

Clan MacEwen Society Bulletin



Reviresco

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www.clanmacewen.com

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www.instagram.com/



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The Chief's Message Sir John McEwen

“As can be seen from the header, something has changed. My Chiefship of the Clan has just been recognised by the Lord Lyon, and therefore the Crown, and it is official. After 575 years as “Children of the Mist”, a broken Clan, Clan MacEwen is broken no more. We are healed and ready to play a full part in the life of Scotland and the Scottish diaspora. This is tremendous news and we are all very excited for the next phase. Far too many people have contributed to the process to thank them all but a special mention must be made of Sean McCuin and Ross McEwen. Thank you, gentlemen. Also, this is the last but one bulletin to be edited by the brilliant husband-and-wife team of Ewan and Pauline Rowland. I am sure you will agree that they have done a fantastic job. Ewan and Pauline, we salute you!



Chairman's Message Sean McCuin GySgt Rt

Hello from Kilfinan!

During these past few months, the Executive Committee of the Clan MacEwen Society has been hard at work updating and revising all of our policies and procedures to ensure that we are poised for what was the anticipated reestablishment of a Chief for the Clan MacEwen.

During our momentous gathering that was held in June of last year we saw the largest gathering of MacEwens in recent history and we as a Clan came together to affirm our position that Sir John R.H. McEwen Bt. , should be the one to carry the Clan forward into the future.

After what seemed like an eternity, our waiting is over! After 575 years, Sir John has been officially recognized by the King's representative, The Lord Lyon, and we are once again a truly organized Clan as defined in Scots Law.

The feat was a mammoth task that started in earnest in the summer of 2013 and took two Family Gatherings, mountains of correspondence and hours of research. This endeavor would not have been possible without the dedicated and steadfast efforts of individuals like Ross McEwen and others.

I am so very honored to be a part of the history that has been made this year and am truly looking forward to the future!

Reviresco, Co'mhla!





The Chief of Clan MacEwen

Sir John R.H McEwen Bt.

Warrant for Letters Patent

from

Lord Lyon King of Arms

in the application of

Sir John Roderick Hugh McEwen of Marchmont and ~~Bardochat Bt~~
Chief of the Name and Arms of MacEwen

of date

16 November 2024

Edinburgh, 20 March 2025; The Lord Lyon King of Arms, having considered the foregoing Petition, AUTHORISES the Lyon Clerk to prepare Letters Patent granting unto the Petitioner and his descendants the following Ensigns Armorial, ~~videlicet~~- Or, a lion rampant, Azure, gorged with a ducal crown Proper, on a chief of the Second three garbs of the field. 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 a trunk of an oak tree sprouting Proper, and in an Escrol over the same this Motto "REVIRESCO" and on a Compartment of a pebble beach Proper beneath the shield are set for Supporters two otters combatant. And GRANTS WARRANT to Lyon Clerk to matriculate the same in the Public Register of All Arms and Bearings in Scotland.

Joseph John Murray

Chiefly Congratulations

Madam Pauline Hunter of Hunterston, Chief of Clan Hunter

“It was an honour to join the announcement on Sunday, Congratulations to all of Clan MacEwen and to Sir John MacEwen.”

Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor chief of Clan MacGregor, Convenor of the Standing Council of Scottish Chiefs.

“This is exciting news, and congratulations to all involved!”

Dr Peter Carruthers of Holmains Chief of the Clan and Family Carruthers

“Congratulations Sir John on being confirmed as Chief, very much deserved.”

Michael McAlpin, Commander of Clan McAlpin

“Congratulation to Sir John and all the MacEwens.”

James Macnab of Macnab, Chief of Clan Macnab

“Congratulations to the Clan.”

Sir Michael Grant of Grant, Lord Strathspey Chief of Clan Grant

“Great news! Very well done, my salutations!”

Rupert Irving of Bonshaw Chief of Clan Irving

“Congratulations to Clan Mac Ewen.”

Philip Beddows, Seannachie to the Chief of Clan McBean

“What wonderful news for Clan MacEwen, many congratulations to all involved.”

Brady Brim-DeForest of Balvaird, Baron of Balvaird

“Congratulations, what a huge accomplishment.”

William Shaw of Easter Lair, Representor of the Shaws of Easter Lair.

“ Congratulations! Bravo!”

Mark Lindley-Highfield of Ballumbie Castle

“Superb News.”

George McAulsland, Banner Bearer to the Chief of Buchanan

“Congratulations from all at Clan Buchanan.”

Dr Robert Currie Commander of The Learned Kindred of Currie

“As one who has followed this saga closely, I am so proud to know and witness your clan’s success!”

From The Editors

In our own way we make a tiny bit of history just by being here but in our individual ways we may not have a lasting impact in the world. However, collectively we have indeed made a huge and lasting impact by having Clan MacEwen take its rightful place alongside the other top tier Clans that originated in Scotland, by having a Chief again after 575 years. We still need a moment to let it sink in but all those who attended the Family Gathering last year and signed the document supporting Sir John to be recognised as our Clan Chief, have made history and it's there for time in memorial. In this edition we proudly display Sir John's Coat of Arms and the warrant granting permission to be Chief.



We wonder what David and Robert McEwen, ancestors of Sir John, would have thought about it. Through their four-part archived correspondence, we have had a glimpse into their lives and especially that of David, who was trying hard to make a new life for himself in Canada, as you can read in the final extract of the McEwen diaries, provided by Rachel Lady MacEwen.

Lynne McEwan, a best-selling author, gives her account of what inspires her to write crime fiction in a question-and-answer session with Pauline (co Editor).

We find out a little of "Bing's" life through an obituary sent to us by Carol Owens. "Bing" was a long-standing and recognised supporter of the Clan, proudly carrying the banner at Highland Games gatherings in the US.

Records show that many Scots emigrated to Canada and the US over the last two to three hundred years to make new lives for themselves. We see in the article called 'Home Children', that 100,000 children were 'exported' to Canada between 1869 and 1940 for a better life but, not for all of them. Perhaps your ancestors are among those listed in the article.

Sir William McEwen (Surgeon) was a pioneer in brain surgery, and he too was making history and leaving a legacy for others to follow, as described in a piece by Herma Goosens.

Maggie McEwan's research brings us a fascinating account of Grant MacEwan's life, who has a University named after him in Canada.

History will also be made in Chicago this year when Sir John, Clan Chief, will attend the Highland Games in the US. Never has a MacEwen Chief set foot on US soil, or has the Clan been recognised as the honoured Clan, as far as we know.

A little over five years ago, Sean asked if we would edit the Newsletter, as it was called then. Up until then we had no experience of editing or what that process entailed. We took something that was already of a high standard, put together by Sean and Sandra McCuin and tried to emulate it. We also had very basic and limited technology skills, so we embarked on a steep learning curve, making mistakes on the way. We hope you have enjoyed reading the Newsletters and Bulletin, as it is now called. We have had wonderful support from Carol Owens, Herma Goosens, Maggie McEwan, Chris McEwan, Tanja McCuen and Sean, who form the Bulletin Sub Committee. We have learnt so much about the MacEwen Clan and Scottish history and culture and how it continues to evolve all round the world. So, we now feel it is time to step away from our role and allow the Bulletin to move forward with fresh eyes, creativity and energy.

We will continue to support the Clan as it goes from strength to strength! Reviresco!

Thank You!

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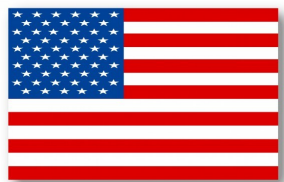
Canada Commissioner Report by Maggie McEwan

“I join in expressing my delight that we now have a hereditary Chief. Many members of the Clan MacEwan Society worked very hard before I was asked to be the first Canadian Commissioner in 2019 and we have been joined by many more enthusiastic clan members since. Congratulations to Sir John McEwen and to all Clan MacEwen Society members.”



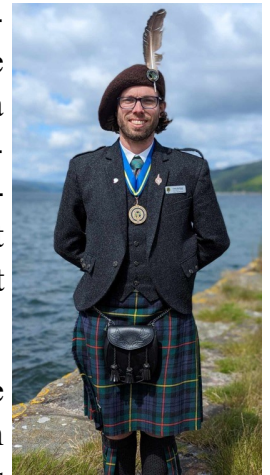
USA Commissioner Report by Bob and Carol Owens

“On behalf of all MacEwens in our region, we would like to send Sir John Chief of Clan MacEwen, our heart felt congratulations on this major achievement.”



High Commissioner for Australia and New Zealand Report by Chris McEwan

What can I possibly start by saying but congratulations to Sir John, to our Society and to our Clan as a whole! 575 years and we finally have a Chief once more! What a privilege it has been to be on this Journey with you all! What a blessing to see our hopes, and the hopes of many generations before us realised in Sir John's appointment. The old era has ended, and a new one has begun for our Clan, how exciting it is to be standing on the precipice of that new period in our history. I'm excited about what's in store and I cannot wait to see how the future of our Clan plays out in the coming years!



In some personal news my family has welcomed our fourth son into the world just over a month ago. Gill Adhamhnain Koenraad McEwan born 21/02/2025. It is amazing to think that he will be one of the last McEwan's born before we had a Chief!! A new generation has begun for our Clan, the Chiefly generation and I'm excited to raise my boys to know their history, their heritage and their culture and I can't wait to see how their generation will move our clan forward in the next 50 to 100 years.

