

## REMINISCENCES

**W.M.Ogilvie, 1926**

I was born on the 10th of September, 1852, being the fourth son and seventh child of John Ogilvie, Solicitor, and Anne Maxwell, his wife, at No. 4 Park Place, Dundee. My father was 42 years old and my mother 30 at this time. My father used to tell us that a husband should always be twelve years older than his wife.

The family consisted of five sons and five daughters. James, the eldest, died of consumption at about the age of twenty-nine, in the year 1870. Annie was married in 1865 to Dr. Alick Maclagen, who, on his mother's succeeding to the property of Pearsie, in Forfarshire, took the name of Wedderburn. Dr. Wedderburn died in 1907.

Rachel married James Balfour in 1871, an engineer in Valparaiso, Chile, who was formerly in Dundee. She went out to Chile and after a few years developed consumption. Her husband took her to Arequipa in Peru, a place high up in the hills and said to be good for consumption, but it did not avail her and she died there in 1878; her mother and her sisters, Winnie and Mia were with her when she died, having arrived to be with her a few months previously.

Bessie had been delicate for a long time and finally died of consumption in 1870.

Johnny, whom I never saw, died when about two years old of typhoid fever.

George, who succeeded to my father's business, married in 1876, Harriet Gordon, daughter of Mr. John Gordon, of Broughty Ferry.

Then my turn came and afterwards Andrew, who went out to Australia for his health and remained as a sheep farmer. He married Ada Fisher in 1895, and was drowned on his farm in 1907.

Minnie and Mia, who were born some years later, completed the family. Mia married in 1883 Ernest Evans, and went to live at Flax Bourton. Minnie has remained unmarried and lives in Clifton.

My father was a member of an old and respected firm, of family Solicitors or Writers, as they were then called, in Dundee. Their office, when I remember it first, was in the New Inn Entry, off the High Street. It was there till after my father's death.

My father's father, James Ogilvie, the head of the firm, was a very easy going kind of man; this frequently brought him into trouble, when my father had to come forward and help him financially.

One day his watch, which he wore in a fob pocket in the front of his trousers was stolen. He never mentioned it to any one, until some weeks afterwards his wife noticed the loss and he only said, yes, some one had taken it.

I hardly remember my father's mother, who died before her husband. When his time came, on the night he was dying, I was roused from bed to go and fetch my uncle Andrew and his wife from Springfield, where they lived. Mrs. Andrew Ogilvie, who was his second wife, was very much disappointed about my grandfather's will, quite unjustifiably so, but this made a breach in the family, which was never healed.

My mother was a daughter of Dr. Maxwell, who had had a plantation in the West Indies and had returned to his native town of Dundee. He was married at the age of 59 to Miss Elizabeth Stormonth, daughter of a minister at Airlie, Forfarshire, and had eight children, of whom my mother was the third daughter.

I remember Dr. Maxwell as a very old man of about 95, wheeled about in a chair and fed with a spoon like a baby. I have often thought since that I would not like to live as old as that.

My grandmother Maxwell went to live in Edinburgh after her husband's death, with my Aunts Kate and Mary, where we sometimes used to visit them. I believe the old lady was very difficult to manage before she died.

I remember, when a small boy, being asked to stay with them in Chester Street, for the New Year's holidays. Aunt Kate gave me a blue tie for a New Year's present, (there were no Christmas presents in Scotland in those days) which I proceeded at once to wear, but she explained to me that she had only meant it for Sundays and not to be worn every day!

My earliest recollection is playing in the nursery at Park Place with my brother George and perhaps some others, at soldiers with cricket wickets for swords, and of falling on the point of one of them, which went through my cheek. I had chloroform and the place was stitched up. I had the mark for a number of years. I can only have been about three years old then, and some people say I cannot have remembered it, but must have been told of it afterwards. This may be so, but I don't think so, I seem to remember it quite distinctly. It seems to have made as deep an impression on my mind as it did on my cheek.

When I was four or five, I and my two brothers, George and Andrew, were taken by Betsy our nurse, to Perth Railway Station, to see Queen Victoria passing through, on her way to the Highlands. We were three little boys, all dressed in kilts and cheering for all we were worth. We were noticed by the Queen, who sent one of her maids with three boxes of chocolates for us. I am always sorry these boxes were not kept.

When we were small boys, we were very fond of playing at having a service in the dining-room on Sunday afternoons. We used to put a cushion on the back of the big armchair, on which we put the family bible and the one officiating stood on the seat of this improvised pulpit. One day I was reading out a passage and came to the word "what", which I did not know. I called out to mother, "What is W.H.A.T.?" and she said, "What". I, thinking she had not heard properly, shouted again, "What is W.H.A.T.?" When she repeated, "What", it dawned on me then that was what the letters meant.

I don't think mother encouraged this imitation divine service very much and one time we were having a baptism, the baby being represented by a long sofa cushion, wrapped up in a white cloth. On this being discovered, the whole thing was promptly stopped.

When I was a very small boy, a thing occurred to me which made a great impression on me at the time. I had put a purse with a few coppers in it, all my wealth, in a drawer of the dining-room sideboard, for safety. A few days afterwards I went back to look for it, and it was gone! I was terribly distressed about it and went away and prayed earnestly that it might be restored to me, I then went back to the drawer and there it was! I suppose now that there were other things in the drawer and the purse had got hidden away amongst them, but at the time I believed the purse had been miraculously restored to me.

I have often prayed since that some far more important things might be given to me, but I have never had such a speedy and direct answer as with these few pence when I was a boy.

When small I was very much afraid of the sea. I used to go sometimes with my brother James to Carnoustie and bathe from a bathing machine when there were large waves rolling up and I was always afraid to jump in. In time I got over this, but I have never been fond of sea bathing, it always gave me a headache.

I was also very much afraid of being left to sleep in a dark room.

We were brought up in a very strict way as regards Sunday observance. On Saturday night all our toys and play books were put away. We were taken twice to Church and we spent the rest of the day reading Sunday books, having a home Sunday school, and singing hymns. We were not even allowed to go into the garden or take walks. Twice a year also we had "fast days", on the Thursday preparatory to the communion Sunday. They were nearly as strictly kept as Sundays, but we were sometimes allowed to go into the garden.

I remember once coming home from Church on a "Fast Day" and seeing one of our neighbours, Miss Sturrock, sitting at her window and sewing. I asked how it was she was allowed to do this, when it was explained to me that she was an Episcopalian and did not keep the fast days as we did .

On the other hand, Christmas Day was just like any other day. My father used to go to his office and I went to work as usual. All shops were open. Good Friday also was not a sacred day with us, it was a general holiday. When older we used to go fishing on this day, but as we never caught much, I don't suppose we will get a very black mark for this. John Knox had taught Scotland that these holy days were a relic of Romanism and not to be kept.

The next thing I remember is being sent to a girls' school, Miss Walker's in Tay Street, when I was five or six. I think I was about the only boy there and stayed about a year. Miss Davidson was my teacher, but I don't remember ever seeing her again.

I then went to the Dundee High School, the building with pillars, standing at the top of Reform Street. It was a kind of Public School for all classes of the population. The fees were very low, though the teaching was good. I don't suppose my education cost more than £10 a year, at least in the early stages.

When the Board School system came in 1870, this school became a Board School and had a rector who acted as head master. I don't know how it was managed in my day, there seemed to be no head master. A committee of the principal masters managed the School, I believe.

One day shortly after I went to this School, I must have been very young, I was playing with the other boys in the playground, during the mid-day interval, when suddenly they all stopped playing and went away. I could not understand what had happened and sat down on the steps of the pillars and cried. I was found shortly afterwards by the Janitor, John Young, and taken to my class-room. I had not heard the bell or did not know what it meant, and could not understand why all the boys had left me.

I remember I once told a lie about something to the assistant arithmetic master and was very unhappy about it for some days. I then went and confessed to him and he was very nice about it.

The masters I remember were Mr. Cuthbertson (Cubby), English, and Mr. Glass (Glassy), writing and arithmetic. We used to think he boiled down the used pen nibs, and passed them off to us as new ones. He left the School while I was there and I saw his death in the papers a few years ago and that he had left £90,000, at which every one was surprised.

He was succeeded by Mr. Miller, a lame man, and a Stickit Minister, I believe.

Then there was Mr. Dott, mathematics and science, who had a limp in his walk, and we spoke of him as Dott and carry one. Dr. Richard Low (Dicky) taught Latin and Greek, Mr. Durlac, French, Mr. Imandt, German, and Mr. Kennedy, drawing.

The only assistant master I remember distinctly was a Mr. Gunn, in the Latin class. He afterwards became a Free Church Minister at Dumbarton, I think, where I once stayed with him for the week end. I noticed something queer about him. For instance, he gave out four heads to his sermon, but only referred to three of them, and other things I noticed.

He died of drink some years afterwards, having been expelled from the Church. He had high ideals, but gave way to this habit, possibly inherited. He was of humble origin and had a brother, a carpenter. He used to say to me it was a poor life, spending all your time knocking two sticks together.

I painted him an illuminated text when he left the School, and he presented me with a nicely bound copy of Keith on Prophecy, which I am afraid I never read.

My principal friends at School were Duncan and Charlie McGillavray and Robert Ferguson. I met the latter about 30 years later; he did not recall me and could not remember that he ever knew me. He died shortly afterwards.

The boys at the School, taking one with another, were a very mixed lot, mostly the sons of tradesmen and shop-keepers. I remember a lot of them by their names and faces, but I don't know what has become of any of them. Charlie McGillavray has been until lately one of the principal doctors in Edinburgh, but has lately had to retire, owing to blindness. I went to see him last year. I remember he once took me to the dissecting room at the Medical School in Edinburgh, rather a gruesome sight.

