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THE CLAN MACMILLAN

The Clan Macmillan

Addresses given at the Annual Gatherings of the Clan Society

BY

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To

GEORGE MACMILLAN

CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY

I DEDICATE THESE ADDRESSES OF HIS PREDECESSOR

IN THE CHIEFTAINSHIP WITH MUCH COUSINLY

ESTEEM AND AFFECTION

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INTRODUCTION.

The ancient Celtic Church had a very close connection with the people. Hence many of the names of the Highland clans had an ecclesiastical origin. Most genealogists regard the Macmillan clan as having arisen in this way. Its name is supposed to be derived from the Celtic tonsure, known as St. John's, which differed from the Roman in that it consisted in shaving all the hair in front of a line drawn over the top of the head from ear to ear; whereas the Roman tonsure, associated with the name of St. Peter, was formed by the top of the head being shaved clean, and a circle or crown of hair being left to grow around it. During the seventh and eighth centuries the shape of the tonsure formed the subject of the most violent controversy in both sections of the Church: the Romans condemning the Celtic

method, and attributing it to Simon Magus; while the Celts claimed that it was the earliest custom of the Church, and that they brought it with them from the East directly and not by way of Rome. Bede tells us of Abbot Ceolfrid's letter to Nectan, King of the Picts, in which this form of tonsure was discussed at considerable length. It was probably during this controversy that the name of Macmillan came first into notice. The son of some prominent ecclesiastic was called the son of the man with the bald or tonsured head. Celibacy, though recommended as a higher virtue, was not enforced in the Celtic Church, and many of the priests had wives and children. There was a Woman's Isle associated with Iona in the time of St. Columba, as there was a Woman's Isle—St. Marguerite—connected with St. Honorat, off the coast of Cannes, at the time that the great Monastery of Lérins was founded, from whence Christianity was introduced into Ireland and Britain. And in this Woman's Isle the priests visited their wives and children from time to time; and therefore the Macmillans, like the Macnabs, might have had a sacerdotal birth without any reproach.

The name Maolan occurs in the *Book of Deer* in the possession of the University of Cambridge, a manuscript version of the Gospels in the vernacular Gaelic of the period, which cannot be later than the ninth century. On the margin and vacant spaces of the volume are numerous references to the territorial possessions of the monastery to which the book belonged, and to the circumstances in which St. Columba founded the monastery. It also contains information regarding the division of the Celtic population into clans, whose names it gives, and also regarding the patriarchal state of society before the feudal system had arisen to obliterate all the ancient tenures and customs. As the *Book of Deer* belonged to the region where the Macmillans are said to have originated, there is every likelihood that it is to them that reference is made; and if so, the clan can claim a very respectable antiquity indeed. Beyond the casual mention of the name, we have no authentic record of the early origin of the clan, or any trace of the original name which they bore. For it may be presumed that they had another name, the clan-name being a nickname or an official designation. The Dewars were so called from

their office as custodiers of the relics of St. Fillan; and the Macnabs, belonging to the same district, were descendants of the Abbot of Strathfillan; whereas the real name of each of them was in all probability Macgregor, which was afterwards superseded by the official or ecclesiastical designation. The same may have been the case with the Macmillans, whose original name was lost sight of in that which took its place as the sons of the priest with the tonsure of St. John. Some authorities state that they are descended from the second son of the seventh laird of Buchanan; and, as if to confirm this tradition, there has ever since been a closer relation maintained between the Buchanans and Macmillans than exists between any other clans, and the latter are admitted as candidates on equal terms to the bursaries of the former. Other authorities claim the Macmillans as descendants of the Clan Chattan—a comprehensive name given to a combination of several of the most powerful clans of the North. The tradition which asserts this goes very far back, and clings with great persistency to the regions where this great clan resides, and where there has been a colony of Macmillans from time immemorial.

There are certain genealogists who confidently affirm that the Macmillans are a sept of the Munros, and came originally from the lands on the north side of the Cromarty Firth. For some reason or other they left the district at a very early period, and came south to Loch Arkaig, a beautiful lake on the north side of the Caledonian Canal in Inverness-shire. They had possessions on both sides of the loch, and reigned supreme under the name of Clann Ghille Mhaoil Aberach, in one of the most romantic regions in Scotland. They also sent out colonies to Muir Lagan, Glen Spean, and Caillie, and they were very numerous in Glen Urquhart. The Macmillans of Lochaber were among the most loyal retainers of Lochiel. He employed them in any enterprise that required special devotion and bravery. Towards the close of the seventeenth century they quarrelled with a band of the clan to which Lochiel belonged; and in the course of the skirmish that ensued, one of the Macmillans was killed. The Camerons thereupon fled to the hills to escape the blood-feud; but the Macmillans demanded permission from Lochiel to avenge their comrade, threatening that if prevented from bringing the guilty to justice they

would make the whole tribe suffer. Lochiel, convinced that his clan were the aggressors, granted their request, and in a short time they succeeded in capturing the whole band and bringing them to justice. In the fight several of the foe were slain, and nearly all the Macmillans were severely wounded. In spite of such occasional outbreaks, however, the Macmillans lived on good terms with their neighbours, the Camerons, and showed no little kindness to them. Who has not heard of the extraordinary devotion of Ewen Macmillan to his foster-brother, the gallant colonel of the Gordon Highlanders, who died in his arms at Quatre-bras? And several instances were known of similar fidelity of Macmillans to their Cameron officers in the Highland regiments in the Peninsular war.

In the region of Glen Urquhart and Glen Morriston the clan has been much connected with the folk-lore of the district. There was one goblin particularly who haunted them perpetually, and was much dreaded. Her name was Cailleach a Chretnich, and she had for some reason or other an intense dislike to the Macmillans. Whenever she encountered one of the clan in a lonely place, she contrived in some

mysterious manner to deprive him of his bonnet without his knowledge. She then began to rub his headgear with all her might, muttering some weird spell; and as she rubbed the owner of the bonnet became weaker, until at last, when she had worn a hole in it, he fainted by the way and died. There are traditions of five Macmillans having been treated in this fashion, and their bodies having been found lying on the moor without any marks of violence, and always destitute of the significant head-covering, which was discovered at a distance worn into holes. On one occasion the hag met with her master. A certain Daniel Macmillan of Balmacaan encountered her in her own chosen spot, a wild mountainous district between Corrimony and the Braes of Glen Morriston; and having saluted, he passed on, unaware that she had removed his bonnet. When he discovered his loss, he hastened back and overtook the hag. She was busy rubbing his bonnet with great vigour. He succeeded, after a severe struggle, in wresting his headgear from her; but when he got possession of it, she hissed into his ear, as she vanished, that he would die on a certain day at the hour when he met her. When the fatal evening

arrived, his family and neighbours sat up with him to avert his doom; but notwithstanding all their endeavours, when the hour struck he fell forward in his chair and expired. There are numerous examples all over the world of this old superstition, in which the life of a person was represented by a wax doll held before the fire, and stuck over with pins; and as the wax melted, and the pins penetrated into the inner parts, so the person lost his strength and his health, and finally his life itself. It was a common method of bringing about the death of an enemy. The wild solitudes of Lochaber nursed a spirit of superstition, and created numerous shapes of evil to haunt the inhabitants. Numbers of human figures stuck with pins have been discovered in the region, testifying to the former existence of the dread spell to which the Macmillans succumbed.

From Loch Arkaig the clan, as tradition says, was removed by Malcolm IV., when he dispersed the clans, and placed on the crown lands of Loch Tay, in Perthshire. In the Maclagan MS., written in 1786 by the Rev. James Maclagan, a native of the same district of Perthshire, this colony is alluded to as that of Mac-na-Maoile. The estate

of Lawers belonged to them ; and many of the ruined foundations, whose stones are covered over with grey lichens and moss, which one meets in lonely spots on the long slopes, shieling farms of Ben Lawers, testify to their remote tenancy. The lands of Lawers were the earliest possessions of the Campbells of Breadalbane in the district ; but long before the Campbells came the Macmillans inhabited the district. To me, as a botanist, it is especially interesting to know that Ben Lawers, the highest peak in Perthshire, once owned the sway of my clan. For this mountain, in its upper bogs and deep corries, and especially on its lofty summit, has the largest number of rare plants in Britain, many of them being confined to the locality, and some of them altogether unique. It is the Mecca of the botanist. In the olden days there was very little cultivation in this region. Here and there there was a field or two around the rude thatched huts, and all the rest of the land was only wild pasture. Raids and forays were frequent, and the flocks and herds upon which the people subsisted frequently changed hands in the unsettled times. We know not how long the Macmillans remained in this district ; no traditions of their sojourn survive.

They have been wiped away as completely as a sum is removed from a slate by a sponge, and all the lonely wastes have the indescribable pathos about them of a vanished race. They worshipped, perhaps, in the old forgotten church of Balnahanait, and were buried in Cladh Phobuil, of which no trace now remains, and sent their cattle to the summer sheilings far up on the slopes of Ben Lawers, whose hoary ruins still speak of them.

There is not a single person of the name in all the district. My father's family and their relatives seemed to have been the only survivors of the Macmillans of Lawers. They never left Breadalbane altogether, although they left Loch Tayside, and settled at Upper Blairish, an elevated slope where the mountain comes down to the Keltney burn, near Coshville. The road here breaks off from the Fortingal road, and leads up past Garth Castle, the ruined eyrie on its steep crag of the Wolf of Badenoch, to Rannoch. Several generations of them lived in the farm town, surrounded by a grove of dark sycamore trees, and commanding a magnificent view of the strath of Appin and the richly wooded heights of Drummond Hill, at the foot of which the Tay and Lyon meet. Above it are the ruins of a

Pictish fort, formed of large rough boulders. It is an old-world district, in nearly the same condition as it was several hundred years ago, with barley-mortars, cup-marked stones, and wells for the cure of whooping-cough and other relics of antiquity lying all around. It is now occupied by only a few families of Macdougalls. My grandfather left the place for Aberfeldy, about five miles further east, where he took up his final abode, and where my father died and I was born. There is no region where there has been a larger intermixture of clan names than in this district. For various reasons persons came to it from all parts of the Highlands, and made their homes in this fertile strath, where the conditions of life were easier than elsewhere. But no Macmillan besides our own family and relatives existed in the whole course of the Tay, and now there is not a single person, so far as I know, who bears the name residing in the region. From Lawers the Macmillans were driven by Chalmers in the reign of David II. The barony was in possession of that family for a considerable period, and one of the descendants Thomas Chalmers, who was concerned in the assassination of James I., was deprived of his possessions in

1473 by James III., who bestowed them upon Sir Colin Campbell for the assistance he gave in the capture of the regicides. In this way the barony passed into the hands of the house of Breadalbane, which still holds it.

Some of the dispossessed Macmillans emigrated southwards to Knapdale, on the Argyllshire coast, and others to Galloway. The branch which settled in Knapdale very soon attained to considerable power and influence. They owned the largest half of the southern part of the district, and their chief was called Macmillan of Knap, and was a person of great importance in the west of Scotland. There are several relics surviving in the district of the former power of the clan. At the entrance of Loch Sween, one of the most picturesque salt lochs of Knapdale, there is a rocky promontory on which stands a ruined castle of great extent and strength. It is said to have been built about the beginning of the eleventh century by Sweno, Prince of Denmark, and was later the residence of Alexander, Lord of the Isles, who was besieged there by Bruce, to whom Alexander was compelled to surrender it. At a later date it came into possession of the MacNeills, and ultimately into

the hands of Macmillan Mor of Knap, who restored and enlarged it, and added the picturesque ivy-covered tower, which goes by the name of Macmillan's Tower. From 1480 to 1644 Castle Sween was occupied by the Earls of Argyll, and it was in their possession when it was burned by Sir Alexander Macdonald, who ravaged the whole district.

In the near neighbourhood there is an ancient hamlet called Kilmory Knap, where there is one of the finest stone crosses in Scotland, said to be inferior only to St. Martin's Cross in Iona. It is about twelve feet high, and is composed of solid chlorite slate. On one side there are two figures beside the Saviour on the Cross. On the right of the cross is the Virgin Mary with a halo around her. Her head is slightly averted, as if turning away her face in sorrow from the dreadful sight before her, and her hand is placed upon her heart, which this sword of grief, according to the prophecy, has pierced. On the other side of the cross is John, the beloved disciple, with his right hand uplifted in horror, and the other hand holding to his heart a copy of his Gospel. The scene is evidently drawn from the passage in Scripture in which the dying Saviour

commends His mother to John, and bids him cherish her henceforth as her son. This representation of the crucifixion would seem to give countenance to the theory of some authors that Millan is Maoil Ian, the tonsured St. John. The Celtic tonsure was known, as I have said, as St. John's tonsure, and hence St. John appears very appropriately upon a Macmillan cross. The figures are very much weathered and defaced by grey lichens, and it is difficult to make them out distinctly. Below the crucifixion there is a long two-handed sword finely carved. On the other side of the cross there is an elaborate pattern of interlaced work at the top, filling all the rounded disk. Below, on the shaft, is carved a representation of a Highland chief hunting the deer, which is remarkable as the earliest specimen of the Highland dress in existence. Beneath the huntsman there is an inscription in ancient Saxon characters, which can be easily deciphered as "Hâec est crux Alexandri Macmillani." The sculpture on the cross is exceedingly rich and elaborate, and must have been a magnificent specimen of Celtic art in its palmiest days. There are few surviving crosses so splendid as this one, and its hoary appearance, covered from

head to foot with grey lichens, standing erect on its graduated pedestal, seen from afar, gives a peculiar dignity to the primitive spot.

Beside the cross is an old Celtic Church, thirty-eight feet in length by seventeen feet in breadth, with walls of rude masonry almost entire, with the exception of the east one, which fronts the gable. It is covered with ferns and the shaggy tufts of hard grey sea-lichen or Ramalina, which give a peculiarly venerable appearance to the structure. It is roofless, and the architecture is evidently in the style of thirteenth century work. The doorway, greatly dilapidated, is in the west end of the south wall, and the four lateral windows are mere square-edged rectangular apertures of small size, slightly moulded, and topped semicircularly. The building casts a sombre shadow, and contrasts strikingly with the thatched cottages and low slated houses of the hamlet, out of which it unexpectedly rises, like a structure, not only of other days, but of another world. Within and around it are sepulchral slabs, carved with intricate interlaced patterns, and the usual figures of warriors, ecclesiastics, galleys, swords, and animals. They are not so numerous as they once were, having been taken to adorn other church-

yards on the peninsula, and many of them are broken and defaced by time. In one example there is a galley with high stern and stern mast with cross-trees and rigging, and nine port-holes, indicating the only mode of conveyance at the time between the isles. Removing the tall grass and unsightly turf with which many of the stones are covered up, some very beautiful designs are revealed; and although the state of art, as displayed in these carvings, is far superior to what it became in post-Reformation days, there are no traditions among the inhabitants of Kilmory regarding their ancient church and churchyard. They say that the church is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, from whom their hamlet derives its name. There are a good many Kilmorys in the west of Scotland; but there is every reason to believe that the word comes not from Mary but from Maelrubha, and means the church or burying-ground of that saint. The churches which the Irish missionaries founded in the west of Scotland were named exclusively after native saints, and instances of dedications to the Virgin Mary are almost unknown. Maelrubha was a relative of St. Congall, and was born in January, 642. He was educated in the famous monastery of Bangor,

of which he became abbot. He visited Scotland in 673, and laboured at Applecross, on the north-west coast, where he built a church and conventual establishment, which he affiliated with Bangor. He completed the jubilee of his priesthood in this place, and died at Ferintosh in his eighty-first year. He was buried at Applecross, and his grave is still marked in the churchyard by a little hillock called Cladh Maree; and the man or woman who carries away a pinch of dust from this mound will be sure to return home in safety; and no one can commit suicide or injure himself within sight of the spot. Loch Maree and its island are called after him. In pre-Reformation times, it may be added, the church of Kilmory was an appanage of the Abbey of Kilwinning in Ayrshire.

Kilmory is very romantically situated on an elevated terrace at a considerable distance above the sea-shore. The view of the strait and the white Paps of Jura, rising almost perpendicularly to a great height beyond, is magnificent. There is a charming path leading along the banks of a flowing stream and through roughly cultivated fields to the village. The beach is of the loveliest white sand, which gleams in the sun like snow,

and is of great extent. Almost opposite, not far from the shore, is a group of small islands, the largest of which is Ellan More-Kilvicochar-maig, which contains a small chapel, arched over and covered with flags. It is almost entire. The compartment which formed the priest's residence is roofless. Inside and outside the chapel has an appearance of great primitiveness, and belongs, in all likelihood, to the time of Maelrubha in the seventh century. St. Carmaig lived as a hermit in this island, and consequently it became exceedingly sacred. Before he built his chapel he resided in a rude cave surrounded by a rough enclosure on the shore. The cave has the reputation of making sterile any one who enters it. On the highest part of the island is a broken fragment of a cross, which commands a most extensive view. And near the chapel is the reputed tomb of St. Carmaig, marked by a broken cross of schist, with carvings on it of the usual basket-work, and figures of a huntsman and a nondescript animal resembling an elephant. There is a tradition connected with the island, that if anything is taken away from it, it must be restored, for the violence of the winds and waves will drive the culprit back. The whole parish

of Kilmory was originally called Cil Mhic O' Charmaig. We do not know why Maelrubha should have afterwards effaced the name.