In this part of the world, we are once again at the start of our Highland Games and Celtic festival Season, with Greg doing a great job down in Melbourne a couple of weekends ago, and ourselves excited to get out to represent our Clan and our Chief in the coming weeks in Bundanoon, Glen Innes and beyond. If you happen to be attending one of the games in NSW in the coming months please seek us out. We would love to connect with you, celebrate with you, and raise a glass to our Chief with you (we will supply the whisky!).

REVIRESCO!



COMHLA!

Dearbhaidh Mo Làmh!



Best Selling Crime Author Lynne McEwan Questions and Answers

By Pauline Rowland

My interest in reading crime fiction has been long standing, and I enjoy time exploring crime fiction novels currently available. It was my great delight, a few months ago, to discover a new series, (to me) of novels by the best selling Glasgow born author **Lynne McEwan**. I have now read all her stories set in and around the Solway Firth and the Scottish Borders, with her next book on pre-order. I thought how good it would be if I could bring her writing to your attention and share with you the talent and success of a fellow McEwen. Having contacted Lynne, she was delighted to participate in a Q & A session. What follows are Lynne's responses which may tempt you to seek out her novels and challenge you to solve the crime!



Lynne McEwan

Was your McEwan family from Glasgow and have you still got family there?

My family came from the Cowal peninsula and Appin in the 1850s to work in the shipyards of Port Glasgow as boilermakers, and my great-grandfather, James, was born there. His father missed the event because he was away on the SS Great Eastern helping lay the first transatlantic cable. James went on to be a riveter on the Forth Bridge. The family have stayed in engineering. My father, John McEwan, worked on the Forth Road Bridge and my brother, Eric, is a structural engineer in offshore energy. Like many families, the bulk of our members are now abroad in Australia and Canada.

What are your favourite Scottish places and why?

I try to get over to Benmore Botanic Gardens near Dunoon as often as I can. There's a spectacular avenue of Giant Redwoods planted in 1863, and efforts are underway to safeguard their future against climate change and disease. There's also a grove of Monkey Puzzle trees, high on the mountain side, which is helping conservation efforts in their native Chile. I'm also a regular visitor to the beautiful Solway Firth in Dumfries and Galloway where the DI Shona Oliver books are set and make a point of calling into Kirkcudbright, the artist's town, whenever I'm there. It has fantastic shops and galleries and is a great day out.

How often do you manage to return to Scotland?

I'm based in Lincoln at the moment and get back roughly once a month to see my folks and also do book research.

What do you miss or not miss about living in Scotland?

I miss the long evenings in the summer, but not the rain in winter! Glasgow folk are the friendliest and sometimes it's great to be home and not have to tone down your accent.

What inspired you to become a newspaper photographer?

I'd always loved taking pictures and studied Applied Photography at Glasgow College of Building and Printing, thinking I'd work in scientific imaging. My first job was at Glasgow University's Hunterian Museum cataloguing archaeology material and items brought back from the Pacific on Captain Cook's first voyage. I was also freelancing for the Glasgow Herald and Evening Times and I gradually became more focused on newspaper work.

What was the most exciting/fulfilling story /article you worked on?

I moved to Wales, then London, and was fortunate enough to work on stories such as the First Gulf War and the Fall of the Berlin Wall, in addition to many high-profile murder cases including the Pembrokeshire Killings and the murder of Stephen Laurence. It gave me an incredible grounding in how justice works, or doesn't, and how people can react under the most terrible pressures. It also allowed me to practice storytelling through pictures, which has been so useful when it came to writing the novels.

Have you always enjoyed writing and why? How/why did you become a crime fiction writer?

I almost passed on the photography to study English at Stirling University, but I'm very glad things have worked out the way they have and I've been able to do both. I studied for a degree with the Open University when my children were small, then an MA in Creative Writing (Crime) at the University of East Anglia which welcomes writers from all over the world, so it was a great experience.

What challenges do you face when writing your books? Where does your inspiration come from for your stories? Do you have a writing routine/discipline to manage your deadlines?

The biggest challenge when writing the books is to find fresh and inspiring story lines. I watch documentaries and read articles and have a file of snippets that I think might make interesting stories. Often when I'm out researching one area, another fascinating fact will come my way, as it did recently when someone told me about the best way to escape quicksand – fall forward and swim out of it apparently. I hope I never have to use that in real life, but it'll probably find its way into a book.

I try to write every day, especially when I have a book deadline looming. I've a shed at the bottom of my garden where I work and occasionally use my local university library and cafes. I also find it really useful to write in the location where the book is set so I've had my notebook out everywhere from mountains and beaches to police station car parks.

Which authors have most influenced your writing?

Scottish crime fiction, *Tartan Noir*, has been a huge influence. The Rebus books by Ian Rankin definitely prompted me to try writing a police procedural of my own. I loved and the hard-boiled *Laidlaw* by William McIlvanney. I think it's impossible not to be influenced by Val McDermid, and her Karen Pirie novels are my favourite. Denise Mina is another prolific author I admire. Her books range from the dark humour and contemporary violence of her award-winning debut *Garnethill* to a reimagined Mary Queen of Scots in *Rizzio*. I've always enjoyed Ann Cleeves *Shetland* novels and her exploration of the complexities of rural communities.

Your Shona Oliver books are set around the Solway Firth, is this an area that has particular significance for you that helps develop the stories?

I knew the Solway Firth from holidays as a child, and when I was looking for a place to set a Scottish detective series it just jumped out. It's on the border with England and Northern Ireland so it's a crossing place. I had to refresh my knowledge of Scots Law, having set my previous, unpublished, novels in England, but with the Solway I was able to use both.

How did you develop your main character? Are your characters based on real people you have encountered in your life and are there any aspects of your own life in the stories?

My main character, Detective Inspector Shona Oliver is partly based on a lifeboat volunteer I met many years ago when I used to sail. Female RNLI crew members were quite rare then, though about twenty per cent are women now. She was the local doctor so definitely someone you'd like to meet in an emergency. I always wanted to ask her why she was prepared to put her own life at risk to save a stranger but I never got the chance. In some ways the books are an exploration of that question, along with many of the themes of crime fiction – right and wrong, good and evil.

I think it's inevitable that some of your own experiences and passions creep in, and almost every character I write is partly based on someone I've met. Sometimes I'll remember things when I'm writing that I'd otherwise forgotten. During my photography career I spent a lot of time with police officers, medical and forensic staff, the military, and often it's the small details - a phrase or nickname, that make a scene work.

The lifeboat crews I've met have been incredibly generous with their time and knowledge. I'll often bring them a rescue scenario thinking I've worked it all out, and they'll put me right. Once they pointed out I'd put diesel in a petrol lifeboat engine, so they've definitely saved my blushes.

What themes or messages do you hope your readers take away from your books?

Firstly, I hope readers enjoy the Scottish setting and the characters. I try hard to explore themes that are pertinent to the area and the people living there, though many of them are universal – keeping your family safe, getting a work-life balance, doing your job well and making your community a better place. I often pose questions about the environment and crimes against nature. *You can't eat scenery*, is an old refrain in Scotland so I try to strike a balance between the views of those whose priority is to preserve nature, and those who need to earn a living.

Have you written or are planning to write in any other genres?

I think crime fiction is a genre that has it all. I can't ever see me writing something outside it, but you never know. Perhaps I'll be drawn to romance or history, but there'll probably be a dead body in there somewhere.

What sort of books do you read for pleasure?

I read anything and everything. I love historical fiction and I'm a big fan of S.G. MacLean's Alexander Seaton series set in 1620s Scotland. I also enjoy reading crime fiction from around the world as it's a great way of exploring cultures at a grassroots level. I also read factual books and got very into the Border Reivers, smuggling and Robert Burns when researching previous DI Shona Oliver books. I'm currently reading up on Renaissance art for the Shona book I'm writing, although only a tiny part of what I'm learning will ever make it onto the page. I'm a fan of audiobooks too and they regularly keep me company on my travels.

What advice would you give to an aspiring author?

The most important advice for aspiring authors is - keep going. It can be a long road to publication, and the clan motto – *Reviresco* - comes in very handy when dealing with the inevitable rejections!

Is there a fun fact about you that most readers wouldn't know?

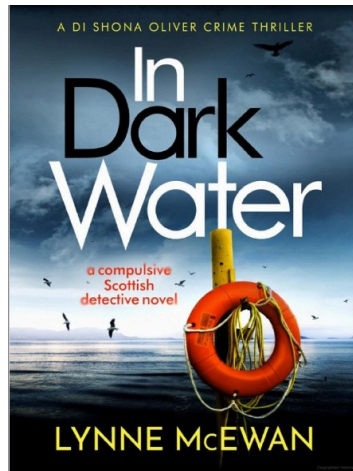
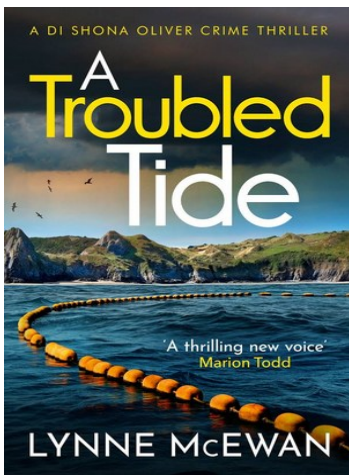
I had a small speaking part in the film *Gregory's Girl*, where I played a waitress taking an order from Gordon and his little sister, Maddie. I don't think anyone at the time imagined the film would be such a success. It's become a Scottish icon.

As a McEwan, what does it mean to you that there is an imminent possibility that the McEwan Clan will have a new chief after 500 years?