Duncan McGillavray, his brother, has been in an asylum since shortly after leaving school and is there yet. About thirty years afterwards he wrote to me, when I was in Chile, asking me if I had ever repented of a bad word I had once used at School!

When at school we used to get a penny every day for lunch, which we took at "Tommy Lamb's", a confectioner's shop, opposite the School, a 1/2d. for a glass of milk and a 1/2d for a cooky (bun). One day I thought I would go without lunch and buy some sweets with my penny on my way home. When in the sweet shop Mr. Durlac, my French master, came in, and bought me sixpence worth of sweets, which I took home to my mother with great delight. She, however, asked me what I was doing in the sweet shop at the time, and the whole thing came out, my depravity and duplicity were at once exposed and duly punished by the confiscation of the sweets, I suppose, but I do not remember.

One day at School I heard that the mother of one of the boys had died, and I was very much surprised to find him back at School in a week. I told him that if my mother died, I should be away from School for a year, at least.

When I was about 13 years old, I was very fond of a girl, Kate Malcolm, a tall and handsome girl, a sister of a friend of mine, Ned Malcolm, at least he was not exactly a friend, I think I made up to him on account of his sister. She afterwards married Mr. John Cooper, a very worthy Dundee citizen. Both are long since dead.

I took the highest honours at the High School, and at 15 I went to St. Andrews University for one year, getting a modest bursary of £6 for the year. I took classes in Natural History and Logic, the former under Prof. Swan and the latter under Prof. Baines. I got a medal for Natural Philosophy, but could never follow the lessons in Logic.

I also took drawing lessons from the drawing master at Madras College, a School at St. Andrews. He told me I ought to go in for Art. I think I might have done something in it, but I never would have made a living at it.

When in St. Andrews I stayed at the College Hall; my brother George was also there. It was a kind of Hostel for students attending the College, a large building holding from twenty to thirty students, with a warden, Mr. Hone, and a tutor, Mr. Smeaton. It only lasted a few years and was afterwards converted into a girls' school, "St. Leonards".

The only students I kept up with, since leaving there, were Jim Cunningham and Jim Ogilvie, both of Dundee.

I used to play a good deal of golf at St. Andrews. It was not then the universally popular game it is now. I think there was only one course in England then, at Blackheath. The great hero of the game at that time in St. Andrews was young Tom Morris, son of old Tom Morris. He died shortly afterwards.

I never became very proficient at the game. In the College Hall competition at the end of the session I tied for first place with Jim Cunningham, who afterwards turned out a beautiful player. I was easily beaten in playing off the tie.

Our principal friends at St. Andrews were our second cousins, the Miss Watts, who then lived in South Street, in a delightful old house. They were very kind to us and we saw a great deal of them. Elizabeth, Maggie and Kate are still alive and unmarried. They live at Hoylake, where I occasionally go to see them. Isabella married, and died

about a year afterwards. Fanny married a Mr. Annesley, who died some years ago. She lives in Birkenhead, but I don't see much of her, she has become very high church, as is usual with converted Presbyterians.

Kate, the youngest of the three "girls" who live at Hoylake, must be about 86.

At 16 I began work at Messrs. Gourlay Bros. Foundry in Dundee, as an apprentice to engineering, my father paying a fee of £50 for me. I remained there six years, going through the pattern shop, fitting shop and drawing office, and seeing a good deal incidentally of the turning shop, moulding shop and boiler shop.

I worked from six to six in all weathers and saw a good deal pretty intimately of the Dundee working man, who did not impress me on the whole very favourably, though there were some fine men amongst them.

Some time after this, on Nov. 9, 1869, my father died of typhus fever at the age of 59. It is an unusual complaint, now nearly stamped out, but it was certified as typhus and we do not know how he got it.

We children respected him, but he never made friends with us. He left all our moral and religious training to our mother and also most of our general education.

All this excessive mechanical training was a mistake and is not done now. I began work at an age when most boys nowadays are just beginning their education. After finishing at a public school, a boy going in for an engineering career now takes three of four years at Cambridge, studying his subject, and get some practical training in the summer months.

Working from six to six, when I came home at night I was too tired to do anything, and went to bed early. I used to have a "chap laddie" who knocked at my door about five o'clock, so as to be at the works at six. This boy would have a clientele of 20 or 30 houses to go round of a morning, and was paid some small sum.

When my father died, my uncles and others suggested to me that I should give up engineering and go in for law, with the prospect of joining my brother George in the business. As I had no prospects in engineering, I ought probably to have done this, but I didn't. If I had, my life would have been very different from what it has been, whether better or worse, who can tell? In any case I would not like to live my life over again.

I had a break in the middle of my apprenticeship, when I went to Edinburgh University for one session, taking classes in Natural Philosophy and Engineering, under Prof. P. G. Tait and Prof. Fleeming Jenkin. I also stayed for the summer session in the engineering class. We surveyed the Braid Hills, with a prismatic compass. I got a bronze medal for both engineering and natural philosophy, which I have yet.

Alfred Ewing was in the engineering class with me. He is now Sir Alfred Ewing, Principal of Edinburgh University.

Among my friends at School I forgot to mention the Ewings, John and Robert, both long since dead. Alfred was younger than I was and was more of a friend of my brother Andrew. Their mother was one of my mother's greatest friends.

My principal friend and companion during my apprentice-ship was Henry Garrett Gourlay, son of Mr. Gershom Gourlay, one of the partners in Gourlay Bros. We lived in lodgings in Castle Street for some years, as our houses were too far from the works. He afterwards became the head of Gourlay Bros., but his mind became affected and he was afterwards taken to an asylum where he died some years ago. The firm of Gourlay Bros. went into liquidation and does not exist now.

The foremen I remember best were Watty Cameron, pattern maker, and Ritchie, Moulder. Mr. Kemp was the manager, who afterwards went to Stephens in Glasgow, and was drowned while bathing in the Clyde.

I remember a little incident between Watty Cameron and Ritchie. Watty had gone to the foundry to inspect the mould of a large spun wheel, before it was closed down, preparatory to being cast. The teeth of the wheel had been all made in one corebox and should have been all alike. Watty noticed they were not all exactly alike and drew Ritchie's attention to it. Ritchie made light of it and said that folk were no a' alike, to which Watty replied that that might be so, but that folk were no a' made in ae' box.

Another friend I ought to mention, Willie Mackenzie, who came to Dundee from Dumfermline I think, after I had left school. His uncle was in business in Dundee. He had written a popular and very readable history of America. He was not however successful in business. Willie Mackenzie had come to his uncle's office, but when the business came to an end, he joined the Alliance Trust Coy., one of the first and still one of the best of the numerous Trust Coys. He was secretary of the company for many years, and its success was largely due to his initiative and business capacity. He married Bessie Traill, daughter of Captain Anthony Traill, who were friends of ours.

In the summer of 1923 Freddy and I went to have tea with Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie. She looked much better than he did and I was grieved to hear of her death a few months later. There was nothing particular the matter with her, her strength had run out, she just faded away. In the summer of 1872 I went with my mother to Zermatt in Switzerland; John Ewing and his mother went with us and another friend I have mentioned before, Jim Cunningham. John Ewing, Jim Cunningham and I did a good deal of climbing together, the Schreckhorn, the Breithorn (a damenspitze, Cunningham called this, as it was an easy climb), Monte Rosa - over 15,000 ft. This is the highest mountain in Switzerland and I was quite sick at the top from the great height.

Our greatest achievement was the Weisshorn, 14,800 ft., it is really rather a difficult climb for inexperienced mountaineers as we were, though of course we had good guides and porters. We slept in a hut the first night, about half way up. These huts are fairly common when a mountain cannot be climbed in one day. They are rough stone shelters, with a wooden shelf about 6 ft. wide and about 3 ft. from the ground, running all along one side of the hut. On this the climbers rest and sleep, if they can.

About 1 a.m. a lady and her guide came in to pass the rest of the night. They had been at the top and were on their way down. I forget her name. In the morning Cunningham remarked that climbing, like misfortune, makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows.

We started about 9 a.m., after an improvised breakfast, and got to the top in about three hours. Cunningham was rather a wag and when we came to a very difficult arrete, sheer down each side, all roped together, he remarked that if we were not all cool and collected here, we would most likely be collected at the bottom by our

sorrowing friends. When we got home Cunningham wrote an account of our climb, which was published in the Dundee newspapers. I had a copy, but I do not know what has become of it.

We wanted to climb the Matterhorn, which dominates the district and where there had been an accident six years before, when it was climbed for the first time by Whymper and others. On coming down Lord Douglas and one or two guides were killed. However our mothers would not allow it and we called it the Mutterhorn.

After my apprenticeship was finished I got a job in the drawing office at John Elder & Coy's Shipbuilding and Engineering Works at Fairfield, Govan, near Glasgow, through a letter of introduction I got from Captain Anthony Traill, whom I have before mentioned, to Mr. Alexander Kirk, the manager, a clever but eccentric man. There were between 30 and 40 men in the drawing office, including George Newall, whom I had known before in Dundee.

After one year there, I went to Messrs. Mirrlees, Tait and Watson's in Scotland St., Glasgow, Sugar Machinery Manufacturers, where I remained nearly three years in the drawing office. Mr. Watson, afterwards Sir Renny Watson, tried to get me several posts as manager, but without success, and I became very much discouraged.

For the first two years in Glasgow I lived by myself in lodgings in various parts. At one lodging in Dumbarton Road, my landlady was a kind old body, but she had one weakness, she used to drink quietly by herself and was once or twice brought home drunk by a policeman. While in this state she used to ask me to sing hymns to her. One she was especially fond of had the refrain - "But my Father knows". She had bought the piano for me, a cheap one, and a musical box with twenty tunes, which one got awfully sick of.

