

Reminiscences of Henry Grellier

I was born at No. 20 Wormwood Street, London on March 8th 1849.

In commencing in this way I belie the title of my paper because this is not a reminiscence of mine, for it is not given to us to remember our own birth.

My first recollections are of the time when I was about 3 years of age and my mother, then lately widowed, was staying for a short time with her brother Harley Goodall at his house at Norwood.

I presume that the change in my surroundings must have forcibly struck my childish mind and left an indelible impression upon it. We were often at that delightful house on subsequent occasions, which no doubt tended to fix things in my memory.

I remember the delight of sitting in the empty four wheeled dog cart in the stable yard. The cushions' were covered with blue cloth, and to this day the sight of a similar vehicle always touches some inner cord of happy memory.

Then there were the cow houses and pig sties, the garden full of fruit trees- strawberries and filberts I specially remember. The dog "yap" was a great favourite. My Uncle Harley used to read the family prayers every morning and breakfast progressed we listened for the sound of the horn which called him to his place on the coach bound for "the City". We loved to go and see him mount to his seat and watch the coach dash off again and hear the horn blow to call some neighbour to his gate. On each side of the entrance gate was a horse-chestnut tree which were very beautiful when in full bloom. At the entrance to the field was a seat formed of a whale's jawbone, or so we were told.

In that field we have splendid fun in the haying season, and on one side was a large damson tree, the fruit of which was good.

From this house we drove down in a carriage to Croydon, where my mother had taken the lease of a house on the High Street, which still remains as I remember it in my childhood (only now it is used as a lawyer's office) although almost sixty years have passed since then. Today being the sixty second anniversary of my birthday, March 8th 1911 I think it is a very suitable day on which to commence to write these records, which I hope may be interesting to some of my descendants.

At the back of our house was a garden with a lane bounding it and behind that a large piece of ground, which, I fancy, went with the house but was sublet by my mother to a market gardener. My Uncle Tom Mansfield lived with his family in Coombe Lane, now called Coombe Road. My Grandmother Goodall lived with her two daughters Louise and Sophy at Duppas Hill, in the garden of their house, there were some fine raspberry bushes, the fruit of which I was sometimes allowed to sample.

I was a sickly boy and perhaps for that reason remember the doctor. His name was Westall and he drove about in a canary coloured carriage.

I remember the day I was four years old and how I stood on a chair beside a visitor (Mr. Hudson an old pupil of my father's) and claimed to be taller than him. This gentleman promised us children a donkey "when his ship came home". Whenever he came to see us our first anxious question was as to whether his

ship had come home and to this day I remember the disappointment at the delay in the arrival of that donkey - Needless to say, it never came.

The Crimean War occurred at this time, and there was a wounded soldier who had come to Croydon and as far as I understood, was going from house to house, as invited, to tell about the war. He came to our house, but all that I remember about him was that he had been shot through the head and the servant told us that the hole was still there as made by the bullet.

We used to have dancing lessons from a master who played the music on a fiddle and ordered our steps with his bow.

The Coombe fields were often visited by us and we delighted to run onto the bridges of the railway when we saw a train about to pass beneath. In the field was a row of elm trees on a bank which ran quite across the field. This land is now built on but the bank still remains as a landmark. Across the bridge was a corn field and to this we went one day to gather dandelion leaves for a salad. We took a large garden knife belonging to my Grandmother and this got lost, the loss being laid to my account. I was always the unlucky one in such matters, and while we were hunting for it the farmer came on the scene and scolded us for trampling the corn and we were very glad to escape and leave the knife behind us.

I remember my Aunt Lou telling one Sunday of how she had sympathised with the clergyman who had preached that morning. As I remember the story - He was a very short man, and had to have hassock or something to stand on in the pulpit. This had been removed, and when he went up to preach he was unable to begin until he had called the verger to replace it.

From Croydon we removed to Bath, but of that place I do not remember very much because shortly afterwards I was sent to school and was afterwards there only for a short time in the holidays. We used to enjoy going to the Sydney gardens to play. There was a famous swing there about six feet long upon which we could all stand and swing at the same time. At other times we went up to the Sham castle on the downs and we have spent days there with bows and arrows trying to shoot the rooks.

I remember another of my unfortunate mishaps, which happened in this way. We had been given some nuts and had taken the silver nut crackers with us to break them. We were sitting on the wall which ran along the bank of the canal and divided it from the railway, which ran in a cutting below. I managed to drop the crackers and they bounded down the hill onto the line - we had to go home and confess and afterwards we went to the signalman, who had a box some way further down the line and he went to the place and we ran to the wall above and showed him where they were.

One holiday my mother took lodgings in Henrietta Street and again I got into trouble on three occasions. Once we found some bright coloured beetles which took our fancy. We caught a lot and put them into a cardboard box which we placed in our bedroom and of course they got out and were found all over the house.

On another occasion I was shooting in the garden with my bow and arrows at a mark on the house wall - one arrow flew upward at an angle of 45 degrees and passed through a stained glass window. My pocket money suffered in consequence, but I fancy my dear mother had rather a heavy bill to pay to repair the damage. Another day I was eating apples in the garden and saw some children at their nursery windows next door and wished to share with them. I expect that they were little girls, as I doubt whether boys would have aroused such generosity. I tried to throw an apple through the open window but sent it through the

glass instead. The children's mother quite misunderstood the situation and accused me of amusing myself at the risk of hurting her children. I had to go in with my elder sister and beg her pardon.

When I was seven years old I went to the Freemans' Orphan School, Brixton, to which school my elder brother William had been sent about 2 years before. This school is in Shepherd's Lane and was at that time almost surrounded by fields. On the opposite side facing the school, there were fields and cow sheds and a row of trees bordered the lane. Many of these were oak trees, the boys used to gather the acorns and eat them.

