. The Lock Hospital was for women with sexually transmitted infections. It was while working at this institution in Glasgow's Rottenrow, one of the oldest streets in the city, that McCune Smith campaigned for the welfare of patients. In 1837, he published articles in the London Medical Gazette which exposed the mistreatment of patients at the hospital by a fellow medical practitioner. The articles showed McCune Smith's desire to use his medical training to help people less fortunate than himself. These articles are also the first known research papers to be published in a British medical journal by an African American.

During his time in Glasgow, James McCune Smith was a founding member of the Glasgow Emancipation Society. At a meeting of the society in March 1837, held at the George Street Chapel, McCune Smith was cheered when he said:

'At a day not very distant, it may be my privilege once more to appear before you, —no longer an outcast from the land of the free—no longer the victim of a cruel prejudice—no longer debarred from seats of learning'.

McCune Smith was awarded his Bachelor of Arts degree on 29 April 1835. He first enrolled in the University of Glasgow's medical school in 1835, the same year he began to pursue his master's degree. It is only at this point that we can be certain that McCune Smith determined to set forth on what would be a pioneering career as a physician. Again, McCune Smith successfully completed his course of study and was awarded his Master of Arts degree on 6 April 1836.

After having experienced five years of personal freedom and academic success, McCune Smith experienced his first taste of what he had to face again upon returning to his home country. Sometime in early May 1837, McCune Smith attempted to book a first-class cabin to the United States on the American brig *Canonicus*. His great friend John Murray recorded the experience in detail soon after it occurred, complete with a detailed reconstruction of the conversation. Its Captain, Bigley, offered McCune Smith a second-class cabin instead. When McCune Smith insisted on booking first-class, Bigley refused. A companion of Bigley's added that McCune Smith's presence in the first-class cabin would drive away passengers.

It took months for McCune Smith to return to New York City. Refusing to accept anything less than a first-class berth, McCune Smith remained until he could 'avail himself of a transient British vessel to return to his native land.' At a welcome reception, held about two weeks after his return, McCune Smith declared that he was glad to be back home. But he told his enraptured audience of his experiences living in a country where he freely enjoyed *'the society and the sympathy of... noble-minded men, amongst whom I went a young and friendless exile, by whom I was received and treated as a brother and an equal'* and where *'the gates of learning were open to all on the same terms, and with equal privileges'*.

McCune Smith's most valuable education was not that which he received within the University of Glasgow's venerable walls: it was the experience of personal freedom, free from the imposition of an 'aristocracy of the skin,' free from unreasoned hate and prejudice. This was a lesson McCune Smith never forgot, and he spent the rest of his life imparting it to others.

His Legacy

In total McCune Smith gained three qualifications from the University of Glasgow - a bachelor's degree in 1835, a master's degree in 1836, and his medical doctorate in 1837 and published some of the first medical research papers. Upon returning to New York McCune Smith set up a medical practice in lower Manhattan and grew to be recognised as a prominent figure in the New York black community and a leading intellectual.

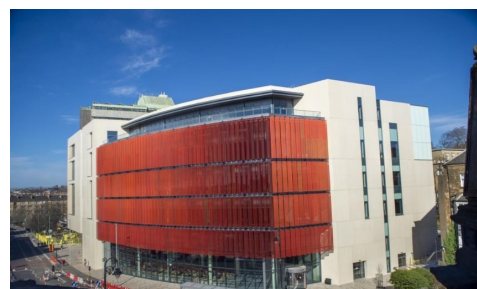
His academic success and support of emancipation and equal rights have been immortalised in the recognition bestowed on him by Glasgow University and its recent campus development.

James McCune Smith Learning Hub

Construction work on the £90.6m building started at the end of October 2017, and the building opened in April 2021 in the city of Glasgow.

The James McCune Smith Learning Hub is a world-leading learning and teaching facility with space for over 2,500 students, providing a creative environment, combining flexible study and social learning space with multi-styled and technology-enabled teaching.

The University also offers scholarships and funding for black domiciled UK students to undertake PhD research at the university as well as undergraduate scholarships.