One night I was out for a walk and found a poor woman lying in the street, very ill, as I thought. She managed to tell me where she lived and I gave two men who were passing 2/6 each to help me carry her home. When we got her there her husband did not even thank us. She was a drunkard and her husband had evidently had enough of it.

About this time (1876) my brother George got married to Harriet Gordon, and I was the best man and had to make a speech at the luncheon. George was very short (due, our old Nurse Betsy used to say, to his having been kept too long sleeping in a crib that was too small for him), and Harriet was very tall. After the usual congratulations all round, I said that my brother in any time of difficulty or trouble would always be able to look up to his wife! (Great laughter).

When in Glasgow I attended Dr. Marcus Dods' Church in Renfield Street, and along with H. G. Cooper and sometimes Andrew Marshall, I used to have supper nearly every Sunday night at his house. Dr. Dods afterwards became Principal of the Free Church College in Edinburgh, but got into bad health and died. I went to see him in Edinburgh when he was very ill

About Andrew Marshall, many years afterwards I went to see him in Edinburgh. His wife had died some years previously and he was living with a widowed sister of his wife's, in Braid Hill Terrace. He had been suffering from heart trouble for many years, but the day I called he was very cheerful, and said the doctors thought he was getting on well and might yet get quite over it. About a month afterwards I heard of his death. He had a beautiful tenor voice and was a good talker and pleasant companion. He



had been unsuccessful in business and latterly supported himself by writing articles and short stories in the Cornhill and Chambers journal.

I also used to see a good deal of the Mirrlees. I used to attend a singing class during the winter in their beautiful house, Redlands, in the Great Western Road. A Mr. Seligman conducted and during the first hour we practised some Cantata like "John Gilpin" or the "May Queen".

Then we had tea and a stroll in the large conservatory, and then returned to the drawing room, where we first had one or two solos. I remember one night, a Miss Taylor, singing a love song of Sullivan's - "Is this a dream, then waking would be pain, oh, do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream again". She sang beautifully and it was the first time I had heard it. I shall never forget the impression it made on me. We then, for the last hour, sang glees and lighter things. The Mirrlees used often to ask me to dinner and to their country houses in summer.

I also used to see a good deal of the Watsons. Mrs. Watson was very kind to me and I often used to dine there. I think both Mrs. Mirrlees and Mrs. Watson thought I was making a mistake when I left their firm, as from some points of view perhaps it was. But fate decided otherwise.

Mr. Mirrlees died a good many years ago, but Mrs. Mirrlees is still alive and lives with her daughter Dora, at Tonbridge.

Sir Renny Watson also died soon after Mr. Mirrlees, and Lady Watson lived in Learmouth Terrace, Edinburgh. I sometimes used to go and see her there; she died a few months ago.

My mother and sisters, Minnie and Mia came to live with me in Glasgow until they went to South America in 1877, to see my sister Rachel, Mrs. James Balfour, at Arequipa, in Peru, who was very ill with consumption, and who died there in 1878. I don't think my sister Rachel's married life was a very happy one, though her husband was very fond of her and of the boys, but he did not come up to her high ideals. I think she was glad to go.

When my mother was in South America, George Newall, who was with me in John Elder & Coy., asked me to join him in an engineering business in Bristol, an agricultural business, making rollers, barrows, etc., about which we knew nothing, and which had been losing money for some years. Most of my friends advised me against it, but there was something which drew me there, and I went in 1878 and remained four years. The business never had a chance, and I gave it up, having lost nearly all my patrimony.

George Newall kept it on for some years and then had to give it up. He started galvanizing works at Keynsham, near Bristol, which came to a rapid smash. Poor George was too sanguine. He then set up as a consulting engineer in Bristol and South Wales and did well for a time, but his health gave way, and he has been a complete invalid for the last twenty-five years.

After giving up the Bristol business, I took a job as head draughtsman at Ramage and Fergusons, at Leith, at a salary of £3 a week, not so much as they give to scavengers at Poplar. I was by this time 29 and took a very gloomy view of my future prospects. When working in Glasgow I had never more than 35/- a week, and could hardly keep myself.

It must have been about this time that Betsy, an old nurse, died. A few days before her death she sent for me, I think I was her favourite. When I came into her room, she asked me to put my hand under her pillow and I found an envelope with £10 in it, which she asked me to take as a parting present from her. She died a day or two afterwards. I forget where she is buried, but her name appears on my father's and mother's tombstone in the Western Cemetery, Dundee.

My mother and sisters on their return from South America, with Rachael's three boys, Fred, Max and Percy, came to live in Clifton and I lived with them, first in Westfield Park and then at 11 Miles Road.

While living in Miles Road, Dr. Dods and Dr. Whyte stayed a night with us. They had been to visit Newman in Birmingham. Dr. Dods said he was surprised to find our road so short, as our address was "eleven Miles Road".

While in Clifton I attended Highbury Chapel, a non-conformist Church; Arnold Thomas was the minister. I used to see a good deal of the Thomases, Arnold and Leonard and their mother and sisters at Hillside. Arnold and Leonard had each married a sister of George Newall. My time in Bristol was a sad one, failure and disappointment mostly. I used to enjoy beautiful walks in the country in the spring. The climate was rather relaxing.

While in Bristol I fell in love with Rotha Thomas, a high-minded and beautiful girl, about seven years younger than myself. My feelings were not returned, but I used to see her often and from Chile we corresponded for some time, but we were never engaged. She finally asked me not to write to her any more. I learned later that there was some misunderstanding about it. She has come to me now to cheer the evening of my life. "When on my day of life, the night is falling", God bless her.

One evening in December 1881, as I was just starting for Leith for my job there, and the cab was at the door to take me to the station, the evening post came in bringing me a letter from my brother-in-law, James Balfour, in Valparaiso, who was wanting to come home, and asking me to go out there, offering me a good salary and the promise of a partnership later on in his business there.

I went on the same night to Leith and told the people there the circumstances. I did not start there and went to Valparaiso a month afterwards.

I arrived in Valparaiso in March 1882, in the steamer "Galicia", Capt. Hayes, a typical looking seaman. I was very much disappointed with the first look of Valparaiso as we turned round the lighthouse point into the bay. It looked a mean place and all burnt up at the end of their long summer, but improved on landing.

Valparaiso on the whole is not a bad place to live in, plenty of society of rather a sporting kind. The climate is very good, something like San Francisco. A drawback in summer are the strong south winds off the land, the south being our cold quarter. The nights are always cool even in the height of summer.

The bay, which is more like an open roadstead, is very dangerous in winter, when the northers come in (a strong wind from the north). One morning after one of these northers, I counted seven sailing ships all stranded on the beach.

The steamers generally get up steam and go out of the bay when they see another coming; on one occasion an English steamer, the "Arequipa", for some reason or other was taken by surprise, and could not get steam up in time. She broke her bow

cable and drifted back on her Buoy, which knocked a hole in her stern and she sank in a few hours. The Captain and his wife, Capt. and Mrs. Todd, whom we knew very well, went down in her, and most of the crew were lost.

They have now built a large breakwater at Valparaiso to protect the harbour.

The society of Valparaiso, as I have said, is rather mixed, and some queer people turn up there sometimes. There are always a number of remittance men, who generally frequent the clubs and bars. These are men who are paid so much a quarter by their relatives on the condition that they keep out of England.

Some time after I arrived in Chile, a Mr. Hanson turned up, a man of about 35, no one knew from where, but he was a very nice chap, a splendid dancer, and seemed to have plenty of money. He was received in many of the best houses in Valparaiso and Santiago. He must have been there a year or two, when one day a detective arrived from New York and arrested him on a charge of robbing a bank...Extradition was granted and he was taken away in a steamer up the coast on the way to New York.

Hanson had made many friends up and down the coast and when the steamer got to Iquique, in the dark some of his friends brought a boat alongside, and he managed to slip off. We never heard of him again, nor knew what his real name was.

The detective who came for him is reported to have said that, on walking through the streets of Santiago, he saw several other men who were wanted in New York, but he had no warrant to take them.

On going out to Valparaiso the first time, Capt. Hayes taught us the game of Poker at 1/2d points. I became rather proficient.

James Balfour came on board to meet me, and I went to stay with him and his brother, Tom; they had a small house in Vina del Mar, about five miles south of Valparaiso.

The night I arrived they had a Poker party, but I did not play. I afterwards used to play for higher stakes than I could afford if I had lost, but I generally won. Roxburgh used to come in sometimes, but he generally lost.

This was a kind of "House of Rimmon" to me. I never really cared for the game but was almost obliged to play. After I left the Balfour's House, I soon gave it up altogether.

It is told of a Scotchman, when he was playing Poker for the first time, he began by winning, as most beginners do, and he remarked, "This is a gran' game". When his winnings began to dribble away, he said, "This is a precarious game", and when he began to lose his own money, he said, "This is a damnable game".

I always used to go to Church on Sundays, and when I had won the night before I put 5 dollars (15/-) in the plate, and when I lost I put 1 dollar (3/-). One of the churchwardens who used to play with us on Saturday nights, and who handed round the bag on Sundays, said to me in a whisper as I put in 1 dollar, "Can't you go one better?"

Among the passengers on the "Galacia" on my way out, was a Mrs. Ross and her two little boys, whom I used to play with on board. One of them is now manager of the business of Balfour, Lyon & Co. in Valparaiso.

When James Balfour went home in 1883, Tom Balfour went to live in another house by himself, and I went to live with Mr. Crump in a small house in the Plaza of Vina del Mar. We had an old servant called Rosa, a faithful old soul. Crump and I both had horses, as everybody has there, even the beggars, and we used to ride a lot over the country, especially on Sunday afternoons. At that time the country round Valparaiso was all open and you could ride anywhere. It has since been very much enclosed and such riding as we used to do is impossible.