During the time that I was at school the London, Chatham and Dover Railway built their embankment across these fields with a bridge over the lane, and a station near the Brixton Road. I well remember watching the construction trucks dumping their loads of earth, at the time when my eyes and thoughts should have been on my lesson books.

Among our amusements, as among all boys, was the flying of kites. One boy made one six sided and about 6 feet high. It was powerful enough to pull a boy sitting in a box along the ground. In making kites in later life I have nearly always chosen that shape. There was another school in the neighbourhood the boys of which took to playing soldiers and dressed themselves up in cardboard helmets etc., on which account we called them the "cardies". Of course we wanted to fight them and as we were not allowed out of our own grounds we took to fighting them with stones, which we threw indiscriminately over the wall, which completely shut off our view of one another. I wonder that there were no serious results, but I do not remember any one being hurt. Soldiers say the same of bullets on a real field of battle that it is marvelous how few bullets find a billet, in spite of what the old saw says.

On Nov 5th we used to make a guy and subscribe to buy fagots for a bonfire, the gardener was allowed to trim the trees about the premises and to build the fire for us. One year the guy was made to represent Nana Sahib, that was during or just after the Indian Mutiny. We used to buy gunpowder and make fireworks for ourselves besides the large number we used to buy. Some of the boys were very clever at this. One kind we used to make was a cracker. As I remember it was made of a strip of brown paper about one and a half inches wide folded in a half square, triangular shape, with a charge of gunpowder inside and a slip of touch paper inserted at one corner. I had made myself a good number of these for the night, and in firing one off it hung fire. I waited and then tapped it on my boot to shake the powder down to the spark, but without result, at last I thought the touch paper must have all burnt away and I turned it up to examine it when it went off right into my face. I did not know that I had done more than scorch my eyebrows, but for some time afterwards I had to wear a shade. Many of the committee and friends used to come to see the fun and these provided rockets and fireworks which were beyond our limited means, and the evening generally ended by the ascent of fire balloons.

One amusement we had was to make cooking boxes of tin. The fire consisted of a small gallipot filled with fat, which we secreted somewhere about our persons at dinner time and the wick was made from our boot laces. We bought flour and sugar and made flat cakes, which were generally eaten when half cooked. Sometimes two boys would go partners, and prepare a supply of dough, which was kept in their desks or in a safe place in the playground. Sometimes a hole in the ground. When school time came a cake was left in the oven and when a reasonable time had expired one partner marched up to the master and solemnly asked leave to go out. He ran to the oven, eat his cake, made and set another to cook and in due course partner no.2 needed in his turn to "leave the room", and so on through the school time. If the master began to wonder at the number of these requests and refuse any more leave the cakes were pretty badly burned, but I do think

that that prevented their being eaten. Sometimes we advanced to more ambitious cookery. We made bird traps with four bricks and caught sparrows, whose poor little necks were wrung and after being disemboweled, plucked and washed were duly baked and eaten. Once we even got so far as to kill one of our tame rabbits, but the meat was too solid to get more than warmed through, and poor bunny was eaten raw.

Once there was an epidemic of scarlet fever and several boys were confined in "the sick room".

It was winter time and one evening the boys were all congregated in the school rooms. For some reason I went out into the passage and there I saw a white figure, it was one of those with the fever. He had come down the long flight of stone stairs and was standing in his night shirt in the cold passage. I ran upstairs and told the servants and one of them came down and carried him to bed again, but he eventually died. Of course his mind was wandering. He said the house was on fire.

On bright summer mornings the boys would get up to tricks in the bedrooms. We slept at the top of the house. The windows opened outwards on hinges. The boys used to climb to the top of these and standing on them and steadying themselves by the carved stone, which supported the eaves, take the sparrow's nests which were built there. The house was about 60 feet high, so any fall would have been certain death. One morning a gentleman passing along the lane saw them and was afraid to call out to them, so he went to the front door and kept peeling at the bell until he had aroused the porter.

Sometimes the boys got out of a window at the back onto the roof of the house, which was very extensive, and had small ladders leading to different parts, they used to go on exploring expeditions. There were some narrow windows in the lavatory placed close together and I have myself crept out of one and into the next, out of bravado, though now I realise how risky and foolish it was.

There was an old woman, very ragged and dirty, who used to go about the lane with a black bag, presumably gathering rags and bones. We called her "black Hannah". We were very much awed one day, when the head master told us that she was the wife of a rich man and had ridden in her own carriage, but that, for her misdeeds, she was separated from her husband and the result was what we saw.

I had been weakly as a boy and must have shown signs of decline as I grew up, for towards the end of my school days I was granted permission to go to lessons or not as I chose and I could go out for a walk at will. I do not remember that I availed myself much of either of these privileges.

My brother and I were among the first seventy boys who were admitted to the school. Therefore it was some years before any boy left. The first to leave was a boy named Hood: "Big Hood" we called him to distinguish him from his younger brother. The occasion was so novel that to mark it almost every boy in the school gave him a parting present. Shortly after another boy's turn came to leave, but our fit of affectionate liberality had had time to cool, and the lack of the useful schoolboy's knife or other such treasure was being realised, and therefore we were not eager to part with any more of our treasures, though the boy went round asking for them!!

I was appointed a monitor, which carried with it the privilege of remaining an extra year at the school, but I only availed myself of six months of this last year, as an opening was found for me in a stock brokers' office and my Mother thought it best that I should accept it. On August 8th 1864 I entered the office of Messrs. Mievile, Payne and Lawrence, Stock and Share Brokers of 11 Angel Court, Throgmorton Street and was with them until 1871.