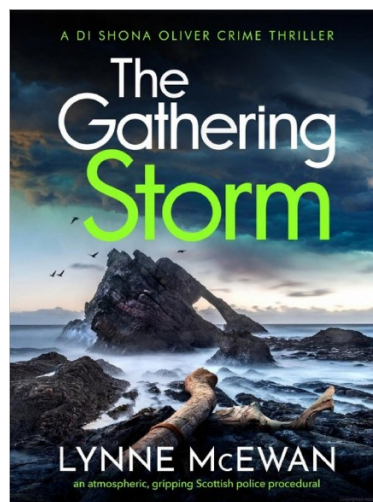
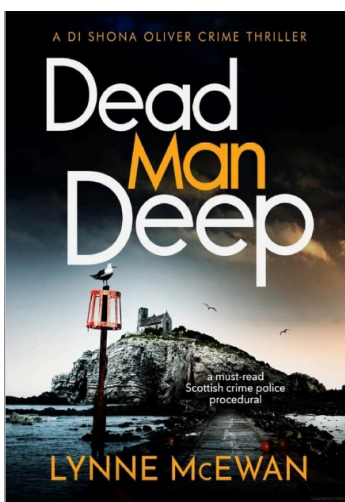
Recognition from the Lord Lyon King of Arms is a fantastic step forward and not before time. I think a strong leadership team will be great asset to the clan and help accomplish its aims.

How do you see the importance /relevance of Scottish clans in a modern world?

I think the clans are a really significant factor in keeping alive the history of places and people and rediscovering those stories that have been buried or partially erased by political agendas of the past. I also believe the clans can provide a framework to tackle issues important to those who have links to the traditional homelands by bringing together like-minded individuals from around the world. The history of the Scotland will always be linked to the diaspora. Many who left didn't want to go but it feels like a closing of the circle that their descendants can come home again, if they choose, and find a warm welcome in Scotland.



lynnemcewanwriter.com



Obituary for “Bing” Ewen

From Bob Owens—Commissioner for the USA



Bing in his early years at Grandfather Mountain



Bing (2019) again at Grandfather Mountain



Bing at Stone Mountain 2023

Forrest Bingham (Bing) Ewen, Kilted Architect of Fried Fish and Italian-ish Delights, Finally Found the Ultimate Blueprint (and a Comfier Couch)

Forrest Bingham "Bing" Ewen, a man whose architectural legacy includes the roofs of Long John Silver's that sheltered countless tartar-sauce-stained napkins and the central towers of Fazoli's that witnessed the rise of breadstick mania, clocked out for his final nap on March 11, 2025, in [Lexington, KY](#). He was, as they say, "called away," presumably to settle a celestial zoning dispute over cloud density.

On a morning in mid-March, with the passing of Forrest Bingham "Bing" Ewen, Clan MacEwen and the Scottish community worldwide, particularly in the U.S., lost one of our own.

Carol and I met Bing and his lovely wife Percillia in July, 1990, at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games on Grandfather Mountain, North Carolina. Held annually since 1956, Bing and his family had been a constant presence representing Clan MacEwan/Ewen/MacEwen on the Mountain since the 1980's. When I told him that as an Owens, I was eager to learn more about both my Welsh and Scottish ancestry, Bing grinned, shook my hand, and said "Y'all come on in. You found us!" And this knowledgeable, gregarious, interesting, and funny guy and his family quickly became our dear friends.

I could tell you about Bing's love of family and friends, or his professional commitment as an architect and engineer. I could tell you that he never met a stranger, and that he was a treasure trove of useful (and sometimes seemingly useless) information. I could tell you that he was the first recipient of Clan MacEwen Society's Long & Faithful Service Award. I could even tell you that his support and promotion of all things MacEwen is one of the reasons we, as a Clan, enjoy a such a solid and respected reputation in the United States. But I won't.

Instead, I'll ask you to sit back, raise a glass to honor and celebrate our friend and fellow Clansman, and take a moment to read what just might be the funniest obituary ever. **Thank you Percillia, Len, Stephanie, Heidi, Jason, and all the youngsters for sharing this wonderful snapshot of the life and times of Forrest Bingham "Bing" Ewen! Reviresco! C'omhla!**

Bing leaves behind his patient and wonderfully tolerant wife, Percillia, who endured 54 years of his "I'll be right there, just let me finish this sketch on a napkin" moments. He also leaves his son, Len (Heidi), who inherited Bing's love of explaining things in excruciating detail, and daughter, Stephanie (Jason), who somehow managed to maintain her sanity despite growing up with a dad who could turn a trip to the grocery store into a historical lecture on the evolution of the shopping cart.

His grandchildren-Lottie, Peyton, Bridget, Cara, and Ewen-will now have to find a new source for wildly exaggerated stories and questionable life advice. They will also miss his uncanny ability to win at every game of monopoly, even when he was obviously cheating (which he totally was, check under the table!).

Born in (Lothair) Hazard, Kentucky, Bing's family left after the '57 flood, realizing that dry ground was, in fact, preferable to requiring scuba gear to go to school. He graduated from Lafayette High School, where he was voted "Most Likely to Design a Building That Looks Like a Giant Fish," and later earned degrees in Education and Architecture from the University of Kentucky, proving that he could both teach you about the Pythagorean theorem and then design a building that could withstand a rogue tornado.

Bing was a life-long member of Tau Kappa Epsilon (TKE) whose college days could have been the real-life basis for Animal House. His children are understandably upset by the fact that the story of Green Slime Memorial Day is now lost to them.

His 40-year career in architecture was a testament to his versatility. He designed a little bit of everything, from tasteful outhouses to elaborate dog houses, but his most visible masterpieces were, of course, Long John Silver's and Fazoli's restaurants. Let's be honest, who hasn't stared at the Fazoli's tower on Paris Pike and wondered, "Why is it so...tall?" That, my friends, was the genius of Bing Ewen.

One blurry night in the early '80s, fueled by 'research,' Bing, brother George, and nephew Bob discovered their Scottish roots at the Highland Games. Bing then became a kilt-clad evangelist, recruiting anyone with a pulse to Clan MacEwen with the irresistible promise of 'Join us, we have chili!'

Bing was a walking encyclopedia of useless (and occasionally useful) information. He could tell you the history of the spork, the geological composition of gravel, and the proper way to fold a fitted sheet (though he rarely practiced the latter). He was a master of the "Did you know...?" and could turn any conversation into a captivating, albeit lengthy, monologue. He was also a master of the "I'm just going to tell you one more story" which turned into 5 more stories.

He was a man who believed that every meal should be accompanied by a good story, every gathering by a hearty laugh, and every building by a sturdy foundation (and a drive-thru window).

We will celebrate Bing's life-and share our own Bing stories (the more embellished, the better)-at his Celebration of Life at Country Boy Brewing, in Georgetown, Kentucky. Because what better way to honor a man who loved a good tale than with a few beers, a pot of chili, and a whole lot of laughter? We're sure Bing would have approved, though he'd probably have a few design suggestions for the beer taps. - Kilts encouraged, but not required; can't attend but want to share your stories? Email: clanewenusa@gmail.com

In lieu of flowers, please plant a tree for a Forrest or make donations to the Franklin County Humane Society where Bing and his wife were adopted by Brown Cat and Eilidh (yes folks that's Allie...just go with it he's Scottish and... different). If you don't like animals, you can also donate to Bluegrass Care Navigators where he was taken care of in his final days. Really donate a little to both...it doesn't hurt our feelings at all.



Long and Faithful Service Award

Home Children

Compiled by Ewan Rowland

Between 1869 and 1940 over 100,00 children were sent from Great Britain to Canada to give them a “better life”.

Tragically, parents often believed they had no choice but to put their children into the care of charitable organizations.

Poor and orphaned children were sent to fill the labour shortages overseas during the late Victorian era. Although the incentives were to give these young children a better life, the reality was very different. Children were unpaid and had no choice in their move. They were separated from family, and many were abused or neglected by those that took them in as cheap labour. An estimated 10% of Canada's population - around 4 million people - are descendants of the British Home Children.

In her article, published by the BBC in 2018, Eloise Alanna talks about the heartbreaking history of the Home Children, which was prompted by the discovery of a box of glass negative slides showing pictures of groups of children being selected for transporting to Canada in the late Victorian era.

“This box is a critical part of our history,” said Lori Oschefski, president of the charity Home Children Canada, who has just purchased the box for the foundation's archives. She went on to say, “I've never seen anything like it. By far, it's the most complete box that I have ever seen.”

While Australia and the UK apologised for the forced migration of child labourers more than a decade ago, Ms Oschefski said there is some resentment over a fast-tracked motion in Canada's House of Commons that included an unofficial apology.



Britain's Forgotten Children



Home Children Canada

Canada "was built on the backs of these children and that needs to be recognised and needs never to be forgotten", Ms Oschefski stated.

