

the Gillean Call

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION OF NEW ZEALAND INCORPORATED

Chief: Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart and Morvern, Bt., CVO, DL,
28th Chief of Clan Maclean

Patron: Dame Cath Tizard ONZ, GCMG, GCVO, DBE, QSO.



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FROM PRESIDENT IAN'S DESK

Greetings Everyone!

This is the last newsletter for 2011 and I think you will agree that over the year our editor, Noel, has once again produced very interesting and stimulating reading for us. The contributions from our members have come in steadily and I am assured they enjoy sharing items with us all.

The Highland Games season is now under way – with the Games at Hororata, and shortly the Auckland Games. We always appreciate help and visits to our tent and if you can spare just an hour or so to talk with our visitors we would really welcome your assistance. As always, we seek new ideas and new faces because, after years of the same people manning the tent, we can all get a bit “stale”.

For the fifth year running we will hold “Tartan in the Park” at the Waipu Games on 2 January. Again we

have been offered a great first prize for each of the men's and women's sections – two nights at Taipa Bay Holiday Resort plus a package of other goodies, and we have already obtained good prizes for the runners-up and for the children's sections. We have also added a “toddler's section” so that older children will have their own competition. So bring out your tartan, use your creativity and imagination, and help us to keep this fun competition going!

Some of you are now making your arrangements to travel to the Gathering in Mull next June. I trust you will have a wonderful time and I know you will meet some wonderful people there. You will experience a very special feeling on arrival at Duart and the welcome will be warm. I wish I could say that I will be there too, but circumstances prevent that. At least I will be with you in spirit.

The festive season is upon us so I wish you all everything that you could wish for yourselves – Good Health, Good Fortune, and Good Friendship. Nollaig Subhach is Bliadhna Mhath dhuibh uile!

Now for a story from the Auld Kirk –

An American decided to write a book about famous churches around the world, so he bought a plane ticket and took a trip to Orlando, Fa. thinking that he would work his way around the USA from South to North. On his first day he was inside a church taking photographs when he noticed a golden telephone mounted on the wall with a sign that read “\$10,000 per call”.

Intrigued he asked the priest, who was strolling by, what the telephone was used for?

The priest replied that it was a direct line to Heaven and that for \$10,000 you could talk to God.

The American thanked the priest and went on his way.

Next stop was Atlanta. There, at a very large cathedral, he saw the same sort of golden telephone with the same sign beside it and a nun told him it was a direct line to Heaven and God.

He then traveled to Indianapolis, Washington DC, Boston and New York and in each of the churches he visited the same golden telephone and sign.

Upon leaving Vermont, the American decided to travel to Scotland to see if the Scots also had a phone to Heaven.

In the first church he entered, much to his surprise, there it was - the same golden telephone – but this time the sign said “40 pence per call.”

The American was very puzzled and surprised, so he asked the priest about the sign –

“Father. I have travelled all over America and seen the same golden telephone in many churches. But in the USA the price was \$10,000 per call. Why is it so cheap here?”

The priest offered a friendly smile and answered, “You’re in Scotland now, my son – it’s a local call.”

Warmest regards

Ian.

EDITORIAL

Greetings to our Members and Friends!

Well another year has nearly past and we will all have memories of highlights and lowlights, but in terms of the Clan Maclean Association of New Zealand this has been a steady year after the highlight in 2010 of the visit of Sir Lachlan, our Chief. Our membership remains steady, although we are always keen for more members.

For me a highlight has been the ongoing strengthening of our relationships with fellow clansmen and Maclean Associations throughout the world. I receive communications from many kindred associations around the world and our newsletter is now published internationally – you can read it on www.clanmaclean.org When you go in to that website, just click on the “Associations” and then on to “New Zealand”. And whilst you are there, why not take some time to look over the website and see just what a wealth on information is there about Macleans and the clan movement.

Well, the All Blacks finally won the Rugby World Cup and I am sure that New Zealand was a well known location to viewers around the world after the intense publicity.

As Ian has mentioned, the Highland Games season is upon us, and we will participate with our clan tent where we are able to secure sufficient people to man the tent. It is so much easier when the few regulars are able to have a rest. Many have not even been able to fully appreciate many of the Games due to manning the tent. If you live in an area where Games are to be held – please contact Katrine, about your availability to assist. Please don’t say you would not know what to do – your understanding and experience of things Maclean are all that is needed and others can guide you as well.