After I got married Crump remained on in the little house for two or three years. When the cholera came to Chile in 1889, old Rosa took it and died.

Some years after I came to Valparaiso, I had an attack of typhoid fever, which was fairly common there on account of the drains, which are now much improved. It is not usually fatal and mine was a mild case, abortive typhoid the doctor called it, and he was rather disgusted when I was able to leave his private hospital in a fortnight instead of a month.

Still, for a while I was pretty bad and could not sleep. The words rang in my ears, "If he sleep, he shall do well", and I begged the doctor to give me some morphia, which he did. I shall never forget my sleep that night, floating on air. The next night I asked him to give me some more and he injected something, but I did not sleep nearly so well. He told me afterwards that it was distilled water he gave me the second night.

During the first few years in Valparaiso, I made a trip to Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's Island. It lies about 600 miles due West of Valparaiso and was formerly used as a Chile penal settlement. It is now inhabited by a few peaceful fishermen and goat-keepers.

There is a plate on the cave where Selkirk lived, but otherwise the Island is of little interest. I was surprised at the tameness of the wild birds.

I did not get on well at first with James and Tom Balfour, faults on both sides, I suppose. I often thought of chucking it; however I stuck to it and James Balfour went home about eighteen months after I came out, and died a year or two afterwards, leaving his three small boys, of whom he was very fond, in the care of my mother.

They are all now dead. Fred died in India, Max at home, and Percy was sniped while reconnoitring between the lines on the front, in the Great War.

On James' death, Tom Balfour began to make preparations for going home also, and this led to my advancement in the business, which has continued to do well, with certain fluctuations, up to the present day.

After I had been a few years in Chile, I went north on a trip to Iquique and the Nitrate Fields. I arrived there on a Saturday afternoon, and this same day a great fire broke out, burning down nearly half the town.

The town was built of wooden houses mostly, and narrow streets, and there was no water except drinking water, brought from up the coast in steamers and the supply was quite inadequate for such an emergency.

The only way to stop the fire was to go several hundred yards in advance of the fire and knock down houses and clear the ground, thus creating an open space on which the fire would not get hold. They generally started too near and the fire was on them before they could clear the ground, being driven on by a high wind.

The fire only stopped at night, when the wind changed and blew the flames back on the charred ruins. Next morning it was curious to see whole streets of houses knocked down, far ahead of where the fire had stopped.

There was nothing to be done except look on and I remarked to a friend who was with me what a grand spectacle it was, Churches, Banks, Offices and Dwelling houses, all going down in flames one after the other.

I think five churches were destroyed. A ship's captain was standing alongside and reproved me for my remark. He had brought some of his sailors ashore to try and help, but they could do nothing.

I was rather surprised at one thing, all the policemen of the town got drunk at the abandoned liquor shops, and helped the people to do the looting. I don't think any lives were lost.

I became a partner in Balfour, Lyon & Co. in January 1886, and in October of that year I married Mary Anna Wolff, who was a dear wife to me for nearly 37 years, and a splendid mother to our five children. Miss Wolff was living in Clifton when I was there and was once pointed out to me at a lecture, but we never met in Valparaiso for some years, when she was introduced to me one Sunday in Limache, by a mutual friend, Mrs. Blair.

We had five children, two sons and three daughters, Heneage, Flo, Elsie, Gertie and Freddy. I think the only one that was pleased with his name was Heneage.

In 1888 we made a trip home, with our boy Heneage, and a Chilian nurse. When we touched at the Spanish Port of Vigo, she remarked, "How bad Spanish they speak here!

We came home again in 1894 with all the five children, for a year, living principally at Beaufort Road, Clifton. We spent a couple of months at Seafeld Lodge, in Broughty Ferry, a boys' school, during their holidays. We had a number of visitors, among others a Miss Chelius, a German lady, whom we had known in Valparaiso. One day she asked the children if they had heard of Waterloo. They did not understand her German way of pronouncing it, and she said, "Did you never hear of Waterloo, when you helped us to beat Napoleon?!"

In Chile we lived at different times in three houses, Calle Montana No. 10, which I think was our happiest home, then in the big White House at Chorillos for a few years, and then at Salto, the next station to Vina.

While we were getting the house in Calle Montana ready and putting in a fireplace, we stayed in the Hotel at Vina del Mar, quite close. Our house was built entirely of wood, framed together and the interstices filled with a kind of mud - very light and suitable for earthquakes, but like a matchbox if any fire gets hold of it. They are not fitted for fireplaces, and I had put one in the drawing-room as best I could. We had a caretaker, Mauricio, living in the house, and we had lit the fireplace for the first time. After dinner Mauricio came along to the Hotel and asked for me and said quietly, "Your house is on fire, Sir." I went along at once and went into the cellar under the

drawing-room, and sure enough the wooden beams under the fireplace were all aglow and in a short time would have burst into flames. We got the fire out and I afterwards built the fireplace in a more substantial way.

This Mauricio afterwards became our major-domo, looking after the stables and garden, the predecessor of Alejandro. He was of a very peculiar temper. When I gave him a pair of boots, he sulked for the rest of the day; when I gave him a suit of clothes he would hardly speak to me for a week; When I raised his wages he felt insulted; and when I gave him a complete bed and bedding for his house, he felt this was too much, and left in a week.

Another time Mr. Graham was out dining with us, and after dinner we went for a stroll in the garden. In a little, I noticed the blinds of the drawing-room all lit up. I asked Graham if we had not put out the lights in the drawing-room when we came out, and he was sure we had. We hurried in and found the papers in the waste paper basket in a corner of the room, had taken fire, which caught some pictures and drapery, and was in a fair way to set the house on fire. We got the fire put out with water and I got a new carpet and new wall paper from the Insurance Company.

Graham or I had put our cigarette ends in the basket when we went out.

It was when we were in the White House, the tragedy of Peta our cook, and Alejandro our major-domo, occurred. Our nurse Jane, whom we had brought out from England, was not a good woman, and she stole Alejandro's heart away from Peta, to whom he was engaged. Poor Peta was a widow and older than Alejandro, but her heart was nearly broken. She stayed on with us however, and I must say that, after she was married, Jane tried to be a good wife to Alejandro.

When we left Chile, I gave Alejandro a coach and two horses, to ply for hire in Vina del Mar. He kept them on for some years until he was attacked with small-pox and died. His wife afterwards told me that, when very ill, he was calling for his old patron to come and see him.

I also gave Peta a pension to enable her to live decently. She died about a couple of years ago.

Salto was not a bad place for the children, we all had horses and a pony cart. We used to ride on Sundays to the "Rat Holes" and made illuminated caves in the sand and found hidden boxes of chocolates.

Our principal walk at Salto was on the railway line, which was quite open. I remember one day Mary and Heneage had a narrow escape from being run over. They did not hear or see the express till it was just on them.

This reminds me of an experience I had shortly after I came out. I was riding on the railway line at Vina on a grey Arab horse of Roxburgh's, when the express came along and the horse would not go off the line. There was rather a deep ditch on each side of the line at this part and he would not jump it or get down into it. I felt the only thing to do was to get off, which I did just in time and kept hold of the reins. The horse jumped down into the ditch just as the train was on us.

I knew the engine driver (a Scotchman) and he told me, when next I saw him, that he had never seen such a fine retreat.

One of our great amusements in the winter, when the ground was soft with the rains, was paper chasing on horse-back. Two men on horse-back, called hares, had a start of half an hour, laying paper all over the jumps, hedges, gates, stone walls, etc., that came in their way. The rest, the hounds, had to follow the paper, taking all the jumps where the paper was laid. We all joined for tea at some country inn, previously agreed upon. There were generally a number of ladies in the party.

One day I had a bad accident. My horse, who was a good jumper over walls and gates, thought it could run through a hedge, which it sometimes could, if they were thin, but the one we were coming to had hard stakes in the middle which he did not see, and did not rise to, and we both came down heavily on the other side. The horse was not hurt, but I was taken home unconscious and remained so for some days. I had received a concussion of the brain, but in a fortnight I was all right again. Curiously enough I gave no recollection of actually taking the jump, I remember putting my horse at it, but nothing more. Afterwards I bought a better horse, a half thoroughbred, called "The Orphan". It was a good jumper, but rather too much for me. I sold it to Pat Young who changed its name to "The Cardinal", and won a lot of Steeplechases with it.

We also used to play a good deal of tennis and golf; I was one of the first who started the latter on the race course.

We used to go sometimes for a change to Quilpue, Limache and Chaparros, all delightful places in the country, within ten miles of Valparaiso, kept green by irrigation, as we had eight months of sunshine in Chile.

It is reported of a sailor, coming home from the Southern Seas, that when he got into the English Channel with its gales of rain and sleet, he rubbed his hands together, and said, "Ah, this is what I like, none of your damned blue skies for me!"

An incident occurred about this time, which rather reveals the mentality of the Chileans. The Municipality of Valparaiso, had got into a very unsatisfactory state, full of people with axes to grind and principally looking for jobs for themselves and their friends. There was a great deal of corruption and waste of money and they were owing a great deal of money to the Banks and others.

A number of the better class people in Valparaiso were at last roused to action and formed a Society, called the Municipal Reform Society of Valparaiso, determined to fight the matter out at the next election. They issued a Manifesto, declaring their purpose was to put an end to corruption and their endeavour would be to cleanse the Augean Stables of the Town Council.

Of course the first thing that any Society like this does in Chile and elsewhere, is to have a collection, and although foreigners have no right to vote nor sit on the Council, they are all interested in having a decent city government.

