

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY (Australia)

Newsletter No 17, July 1989

MACMILLAN

CREST BADGE : *A dexter and a sinister hand brandishing a two-handed sword, proper.*

MOTTO : *Miseris succurrere disco*

(*I learn to succour the distressed*).
GAELIC NAME : *MacGhille-Mhaolain.*

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A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

My best wishes to you and I do hope you are well. Winter has descended upon us after a wonderful Autumn. I mentioned in our March Newsletter that we would be attending the Ringwood Highland Games in April. Committee member, Bruce McMillan kindly loaned a tent, courtesy of his son, which was erected in the area designated for the Clans. Mr Ronald Robb, Chieftain of the Council of Clans, and Dr Bill Straede, the Secretary, made themselves known to us and invited me along to their annual meeting which is held at the Ringwood Games.

There were 23 Clans represented and no-one was aware that there was a Clan MacMillan Society in Australia. We were invited to join the Council of Clans. There was a great feeling of friendship among the Clan members and their Scottish Heritage was evident in the Banners and Posters and information available.

The Council of Clans attend 3 Highland Games each year, at Newtown in March, Ringwood in April and Daylesford on the first Saturday in December. A picnic atmosphere was evident at the Games and families enjoyed the non-stop entertainment.

We were very happy to enrol 4 new members and to chat with them and give them information about our society. Now that we are a member of the Council of Clans, information on Scottish activities is being sent to us and this will be published in future newsletters so that you can participate in any future gatherings.

With my best wishes
June Senior
President.

NEW MEMBERS

The committee welcomes six new members to our society and we hope that they enjoy our friendship and kinship and are able to attend some of our gatherings as well.

Four of the new members are a result of our attendance at the recent Highland Games at Ringwood. We have June Senior and Bruce McMillan to thank for that success.

The new members are:

Verna McMillan.....Bendigo, Vic.
Peter McMillan.....Cabramatta, NSW
Rodney McMillan.....Fernree Gully, Vic.
Gary McMillan.....Kilsyth, Vic.
Freda McMillan.....Bayswater, Vic.
L. E. McMillan.....Werribee Sth, Vic.
Barbara Harvey.....Bathurst, NSW

KIRKIN O' THE TARTAN

If anyone is interested in attending the 'Kirkin O' the Tartan' ceremony at Scots Church on 20th August please contact June Senior, our President, to see if space is available. This event, organised by the Council Of Clans, is to celebrate the lifting of the embargo which the English put on the Scottish people regarding the wearing of the Tartan.

Wear a MacMillan Kilt if you have one or bring along a piece of tartan and any MacMillan jewellery to wear on your clothing. Two people are required to carry our Tartan down the aisle of the church.

Bring your lunch, but afternoon tea and coffee will be provided.

Bob McMillan-Kay
Archivist/Editor/Treasurer

ANCESTRAL DATA

Chris Lacey, a society member from Clermont, Queensland sent me a couple of letters recently, one of which included some details of her family tree as well as a copy of a NSW birth certificate of her descendants. Many thanks to Chris for the information for our archives. Colin Campbell Macmillan, a society member from East Ivanhoe, recently sent me copies of an extract from a book about Queensland Pioneers, which happened to be his ancestors. Part of that extract is shown below for your interest. Many thanks to Colin for his contribution to the newsletter. Should anyone want a copy of the whole extract please don't hesitate to contact me.

HISTORY OF QUEENSLAND: ITS PEOPLE AND INDUSTRIES.

MURDOCH LYNDON CAMPBELL MACMILLAN, "Lochinvar," Ayr, Lower Burdekin, Northern Queensland, was born at "Lornesleigh," near Bowen, on November



Mr. A. C. Macmillan.

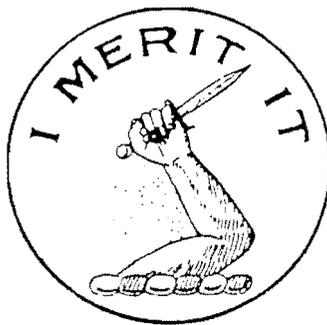
20, 1873, and is the third son of the late Archibald Campbell Macmillan, who was amongst the men who



Mr. E. Myrton.