My mother took me to the office and I was duly installed at a large desk and perched on a high stool and initiated into the duties of office boy. In the afternoon after having waited in the 'queue' which lined up every afternoon in Copthall Court to wait for the days' price list issued from the offices of Whettenhall and Son, I was taken by Mr. John Lawrence to the Post Office in Lombard Street and shown where I was to post the letters each day - on this occasion, having posted the letters he said "That is King William Street at the other entrance, and you will be able to find your way home by the way you came this morning" - I answered that I could and we parted, but on entering King William Street I was puzzled as to whether I ought to turn to the right or to the left, and unfortunately for me took the right, which in this case was the wrong, turning. I passed down Cheapside and then turned into St. Martins-le-grand. Here I saw a Barnsbury omnibus, which I knew ran to Kennington Gate, near which we were then living- I followed the bus (luckily in the right direction this time) and crossed Blackfriars Bridge. Of course I should have taken the bus home, but I had determined to walk to and fro each day and did not wish to break through my plan on the first day.

Thinking to make a short cut I found myself getting into a very low neighbourhood. I fancy it was "the New Cut" Lambeth; and I had to turn back. Eventually I got home, but was almost fainting from the fatigue and excitement.

A few days stand out in my memory of these seven years. One was "Black Monday" when a panic ensued from the failure of Overend, Gurney & Co. whose offices used to be in Lombard Street at the corner of Birchin Lane.

Another occasion was the issue of some new stock by the Suez Canal Company. The stock at that time was held altogether in France and Mr. Lange(?) who was a client of the firm wished to introduce the shares upon the English Stock Exchange. The firm agreed to act as agents in London for the new issue, which the Directors had allowed to be offered in London- Circulars were printed and editors of financial papers were besieging Mr. Lange at our office to obtain advertisements, for which they were ready to write leading articles in favour of the issue. The shares were of course in French currency and the receipts had to be made out in French and calculated in francs. As I was the only one in the office who knew anything of French (and what I knew was little enough) I was deputed to make out the receipts and to receive the deposits.

However, hardly a dozen circulars were asked for, and the only application in England for these Suez Canal shares was by one man for one share and he paid the deposit of 25 francs all in four-penny pieces!

Once during my service with Messrs. Mieville, Payne and Lawrence I had an offer of another post. My mother's cousin Lawrence Matthey was a jobber on the exchange in the Consols(?) market and he offered to take me as his clerk. I should much like to have gone as I was very fond of him: but my mother did not think it right for me to leave Messrs. Mieville who had had the trouble of teaching me and so nothing came of this offer. After I had left the city and gone to America, a stockbroker who was getting old and wished to retire from a small business which he carried on alone asked my Uncle Alfred, who was a cashier in the Bank of England, if he could recommend him some young man whom he could take into partnership, I might have got this only I was then far away in the Western States of America. What led to this move was this. A Mr Collinson(?) who had gone to Illinois and started farming had come on a visit to England and somehow we got acquainted with him and were persuaded, i.e. my brother William and I, to go to the western states and become farmers. As a preparation for this I tried to learn as much about general trades as I could. Every morning during the winter of 1870 - 71 I got up at about 5 a.m. To do this I had an alarm clock in my room and from the weight I tied a string which was looped round my ear and if I did not heed the first ring of the

alarm, but attempted to doze again, every movement of my head allowed another tingle of the alarm bell. I rigged up an arrangement whereby I boiled some cocoa over the gas jet while I was dressing. I took the workman's tram from Loughboro junction to Ludgate Circus and walked to Hatton Garden, where I had engaged with a carpenter to give me lessons. I used to get to the shop by six o'clock, while it was still quite dark.

At this shop I learnt to handle and sharpen tools, I did some good work at planning fancy wood for my Uncle Alfred for fret work, which he was fond of doing. I also made myself a travelling box, all neatly morticed at the corners. It was a big box and when packed was really heavy. I remember as it was lowered into the hold of the ship, the sailors remarked on and said "this is the box with the gold". At eight o'clock we knocked off for breakfast which I got at Uncle Alfred's house in Hatton Garden and afterwards returned to the shop for an hour, By 10.30 I had to be at my office in London, after changing my clothes at my uncles' house. In the evenings I went sometimes to a shoemaker, who taught me to thread a bristle and repair shoes. I got so far as to make a pair of boots for myself, which I took to America with me. On other evenings I went to a tinsmith and learnt to solder tin pots etc. all these have been useful to me since.

William and I determined to go steerage across the Atlantic and so to commence the rough life that was before us. The experience was rather trying: At Queenstown we took in a lot of Irish Emigrants and the ship was rather crowded. In our cabin were 24 births, all full. We lay side by side, a six inch board forming a division between the bunks. On going to bed the first night, I found that someone else had taken mine and he was not polite in his language when I turned him out.

The food was not appetizing. We had hot rolls for breakfast, but they were made from sour flour. At dinner we eat off of our own tin plates and the steward came round with a tray of chunks of meat and plenty of potatoes with their jackets on. We suffered from sea sickness and for nearly a week we could eat very little, and when over the sickness we could not stomach the rough food and mode of serving it. I bribed one of the men in the cooks' galley to give me some of the remains of the cabin meals, which were thrown overboard, all I got was a slice of bread and butter. The most expensive lunch I have ever partaken of! We landed at Boston. We reached port on a Sunday afternoon and the only person visible on our arrival at the dock was a woman in a bright green dress. The company sent us on free to New York which was the destination to which we had booked.

We were warned before landing that there were sharpers in New York. That metal cheques would be given us for our luggage, which we could put in our pockets and produce to the clerk at the dock when we chose to come and claim our boxes etc.

There was a great crowd on the landing stage and among them a man with a uniform who demanded "to see the numbers" of our cheques, I produced ours and he entered the numbers in a book and then fore out a receipt and said would get our things at the address mentioned thereon and then coolly pocketed our cheques. I protested but without avail. I appealed to a policeman, but he refused to interfere. Seeing we could get no redress we went to the address named and found that it was that of forwarding agents. Being so far satisfied that we should not lose our things altogether we sought an hotel and as soon as possible had our boxes removed to the railway station. In the end I suppose we were only charged about twice the regular charge for delivery.