The gentleman who called on me for a subscription for the Municipal Reform Society, was Mr. Augustin Edwards, son of a wealthy Banker in Valparaiso and who has been, till lately, Chilean Minister in London. After giving him my subscription, I said to him, "Now what are you going to do with all this money you are collecting?" He said, "We are going to buy votes with it!"

The reform party got a small majority at the next election and for a little while things were better, but the reformers soon got tired of reforming and we were back again where we were before.

We used to have picnics in the woods behind Salto, taking the servants with us to help carry the luncheon baskets.

One of our last excursions was to the Lake of Llanquihue near Port Montt. The Innes were with us, Mr. Gosling, the English minister, and others. It was at the time of the Boer War, and Mr. Gosling used to get a lot of telegrams, which he showed to us "ad nauseam". "Would any one like to see this telegram again before I put it away?"

At the time of the Boer War, none of our Chilian friends, nor German friends would speak to us. It was thought we were bullying a small nation. Even when the War was over, it took some time to get over it. It was a very unpleasant experience.

The former English minister was Mr. Kennedy, afterwards Sir John Kennedy. He was very much liked and also Mrs. Kennedy. When he was leaving there was a question of giving him a reception or a banquet. We were discussing it at the Club at lunch, and I remarked that the new minister, Mr. Guzling, would make a very good man for a banquet!

We stayed at Puerto Varas on Lake Llanquihue and immediately opposite on the other side of the lake was the beautiful mountain "Osorno", an extinct volcano and almost a perfect cone of snow.

On our return we stayed at Corral and went up the river a few miles in a small steamer, to Valdivia, which is almost a German colony. One day we went to an island in the river, which has a brewery and a number of houses on it. We went into a house where they were selling plants and bought some ferns, etc. We gave our name and the Hotel we were staying at, for them to send them. When we gave our name, the woman brought us a photograph of Mother, Minnie and Mia, and asked us if we were any relation of these ladies. When in Chile twenty years before, Mother and the girls had stayed in this house and given the landlady their photograph, which she had treasured all this time.

As we were leaving to go to Valparaiso, I had a telegram from London, telling me of Mr. Tom Balfour's death. This caused me great grief, as he had been a good friend to me, but also it gave me some anxiety, as he had a large amount of money in the business and this would naturally have to be paid out.

However, when I got to Valparaiso, I received another telegram, saying that I had been appointed residuary legatee, and after remitting home a comparatively small sum, the remainder of his share in the business was transferred to me.

Tom Balfour had gone home in 1885 and came out for a short time in 1888, when I went home. He returned for a visit in 1898, but was evidently suffering from some mental trouble; some friend had offended him in some way, a stab in the back, he told me it was. I believe it was nothing, or something very slight, but it preyed on his mind so much that this finally gave way. One day in January 1900 he was in Edinburgh and went to one of the asylums there and asked to be taken in, as he was feeling bad. They said they could not take him in without a doctor's certificate. He then went and threw himself over the Deane Bridge and died a few days afterwards in the Edinburgh Infirmary.

When I was about 45, I found for the first time, with rather a shock, that my strength was not inexhaustible. I had been asked by Pat Young, a friend of mine, to go a walk



from Quilpue to Concon, a distance of about ten miles, over the hills and loose sand, in a burning heat; there was no road.

We started off, a party of four or five, at a great pace, (I found afterwards that Young had made a bet with another member of the party as to how long it would take.) When we got a few miles from Concon I could not go any further and lay down under a bush. Fortunately I had sent Alejandro with my horse to Concon to wait for me, as I did not intend to walk back. The others went on to Concon and sent Alejandro back with my horse for me, I then rode to Concon and joined the others at lunch. After lunch the others walked back to Vina del Mar, and I rode home. They were all perhaps five years younger than I was.

I had the same experience twelve years later at Pontresina. We were walking up the Muottas Murail, where there was a beautiful zigzag path to the top. But the children wanted to climb straight up the crags and I attempted to follow them, but my strength gave out and after resting for a while I took the despised zigzag path to the top.

The most striking event which happened while we were in Chile, was the great revolution of 1891, which lasted eight months. The President of the Republic, Balmaceda, would not work with his Congress and dismissed it, making himself a kind of dictator. He had the army on his side, but the navy joined the Congressmen.

The navy went north to the mining districts of Chile and raised and trained an army of 10,000 men, and came south to Valparaiso. The President had only about 8,000 men and many of these sympathised with the other side.

The fighting took place at Placilla, a few miles from Valparaiso, on August 26<sup>th</sup>. While this battle was going on, Gertie was born to the sound of the guns.

We had been living in Vina del Mar when the revolution broke out, but when it became evident that there was going to be fighting in our neighbourhood, we took a house in Valparaiso, for a few months, on the English Hill (Cerroinglesa) where most of the English people lived.

When the fighting began, English blue-jackets were landed from a cruiser in the bay, to protect the English colony. The pass word was 'The Queen' and we often used to hear this called out in the night on the road in front of our house.

I had also six men from the works, armed with iron bars, to protect the house in case it should be attacked during the interregnum, when the defeated government troops came pouring into the town and the victorious opposition had not yet taken charge. All the policemen had cleared out.

The night after Gertie's birth, the town, at least the lower part of it, was given over to fire and pillage. From our house on the hill I counted as many as fifteen incendiary fires at one time. The next day I rode out with a number of English friends to the battlefield and assisted in carrying in a number of wounded to an improvised station, where they were attended to mostly by English and German doctors from the town and from steamers in the bay. As we got near the battlefield, the first thing we saw were a number of white things lying about in the fields. Those turned out to be dead soldiers, of one army or the other, practically naked. The country people thought naturally that dead soldiers would not require their clothes and boots any more, and that they might as well have them. Any number of swords and rifles could be picked up, which many did and took home with them. That day there was absolutely no discipline and very few doctors.

Next day we went out again and looked for wounded a little further afield. We heard a soldier groaning in a big bush, and after we got him out he said he was badly wounded, but the doctors could not find anything the matter with him but weakness for want of food. He was quite a boy and evidently when the fighting began, he crept into this bush and was afraid to come out, as he did not know what had happened.

Later things were better arranged and the wounded well attended to in the hospitals and improvised public buildings in Valparaiso and Santiago. Many English ladies, including Mrs. Thompson and Mary Thomas and others assisted as nurses.

After the revolution another set of politicians came in, but we were no better off than before. 'The more things change, the more they remain the same thing', as the French say.

The battle, as I have said, took place on August 26th, and the President's time of office was not up till September 18th. After the battle went against him, he declared that he would finish his time as President, and took refuge in the Argentine Legation in Santiago. On September 18th he shot himself there.

Though the great earthquake, which destroyed half Valparaiso, did not occur till 1906, after we had left Chile, we often experienced rather alarming shakes, which one never gets accustomed to, the Chilians are even more afraid of them than the foreigners. While living in the house in Calle Montana, we had a very bad earthquake, which went on shaking all night. We brought the children and mattresses down to the drawing room, where we could more easily run out of the house if it came to anything really serious. Many ornaments and things were knocked down and next morning I saw a house with one side fallen down and the rooms all exposed.

In 1899 we sent Heneage home under the care of Miss Sykes, our governess, and he was put to Mr. Bradshaw's school at Packwood Haugh, which we never regretted. Granny and Aunt Minnie were very kind to him and had him for the holidays, Aunt Harriet was also very good to him.

Mary and the family came home in December 1900 and I followed soon after in July 1901.

In Chile and I believe elsewhere the Germans, by the Kaiser's orders, celebrated the new century on the 1st January 1900, whereas of course it should have been 1901. On the last evening of 1900 I was in the Club in Valparaiso, looking over the bay, where a Chilian Man of War lay with 1900 in large illuminated figures on her mast head. When twelve o'clock struck the last 0 was suddenly changed into a 1, and the new century had begun.

In 1902 I gave Mr. Charles Cowan, our agent in London, a retiring allowance, and took over the London agency of our business myself. Mr. Cowan died a couple of years later of a paralytic stroke.

On coming home we first lived in Westbury Road, Clifton, and then when I took over the London business, we stayed for some months in Kensington Palace Mansions and afterwards at Waldoes, Harrow Weald, where we lived for two or three years.

In 1905 I had to go to Chile on business and gave up Waldoes, Mary and the children going to live in town. When I came back we took a furnished flat at

Campden Hill Court for a couple of years, with a beautiful view over Holland House and Earls Court. The going round of the huge wheel there, all lit up at night, was a great attraction to the children.

On August 16th, 1906, occurred the great earthquake in Chile. We were at the time at Grantown on Spey on a holiday. One morning we saw on the posters - 'Great earthquake, Valparaiso in ruins'. We thought of course it must be exaggerated, but it turned out to be very nearly the truth. It seemed to go through the town in waves. A few houses would be knocked down then a few standing more or less shaken, and then another lot completely destroyed. There was a great loss of life, how many was never known.

After the earthquake a fire', which did about as much damage as the earthquake itself. Curiously enough, those whose houses were merely knocked down and destroyed, got no compensation, but if in addition to being knocked down, a house took fire, most of the Fire Insurance Companies had to pay, after some litigation.

We were very fortunate; our works at the Saucos about three miles from Valparaiso, suffered practically no damage. In our office in Valparaiso, one wall fell down, on the sea front, but was built up again at comparatively small cost.

After the earthquake the town of Valparaiso was remodelled and rebuilt and all traces of the earthquake have disappeared. They don't expect another such a one for fifty years.

In 1907 my youngest brother, Andrew, who was a sheep farmer in Western Australia and doing well, was one day found drowned in 18" of water in a river on his property. He had gone out shooting birds, with a native to carry the guns. No explanation of how he came to his death was ever forthcoming. Foul play was suspected, but was never proved.