Ian has mentioned “Tartan in the Park” and this has now become a feature (and great exposure for the Clan Maclean) at both the Waipu and Paeroa Highland Games. We have traditionally had four categories but have noted that there are toddlers that the audiences love to see. So we have modified the children’s sections to boys and girls 4 – 14 years, and introduced a toddler’s section (ages up to three years.) We have also decided to no longer charge an entry fee, BUT entries will still need to be submitted – preferably by mail or email, or on the day of the event up to one hour prior to commencement of TITP.

In this issue there is an update of events about to happen, a reference to J. Alex Mclean – a former Mayor of Dargaville, news on some new material available, and some extracts from the writings of Dr Johnson and James Boswell. Interestingly a couple of weeks ago I went to a used book sale, and was able to find, quite unexpectedly, some books related to Dr Johnson and another written by James Boswell about

Dr Johnson. Amazing what one finds in what some see as “old junk to be thrown out”. I guess my interest in Dr Johnson’s visit to the Hebrides was renewed through the short TV series “Three Men in a Boat” which has been doing the rounds of the Sky channels and which contained a brief visit to Duart Castle and an interview with Sir Lachlan.

May I wish all our members and readers the Compliments of the Season and we hope to see you at one, at least, of this summer’s Highland Games.

Regards

Noel

Are You Able To Assist?

I have just been reading the November issue of the Waipu Museum and note an item that McLeans may be able to assist with?

“Information is being requested about a **John McLean**, born about 1840 at Totescore, Isle of Skye. He arrived in Auckland December 1864 on the *Helenslee* with immigrants under the Waikato Immigration Scheme, allocated land at Pokeno in 1869 and believed to have enlisted with the Militia at Papakura in March 1871. A **John McLean** appears in the Papakura Rates schedule from 1887-1894 but all efforts to find out what happened to this gentleman have been unsuccessful. Help with this would be deeply appreciated.”

If you know anything of John McLean as mentioned would you kindly advise the Editor as I have contact with the Waipu Museum.

* * * * *

Let the lily of France in luxuriance bloom
Let the Shamrock of Erin its beauty maintain
Let the rose of fair England still waft its perfume
But the Thistle of Scotia will dearest remain.
‘Twas the badge that our fathers triumphantly wore
When they followed their sovereigns to vanquish the Dane,
The emblem our Wallace in battle eye bore ,
Then the Thistle of Scotia must dearest remain
It blooms on our mountains, it blooms in the vale,
It blooms in the winter, in snow and in rain.
The type of her sons when rude seasons assail –
To Scotia, her Thistle will dearest remain.

Seasons

Greetings!

*The Clan Maclean
Association of
New Zealand
extends to all its
members, their
families and to all
our readers the
warmest of*

*Greetings for
Christmas and for
the year of 2012.*

**May the best you've ever seen
Be the worst you'll ever see
May the mouse never leave your pantry
With a tear-drop in his eye.
May you always keep healthy and hearty
Until you're old enough to die.
May you always be just as happy
As we wish you now to be.**

TARTAN IN THE PARK 2012

**THIS POPULAR EVENT WILL AGAIN
TAKE PLACE AT THE FOLLOWING
LOCATIONS —**

141ST WAIPU HIGHLAND GAMES

2 JANUARY 2012

AND

**19TH HIGHLAND GAMES AND
TATTOO, PAEROA**

WHISKY TASTING OPPORTUNITY!

Our friends at the Otahuhu Pipe Band will be holding whisky tasting evening on Friday 2 December at 6.30 p.m.

Venue is the Otahuhu Pipe Band Hall.

Six whisky brands available and a chance to discuss and sample distillery and independent bottlers.

Tickets cost \$35

You can order you tickets from Michel (021 038 5508) or James (022 034 0570).

This is an important fund raiser for the band so brings your driver and your friends along!

From the pen of Samuel Johnson :

“The true measure of a man is how he treats someone who can do him absolutely no good.”

“There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern.”