On our way to Chicago by immigrant's train we nearly got separated, which without an agreed place of meeting might lead to very serious consequences for parties in a strange land. The train travelled very slowly

and was frequently shunted into sidings. At one place we drew up on the line at a place where a few shops were close at hand. Several men crowded into a fruit shop to buy apples. I was among the last to be served and before I could get my change, the train started. I thought it would be only shunting but nevertheless made a run for the last car and just managed to board the train; which went right on, and I only just escaped being left behind. I think that we had decided to go to the "Manhattan" Hotel in Chicago, and should have made for that in case of separation under the hope that my brother might do the same.

We had several good introductions in Chicago and if we had decided to stay there, might have obtained good situations, but we had determined to take up farming and so went on.

We left our boxes at the warehouse of a seed merchant to whom we had an introduction and they were all (except some we had sent to us) burnt up in the Chicago fire which destroyed the whole city in the following year, 1872 (or was it the end of 1871?).

Among our letters was one to a gentleman at Dwight in Illinois and to this place we took our tickets, and at this place we went out into the country in search of farm work, which we found at a farm run by a farmer named Hall. He had a large family of boys but as the farm was the whole of a square mile there was a great deal to be done. Here we learned to plow and milk and generally were initiated into farm work, but we never got a penny by way of payment. On Sundays we used to mount our horses which we drove in the plough through the week and ride to church in the village of Dwight which was three or four miles away. Some of us had saddles and most tied a blanket round the horse and clung on as best we could. In this way we learned to ride. Seeing that we were never paid any wages at this farm, it was perhaps as well that our time there only lasted about 2 months, some money was stolen from us and this eventually led to our departure.

This time we left our heavy things with our friend at Dwight, who was a grain buyer and he let us put them in his warehouse. Here they were broken into and when we again got into possession of them all our jewelry had been stolen. Among which was my father's gold watch chain and his ring, also there was a heavy gold pencil case belonging to my brother William. We gave notice to the police but never heard of them again. We now went to a village called Tonawanda and started out in search of work. This time we had to separate I got temporary work with a Mr Jones and William went on and obtained permanent work with a Mr King near Normal village. I now had experience in the hay field and permanently weakened my back by straining to unload at the haystack. There is an art both in loading a wagon with hay and also in unloading! After being with Mr Jones about 9 weeks, I wandered on in search of work and would sometimes get a meal from a farmer and do a spell in the field at haying to pay for it. In a day or two I got to a farm where I had a week's work, this time in harvesting oats, I got quite expert at binding. At another farm where I spent about 10 days, I finished by helping for him at a thrashing "bee", at a neighbouring farm. I was asked to go under the thrasher to clean away the dust which gathered there and both morning and afternoon worked in a cloud of dust. In consequence I was choked with dust at every pore. Inside and out I was dust coated. It made one feel as if I had a heavy cold and I was glad to get to bed. In the night I had a heavy sweat which cleared the pores of the skin; but the sheets were simply black. After a month with a Mr Haw, where I was not comfortable, I found permanent work at 20 dollars per month with a Mr Solomon Porter. On engaging with him, I took the first day to go over and see William who was working about 2 miles away. I found my way there by daylight easily enough, but returning I lost my way in the dark in a field of maize. Eventually I found a farm yard but it was late and I did not care to rouse the inmates, so tried to sleep in a shed, but fowls were roosting above me and I had but fitful slumbers. About midnight I awoke to find the moon up, so I started to find my way home. This was not difficult, but on arriving at Porter's farm I heard a big dog bark

and come rushing towards me. I took counsel with myself whether to retire (in other words to turn and run) or to face the dog. As I wanted to find a place to sleep, I stood my ground and the dog simply followed at my heels as I went to the room in the garden allotted to the "hired men". On lifting the latch and entering a voice cried "who is there?" I explained that I was the new hired man and my future companion said "it is a good thing that I did not shoot you for a thief".

One day Mr Porter was paying a boy off and asked me for change, which I took from a little black bag, now my only luggage. A few days afterwards he asked if I had any money, as he would like to borrow it and pay me interest. I had about 105 dollars and I lent him 100 dollars- within a week my bag was stolen but I only lost 5 dollars in money besides the few things it contained. Porter repaid me my 100 dollars with interest when I left him.

During the winter months I took charge of the country school and did the "chaws" at the farm for my board and lodging. i.e. I took care of the horses and stock, milked the cows etc. morning and evening after my teaching was over. I had to go to Bloomington to pass an exam in order to get my certificate as a teacher but the exam was a very simple one.

My pupils varied in age from five to nearly twenty years of age. The big ones being girls whom I think came to school chiefly to "spark" the teacher and not finding a sympathetic response did not make the life of the teacher a very pleasant one.

One day Porter exchanged some young cattle for some mules. The owner of the mules brought them over one winter's day when I was not busy and asked me to help him to drive the cattle from the farm as they were not willing to leave the herd. At this request we fastened a rope round one horn and tied it to a front leg of each beast to prevent them from running fast. Then we drove one of them, a young steer, across a long field to a gate at the farther end. The others being already safely in the road beyond. We kept him near the fence until we neared the gate which I ran forward to open, but he took advantage of my absence to double back and we had to run right back to the farm. He was now getting fierce and charged me, if it had not been for the rope on his horn he would have tossed me. I bolted to the fence but I quite expected to feel his horns on me as I neared it, for he was close on me, what saved me was that as he tossed his head the rope the horn and drew his head on one side. Eventually he got so heated and worried that he was almost worn out and in running round a house to make another rush for home, he fell into a shallow hole and died there. The owner of the house was given the carcass in return for the trouble of skinning it for the owner. He fed some hired men on the meat through the winter. So I heard!