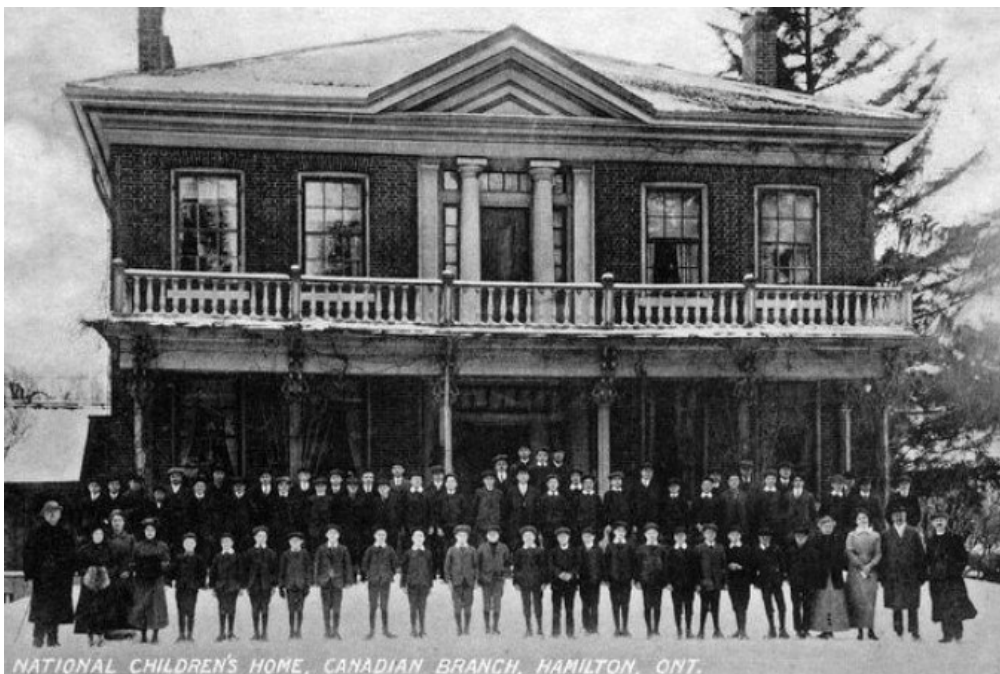
Fifteen of the boys in the slides have been identified and nine have been tracked. Based on historical records, six served in the First World War. The boys tended to be employed for farm labour while the girls would perform domestic duties in the home, as well as help out in the fields. Some of these children were lucky enough to end up with loving families that treated them well and gave them affection. Many of them, unfortunately, would be treated very poorly.

The organizations that coordinated the British Home Children programs often kept their young people in placements for set periods of time. Regularly moving from one family to the next meant there was little stability in their lives. The charities were supposed to check in, on an ongoing basis to ensure the children were being cared for properly. In practice, this rarely happened, and the children were frequently neglected or abused. Many lived wandering lives, moving from farm to farm, while some ran away from the mistreatment they suffered. Some children even died.

Children were taken from the port to the receiving homes in Ontario by train, a journey of nearly 1000 miles that took three days. In an account, of the April trip in 1881, there is a description of the party enjoying seeing sleighs going through the snow and ice, giving the children an idea of what winter was like in Canada. The carriages, or cars, however were warm because of stoves burning but they were not very comfortable for sleeping. All the children were heartily glad to arrive at the receiving home. When children were first sent from the Orphan Homes of Scotland to Canada they went to the receiving home called *Marchmont*. This had been established by Annie Macpherson in 1870, in the town of Belleville situated towards the eastern end of Lake Ontario. Today it is estimated that about one in ten of Canadian families have a home child in their ancestry...

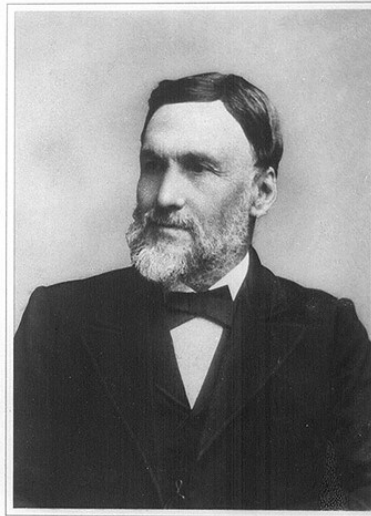


Home Children leaving from a Uk port.



Home Children being received at a children's home in Ontario

Agencies responsible for delivering children to Canada included church organisations, evangelical groups and also included Bernardo Homes, Quarrier Homes of Scotland, Fegan Homes, National Children's Home, the Big Brothers Movement, the Boys and the Girls Friendly Society. Child migration was more commonly associated the Quarrier's Orphan Homes between 1872 and 1930. (*Crossing Borders: Scottish emigration to Canada, an article from History in Focus*).



Mr and Mrs Quarrier

Some of the Quarrier children sailing to Canada would travel to Greenock on the south bank of the Clyde estuary and be ferried out to the liners by small boats. The children would have been well clothed for the 12 day journey across the Atlantic. A party of 56 boys from the Quarrier Children's Homes travelled on the SS Manitoban, which left Glasgow in 1883 and Edward McEwan was one of those boys. Once in Ontario they were sent to receiving homes by train which took three days. By 1887 Quarrier had increased by ten fold, the number of children they sent to Canada.

Some children were fortunate to become part of the family who took them in. Others were less fortunate and were treated as outcasts. Many children worked long, hard hours and others never got the opportunity to go to school. For some who were housed and worked on farms, eventually took over the farm and prospered while others moved as far away as possible to forget their existence on the farm.

A project called "the Golden Bridge", a collaboration between Iriss, an organisation focussing on social history, in partnership with Glasgow Caledonian University and Quarries, documented the lives of the Home Children. They produced a "narrative of facts" collated from the lives of the Home Children. The selection below gives a little insight into the lives of the Home Children.

- *We were emigrants, so we felt we were a lower class.*
- *I thought that the Canadians had no children of their own and depended on us children.*
- *Mr. Turner sure sent me to a good place, when he sent me here!*
- *Mrs. Owen was good to me and taught me how to bake bread.*
- *I was glad when my sister Jessie was moved closer to where I was.*
- *We were the kids that they picked up off the street.*
- *You weren't supposed to have feelings*
- *There was a kind of stigma attached to us.*
- *My granny always regretted having done away with me so to speak*
- *He kicked me, punched me and broke a couple of ribs. I told Mr. Turner the Superintendent. "You're lying," he said, "they're good church people"*
- *In the freezing winter I got no boots, so I stood in the steaming cowpats to warm my feet.*
- *In winter if I wasn't in by 9 o'clock they would lock the doors and not let me in, and I'd go to sleep with the cows.*
- *We were orphans, we were hired men on the farm.*
- *I got very little time to go to school.*
- *Mrs. Robinson has been a good kind mother to me, and I am sure I have just as great a love for her.*

A small selection from The Golden Bridge Project.

“ Canada was fortunate to receive such future citizens; it was Scotland’s loss that they were sent away.” (written some years later by a Home Child, who was one of the last of his group to arrive in Canada in 1929)

Whilst sifting through the online sources supplied by the Government of Canada Library and Archives, I spotted a list of 29 known McEwan Home Children spanning the period 1873 to 1906. Today it is estimated that about one in ten of Canadian families have a home child in their ancestry.

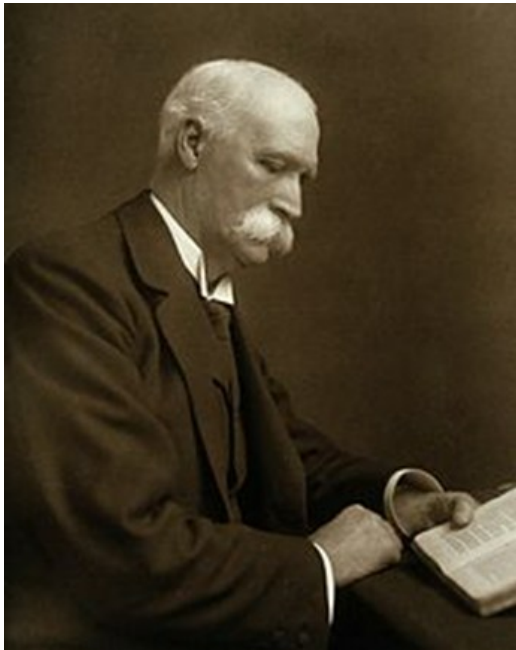
Surname	Given Name(s)	Age	Ship	Year of Arrival
McEWAN	Edward	11	MANITOBAN	1873
McEWAN	Kate	6	HANOVERIAN	1882
McEWAN	Maggie	6	HANOVERIAN	1882
McEWAN	Mary	9	HANOVERIAN	1882
McEWAN	Alexander	6	HIBERNIAN	1891
McEWAN	Joseph	13	VANCOUVER	1895
McEWAN	John	11	VANCOUVER	1895
MCEWAN	Peter	23	CORINTHIAN	1901
McEWAN	Agnes	16	TUNISIAN	1904
McEWAN	L	17	IONIAN	1904
McEWAN	Alexander	16	CORINTHIAN	1905
McEWAN	Harry	14	TUNISIAN	1906
MCEWAN	Emily	17	CORSICAN	1908
McEWAN	Charles	18	TEUTONIC	1912
MCEWAN	Albert	14	MONTROSE	1923
McEWAN	Thomas	16	MONTCLARE	1924
McEWAN	Agnes	12	TUNISIAN	1903
McEWAN	Graham	17	ATHENIA	1926
MCEWAN	Mary	19	ANDANIA	1927
MCEWAN	Janet Moir	19	LETITIA	1927
MCEWAN	James	16	DUCHESS OF ATHOLL	1928
MCEWAN	Violet	18	ANDANIA	1928
McEWAN	James	16	LETITIA	1929
McEWAN	Reginald	18	DUCHESS OF RICHMOND	1930
MCEWAN	John	16	ATHENIA	1925
MCEWAN				1906
McEWAN	David			

References:

- BBC: British Home Children: Antiques box tells heart breaking history by Eloise Alanna. 2018
- Crossing borders: Scottish emigration to Canada - Marjory Harper, University of Aberdeen
- Home Children, 1869 - 1932: Government of Canada Library and Archives
- The Golden Bridge Project: Child emigration from Scotland to Canada 1809 -- 1939
- The Petworth Project: Emigration to Upper Canada in the 1830s . Alec Tritton, June 28th 2012

Sir William MacEwen - Surgeon

Compiled by Herma Goosens



Sir William MacEwen, was a Scottish surgeon. He was a pioneer in modern brain surgery, considered the *father of neurosurgery* and contributed to the development of bone graft surgery, the surgical treatment of hernia and of pneumonectomy (removal of the lungs).