Skene informs us that most of the possessions of the Macmillans in Knapdale were obtained by marriage with the heiress of the chief of the Macneills in the sixteenth century. The clan seems to have been very disorderly; for tradition tells that a son of Macmillan Mor of Knap, slew a man, either in a general melée or in a personal duel, and fled with six companions to the older settlement of the clan in Lochaber, where Lochiel took them under his protection. One of them subsequently returned to Argyll, and took up his abode at the head of Lochfyne, where he became the founder of the Macmillans of Glenshira. There is another tradition regarding a member of this family called Gille Easpig, or Archibald, who happened to slay in a skirmish at a fair an individual of another clan of great importance. Archibald fled to Inveraray Castle, where he took refuge in the kitchen. Hastily exchanging clothes with the cook, who was busy cooking at the time, he was found by his pursuers coolly kneading barley bannocks. They failed to penetrate his disguise; and by some money-pay-

ment as a fine for the murder afterwards, he was allowed to return home in peace. But from this incident he became widely known as "the baker," and his children got the surname of Mac-Baxtear, and had their residence for two or three hundred years in Glendaruel, in the district of Cowal. They have dropped the Mac, and retained the Scottish form Baxter; and the name is now not uncommon in various parts of Scotland, and even in America, where one of my own daughters is married to Commander Baxter, the head of the Boston navy-yard, and thus cemented the old relationship. The Baxters have long been regarded as a sept of the Macmillans. In several places in Argyll the Macmillans are known as *Na Belaich*, the Bells; and it is supposed that those bearing this surname, who are widely distributed, have had a common origin, for the Scottish "beld" is the same as the Gaelic word Maoil, both signifying bald.

When the family of Macmillan Mòr of Knap became extinct, Macmillan of Dunmòr, an estate lying on the south side of Loch Tarbert, succeeded to the chieftainship. But after a while this branch too died out, when the Macneills, by right of their intermarriage with the Macmillans, claimed the property. They were

opposed by the Campbells; but the dispute was amicably adjusted by the estate passing by purchase into the hands of Sir Archibald Campbell of Inverniel in 1775. The right of the Macmillans to their lands, given in all likelihood originally by Macdonald of the Isles, was a boulder lying about a gunshot from the shore, covered at half-tide by the sea, called "a choir Mhic Mhaoilan air a Chnap," or Macmillan's title-deed to Knap. It is said that on this boulder was engraved an inscription which runs as follows:

"Fhad's a ruitheas sruth is gaoth,
Bidh Coir Mhic Mhaoilan air a Chnap":

which may be translated:

"While streams shall run and winds shall blow,
Macmillan's right to Knap thou'lt know."

Another version of the title-deed was:

"Choir Mhic Mhaoilan air a Chnap,
Fhad-sa buaileas tonn ri crag":

which may be rendered:

"Macmillan's right to Knap shall last,
As long as wave 'gainst rock shall dash."

Whether the inscription was actually carved on the boulder off the Point of Knap, or was only

associated with it by tradition in the minds of the people, does not appear. In all likelihood the sea-beaten rock was itself the charter, and not the inscription on it, real or supposed. The right should never lapse so long as the tide should continue to break over the rock. The boulder has disappeared, and with it the right of the clan to their possessions. The waves beat upon the white sandy shore with their monotonous, melancholy music, but not a single inch of ground do the once rightful owners of the soil now hold.

The scenery of Knapdale is very peculiar. There is very little level land, and instead of wide pastures or chains of mountains, the surface is marked by innumerable swelling crags and knolls ranging from a hundred to a thousand feet in height. These hummocky hills, which give the land a billowy appearance, like the sea in a storm suddenly solidified, are exceedingly picturesque. In some instances they are clothed with woods, but in most cases they are bare and rugged. The district looks not unlike a miniature representation of Saxon Switzerland. The heights are called Knaps, and look quite unlike anything else of the kind in Scotland. The

country is rough and difficult to traverse. For the sportsman, a day's shooting is especially fatiguing owing to the continuous ups and downs. Loch Sween is a particularly fine arm of the sea; but towards its upper end it divides into narrow branches, like the fingers of the hand. The islands are covered with bushes and small trees of alder and birch and hazel. Some are wreathed with flowers in summer, and entangled with garlands of the most luxuriant ivy and honeysuckle. They are so beautiful that they have been designated the Fairy Islands. On both sides of the loch the views are exceedingly varied and fine; and each turn of the road presents new charms to the pedestrian. From the heights a glorious view may be obtained of Ben Cruachan, and of the mountains of Mull and the Paps of Jura, behind which the sun sets in a glow of splendour, which causes sea and mountain to seem on fire; while on still nights you almost hear the roar of Corrie-vreckan not far off. In the upper part of the loch is the peninsula of Oibmohr. There are ancient sculptured stones which mark the burial of warriors of the house of Macneill who fell in battle here in 1433. The whole region is

a land of romance. Hardly in any other part of Scotland are there so many ruins of ecclesiastical buildings and castles and graveyards and cromlechs and cairns. The early Celtic saints of St. Columba's time left their sacred memories here. Here the Dalriadic Scots came from Ireland and settled. And on many of the heights around are high-places once sacred to the worship of the sun; for Christianity had but a slight hold of the people in those early days, and still less of the bards and magicians who would long adhere to their old traditions and customs.

At Kilmory there are still surviving two or three brothers of the name of Macmillan who cultivate the lands which their forefathers owned. From Knapdale the clan spread widely over Kintyre as far as the south end. In Campbeltown many of the inhabitants bear the name of Macmillan, and not a few of them have succeeded well in life as farmers and contractors. From Kintyre they crossed over to Arran, where, especially in the northern part of the island, there was a colony from which the great London publishers trace their origin; Daniel Macmillan, the elder of the two brothers who founded the firm, having been born at Corrie.

They also came to the mainland and formed a few sporadic settlements in Ayrshire. At Irvine, Alexander Macmillan, the younger of the two founders, and for many years the head of the great publishing firm, was born, and nearly thirty years before his death the freedom of the town was conferred upon him. In Glen Sannox, in Arran, was born the Rev. Angus Macmillan, who afterwards became one of the best known and most highly esteemed of the ministers of the island. As incumbent first of Loch Ranza, and afterwards of the secluded parish of Kilmory, in the south-west of Arran, he produced a great impression, and the people to this day speak of the remarkable revival of religion which took place under his preaching. So greatly was his ministry valued that numbers resorted to it from the most distant parts of the island, from Brodick on the one side and Shiskan on the other, and even from Bute and Kintyre there were some who came often in summer. Before his settlement in Kilmory, the parish minister was obnoxious to the people on account of his unevangelical views, and they separated from his services and organised themselves into a distinct body having their own public worship and poor fund. The

"cave people," as they were called, for they worshipped in a cave on the sea-shore, kept themselves aloof from the church, while they still maintained the principle of a national establishment of religion, and waited for the time when they might consistently accept of its spiritual provision. When Mr. Macmillan was settled in Kilmory all the people returned to the Parish Church, and they never left it until, with their beloved minister, they went out at the Disruption of 1843, and formed the Free Church. Previous to this, there was not a single native dissenter in all the parish.

Having always led a single life, Mr. Macmillan's habits in his remote and unfrequented part of the country were very solitary. But there was nothing gloomy or morose in his character. On the contrary, he was unaffectedly modest and simple, with a natural sweetness and beauty of manner which irresistibly won the affection of all who enjoyed his society. In no part of his parochial work did he take greater delight than in the superintendence of the education of the young, and by his influence and efforts the scholars under his charge attained a greater excellence than was ever known before in the parish. The trials

of the Disruption weighed heavily upon his spirit. His removal from the manse, a memorable home, dating as far back as the Revolution, was a painfully affecting scene—still remembered by the aged people. He did not long survive; for, after preaching in a tent, when he left the Parish Church, for a few months, he broke down and entered into his rest in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Ten of his Gaelic sermons were published some years after his death. They are written in choice and expressive language, and they have this distinction, that they form the first volume of sermons or of any work of a religious character ever offered to the public originally composed in the Gaelic language; all other works of that description being translations of popular English divines. I am induced to refer in this way to the devoted labours of a namesake who was as worthy as he was little known, and who did an immense deal of good in his day and generation by his character as well as by his work.

The branch of the Macmillans which is perhaps best known in history is that which migrated southwards to Galloway, about the same time that the Loch Tay colony came to

Knapdale. Since the thirteenth century, as appears from their charters, a large number of Macmillans have been settled in the Glenkens—a beautiful region in the north of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, watered by the river known as the "Water of Ken" and its tributaries, including the parishes of Carsphairn, Dalry, Kells, and also a part of the parish of Balmaclellan. This is one of the most charming valleys in Scotland, and is a great resort of anglers. Ever since Crockett has thrown over it the glamour of his romantic tales, it has become known to the public. There are not many families in this region who cannot trace some connection of blood with this ancient family. The Macmillans of Carsphairn are descended from a brother of Macmillan Mòr of Knap, who, in the time of the Succession Wars after the death of Alexander III., left Argyllshire for the south of Scotland. Macmillan of Brockloch was considered the chief of the Galloway branch. In 1445 a member of his family with his retainers supported the cause of the Earl of Douglas against James II.; and in 1662 a scion of the house refused to conform to the Prelacy which was sought to be imposed upon

the south of Scotland, and adhered to the National Covenant, for which unlawful offence he was fined £360—a large sum in those days. This religious earnestness seems to have run in the blood, for the Church historian, Woodrow, tells us that the Macmillans took a very prominent part in the sufferings endured during the religious persecution in Scotland. Many of them were locally famous in the annals of the Covenanters.

One representative of this branch especially distinguished himself as a leader of the Cameronians, or Reformed Presbyterians, who were called Macmillanites after him. This well-known divine, John Macmillan, was born at Barn Canchlour, Minnigaff, in 1669, was ordained minister of the parish of Balmaghie in 1701, and became pastor of the United Societies in 1706, and died at Broomhill, Bothwell, in 1763, in his ninety-fourth year. On the tablet erected to his memory in Balmaghie Church he is called a "Covenanter of the Covenanters," and the Father of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. His life has been written in a very full and graphic way by the present incumbent of Balmaghie, the Rev. H. M. B. Reid, under the title of "A Cameronian Apostle." From this monument we

learn that he was, what might have been expected considering the wide influence he wielded, a most powerful preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, abundant in labours, a man of stern and unyielding principle, and yet of fine and noble character, who was loved and revered in all the relations of life—as Mr. Reid strikingly says of him, hewn out of the Galloway rock, with the kindly perfume of the heather and the peat clinging to his very soul. His memory has become invested with the awe of apostleship; and several myths have gathered round his name. So deep an impression did he produce upon the minds of his contemporaries that for many a long year after his death the communion cup which he was accustomed to use was considered sacred, and only the "worthy" were considered capable of fixing their gaze upon it. As a kind of "Holy Grail," it had the power of exorcising evil; and in Nicholson's ballad, the "Brownie of Blednoch," its powers in this respect are alluded to in the lines:

> "But he slade ay awa' ere the sun was up;
> He ne'er could look straight on Macmillan's cup."

One of his wives, for he was thrice married, was Mary Gordon, widow of Edward Goldie of

Craigmuir and daughter of Sir Alexander Gordon, Bart., of Earlston, in Dalry. She proved a devoted wife, and after her death her husband published a discourse setting forth her praises, in which his love and sorrow blossomed into an acrostic verse in the end. The father of his wife was well known under the nickname of the Bull of Earlston, and his adventures are described with great descriptive power in Mr. Crockett's *Men of the Moss-Hags*.

The son of this remarkable man by his third wife became a minister at Sandhills, near Shettleston, in the vicinity of Glasgow. The church, which consisted of a small thatch-roofed edifice, was built upon his own ground, which he had bought. It is recorded that at the first communion held in this church, the numbers, who had congregated from all parts of the Lowlands, and even from Ireland, were from ten to fifteen thousand. Communions in those days were very infrequent, and were celebrated with great fervour, whole parishes being depleted of their population in order to be present at the one in which the holy rite was administered. John Macmillan took a certain part in the atonement controversy; and he published some pamphlets

bearing upon the questions of the day, as they affected his section of the church. His ministry was a long and laborious one, being upwards of fifty-seven years ; and he was regarded as a man of noble presence and dignified manner. His wife was a descendant of the noble Helen Alexander, who helped to dress the godly Mr. Renwick in his grave clothes, when his body was taken down from the scaffold in Greyfriars yard where he was executed for his unswerving devotion to his religion. It may be mentioned that the Clan Society lately paid all the cost of renovating the marble tablet erected to his memory in Shettleston Churchyard in 1808, which had fallen into a ruinous condition.

The grandson of John Macmillan of Sandhills, called John III., after itinerating as a probationer over all the south of Scotland, was settled at Stirling. Besides his ministerial duties he started here a Theological Hall for the instruction of candidates for the ministry in connection with the Reformed Presbyterian Church. They built for him a church, in the session-house of which he carried on the twofold work, in the East Craigs of Stirling, which still survives, and is now connected with the United Free Church of Scotland.

In the college, which was taught by his son, who succeeded him, some of the most distinguished ministers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church were educated, notably the Symingtons. On the monument in Dalserf churchyard, over the grave of the first Macmillan, it is recorded that the three members of the Levitical family—father, son, and grandson—preached the same gospel, and ably advocated the same cause. The united ages of the three Johns amounted to 232 years, and their ministries covered in all about 118 years. A very interesting and detailed account of Professor Macmillan and of his students and people is given in a small volume by the Rev. D. D. Ormond, his modern successor in his ministerial labours in the Craig's Church at Stirling, entitled, *A Kirk and a College*. It may be mentioned in this connection that a brother of Alexander Macmillan, of the London Publishing House, was for some time a minister in a Baptist Church in the City of the Rock; and has left behind there a fragrant remembrance of his ministry, and of his personal character.

Hailing back to Galloway, there are in Carsphairn Churchyard many old Covenanting gravestones. Several of them cover the remains

of old Macmillans. On one of them is the following inscription:

M. M.

YOV . TRAVLERS . AS . YOV . PASS . BY
COME . READ . AND . DO . NOT . FEAR
FOR . DOVN . BELOV . THIS . STON . DOTH . LY
TRVTH'S . CHAMPION . BVRIED . HERE
ALTHOVGH . HIS . BONS . BELO . THIS . STON
DO . PICE . AND . PICE . DECAY
HIS . SOVL . IN . HEAVEN . OF . GLORY . SHAL
ANE . DEDM . VEAR . FOR . AY.

On another gravestone is carved the Macmillan arms and the following memorial:

I. M. : K. L.

BROKLOCH . M'MILLAN . WHO . DID . DIE
UNDER . THIS . STONE . HIS . BODY . DOTH . LY
HIS . SOUL . AT . HEAV'NLY . WORK . ABOVE
WITH . THEM . WHOSE . FAITH . HERE . WROUGHT
BY . LOVE
MOST . USEFUL . WAS . IN'S . DAY . AND . STATION
IN . DEFENCE . OF . OUR . REFORMATION
GREAT . PROOFE . HE . GAVE . AT . ALL . FIT . TIMES
FOR . THEM . THINGS . ONCE . CALL'D . HIGHEST
CRIMES
NOU . HE'S . GONE . UP . ON . JACOB'S . LAD'R
TO . PRAISE . KING . CHRIST . THE . MEDIATOR
CLOTH'D . IS . HE . NOU . IN . A . WHITE . ROBE
WITH . THEM . THAT . STILL . SING . PRAISE . TO . GOD
VIRTUS . EIUS . POST . FUNERA . VIVIT.
OBIT . 28 . FEB: 1725 . ANNO . EIUS.
ÆTATIS . 61.

The properties of Holm and Brockloch were united by the marriage of David Macmillan with Marion Macmillan in 1741. One of their descendants married Mary Goldie, daughter of James Goldie, of Stonehouse and Morbrack. John Macmillan of Balmaghie, it will be remembered, was married to the widow of one of the sons of this house; and Mary Goldie herself was a great-great-granddaughter of Bonnie Annie Laurie, of the famous Scottish song. The Galloway Macmillans are considered a very handsome race; but the infusion of the blood of an ancestress so celebrated for her beauty into the veins of the later Macmillans has made them exceptionally good-looking. The son of Mary Goldie was educated at Glasgow High School, and was Justice of the Peace for the counties of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright. He was present at the first meeting of the Clan Society in Glasgow in 1893, and died in 1895; and was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Macmillan, Woodlea, Moniaive, the owner of Holm of Dalquhairn, who is now the head of the Galloway Macmillans. There are several cadet branches of the family in that region, the most important of which is Macmillan of Lamloch and Macmillan of Changue. Both the

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representatives of these families are Justices of the Peace, one for Ayrshire, and the other for Carsphairn and Kells in Galloway. The lands of the Macmillans were originally held by the tenure called "Manrent"; but afterwards King Robert the Bruce created the chief Baron of Ken, after the lovely valley in which his possessions lay, and gave him a charter for his estate, to be held blanche of the Crown. The arms of the family differ widely from those of the Knapdale and Perthshire branch. They are argent on a chevron between three mullets sable, as many besants or. The crest is a lion rampant, bearing in his paw a bloody dagger; and the motto is "Age aut peri," "Do or die."