My brother William gave up farming in the spring to go to Chicago and take up work in his profession as an architect, thinking that he would find a good opening while the City was rebuilding after the great fire. He remained there for about 2 years (I think) and then returned to England and joined my younger brother in business as architects and surveyors under the title of Messrs.' HM & W Grellier.

I remained on the farm until August and then gave up the idea of farming and went to him in Chicago, of which more later on.

One day while on the farm we wanted to catch a young colt, which had never been handled. We got him into a shed and Mr Porter lassoed him, but finding trouble to get a second rope on him, I offered to go round by a door on the opposite side and try to get the rope over his head. I went into the stable and found him pulling back as hard as he could with his two feet stiff in front of him. By quickly approaching him I got close enough to place the second rope on him, but as I did so he made a dash at me and his two front hoofs

struck the wall of the barn behind me, one on each side of my head. It was an escape for me, for I was not touched.

Another day I was rounding up some horses which had got out and were in a neighbour's yard. It was getting dark so there was not time to lose if we did not want them to be out all night. On chasing them across the yard, I was suddenly aware that they had passed under a clothes line and that it was just in front of my horses head. I threw myself flat on his neck, I must have checked his head up a little, for the line stretched on the horses forehead and as it tightened flew up in a bow over my head. One day in the hay field I was on the wagon building the load. The hired man who was pitching up to me warned me once or twice that I was getting it on one side, but having learned impudence from knowing other boastful young lads, I said, "I knew my own business" and did not pay heed to his advice. As we drove home he said "Henry, I do not like the look of the load. If it comes over mind you do not let go the reins" for I was on the top, driving. Presently I felt the hay slipping from under me and down I slid with half the load onto the road, in my descent I forgot all about the reins and it was the care of my friend in immediately running to pick them up that prevented a runaway. One day in the winter I went with another man who was a poor farmer, who sometimes did a few day's work for Porter, to cut wood. We had instructions to go by a certain road to a small wood about 6 miles away and if the road was frozen hard to bring each a full load. Brummet my companion was in charge of the expedition as I knew nothing about the road or about cutting down trees.

The road was good and we therefore cut two large loads of young trees. I found it rather interesting work; Brummet showed me how to cut the tree so that it would fall where we could most easily get it onto the wagon. We worked hard all day, taking a rest at noon, when we eat our lunch. Then we loaded up and paid for the wood. I think it was 1 dollar per load. When we started home Brummet said "I think we will do better to go back by the other road, the ground seems quite hard", but unfortunately on a new piece of road, my wagon stuck. My horses Fox and Jennie got restive and would not pull steadily But jumped forward alternately. In the meantime the wheels were sinking deeper. I had to call to Brummet who was in front to come and help me. He tried to drive but could do no better than I had done, so he brought back his two horses and placed them in front and tried with four, but the wheels had now sunk so deep that instead of moving the wagon, he broke the wipple tree – I was at a loss to see what to do, but I was taught a lesson of what a rough country bumpkin, as Brummet was, learns to do when he has to depend on himself in the west. He searched along the 'snake' fence until he found the kind of wood he wanted, pulled out the rail and with the axe shaped a new wipple tree, fastened the irons upon it which he took off the broken one and then after throwing off half the load (which I fetched the next day) we got the wagon out of the rut and finished the journey without further mishap, though I remember that I was nearly perished with the cold before I got home long after dark.

When I left the farm and rejoined William in Chicago, he suggested that I should try what I could do as a book agent, so I took my sample volume and went to Southern Illinois. At first I had very good success, but I got fever and ague and that completely laid me up, so that I did not do much more than just cover my expenses.

I was prepared for my work by some instruction as to how to canvass. I was advised to give away one or two copies to leading men in the neighbourhood clergy or preacher etc., and get them to write a testimonial in favour of the book. Armed with this and their order for a copy, I took my sample book which was not the complete volume, but extracts from the most interesting parts and bound up with all the pictures. On coming

to a farm house I sat beside the farmer, or his wife as it might chance and showed the pictures, repeating a flowery discourse in favour of the book, all which I had learnt by heart. It was easy to get them interested in looking at the pictures, but the crux of the game was to get them to sign the order for a copy, to facilitate this, if they would not take the pencil, which I tried to place in their hands, the trick was to drop the pencil which nine times out of ten politeness would prompt them to pick up. Of course I had to pretend to do this at the same time, but took care to give the victim time to get hold of it first. This was a very effective move, but I was once badly tripped in practising it. I started in the morning on a new district and stopped at a farm house at cross roads. Here I found the farmer sitting on his "stoop" and went through my whole performance, but when I dropped the pencil he quietly left one to pick it up myself. I think he must have been behind the scenes himself. Not being able to get an order I walked on to the farm, and so worked my way round a block of farms, which are cut up in square block, the roads running parallel to one another at mile distances. Towards evening I came to a farm house and commenced my story which the farmer listened to very attentively. I dropped my pencil at the correct time, but was left to pick it up myself and the beggar coolly said "You told me all that when you came this morning". I had gone round the block of farms and approached this house from the opposite side; so that I had not recognized it.

During this trip I had got used to knocking at the open door of the farm house and if not heard walking into the house or round the yard in search of the owners, who would be at work somewhere about. On returning to Chicago I was recommended to a boarding house to which I went to seek rooms. The door was open and as no one responded to my knocks and I heard conversation in a room at the end of a passage I walked through as I had been doing for months past in my canvassing but I was met by a torrent of abuse and accused of wanting to steal the spoons and ordered out of the house.