Compiled from extracts taken from the websites of-

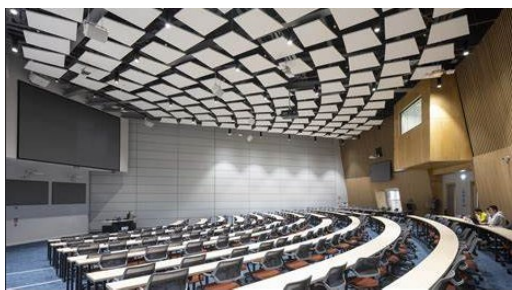
The University of Glasgow

The University of Durham

Historic environment Scotland

Wikipedia

A Scholars Transatlantic journey -Amy M Cools.



Robert and David McEwen Diaries

By Rachel, Lady McEwen

It is now 1835 and David continues his correspondence with Robert. David furnishes his brother with the latest family news and gossip. However, he also drops a major piece of news on Robert.

Clochranhill 17 June 1833

Dear Robert

Your favour of the 12th instant I duly received and I now proceed to answer the same, but before doing so I may mention that I dispatched a Newspaper bearing your address, which I presume you would receive, and it would allay your anxiety in so far as it contained the gratifying intelligence of Margaret's having got the turn. And now in accordance with your wishes I shall give you some further information and enter more minutely into details. I feel happy that it is in my power to state that the fever has left our sister, and that entirely, but it has left her very weak. As you accuse me of not being explicit enough in my last communication I shall endeavour to make up for that desideratum now. Margaret was seized with Typhus fever on Friday the 24th ult. since when I may say she has been confined to bed. As influenza was so prevalent in this quarter at that period we thought it merely a complaint of that nature, but as the disease seemed to be rather lingering and to show different symptoms from influenza Dr. Sym was called on the Friday eight days after she had been attacked by it. He ordered some medicine to be taken and on Sabbath following he thought it necessary that her head should be shaved, which was accordingly done. She had previously suffered severely from the pain in her head, but this

operation relieved it considerably. The fever however still continued till last Friday, being the 21st day after she was seized with it, when she got the turn and is now in the fair way of recovery; but from her long confinement she has been very much reduced and it will take a some time before she gets stout. During the time the fever was at its height she was quite cool and collected and the symptoms all along were favourable. We all have great reason to be grateful to that merciful providence which watched over her during her illness, which checked her disease and which will in due time I trust restore her to the enjoyment of her usual health and to the society of her friends. My sister desires me to return you and our Brother Hugh her warmest acknowledgements for those expressions of sympathy and regard which were presented her and which I hope she will soon be able to acknowledge propria personâ, and she begs me to assure you that they are very consolatory to her in her present situation; she hopes likewise that you will write frequently as it will (cheer) her to read your letters..... My Mother wishes to know if you are in connection with the Scotch Church established in Manchester. I forgot to mention that Dr. Sym has given the utmost satisfaction; his professional skill seems to be of the first-rate order, whilst his attention and the interest that he takes in his patients are additional recommendations. I must now conclude; we all unite in kindest regards to you and Hugh, and I remain your's ever

Da. McEwen.

Clochranhill; 1 July 1833.

My dear Robert

..... Our sister is progressively improving and would be pretty well otherwise were it not that the fever has left a pain in her side and one of her limbs which has annoyed her a good deal and makes it difficult for her to walk. She was out of bed last Friday for the first time since she was confined and sat up for a considerable time, but has been obliged to keep to bed since from the circumstance mentioned. She has been ordered to go into a warm bath which has removed the uneasiness in part so that in a short time now I anticipate her entire convalescence, through the blessing of providence of the means used, and it is probable that the next letter that you receive from this quarter will be from her own fair hand, thus affording proof positive of the most satisfactory nature with regard to the state of her health..... I saw R. Ronald in Ayr last Tuesday who was proposing to go to Penvallie that night and then proceed to Newton Stewart for the purpose of making some purchases in wool I imagine, and he is to be in Ayr this week again to attend the Fair. The price of wool is advanced considerably this year as well as that of sheep, which will raise the spirits of the store Farmers. In days of yore

how used we to anticipate the arrival of the Ayr Fair? What joyous times were they! how the old parlour used to ring with the loud peals of laughter as the bon mots, jests and repartees were alternatively poured in from different quarters. But alas those days are gone by now and some of the individuals who figured on those happy occasions have ceased to be, having crossed that dark, black bourne, life's dreary bounds, and having entered upon that world from which no traveller ever returns. I had a letter from his reverence last week; as usual he was uttering a few tirades against the government and their church-patronage destroying propensities. He was just going to set out with his