In Galloway the name of Macmillan is held in great veneration. A church in Castle Douglas was called Macmillan Church. A minister of the gospel, Dr. Macmillan, of Kirkcudbright, long held a conspicuous position among his brethren in that region; and several worthy clergymen of the name, who trace their orgin to the Macmillans of the south of Scotland, are ministering with great acceptance in various parts of the land. *Who's Who* makes mention of Alec Macmillan, Professor of Indian Jurisprudence, King's

College, London, belonging to the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. After a most distinguished course in Brasenose College, Oxford, this barrister became successively Assistant Secretary to the Government of Oudh, District Judge of Meerut, Agra, Cawnpore, and Lucknow. He published *A History of the Family Domains of the Maharajah of Benares*, *Visions and Recollections of the North-West Provinces of India*, *Divers Ditties*, *Portentous Prophets and Prophetesses*, and many signed reviews. Mr. Crockett makes grateful reference in the preface of his book, *The Men of the Moss Hags*, to John Macmillan of Glenhead, who gave him the benefit of his unrivalled local knowledge, and travelled with him over the moors and mosses connected with his story.

Numerous Macmillans have distinguished themselves in the political world. One is at present an influential senator in the House of Representatives in Washington; another has been recently knighted for the valuable services he rendered in connection with the establishment of the great commonwealth of Australia. But perhaps the most interesting name is that of Daniel Macmillan, the founder of the great publishing house of London. His biography by Judge Hughes, the author of *Tom*

Brown's Schooldays, is a most interesting and instructive book. It tells of the struggles of his youth, how he successfully overcame them, and died just when he had achieved success. His business was regulated throughout by high principle, and all his efforts were employed to create and diffuse a pure and elevating literature. He sold no book in his Cambridge shop which he could not thoroughly recommend for its intellectual and moral worth. His advice was of incalculable benefit to the students at the University who patronised him at the formative age of their life. He corresponded with many of the leading minds of the day, and his letters to Maurice, Kingsley, and the Hares, are full of insight into great questions and knowledge of men and affairs. He ripened early, and his character was so truly noble that he met the great men with whom he associated on equal terms, and they were proud to know the quiet and thoughtful Scotsman. His brother, Alexander, who was in partnership with him, greatly developed the publishing business, and removed from Cambridge to London. From a bulky volume, entitled, *A Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan and Co.'s Publications from* 1843 *to* 1889, we learn that "Alexander Mac-

millan was appointed publisher to the University of Oxford," a post which he held for seventeen years, when the authorities took the management of their numerous publications into their own hands. The University expressed its appreciation of Mr. Macmillan's services by conferring upon him the honorary degree of M.A.

In 1869 Macmillan & Co. opened a branch house in New York, which became the authorised American agents for the publications of the firm, and for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Since then the house has flourished exceedingly. Some of the most important works of our day are issued by it. A glance from time to time over their splendid catalogue shows that in almost every department of literature they occupy a foremost place, and their educational works especially have commended themselves by their admirable fitness for the wants of the day. *Macmillan's Magazine* has made the name of Macmillan respected and known all over the world; and all the enterprises of the firm show how they have been actuated all along by the high principles with which they started. The present members of the house are: Frederick and Maurice, sons of Daniel Macmillan, and George,

the second son of Alexander Macmillan, who is now the chief of our clan society. It would not be right to pass over the name of Malcolm Kingsley Macmillan, the eldest son of Alexander, who, though not a member of the firm, gave it the benefit of his wonderful judgment and rare literary skill. His book, *Dagonet the Jester*, published in 1886, is full of quaint antique charm, and shows an amazing knowledge of the literary style, the mode of life, and the manners and customs of the Puritan age of our country. A selection of his letters to the members of his own family, and to various literary friends, privately printed after his death, proves him to have been singularly gifted and accomplished. These letters range over a very wide field of literature, art, and travel, and display a keen, sympathetic, and analytic faculty, which seems far beyond the years he had attained, and show to us what he might have achieved in the field of criticism and creation had his life been spared. His end was tragical and most mysterious. When at Constantinople, with an old College friend, one of the Secretaries of the British Embassy, he went over to Broussa and ascended the Asiatic Olympus in 1889. The two com-

panions reached a platform near the summit of the mountain, when Malcolm, who was overcome with fatigue, sat down to rest, and urged his friend to ascend to the top without him. This he did, and was absent scarcely half-an-hour. But when he returned he saw no trace of Malcolm. The mountain was thoroughly searched in every nook and cranny ; the shepherds and the people about were rigidly examined. Again and again the search was renewed, but from that day to this no trace of the unfortunate tourist has been found, and his fate, though certain, is altogether inexplicable.

A number of Macmillans met together in 1892 in Glasgow, and realising that there were numerous representatives of the name in the city, they resolved to form a clan society. Associations of other clans were being organised all around, and the spirit of rivalry in a good cause took possession of them. Why should they not have an association of their own ? The ruling spirit of the enterprise was Mr. Donald Macmillan, of Partick. Belonging to the Loch Arkaig branch of the clan, he inherited all its old vigour and activity. Intensely interested in all Highland matters, he sought to make the name of Macmillan more popular than it had been. For this purpose he

patented a beautiful modification of the old tartan of the clan, which has been very successful. Associating with him his many friends and acquaintances, they took the first necessary steps towards the formation of a society. They found the materials ready to their hand. At first they wished Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the head of the great publishing house, to become their first chief, as the clan has no recognised natural chief of their own. But much as he would have wished to occupy the position, and deeply interested as he was in the project—for he was a true Scotsman to the very last—old age and many infirmities prevented it. Failing him, they appointed me, and for seven years I occupied the chair at the annual gatherings. The following are the addresses which were delivered to large audiences on these occasions in Glasgow in St. Andrew's Halls and in the Queen's Rooms. They are now published at the request of the clan, without any alteration, and may help to recall happy memories of functions that were altogether most successful and enjoyable. It may be mentioned that "The Clan Macmillan March," composed by Mr. John MacColl, of Oban, was admirably played by the pipers of the society at the gatherings.

FIRST ADDRESS.

IN ST. ANDREW'S HALLS, GLASGOW,

November 29th, 1893.

My dear Clanswomen and Clansmen,—I have peculiar pleasure in being present and taking the chair at this first social gathering of the Macmillan Clan; and I am sure that you are all deeply conscious of the importance of the occasion. As the programme states, nearly seven hundred years have elapsed since the last general muster of our race; and during that long interval those who have borne our name have lived in isolation, or have been interspersed among the other clans in various parts of Scotland, without any bond of connection between them, or any opportunity of having their mutual sympathy and help called forth. The Macmillans have had no Loch Sloy—the loch of the people—where the

Macfarlanes met together under the light of the full moon, which was their lantern; nor a "cairn of remembrance," like the Farquharsons; nor a "Craigelleachaidh," like the Grants; nor a martial-rallying pibroch like the "Macgregors' Gathering." But at this late hour of the day, stimulated by the zeal with which the members of other clans have organised themselves into popular associations in our large towns, the founders of our Society have done their best to remedy this defect. And they must have worked very hard, and with consummate ability, to have brought together such a large and influential representation of the clan as I see before me to-night. Such, however, are the altered circumstances of the times, that we meet, not in secret, like the clans in olden times, beside a lonely mountain loch, with the mists gathering around it, or the moon shining in its mystic waters, afraid to have our plans known or our faces recognised, but under the full blaze of gas in a sumptuous hall in the heart of a populous city; and the cross of fire that has summoned us to this trysting-place has been the advertisement sheet and the penny post!

My first duty is to thank you with all my

heart for the high honour you have conferred upon me in electing me to be your chief. I value this distinction more than I can say ; while at the same time, I feel myself altogether undeserving of it. I should have thought that a minister would have been disqualified for the post, on the primary ground that it is not considered appropriate for him to wear a kilt and a feather in his cap, which is the time-honoured garb of a chief. A chief dressed in black trousers and a white tie, with a tile on his head, would seem an incongruity, which only an exceedingly indulgent partiality could tolerate. There are many too who bear our name, and could wear the kilt becomingly, who, if they had been chosen, would have conferred greater prestige upon our association, and have been able to promote its interests in a way that I cannot do. But having had greatness thrust upon me, I considered the best proof of humility was submission, and I accepted the position with deep gratitude as a token of your regard and esteem. And though it is true that "nowhere beats the heart so warmly as beneath the tartan plaid"—and I do not wear a tartan plaid—yet I can lay claim to as genuine Highland blood, and as deep love for

anything Celtic, and as warm and true patriotic feeling as any member of the clan. And I can say this, that whatever I can do during my term of office to help on the good cause which we have all at heart, I shall only be too glad to do.

The revival of the old clan association, and the appointment of a chief, may be regarded by a few ignorant and prejudiced persons as something like the renaissance of ancient chivalry by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. It is an anachronism, they say, in the altogether different circumstances of modern times, only to be ridiculed; and the sooner the barbarism of the period in which these things were in full force is forgotten the better. But while the relation between the members of a clan, and between them and their chief, is not what it used to be in the romantic days of our ancestors, and the old necessity for it no longer exists, it is not still without deep significance and utility. No more, indeed, do they share together the fierce delight of feud and battle, or stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of their hearths and homes, or pursue with shield and claymore the foe that has harried their glen and carried off their cattle and slain their kindred. But while the sterner

elements of the relation have passed away, I believe that enough of the finer elements still remains to bring those who bear the same Highland name into closer relations with each other than with the world outside. I remember my dear friend, Alexander Macmillan the publisher, saying to me on one occasion that the clan was next to the family, and that the tie and feeling of it were given by God to draw men nearer to one another by mutual interests and brotherly affections.

Human beings have always striven to find or make some bond of connection to counteract the cold repulsions and alienations of a selfish world. The institution of Freemasonry was created for this purpose at a very early period when society was in a very rude and chaotic condition. The old Romans, in the first stormy days of their history, when all the surrounding races were against them, had their genealogic tribes divided into *gentes*, or houses, comprising a larger or smaller number of families. These *gentes* bore the same name, and regarded each other as kinsmen. Their union was a patriarchal and not a political one. It was kept up by common sacred rites, to the expense of which

all the members contributed. They were bound to aid each other in paying fines and ransoms, in cultivating the ground, and in relieving poverty; and if a member died intestate and without any near kin, his property went to his tribe. They were called patricians, from *pater* a father, because they were all descended from the same ancestor; and the older members exercised a paternal care over the younger generations.

In the same way the clans in the Scottish Highlands consisted of the common descendants of the same progenitor. The chief represented the common ancestor, and every individual of the same name in the clan was considered a descendant of the founder of the clan, and a brother of every one of its members. The chief exercised his authority by right of primogeniture as the father of his clan; and the clansmen revered and served the chief with the blind devotion of children. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 broke up this old tribal connection, abolished the hereditary jurisdiction of the chiefs, confiscated in many instances their lands, disarmed the clans, and even compelled them to relinquish their national dress so effectually that at the present day, if you see any one wearing the kilt

in the Highlands, you may be sure it is an Englishman, on whom it looks like a petticoat on a broomstick. But though few traces of the old form of the institution now remain, the sentiment of it remains as strong as ever. Blood is still felt to be thicker than water; and the old attachment between the members of a clan, who are more nearly related to each other than they are to those bearing other names, is as ardent as it used to be. And the great use of societies like our own is, that they take advantage of this natural feeling, and impress it in the cause of brotherly kindness and charity. They bring together those who bear the same name, show them their mutual strength and resources, remind them of their common origin and their near relationship, recall with them the inspiring history and associations and traditions of their race, and thus create and foster a warm sympathy and regard for each other, which can be of immense service in the common emergencies of life. And never in the olden times, when intestine wars and feuds abounded, was there a greater necessity for the clans to be clannish, to bind themselves together for safety and defence, than in these days of commercial struggle when the

weak go so easily to the wall, and the poor are so often oppressed, and the principle of co-operation can alone contend effectually against the storms of fortune. We are nearer to each other than the proverbial ninety-second cousins of Highland relationship, and therefore we have claims upon each other's sympathy and help in time of need, to which, I am sure, none of those who bear the name of Macmillan, or are entitled to use its beautiful motto, will ever turn a deaf ear or a cold heart.

Brought up in a part of Perthshire where there were no Macmillans but those of my own family and relations round about, and never having seen a Macmillan from the outside world, you will not wonder that for a long time I believed that the clan was a very small one, not worthy of being called a clan at all. It was not till I went to London, about thirty-seven years ago, that this delusion was dispelled, and I found out that the name which I bore was not an uncommon one after all. When living with my clansman, the Publisher, at his beautiful old place near Tooting Common, which he patriotically called Knapdale, after the cradle of the clan in Argyllshire, he introduced me to a

number of Macmillans whom he had gathered about him. He used to take me all over London, which, as you may imagine, was exceedingly tiresome to one fresh from the country, to visit with him some Macmillan or other whom he had unearthed in some out-of-the-way corner, until at last I rebelled and refused to see any more of my distant cousins. Since my settlement as a minister in the West of Scotland, my ideas on this subject have been greatly enlarged, and I have begun slowly to realise how extensive and important our clan actually is.

A member of our society told me the other day that he had computed upon what he believed to be reliable data that there were about three thousand of the name residing within the municipality of Glasgow. I had the curiosity recently to look over the *Greenock Directory*, which is a fairly representative collection of the West Highland clan names; and I find that the Macmillans occupied the fifth place on the list in point of number: the Campbells coming first, then the Macleans, then the Macdonalds, and then the Macfarlanes. There were fifty-four names recorded belonging to persons in good positions; but there must be a good many more whose

names are not mentioned. So that very probably the Macmillans in this part of the country at least may occupy about the seventh or eighth place in the list of clan names.

But it is not in point of number only that we can claim a considerable degree of importance. Somehow or other, the clan has not bulked so largely before the public eye or on the page of Scottish history as some others. Its tartan is very seldom seen among the other tartans. And in its modesty it has given the impression that it is weak and comparatively uninfluential. But it has not been, in spite of this, without many distinguished names on the roll of fame. One of the saintliest ministers of the Covenanters was he who founded the sect of the Macmillanites or Cameronians; and to this day in Galloway there is no name more revered. I shall never forget the warm reception I got in Castle-Douglas when preaching there in a church built in his honour and called after his name. There are provosts, professors, teachers, authors, statesmen, and ministers in America, Australia, and in this country who have lent lustre to the name of our clan. *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the books issued by the celebrated firm at the head

of our publishing houses—among the very best in our literature—including the works of the late Laureate, have made the name famous all over the world. And no clansman who reads the charming memoir of Daniel Macmillan, by Tom Hughes, but must feel that a race that could give birth to such a noble character has much moral and intellectual grit in it. My wife —and here I tell you a domestic secret—before she was married, greatly disliked the name of Macmillan, owing to some tragical association connected with it which she came across in her girlhood. She vowed she would never marry one of the hated name; but fate was too strong for her, and she has since then been allowed a woman's privilege to change her mind very materially about the name and the clan. And one of the valuable services which our society will do will be to effect a good many similar conversions!

There are many things about our clan which all of us must greatly like. There is, first, the name itself. It has a fine aristocratic ring, especially when pronounced with the full Mac. This society should make it penal for any of its members to write his name with the snipped

infra-dig-looking M'. Whatever may be its origin, whether it means the man with the bald head, implying a hereditary infirmity which they say is characteristic of the Macmillans, or whether it means the man with the tonsure or shaved head of the priest or lay brother, implying a sacerdotal origin for our clan, the name itself, whatever may be its meaning, has as good a sound as any clan name, and gives conscious dignity to the man who bears it, making him feel an inch higher, and, what is more, act under its *noblesse oblige*! I like exceedingly the crest and motto of our clan—the crest, a broad-sword wielded by two hands, and the motto, *Miseris succurrere disco*, "I learn to succour the distressed." There are few more noble in Scottish heraldry. Many of the mottoes of the other clans are relics of a time of war and lawlessness, and indicate the fierce morals and manners of the period. But the motto of our clan is full of the finest essence of humanity. Borrowed from Virgil, the great Latin poet—a fact which indicates that our progenitors were not savages, but had a good deal of culture—it breathes the finest sentiment of Christianity. It is worthy of the supposed origin of our

clan name, as that of a sacerdotal race who devoted themselves in the name of religion and in time of great national distress to the relief of human wants and sufferings. The modesty of the motto is as striking as its humanity. It does not boast of its ability or willingness to succour the distressed, but humbly speaks of its *learning* to do so by experience. And it uses the great two-handed sword, as it should always and only be used, for the deliverance of the oppressed and the relief of suffering. No more appropriate motto could be adopted for any philanthropic or benevolent society! I like, too, exceedingly the badge of the clan, which is the holly, that sacred plant so peculiarly associated with Christmas, with its peace on earth and goodwill to all mankind. The badge is not peculiar to our clan, for it shares it along with the Macleans and Mackenzies. But still its glossy evergreen foliage is a symbol of faithfulness alike in the winter gloom of adversity and the joy of summer; its scarlet berries are supposed to have the charm of warding off evil, which all red things possess, from the red signal-lamp of the railway to the red of the rowan berries and the red of the robin's breast; and its thorns

are a hedge of protection to itself and all that it shelters under its shadow, losing them the older and taller it grows and the less it needs to stand on the defensive.