Once while in Chicago as I could get nothing to do I went in reply to an advertisement to a dock where a ship was to be unloaded. Her cargo being planks which were being sawn up into blocks for wood pavement ("Nicholson" pavement if I remember correctly).

I was engaged with a lot of others. Men of all classes of society, who like myself were ready to do anything to earn an honest penny.

I chummed up with a man, who evidently was a gentleman and we carried planks together, one taking either end, from the ship to the saw mill. There they were run onto a table, across which swung five revolving saws, which cut them into block about a foot long such as are used for paving. The blocks were then carried forward on an everlasting carrier and thrown into a cart, to be taken to the place where the paving was going on. On about the second or third day the foreman ordered me to give up the carrying and get into this cart to pack the blocks, so that the cart might take a full load. He got into the cart to show me and another man how we were to do this. It was rather risky work for the five blocks came from a height of about 7 feet and if they fell on head or hands being all cut from green wood, they would have given a nasty blow. The carts were five or six feet deep, therefore those working in them, until the carts began to get full, were quite out of sight. On being left to ourselves my new companion began, as the Yankees say "to boss the show". He took care to keep well out of the way on the safest side of the cart, before the blocks in their regular intervals came shooting into the cart, but he had plenty to say in ordering me to do all the work. The result was that the loads were not properly packed and I was dismissed.

As no opening presented itself in Chicago, I got homesick and determined to return to England, but "stopped off" at Detroit and at London, Ontario to present letters of introduction. One of these was to a Mr Whitnall at the latter place and on his advice I remained there and took a situation as salesman in a crockery

store, wholesale and retail, at my boarding house I met my wife and in the following year we were married at St Paul's Cathedral and went to live at the town of St Catherine's, near Niagara –1873 to 1881.

One day news spread about the town that a pleasure boat had been lost on the Thames at London and we were very anxious to know whether our brother George and his family, whom we had left in London, were safe. The telegraph wires were too crowded to get any reply to our wire, so I took train and went to see for myself.

It seems that there were two flat bottomed boats running on the river to the water works some miles lower down and this place was favoured for picnics. On the Queen's Birthday May 24 excursions were advertised and the boats were crowded. George had arranged to go, but having some business to see to in town, he made arrangements to meet his wife and the children at the wharf. By some misunderstanding they were not there, but he thought they would be on the boat and so went on board.

The river is about 2 or 3 feet deep and these pleasure boats were built with a flat bottom with lower and upper decks. All went well through the day. George found other friends on board with whom he spent the day and it was on the return journey that the accident happened. The boat was crowded and some started dancing and then as the boat began to rock from side to side the people for fun tried to keep it rocking. The Captain sent forward to stop this, but they only laughed and said that if the boat did tip over they could all walk ashore as the river was so shallow. Presently the rolling caused the boiler to break from its fastenings and it rolled over against the support of the upper deck, (This is the best explanation I have been able to find) and in consequence the Upper deck came down onto the people beneath – and at the same moment the back sank into a hole in the river bed, so that the stern was under water and the stem stuck up in the air.

George happened to be near the stern where it was not so crowded as in the front. He climbed up one of the posts on the upper side and got on to the upper deck which was out of water at the front end.

He could see the people crushed in below and did his best to try, with two or three others, to drag people out! They did save two or three in this way and some were able to swim or wade to shore, but three hundred and twenty people were drowned. News was carried to town and the whole town came running to the scene of the catastrophe. They had to cross the Great Western Railway Bridge, and so excited were they that they paid no heed to the ???? of an approaching train which however slackened in time and had to wait while the people passed over the bridge.

The next day the whole bank of the river was covered with dead bodies laid out in lines for identification! When I got to the city it was a mournful sight to see coffins piled up on trollies on their way to the cemetery. We were thankful that we had not to mourn for the loss of any of our own dear ones, though we felt deeply for the sorrows of others.

I was running a shirt factory in St. Catherine's and at one time had a laundry in connection with it. One day one of our ironers was absent & we heard that the day before after work she had been sitting with some friends on a bank by the side of the Welland Canal & suddenly she got up and said " Well, girls here goes" and ran down the hill & plunged into the canal & was drowned. No one seemed to know any cause for so rash an act.

My three eldest children were born in St. Catherine's. In 1881 we were not satisfied with the results of the business & had planned to move to Winnipeg in Manitoba. I had almost finished my preparations when my mother wrote to say that our old friend Mrs Charlotte Barr had died & and left her a large legacy. Out of

which she proposed to give her children £6,000 each. On hearing this we changed our plans & came to England, we went to live in Brixton to be near my mother & there my youngest child Grace was born. From there we moved to Epsom where my brother Harley had built himself a house & where my mother was going to live with him as my elder brother William, with whom she had been living was to be married. I had not been long at Epsom before I made up my mind to go to college & seek ordination. At the advice of Revd S. Jackson the curate at Epsom Parish church, I went to the Theological College at S. Bees. Where I studied for two years.

Just before I went to the college two of the students had asked leave of absence for the day on some plea or other and had gone for a stroll on the beach. One of them was fond of climbing & said he would climb to the top of the cliff, which must have been well over 100 feet high (perhaps 200 or 300). His companion refused to go & stood on the rocks watching his ascent. He got almost to the top & then apparently came to a part where there was no longer foot hold & he could not get over the brow of the cliff neither could he descend again. He clung on for a time then fell crushed at his friends' feet.

He rushed back to the college in a frantic state & burst into the lecture room. The tutor & all the students ran off to the place scrambling over the rocks, but of course life was extinct & after the tutor had offered a prayer, they carried the body back to the village.

We used to have some good bathing, but it was not safe to go out far on account of strong currents. One day a lot of students planned to bathe together but when we got to the shore the waves were so high that only two of us went in. I found that I could not ride over the waves & could only face them & plunge through. I was afraid to go far out in such a sea & so quickly turned & was glad to find myself safe on land again, the back wash as I made my way out was very hard to make way against.