He was born near Port Bannatyne, near Rothesay on the Isle of Bute, in western Scotland in 1848.

He studied Medicine at the University of Glasgow, receiving a medical degree in 1872. He was greatly influenced by Joseph, Lord Lister (1827–1912), who revolutionized surgery by developing antiseptics, by the use of phenol, thus decreasing drastically the enormous mortality of surgical patients due to infections. By following Lister and adopting systematically the use of scrubbing (deep cleansing and disinfection of hands and arms), sterilization of surgical tools, use of surgical gowns, and (recently discovered) anesthesia, he became one of the most innovative surgeons of his time and was able to greatly advance modern surgical technique and improve the recovery of patients.

In 1875, he became an assistant surgeon at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, being promoted to full surgeon in 1877. Around 1880 he began a training programme for nurses (focusing upon sterilization) at the infirmary under the charge of the Matron, Mrs. Rebecca Strong (1843-1944). In 1881 he was appointed lecturer on Systematic Surgery at the Royal Infirmary School of Medicine. In 1883 he was appointed as Surgeon to the Royal Hospital for Sick Children in Glasgow. In 1892 he became Regius Professor of Surgery at the University of Glasgow (the post which Lister had held when he was a student) and transferred his surgical activities to the Western Infirmary. In 1896, he became awarded the Cameron Prize for Therapeutics of the University of Edinburgh.

He was knighted in the 1902 Coronation Honours for services to medicine, receiving the accolade from King Edward VII at Buckingham Palace on 24 October that year.

In 1916 he helped to found the Princess Louise Scottish Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers in Erskine (now the Erskine Hospital), near Glasgow, which was urgently needed to treat the thousands of military who had lost their limbs in the First World War. He was its first chief surgeon and with the help of engineers and workers at the nearby Yarrow Shipbuilders he designed the Erskine artificial limb. He trained a team of patternmakers to manufacture them for the hospital.

MacEwen died in Glasgow on 22 March 1924. He lived at Garrochty on the Isle of Bute until his death and was buried nearby in the churchyard of St Blane's Church at Kingarth.

Neurosurgery

Following the work of John Hughlings Jackson (1835–1911) and David Ferrier (1843–1924) on neurological mapping of functions in the brain, he demonstrated in 1876 that it was possible to use a precise clinical examination to determine the possible site of a tumor or lesion in the brain, by observing its effects on the side and extension of alterations in motor and sensory functions. Thus, in 1876 he diagnosed an abscess in the frontal lobe of a boy, but the family refused permission to operate. When the patient died his diagnosis and localization were found to be correct.

In 1879 he performed the first successful intracranial surgery where the site of the lesion (a left frontal meningioma) was localized solely by the preoperative focal epileptic signs (twitching of the face and arms in the opposite site of the lesion). On the basis of these signs he thought that there was good evidence of an "irritation to the lower and middle portions of the ascending convolutions...in the left frontal lobe". A trephined hole in the skull near the purported site of the lesion showed a big subdural tumor. The patient, a teenage girl, lived for eight more years, and a subsequent autopsy showed no trace of the tumor. He later used this many times to successfully operate on brain abscesses (in 1876) and hematomas and on the spine. This was a great triumph of medicine.

According to one of his biographers, "his thorough knowledge of the natural history of pyogenic diseases of the temporal bone and nasal sinuses, in addition to his clear description of cranial anatomy, as illustrated in his *Atlas of Head Sections*, were especially important in developing his successful treatment of brain abscess. The X-ray had not yet been discovered; his diagnosis was based on clinical findings superbly illustrated by his three clinical stages of brain abscess development" (Canale, 1996).

Contributions to surgery

One of his earliest contributions while at the Royal Infirmary, in 1877, was in orthopaedics, by means of the development of the first bone grafts, but also in knee surgery using a special instrument (MacEwen's osteotome) both techniques becoming key treatments for the highly prevalent disease of rickets (caused by a lack of Vitamin D). He was interested in the biology of bone and carried out a classical series of experiments on animals in order to determine how bones grow and may be repaired. He developed surgical treatments for mastoid disease and pyogenic cysts of the temporal bone and has identified an anatomical structure in this bone, the foveola suprameatica, which was named MacEwen's triangle in his honour.

His method of surgical removal of lungs became a major medical weapon in the treatment of tuberculosis and lung cancer, thus saving many patients. His name was also immortalized in Medicine in two other instances: the MacEwen's operation for inguinal hernia and the MacEwen's sign for hydrocephalus and brain abscess.

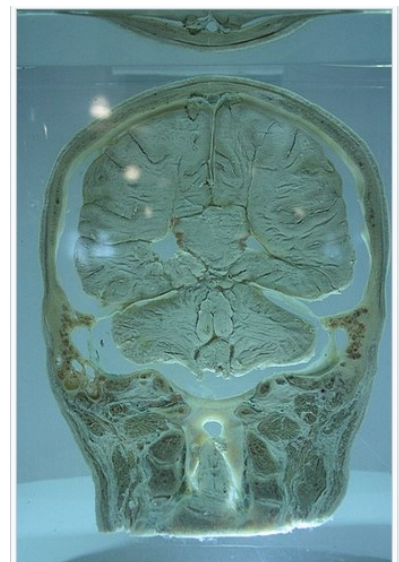
Another important contribution by MacEwen to modern surgery was the technique of endotracheal anesthesia with the help of orotracheal intubation, which he described in 1880, and still in use today.

He was noted for his early and creative use of photographs for documenting patients cases and for teaching surgery and medicine. He pioneered the use of photos of body parts and pathological specimens, as well as photos taken before, after and during treatment/surgery. *Source: Wikipedia*



Right : McEwen demonstrates to his eminent colleagues MC Ewen's Triangle, which was named in his honour.

Left: Cross section of a brain c1900 now in the Hunterian Museum



The Legacy of Grant MacEwan

Compiled by Maggie McEwan

I was curious about the MacEwan University in Edmonton, a city in the western Province of Alberta, Canada. I decided to learn more; thus, I discovered the remarkable life story of John Walter Grant MacEwan, OC AOE (Officer of the Order of Canada and the Alberta Order of Excellence), August 12, 1902 – June 15, 2000.

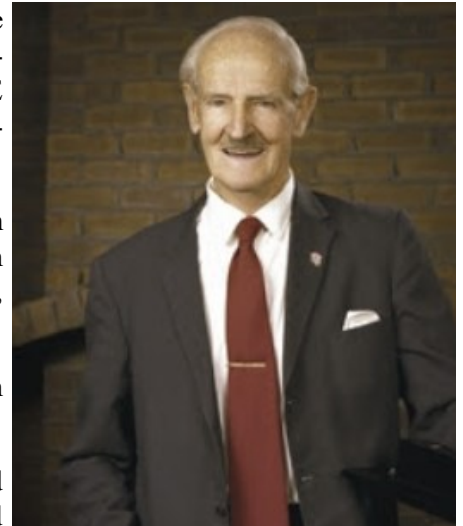
Grant McEwan's paternal grandparents, Annie Cowan and George MacEwen were both immigrants from Scotland. George MacEwen was a farmer in Guelph, Ontario. Their son, Alexander, moved west to Brandon, Manitoba, where he also farmed, met and married his neighbour's sister, Bertha Grant.

Grant MacEwan was born in Brandon and lived there until he was 13 when his family moved west to Melfort, Saskatchewan to continue farming.

As a boy, Grant MacEwan was entrepreneurial, showed cattle, delivered newspapers, sold vegetables and worked on the farm. At age 19, he attended the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph Ontario, now part of the University of Guelph. He was active in various campus activities including being a member of both football and basketball teams. He attended AOC for 5 years, the first 2 were for a preliminary agricultural education followed by 3 years to get a full degree. On May 28, 1926, Grant MacEwan graduated with a BSc degree. The following year he received an invitation to study at the Iowa College of Agriculture, now Iowa State University. In 1928 he received an MSc degree from the University.

Grant MacEwan changed his last name, changing 'MacEwen' to 'MacEwan'.

Grant MacEwan's Academic years are considered to be the following 23 years from 1928-1951. After his position as Professor, Grant MacEwan held the position of Head of Animal Husbandry at the University of Saskatchewan for the following 18 years. During these years he researched and published manuscripts on farming and ranching techniques, he travelled to many farms across Saskatchewan to lecture and judge animals. In 1932 Grant MacEwan took a trip to Britain with a load of cattle, to observe ranching practices in the British Isles. He visited Scotland and recorded in his journal that, "it is but little wonder that such a unique country has produced the best horses, the best cattle and the best men in the world. Grant MacEwan married Phyllis Cline in 1935 and their daughter, Heather, was born in 1939. Grant MacEwan was appointed Dean of Agriculture at the University of Manitoba in 1946. 2 years later, in 1948 he published the first of 37 historical documents....'The Sodbusters'.



MacEwan University Motto



Through learning we flourish

Blue and white are the academic colours of the University. The rose refers to the wild rose, the provincial floral emblem. The circle is a symbol of the never-ending process of learning, as well as of inclusiveness. As a circle, it also relates to the earliest inhabitants of the area and as a component of the medicine wheel, a First Nations symbol.