There is only one thing that we have to find fault with in connection with our clan, and that is its tartan. Very few people have ever seen it, and those who have do not admire its discordant combination of yellow and red checks and stripes. I am glad that a member of our clan has remedied this defect and patented a hunting form of our tartan which is as harmonious as it is elegant and appropriate. And I trust that it will become so popular that in a few years it will have acquired the charm of antiquity, like the smell of the peat-smoke which guarantees the genuineness of the Harris tweed, and so take its place as a true tartan. I have heard it whispered in detraction of our clan that it is not so distinguished for good looks as some others. But no one who looks around on this gay assembly, and especially upon the fairer portion of it, will give credence for a moment to such a calumny. Every Macmillan has a mother like other folk, and if there ever were plain features and dumpy figures among any of

its members at one time, they have all since disappeared in the mixture of blood, and the Macmillan type of face and form has emerged more classic than before.

I rejoice to hear that our society, notwithstanding the short period of its existence, is unusually prosperous, and is daily adding to the roll of its membership. It already comprises many of the most distinguished names of the clan at home and abroad, and I trust that ere long it will be sufficiently numerous and powerful to accomplish all the objects at which it aims. We must not forget that it exists not only for the sake of mutual recognition, sympathy, and help, but also for the study and conservation of the traditions and genealogies of our clan. There is a great deal that is obscure about our origin and history which requires to be cleared up by the concentrated attention of the learned in such matters among us; and this society, I hope, will be of much use in that way. I trust also that it will do what it can to utilise and preserve the sacred legacy of the dear mother tongue which we have inherited, and to hand it on to future generations. When walking along the road at Killin with my wife not long ago, I

made a passing remark in Gaelic about the weather to an old woman whom we met. Very much astonished, she stopped and said that "she did not think that a gentleman spoke Gaelic." Whereupon my wife spiritedly replied, "It is only a gentleman who speaks Gaelic." Her Majesty the Queen said that all Highlanders are born gentlemen; and we can say more particularly, for we are met here to-night to glorify ourselves, that all Macmillans are ladies and gentlemen! Let us give proof, then, of the gentleness of our blood and manners by keeping alive the grand old language of the hills, which has given majestic expression to the poems of Ossian, and the tenderest utterance to the deepest things of our hearts in childhood.

Like the Macgregors, we are landless. The boulder in the sea off the shore of Knapdale, which was the charter of the Macmillans to their ancient lands, and which was to endure as long as wind and rock and wave, alas! has disappeared, and with it the last vestige of their territorial possessions. The Marquis of Lorne told me that when he was publishing his version of the *Scottish Psalms*, Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the publisher, said to him that if he could get

his countrymen to adopt that version he would do a doughtier deed than the Campbells had done when they deprived his ancestors of the lands of Kintyre. But however much we may lament the lost ownership of our native soil, the loss perhaps has issued in greater gain, and compelled us to go out in search of fortune and help on the great work of the world. Landless, we can have the highest possession of our native land, of what is fairest and best and most enduring in it, by loving it with all our heart and mind, and trying to make it more prosperous and noble by our life and work in it.

SECOND ADDRESS.

IN ST. ANDREW'S HALLS, GLASGOW,

November 20th, 1894.

My dear Clanswomen and Clansmen,—Continuations almost always are failures. Second efforts do not realise the expectations raised by the first. They are like the flat liquid that is poured into the tumbler, after the first explosion of the lemonade cork has passed away for some time. I should have retired from the stage after my first appearance last year, and not risked the necessity of having to deliver another speech. Having skimmed off the cream of the history of our clan, on the occasion of the inauguration of its social organisation, you will think that only the thinnest of blue milk remains to regale you with to-night. I cannot indeed hope to

excite the same freshness of interest, as when the whole subject was brought for the first time before your consideration. But still there are some points, not touched upon previously, to which our attention may be drawn.

At the outset of my remarks I have to thank you very warmly for having re-elected me to be your chief for another year of office. But my feelings of self-complacency are considerably disturbed by the thought, that I have done nothing to deserve the greatness that you have graciously conferred upon me. I was going to compare myself to the figure head of a vessel, which if not so useful as the helm, is at least ornamental; but even my vanity will not allow me to feel that I have served that poetic purpose, for I have not been in evidence at any of the meetings of the society during the past year, and they have managed their business without a figure head, and glided, notwithstanding, safely and smoothly into the harbour. Much less can I compare myself to the sign of a Highlander above the door of a tobacconist's shop; for that sign is put where it is, to attract the attention of the passers by, and draw customers to the shop.

But though you have set me up in a conspicuous position over the door of your society, I do not suppose that I have drawn a single member to it, and your finances might approach dangerously near to the verge of bankruptcy, did they depend upon any persuasive powers I possess. No one can regret these disabilities more than I do. And their existence might suggest to you the expediency of appointing as your chief a lay member of the clan, who might have more leisure time at his disposal, and would therefore be in a position to promote the interests of the society in the most efficient manner.

I am glad to know that our society is achieving a fair measure of success. Its membership is increasing, and the interest in its objects is spreading over a wider area. The work of finding out, and appealing to our clansmen to join the society, must necessarily be slow, owing to their scattered condition. There has always been a woeful want of cohesive power among those who bear our name. You do not find them located in large numbers in one place. They are sporadic in their habits. You see them here and there at long intervals inter-

spersed among other clans and communities. They are like, shall I say, particles of gold in quartz reefs, requiring a cunning cyanide process to extract them; or like a few iron filings in a heap of sand, and the magnet must be powerful indeed that draws them out of their surroundings, and brings them together into a solid mass. When we take this into consideration, the list of our membership in the short time that has elapsed is astonishingly large. The committee in charge of this work have been unwearied and enthusiastic in their efforts, and deserve the best thanks of the society. Perseverance, however, is a gift which must be exercised vigorously for some time to come, in order to make the society all that we should wish it to be, and to accomplish the comprehensive aims which it has set before it. There are impatient persons, who seem themselves to have been born full-grown, like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter, who expect that the moment a society like ours is started, it ought to be capable of fulfilling to the utmost the objects for which it was instituted. There are also needy persons, who look for pecuniary assistance from funds that have scarcely reached their golden age, and

for help of various kinds from a brotherhood that has only begun to feel its own power of co-operation. But the vast majority of our constituents will exercise a thoughtful consideration towards the society, and give it time to grow and consolidate, and accumulate funds and wisdom; and they are prepared, I am sure, to help it as much as they can in such a worthy object of ambition.

I have to congratulate the society on the beautiful card of membership which has been designed for it. It is exceedingly tasteful and appropriate; with a broadsword wreathed with a sprig of holly—the badge of our clan—on the one side, and a broadsword wreathed with a thistle—the national symbol—on the other, and the mottoes "For country," "For kinsmen," inscribed across them; while, surrounding the whole, is our own charming device—"I learn to succour the distressed." We are patriots first, and then clansmen; and should the sad necessity ever arise, the brand that is wreathed with the holly will follow the brand that is wreathed with the thistle into the thickest of the fight, and the hedge of holly will add its impenetrable barrier to the formidable field of thistles to repel

the invader. It is pleasant to think that this card will be circulated among members of the clan all over the world; that Highland hearts will thrill with national feeling as they gaze upon these dear old symbols with their imperishable associations, and will be knit then more closely to us by ties of kinship which distance cannot weaken, which absence will only make fonder:

"From the dim sheiling in the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

One of the purposes which we may expect our society, by its frequent and friendly meetings, to accomplish, is to get as near an approximation to that peculiar old institution of the Highlands—the "ceilidh"—as the wide separations and engrossing pursuits of modern life will permit. Some of us will remember what a large share in our affections this Highland custom occupied in our early years. It had begun to fall into desuetude in my boyhood in my native place, owing to the opening of the secluded strath to the inroads of the great world beyond. But I can vividly recall the charm of those long winter

evenings, when a huge peat fire blazed on the hearth, and the kitchen was dimly illumined with the light of the now extinct crusie and a few tallow dips. The corners were filled with flitting shadows, and these mingling with the flickering firelight created the very atmosphere of romance, in which ghost stories and tales of giants, and mighty deeds of old could be most impressively related. It was interesting to watch the impression produced upon the faces of the eager company by such tales; and often were our nerves so highly strung by some thrilling romance of the second sight, that we could hardly bear to look into the dark spaces of the room, or venture to cross the threshold, lest we should see some dreadful sight. What an animating scene it was; the old women with their "soubacks" and the young women with their kirtles at their spinning wheels, and the old men and young men engaged in conversation about the events of the day, and the dogs lying around with pricked ears as much interested in what was going on as their masters! Sometimes a Gaelic song, or a tune on the violin or bagpipes, enlivened the proceedings. All the inhabitants of a hamlet or farm-town, young and old, gathered into one

of the larger houses during the long winter evenings, and so spent their time in social communion; and very happy those gatherings of friends and neighbours were, although to us, looking back upon them from our conventional and artificial habits, they may have seemed very rude and primitive. How beautifully does the late lamented Sheriff Nicolson allude to the "Ceilidh" in his exquisite poem on Skye:

> "Kind were the voices I used to hear
> Round such a fireside,
> Speaking the mother-tongue old and dear,
> Making the heart beat
> With endless tales of wonder or fear,
> Or plaintive singing."

We cannot bring back the cherished past—we cannot repeat the old experiences in our altogether modern surroundings, but we can do our best to keep the memory of those happy enjoyments of our youth fresh and green, and to bring all who are related to us by the dear ties of clanship into close fellowship and frequent association, so that we may be able to love and help each other as our forefathers did. The numerous social gatherings in recent years of

natives of the same county or town in our large centres, and the clan societies formed in them, indicate a revival of the common human feelings and needs which created the old Highland "ceilidh," and are a wholesome re-action from the selfishness and isolation which our busy commercial life, driving the population of the glens into the towns, has a tendency to produce.

Life in the Highlands seems in former times to have been much more romantic than it is now. People go from the seaside to the hills, or from the towns to the lonely parts of the country, to recruit their exhausted energies during the summer holidays of our day. But what are these prosaic migrations, compared in charm and picturesqueness, to the old custom of leaving the valleys and spending three or four months of the summer every year in some green spot among the hills, in order to feed the cattle, and make cheese and butter, while the crops were ripening below? This holiday in the sheilings, like the holiday of the Swiss in their chalets, and the Norwegians in their sæters, was a delightful variety amid the monotony of the life of the glens, and awoke all the latent poetry of

the Highland soul. Lads and lasses looked forward to this as a special opportunity for love-making, which had all the purity and simplicity of nature's wildflowers. The Gaelic songs are full of beautiful allusions to the incidents of this primitive pastoral life, and many fresh and interesting materials for poetry or fiction might be gleaned from this source by those who have exhausted every other field. The cessation of this romantic custom was caused by the grouse shooting and deer-stalking and sheep-farming of recent years. It was associated with those extensive clearings which took place forty or fifty years ago in the great Highland properties, the wisdom and justice of which have often since been questioned. It was at the best a terrible remedy for a dangerous disease of social congestion.

And it is peculiarly saddening to come, in one's wanderings among the hills, upon soft patches of verdure, on which the heather reverently refrains from intruding, surrounding the ruins of cottages and humble farmsteadings, with the rank nettle growing on the cold hearthstone, and a solitary rowan tree, planted there to guard against the witches, but which had no power to

charm away the spells of evil-fortune, and the inmates, or their descendants, far away in some Australian bush, or on some Canadian prairie, which, true to the unfading instinct of home, they have pathetically named after their native place.

There are many things connected with the Highlands—things in which we are all deeply interested—that would reward a careful investigator adopting the modern methods of research and study. There, for instance, is the mystery of the Highland dress and the Highland music. "The Garb of Old Gaul" has had considerable light thrown upon its origin and history by Lord Archibald Campbell, whose patriotic studies in this and other kindred fields have been remarkably fruitful.

But we want still to know how such a unique and remarkable thing as the tartan had been evolved, and the various steps of the process. Why have the Irish Celts, who speak the same language, never had a tartan? We can trace back the Highland dress in its complete development to a pretty respectable antiquity. One of the oldest illustrations of it is that which may be seen on one of the finest monuments of

our own clan—the Macmillan Cross beside the ancient ruined church of Kilmory in Knapdale. On this cross, which has no date, but only a Latin inscription indicating that it is the cross of Alexander Macmillan, which, from the style of the lettering, cannot be later than the middle of the thirteenth century, a chieftain is sculptured in clear and distinct relief engaged in the chase, and attired in the full Highland garb. Various theories have been formed regarding the origin of the dress. Some believe that it was evolved from the Roman toga, which first enveloped the whole person in one continuous folding. The oldest form of the Highland dress, I am given to understand, consisted of one article, like the Roman toga, which formed the plaid over the shoulder, and was gathered in and plaited for a kilt round the loins. Afterwards it was made in two separate pieces. This was the case with the dress of the Roman Emperors, part of which looks exactly like a Highland kilt. According to this theory, the rude native Caledonians, whose clothing was originally exceedingly scanty, and consisted entirely of skins, learned the art of spinning and weaving, and borrowed a new style of dress from the foreigners who invaded

their land but failed to conquer them except by their arts of peace.

But another theory is in vogue, that the Highland dress, like the tartan of which it is made, is not an exotic, but a native production. There certainly seems to be a remarkable adaptation of the dress to the requirements of the scenery and the climate, and a wonderful harmony between the parti-coloured tartans of which it is composed and the variegated hues of bracken, heath, pinewood, and rocks, in their seasonal changes throughout the year—from the greenness of summer to the brilliant tints of autumn.

There is no country in the world that has such a richness and variety of colour as the Scottish Highlands. It is pre-eminently the land of the painter, in which he finds the most magical colorific effects; and Sir John Millais compared its landscapes, when seen through the frequent rains and the clear shining thereafter, to a wet Scotch pebble. To this richness and variety of hue of the scenery, the tartan dress is admirably suited. So striking indeed is the harmony, that we can easily understand how the clansmen of Rhoderick Dubh disappeared in

a moment at a signal from their chief, before the astonished eyes of Fitz James, in the *Lady of the Lake.* Their dress and the features of the scenery were so similar in the mimicry of colour that they could as easily conceal themselves as the brown moor cock among the brown heather, or the mottled ptarmigan among the grey lichen-covered rocks of the mountain summit. I saw in the Isles of Greece lately, the old Greek dress which is considered so highly picturesque. The kilt is a white woollen capacious garment, with numerous heavy plaits before and behind. But it stands out from the person like an inflated balloon, or an old-fashioned crinoline ; and underneath, the wearer had long trousers that came down to the heels. It wanted the graceful drapery, and the free elegant adaptation to the movements of the body so peculiar to the Highland dress, and the colour was monotonous, glaring, and unattractive. I could not help contrasting the full Highland dress of a gentleman who accompanied our party in our rambles, with that of the Greek islander—the descendant of the countrymen of Homer—greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. If the Romans got their idea of the kilt from the Greeks, then I repudiate

for ever the theory of the Roman origin of the Highland dress, and will believe that it is a grand original production of native genius!

Then, there is our Highland music, which lies at the base of a large proportion of our most beautiful and admired Scottish tunes; how much there is to find out and explain in regard to it! What is the origin of those plaintive laments and inspiring pibrochs, which thrill the heart of the most callous hearer? I do not mean who composed particular laments or pibrochs, for the names of these are well known. But I mean how did that particular style of music originate, and to what source or cause are we to trace it? Then, too, is the great Highland bagpipe a native instrument, or has it been imported or modified, from other similar instruments in foreign lands?

It is interesting to know that in the mountainous parts of Spain and Italy, there is a kind of bagpipe played by the peasants, the bag being made of rough goat-skin. I used to hear the Pifferari from the mountains of the Abruzzi playing on their goat-skin bagpipes before the shrine of some saint in the streets of Rome, and making the air to resound with the buzz and drone of their

wild savage music. And on the hills of Palestine, I came more than once upon a shepherd boy herding his sheep and goats, and playing a most primitive instrument, consisting of two reeds united together, from which he blew a strange weird music combining in itself all the sounds of a summer day—the hum of insects, the song of birds, the sigh of the wind, and the murmur of the streamlet. It was this simple instrument that David played on the mountains of Bethlehem while he kept his father's flocks; and it was this instrument our Lord alluded to when speaking of the children in the market-place piping to their companions who refused to dance to its sound. This primitive instrument might have been the origin of the Highland bagpipe, and it may have passed through all the stages of the instrument of the Pifferari, on to the feeble Irish bagpipe, until it culminated in the piob mhor of the Scottish Highlands, which is the best instrument in the world for marching purposes, or for the battlefield, and whose musical thunder stirs the heart as nothing else can do, as it awakens the echoes among the hills and lochs. We shall await with much interest the publication of Mr. Manson's promised exhaustive work on

"The Highland Bagpipe" for information on all these points.