"blazed the track" in Northern Queensland in the early sixties. The great company of pioneers—most of whom have long since departed—who first formed holdings in the vast

wilderness of the great North-east, included such men as the late James Hall-Scott, Edward Cunningham, the Allinghams, and Robert Towns. Like the pioneer Macmillan, these men forsook the ease and luxuries of civilization to build the Empire in lonely places, and, like him, had their being in the land of the beather—a land which has sent her sons to take a foremost place in peaceful settlement as well as in the ranks of armies wherever the British flag has been raised. Few had a more varied career than the founder of the family now represented at "Lochinvar," and none played their parts more worthily in the work of the country's early development, accomplished during a period which witnessed gigantic strides in the industrial history of the North. Well may his achievements be recorded as



CREST AND MOTTO OF THE MACMILLAN FAMILY.

those of a courageous explorer, a distinguished engineer, and an enterprising pastoralist. Born on December 27, 1840, at Oban, Scotland, he is the second son of John and Anne Barbara Macmillan (*née* Campbell). John Macmillan belonged to an old Scottish family, as his name denotes, and had his home at "Bell na Fettach," Lorne, Argyllshire. His wife was a daughter of Colonel Collin-Campbell, of the 42nd Gordon Highlanders, and a niece of General Campbell, of "Knock," a property that once formed a portion of the Duke of Argyll's estate, but which afterwards passed to the branch of the family of which General Campbell, who subsequently disposed of it, was head. The Campbells of "Knock" were cousins of the Duke, so it will be seen that Mr. A. Campbell Macmillan could claim

descent from one of the noblest and most historic lines of Scotland—a line that has figured notably in song and story from the times when minstrelsy beguiled the gatherings in



Mr. M. L. Macmillan.

chieftain's hall or battle camp. Educated chiefly at the Inverness Academy, the late gentleman qualified



Master M. C. Macmillan.

in Scotland as a Civil Engineer, and, on leaving the Old Land, became a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. He sailed for Australia when at the age of twenty-three, arriving at his

SCOTTISH POEM

Patricia Sinclair, a society member from Beaumaris, sent me a copy of a poem she has had for some time which she thought might be of interest to the readers. It is apparently a Nostalgic Scottish poem. Thanks to Patricia for her thoughts. (See copy below)

HIGHLANDER RESTAURANT

It was brought to my attention at our recent committee meeting about a new and truly Scottish Restaurant which has opened in Sassafras, in the Dandenongs. Called 'The Highlander', naturally, it offers Scottish hospitality and cuisine. The address is 388 Mt Dandenong Road, Sassafras. Unfortunately, when I went up there to check it out and speak to the manager, it appeared to be closed. I shall follow it up and inform you all in our next newsletter.

HIGHLAND GAMES AND AGM

The committee has decided to have the next AGM and Clan Gathering at Daylesford, in country Victoria, to coincide with the Highland games to be held there on the first Saturday in December. As it is always difficult to get a large attendance at our AGM's we thought that an occasion such as this might be of more interest than just a normal AGM. Please have a think about it, as it would be an ideal outing for the family. More details will be published in our next newsletter in September/October.

The Lone Shieling

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars :

Chorus

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are
grand :
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

II.

From the lone shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides :

Chorus

III.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the snail clear
stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstone gleam :

Chorus

IV.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanish'd,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep :

Chorus

V.

Come foreign rage—let discord burst in slaughter !
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar :

Chorus

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are
grand :
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.



SPECIAL NOTE

Some of you may have noticed the change to our society title from (Victoria) to (Australia). As we, the committee are quite sure of being the only Clan MacMillan Society in Australia, with members in all states except Tasmania and W.A, we decided to call ourselves the Clan MacMillan Society (Australia). If anybody however is aware of any other MacMillan Society in another state we would appreciate knowing about it.