The sparrow was an important bird for Dr. J.W. Grant MacEwan (1902-2000), the University's namesake and a former Lieutenant Governor of Alberta. It is mentioned in his personal creed, written in 1969. Its outstretched wings indicate aspiration and striving. The walking stick is something Dr. MacEwan carved and is now used as the University mace.

In 1951 Grant MacEwan resigned from his position at the University of Manitoba to enter politics. He was unsuccessful in his first attempt to win a seat in the Government of Canada, but did win a seat in the Legislative Assembly of Alberta in 1955. He served as a Calgary, Alberta alderman – an elected member of a municipal council - for 10 years to 1963 when he served as Calgary’s 28th mayor for 2 years. He later served as Alberta’s 9th Lieutenant Governor until 1974.

To quote Sean P. Young – ‘A founder of Calgary Foundation, Grant MacEwan is an iconic figure in our city’s history. His passion for community and nature lives on in his Funds and his family. He was a passionate advocate of environmental causes, the iconic author, lecturer and politician and left a permanent impression’.

After retirement he produced most of his books, gave speeches, and received the Golden Pen Lifetime Achievement Award by the Writers’ Guild of Alberta.

A list of the places or buildings named to honour Grant MacEwan...

Elementary school in Calgary, MacEwan Student Centre at University of Calgary,

MacEwan University in Edmonton, Grant MacEwan Literary Awards

Grant MacEwan Peak in Bow Valley Wildland Provincial Park, Grant MacEwan Boulevard in Leduc

Grant MacEwan Bridge in Fort McMurray, Community of “MacEwan “ and MacEwan Glen in Calgary

Neighbourhood of “MacEwan” in Edmonton, Grant MacEwan College.

Ref. Sean P. Young ‘Granted: A Legacy’

Wikipedia ‘Grant MacEwan’

MacEwan University



Robert and David McEwen Diaries

Presented By Rachel, Lady McEwen

David has set sail on his adventure to North America. His diaries reveal the hazards of the journey, his first impressions of New York and his problems in purchasing land in South West Ontario, money problems and politics. This is an important first hand insight of the challenges faced by many emigrants.

1835: The diary entry continues from his previous account.

of what is good and substantial and have certainly no ground for complaint on that score. We breakfast between eight and nine, take dinner between one and two, and drink Tea near seven o'clock. I generally betake myself to my snuggerly between eight and nine. We are allowed quant. suff. of rum and brandy. Saturday 25th. A fine breeze running at the rate of 5 or 6 knots (miles) per hour. Sunday 26th. The same services were observed today as were the previous Sunday. Our Captain tho' no Puritan, does not wish to witness the desecration of the Sabbath. He refused to sell spirits to-day to one of the steerage passengers who applied for it, which he is in the habit of doing on other days. Monday 27th. A fine breeze today again. I amuse myself the greater part of the day in reading. I have got a hold of Sheriff's Tour through the Canadas and the States, as adapted for Agricultural Emigration: he seems to prefer decidedly the Western States of America to the Canadas, as the land there is cheap and thousands of acres of the richest description are to be had ready for the plough instead of requiring clearing as in the Canadas. A brother went out last Spring and settled in the

Illinois States, and Sheriff himself intends to follow in the course of a year or two when freed of his present lease which will expire then. Messrs. Cunningham and Blair, the two other young men who are in the Cabin with me, intend to proceed to the same quarter. Cunningham's brother went out last Spring; he has travelled over the greater part of the Canadas

and a portion of the States, and it is upon his recommendation in a great measure I believe that my two fellow voyageurs intend to act. Cunningham had an Uncle, a Col. Clerk, who died a few years ago and who left a good deal of property both above the Falls of Niagara and further up the country. Tho' 400 acres falls to him as his share in a fertile part of the country he does not intend to commence operations upon it himself, but will probably sell it. He has been at sea since he was a boy, but he has got tired of it and intends to plough upon terra firma instead of the main. Blair's sister is married to an older brother of Cunningham's: he occupied a considerable farm in Angus, but it was too highly rented and he got quit of it. He seems to be a very smart young fellow, and both are agreeable companions. Captain (sic) Morrison, who has separate accommodations for himself and family in the steerage, is an Ayrshire man belonging to ^{Ma}rchline originally I believe. He is married to a daughter of the late Mr. Douglas of Rodinghead - but a natural one, I suspect. She is half sister to Mrs. Captn. Hay. He knows most of the Ayrshire

folks, was stationed two years in Ayr recruiting, was in the Peninsular War and has seen a good deal of service according to his account. He intends to proceed to Toronto and will probably avail himself of the Government grant of land to British Officers. The rest of the passengers are mostly labourers and mechanics principally, I believe, from Glasgow and its neighbourhood; they are all Scotch except two, who

are Germans and seem quiet, respectable people. I suppose they intend to proceed mostly to the Canadas. Tuesday and

Wednesday 28th and 29th. Becalmed: making no progress.

Thursday 30th. A fine favourable breeze. There are no less than 7 vessels to be seen from the shrouds, 4 of them being visible from the deck. Friday and Saturday May 1st and 2nd.

The wind still continues favourable; we are running at the rate of 7 or 8 knots (miles) per hour. Sunday 3rd. The day being rather stormy the Captain read a prayer and one of Logan's Sermons but dispensed with the singing of psalms. This being the day appointed for the celebration of the Lord's Supper in my own native district and my thoughts being naturally led to that subject, it appeared a singular coincidence that in my regular course of reading the Bible, the chapter this day turned out to be the 11th of 1st Corinthians, in which the institution of the Sacrament is detailed, as likewise the Sermon

read by the Captain was one composed for and delivered on a Sacramental occasion. Monday 4th. We had a strong gale through the night and in the morning the wind was very high. Our fore top-sheet was split in two; all sail was taken in,

and we were scudding before the wind with nothing but bare poles: before midday the wind had subsided in a great measure, but the waves continued to rock mountains high the greater part of the day. The motion of the vessel does not feel so disagreeable while the wind continues, but as it falls back the swell on the sea rises and the vessel then begins to pitch and roll.

From the 5th to the 9th we were fighting against baffling head winds, and as Jonathan would say, progressing very slowly.

Several stormy Petrels, or in Jack's phraseology, Mother Carey's chickens were flying about; they are small aquatic birds rather larger than a swallow. Sailors do not like to see them as they are supposed by them to indicate stormy weather from which we have not been altogether free this last week.

Sunday 10th. Very stormy through the night, the movable articles in the Cabin shifting from one side of it to the other with the roll of the vessel. The crockery ware suffered somewhat as occasionally, at a heavy lurch, the crash told that another quantum of that article had been broken. The wind moderated in the forenoon, however, but as it was a disagreeable kind of a day we had no sermon. Being now somewhat accustomed to the rocking of the vessel I have got some confidence in her abilities to stand a sea, otherwise I should have felt rather alarmed from her motions. This is our 23rd day at sea and we are only about half way across the Atlantic. Monday 11th.

A fine day with a favourable breeze. Tuesday 12. The wind very cold, being a sharp North Wester; supposed to be in the neighbourhood of icebergs. Wednesday 13. Wind still rather

cold. An iceberg was seen this afternoon at a considerable distance but did not seem to be of great dimensions. At 12 o'clock p.m. the temperature of the sea was 35 degrees, being about 2 degrees from the freezing point.

Thursday 14. A fine favourable breeze today running at the rate of 7 or 8 knots per hour. I believe we are across the banks of Newfoundland now; they are about 160 miles at their greatest breadth and 6 or 700 miles long: they consist of a bank of sand, whether formed by currents or placed there at the Creation is variously conjectured. The sea covers them to a considerable depth; the shallowest part being nearly 20 fathoms deep I believe. There is fine fishing to be had here, but unfortunately a favourable breeze carried us over the banks and then fell into a dead calm just as we had got over them, and by this means we were disappointed of having some capital amusement. When a vessel is running at any rate at all fishing cannot be practiced with success. We are now out of reach of ice but the weather is still cold and a thick fog envelopes us, a circumstance which generally exists at all seasons in this quarter. Friday, Saturday and Sunday 15th, 16th and 17th. Wind blowing right ahead. Sunday being a fine day we had, as usual, prayers and a sermon read as likewise a portion of two psalms sung. Monday, Tuesday and Wed^y. 18th, 19th and 20th. Contending against adverse winds (which were) at the same time blowing occasionally pretty fresh. On Tuesday some of the passengers quarreled among themselves about kindling the fire in the morning for the purpose of cooking - (they have a place to themselves distinct from the ship's company), and some fine

Billingsgate was exchanged between the parties. I expected nothing else then that the matter would have been decided

Information: Billingsgate was a fish market in 17th century England and became a byword for foul language.