After a wind storm some young rooks were found on the ground under the trees in the yard, were was a rookery. I took two of these home & tried to wean them. One died but the other thrived & became very fond of me. It always wanted to be near me. When I came home from the lectures at the college it would fly to me & perch on my shoulder. Sometimes I would go down to the beach in this way & it was quite happy. In the house it would sit on my study table & the trouble was to keep it from sitting on my book, or on my paper when I was writing. When I went to my room to wash my hands it would jump into the basin. We were all very fond of it; but the landlady did not have the same delight in it &, whether at her instigation or not, one of the neighbours took it away & when we found where it was, they claimed that they had raised this one themselves & it was not mine! We never got it back again. I fully enjoyed my time at the college. It was becoming a schoolboy again after having over 20 years of business life & worry. The day I left was, of course, at the end of the term, when we all went away by train together. Everyone was full of spirits & fun. When I arrived at the station the students hoisted me onto their shoulders & carried me to the train in triumph & then finished by shooting me through the window head first.

My first Curacy was at Levenshulme, Manchester. I was very happy there, but the work was very heavy. I was ordained at Xmas 1887 and in the following spring my Rector the Revd. E. S. Hoare broke down & had to go away for change. He never recovered & died I think, in May. The Revd G. Bradley-Jones from Bolton was appointed in his place, but did not take up his duties until Nov. ? Therefore I had in my first year, without any training the whole weight of the parish on my shoulders.

There were two old people, Roman Catholics, in the parish who were characters. Mrs. McStay was always very demonstrative when she saw me. She would make a curtsey & say "I was a protestant once your

riverence, will you give me a 1/- your riverence?" They used to pass our house on Sundays on their way to the R.C. church. Bidy was always dressed in large bonnet & shawl, "plain red & yaller", as she described it. She always walked in front & about 2 yards behind came her husband, with a long coat & a top hat well on the back of his head. Bidy used to carry on a conversation by talking to him over her shoulder. They lived in a room in a poor part of the village. One day on passing I saw a crowd of boys at their door shouting & laughing, so I stopped to see the cause and found Mr. & Mrs. McStay rolling over & fighting one another on the ground. They soon got up & looked mightily ashamed before 'his riverence', "It was all them boys urging us on". When I left Levenshulme the District Visitors invited any who liked to subscribe towards a testimonial. Mrs. McStay said "oh yes, I must give something to his riverence, I'll go next door and borrow a penny," which she did & I have it duly marked in the list of subscriptions which I still possess.

One day I was going along the lane to "Back Levenshulme" as it was called. There was a calico printing mill there & all the inhabitants were in some way connected with the mills. Fathers, Mothers & children worked in it. I met a string of boys with their arms round one another & all talking at once in the greatest excitement. I asked what they were going to do. "Oh", said one of them "this boy has got a halfpenny and we are going to the village to spend it".

On going round to take leave of the people, one cottager said "I'm sorry you are going Sir, you have been such a bearable kind of a gentleman". Another said "I believe your health does not agree with you Sir?"

My son Angus got a sore finger which was neglected at school & through this sore the seeds of consumption got into his system, gradually working up his arm & finally settling on his lungs from which he eventually died. On his account we left Levenshulme & went to Ramsgate to get the sea air. I was curate there under Revd. L. Bradford-Whiting from 1891 to 1894 at St. Luke's'. My chief charge was of a Mission Room at Northwood. Here I started a night school for the rough lads & Miss Hughie Gedda came in every Thursday to help one. Sometimes they got rather out of hand & after school would take hassocks out into the porch & slip in & throw them at me, after that the culprit would keep away for a few weeks & then come sheepishly back again. Once a month we played games with them, such as Tiddle-de-winks & the letter games which they quite enjoyed. Our Sunday School at St. Luke's was very unruly. The first Sunday in the month all gathered in one room, and a service was held in place of the usual lessons (later on this was held in the church). I was warned during my first week that the coming Sunday would be a service Sunday and I might expect pandemonium. So I chose for my address the parable of the man who fell among thieves & told them stories about highwaymen, which secured a quiet hearing. But there were many bad boys though still quite young I have had to take a boy under my arm & carry him outside. When the door was closed on him he spent the rest of the afternoon throwing half bricks at the door. One lad of about twelve had not been to school for some time & I went to see him at his home. He said to "I don't want you to come to see me, it is none of your business if I choose to go to hell".

One Sunday we had a heavy wind storm in the evening, after church May asked me to go with her to the harbour. We had a trouble to walk along the breakwater as the wind was so strong. Flares were being made by a vessel on the Goodwin Sands & just as we arrived at the end of the Pier the life boat was just leaving. The few people at the Pier-head gave them a cheer as they passed out into the open sea. We did not remain long. We heard the next day that the Deal lifeboat had reached the wreck first, so that the services of the Ramsgate boat were not required.

The children had a dog, named Bruce, who was given to me in Manchester. He was a collie & a great pet. He was very fond of playing foot-ball & was always greatly excited at seeing the ball. He used to grip the lacings with his teeth & run away with the ball. One day the children shut him up in the conservatory because he interfered with their play. He presently appeared on the field having jumped through the glass. Schools used to play football on the sands, and we could not take Bruce with us when we went there as he could not resist the fun of rushing away with the ball. The schoolboys were not always as polite in their language to us as we could have desired. Bruce also loved the sea & would go down on his own account & spend the whole day fetching sticks out of the waves for anyone who would throw them in for him! He would come home in the evening utterly worn out & looking disreputable. He had a hatred for postmen & would not let them come to the house. Once when we had taken him with us on our summer holiday, we were driving in a private bus across London & Bruce was standing with his paws up on the door at the back. He saw a postman crossing the road & became furious. We were afraid that he would jump out of the window to attack him. One day at "Brae Side" Bruce was in the garden. The postman was coming with the letters & peeped over the wall to see whether the coast was clear & as he put up his head Bruce jumped on the wall right on top of him, much to his dismay. Bruce never really did the postmen any injury & to everyone else he was most friendly & was known all over the parish & was a general favourite. One person told us that he used to come to their house & knock on the front door with his tail. One day the boys tied a pair of their boots on his hind legs & let him walk down stairs, I heard a terrible clatter & shouts of laughter, in which I joined when I saw Bruce under the sofa & these boots flourished in the air behind him.