Some time after his wife, Ada, married a Mr. Tom Birkbeck, who was very fond of the boy Andy Max. We used to like her better as Mrs. Birkbeck than as Mrs. Andrew Ogilvie. However later we got estranged over some point in the will. This was such a curious point that I think it may be worth recording.

In my brother's will he left half of his money to his wife for life and the other half to his son, Andy Max, when he reached the age of 21, who would also inherit his mother's share when she died. If his son died before he reached the age of 21, then his share would go to his wife for life and after her death the whole property would go to his next of kin, that is his mother, brothers and sisters, who were alive at the time of his death, or their heirs, 'as if I had died intestate'. Here came the difficulty. If he had died intestate, his sons being dead, all his money would have gone to his wife absolutely.

But the natural question was, why did he mention his next of kin at all, if he did not mean to leave them something? If he had put in his will, 'as if I had died unmarried', it would have been quite clear.

The point was referred to Council in London, who gave it as his opinion that, her son being dead, the money ought to go to the wife absolutely. On this decision Mrs. Birkbeck wished the Australian Trustees to hand her over the securities. However, owing to the obscurity of the will, they were not willing to do so, until a decision on the point was given by the Australian High Court.

Accordingly a friendly law suit was arranged, Aunt Minnie being in Australia at the time, representing the next of kin. The decision of the Court was that the evident intention of the Testator was to give his money to his next of kin, on his wife's death. Andy Max having been killed in the War before he reached the age of 21, the decision of the Court was clear and was accepted by the widow, who knew that this was Andrew's intention on making the will. The expenses of the law suit were naturally charged to the estate, and this has led to an estrangement which has not yet been healed, but we hope it will soon.

In August of the year 1910 we went for a motor trip in the Lanchester car to Cornwall, going by the north coast and returning home by the south. On our way down we looked in at Farleigh Combe, where mother was very ill. It was the last time I saw her alive. She had been staying with us at The Glade, but feeling that her last days were coming, she wanted to move nearer home and went first to Farleigh Combe. A little later she felt she was dying and wanted to go home to All Saints Road, Clifton. Here she died on September 3<sup>rd</sup>. On getting a telegram from Minnie, in our Hotel where we were staying in London at the time, that mother had died, I at once went down to Clifton to help Minnie to make the necessary arrangements. She died at the age of 88 and kept most of her faculties up to the last, and took a keen interest in everything that was going on.

She was buried in the Western Cemetery, Dundee, by the side of her husband, after 40 years' widowhood, most of her family being present.

I ought here to mention my friendship with Mr. Rose Innes, which has lasted over 25 years. He was in Valparaiso when I was there, but our acquaintance then was very slight. When I came home in 1901 and especially after I came to London in 1905, I used to meet him often in the City and we gradually grew together, and finally arranged to meet regularly twice a week. One day we met at some restaurant, either in Soho or Compton Street or in the City, where we lunched and afterwards went to a Theatre or Music Hall and latter to a Cinema or Picture Gallery. The other day we met for golf at the different courses we belonged to. His were Burhill, West Middlesex and Wimbledon. Mine were Northwood, Stoke Pogis and Stanmore. This went on till I got ill in August 1920.

Any time I go to town now I go to see him and he sometimes comes out to see me here in the summer.

While living in Campden Hill Court, we built 'The Glade', Harrow Weald, where we spent many happy years. We had a grand coming out dance there for Flo in 1908.

In 1909 we all went to Pontresina, where we had a happy six weeks in the Hotel Roseg, where we met the Basdens and the Quilters.

I managed to do some minor climbing, such as the Morteratsch and Roseg Glaciers, and the Diavoletza tour. I did not attempt any of the higher peaks. Heneage went up the Piz Bernina and they all went up the Piz Corvatch.

Heneage made up one of his best Limericks here -

'Down a crevasse fell darling Flo  
We saw an avalanche o'erwhelmer  
It grieved us so to see her go,  
she'd taken with her all our Velma.'

Pontresina was too high for me (about 6,000 ft.) and I did not feel well there.

In 1920 Mary and I went in June to see the Oberammergau play and Mary took some of the children again in August. I joined them in Munich and we came home by Nuremberg, Rothenburg, etc. The play we all thought very impressive.

In 1911 Flo got engaged to Mr. Malcolm Venables, and the same year she and I took a trip to South America where I had to go on business. We went to Buenos Ayres by the SS. 'Avon', Royal Mail line, Mary and Elsie coming to see us off at Southampton.

We landed as usual at Lisbon, which looked very forlorn since I was last there, when King Carlos was on the throne. It is now a Republic. Everybody was complaining of being poor and they looked it. There had been an attempt at revolution, the night before we arrived, and the coachman whom we had engaged to drive us round showed us the spot where the firing had taken place.

Being a republic they had not much respect for the remains of their old kings. We were admitted to the Royal Mausoleum, where about a dozen kings were laid out in a row, embalmed, in coffins with glass lids.

The Portuguese attendant invited us to look into the coffins, which I did, but Flo could not. 'Very discomposed', the man said. I could not see much as the light was bad. I believe they are not now shown.

When we were there before, there was a large bull ring, at which fights took place, but it was now closed. I remember taking Heneage to the ring when he was about 7 or 8. I found him looking all round and he came back with a disappointed face, saying he could not see any blood about.

At Rio de Janeiro, our next stopping place, we had a day to wait and went on shore and had a look round. The town is greatly improved since my first visit 30 years before. Instead of the old narrow streets, the home of yellow fever, they have opened out great avenues through the slums and made a really fine city of it.

It has a beautiful harbour, and Flo and I went up the hill Corcovado by a funicular railway, whence we had a splendid view from the top. It is one of the sights of the world. Brazil, however, is a black man's country.

At Montevideo, at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, there is not much of interest. The river here is about 100 miles wide. One of the first sailors who approached it, called out 'monte video', but the mountain is not very large, something like the Law at Dundee.

On making the voyage for the first time in 1882, from Rio to Montevideo, a couple, a lady and gentleman, came on board at Rio and sat opposite to me at the table. They were very affable, he was always offering champagne all round and she had a magnificent lot of diamonds. At Montevideo a detective came on board and arrested them in connection with some diamond robbery at Rio.

Buenos Ayres lies at the other side of the river, a good way up. It is a beautiful town, the dearest place we struck in our travels, Philadelphia coming next. We spent a few days here seeing the sights. A few miles out of the town there is a river called the Tigre, which reminded us of stretches of the Thames, with trees on each side and motor and other boats running about, restaurants, etc.

Though Buenos Ayres is about the same latitude as Valparaiso, 33° south of the equator, the former is much hotter, as at Valparaiso and all along the coast a cold current comes up from the South pole and keeps the West Coast cool. Bathing even in summer in the sea the water is quite cold.

Here I may repeat that the climate of Valparaiso is very agreeable, eight months of sunshine and four months heavy rain for a day or two, at intervals of a fortnight or so. There is no frost or snow. The winter is the best time. One wears the same clothes there that one does here. I have felt it hotter in London than I ever did in Valparaiso.

Of course in the north of Chile, at Iquique for instance, which is well within the tropics, the heat is often intense.

To return to Buenos Ayres, the previous time I was there, I went with a friend to the golf course, about ten miles out. This is conveniently arranged with the Club House in the centre of a more or less circular course. Each time you play a hole, you play back to the hole next to the Club House. This has the advantage that in the very hot weather, you can always drop in and have some refreshment every second hole !

At Buenos Ayres we took the train to Chile. It takes a day and a night to get to Mendoza, a very tiring journey through most uninteresting and dusty country. Hour after hour you pass great fields of corn and pasture, with here and there a herd of cattle and here and there a farm house, with a few trees round it, which are the only trees you can see.

When you wake up next morning, you are in Mendoza, which is close up at the foot of the mountains, and here we transfer to a narrow gauge railway, a rack railway in parts, that takes us to the town of Los Andes in Chile, where we change to the broad gauge again.

As you get nearer the Cordillera of the Andes, the mountains lose much of their grandeur, getting smaller and smaller as you get up to them. They are not nearly so beautiful as the Swiss mountains, where you have verdure running right up to the snow line. Here the long valley leading up to the tunnel is a rocky desert. From here we see Aconcagua, the highest peak in South America, nearly 24,000 feet high, and Tupungato, which, though not so high, looks more imposing.

There are two points of interest on this line, one is the Bridge of the Inca, though I don't think the Incas ever came so far south as this. It is a natural bridge, formed by the deposit of lime etc. from the water, which now flows under the bridge.

There are several baths here of more or less efficacy. On a previous occasion, I took what they called a champagne bath, which sparkled and had a certain refreshing effect.

The other point of interest is a curiously formed rock, called the 'Rock of the Penitents'. It rises on one side of the valley in the form of a huge Cathedral, with walls and towers, windows and buttresses, (a little imagination is of course required). From the bottom of the rock the sand falls away on a gentle slope and protruding out of the sand are a number of black stones in rows. With a little imagination, but not overstraining it, these stones look like penitents going up to the Cathedral to confess their sins and say their prayers.

About 9,000 feet up we come to the tunnel going through to Chile, the passage of the tunnel occupies about 20 minutes. The change from the arid valleys of the upper Argentine to the green plains and irrigated valleys of Chile is very remarkable.

At the town of Los Andees, we changed into the broad gauge railway again and came on to Valparaiso.

We also visited Santiago, the Capital, a finely situated town, with the snow clad Cordillera apparently quite close.

When we got to Valparaiso rather a curious thing happened. When I went home in 1901 I gave pensions to all our servants, among them one 'Delfina', who afterwards died a few years before Flo and I went out, and her pension had of course stopped. As soon as I arrived I had a letter from Delfina, from some address in Santiago, asking me to send her something. I consulted Mary Thomas, who told me she knew that Delfina was dead, quite dead, and that I had better let her remain dead. I had no wish to resuscitate her, but when in Santiago Flo and I tried to find the address given, but without success. I have no doubt that some one had impersonated her with the object of getting a little money.