There are many other subjects connected with the Highlands, dear to us all, to which I might refer, and which I might desire the more learned and leisurely members of our clan to take up and study for our mutual edification. But there is no time to enter upon them. As it is, I have trespassed too long upon your patience and kind indulgence. I ought to have borne in mind that a short preface to such an extensive and attractive programme as you have here before you, would have been more in keeping. But you will, I am sure, lay down my discursiveness, not to malice, but to that enthusiasm in regard to everything Highland which I think I share with everyone of Macmillan blood.

George Meredith, the foremost of our novelists, attributes his magnificent literary success to the Celtic fire that courses through his veins; and Matthew Arnold has shown in a masterly way what the Celtic element has been and done in the literature and history of the world, supplying a large part of their poetry and romance. Let us be thankful that the Macmillans have

no small share of this element; and it will be our own fault if, with God's blessing and help, we do not make our name more famous in the years to come than it has ever yet been!

THIRD ADDRESS.

IN ST. ANDREW'S HALLS, GLASGOW,

On Friday, November 26th, 1895.

My dear Clanswomen and Clansmen,—I sincerely wish that what Mrs. Browning says in her beautiful poem of "The Swan's Nest" regarding little Ella, were true of me to-night—"Her smile fills the silence like a speech." It would be easy in such a case, at this annual gathering of our clan, to quote a well-known phrase from Shakespeare with a slightly different rendering, to "smile and smile, and be a Macmillan!" But although our clan has doubtless, in common with other clans, done many an unlawful deed in olden times, it would, now-a-days at least, be considered taking an unfair advantage of my arbitrary powers as your chief to put you

off with a smile, however genial and eloquent, instead of a speech.

I must confess at once that I have no specially interesting topic to catch your attention with. Our clan society is too recent in its origin to have any historical associations to fall back upon. We are at the interesting stage of making history, rather than recording it. And all that we can say at present about ourselves is, that we are making encouraging progress both in our finance and organisation. We are adding to our members, although this must be a slow process, considering the hereditary modesty of our clan, which in olden times induced its members to hide their identity under other names. I do not suppose that it is because the deeds of the Macmillans are more evil than those of their neighbours that they are so shy of coming to the light; and I do not suppose that it is because our maidens are ashamed of the name they bear that so many of them are in such haste to change it. But whatever may be the cause, the lasso of our society does not seem to be long enough to catch many who ought to belong to it; and the meshes of our net are not sufficiently small to prevent many from escaping under other

names. However, as time goes on, this state of things will remedy itself, and our skilful and indefatigable office-bearers will, I trust, ere long, be able to put their brand upon every stray sheep, and bring back every wanderer to the fold.

An occasion like this naturally creates a disposition to look back and contrast the condition of the Highlands in former times with what it is now. Our association is more or less an antiquarian society,—an endeavour to carry the spirit of the past into the methods of the present, and to maintain their continuity unbroken. And, therefore, perhaps it will not be deemed inappropriate if I should endeavour to recall some things that belonged to our own boyhood, or that of our immediate forefathers, and which have now passed away in the vicissitudes of modern progress. Last autumn I was staying for a few weeks in a farmhouse on Loch Tayside where these changes were brought vividly before me by object lessons that belonged to the place. This part of Loch Tayside, I may mention, ought to be specially interesting to you, because, according to tradition, it was here that a part of the main body of the Macmillans, in their migration southward from the cradle of the clan in

the country of the Munros, turned aside and tarried, and acquired possession of the surrounding lands. From this branch of the Macmillans your chief is descended; and these lands, on the hereditary principle, should have belonged to him. But they were long ago wrenched from the clan by the forfeiture of rebellion, or by the superior power of the sword. For a lengthened period, however, the clan held their own in this part of Scotland; and it will not perhaps be uninteresting to you if I, your chief, hailing from this region, try to picture to you in a few rapid touches what must have been the state of agriculture and manners when the Macmillans occupied it.

Not far off from the farmhouse where I resided, there is a mound on which may be traced the foundations of an old castle, with an avenue of splendid plane trees leading up to it. Generation after generation of the owners of the soil passed away as these vegetable giants, which had made a covenant with time, added to their bulk and size and recorded the growth of the years in mystic rings in their hearts. These ancestral trees and the ruins of the castle indicate that the place must once have been of great importance. Just beside the present farmhouse there is a rocky

mound over which the pathway passes. This was the ancient moot-hill where the barons of the castle presided on certain days and administered justice in the open air, among their unruly tenants and dependents. There is a large glaciated boulder on this spot, with a little hole on its flat, smooth surface, which tradition points out as the judgment seat of the barons. When the reigning judge occupied this primitive throne, a small flag-staff was fixed in the hole, to give to the simple proceedings the imposing appearance of legal sanction and ceremony. The baron had the power of life and death, and exercised it with stern severity in these lawless times. Many a poor helpless clansman lost his life at the caprice of his chief; and the alleged grim remark of the poor widow, who advised her reluctant son to give himself up to be hanged, "to please the laird," was not altogether unfounded. To the westward is a cluster of small thatched cottages, called by the ominous name of Tom-na-croich, the hangman's mound. This marks either the ancient place of execution or the spot where the dread official of the law resided. Almost every Highland laird at one time had one of these moot-hills and places of execution near his

residence ; and this circumstance itself is a most convincing proof of the barbarity of the times. It is difficult for us whose senses have been refined by modern culture, and who cannot bear that any object suggestive of pain or suffering should be beside our doors, to realise how our forefathers could find the charms of the landscape, instead of being wholly destroyed, greatly enhanced by the presence of these grim memorials around their feudal homes. Our happiness is completely marred by the thought or the sight of any wretched creature in the next street or in the next town to ourselves ; but our ancestors could have their ballrooms and bedrooms in their grim old keeps right over the dungeon in which some miserable malefactor was languishing out his life in chains, without interfering in the least degree with the soundness of their slumbers or the joviality of their revels. There could have been no Society of the clan Macmillan possible in those times ! Instead of presiding over a benevolent association for the purpose of helping poor clansmen in their necessities, the chief would have adopted the summary method of relieving them of all their troubles by relieving them of their heads ! That would have been a speedy

and effectual method of carrying out the motto of our clan, "Succouring the distressed," and it would require little learning!

Forming part of the pavement beside the kitchen door of the farmhouse is the upper stone of an old quern or handmill. It is much worn, and had evidently been in use for many generations. In the farmyard are two barley-mortars, which used to be seen at the door of every farmhouse in the Highlands. This round, hollow stone was considered as indispensable as the quern. Each family prepared in this mortar the barley that was used in making the daily broth of the household. The grain was shelled by being beaten with a wooden mallet. The barley-mortar was in universal use less than sixty years ago, but now it is an object of antiquarian interest, and it is only in comparatively few places that a specimen can be found. After the quern, or handmill, went out of fashion, meal-mills driven by water power were the order of the day.

Every property had its own mill, where the tenants were required to grind their corn, and pay their multures, or dues. There were at one time no less than fourteen meal-mills in this

locality, all of which have gone out of use, and their ruins add a romantic feature to many a waterfall, beside which they stand. The corn of the district is now ground in the mill at Killin, which occupies the site of the original structure, said to have been built by St. Fillan, the patron saint of this region, who preached the Gospel there, and introduced among the inhabitants the arts of civilisation. Three quartz stones, with round holes in them, forming the sockets of the revolving stones that ground the meal, and which are supposed to be of St. Fillan's time, are preserved as sacred relics in the present building. Until very lately, they were employed to impart healing efficacy to water in which they were steeped, and which was given to diseased cattle to drink. The mill still keeps fresh the memory of its holy founder, for on the ninth of January each year, which is the date of the Saint's death, the mill is closed, and no corn is allowed to be ground. Another interesting memorial of St. Fillan, the local patron of the cereal arts, is preserved in Killin in the croft that was given to the Dewar who had charge of the wooden mallet for making barley in the mortar which belonged to the Saint. From that

circumstance the croft is called to this day "Croit Deòraich na Fairich."

Querns and barley-mortars set one a-thinking of the primitive agriculture of former times in the Highlands. It certainly must have been of the rudest kind. Only a small part of the lands comparatively was cultivated. The people had not appliances for the removal of the boulders which encumbered the ground, and simply turned up the soil around them in patches here and there. The marshes also were only partially drained, and the lower slopes of the hills were rendered impassable by the overflowing waters of the streams. In these circumstances, the farmers sought the upland slopes, where the ground was drier and the line of boulders which marked the height of the old glacial currents fell short of the limits of culture, and there were fewer encumbrances of wood and stone to remove from the soil. Accordingly, we find most of the old tillage on the upper slopes of the hills. Owing to the elevation, the corn and barley did not ripen till a late period, and had to encounter the storms and floods which usually occur at the close of autumn; and not once, but many times, must have happened what took place on the minister's glebe on one occasion.

The minister's man, shearing the corn in the beginning of October in an exceptionally favourable season, was asked by an English tourist, passing by, if the soil in that neighbourhood was fertile, to which he made reply that the stranger could judge for himself, for this year they had two crops on that field. The stranger went away considerably mystified, but the true explanation was, that the previous year's crop had not been gathered in till January, and now, in October of the same year, they were reaping another crop!

We, who live in these days of universal traffic, when the overflowing resources of one part of the world are brought without delay to make up for the scanty harvests of another part, can hardly imagine the fears and anxieties which each year's sowing and reaping must have brought to the farmer's heart, when he had to depend upon the produce of his own fields for his daily bread, and had nothing else to fall back upon. Each countryside could depend only upon its own resources, and there must have been frequent local famines which could not be mitigated by the more favourable conditions of other districts, owing to the want of roads and other means

of communication. No doubt the scarcity of corn may have been supplemented by the produce of the chase; for in those days the game laws were not so rigorously observed as in our own; and a man might take a salmon from a river, a trout from a burn, a deer from the hill, a grouse or blackcock from the moor, or a hare or rabbit from the copse with comparative impunity. But it was not every one who had the skill to catch these wild animals; and often in the depths of terribly severe winters even these resources failed. Before the invention of artificial hay, and the growth of turnips—when the cattle all the year round fed on natural pastures—there was no provision made for their upkeep when these pastures were hid under several feet of snow for weeks together. In these circumstance, the cattle that were sheltered in the byres were reduced almost to starvation, and yielded hardly any milk. In that fierce struggle for the means of life, only the fittest could survive, and the population grew up as hardy as a heather bush.

Shut in within their own narrow boundaries, and having little intercourse even with the neighbouring districts, there was very little money

circulated in this region. Commerce was almost entirely carried on by barter. The neighbours exchanged with each other their superfluous articles. Rents were paid almost wholly in kind. The tenure upon which lands were held was originally service to the chief in war and peace. Most of the tenants were clansmen, related to the proprietor by various degrees of consanguinity, and they constituted a large family with mutual interests. There were no shops except at the two ends of the loch; and the inhabitants who wanted any luxuries, such as calico, tea, sugar, or tobacco, had to go long distances to these shops, and to purchase them by means of the sale of eggs, butter, and cheese. Eggs and fowls having to be consumed on the premises, as it were, their price was consequently very low; and in those days there was not the economy exercised in the house in the use of these articles which characterises our times, when the market is more accessible and remunerative. Hard coin, from its great rarity, was thought far more of than its equivalent value in domestic animals and dairy or farm produce; and payment in kind was made with greater ease and pleasure than in money. Indeed a farmer usually reckoned his

income by the amount of actual coin he possessed at the close of the year, after having paid his way during the rest of it in the payment of his rent, and the upkeep of his house. There was no need for banks any more than Paddy had need for a chest to keep his clothes in and go naked!

In the farms around I enquired in vain for a specimen of the old crusie, once the sole light of the farmhouse kitchen. It is now as obsolete as the barley-mortar or the quern. In my young days it was in universal use. I used to study with its aid, beside the peat fire, during the long winter evenings; and many a pleasant memory I have connected with it. Compared with our recent illuminating appliances, it gave but a feeble light. In some places the wick, instead of being made of twisted cotton threads, was composed of the pith of rushes; two pieces of this pure white delicate substance being laid alongside in the lip of the crusie, and saturated with oil from the well of the lamp. It was part of the amusement and employment of the herd-boy to prepare this material, by stripping the green skin of the rushes in the swampy places while tending the cattle. Our forefathers must

have possessed strong eyesight to use for reading purposes the feeble glimmer imparted by the crusie, which scarcely dispelled the darkness in its own immediate neighbourhood, and left the corners of the room in shadow, eminently suggestive to the imagination excited by stories of Highland superstition. The feeble light of the crusie must have had much to do with the firm hold which the supernatural world had upon the minds of the people. Nothing is more harmful to such superstition than clear full light. And it has vanished quite as much owing to the powerful exorcism of our paraffin lamps, our incandescent gas, and our brilliant electric lighting, as to the superior knowledge of our scientific times.

But indeed the light of the crusie was seldom required for reading. Very few books penetrated into the glen; newspapers and magazines were entirely unknown, and letters of very rare occurrence. The feeble radiance sufficed for domestic purposes, and gave a weird glamour to the labours of the spinning-wheel, and the song and conversation of the *ceilidh*, when friends and neighbours gathered together round the hospitable fire, while the wild storms of winter were howling outside in the darkness. The oil of the crusie

was commonly whale oil; but it was often made of melted mutton fat, which also helped to manufacture the tallow-dip, another of the illuminants of those primitive times. Far from the busy centres of commerce, beyond the reach of shops, the people were thrown upon their own resources, and supplied most of their wants by articles of native growth and production. This was a happy state of things in many respects. It developed ingenuity; it cultivated a patient and contented disposition, and made every person more or less an artist or manufacturer. The life of nature was thus kept closely parallel with the life of humanity, and a healthy simplicity of manners was fostered. Within the last thirty-five years the crusie has disappeared so completely that hardly any person of this generation has ever seen it in use, and a specimen is only to be found in an antiquarian museum.

It may be mentioned that the crusie was eminently classical in shape, and the lamp which the Greeks and Romans used was somewhat similar in appearance. It was therefore appropriate that a Highland student should pore over the pages of Virgil and Homer by the aid of

this light that had come down from the romantic days of "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." The intellectual light within and the natural light without were thus in harmony with each other! There was less of that anachronism, which must be a discord to the fancy, in the association of ancient classical lore with modern gas or electric light. Many a profound scholar acquired his learning beside a peat fire, by the aid of a crusie, in some lonely Highland glen.

And this remarkable fact starts the curious question—which Sir Arthur Mitchell asked in his admirable book, *The Past in the Present*,—"In what does civilisation really consist?" Is it in elegance and refinement of outward surroundings, or is it in gentleness of manners and cultivation of the intellectual faculties? You may find instances of rude manners and uncultivated powers in association with all the appliances of modern science, and all the splendour of modern art; and on the other hand you may find scholarly tastes and elegant mental pursuits in association with humble appliances and circumstances of daily life worthy of the Stone Age. In a hut which might have been con-

structed by a neolithic savage, where the smoke of the fire on the floor escapes through a hole in the thatched roof, you may find seated on a turf or stone a youth reading Sophocles or Browning; and on the other hand, in a palace of marble, with pictures and statues of the highest art adorning the walls, you may find a youth who has only the primitive tastes of the savage beneath a thin veneer of refinement, and has nothing in common with the artistic beauty with which he is surrounded. Is it the man that constitutes the civilisation or the circumstances? Need we hesitate for an answer? Surely it is the man himself! And judged by this standard, we shall find even in the most barbarous periods of the history of the Highlands, proofs of no mean civilisation. The architecture and artistic surroundings of the Highland people have never been of a high order; their houses have been rude and their circumstances poor; but they have shown in them traits of character as beautiful, and manners as gentle, as any race on earth, however artistic, can boast. They have sent forth from these humble surroundings brave warriors, pious saints, eminent poets and scholars, whose names the world will not willingly let die. These

rude homes have sheltered men and women true and tender, and as hospitable as any who have been reared upon the lap of luxury. We are proud to trace our lineage from them; and our ambition should be to emulate their simple virtues in the midst of our vastly improved outward circumstances. Let the brilliant electric light of our day shine on lives as pure and honest, as brave and good, as those which struggled to fulfil their early morning and late evening tasks under the mingled lights and shadows of the glimmering crusie! And let our Society, as far as we can make it, be one of the lights of the world, one of the agencies to help on the ameliorating influences of true civilisation!

FOURTH ADDRESS.

IN THE QUEEN'S ROOMS, GLASGOW,

On Tuesday, November 17th, 1896.

My dear Clanswomen and Clansmen,—My appearance on this platform at our annual gatherings is getting to be what the Americans would call somewhat monotonous. We read of a prominent citizen of ancient Athens who was banished from the city by his compatriots because they were tired of hearing him always praised. Nature and human nature crave variety, and a change is considered agreeable, even if it be from better to worse. I fully expected that I would have come under the operation of this law. But you have shown that you are not quite tired of me yet, by your appointment of me to the high office which I hold for the unusual period of four years.

There was a French lover who used, in his daily walk with his sweetheart, to go round the four sides of a fashionable square in Paris with her. In the first ardour of his affection he could not go far enough with the object of it or be long enough with her. But by degrees his affection cooled down, and then, instead of going round all the sides of the square, he took her by the shortest cut across from the one side to the other. Being a lady of some wit, she said that the diminution of her lover's attachment could be mathematically expressed with the utmost exactness by the relation of a diagonal to its square. This is not the algebraic formula of your attachment to your Chief! You have walked round the four sides of the square with him, and you do not seem disposed even yet to take the diagonal short cut that leads to final abandonment.