pupils on an excursion through the highlands, visiting in their course, Loch Katrine, Ben Lomond, Glencoe, Staffa, etc., etc., etc. - what a delightful trip: But the weather unfortunately is very stormy and wet which will destroy the pleasure of their ramble in a great measure and will excite the bile of his Worship as he generally thinks that he gets his share of the distillation of the heavens when he is abroad. My Mother keeps her health wonderfully and is just now in the enjoyment of as good health as I have seen her in for some time. We all unite in kindest regards to you and his Highness and I remain your's ever

Glochranhill: 8 November 1833

My dear Robert

As his Highness, Hugh, intends once more revisiting the other side of the Tweed in the course of a few days I shall embrace the opportunity of writing you by him. The Youth has been stalking about and exhibiting his dimensions to the gaze of the astonished lieges, who, from the surprize into which they were betrayed, no doubt imagined him to be a native of Patagonia or some other fabled land of Giants. Of his movements it is unnecessary for me to enter into a detail as he will be able to furnish you with a full and particular account of all these himself, as likewise he will dilate upon every other subject that would be interesting to you - every other subject did I say? nay, that is perhaps too unlimited an expression, as the Youth may perhaps be anxious to maintain reserve on some points; I will therefore give you some information for your private ear. Know, then, that since his arrival in Ayrshire he has had the misfortune of being introduced to a young lady yeleft Miss Dunlop, of Barns Street, with whose charms he has been so much enraptured that the wits of the poor fellow have nearly gone amissing - (now don't be insuating that that would be no great loss as it was rather a

scarce commodity in respect to our Brother) - having frequently shown symptoms of great absence of mind. Since he came North his principal occupation has been in escorting the said young Lady out from and into Town, and in paying her the most marked attentions during a visit here of three or four days. One day, when Hugh was calling upon Miss D. he asked at the door for Mr. Bryden, but the maid smiled outright and said Come this way and ushered the Gentleman into the Drawing room where Miss D. was sitting alone waiting to receive visitors. So you may guess that he has not been idle since he came here and that he has been turning his visit to some account: so much for the gallantry of the Youth. Permit me to return you my warmest acknowledgements for the many and repeated expressions of your kindness as well as of your friendship which I have received of late. I hope that, born under a lucky planet, your fortunes may be as prosperous as my wishes would have them to be, and that ere many summer suns have shed their beneficial influence over our hemisphere, the name of McEwen may be ranked amongst those of the wealthiest and most respectable in the City of Calicoes. With regard to the motto ... fixed upon for the Family; with all due deference (to your) opinion and to the cogent reasons urged for its adoption, I would most respectfully beg leave to dissent from it. The word Revivesco has to me a peculiar charm; there is something in its prospective character which seems to me to claim additional regard - 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view, - but this

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reasoning may be said to be delusive and fanciful and will not stand the test; and while the one affects our worldly fortunes the other affects our moral character and therefore must have a decided preference. But the Revivisco I think may be taken in a much more extended sense, and without much straining may apply to futurity, where I conceive its chief beauty consists; - when the Drama of this life is closed and our material part is

consigned to the dust the Spirit, freed from its clayey tenement, bursts forth fresh and vigorous and blooms through the ceaseless ages of eternity in unfading youth and splendour. James, poor fellow, has been very unfortunate; I hope now he is in the fair way of recovery and will soon be able to travel northwards. As my paper is near a close I must conclude. My Mother, Sister and Hugh unite with me in kindest regards to you, and I remain, your's ever

Da. McEwen.

Clochranhill: 9 August 1834.