Flo and I had a nice trip to the South of Chile, to the frontier, where the Arancanin Indians have their reservation. We first sent to Temuco, the border town, where a number of Indians come to trade and buy food. They always come on horseback, the men dressed in bright coloured 'Ponchos' (a kind of cloak), and have silver ornaments on their horses' harness. The women are mostly dressed in black with silver ornaments, made principally from silver coins beaten out.

We then went to Cholchol, the principal mission station of the Protestant Church, where we were well received and lodged. On the Sunday we were there we rode to a mission station, called Gararunge, about ten miles off, and attended a service conducted by Mr. Wilson, the missionary. We could not understand a word of it, as it was in the Mapuche language. When Mr. Wilson sat down, an Indian Chief got up and spoke for about ten minutes, in a most earnest style, also in the Mapuche language.

When we came out I said to Mr. Wilson that that seemed a very earnest Christian address we had just heard from the Chief. He said he is a very nice man and wants to attend our communion, but there is a certain difficulty, he lives with two wives and is not married to either of them ! 'Other countries, other manners'.

From Temuco, Flo and I and a friend of hers, Adrienne Fontaine, went a steamer trip down the river Imperial, to a small town on the Coast, called Nueva Imperial, where we intended to stay the night and return by steamer the next day. When we went to the only hotel in the place, they said they were very sorry they had no room. After stating our case, the proprietor said the only thing he could offer was a large bedroom with three beds, which would do for myself and my two daughters. However, after further insisting we were finally accommodated and I was given a very small room to myself.

While we were in Chile, we had a telegram on January 1<sup>st</sup> 1918, telling us of the death of my brother George, from the result of a stroke. He had had one previously in the autumn, before we left home. He was always a very good brother to me and I was always welcome at his home, Westlands at Broughty Ferry.

While in Chile Flo stayed with her godmother and friend, Mary Thomas. I stayed a few days with Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Innes, but mostly at the hotel in Vina del Mar and in Valparaiso.

We stayed altogether about a month in Chile and then embarked for Panama, New York and home. The coast from Valparaiso north, till one comes to Peru, is very barren and uninteresting. This is the copper and silver mining, and nitrate districts of Chile. In these districts rain never falls, but there is a kind of wet mist comes up from the sea; this keeps alive a certain amount of scrub on the plains. Water used to be brought by special steamers from Peru when I first went there, but it is now brought in pipes from the mountains, where there are several large lakes, fed by the snow, about forty or fifty miles distant.

We passed the port of Mollendo, where my mother with Minnie and Mia, landed for Arequipa, when they went to be with Rachel.

We next stopped at Callao, the port for Lima in Peru, where we stayed a week. We were rather fortunate there, as the next day the manager of the Oroya railway was going up the line and invited us to go with him. This railway goes up 15,000 feet to the silver mines of Cerro do Pasco. We went up about 10,000 feet and on the way we passed the remains of several Inca villages, long since abandoned. They are situated near the tops of hills and are all terraced for corn, vegetables, and flowers. People don't know now how they got the water up there for irrigation, as there is very little rainfall and they could have far more easily built on the plains.

Further up we saw several herds of Llamas, a kind of sheep, the natural beast of burden on these mountains. They carry a load of 50 lb. each side and they say if you put 51 lb. on one side, they will immediately lie down.

Lima has a very hot, moist atmosphere, not much rain. There is scarcely any variation of the seasons. For instance sugar cane, which is the great industry there, can be planted at any time of the year from January to December, and in 21 months it is ready for cutting.

In Lima we went to see the Cathedral, where the embalmed body Paizarro is shown in a glass case. Many people seemed to have their doubts if this was really the body of the great Spanish conqueror.

When in the Cathedral, a lady came up to ask Flo to take off her hat, as it is not allowed for ladies to wear hats in church. They mostly wear a mantilla or black lace shawl over their head and shoulders. This reminded me, when I was once in Frankfort in Germany, I went into a synagogue, where a wedding was going on, and I naturally took off my hat, when one of the attendants asked me to put it on again, as bare heads for men were not allowed in these churches.

We also saw in Lima the Senate House, which was the Chamber of the old Inquisition, a fine old panelled room with a hole in the door, through which the Inquisitors used to look at their victims.

They have a very simple kind of voting there. On each members desk there are two buttons, black and white. On pressing one of these the vote is recorded on a board at the back of the president's chair, Yes or No. The voting here takes much less time than in that of our divisions in the House of Commons, which I believe takes on an average twenty minutes each.



From Callao we went by steamer to Panama and across the isthmus by railway. The canal was in construction and we saw a good deal of it, but it was not nearly finished. The then railway track is now at the bottom of a huge lake, which forms half the canal and they moved it to a new site higher up the hillside. The railway still exists, as well as the canal.

When we got on board the steamer at Callao, there were very few passengers and we were introduced to Sir Edward Haine, the millionaire ship-owner, and his son, who was afterwards killed in the war. We saw a good deal of them and travelled with them through the States, as far as we went. I engaged the Hotels in the different towns we went to, and I remember apologizing to the millionaire for the expense of the Philadelphia Hotel, £3 a night. I also used to pay the small expenses of the party during the day, guides, trams, etc., and I was nervous giving him an account in the evening, if I had given a guide \$1 more than he asked. His son, fresh from school, never seemed to have any pocket money. If he lost 2/6 at bridge, he had to go and ask his father for it. Sir Edward died a few years later worth about four millions.

On board the steamer at Callao, there was another passenger of a very different type, Mr. Percy Tanner. He was the salesman of one of the large commercial houses in Valparaiso. He was travelling with his wife and daughter, a very nice girl about fourteen.

Tanner was a very good fellow, always trying to help somebody, but he was never quite sober, he had his first cocktail about seven in the morning, had beer and wine at meals, and was constantly visiting the bar all day.

One day, Flo told me she had got something in her eye, and I said, don't rub it, and it will probably get all right. Tanner comes along and asks what is the matter and Flo told him. Come with me to the doctor at once, he said and have it out, which she did.

Another day the bell of her cabin would not ring, and I said, when you see the steward you had better ask him to put it right. Tanner comes along and is told of it. Seeing a steward passing he hails him and says, Call me the head steward if you please. When this functionary came along, Tanner says, would you please have the bell of Miss Ogilvie's cabin seen to at once. Thank you, and the thing was done.

It is said, when you find drinking interfere with business, you must give up the business. This happened to poor Tanner, who some time afterwards lost his job. I lost sight of him afterwards but I hear he never slackened the pace and he died a few years ago.

I wrote to his wife, urging her to try and make him stop drinking, but I never got any reply. If she tried to do it, it appears it had little effect.

We had a day at Jamaica and took a motor car round part of the Island and to the Botanical Gardens, where there was a great display of all tropical plants and flowers.

In the evening when strolling through the town, a number of negroes were talking loudly in the square, and laughing. I asked someone who was with me what African language are these men talking. He said that is English, as she is spoke here, and these are British subjects.

We also touched at Cuba, but did not go ashore.

The approach from the sea to New York to very imposing, the Statue of Liberty, and the tall buildings standing out against the sky. We put up at the Manhattan hotel, one of the best in New York. Every bedroom had a bath room, a lavatory and a large clothes cupboard. We had twelve towels each, and these were changed every day, also all the bed linen. It seemed a bit of unnecessary extravagance. At night I put my clothes outside the door, as is usual in English hotels. They came back all right next morning, charge 4/-. You don't put out your boots, they are cleaned downstairs by negro boys before you go out. All the rooms were nicely heated and one never missed a fireplace.

We had only time for a look round New York and had not time to see it properly. Flo and I went up an Insurance building in Maddison Square, 55 stories high. The lifts are arranged along each side of a passage. On one side are the ordinary lifts, and on the other the express lifts, with notices, 1st stop 20th floor, 1st stop 30th floor. We went in one of them to the 55th storey and had a splendid view of the town.

We then went to Buffalo by a night train, the Haines accompanying us, in a supposed sleeping car. This was a coach with an alleyway down the middle and on each side was a row of bunks with curtains to them in which men and women slept or tried to sleep. We were told afterwards that we could have had private sleeping berths by paying extra, but we did not know about this. The whole arrangement was really disgraceful and not what one would expect in a great country like the U.S.

We stayed at the Hotel Iroquois in Buffalo and after dinner went with the Haines for a stroll. Sir Edward said to me he remembered an old song, 'Buffalo gals are you coming out tonight, to dance by the light of the moon'. I said I remembered it very well and here is one of the gals coming along the street now. He turned round and saw a huge negress coming strutting towards us !

We were rather disappointed with the Niagara Falls, as it was too early in the year, the beginning of March, to see them properly. At the bottom of the Falls and reaching nearly to the top, was a huge mountain of ice, caused by the falling water. This took from the height of the falls and we were not greatly impressed. Lower down the rapids are wonderful.

From here we went by the Lehigh Railway to Philadelphia, where we could not see much owing to a snow storm, but we saw the Independence Hall, where the declaration of Independence was signed on July 6<sup>th</sup>, 1776, and other public buildings.

We then went on to Washington, a much quieter place than either New York or Philadelphia. We went to the top of the Washington Monument, an ugly square tower with a lift. The White House, the residence of the President, is near by.

The Capitol is very imposing, where the Parliament buildings are, the House of Representatives, the Senate and also the High Court of Justice.

We took a guide who showed us round. What struck us on entering the House of Representatives was that people seemed to go in and out as they liked. We did not see any policemen. While we sat there a poor woman with two or three children came in and sat down and ate their lunch. We wondered what the policemen at Westminster would say to this.