11 FEBRUARY 2012.

**THIS IS A FUN EVENT TO DISPLAY THE
USE OF TARTAN BOTH IN MODERN AND
HISTORICAL DRESS. ENTRY FREE!**

**SECTIONS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS (4 -
14 YEARS), TODDLERS (3 YEARS AND
UNDER) AND FOR ADULT WOMEN AND
MEN.**

**GET YOUR GARMENT DESIGN UNDER
WAY NOW!**

**FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT
RHONA MCLEAN (09) 437 7155 OR
BY EMAIL RMCLEAN@IHUG.CO.NZ**

**IT IS GREAT FUN FOR PARTICIPANTS
AND THE PUBLIC ALIKE!**



CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION
OF NEW ZEALAND INC.
MEMORABILIA

Maclean Polo Shirts
 (State size and colour -normally made to order,
 price on application. Limited sizes and colours
 are in stock)

Duart Castle Note Cards	Pkt. 10	12.00
	Pkt. 5	7.00
Clan Maclean Pens (ball point)		1.50
	or set of 3	4.00
Wall Map – Clan Maclean Battles, Castles and Lands.		15.00
(Discounted)		

Except for shirts and please add \$1 postage and packing per order.

Please order from The Secretary

Other Items – Tartan Bow ties – crafted by Katrine at \$5.50

**ITEMS IN THE CMANZ
LIBRARY!**

The following are items in the CMANZ Library:

- The Clans of the Scottish Highlands; by R.R. McIan
- Bonnie Prince Charlie: Fitzroy Maclean;
- Sailors and Settlers: by John McLean
- Mission of Honour by John McLean
- My Friends, the MacLeans by Jane Duncan (fiction)
- Death or Victory by Fiona MacLean
- The Haggis by Alexander MacLean (for children)
- Scotland by Roland Hill & Kai Ulrich Muller

A Boat of Our Ain by Mervyn McLean
 Plus - Several Family Histories (details next edition.)
 Donations of books always welcomed.

If you wish to borrow any of these books you can make arrangements with Katrine, our Secretary. As a general rule you will have to pay postage (both ways) and return the book within the time agreed between your self and Katrine.

J. Alex McLean

The following article appeared on a recent issue of the "Kaipara Lifestyler".

Whatever the real reason for a former Dargaville mayor being called "Caesar", the explanation has now been lost in the mists of time. But later that nickname for J. Alex McLean became an affectionate one who was said to be one of the town's most go ahead mayors.

Look in to the early stories of Northern Wairoa and the name McLean features often.

When Dargaville Borough celebrated its half century in 1958, McLean wrote a history for the Golden Anniversary booklet and told how he had traveled by train from Auckland to board the river steamer "Minnie Casey" at Helensville and set sail for Dargaville. It was 1878, he was three years of age, and he lived here for the rest of his life.

Joseph Dargaville had bought the land just four years previously from Te Ahwa Parore and others. There were no roads but two hotels, Northern Wairoa and Kaihu Hotel, later renamed Central, were up and running. McLean always remembered how basic things were.

His father started a bakery business, his shop about where Jack Fannon Ltd trades today in Victoria Street and they lived on the premises for 40 years.

McLean senior was public minded enough to become a member of the first Dargaville Town Board.

His son, J. Alex (Ceasar) started work as a printing apprentice in the newspaper office of the Wairoa Bell, eventually taking over the family bakery business from his father.

By the time he had turned forty he had retired from those long working hours to become a Land, Insurance and Commission Agent in a little stationery and bookshop alongside the Dargaville Club.

Perhaps marriage to the daughter of first Mayor, F.F. Day, pointed him towards community service and public life.

When the Chamber of Commerce held the inaugural meeting in 1906 he was there. Four years later McLean represented the Borough on the Marsden Kaipara Hospital Board that was soon to become Kaipara Hospital Board.

Elected to the Borough Council he went on to become Mayor in 1914. Over the next few years great progress was made. In his term the municipal Water Works brought tap water to the town and allowed a swimming pool to be opened. A gas works was planned during his five years in the top job. In 1917 McLean was elected chairman of a newly organized Dargaville Fire Board.

His progressive ideas led him to help bring electricity to Northern Wairoa. When a committee was formed to organize Hobson Electric Power Board he was an enthusiastic member. It fell through but in 1930 the North Auckland Electric Power Board came in to being with McLean as first Chairman, serving for 13 years. In 1938 he was a charter member of the Dargaville Rotary Club.

An expert gardener he wrote a gardening column for North Auckland Times in his retirement. Probably there are some older town residents who can remember the tall, larger than life Caesar and his big glass greenhouse in front of his villa that once stood around 100 Hokianga Road.

Learn something of his untiring work for his hometown and it becomes a little clearer just why he earned the nickname Caesar.

The above article was written by Brian Eastwood.