My only regret is that I have not been able to render to you any substantial return for your kindness. I do not suppose that in the good old times a chief ever had such an easy berth of it as I have had, or was allowed to lead such a quiet, uneventful life as I have lived in my official capacity during the past four years.

I have not had to meet you on the moot-hill, and to execute summary justice upon any one of my clansmen taken red-handed in conduct unworthy of the badge and the motto we wear. I have not had to send round the cross of fire to summon a gathering of our clan for the purpose of making a raid upon the Clan Society of the Mackays, for example, and get possession of their £1000 of accumulated funds to fill our own empty exchequer. We have been at peace with all the Clan Societies of this city and elsewhere, satisfied to see them flourishing, and content with the degree of prosperity we ourselves have enjoyed. We do not envy the large herds of cattle which the Macgregors and Macleans and Campbells possess, and which, it must be acknowledged, unlike their former habits, they have got by lawful means. We do not want to make a *creach* upon them, even though our own pecuniary condition is so well described by the proverb, "Where no oxen are, the crib's clean." We have that cleanness, at least, which another proverb says is next to godliness; and though destitute of any kind of "peculium"—the old form of money in cattle—yet we can celebrate our annual feast together with thankful hearts,

feeling that better is a dinner of herbs, or even a tea with buns and cakes, where love is, than a fatted ox and hatred therewith.

In modern society all the Highland clans mix together at kirk and market, and at numerous friendly meetings, and are on the most agreeable terms with each other. They intermarry, they are partners in business, they are members of the same church, they are even elders in the same session, and all the old feuds are utterly forgotten, except perhaps when a minister is to be elected in a Gaelic congregation in town.

The formation of our Clan Societies by picking out of the composite mass of the community, so well and beneficially mixed, individuals bearing the same name, and arranging them into fraternal groups called by their respective names, is now for the most peaceable and laudable purposes. In this way the whole of the Highlands, as it is represented in our large towns, is broken up into a series of committees, as it were, each doing by its separate action what could not be done by an unwieldy whole. In this way, too, each Clan Society acts and reacts upon other Clan Societies, and a generous

rivalry and *esprit de corps* called forth, by which the general work of philanthropy is greatly stimulated.

We have not as yet had much experience of the benefits of a society such as ours. We have been employed chiefly in searching out and collecting together the individuals of our clan—a task as difficult as drawing a worm whole out of its hole. But we trust, now that we have acquired a very respectable membership, we shall acquire at the same time some momentum, and be able soon to accomplish some of the aims and objects we have set before us. And I would fain hope that our funds, though somewhat low at present, are like the initiatory stages of the famous arithmetical problem of the price of a horse, in which a farthing was allowed for the first nail in his shoes, two for the second, four for the third, and so on. There were thirty-two nails in all, and yet from the small beginning of a farthing, owing to this doubling thirty-one times in all, the value of the horse was only to be computed in millions of pounds.

If the small beginnings of our treasury during the first formative years, multiplied in anything

like that ratio every year for the next thirty-two years, how I should like to be present at the annual gathering when the sum total was announced! Would not the reels that night be danced with an excitement which "we never knew before." We should be wealthier far than any of the other societies, and be able to give a comfortable competency to every member of our clan, enabling him to live happy ever after, as the story-books say; doing nothing all his days, as a Highlander would dearly love to do!

But to speak seriously, we may not be able to solve the horse-problem in regard to our funds, but there is one thing that we can certainly do, and that is to kindle and fan a greater warmth of clan feeling among ourselves. You know what happens when the embers of a fire are scattered widely apart over the hearth—how one by one they part with their glow and heat, and then go out in their own cold grey ashes. But when you bring the members closely together, give them frequent opportunities of meeting, provide them with a common aim and object, and cause a strong draught of the pure air of the hills to pass through the compacted

mass once a year at the annual gathering, it is wonderful what a bonfire of enthusiasm is created.

It would be well if everyone who bears the name of Macmillan did, in regard to this fire of clan enthusiasm, what the boys of my native place used to do in regard to the winter fire of the village school-house. One of the peculiar customs of that primitive institution was that each scholar had to bring a peat with him to school every morning. With the contribution of peats made in this fashion by each scholar, the fire on the hearth of the school-room was kept up every day throughout the winter. This custom stirred up a spirit of emulation in the scholars. They felt that the fire belonged in a special sense to themselves—that upon them devolved the duty of watching it and keeping it as good as possible. Each scholar, therefore, before he set out to school, was very careful in selecting from the paternal stack the very best peat he could find; and he carried it triumphantly under his arm beside his satchel of books, feeling that the warmth of the school depended as much upon the fuel he was bringing as upon the lamp of knowledge he might find burning

there. And the consequence was that nowhere else was there such a splendid flame and such a glowing atmosphere into which it was delightful to come from the freezing air outside. Now, I have often thought that this peculiar mode of making and keeping up the fire in the primitive Highland schoolhouse might very profitably be adopted, in a figurative sense, by our Society. If each member brought a personal contribution of zeal and enthusiasm towards the production and maintenance of the heart-warmth of our Society, then a glowing temperature of fraternal regard and interest would be created, into which it would be exceedingly pleasant to come from the chilly, selfish atmosphere of the world outside.

November is the month of negatives. It begins with a universal "No!" It has no sun, no moon, no stars, no ember to blow into flame. We have pitched upon this negative month as the period of our annual gathering. Let us remember that it is also the month of Hallowe'en, of All Saints, and Good Fellows, and give it an *eibhleag* or ember from the fire of our own hearts to light up its coldness and gloom with the cheerful glow. And I trust we

shall all be able to warm both hands at our Clan-fire to-night, and have a pleasant memory of the dear old days brought back, when we collected and kindled a *samhnag* or bonfire on some height near our native home, and joined hands and formed a circle round its blazing faggots, and jumped and pushed each other through the glowing embers, and felt, not that we were celebrating the survival of an old Pagan rite, but that we were uniting all the neighbourhood in stronger social bonds, and promoting good-fellowship and brotherly love.

There is a boom on at present in regard to all things Scottish and Highland, which ought to have a stimulating effect upon societies like ours. We are quite in the fashion. Fiona Macleod and the author of *The Lost Pibroch* have created quite a Highland renaissance by their vivid presentations of the old romantic life of the mountains and glens; and by their quaint genius have opened a door of welcome for their original creations in homes and hearts that are utterly ignorant of our dear old mother tongue.

We have been accustomed, indeed, to hear of the great interest which foreign nations feel in the

picturesque scenery and literature of our native land, and we have been wont to regard it with proud complacency as only a just tribute to the superiority of our nation. But we are a little surprised to find how books like the *Bonnie Brier Bush* and the *Lilac Sunbonnet* should have become so immensely popular among our southern neighbours, especially when they are obliged to turn frequently from the most pithy and pathetic passages to consult a glossary as to the meaning of certain strange, uncouth words. And the height of our astonishment has recently been reached—when the newspapers told us that the French have taken to the kilt and the bagpipes, and that orders for a considerable consignment of them have come to this country from French officers. We remember how Napoleon Buonoparte used to pore over the pages of Ossian, whose heroic deeds, wrapped in their folds of vague misty words, seemed to stir him up to ambitious dreams of a world's conquest. But we thought that the sight of the tartan at Aboukir, Corunna, and Waterloo had proved a scare-crow sufficient to frighten every Frenchman from any desire to have a closer acquaintance with it. But familiarity and years of peace bring a kind of gentle con-

tempt, and even a crow alights after a time of impunity upon the head of a scare-crow, and pulls its nose! And so our French cousins are now prepared to assume the dread investiture, or, as it should properly be called in their case, the dread *divestiture* of the garb of Old Gaul! Let us all hope that, as they have no clan name of their own, they will claim kindred with the Macmillans, and order a large supply of our hunting tartan for potting at the sparrows in their hedges from our worthy President, who has such a deep interest in it, and we shall be glad to enrol them as members of our Society, and distribute a cart-load of holly sprigs among them. It might perhaps, however, be advisable to keep out of the way of our French friends, during at least the early stages of their Highland fever—until they have become more to the manner born. For the kilted legs would too painfully betray the novelty of their attire, and the awful groanings of the reluctant bagpipes, unaccustomed to French wind, might provoke sounds from the auditors that would not add to the general harmony. It is to be hoped that our French friends, when they practise on the bagpipes, will

do as Edmund Keane, the great caricaturist of *Punch*, used to do, when he put six miles between him and London when he ventured to awake the echoes of the hills with his beloved pibrochs. It is to be hoped they will leave the gay boulevards and go to the heights of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they may try the effect of the bagpipes in raising the dead, and so anticipating the Archangel's trump. All this wonderful revival of interest in things Scottish and Highland should warn us to be ready to take advantage of the flowing tide in floating our own Society into a wider sea.

It is a pity that we have not managed to hold our annual gathering on St. Andrew's Day, being so near it in time. Such celebrations are necessary to enable us to assert our nationality, which is so apt to be lost sight of amid the prevailing influences of the predominating partner, with whom we are now so closely associated. We are Scotchmen first and then clansmen. The thistle must ever take precedence of the holly.

I have often thought that there is a strong resemblance between the character of the nations of Christendom and the character of their patron

Saints. By a happy instinct the Scotch were led to make choice of St. Andrew; and no one who studies the character of that Saint, as it is casually revealed in the New Testament, can fail to see features which he is accustomed to find in his own countrymen more or less pronounced. There, for example, is the incident of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Philip at once gave up the whole case in despair; he saw no possible way of feeding the multitude. Not so Andrew! He drew attention to the little lad with the five barley loaves and the few small fishes as a possible nucleus of supply—a fulcrum by the help of which something great might be done by one so mighty as his Master.

And in this incident we see the prudence and foresight and hopefulness of the canny Scot mirrored—ready to seize and make the most of any resource or opportunity, however small and seemingly inadequate, that offers itself. And should you not imitate the conduct of Andrew in this respect, and seek to make the most of the resources that we possess in our Clan Society, and work wonders with them; make them, with the Divine blessing, capable of feeding and clothing and educating a multitude of our clansmen who

have been worsted in the battle of life, which is one of the aims we set before us?

And in another way, too, Andrew proved himself a typical Scotchman. He found the Messiah himself, and he brought his brother and his neighbour to Him. And so every Scot who has found a good thing at home or abroad is said proverbially to bring his brother Scot to share it with him, until the whole place becomes a Scotch colony. You have found a good thing here in this Society; make it more widely known; bring your namesakes with you to share in its benefits and help in its work. You can all do a great deal to increase the membership, and consequently the usefulness, of your Society. Let every Macmillan bring a Macmillan, until we have a muster-roll as large as our Clan. And let us remember how Highlanders work "shoulder to shoulder."

I might compare our Society, in regard to the special work which it has to do, to a company trying, in the good old days of table-turning, to move a heavy piece of furniture. You remember how it was done. A circle was formed around the table by all the persons present laying their hands upon it close to each other. No one was

sensible of exerting any special pressure upon the table; but the concentration of purpose and the unconscious exercise of muscle in each individual, when combined, gradually began to influence the table, until it began at last to move slowly, and finally to gyrate round the room, dragging with it the persons clinging to it. This, so far from being a spirit manifestation, as was supposed, was, as Faraday conclusively showed, only a remarkable example of what a number of individuals can do when their attention is concentrated upon, and their will and force directed to the accomplishment of, the same object. By a similar co-operation of mind, and heart, and hand, the members of our Society might remove every mountain of difficulty out of the way, and make our Society a triumphant success.

Let me, before I sit down, refer in a sentence or two to the great loss which our Society has sustained since last we met together in the death of one of our foremost members, who has made our Clan name to be known all over the world wherever the English language is spoken. Alexander Macmillan, the great London publisher and founder of *Macmillan's Magazine*, has done a service for our literature which cannot

be over-estimated. He raised the standard of excellence far above that which he found when he began to issue the beautiful books for which his firm has become celebrated. He had an instinctive power of perceiving the real quality of a new writer, and his intellectual standard, formed upon the best models, was very high. All those who wrote for him were his fast friends. Nothing could exceed the loyalty of all who served him, whether in his home or business; and his hospitable house was a second home often to those who enjoyed his friendship. Alexander Macmillan was the first pioneer of our shilling magazines—now so numerous. It was at first resolved to call the new venture "The Round Table"; but it was finally settled that it should bear the name of its founder. There is a survival still of the old suggestion in the portrait of King Arthur appearing as a medallion at the top of the design on the cover, which has never been changed. And the Round Table of English oak round which the friends and supporters of the magazine continued to meet for many years is still preserved, with the names of the various guests—Tennyson, Maurice, Huxley, Spencer, Lushington, Patmore, Dicey, Palgrave, and Alling-

ham—inscribed in their own handwriting round the edge. The personal character of Alexander Macmillan was worthy of the highest esteem. He combined in himself the best features of the Highland and Lowland races. He had an intense love for his native land, and for everything that was peculiar to it. His heart was true, his heart was Highland; and I have often heard him say that the Clan was an appointment of God by which those bearing the same name might be brought into closer fellowship of sympathy and help with each other. He himself acted upon that principle, for everyone bearing the name of Macmillan was dear to him. It is a great pity that his own life had not been continued by a hand as genial and accomplished as that of his brother's biographer. He lies in the beautiful churchyard of Bramshott, near his country-home in Surrey; and he was followed to the grave by a large group of friends no less distinguished than representative. Men of science, literature, and scholarship were there, and even some of the old friends of his school days, and his class fellows at Irvine, the place of his birth —all sincerely sorrowful. Our Society, with characteristic consideration, laid a beautiful wreath

of flowers upon his grave; and I would lay this little tribute upon it too, hoping that the example of himself and of his noble brother Daniel may have a stimulating effect upon many a Macmillan in the days to come.

FIFTH ADDRESS.

IN QUEEN'S ROOMS, GLASGOW,

18th November, 1897.

My dear Clanswomen and Clansmen,—This is the first opportunity we have had as a clan of expressing our devotion to our gracious Queen during this memorable Jubilee year. But whatever we may be in respect to time, we are not a whit behindhand, in respect to cordiality of feeling, the numberless public bodies that have testified their loyalty on the sixtieth anniversary of Her Majesty's reign. I am sure that not in all broad Scotland will the Queen find any of her subjects more ardent in their attachment to her person and throne than among the members of the Macmillan clan. I do not know that our clan, unlike most of the Highland clans,

has ever been distinguished for its political partizanship, or its opposition to the government of the day. With the exception of the stout Cameronian apostle of Balmaghie and the sect of Macmillanites which he founded, who asserted the Divine right of Presbytery against the theory which in their view embodied the Divine right of kings to govern wrong, our clan has ever been peaceable and law-abiding. And even with the struggle of our great historic clansman and his followers, whatever our religious or political views may be, we cannot but sympathise, for they had a very high ideal of a covenanted nation, and a constitutional government under a covenanted king. But whether we are members of the sect that bears our name and adhere to its principles or not, most certainly our clan is not wanting now in enthusiasm for a Queen who is possessed of every virtue that can make a sovereign great and beloved. We, as a clan, owe to our gracious Queen a special debt of gratitude, for making an exception in our case of a rule she had laid down, that no more new tartans were to be patented. We all know how our worthy President, with the pluck and perseverance for which he is distinguished, succeeded in obtaining

permission from high quarters to put upon the market a modification of the common and hunting form of our clan tartan, which, while preserving faithfully the ancient distinctive pattern, harmonises its too brilliant hues, and is therefore a decided boon to artistic humanity. It is said that some things are "a sight for sore eyes," in the way of soothing and refreshing them; but none of us could conscientiously place our old tartan among the number. Rather, it is to be feared, was it the cause of frequent sore eyes among our ancestors, unless, as some of our scientists allege, there was an unusual percentage of colour-blindness among them; and in olden times it must have excited the ire of many unhappy Highland bulls, and so imperilled the lives of the wearers of it. This danger is now happily removed; and I am not surprised that Her Majesty, with that good taste which is so characteristic of her, ordered, as I am told on the highest authority, a plaid of our tartan for her own personal use, and actually wore it across her knees during several journeys to Scotland. To the noble lady, therefore, who has so honoured our clan, let every heart that beats to-night beneath a plaid, or a ribbon-knot,

or a shawl of Macmillan tartan, send forth a strong throb of warmest devotion.

When glancing over the *Times'* *Atlas* the other day, my attention was arrested by seeing our clan-name clearly printed in two places in one of the maps. The Macmillans, as we all know to our sorrow, are landless in their own country. The cradle of our race has passed into the hands of the Campbells; and the stone that bears our charter to the lands of Knapdale has disappeared in the sea. That region of the race may well be called Knapdale, or Sleepy Hollow; for our forefathers must have been in a bewitched sleep to have allowed their possessions to go out of their hands in that easygoing manner.

But it is gratifying to know that other parts of the world besides the solitary wing of Castle Sween, on the shore of Loch Sween in Argyllshire, have the clan name associated with them. There is a thriving town in the United States, situated on a river that flows into the south-eastern extremity of Lake Superior, called Macmillan, doubtless after the pioneer of that name who first marked it out in the wilderness—and erected on the site the first dwelling, round

which others in course of time gathered. Perhaps he was an emigrant from Campbeltown or some other part of Kintyre.