Mon cher Frère

I daresay you will think me very negligent and inattentive in not answering long ago your very kind and much esteemed favour of the 17th May .. but I have been very busy of late and the pressure of one thing after another has always prevented me from fulfilling my intentions, and not having made any final arrangements with regard to subletting the farm I have delayed writing in expectation of being able to inform you that matters had been brought to a close. I think that I mentioned in my last that I had enquired 'at Capt^D Hamilton if he were inclined to extend his farming operations as I would have no objections to giving him this, provided he would give me some consideration for the improvements which had been made upon it; but he did not feel disposed to do so. I made a similar proposition to A. Struthers in Dumfries park; he had no objections to taking the farm but his ideas and mine were a little different with regard to its value as he considered the House and Garden would be sufficient remuneration for the improvements made upon it while I, on the other hand, thought that I would be entitled to a surplus rent of nearly £30 besides. I have not talked to him very closely on the subject but I intend to so some of these days and if he does not come to the point I have another

person in my eye whom I shall try. One reason why I have not pushed the matter further forward is that I have been attempting to get a supply of water, which at present is a great desideratum, as for four or five months in the summer we are obliged to cart it from the Doon for the cattle. We had a man boring for it a few days ago, but having twisted his rods, he was obliged to give it up for the present. He was down altogether about forty four feet, but there was no appearance of a spring; however I intend to make him proceed a little further in the attempt, as a good supply of water would enhance the value of the farm very materially. As soon as any arrangement is made you will of course hear from me. I anticipate the pleasure of seeing both you and Hugh in this quarter of the globe ere long We had letters from both James and John today and they wish you (being at the greatest distance) to fix the time when you will get down. James is obliged to return to Edinburgh by the end of October..... John left this for Tullymett last Friday eight days and will look after his pupils during their holydays which expire somewhere about the middle of October, but of course is not so engaged but he could come away at an earlier period - at least I presume so. Our Sacrament takes place the first Sabbath of October and it might be as well perhaps to fix upon a different period for making out your visit as some of your time would in consequence be lost..... You can however let me know as soon as you have made your arrange-

ments in order that I may have the larder filled with provisions and the cellar stowed with liquors as I fear they will be found to be not inexhaustible after the threatened visitation is made out. My Mother is well..... Margaret not so stout as I could wish. J. McIlwraith carried off two medals. With best respects to you and Hugh I ever am your's etc.

Clochranhill: 20 September 1834.

My dear Robert

Your very kind favour of the 29th duly came to hand, but somehow or another one deuce of a thing after another has come in the way to prevent me from acknowledging receipt of it, but setting every obstacle at defiance I have fairly at length sat down to do so, and for the handsome present to my Mother and myself I beg you will accept of our sincere and heartfelt thanks, which is all the return we can make you. I think it is probable that before I cross the Atlantic I shall have the pleasure of giving you the right hand of fellowship in your own good city, but I think that it will be sometime in spring, perhaps immediately before sailing, when I shall accomplish it. I have not as yet got the farm sublet. Struthers in Dumfries Park would not take the land except he got all the houses, and of course I would not hear of that; but there is a man of the name of Brackenridge in the neighbourhood, a quiet sober person, who would accept of the farm without the dwelling house and garden, but he would not consent to give more than a cow's grass above the present rent, but perhaps if we were coming to close terms he might be induced to give five pounds per annum more. This, I consider is too little, but if no better offer be made I may perchance be obliged to give in

Jamieson in Maybole who formerly acted as an under factor to the Marquis of Ailsa and latterly kept the Post Office there has been showing the cloven foot and playing the rogue in good style. The heirs of one Logan had a process with him as to the validity of a deed executed by that individual, when it turned out that he had taken too active, if not a dishonest part in making out the deed and in consequence lost the plea, by which adverse decision he would have been obliged to have refunded the money he had obtained in that way, which amounted to four or five thousand pounds. But lo and behold he makes a moonlight flitting and sailed this last

week for America, it is said, with all his booty. Besides they are implicating him in a heavier charge, namely of opening letters and abstracting the money. Thomas Miller, a son of Convener Miller, who carried on business as an Ironmonger in town cut his stick and sailed for America one or two days ago. His own friends being the principal sufferers, advanced a considerable sum of money in assisting him. Dr. Samuel Thomson goes to Dailly to practise the healing there: I daresay you will be heartily tired of these local news and will be saying Out upon it! May I have some fears that, having an affaire du coeur with Mademoiselle - this letter may be placed in your hands just at the moment when you are penning a stanza in her praise? or after ruminating upon her perfections for half an hour a train of happy ideas have presented themselves to your imagination and you are in the act of committing them to paper when you unfortunately open this sorry epistle and commence reading it, and, ere you have half done reading it, your mind, from coming in contact with such dull and uninteresting materials, has been infected with ennui, and all those bright and airy visions have vanished and, unable to realize them, you vent your fury on my devoted head! Alas, poor Yorick! Expecting to have the pleasure of seeing you and Hugh soon I remain, your's ever

Da. McEwen.