Editor's Note

After receiving the newspaper from Katrine I did my own piece of research and am able to add a few pieces of interest (well to me at least). In his article for the 1958 Jubilee, McLean wrote of the typical journey from Helensville to Dargaville thus –

“The boat would leave Helensville about 10 a.m. after the arrival of the Auckland train and proceed down the winding Helensville River, across the sometime turbulent (Kaipara) harbour and up the Wairoa River arriving at Dargaville about 9 p.m.”

He also writes of early Dargaville and its reliance on shipping –

“Horse traffic used a tramline which was strongly built of kauri and carried all the produce to and from the river boats and ships that called at the town wharf (flour, potatoes, onion, chaff, oats, wheat, hay and whatnot) which came mostly from Dunedin and Lyttleton in schooners that safely faced the hazards of the Kaipara Bar and back loaded gum (kauri) and timber.”

He also wrote:

“The township (of Dargaville) was administered by a Town Board in the early days. J.M. Dargaville being Chairman, my father James McLean and George Nairn being two of its members. For some reason or other it ceased to function and control passed to Hobson County with its head office at Aratapu. It was not until 1908 that steps were taken to form a borough. The minimum population requirement of 1,000, accounts for the fact that boundaries were spread out and included Duck Creek area, making Dargaville one of the largest boroughs in New Zealand.”

Regarding the North Auckland Electric Power Board, one report states –

“J.A. McLean first elected 21 June 1923 was one of 2 Dargaville members, and he became Chair 11 March 1924 and continued until 13 May 1943.”

Are You or Family Residents or Past Residents of Papatoetoe?

The south Auckland suburb of Papatoetoe is celebrating 150 years of settlement during 2012 and the organisers are keen to make contact with present and past families and where possible borrow any early photographs.

The Papatoetoe Highway District was established in 1862 and the Papatoetoe Borough Council celebrated

the community centenary on April 1962. 50 years on the suburb is now administered as part of the Auckland Council and is part of the Manukau ward.

The organisers plan events throughout 2012, rather than just a short celebration and would like to hear from any interested persons. Your editor is a member of that Organising Committee so you can contact him at P O Box 23 642, Hunters Corner, Manukau 2155.

**A New Book from our
member
And Wellington Author
JOHN McLEAN.**

John McLean, the author of “Sailors and Settlers”, has now written another book, “Clansmen and Colonists – A Thousand Years of a Scottish Family”. It is the story of the McLeans over the course of a thousand years from the time of Old Dugald of Scone in Scotland around 1050 A.D. to the McLeans of the twenty-first century. It traces the McLeans of Duart from their founding by Gillean of the Battleaxe, then the McLeans of Coll and the McLeans of Achnasaul, their departure from the Isle of Rum during the Highland Clearances, their thirty-three years on Cape Breton Island and their voyage to New Zealand on the “Ellen Lewis” in 1859-60. It includes a fairly full description of Auckland Harbour on the day that the ship arrived.

In the new land they farmed, felled the forest, and built ships, wharves, bridges, railways, reclamations and tunnels, including the five and a quarter mile long Otira Tunnel under the Southern Alps, which was the longest tunnel in the British Empire. The later chapters are an evocation of the pioneer way of life.

“Clansmen and Colonists” is a hardback with 340 pages of text and 40 pages of photographs. It will be of particular interest to those who are descended from the McLean siblings who arrived on the “Ellen Lewis” – Angus, “Big” John, and Donald McLean, and their sister, Mary, Mrs. Hector MacKay.

The book will be available in the first week of December. The price is \$60 (incl. postage.) Orders to” John McLean, 46a Waru Street, Khandallah, Wellington or you can purchase it from the Clan Maclean tent at the Waipu Games on 2 January.

Editors Note-

We outlined the two previous books by John in earlier editions of “the Gillean Call”. “Sailors and Settlers” in Edition No. 48 January 2010, and “A Mission of Honour” in Edition No. 52 of September 2010. Well done John!

**Dr. Samuel Johnson
and James Boswell!**

One reference book I read recently describes Samuel Johnson (1709-84) as follows – “Doctor Johnson” was an English poet, critic and writer who dominated literary life in London in the mid-18th century. His favourite occupation was simply to talk with his friends and many of his sayings and opinions were recorded by **James Boswell** (1740-95) in his *Life of Samuel Johnson*. Johnson is remembered for remarks such as, “When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life” and “a man will turn over half a library to make one book.” He wrote and edited articles for magazines and spent eight years compiling his *Dictionary*, one of the first and most famous in English. In 1765 Johnson published an edition of Shakespeare’s works. He traveled to Scotland with Boswell, and both men published descriptions of their experiences.”