In British Columbia there is a range of high and picturesque mountains, considerably loftier than any in our own country, called the Macmillan mountains, covered almost with perpetual snow. Among the recesses of these mountains rises a large river called Macmillan river. After forcing its way through wild ravines and mountain gorges, this river joins the magnificent Yukon river, which flows through the whole territory of Alaska and falls into the Behring Sea. I was specially interested to notice that a part of the same great range of mountains is called the Glenlyon mountains, named after the romantic Perthshire glen. I do not know what adventurer of our name first explored this region, and called these grand mountains and rivers and glens after the name of the clan that he bore, and the scenes that he loved best in old Scotland. I indulge the pleasing fancy, from the conjunction of the name of Glenlyon with Macmillan, that it must have been some one of my own kith and kin, unknown to me, who went out from Breadalbane, and explored these wild territories

in pursuit of game or in search of gold. And who knows what fond thoughts of his far distant home in the Highlands of Perthshire may have passed through his mind, and made the exile weep beside his camp fire in the loneliness of the forest.

Of all the pathetic things in connection with the first emigration of our Celtic people to the backwoods of America, the most touching was this naming of the alien scenes, that had no interest or associations to them, after the spots where their childhood had played, and which they should never see any more in this world; as if by this tender baptism they should be able to dispel their terrible novelty, and make them part of the old and well-remembered home. It is a curious reflection, that scenes in this way, once associated with the deepest and tenderest sentiments of the heart, should now give rise only to thoughts of commerce and money making. Alaska has recently had the attention of the mining world directed to it, and it bids fair to become the Eldorado of the modern world. Bands of adventurers are prospecting the Macmillan mountains, and panning the sands of the Macmillan river in search of that precious dust,

the possession of a little more of which would have kept those who named these wild places in their original home in a state of contented happiness.

In this connection I may mention a fact which has passed too much into the background of history—and which probably few here know—that the discoverer of Gipp's Land, an extensive and fertile region in Victoria to the south-east of the Australian Alps, was a clansman of ours, Angus Macmillan, who was born in Skye in 1810. He is mentioned in Mennell's *Dictionary of Australian Biography* with great praise for his brave and indomitable qualities; and his claim to the gratitude of the people of Australia was recognised by a public dinner being given in his honour in Port Albert in March, 1856. Angus Macmillan endured much privation in his exploring expedition, which he undertook alone, and with the help only of a pocket compass and a chart of the coast. Starting from Sydney he crossed the extensive range of mountains south of that romantic city and harbour which were altogether unknown at the time, and reached the beautiful region now called Gipp's Land, which no European had ever seen before.

He called the new country Caledonia Australis, from some resemblance which he discovered in its mountains and valleys to his native land. Many persons, in spite of this, insisted for a while upon calling it Macmillan's Land. But unfortunately for this the discoverer was followed soon after by a large and well-equipped expedition, conducted by an Austrian called Strzeleckie, who, ignorant of Macmillan's claims of priority, called the land which he thought he had discovered Gipp's Land, a name which superseded that which Macmillan had given, and by which the well-peopled and most productive region is now known to the world. Angus Macmillan settled down on a sheep-run of his own in the district which he had discovered, where he died in 1865.

Our clansmen, you thus see, have been great travellers, discovering large parts of the earth's surface from Australia to Alaska. There must be some kind of wandering instinct in the clan allied to that of the gipsies; and we may suppose that it was a touch of this instinct that kindled the mechanical genius of the inventor of the bicycle, Kirkpatrick Macmillan, a blacksmith in Dumfriesshire. This clansman, in 1836,

constructed a machine, which then was the only one that placed the feet of the rider clear of the ground, and could be propelled by his own force. By repeated experiments he improved his model, and finally perfected a machine, upon which he used to perform long journeys with wonderful speed, to the astonishment of the people. With all the improvements of the present day, the principle of Macmillan's machine has not been departed from, and through its universal use in almost every circumstance, Mr. Macmillan may be said to have revolutionised the world!

Speaking about our clan-name having acquired a geographical importance, I may mention another curious association with it. Two years ago, I happened to be staying for a few days near Crianlarich, and spent an afternoon in visiting the ruins of the old Priory of Strathfillan, founded in commemoration of the pious St. Fillan, who was the apostle of this part of Perthshire in the eighth century. After inspecting the scanty remains of this sacred institution, and the tombstones in the old churchyard in connection with it, still in use, I went outside the walls to a field near at hand to see the sacred well which the monks had blessed. Beside this well I found a small

mound of masonry, with the fragments of a broken memorial stone on the top of it. I put the pieces carefully together, and proceeded to read the long inscription carved upon them. You may judge how very startled I was when the first words I deciphered were: "Sacred to the memory of Hugh Macmillan"! This man I never heard of before, although my forbears had lived in Breadalbane from time immemorial. He was a mason belonging to the district, who less than a hundred years ago had drowned himself in the sacred pool of the river, where lunatics used to be bathed in order to be restored to their right mind. The tombstone recorded that he was a man of exemplary character, and was highly respected in Strathfillan; and yet in spite of this eulogium, his remains, according to the barbarous custom of the time, were refused admittance to the churchyard, because, doubtless, in a state of temporary mental aberration, he had taken his own life. But even of this the people did not seem to have been quite sure. There was a probability that he had only fallen into the river by accident. But our stern forefathers would not give him the benefit of the doubt, but laid him in unconsecrated soil outside the wall, like a

social leper even in death. Had there been a Macmillan Society in existence in those days, this outrage upon humanity would not have been committed!

But I must tell you something about another personage of our clan who fared better at the hands of fortune in order to redress the over-weighted balance. I was very much interested the other day in coming across a book recently published on the *Life and Works of Thomas Gainsborough*, the great English painter. One of the pictures reproduced in the book in photogravure, direct from the original, is the portrait of Mrs. Buchanan Macmillan, the wife of a well-known London printer, who united in her own name the name of our clan and the name of the Clan Buchanan with which it is very closely affiliated. This portrait is an artistic likeness of a very pleasant lady, who has evidently not been at all flattered by the painter. The ladies of our clan will be interested to know that she is represented in the picture as wearing the characteristic dress of the time of George III., with a large lace tippet over her shoulder, and on her head one of those huge hats, with immense quantities of broad folded ribbon decorating it, to which,

because of their predominance in the works of the great painter, the name of Gainsborough hats has been given. The huge, so-called garden-plot hats of the ladies of the present day, which carry on their top the whole stock of a haberdasher's shop, and which are so admirably constructed to shut out all view of what is going on in front in a place of public entertainment, are a reproduction of the old Gainsborough hats, and are a striking proof how inexorably the wheel of fashion comes round again to the point from which it started. It is a decided distinction that the greatest of English portrait painters, who painted the celebrated picture of the Duchess of Devonshire, whose romantic history every one knows as having been cut clean out of its frame a quarter of a century ago by some thieves, and has never yet been found, should have employed his skilful brush in immortalising a lady who bears our own name.

Having thus sufficiently magnified my own clan, let me in a few concluding sentences take a somewhat wider outlook. In this year's *Hachette's Almanac*, which is in France what *Whitaker's Almanac* is in this country, you will find an engraving representing the different nations in

characteristic dress and attitude bearing the respective burdens of their national debt. In this picture England with its enormous debt is sketched as a Highlander, with plaid and kilt and sporran and *bonait bhirreach*, holding in his hand a child's penny whistle, with a small inflated balloon of indiarubber attached to it by a tube, through which the air is passing slowly into the whistle with a gentle squeak. It is a very clever skit; and conveys admirably the idea how easily and with but very little groaning our country can pay the national piper. But the reason why I mention this caricature is, that in it the French, by representing in this manner the whole of Great Britain by a figure wearing the garb of old Gaul, clearly shows who in their estimation at least, is the "predominant partner" in the national alliance; and in this we must all believe that they prove their good sense, as well as their Celtic sympathies!

While there is thus a boom in all things Scottish on the Continent, in America, and indeed everywhere, is it a time to debate seriously in a Celtic Society—as was done the other night in this city—whether Gaelic should be allowed to die or not? The sad thing is, that, in spite of

every effort, the dear old mother-tongue, which has baptised all our rivers, and proclaimed on the hill-tops the names of all our mountains, and that has given us language for all our poetry and imagination, for our deepest feelings, is dying away like an echo among the glens. But who would hasten its end, or give it its euthanasia? Who would not rather breathe upon it between his hands, and, with his own vitality, try to warm it to fuller life? All the members of the Macmillan Society will, I am sure, wish to perform this filial task, so that the dear mother-tongue may long speak to them in tones full of holiest memories and tenderest associations. And we shall hope that the recent renaissance of Celtic fiction, and Highland Mòds and gatherings, and Gaelic music, will grow and spread, and bring back some of the old glamour of romance that has been too long banished by the prosaic spirit of Sassenach commerce and merchandise. I hope our Society will long live and flourish to help to do this and other such good work as is needed in connection with our beloved "Tir nam Beann."

We have never as a clan, I think, produced a real live lord, or even a baronet! We have

had, and still have, some exotic Honourables in Australian and American parliaments, but never a peer in our own country. In this respect our record is exceptional, for almost every other clan can number one or more titles in its annals. I have no doubt our young men, who are coming rapidly to the front, will wipe off this reproach, so far as it is one; for one does not altogether like to be the only *bourgeois* clan—although the rank is but the guinea's stamp. Perhaps I see before me to-night, some ardent young soul bearing our name, who will lift the high plateau of our clan's history to this empyrean height, and like the Chinese mandarin, ennoble all his ancestry. You will then be upsides with the Mackays and Macdonalds. You will have a chief who will be worthy of you, and from whom you will expect great things, and you will look back with wonder upon the primitive time when you were content to have for your head my own humble self!

SIXTH ADDRESS.

IN QUEEN'S ROOMS, GLASGOW,

7th December, 1898.

The time has come round very quickly when I am called upon to address you once more in my official capacity. But I must confess that I am somewhat at a loss to know what subject to choose for an address that would be suitable and worthy of the occasion. I have already spoken to you so often on the themes that are most consonant with the nature and design of our Society that I have about exhausted them; and I am no Paganini to play a great variety of music on one string. It is recorded of the Roman Emperor Tiberius that on one occasion when he was residing at Capri, instead of the usual elaborate State address to his Senators at Rome—what would be the equivalent of our

Queen's Speech to her Parliament—he simply sent to them a message in very forcible language saying that he did not know what to say to them. And if a Roman Emperor was in such straits, it is no wonder that the Chief of a Scottish clan should be in a similar predicament. I am afraid, therefore, you will be saying, when I have finished my address, that I have taken a natural advantage of my cloth and an unfair advantage of my position to-night, to do what ministers have so often to do when they have nothing to say—viz., to preach a long sermon to you.

I have been studying of late that most interesting subject of "totems," the natural signs or symbols of tribes in the social life of primitive man. Among such people, before personal names and surnames were known, families and tribes painted rude figures of birds and beasts and plants upon their bodies, just as sailors are still in the habit of tattooing an anchor or a ship upon their arm. Particular tribes called themselves by the name of the particular object whose figure was painted upon their bodies. The animal or plant that was thus chosen as the family or tribe symbol was considered sacred. It was not

to be killed or eaten. This custom still prevails among savage tribes, and especially among the American Indians, who call the bird or beast that gives its name to a tribe the "totem" of that tribe, and hence the whole system has been called totemism. It was originally the custom of the people of the East, the Arabians, Egyptians, Assyrians, and even the Hebrews; and it still survives among ourselves in the symbols of heraldry. I believe that the system of badges, "Suaicheantas nan Gaidheal," which the Highland clans adopted grew out of this primitive totemism. You know that every clan has its own distinctive badge, to which it has clung from the earliest origin of the clan. The Campbells are known by the symbol of the fragrant "Roid" or bog-myrtle; the Macfarlanes by the "Muileag" or cloudberry; the Macraes by the "Garbhag an t-sleibh" or fir-club moss; the Menzies by the "Fraoch-dearg" or purple heath; the Macdonalds by the "Fraoch" or common ling; the Macleods by the "Aiteann" or juniper; the Forbes by the "Bealaidh" or broom: and our own clan by the "Cuilionn" or holly. The clans, inhabiting the wildest and bleakest parts of the Highlands, have for the

most part chosen as badges the plants which are native to these regions. The people have in this way, by a natural instinct, become assimilated to the productions of the land in which they lived.

A very large number of the Highland clan badges are moorland plants, and I wish to tell you to-night of a most remarkable discovery that has recently been made regarding such plants, and especially the different kinds of heather. We naturally associate the heather with the tartan. The two are indeed inseparable in our minds ; and if we were to adopt one symbol for all the united clans we could not find a more appropriate one than the common heather of our moorlands. Of all plants the heather, we should suppose, would be the most independent and self-sustaining, growing as it does in the bleakest places as if it belonged to them, and was a spontaneous product of the soil. It is so hardy that it can stand the severest cold and the greatest drought and heat. And yet if you examine the extreme root fibres of each heather bush you will find that they are destitute of the usual root-hairs, and that the tiny, almost invisible, threads of a fungus have woven a net, like a cobweb, around them, whose office it is to supply these rootlets with

food-stuff out of the peaty soil. This fungus, whose filaments penetrate the epidermal cells, is called mycorhiza. The connection between these two organisms, which scientific men call symbiosis, is not only of the closest character, but it is lifelong. When once the partnership is formed it continues uninterruptedly as long as they both exist. As the heath roots grow and spread, the spawn of the fungus grows and spreads with them. Were this living fungus-growth to be taken away from the roots of the heather, the bush, even if supplied with every other requisite, growing in its own proper soil, and furnished with its own suitable food, would soon wither and die. And the true secret of the failure which so often attends the transplanting of heather is that, in the process, this fungus-growth is torn away from the roots, and it takes some time to form a new growth of it in the new soil; while in the meantime the heather, bereft of its accustomed partner, languishes, and is in danger of perishing. The first Scottish emigrants to America took with them some heather bushes to plant in the new country, where there is no native heather, in order to remind them of the dear old home. But they

did not know that they had broken off the strange association of the heather plants with their fungoid friends in their native heath-mould; and therefore the experiment necessarily proved abortive, and the poor Highlanders had to weep over the sad failure, attributing it naturally to a sentimental cause. No one but a scientific man who knew the secret would ever suspect the cause of the heather growing and flourishing on its bleak, desolate soil. For ages the eyes of men had gazed upon the crimson moorlands and knew not why they exhibited all their perennial luxuriance. The real cause was concealed beneath the soil, in the beneficent ministries of a ghost-like plant associated with the roots of the heather, which worked unseen far down in the darkness, and decomposed for them the peaty mould into a suitable condition for their nourishment.

And what is thus true of the heather is equally true of nearly all the other plants of the moorland —the crowberry, the cranberry, the blaeberry, the bog myrtle, the juniper. The roots of each and all of them require the help of an adventitious fungus to be always associated with them, in order to change the peaty soil in which they grow into a suitable material for their nourishment. The same

strange symbiosis, or association of two plants for their mutual benefit, exists in the broom and in the holly—the badge of our own clan. And I draw attention to it now, not as a mere singular biological phenomenon, but in order to derive from it a lesson that may be useful to ourselves. The roots of the heather and the holly, as I have pointed out, are not rooted in "dead" peat soil—the accumulation of the decay of past vegetation—but, on the contrary, in a "living" substance. The action of these roots is not mechanical or chemical, but organic and vital. Their functions are aided by the vital powers of another organism, which helps them to change the dead, inert materials of the soil in which they grow into organised food.

Now, this remarkable peculiarity of the different plant badges of our clans may be applied to the clans themselves by a no less striking analogy. What has enabled the people of the Highlands to maintain their existence upon their inhospitable moors? Is it not just this very principle of human symbiosis? Clanship has drawn the sparse and isolated inhabitants of the remote glens into closer partnership than would be possible in any other way. It has originated the

proverbial saying—"Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder." The individual members of a clan have always been united to each other, not only by ties of consanguinity, as having originally sprung from the same stock, but also by ties of mutual service that have been stronger in many cases even than blood. We commonly call the union of the fungus which grows upon the root of the heather "parasitism"; and we say that the fungus is taking a mean advantage of its position for its own benefit. But the relationship has been proved beyond doubt to be mutually beneficial; the one could not live without the other. And so we call the dependence of one of the helpless and necessitous members of a clan upon the richer and stronger members "pauperism"; and we say that the poor clansman is sorning upon his prosperous kinsman. But the relationship between them is profitable to both. The rich are the beneficiaries of the poor as much as the poor are the beneficiaries of the rich. The poor give back much for what they receive. They take from us material help, but they give us in return sympathy, cheerfulness, faith, and love, and a patient power to bear our own troubles. We become nobler men and

women through this divine helpfulness. It is this human symbiosis, stronger among the clans than among other communities by reason of their closer relationship, that makes the remarkable revival of the old customs of clan association among us in recent years so important and so fruitful of good.