I heard from James this week; he thinks that it will be the end of this month or the beginning of next ere he will get West.

The following poem is unsigned ^{but} ~~and~~ dated: "Ayr Observer January 1835." It is apparently incomplete and may be attributed either to Robert ~~or Hugh~~ McEwen.

1

Fill a bumper of joy to the land I love best
To the place of my choice, the dear land of the West;
To the strath and the valley, the upland and fell,
To the cowslip and cornflower and red heatherbell -
To the lofty outline and turretted crest
Of the hills that I love, the green hills of the West.

2

The streams of the West - the streams of the West
On whose bright blooming borders my heart is at rest;
The scenes of my joys and the scenes of my woes
Where my feelings first woke and my fancy first rose.

To the Ayr, Doon and Stinchar - dear streams of the
West.

3

The Homes of the West - the Homes of the West
Where the stranger finds welcome, the weary finds rest.
Oh bright be their hearths as their dear Master's fame
Undarkened by sorrow, untarnished by shame.

(To Robert McEwen from his brother David)

Clochranhill: 7 April 1835.

My dear Robert,

As my arrangements are nearly completed and the
time fixed when I must "stem the tide and breast the wave"
I have laid hold of my trusty grey goose ^{ll} quick for the
purpose of writing you previous to leaving the shores of my
native country. I have taken my passage to New York in

the Portaferry, which should sail from Greenock on the 14th inst. My movements now must be directed to a different hemisphere, but wherever I am situated, in whatever circumstances I may be placed, my native land will ever hold a first place in my affections. Yes, to it my thoughts will often revert as being the residence of those friends whose kindness I have so often experienced and whose friendship I shall ever prize, and as being the scene of many youthful associations to which fond fancy will often recur with delight. Time will never be able to obliterate these feelings, distance cannot destroy them; they are too deeply rooted in my nature to be weakened by any cause; adverse circumstances will only tend to strengthen them and will invest my native land and every association connected with it with a sacred charm, and neither change of fortune nor change of climate will be able to break the spell -

Land of green hill and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood
What mortal hand shall e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy native strand.

After crossing the Atlantic and reaching terra firma, if ever I get that length, you shall have a full and particular account of my voyage over the "deep, deep sea", and as travellers are generally allowed to have poetical imaginations, or to speak more plainly, indulge occasionally in fiction, I beg to apprise you thereof beforehand lest you should be too fastidious in dissecting my narration if now and then to relieve the dull account of a sea voyage I should deal a little in the marvellous. Penvallie was here last week making another and a final effort to take his farm. I believe he made another offer and sent it away to the Marquis, but Craig did not give him any encouragement or any hope of his succeeding in getting it. I begin to fear the prospect is very doubtful; he has

been very ill used about it altogether and is still kept in suspense, not knowing what to do about his stock. If he leaves Penvallie I suppose he will make some repairs upon the houses at Barr and will take up his residence there. You will of course have seen in the papers that John has got the presentation to Kirkmichael, one of the most desirable livings in Carrick, but the parishioners are in great wrath because the Heritors gave him the appointment without ever consulting

them, and John is in great fear lest he should be obliged to submit to the veto: a part of the parish, in order to thwart the Heritors, would willingly (make him) do so I have no doubt just now. But I have little fear but that their feelings will calm if no untoward event occur, and that everything will go on smoothly and well, and I think it is a fortunate circumstance that the excitement took place at the time that it did as I have great hopes that by the time his settlement takes place their bile will have dissolved and the parish will be ready to receive him with cordiality. I find that my time will be very much occupied to get all accomplished that I would wish, previous to going away. I must now conclude; we all unite in kindest regards to you and Hugh, and I remain yrs. mo. sincerely

Da. McEwen.

P.S. Balloch is here today and he seems to think that Pen. has no opposition and that there is a probability of his getting his farm - which I most fervently wish.