In the Court of Justice we saw the Judges come in, headed by the President, who was a son of Oliver Wendell Holmes - man preceded them shouting Oh Yes, Oh Yes,

Oh Yes. (American for Oyez) here comes the President and Judges of the High Court of the United States of America. We did not stay long here.

Our guide showed us the old Senate House, now used as a library. It was disused as a Senate House and a new one built, on account of its very bad acoustic properties. At one point our guide stood a few feet away from us and began an oration in a loud voice, but we could not hear a word he said.

After this we went back to New York and prepared for home. We had a choice between the 'Mauretania' and the 'Oceanic', but as the latter arrived in England before the Mauretania, we chose it. On board we found Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Lysaght, and they and we had a table to ourselves.

It was sunk by a mine during the War on the north coast of Scotland. Mary and Malcolm met us at Paddington Station about 3 a.m. on March 16<sup>th</sup>, we having left home on December 15<sup>th</sup>, just three months of a very enjoyable trip.

In July 1913 I went with Heneage for a week's a motor trip in Normandy, Brittany and the Loire. I have given an account of it in a little book, 'Our Motor Trip in France, July 1913'.

It was very enjoyable, but we ought to have had at least double the time. When we got up to any town we asked if there was a Cathedral or Chateau here, and if the answer was in the affirmative, we dashed round and saw them, bought a few picture post-cards and dashed on to the next place.

On April 14<sup>th</sup> 1913, our eldest daughter, Flo, was married to the Rev E. Malcolm Venables, in the Church of Harrow Weald, by the Bishop of London. Malcolm was then a master at Felsted School, and on September 20<sup>th</sup>, 1914, their first child and our first grandchild, Elizabeth, was born at 'The Glade'.

In February 1915 Heneage was married to Magdalen Quilter, in Southwark Cathedral.

Then in June 1916 Gertie was married to Joyce Cary, an old friend and lover.

I have not mentioned the Great War from August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1914 to Nov 11<sup>th</sup> 1918, as so much has been said and written about it. They say that future generations will think us fortunate to have passed through it, as I remember I used to envy the people who were alive in Napoleon's days. It was certainly a great though sad experience.

We were most nearly touched by it when Freddy was wounded in the early part of 1915. We got a War Office telegram saying our son was seriously wounded, but for a week, despite all our efforts, we could not find out where he was. At last we got a post card from himself, saying he was in a hospital at Treport, near Dieppe. We got our passports and went over next day. As we were going on board the steamer at Dover, a telegram was handed to us, saying that his arm had been taken off the day before.

Heneage had come from Bar-le-Duc to see him, and he met us at Treport Station, and we all went up to the Hospital, but did not stay long, as he was very ill. Next morning when I went up to the hospital, I thought they had shown me into the wrong room, as I did not recognize Freddy, until I saw that Heneage was with him.

We stayed there about six weeks, until Freddy was convalescent, Elsie and Gertie coming over for part of the time.

Gertie and I went, during the time, for a few days to Paris, but nearly everything was closed. One day I was walking by the path, up the Chalk Cliff to the Hospital, the same kind of formation as our English coast at Dover, when a man dressed in uniform was coming down and stopped and said, pointing to the Cliffs, 'Tres dangereux'. He took me for a Frenchman, but I said 'Yes, they are very dangerous. I suppose you belong to the R.A.M.C.?' 'No, Sir' he said 'I belong to the C.A.M.C., cure all my comrades is our motto'. He belonged to the Canadian Hospital further up the hill.

There was no protection at the top of the cliffs, which were often breaking away, and shortly afterwards a Canadian officer was carried down in a landslide and killed.

Elsie had been doing a good deal of War work, mostly of a clerical kind, and afterwards joined the V.A.D. In this capacity she was sent to a hospital at Wimereux, near Boulogne where she met Dr. Carlisle. After some difficulties about Dr. Carlisle getting his leave, they were married in July 1917, and now live at Heswall.

Freddy, our youngest son, was married on September 12th, 1922 to Mary Macaulay, daughter of Dr. A.B. and Mrs. Macaulay, Glasgow. Elsie and I went to Glasgow for the wedding, his mother was too ill to go. Heneage, Flo, and Gertie were also there, and Aunt Minnie.

After the War, all our children having left us, Mary found it a great strain to keep up the large house and garden at 'The Glade', and we decided to sell it. After a short negotiation we agreed to sell it to a Mr. Mobbs, of Northampton, and he had paid the usual deposit. We had meantime bought a house in Addison Road, London, with a beautiful garden.

While we were getting ready to leave 'The Glade', Mary could not bear the thought of moving and wanted to stay on. I went to see Mr. Mobbs, but he would not give up his rights. I offered him £1,000 to cancel the contract, but he would not do it. However, I think he must have found a house to suit him better and perhaps cheaper, as a day or two afterwards he telephoned that he would accept £1,600 to undo the bargain, which after consultation with Mary, I accepted. The other expenses, agents' fees, etc. came to about another £400.

A couple of years afterwards we finally sold 'The Glade' at a good price, partly making up for the previous loss.

Before we finally left 'The Glade' we spent one summer at Woolacombe in Devonshire, in 1920. Here began my attacks of giddiness, which have lasted now for over five years. Although they are much less than they were, I have still to lead my life on a lower level. These giddy attacks are called, I believe, Meniers disease, and have something to do with deafness and the middle ear. For a long time I could not trust myself to go out alone, as these attacks came on without warning and I would fall down, unless I was near something to get hold of. I consulted altogether at least fifteen doctors about it.

When we left 'The Glade', we went to live in Queen Anne's Mansions, London, where we had two flats joining, but they were not really comfortable and very expensive. We went to the public dining room for our meals, until Mary got too ill to go.

In 1921 my dear wife had a serious heart attack in Queen Anne's Mansions, and Heneage summoned all the family to come, as he thought she would not get over it. However she rallied, but her heart was always weak. A few months afterwards she had a stroke, which laid her aside completely for a time. Though she gradually recovered her powers to a certain extent, her eyesight was permanently affected, not the eye itself, but the connection between the eye and the brain was damaged and nothing could be done. She saw several oculists about it.

In 1923 we went to Bournemouth, where we had been several times previously. My wife used to come to the dining room for her meals and went out nearly every day in a pony chair, while I generally walked alongside. We had Nurse Broome there and Barnett, my wife's maid, who was always very kind and attentive, and Mary preferred her to any of the nurses.

One day she went out in her chair with the nurse; I was not feeling well that day and did not go. After going into a shop and ordering some things, she had another attack and was brought home unconscious. Everything we could do was done, we got a doctor and a night nurse, in addition to the day nurse and Barnett. She remained in this state for a few days, when she died on July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1923.

We had a beautiful service in the Church, near where we lived. We had her two favourite hymns, 'The King of Love my Shepherd is' and 'Abide With Me'. She was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Bournemouth, all her family being present and a few friends who came at short notice.

When Mary got really ill, I began to feel that a small house of our own would be more comfortable than going back to Queen Anne's Mansions, and I decided to take a house at Oxford, where Freddy and Gertie were living.

I finally selected this house, 16 Charlbury Road, and I was going to get possession of it on August 1st, 1923. But before this my dear wife had gone, and then came the question of what to do? I decided that I would live at Oxford, as I must live somewhere, and this seemed as good an arrangement as any.

When I got possession of the house, all my dear children got it ready for me, painting and papering and putting down carpets and furniture, all that was required, and I had only to step in. For the latter part of this time I was staying with Elsie at Heswall.

After I got into the house, the children used to come and stay with me at various times, also Aunt Minnie and Aunt Mia, Juliet and others, as owing to my head trouble I could not well live alone. North and the various maids we had were very good in attending to me when I happened to be alone. Freddy and Gertie used to come and see me nearly every day.

It was at Easter 1924 that I wrote to my children telling them of my old love for Rotha Thomas, and that she had consented to marry me after all these years. I could never forget their dear mother, with whom I had spent so many happy years, and my only fear was that they might turn from me, but thank God it has turned out otherwise, and we are still a united family until my time comes to go.

In the summer of 1924 I was at Blair Atholl when I had a bad heart attack, due to enlargement, and Rotha came up for three weeks to be with me and help me get better.

In the autumn of this year, I had a nervous breakdown, and for a time I thought I would never get well. Sister Broome and Dr. Hobson always said I would get all right again, and they were supported by a doctor from London (50 Guineas).

Finally I did get much better and Rotha and I were married on Nov. 18th., 1924. She has been a dear wife to me and I can never thank her enough for all she is to me and does for me.

My life on the whole has not been an unhappy one, though I have had great disappointments, but as I have said before, I would not live it over again on any account. But I have had my day.

My children have all turned out well and are a great happiness to me. Heneage has become one of the staff surgeons at Guys Hospital, and Freddy has just been appointed Professor of Political Economy in Edinburgh. My daughters have all married happily and I have fourteen grandchildren.

When I was a boy, I remember once seeing the title of a book called 'Is life worth living?' I could not then understand how any one could ask such a question. When one is young and the days are long, life seems unending, a long vista of happy years and great achievements. But when one is old and the days are short and rushing swiftly by, what is the answer to the question then?

"When all the world is old, lad  
And all the trees are brown  
And every sport is stale lad  
And all the wheels run down.  
Go home and take your place there  
The maimed and spent among,  
God grant you find one face there  
You knew when all was young."

*Charles Kingsley, The Water Babies*

On reading over these reminiscences, I am reminded of the little girl, who was shown the bust of her grandfather. After looking at it for a little she asked, "Is this all there was of grandpapa?"

Well, these reminiscences are not all of me, but they are all I can tell. They are the truth and nothing but the truth, but not the whole truth. As they are I ask you to accept them for what they are worth.

(signed)  
W.M. Ogilvie