A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland (1775) is a travel narrative by Samuel Johnson about an eighty three day journey through Scotland, in particular the islands of the Hebrides, in the late summer and autumn of 1773. The sixty-three year old Johnson was accompanied by his thirty-two year old friend of many years James Boswell, who also kept a record of the journey and published that in 1785 as *A Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. The two narratives are sometimes published as a single volume from which profit can be had comparing two perspectives of the same events, although they are very different in approach, with Johnson focused on Scotland and Boswell focused on Johnson. The two travelers set out from Edinburgh and skirted the eastern and north eastern coasts of Scotland, passing through St. Andrews, Aberdeen and Inverness. They then passed in to the Highlands and spent several weeks on various islands in the Hebrides, including Skye, Coll and Mull. After a visit to Boswell’s estate at Auchinleck, the travelers returned to Edinburgh.

The following are a few paragraphs from Dr Johnson's account –

At Chapter 10 –

“As we were to catch the first favourable breath, we spent the night not very elegantly, nor pleasantly in the vessel, and then were landed the next day at *Tobor Morar*, a port in *Mull*, which appears to an unexperienced eye formed for the security of ships; for its mouth is closed by a small island, which admits them through narrow channels in to a bason sufficiently capacious. They are indeed safe from the sea, but there is a hollow between the mountains, through which the wind issues from the land with very mischievous violence.

There was no danger while we were there, and we found several other vessels at anchor; so that the port had a very commercial appearance.

The young Laird of *Col*, who had determined not to let us lose his company, while there was any difficulty remaining, came over with us. His influence soon appeared; for he procured us horses, and conducted us to the house of Doctor *Maclean*, where we found very kind entertainment, and very pleasing conversation. Miss *Maclean*, who was born, and had been bred in *Glasgow*, having removed with her father to *Mull*, added to other qualifications, a great knowledge of the *Earse* language, which she had not learned in her childhood, but gained by study, and was the only interpreter of *Earse* poetry that I could ever find.

The Isle of *Mull* is perhaps in extent the third of the *Hebrides*. It is not broken by waters, nor shot into Promontories, but is a solid and compact mass, of breadth nearly equal to its length.....

Mull has suffered like *Sky* by the black winter of seventy-one, in which, contrary to all experience, a continuous frost detained the snow eight weeks upon the ground. Against a calamity never known, no provision had been made, and the people could only pine in hopeless misery. One tenant was mentioned, whose cattle perished to the value of three hundred pounds; a loss which probably more than the life of a man is necessary to repair. In countries like these, the descriptions of famine become intelligible.....

In *Mull* the disappointment of a harvest, or a murrain among the cattle, cuts off the regular provision; and they who have no manufactures can purchase no

superfluities of other countries. The consequence of a bad season is here not scarcity, but emptiness; and they whose plenty was barely a supply of natural and present need, when the slender stock fails, must perish with hunger.”

Following the visit to *Mull*, Johnson then went to *Ulva* although only staying for a few hours, or as he wrote “To *Ulva* we came in the dark, and left before noon next day.” He then went to *Inch Kenneth* which he describes –

“In the morning we again went into the boat, and were landed on *Inch Kenneth*, an island about a mile long, and perhaps half a mile broad, remarkable for pleasantness and fertility. It is verdant and grassy, and fit for pasture and tillage; but it has no trees. Its only inhabitants were Sir *Allan Maclean*, and two young ladies, his daughters with their servants....

Sir *Allan* is the Chieftain of the great clan *Maclean*, which is said to claim the second place among Highland families, yielding only to *Macdonald*. Though by the misconduct of his ancestors, most of the extensive territory, which would have descended to him, has been alienated, he still retains much of the dignity and authority of his birth. When soldiers were lately wanting for the *American* war, application was made to Sir *Allan*, and he nominated a hundred men for the service, who obeyed the summons, and bore arms under his command.

He had then, for some time, resided with the young ladies in *Inch Kenneth*, where he lives not only with plenty, but with elegance, having conveyed to his cottage a collection of books, and what else is necessary to make his hours pleasant.”

In another section Dr Johnson tells of his visit to *Iona* and vividly describes it as it was at that time.