Bob McMillan-Kay
Archivist/Editor/Treasurer



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ANGUS McMILLAN Pathfinder (Continued)

They spent the evening unsuccessfully endeavouring to make a bark canoe to cross the river. By the next day they were out of a morass and reached the plains, where they should continue or turn back.

McMillan was bitterly disappointed. According to Flinders' tattered chart, they were little more than 35 miles from Corner Inlet, where Flinders had indicated a fine Harbour. A day, or at the most two days journey, would have enabled them to reach the coast. To McMillan it was a disappointment. He had discovered this magnificent country, he was within a small distance of finding the port which would enable settlement to begin, and yet the only course was now to retrace his steps.

If rationed, the flour would last 3 days. tea, sugar and meat were finished. the dogs were too weak to catch game and might not last the journey. The horses were in reasonable shape; some of the men, although weak, were willing to risk a dash to the sea; others considered it foolhardy on short rations.

Reluctantly, McMillan made the decision to return, his instinct telling him that this was the only proper course and that with the experience gained, their steps could be retraced in a final bid.

It may be argued that McMillan should have provisioned his expedition with greater foresight. Against this was the unknown nature of the country over which they were forced to travel, the impossibility of determining the length of their absence or the delays and obstacles they would meet, the shortage of provisions at their base camp and the limited carrying capacity of the horses.

On the return trip they shot various birds. Motivated by curiosity, two emus came up to the horses. Cameron fired both barrels at one with no effect. McMillan rode after an old man kangaroo, but when within a few yards his horse fell and he was unable to shoot.

On 25 January, anxious to cover as much ground as possible, the party left at 4.30 a.m. after eating three ounces of damper each. Cobone Johnny offered to guide them across the Mitchell River which they calculated to be twelve miles distant. After two miles, the black wheeled around, to the astonishment of himself and Old Bath, realising that he was completely off course. He consulted McMillan's compass and became quite angry at his error of judgement. Eventually they reached Bruthen.

Cobone Johnny probably saved the lives of the party on the return trip. The last of the flour had been eaten and they were existing on wild cherries. The native caught 3 possums which he cooked with nettles and pepper and salt. In their hungry state it was a delicious meal. The native also cooked 6 emu eggs but refused one himself.

After 7 days the party, exhausted and starving reached the base; the last two days they were without food. They considered themselves lucky. McMillan wrote in his journal;

'I was determined to have another trial at Corner Inlet, for the more I became disappointed, the more anxious I became to attain the object I had in view, as by every failure, I gained experience.'

On 18th February 1840, McMillan wrote to Lachlan Macalister, giving him a full account of the journey. His letter concluded; To give you an idea of where we put back—where the Australian Alps terminate at Wilson's Promontory, was not more than 25 miles from us, bearing south-west. To the north the Alps were completely surrounding us, distance 30 miles, so that I am almost sure Corner Inlet could not be more than 12 or 15 miles from us and now I believe that these two inlets you mentioned must have a communication with Lake Victoria, and the back range, which extends to the above mentioned lake, answers to the same description as given in the maps. This discovery we named New South Caledonia, which would require a more able pen than mine to describe, but from the short and hurried account I have given, you will be able to judge what it is. I may here say that it is naturally fenced in such a way that cattle would not attempt to get out of it. It is bounded on the north and west by the Australian Alps and the coast range, on the south by the main ocean, and on the east partly by Lake Victoria, but the good country extends further east than this lake and it is divided by large rivers, some of which are navigable for large boats up to the ranges.

(To be continued)

Steven McMillan
Secretary

CLAN SOCIETY FEES

Once again it is necessary to remind some people about renewal of their annual fees. It's important that fees are paid to enable us to print our newsletter as regular as we do and also allow us to be in a position to join organisations such as the Council of Clans and purchase items for our library. So, those who are behind in the fees could they please make the effort and send them as soon as possible. While on the subject of fees, I wish to pass on thanks to those members who, along with the payment of fees, passed on donations to the society. It is very much appreciated and assists in retaining our fees at the present level.

Bob McMillan-Kay
Archivist/Editor/Treasurer