JOURNAL

by DAVID McEWEN

Passenger in the Brig Portaferry from Greenock to New York;

15 April - 28 May 1835.

On the morning of Wednesday the 12th of April 1835, I bade adieu to my kind and dear friends at Clochranhill with the view of settling in Upper Canada. Upon arriving at Ayr Quay I found all my luggage had been safely deposited on board the Benledi Steam packet in which I took my passage to Greenock. Betwixt Troon and Ardrossan I got a little squeamish in order I suppose to remind me of what I might expect in crossing the Atlantic. On arriving at Greenock I got my goods and chatels transferred from the deck of the Steam boat to that of the Portaferry and there safely deposited. I secured a birth in the Cabin for which I paid in all £13, being unable to get that sum modified. The Captain pays 6/6 for me at New York as head money as the Americans levy a tax upon all emigrants entering their territories. Upon steerage passengers it is 4/6 each. After getting my luggage secured I sauntered about the Town a little and in the evening returned to the Portaferry to enquire at the Captain if he intended to sail the following day, according to advertisement, provided the wind answered. Appearances were not favourable, as the preparations for sailing were far from being in such a forward state as to

warrant such a conclusion. About 6 o'clock p.m. as I was leaving, the Captain told me that some person had been enquiring for me. As I was stepping ashore wondering who it might be, to my agreeable surprise I observed Brother James coming forward, who likewise informed me that John was taking a stroll in a different direction in expectation of catching hold of me. It may easily be imagined the pleasure I felt at

hold of me. It may easily be imagined the pleasure I felt at so unexpected a meeting. We immediately set about reconnoitring for a suitable place to stop at, and after due deliberation made a dead point at the Crown Inn and Hotel where we got accommodation for the night which, as may be anticipated, was a happy one, and was spent in the exchange of those social and kindly feelings which I trust will only terminate with our existence, when the pulse has ceased to beat and the blood to flow in our veins, unaffected by difference of climate, change of fortune or any other adventitious circumstance which may attend us in our pilgrimage thro' this world here below. After remaining till near 1 o'clock on Tuesday they took their departure for Glasgow in one of the numerous steamers that ply on the Clyde. So I was left to my own solitary musings; but the circumstances connected with our meeting will long be remembered with delight and will perchance serve to chase away the gloom or ennui that may be striving to obtain a transient lodgement in my breast. I stopped on Tuesday night in the same Inn that I did the previous one, where I saw two young men who

I understood were to accompany me as voyageurs in the cabin. A Lieutenant Morrison, with his family, was likewise domiciled here, and upon being informed that I was going to New York in the same vessel along with him, he came and introduced himself to me. He seems to be rather a curious sort of a person.

On Wednesday, the 15th April, about 1 o'clock p.m. I embarked on board the Portaferry (Capt. Pollock). The necessary preparations being completed, about 3 o'clock p.m. she had got out from her moorings in the Dock into the river, was taken in tow by a steamer for 3 or 4 miles, and then our gallant barque, unfurling her sails, set off before the wind in fine style. There was no inspection of trunks or boxes by Custom House officers; two of these Officials came along with us a short distance and then returned in the steam boat;

they took the number of passengers and their names, but seemed to take no further concern with us. The crew consists of 6 men and 2 boys besides a first and second Mate, a Carpenter, a Steward and a Cook. There are 51 passengers on board, including children; there are two other young men in the Cabin along with myself: the rest are steerage passengers. A Mr. Jackson, late a Merchant Tailor in Glasgow with a large family, and Lieutenant Morrison, with a similar appendage, have separate accommodations for themselves. Four boys were discovered who had concealed themselves below in hopes of getting a free passage to America; after getting a proper blowing up from the Captain (they) were sent ashore with the