vi et armis.....however the affair ended all in smoke and the dispute now seems to be settled. Thursday, Friday and Saturday 21st, 22nd and 23rd. Fine favourable breeze, on Friday and Saturday running at the rate of eight or nine knots per hour. Sunday 24th. Beautiful day, but the wind is unpropitious. The same religious services were observed today as were the previous Sunday. The weather is getting perceptibly warmer as we near New York which we are in hopes of soon seeing now. Monday and Tuesday 25th and 26th. Wind right ahead and blowing rather fresh; our main royal mast was carried away but I rather suspect it arose from accident and not from the violence of the gale. The Petrels are flying about in abundance; they are frequently caught with a hook and some bait upon it, which I endeavoured to do, but there was too much motion on the water and in consequence I was not successful. Wednesday 27th. Beautiful day with a fine favourable breeze. About 2 o'clock p.m. the high lands of Neversink were discovered in the distance and a joyful sight it was, it being about exactly 6 weeks since we left Greenock. Sandy-Hook was soon descried, but the afternoon was a little hazy and the view at first not very distinct. When about 30 miles from N. York we were boarded by an

individual belonging to some of the Newspaper establishments in the Town, for the purpose of obtaining the name of the vessel, her size, the number of passengers etc., etc. The names of the Cabin passengers are mentioned along with the arrival of the vessel in their columns, so that my name will probably appear

there likewise. We were boarded by another individual nearer land for a similar purpose, in exchange for the information given they generally leave a Newspaper. When off Sandy-Hook we got a pilot aboard -a regular Yankee, and a smart looking fellow. He brought us to the quarantine station at Staten's Island where we anchored at a little past 10 p.m. A Custom Officer next paid us a visit to obtain from the Captain the necessary information as to his cargo. Thursday 28th. A Dr. came aboard about 7 o'clock this morning who granted us a clean Bill of Health and then we were allowed to proceed to New York. Had our arrival been after the 1st of June we would have been obliged to remain in quarantine for two days, but fortunately we were forward enough in time to prevent this detention. This station is about eight or ten miles from New York. In the morning we were becalmed and were afraid we would not have effected our landing, but near mid-day a small breeze started up and about 3 o'clock we reached our long desired haven. Our passage has occupied 43 days in whole. In running up to New York we past between Long Island and Staten Island; this sound is covered by numerous batteries to protect the shipping. The scenery on both islands is splendid; the trees were decked with the richest foliage, whilst the contrast betwixt the red brick houses and others which are painted white give a naivete and liveliness to the scene which is quite imposing to the eye of a stranger.

Toronto: 9 July 1835

My dear Robert

I have just this moment heard of an opportunity

to Liverpool by a private hand and I shall with pleasure embrace it to shew that I have not yet forgot you and that I am still in the land of the living. Unfortunately, before hearing of it, I had just despatched per the post a letter for James. Not having heard from home since I left it I feel anxious to know how things are moving on, if anything new or interesting has occurred since my departure from the land of cakes - *exempli gratia*, if any lady fair had broken her heart about said distressing event or was pining at the thought of it and was spending sleepless nights and sorrowful in my power to remove it by any exertions however Herculean they might appear to souls devoid of this noble feeling... Why friend, sayest thou, whither doth thy fancy rove? has some fair one bewitched thee? - no, I will tell thee the cause, I have just been discussing a potation of brandy young lady was I would once more cross the Atlantic and brave the perils of the stormy deep in order to throw myself at her feet. For you must know that I have got a very tender heart....and that it would grieve me to the very cor to think that any lovely gentle hearted creature should suffer the smallest degree of pain on my account, especially if it were in my power to remove it by any exertions however Herculean they might appear to souls devoid of this noble feeling... Why friend, sayest thou, whither doth thy fancy rove? has some fair one bewitched thee? - no, I will tell thee the cause, I have just been discussing a potation of brandy

diluted in water which has thawed the icy coldness of my heart and put me into mighty good humour. But a truce to such prosing. In my letter to James I gave him a short account of my peregrinations through this province and it is unnecessary to go over the same ground again, suffice it to say that I propose to go to the neighbourhood of London and there reside for a week or two in expectation of finding some land that may suit me, as I consider...I can there locate myself with better advantage than in any other part of the province; the land is there cheaper and the winter both shorter and milder than near Toronto, while the quality of the soil is as good at least as in any other part of the province. London is 30 miles from Port Stanley on Lake Erie where farm produce can be shipped either for the States or for Montreal, and 60 miles from Brandford (situated on Grand River) to which place the navigation will soon be opened up as that undertaking is nearly completed. Moreover it is proposed to construct either a canal or railway to Brandford, or a railroad to the head of the Lake of Ontario from London, which besides opening up the interior of the country, would make London a place of considerable importance..... The country about London

I should consider as healthy as any other part of the province. There are marshes and swamps in every part of the country that I have seen, tho' more in some districts than in another, but if one settles at a sufficient distance from them places and is moderately careful I

think there is a prospect of enjoying as good health as ... at home. The weather I found rather hot upon landing, but latterly it has been quite temperate. The winter was unusually cold and the crops, at least the wheat, has suffered both here and in the States; there was little snow last winter compared with what they have generally - so much so that in many places, especially near the lakes, they were prevented from using their sleighs. With regard to an individual's prospects from an agricultural point of view it would be premature in me to say much as yet, but I should think one may make a living of it, though it would be difficult from the present state of the country, to make a fortune that one could carry away. Money is not so valuable in America as is imagined. A great number - indeed mostly all classes are pretty independent in so far, and will not part with anything except they get a fair equivalent for it. There is a great want of a circulating medium in some districts, but that evil I think will be (largely) removed in a short time by the introduction of Banks into every place of importance. The Sabbath is not very well observed; churches are pretty numerous and in few districts do they require to travel so far as is necessary in some of the more distant parts of Minnigaff and even Barr in order to hear sermon. There is no scarcity of Taverns along the roads, - indeed they are rather too numerous in some quarters but you

generally get plenty of good substantial cheer and every-
thing neat and tidy.... I must now conclude: to all my
friends convey my best regards and with kindest love to
you and Hugh.....

Da. McEwen.

Township of Westminster.

14 November 1836.

My dearest Robert

..... I was happy to observe that you have completely
recovered from the effects of the smallpox and have been nothing
the worse of the unusual degree of fatigue occasioned by Mr.
A. McHaffie's absence from the Counting House from bad health,
who I now hope is convalescent and able to resume his usual
labours. I hope that fell destroyer of woman's beauty, tho'
not of a man's chances in the world, has not made any percep-
tible alteration upon your features by leaving some deep
impressions of its visit upon your physiognomy. I am 7 or
8 miles distant from London, which is the place I generally go
to to "meeting". I am sorry to say that at present there are
no licentiates of the Scotch Church in this quarter and that
the field is preoccupied by a Minister in connection with the
United Associate Congregation who has recently got a neat
little church erected, capable of containing about 400 sitters
and which, by adding a gallery to it, would perhaps accommodate

200 more. The congregation is entirely Scotch, and a number of them are firmly attached to the Presbyterian Church; and yet some of them would not wish to see a Minister belonging to this

body settling here at present as the one already officiating is an individual of considerable merit and gives general satisfaction. Indeed I may say that with one or two exceptions I have not heard a Dissenter that was equal to him as a preacher; and besides they think that by dividing the hearers 2 Ministers could not be supported in the meanwhile. There are two or three different sects of the Methodists in this quarter and it is to one or other of these that the natives generally belong; some of their actings whilst engaged in their devotional duties do not appear to be very seemly to an individual unacquainted with their forms of worship. They have camp-meetings here as in the States. To one of these far famed exhibitions I repaired one Sabbath afternoon in order to witness their proceedings. The place selected for holding their meeting was right in the centre of the woods: the small trees and brush had been cut down and a sort of fence formed by them around the place of meeting. Close by the fence tents were erected for the purpose of withdrawing to in order to indulge in that necessary part of their proceedings viz. guzzlification, as likewise to afford accommodation during night. On different parts of the ground they had got some sort of thing erected 6 or 7 feet high for lighting fires on as the evening approached. There was a bench elevated a few feet above the ground where the Ministers sat and from which they addressed their hearers. On the right were placed, in front of the bench, forms for the men to sit upon, and on the left the same for the women. There were two places enclosed by long poles, the one for the

Indians and the other for the white people, to which they withdrew during the occasional intermissions from preaching for the purpose of praying and singing psalms. In each of these (enclosures) there were two poles fixed two or three feet from the ground, and on either side of them were the men and women ranged and kneeling while engaged in prayer, which they did audibly, some of them seemingly with a great deal of fervour; others were bawling out as loud and as long as their lungs would enable them: Lord have mercy on my soul! and such exclamations; while doing so one would come and pray over him, another would perhaps sing a part of a hymn to see whether it would quiet his spirit. When they feel "happy" they frequently clap their hands as loud as they can and cry out: "Glory to God! I am happy", and sometimes they jump, fall down and die away in a swoon while under the strong operations of the spirit, as they pretend. But the exhibition enacted by the Indians beggars description. Long ere I reached the ground their distant yellings, coming through the woods, fell upon my ears and produced a peculiar sensation, whilst at the same time I experienced a deep regret that men possessed of one spark of reason or common sense should approve of a religion whose votaries indulged in scenes so forced and unnatural and could think that such a mode of worship could at all be acceptable to Jehovah. Certain I am that many European Ladies could not stand the actings at a Camp Meeting, and that those who could do so would require to have pretty strong nerves; - such jumping, hollering, screaming and a display of anything but the Graces I never before witnessed, but most particularly among the females. I soon got sick of the scene and came away and left it. You will perhaps be somewhat surprisid to learn that I have left my former residence and am

now living in the Township of Westminster. The circumstances are these: A man came to me last March and demanded the land of me, pretending that he had a better claim to it than I had from having a prior deed. I resisted; the case came on for trial before the Court of King's Bench last Aug^t and I was unsuccessful. The person in question, it seems, had obtained a deed of the land 11 years ago, but before the person who granted it had obtained his own deed from Government, the deed besides was never recorded. The patent, or deed, for the land by Government came out Nov^r 1835, and eight days afterwards I got my deed from the person to whom the patent was granted. I had bought the land, however, of a different person who had previously bought it of the Grantee from the Crown, but to save expenses I got my deed direct from him (the Grantee). It was admitted at the trial that I had searched the records and used every means in my power to ascertain whether there was any previous claim upon the land. There was also evidence brought forward to prove that the first deed was fraudulently obtained, but it was not deemed sufficiently strong to set it aside, and in consequence I lost the case. I went down to