“We were now treading that illustrious Island, which was once the luminary of the *Caledonian* regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived he benefit of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were to be endeavoured, and would be foolish. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be

envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer amongst the ruins of *Iona*.

We came too late to visit monuments; some care was necessary for ourselves. Whatever was in the Island, Sir *Allan* cold demand, for the inhabitants were *Macleans*; but having little they could not give us much. He went to the headman of the Island, whom Fame, but Fame delights in amplifying, represents as worth no less than fifty pounds. He was perhaps proud enough of his guests, but ill prepared for our entertainment; however, he soon produced more provision than men not luxurious require. Our lodging was next to be provided. We found a barn well stocked with hay, and made our beds as soft as we could.

In the morning we rose and surveyed the place. The churches of the two convents are both standing, though unroofed. They were built of unhewn stone, but solid and not inelegant.....

The Episcopal church consist of two parts, separated by the belfry, and built at different times. The original church had, like others, the altar at one end, and tower at the other; but as it grew too small, another building of equal dimensions was added, and the tower was necessarily in the middle.

That these edifices are of different ages seems evident. The arch of the first church is *Roman*, being part of a circle; that of the additional building is pointed, and therefore *Gothick*, or *Saracenic*; the tower is firm, and wants only to be floored and covered.

Of the chambers or cells belonging to the monks, there are some walls remaining, but nothing approaching to a complete apartment.

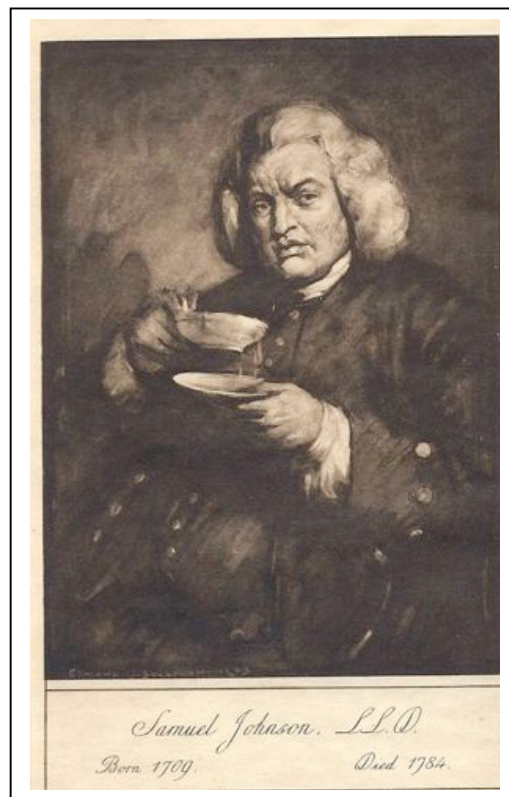
The bottom of the church is so encumbered with mud and rubbish, that we made no discoveries of curious inscriptions, and what there have been have already been published. The place is said to be where the black stones lie concealed, on which the old Highland Chiefs, when they made their contracts and alliances, used to take the oath, which was considered as more sacred than any other obligation, and which could not be violated without the blackest infamy.....

The chapel of the nunnery is now used by inhabitants as a kind of general cow-house, and the bottom is consequently too miry for examination. Some of the

stones which covered the later abbesses have inscriptions, which might yet be read, if the chapel were cleaned. The roof of this, as of all the other buildings, is totally destroyed, not only because timber quickly decays when it is neglected, but because in an island destitute of wood, it was wanted for use, and was consequently the first plunder of needy rapacity.....

But the fruitfulness of *Iona* is now its whole prosperity. The inhabitants are remarkably gross, and remarkably neglected; I know not if they are visited by any Minister. The Island which was once the metropolis of learning and piety, has now no school for education, nor temple for worship, only two inhabitants that can speak *English*, and not one that can write or read.

The people are of the clan of *Maclean*; and though Sir *Allan* had not been in the place for many years, he was received with all the reverence due their Chieftain. One of them being sharply reprehended by him, for not sending him some rum, declared after his departure, in Mr. *Boswell's* presence, that he had no design of disappointing him, *for*, said he, *I would cut my bones for him; and if he had sent his dog for it, he should have had it."*



Footnote:

Dr Johnson and his companion James Boswell were in constant communication with each other and upon his return to London Johnson wrote the following to Boswell –

“To James Boswell Esq.