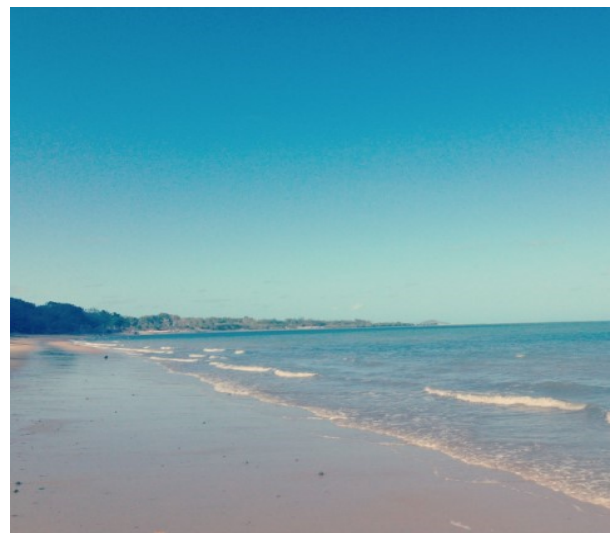
pilot who left us when we were about opposite to Lamlash. By the time night set in we were off Ailsa Cragg. It was blowing pretty fresh and I felt somewhat sick before going to bed. Thursday April 16th. The gale still continued, and being still sick, I remained in bed the greater part of the day. We are now sailing along the Irish Coast. Friday April 17th. The wind being rather more moderate in the morning the sickness left me in a great measure. In the evening we were off the (S) coast of Ireland. It was rather dark and hazy and in consequence I did not obtain a very distinct view of land, but with the aid of the Captain's spyglass I obtained an imperfect sight of it. The country seemed to look well in this quarter, being apparently well farmed and divided into square enclosures; some fields seemed to be covered with wheat which looked fresh and luxuriant. The land rose with a gentle swell towards the interior from the beach. We had this night the last view of land which we probably will have till we obtain a sight of the "land of liberty". Saturday the 18th. A strong westerly gale today; kept to my bed greater part of the day as my stomach has not yet become reconciled to the change of its position from land to that upon sea. Sunday the 19th. Wind more moderate today,

but a heavy swell on the sea which made our vessel pitch a good deal. Being Sunday the most of our passengers and crew were collected on the quarter deck in the forenoon, a psalm was sung, one of the passengers acting as precentor; our Captain then read a prayer, another portion of a psalm was sung and then the Captain read one of Logan's sermons which was attentively listened to. The day passed off pretty quietly, tho' I observed in the afternoon books of various descriptions in the hands of the passengers. Monday the 20th The wind rather high today, but fortunately in the proper direction: spoke to a vessel homeward bound from Tombago, out 26 days, but being a regular land lubber.....I was in my berth at the time, being not altogether yet (free) from sickness, and in consequence did not see her. Tuesday 21st. Wind more settled today, but a heavy swell still kept me in an uncomfortable state. Wednesday 22nd. A very pleasant day with little or no wind and a clear cloudless sky. The passengers are mostly on deck collected into various groups; the females are busy plying their needles, some are reading, others are pacing the deck, while the yonkers seem to be amusing themselves with some of their little juvenile sports. On either side nothing is to be seen but the sea with the "blue above and the blue below". Thursday and Friday 23rd and 24th. Becalmed and making no progress almost. I am now, however, free from sea-sickness, and having recovered my appetite feel competent to do justice to the good things provided for our table which, thanks to our Captain, are not at all to be despised. No doubt an epicure might complain of want of delicacies and viands, but in lieu we have a plentiful supply of what is good and substantial and have certainly no ground for complaint on that score. We breakfast between eight and

McEwen Beaches

By Ewan Rowland

McEwens pop up in all kinds of places. It's not surprising since McEwens are scattered all over the globe. However, not all McEwens have a place named after them. One such place is in Queensland which was recently visited by Ryan B. McEwen, an opportunity too good to miss.



a cane farmer at Barnstaple Farm, Sarina, was found dead at his residence shortly after 8 o'clock.

MR. ROBERT FIELD M'EWEN.

The death occurred in Sydney on August 8 of Mr. Robert Field M'Ewen, well known in Queensland, especially in the Mackay district, where he lived for many years and was among the district's pioneers. He played a leading part in the agitation for the White Australia policy.

He was born in Rothsay, Scotland, in 1851, and landed in Brisbane with his parents by the sailing ship "Ocean Chief" in 1859, arriving in Mackay in 1865.

Shortly after his arrival in Mackay he was employed on Mount Spencer station and then at "The Hollow." While at the latter place Mr. M'Ewen was asked by the Government to buy remounts for the Army but he declined this offer. Later he was engaged in the construction of the Baker's Creek bridge, and after that was employed by the CSR in establishing the mill at Homebush, which in later years was dismantled.

Mr. M'Ewen then took up the land which is now known as M'Ewen's Beach and later acquired a property at Baker's Creek.