Toronto and took opinion of the Solicitor General, who is considered the best counsel there; he advised me to carry the case a little further. I intend to give it another hearing if I can manage it, and if another trial takes place the result will not be known before next August. Tiffany, the person who has been successful in the meantime, has the character of being one of the greatest rogues in the province, and I am convinced

in my own mind, obtained his deed through fraud; circumstances have come to my knowledge since the trial which place the matter in a still stronger light..... I have got between £70 and £80 of the individual of whom I bought land; he has agreed besides to bear the half of the expense of another trial and in the event of my being successful he is to get one half of the lot, but not the half on which I have commenced my improvements. Besides if ultimately I should not succeed, which I think is more than probable if not certain as I am an unfortunate hound, I will have recourse to the person who gave me the deed, of whom I expect to get something considerable, so that in the end I shall perhaps not lose much, though I have been annoyed considerably and disappointed, having thought myself safely moored. I had got a comfortable house built, 20 acres chopped, 10 of which I had done myself, and about 7 logged ready for burning off..... I have written you a long letter and I daresay you will be heartily tired of it ere you get this length, on more accounts than one. Present my respects to Cousin John.... Write me frequently, as

I dont grudge postage. I must now conclude, with warmest regards to you, and believe me ever to be

your affectionate brother

Westminster: 22 May 1837.

My dear Robert

I hereby acknowledge myself justly due and indebted to you for the sum of fifty pounds sterling, together with interest from this date, I promise to pay as soon as I am able. I am etc.

Da. McEwen.

My dearest Robert. prefixed is an acknowledgement for the money which you have been so obliging as to send me, and allow me now to return you my warmest and heartfelt thanks for the alacrity with which you responded to the large and unexpected demand that was made upon your pocket. If ever a suspicion of want of affection on your part towards me could have arisen in my breast, your last act of kindness would have entirely banished such a feeling; but of course no such idea ever obtained footing there. The case still remains undecided and it is not likely that it may be August ere the final determination of the Court be known.....but I think it is most probable that the result will be ultimately unfavourable for me.. The law of Scotland is very different, as you are aware, from the law of England, which is the law of the country here; indeed in many respects it (the law of this country) is very dissimilar to that which is practised in England, and unfortunately for me, on that account it was not in my power to have obtained more from the person of whom I made the purchase

than merely the repayment of the money advanced to him, not being entitled to expenses or to any allowance for improvements. This is the general practise in such cases; however unjust such a law may be in its operation, an individual involved as I have been has no other resource than to submit to it. You seem to think that the arrangement I made with the person from whom I bought the land was injudicious; it is probable that many others could have made a better one than I did, but I acted in the way that I thought best at the time, taking all circumstances into consideration....Convinced as I was and still am that it was a complete piece of roguery on the part of Tiffany I was anxious to probe the affair to the bottom, if by any means it were practicable to wrest the booty from his hands. Had I lost money out of my pocket I should not have felt so chagrined and mortified as by seeing a notorious scoundrel coolly walk off with it, glorying in his success....I have got a house built on my present farm, and entered into it late last fall. About six acres are chopped, and two acres I have sown with wheat this Spring; it is just coming through and seems to look pretty well. I expect to get about 3 acres more in oats, potatoes, etc. and am as busy as a bee at present logging and burning off the timber. We have had a very, I may say extraordinary, late spring, everything bringing exorbitant prices and inhabitants in back settlements suffering from scarcity. Extremely happy to hear that Hugh has got so far on his

voyage. Had a letter from Margaret last week....Will write after a bit when I have more leisure. My dear R., I remain

Your's most sincerely

Da. McEwen.

Information: In this next entry, David refers to a Shieling, which is Gaelic for a hut or a collection of huts.

Westminster: 15 October 1837

My dearest Robert

.....First then as to my shieling, alias my log house: of course there can be nothing of the sublime or beautiful in a building of that description, comfort being the principal object...yet sometimes the interior displays a neatness which one coming from your side of the Atlantic could scarcely expect. My house cannot boast of anything very superior...yet I consider it decidedly better than the majority of houses of that sort. Wood houses are much warmer than stone or brick buildings as they do not attract the cold so much and besides are freer from damp. When properly put up and well roofed they will last twenty and even thirty years; the roofs are most frequently covered with shingles which are made of pine divided into thin square pieces and put on after the same manner as slates. I recollect of seeing it stated in Chambers Journal that log houses were raised in an afternoon, those in the neighbourhood turning out to assist at the undertaking, but this

is all fudge. The logs have to be cut and hauled close to the site of the intended building and some other preliminary work done, and then, it is true, the neighbours, upon being invited, generally turn out to lend their aid, from ten to twenty hands being necessary for that purpose according to the size of the house and the weight of the timber used, as it requires

considerable strength to raise one log on the top of the other to the height of twelve or fourteen feet. If the individual who who has the "Bee" furnish a gallon of Acqua it is considered a sufficient compensation for the trouble given, provided he has no house close by, but if he has, a supper is expected. But when this part of the work is accomplished the half of the labour is not by any means done, as a roof has to be put on, a chimney to be built, doors, flooring and windows are likewise required, with a good deal of other work. The first house that I put up cost about £16 besides my own labour which was equal to £7 or £8 more at least. The one which I now occupy was not so expensive as part of the material of the other house was removed in order to finish this one. I have contrived hitherto to move along without any petticoat assistance at least in so far as not to have admitted anything in the shape of a house-keeper into my establishment. There is a Scotch family who live within a gun shot of me where I can get anything done that I require. It is not considered

discreditable to do so here. A Gentleman from the Borders who is a Magistrate and who was a candidate for the representation of the Burgh of London in parliament, whose property I have heard estimated at £20,000, told me that when he came into the country a few years ago he commenced right in the bush and managed to get along without any female servant and advised me to adopt the same course. My health has not suffered in the

least since my arrival in this country, never having been confined to bed a single day by indisposition or any other cause....The climate I consider upon the whole favourable to health, tho' perhaps not just so much so as it is in Britain, the changes in temperature being more sudden and running more into the extremes..... It is necessary to guard as much as possible against wet and damp or at least after being so to change one's clothes as rheumatism is more easily brought on by exposure to these than what it is in your climate.

There is no porridge to be had as there are no corn milns, the people here being of Johnson's opinion that oats are only proper food for horses.... The Ayr paper comes upon the whole pretty regularly, tho' sometimes a number is mislaid or mis-carried and does not reach me for 3, 4 and even 6 months after its publication. I have sometimes imagined that an individual from Britain...in one of the interior post offices in this

country acts the part of a Meg Dods and detains a paper now and then in which there may be anything of particular interest.... These irregularities however with regard to its arrival do not occur very frequently and I may state in perfect sincerity that the perusal of its contents affords me the richest treat as it keeps up my acquaintance with the land of my fathers and revives a thousand recollections and associations and awakens deeply cherished feelings.....You recollect with what eagerness in days of yore us Yonkers displayed on Saturdays in order to obtain the first reading of the Ayr paper? Such must convey

to you a faint emblem of the anxiety which I now feel in perusing the contents of that paper when it comes to hand. We have no elections here at present, an Act having been passed a short time ago to the effect that the duration of parliament should not be affected by the demise of the Crown; but we had elections summer a year ago: having a vote I gave it for the Government candidates. The great body of the people are attached to the British Government and would not wish to see an overturn, tho' a strong party are anxious for a reform of what they consider abuses and claim a right to some priveleges to which they consider themselves entitled. But as a majority of the present house of Assembly are Tories it is not probable that much in the way of concession will be yielded. A few there are who are anxious for a coup d'état and the hoisting of the Republican flag and the union of this

province with the States, and others would wish to see it an independent country, which considering its inland position without a sea-coast, is altogether out of the question. But neither of the two parties are numerous. If the differences between the Lower Province and the Mother Country be not amicably settled and a rupture take place, it is here where the principal struggle will ultimately take place most probably. All my Clothes, Books, etc. arrived safe at their destination without receiving any damage....In my solitary musings I frequently refer to the happy but short lived time which I

1851 Map of Southern Ontario showing Middlesex County, London and Westminster where David sought out land to purchase



Chicago Highland Games Honours Clan McEwen in 2025



On November 30th, 1845, a group of Scots living in Chicago gathered at the Lake House to celebrate home, Scottish culture and Scottish identity on Saint Andrew’s Day. They decided to form a Saint Andrew Society similar to the ones on the East Coast.

In 1986, the first Scottish Festival and Highland Games in Chicagoland was hosted. Then called “Chicago Highland Games & Scottish Fair” the event was held at Grant Park, downtown Chicago. The annual event is still going strong and now includes the largest pipe band competition in North America (taken from Chicago Scots web site).

The next Chicago Highland Games will take place on **13th –14th June** at the DuPage County Fairground, at which Chief Sir John McEwen will represent Clan McEwen, as the honoured guest clan.

Go to www.clanmacewen.com for more information.

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Do you have an interest in our heritage? If so then Clan McEwen would like to hear from you. Better still they would like you to join the Heritage Sub Committee where ever you live. We want to listen to your ideas about what is important to you and how we can engage with the different age groups.

Find out more, contact info@clanmacewen.com or membership@clanmacewen.com