Dear Sir,

I came home last night, without any incommmodity, danger, or weariness, and ready to begin a new journey. I shall go to Oxford on Monday. I know Mrs. Boswell wished me well to go; her wishes have not been disappointed. Mrs. Williams has received Sir A’s letter. (1)

Make my compliments to all those to whom my compliments may be welcome.

Let the box (2) be sent as soon as it can, and let me know when to expect it. Enquire, if you can, the order of the clans; Macdonald is first, Maclean is second; further I cannot go. Quicken Dr. Webster (3).

I am, Sir,

Your’s affectionately

Sam. Johnson

Nov. 27, 1773

The references are:

- (1) Sir Alexander Gordon, one of the Professors at Aberdeen.
- (2) This was a box containing a number of curious things which Johnson had picked up in Scotland, including some horn spoons.
- (3) Rev. Dr. Alexander Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, a man of distinguished abilities, who had promised Johnson information concerning the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

Acknowledgements

“Boswell’s Life Of Johnson”

“Johnson - Prose and Poetry”

Andrew’s Corner !

Summer is upon us again, and that means bagpipe music is beginning to fill the air; well at least in my house it is. It means I need to start practicing my Christmas carols and bring my pipes to town for a little Christmas busking.

The Waipu Highland Games, too, are coming up, and I must practice for this. If you pass by the clan tent at

New Year, be sure to request a tune from me, for I will be happy to play.

The University of Otago has become a ghost campus now that the students have gone, so there is nothing to report from here. Best just read a book in the sunshine.

Mar sin leibh-dràsta

Andrew.

CLAN MACLEAN ASSN. OF NEW ZEALAND INC.

The Clan Maclean Association of New Zealand is a registered incorporated society having as its main objects the advancement of Clan fellowship, history and heritage.

Officers

Chief: Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart and Morvern Bt., CV; DL; 28th Chief of the Clan Maclean.

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Please!

Address all correspondence to the Acting Secretary, 341 Mangawhai Road RD5, WELLSFORD Northland: remit all monies to the Treasurer / Membership Secretary, and address any newsletter items or genealogy queries to Noel Robinson, P O Box 23 642, Hunters Corner, Manukau City 2155.

“The Gillean Call” is the Newsletter of the Clan Maclean Association of New Zealand and is published bi-monthly in January, March, May, July, September and November

Articles and comments from members are welcome and these should be in the hands of the Editor no later than the 20th of the month preceding publication.

The Clan Maclean Association of New Zealand is registered also with the Charities Commission.

MEMBERSHIP AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

Membership is available upon completion of a formal application and acceptance by the Committee. Subscriptions apply for the calendar year (our financial year) and are currently \$20 per individual or family. Membership forms available from Committee members, Area representatives and at Clan activities and should be mailed to the Secretary.

Subscriptions for the year 2011 are now due!. A three year membership is available at \$50. Members are notified when subscriptions are due and should a further reminder not result in payment of fees then

SOME SCOTTISH FAVOURITES TO SING AT HOGMENAY!

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE.

Hark when the night is falling,
Hear! Hear the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling,
Down thro' the glen.
There where the hills are sleeping,
Now feel the blood a-leaping
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

Towering in gallant fame,
Scotland my mountain name,
High may your proud standards gloriously wave,
Land of my high endeavor,
Land of the shining river, Land of my heart forever,
Scotland the brave.

High in the misty Highlands,
Out by the purple islands,
Brave are the hearts that beat
Beneath Scottish skies.

membership services, including the newsletter, will cease. Members are responsible for notifying and change of address. Thanks to all who are currently up to date and we do of course welcome new members at any time.

NEW MEMBERS ALWAYS WELCOME!

AREA REPRESENTATIVES!

Northland		
Iain H MacLean (Hikurangi)		0272 378 197
Hawkes Bay		
Iain G McLean (Hastings)		(6) 877 6604
Canterbury		
Glenis McLean		0272 624 674
Otago / Southland		
Allan MacLean (Cromwell)		(3) 445 3137

UPCOMING EVENTS!

(Please let us know about events in your area)

Nov 19	Auckland Highland Games
Nov 26	Wellington Provincial Gathering Stratford A & P Show
Nov 27	Dunedin Caledonian Games
Nov 30	ST ANDREWS DAY
Dec 3	Victoria Square Highland Day. Tokoroa A & P Show
Dec 4	Motueka A & P Show
Dec 10	Manawatu Scottish Day – Piping & Dancing
Jan 2	Waipu Highland Games
Jan 28	Turakina Highland Games
Feb 11	Paeroa Highland Games and Tattoo.