He leaves a widow and five daughters—Mrs. Roger (Mackay), Mrs. Vaughan (Sydney), Mrs. Negus (Brisbane), and Misses Jean and Robina M'Ewen, also a number of grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Colonel Frank Goettge, of the U.S. Marine Corps, is reported missing in action in the Pacific war zone. He is a recognised authority on antique as well as modern weapons, and is also rated as one of the best players in the annals of American football.

This idyllic spot is a coastal town and rural locality in the Mackay Region. The town is on the south eastern coast facing Sandringham Bay. The 2021 census showed a population of 159 people. Marsh areas surround this underdeveloped town and its main industry is the production of sugar cane to the west and farming. The town was established in the 1920s by Robert Field McEwen who bought the land which is now a conservation area.

The man who gave his name to this town is recorded in an obituary held by the State Library of Queensland.

You will notice that he was influential and entrepreneurial but he held views that reflected the period of his life that today are unacceptable.



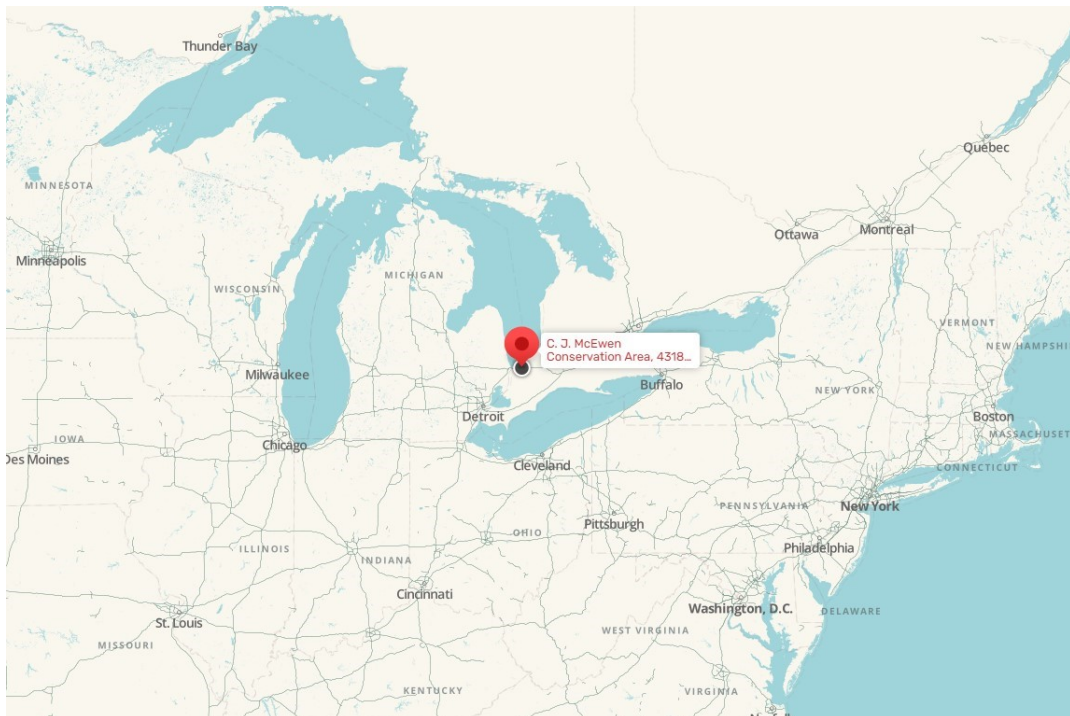
References: Wikipedia - McEwens Beach, Queensland

State Library Queensland

Not to be outdone , another McEwen beach pops up, this time on the shores of Lake Huron, Wyoming, Canada. The area covers 4 hectares close to the local town, Plympton.

It too is a conservation area and also attracts those who enjoy picnics and swimming along its 200 metres of shoreline. Internet searches for the benefactor Charles J McEwen, after whom the beach was named, have drawn a blank. So, anyone who can find out anything about this person, please get in touch. However, Plympton is easier to comment on.

It's a town of 7,576 people (2016 census) and was established in 1833 and was named after Plympton in Devon, England.



McEwen
Beach,
Wyoming

(waze.com)



Plympton



McEwen Beach