As members of our respective Clan Societies, and therefore members of one another, we are rooted not in the dead soil of past effete sentiments and traditions that have had their day, but in the living soil of present mutual interests and responsibilities. What influences us now is not the mere romantic memories of times that were different from our own, although we can never dissociate ourselves from the past, and we shall always require the past as a soil in which to grow, but the vital force of present fellowship and the present stimulus of kith and kinship. Every Macmillan is brother to every other Macmillan; and, realising our common brotherhood, we are called upon to help one another as the fungus helps the heather or the holly-roots. We are called upon to do all we can to promote the objects of our Society, to be mutually serviceable. And if our holly, as the emblem of our Clan

Association, be "rooted and grounded" in this mutual affection and co-operation, it will indeed attain the dimensions of an evergreen forest tree, loaded with the scarlet berries that have the power to ward off all evil influences—yielding ample shelter from heat and storm, its leaves losing their prickles and becoming smoother and more tender the higher up and the older they grow, and mirroring-on their glossy surface all the sunshine of heaven.

The stem of the heather is among the toughest of all wood because of the social vegetable fellowship that is at the root of it. And so the holly is equally among the toughest of timber for the same reason. Mr. Gladstone, we are told, on one occasion tried his famous axe upon an aged specimen of our symbolical tree that grew in the Hawarden grounds, and which, for some reason or other, he wished to remove. We should have called it an act of sacrilege, and would have said to him forcibly, "Woodman, spare that tree." But you will be glad to know that our holly beat him hollow! He fought hard with might and main, his blows resounding through the wood, until the perspiration streamed down his face. But he made little or no impression upon the solid

trunk, and he was obliged at last to call the assistance of the foresters to help him to cut down the encumbrance. And so our holly, which symbolises our organisation when we carry out most fully the mutual brotherly help which it was formed to call forth and educate, will resist all attempts to cut it down, and bid defiance even to the ravages of time itself. Especially in this month of December, so full of hallowed Christmas memories, may our holly teach us by its symbolic lessons to show ourselves tolerant, forbearing, gentle, and kind. Speaking to us as it does, of that most wonderful of all kinds of symbiosis, that which culminates and crowns the principle running through nature and human life, of the entire identification of the Son of Man with every human brother, let this Christmas season be marked by a special thoughtfulness as to the healing of all quarrels, as to the self-denial and kindness which may be shown in ministering to the wants of those who are in suffering or in need. Let the beautiful motto of our clan be written like a golden title along every page of our life, filled with a record of good and charitable deeds—*Miseris succurrere disco.*

SEVENTH ADDRESS.

IN THE QUEEN'S ROOMS, GLASGOW,

23rd November, 1899.

My dear Clanswomen and Clansmen,—I utter no mere conventional words when I express the great gratification I feel in meeting you once more on this festive occasion. We have the pleasant memory of six anniversaries of a similar kind as the background of our rejoicing to-night; and I sincerely trust that we shall make this annual gathering as bright and memorable as any of the previous ones. We meet in different circumstances from those in which the ancient clans were in the habit of keeping their important trysts. We muster now in a large city, because it is there only that we can command a sufficient representation of our people; and we assemble in November, because

the summer and autumnal migration of our busy centres of population is then finally over, and the inhabitants are settled down for their regular work, and the long winter nights give the appropriate opportunities for social enjoyment.

We have no reason to lament the changed social conditions, for however romantic it might have been to gather together in some wild glen, when the heather, in full bloom, was sweetening all the air, and the music of a mountain stream was in our ear, we may confess, without any risk of being accused of degeneracy, that in these dark, cold winter nights we prefer to meet in a hall like this, lit up brilliantly with gas, heated by steam, and converted by means of flags and flowers and other decorations into a bower of beauty. There is something mystical, too, in the character of November which harmonises with the nature and design of a Highland gathering. It is the month when the borderland between the seen and unseen worlds becomes narrowest, and the veil that separates them most transparent. The past during this month is more mixed with the present than at any other time; and memory is more inclined to brood upon the days that are no

more. And in that respect the season is quite in keeping with a gathering like this, which has for one of its main objects to recall the manners and traditions of former times for the purpose of modifying the activities of the present, and enabling us to profit by the wisdom and fame of our forefathers. We feel ourselves encompassed on such an occasion with a great cloud of witnesses, who kindle the enthusiasm of the individual for the clan, and of the clan for the nation, in such a way as to free us from the weight of personal interests and local and class selfishness, and suffer us not to do anything unworthy of the honourable past of our country.

We meet to-night under the dark shadow of war. We are here in peace and safety, recalling with pride the memories of past battles, and performing in festal gladness with these flags, and tartans, and halberts around us, a kind of military pantomime, without anyone to make us afraid; while afar in South Africa our friends and countrymen are fighting in grim earnest on the bloody field, and in the beleaguered city, with the formidable foes of our country. Our whole nation is hanging breathless day by day

on the fortunes of war and the march of events in the distant scene of action. Many hearts are constantly throbbing with anxiety and fear on account of the terrible risks to which their beloved ones are exposed. We know that the cause for which we are contending is that of freedom and justice. It has united all classes and political parties in our country as nothing for many years has done. It has kindled to a white heat of enthusiasm the patriotism of our people at home, and the loyalty of our colonies. It has proved beyond doubt that the old heroic spirit has not disappeared before the love of amusement and the haste of gain so characteristic of our days; that the monotonous comforts and the "long ease" of life to which we have become accustomed have not paralysed our resoluteness or robbed us of our energy. Our young men brought up in the lap of every luxury—the lotus-eaters of society, as we were apt to call them—have gone forth at the call of their country to face death and unknown dangers and hardships on the burning plains of Africa without a thought of regret for what they were leaving behind. The sons of our highest nobility have shown even a greater readiness for this

noble self-sacrifice than the sons of our ploughmen and day labourers. The Marquis of Tullibardine, fresh from the Soudan, has left his newly-wedded bride; the Duke of Roxburgh his great estates; the son of our Prime Minister, with whose sore bereavement at present we must all deeply sympathise; the son of the Marquis of Dufferin and the nephew of the Duke of Marlborough their proud social advantages, impelled by their *noblesse oblige* to sustain the honour of their country in the hour of trial.

What chivalrous courage; what self-denying patience and endurance have been brought to view by the tragical circumstances of the past two or three weeks, showing to us the great possibilities that are latent in our common humanity! How it thrills our hearts to hear of the wonderful deeds on African soil that have redeemed the name of Glencoe from its old dark associations of shame, and made Elandslaagte the Majuba Hill of the Boers! How proud are we to hear that our foes have changed their old contempt for our troops into the highest admiration; so that a Boer general felt himself compelled, after seeing the irresistible bayonet charge of the

Gordon Highlanders, which swept everything before it like autumn leaves before a tempest, to say that whenever afterwards he saw one of those magnificent soldiers "he felt inclined to lift his hat to him!" Those whom we knew in times of peace and safety at home before they joined the army, performing trivial duties, bent upon frivolous pleasures, have comported themselves in the presence of the foe with a calmness and intrepidity which showed that there was the element of the heroic in everyone of them, waiting for its opportunity of manifestation. Those prodigies of valour of which we have been reading lately with such profound interest were not performed by veteran soldiers, practised and hardened in all the arts of war. Looking at them you would see in them only a quiet body of young men, only recently enlisted, fresh from the mimic battles of the school playground, without any of the signs which you would expect to find distinguishing the bravest of the brave. You would see in their faces the woman's mouth and the woman's eye, which made the French philosopher say that where bravery amounted to madness there was always something womanlike about the face

and bearing. These Gordon Highlanders were indeed what their enemies called them, "half men and half women"; sons of their mothers no less than of their fathers in the highest sense, a combination which always forms the source of a courage that makes light of martyrdom.

This war in which we are engaged opens up the old question regarding the wisdom of the depopulation of the Highlands. Our contest with a comparatively small force like that of the South African Republics, in which our overwhelming naval power is not available, and we have to rely upon our army alone, has very severely taxed our resources. We have brought home to us, in a way that it has never been before, the value of our soldiers; and we feel strongly that if we had to depend upon our present military resources in a land warfare with one of the Great Powers of Europe we should, with all our bravery and pluck, have little chance of success. Overwhelming numbers would sweep our small army away. Where are we to get our soldiers, if we are not to have recourse to conscription as on the Continent; and against that tyrannical method of increasing the army

our free-born spirit revolts. The men who won for us our former glorious victories in all parts of the world were the sons of ploughmen and crofters and landed proprietors in the North, who were brought up in industrious habits and in respectable homes with a fair education in the parish school. These young men were trained in natural and wholesome circumstances to endurance and courage; and they made the very best soldiers in the world. But, alas! the places where such recruits came from know them no more for ever. The homes where they were reared are in ruins in our glens and straths; and it is a sad sight to come across these ruins surrounded with a bright halo of verdure in the brown wilderness. Where once a whole regiment of splendid young men could be enlisted, there is nothing now but the dreary solitude of nature and the eerie cry of the curlew.

In my own native district, where the "Black Watch" was first mustered, the soldiers of this renowned regiment were many of them born and bred on the shores of Loch Tay and on the banks of its river. This region from its overflowing population was one of our best recruiting grounds. On the slopes of Ben Lawers, that

once belonged to our clan, there were once Macmillans enough to form a goodly company, but now there is not one. Where the Lord of Breadalbane at the beginning of the century could raise with the greatest ease at any time one or even two battalions, the present noble owner can hardly keep a small company of Volunteers together. We have, thank God, "the Pyrric Phalanx" yet, and our present army is composed of brave men that can do and dare all that mortals can. But we sigh for the genuine Highland soldiers, all speaking the dear old mother tongue, who used to form entirely the Highland regiments. It is hard to persuade one that it was politic in the face of the great responsibilities of our vast empire to remove from the crofts and the small farms of our great Highland estates their sturdy people. Abundance of game, and the annual wealth of the Southron sportsman, are but a very poor compensation for the lack of human inhabitants. The evicted families have done well for two generations in Canada and the States, in Australia and New Zealand, and South Africa; but we wish with all our hearts that they had been back again in their old much-loved glens. And we echo the patriotic and

touching appeal of the late Sheriff Nicolson to our Highland proprietors:

"See that thou kindly use them, O man;
To whom God giveth
Stewardship over them, in thy short span,
Not for thy pleasure!
Woe be to them who choose for a clan
Four-footed people!"

In my native place in my youth I was surrounded with military associations. The place where the Black Watch was first mustered is commemorated by a monument near where I was born. Sir Robert Macara, who led the Black Watch at Quatre Bras, and fell riddled with bullets, was the son of the parish minister at Fortingal, about eight miles west from my native village. Near at hand Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander-in-chief during the Burmese War, occupied the House of Garth, where his predecessor, the famous General Stewart, the author of *Sketches of the Highlanders*, dwelt. Dr. Adam Ferguson, the author of the *History of the Roman Republic*, was the son of a former minister of Logierait, eight miles eastward, and he acted in his youth as chaplain of the Black Watch, composed largely of his own

friends and school companions from Strathtay. I used to recall, with a thrill of pride, how at the battle of Fontenoy the spirited young chaplain disobeyed orders, and with a drawn broadsword in his hand occupied the front rank in that famous attack upon the enemy, which is quoted still by military men as one of the bravest and most successful charges in the annals of warfare. And a mile or two farther down the strath, the estate of Tullymet was in the hands of Sir Robert Dick, the hero of Sobraon, one of the most splendid soldiers our country ever produced. He was visited at Tullymet by a comrade in arms, Sir Harry Smith, who afterwards fought at Aliwal in India, and became Governor of Cape Town in South Africa, giving his name to two towns prominent in the war.

I was very much interested the other day to find mentioned in one of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters that he intended to write a history of the Highlands from the time of the Rebellion to the present day. He drew up a programme of contents of the most comprehensive and attractive character; and it is a great disappointment that his feeble health, and the distractions of other literary work, prevented him from carrying

out his project. For no one was so well fitted as he to throw the charm of his intense patriotism, his powerful historical imagination, and his exquisite style over this most romantic period of our national annals. He who created the picturesque characters and situations in *Catriona* and *Alan Breck Stuart* would have made the remarkable incidents during the great Rebellion live vividly before us in their own original atmosphere. We should like to have had his portraiture of Flora Macdonald and Bonnie Prince Charlie and General Wade. We should have had new light shed upon the vexed questions of evictions and emigrations in Highland economics; while an impartial pen would have described in graphic terms the religious agitations—Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian—which stirred up the hearts of the people in the remotest districts. And with what a spell of beauty would he have invested the grand scenery of the mountains and glens, which appealed so powerfully to his soul. The subject, as he intimated to his father when he sketched its outlines, fired him with enthusiasm. He had, indeed, unfortunately, no knowledge of Gaelic, the want of which he deeply felt in working out

the conversational parts of *Catriona*, and the possession of which has given such a weird, realistic interest to the "Lost Pibroch" of Neil Munro. But he himself did not deem such knowledge essential; for he says in his letter to Sidney Colvin upon the subject that there were few books of authorities written in Gaelic to consult, which, alas! is true; and very few persons who could read or write their native language during the period embraced. He could, therefore, get all the information he wanted from English sources; and he himself could create by his imagination the appropriate local colouring and setting, while his own Celtic temperament would supply the warm sympathy and the true insight which would put him *en rapport* with his subject.

It is to be hoped that someone of Highland blood will soon take up this important task, and write for us the unwritten annals of the Highlands during their most heroic period; and we shall earnestly hope that the mantle of Louis Stevenson will fall upon him while carrying it out. In the meantime, we have many competent writers who are doing most excellent service in collecting materials for such a work as Stevenson

contemplated, giving us genealogies, histories of individual clans, and particular episodes. The able editor of the *Celtic Monthly* and the accomplished "Fionn" have been indefatigable in storing up such materials. Is it hopeless to expect that our own clan will contribute? There must be some among us who have been directing their attention for years to the origin and history of the Macmillans, and who have collected many interesting things regarding them, and I would urge such to bring their tithes of knowledge into the common storehouse, for such knowledge, depending upon individual lives and the accidents connected with them, is very precarious, and unless preserved in a permanent written or printed form is apt to pass away with the possessors of it. We are beginning to be conscious how much we have lost already in this way, and how much is being lost while we are delaying. The constitution of our own clan Society makes the recording and preserving of such information one of the most important objects for which it was constituted.

And now I come to the close of my desultory address, and at the same time to the end of my occupancy of the distinguished position of your

chief. You elected me from the beginning, year after year, to this honourable office; and I am proud of the confidence you reposed in me. I have served my clan society as Jacob served for love of Rachael, for seven years, and such has been the happiness I have enjoyed in this association that, like Jacob, I had forgotten the long lapse of time in its swift pleasantness. Seven is the number of perfection; and I have now rounded that period to-night.

Several reasons have led me to the decision which I intimated when I was last elected, and which I now publicly announce, viz., that I shall not be eligible for re-election. One reason is that this dignity, as the Americans say, should "go round," and not be monopolised for an undue length of time by any one man. Another is that I have reached the time of life when I must take in sail and contract my work. We have in our society many men who could more worthily fill the position of your chief than I have been able to do, and who could bring more leisure and more administrative capacity to your service to advance the interests of our youthful society. I have always said that you would do far better with a layman than with a minister at

your head; and I am surer of it now than ever. You will flourish with greater vigour when you have one who is a working chief, and not merely a figurehead, who will inspire you with enthusiasm and zeal by his personal appearance at all your committee meetings, as well as at your annual gathering, and who will lead you on to greater acquisitions and add considerably to your numerical strength and resources. I must confess that I should like much to see a chief of the Macmillan society with the eagle's feathers in his bonnet and the kilt and plaid of the clan enwrapping his stalwart form appearing on this platform as your representative on such a field-night as this. You would in such a case feel indeed that you were a real clan, and not a mere semblance of one, playing at a rehabilitation of an effete past! To such a successor I would resign my post with the greatest alacrity; and I should be proud to be his chaplain or his laureate!

And now, in giving up this honorary chair, let me thank you most warmly for all the kindness and consideration you have shown me during the seven years I have occupied it. I look back upon this period, as I have said, as a unique

experience in my life. It has appealed to all that is romantic and poetic in my nature. I shall always cherish the remembrance of it. It will warm my heart when it is cold with age; it will make sunshine for me in many a shady place; and it will ever be a precious memory to be transmitted to other generations of my household. Though I resign the chair I do not resign my association with the society. I hope to serve it in other capacities for the remainder of my life; and you will believe me, I am sure, when I say that no one can have a deeper interest in its prosperity than I have, or can have a warmer feeling towards his clanswomen and clansmen than that which throbs, and will ever throb in my breast.

Let my last words to you be more in my true everyday character as a minister than in my occasionally-assumed character as your chief. The sun of my rule over you is setting. After this I shall be known only as your ex-chief; but let my X rays—as scientists tell us about the Röntgen rays—be the most impressive that have shone upon you. To a clan that is more than usually scattered among the people of Scotland, let me express the hope that we may all

be more closely united to each other in Him in whom the relations between man and God and between man and man are reconstituted! And to a clan that has lost all its landed possessions, the last estate of its chief on the shores of Lochfeochan having been sold only the other day to strangers, and whose charter-stone in the tide wave of Kilmory has disappeared for ever, let me express the hope that the trust and confidence of each of us, for time and eternity, may be built upon the Living Rock which will endure when the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed.

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