Wild are the winds to meet you,
Staunch are the friends that greet you,
Kind as the love that shines from fair maiden's eyes.

(Towering etc.)

Far off in sunlit places,
Sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain.
Where tropic skies are beaming,
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,
Longing and dreaming for the homeland again.

(Towering etc.)

THESE ARE MY MOUNTAINS.

For fame and for fortune I wandered the earth
And now I've come back to the land of my birth

I've brought back my treasures but only to find
They're less than the pleasures I first left behind.

For these are my mountains and this is my glen
The braes of my childhood will know me again
No land's ever claimed me tho' far I did roam
For these are my mountains and I'm going home.

The burn by the road sings at my going by
The whaup overhead wings with welcoming cry
The loch where the scart flies at last I can see
It's here that my heart lies, it's here I'll be free.

(For these etc.)

Kind faces will meet me and welcome me in
And how they will greet me, my ain kith and kin,
The night round the ingle old songs will be sung
At last I'll be hearing my ain mother tongue.

(For these etc.)

THE END OF THE ROAD!

Ev'ry road thro' life is a long, long road,
Fill'd with joys and sorrows too,
As you journey on, how your heart will yearn
For the things most dear to you.
With wealth and love 'tis so,
But onward we must go.

Keep right on to the end of the road,
Keep right on to the end,
Tho' the way be long, let our heart be strong
Keep right on round the bend
Tho' you're tired and weary still journey on,
Till you come to your happy abode,
Where all the love you've been dreaming of
Will be there at the end of the road.

With a big stout heart to a long steep hill,
We may get there with a smile,
With a good kind thought and an end in view,
We may cut short many a mile.
So let courage ev'ry day
Be your guiding star always.

(Keep right on..)

MY AIN FOLK.

Far frae my hame I wander, but still my thoughts return
To my ain folk ower yonder, in the sheiling by the burn.
I see the cosy ingle, and the mist abune the brae;
And joy and sadness mingle, as I list some auld-warld lay.

And it's oh! But I am longing for my ain folk

Tho' they be but lowly, puir and plain folk;
I am far beyond the sea, but my heart will ever be
At home in dear auld Scotland, wi' my ain folk

O' they're absent and they're telling, the auld folk by the fire:
And I mark the swift tears welling, as the ruddy flame leaps
high'r,
How the mither would caress me, were I but by her side
Now she prays that Heav'n will bless me, tho' the stormy
seas divide.

(And it's...)

MARY OF ARGYLL

I have heard the mavis singing,
His love song to the morn,
I have seen the dew drops clinging
To a rose just newly born.
But a sweeter song has cheer'd me,
At the evenings gentle close
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew drop on the rose.
"Twas thy voice my gentle Mary,
And thine artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonnie Mary of Argyll.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,
Tho' they step may lack its fleetness,
And they hair its sunny hue.
Still to me wilt thou be dearer,
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone.
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine forever,
Bonnie Mary of Argyll.

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

The far Cuillins are pullin' me away,
As take I wi' my crummack to the road,
The far Cuillins are puttin' love on me
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I
will go,
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles.
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart, the braggart's in my
step,
You've never smelled the tangle o' the Isles.
Oh the far Cuillins are puttin' love on me,
As step I wi' my crummack to the Isles.

It's by Shiel water the track is to he west,
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea.

The cool cresses I am thinkin' for to pluck,
And bracken for a wink on Mother' knee.
(Sure by...)

The blue islands are pullin' me away
Their laughter puts a leap upon the lame;
The blue islands from the Skerries to the Lews,
Wi heather honey taste upon each name.
(Sure by...)

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

(For auld

We twa hae run about the braes
And pou'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd mnie a weary fit
Sin auld lang syne.

(For auld...)

We twa ha paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun til dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld syne.

(For auld)

And here's a hand my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right gude willie waught
For auld lang syne!

FLOWER OF SCOTLAND

Oh Flower of Scotland,
When will we see, your like again?
The fought and died for,
Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him, Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward – tae think again.

The hills are bare now,
And autumn leaves lie thick and still

Over land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
And stood against him, Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward – tae think again.

Those days are past now
And in the past, they must remain,
But we can still rise now
And be that nation again
And stood against him Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward – tae think again.