In November 1894 we left England for South Africa by S.S. Arab. We put up at the International Hotel at Capetown. I took the three children one morning to ascend Table Mountain at the shoulder between that & the Devil's Peak. It was a hot day & we all became utterly exhausted before we reached the top. Grace & I held out the longest, the others sitting in what shade they could find until our return. We straggled home one at a time & I think none of us will ever forget that climb or the rough ground we had to traverse. We went from Capetown to Wineburg & then to Aliwell North. From there I went to Bloemfontein at the time of the consecration of Bp. Gaul as first bishop of Mashonaland in order to see the Bishops there assembled & to see if I could arrange for some parish work. Not having my "robes" with me Archdeacon Gaul lent one his as he would no longer require them when arrayed as bishop. So like Elisha 'picked up the robe of my superior'. At Bloemfontein I met Bishop Bousfield of Pretoria & arranged to go to the Transvaal Diocese with him.

We travelled together by train to Johannesburg and went on from there to Pretoria in the Bishop's carriage via Rosebank. We stopped for a day or two with Mr. Hartley, who had a store & flour mill. This is the family now supplying "Hartley's tobacco". One of the connections of the family a Miss Jennings was to be married & the Bishop was to perform the ceremony. The church lay half way between the Jennings's colony and the Hartley's colony & was in a solitary place far from any farm houses. The floor was of mud. The East window was broken & the birds used the reading desk as a roosting perch & the church generally as a playground. One of the Jennings' was churchwarden & came over early to get some kind of decent appearance in the building, but not with great success. The vestry (so called) was about 1 yard square, made by hanging a curtain over a pole & was in so shaky a condition that we were afraid of upsetting it altogether & therefore I helped the Bishop to robe outside on the veldt. He had everything in proper style even to his silver cross, which I had to carry as chaplain for the occasion. All this show was in marked contrast to the filthy state of the church, but it was quite in keeping with the bride's get up. I expected to see her in a quiet travelling dress, but she swept into church in an ivory coloured satin, with white kid gloves reaching almost to her shoulders. She had a long train borne up by two little boys in black velvet & wearing broad hats

trimmed with large ostrich feathers, & so much was this part of the show that they did not remove them in church. There was a large company present who came to the ceremony in every conceivable conveyance, Ox wagons, Donkey wagons, Buggies, Horses etc. We were to go to the bride's father's house to the wedding breakfast. The disrobing of the Bishop & packing away his things took some time & the wedding cavalcade had gone on before so that we followed alone. The road had been a very rough one and I had admired the careful driving of the Bishop in places where I expected to be toppled out, but now the road was on a level plain except for occasional s---ts which we had to cross. One of these was about one foot wide & the same in depth & in this the Bishop came to grief & upset the carriage. "Diamond" and "Ruby", his two horses stood quiet luckily for us. The "boy" at the back of the carriage was thrown clear & got to their heads, but the Bishop and I were among their heels & shut up as in a box except that we could climb out over the seat at the back. I was up first & got the Bishop by the shoulders to drag him from the horse's heels. He was a big man & quite too heavy for me to lift, However he was not much hurt & told me to crawl out & he would follow. We then righted the buggy & threw away the broken ----p. The Bishop remarking that he did not want people to be able to say "This was where the Bishop was upset". He had bought a bottle of Elliman's embrocation at Hartley's Store and that night I rubbed him with it & bound up his wrist which was sprained. At Pretoria I stayed with the Bishop who, it seems, always roped in any one of his clergy while staying in the house to act as his secretary & help him on with his homework. After a few days I left by the coach at about 5 a.m. to go to Pietersburg about 200 miles to the North, which charge I had accepted. The coaches are on the same plan as the Deadwood Coach as seen at Buffalo Bill's far west show & as seen in old pictures. It held about 12 inside & six out, the luggage was on the roof. It was hung on leather springs & drawn by eight mules & two horses. The horses led as they were said to take to the water more readily when a stream had to be crossed for there were no bridges. The stages were about 10 miles apart & the mules go at a gallop the whole way. At one place a mule was obstreperous and had to be sandwided(sic) between two of the tired mules out of the previous team to enable the boys to push him into his place & to slip the collar band over his head. When the coach started the mule was facing the coach & was dragged along the road until it struggled to its feet. I was inside & did not see what happened on the journey, but at the next stage when it was taken out it was just as full of fight as at first. I returned to Pretoria about a month later & was then travelling outside. The same performance went on & the guard lashed that mule for the whole 10 miles & it was as full of fight as ever when it was unharnessed. There is always a white man in charge of these coaches & he carries the whip which reaches to the leading team. These men became so expert in the use of the whip that it is said they can lasso partridges which sometimes are seen on the side of the road as the coach passes. On that same return journey the coach was not taking a very straight course & a passenger beside me remarked this to the drover who replied "You see, he has never driven before, but the driver was ill & we had to get someone". Presently the coach was very much on one side & again the drovers reply was "the spring has broken" & then he whipped up his team & we bumped along with the coach resting on the pole which runs under the body until it was put right during the night when we stopped at Nylstroom. There is sleeping accommodation here. The coach to Pietersburg arrives at about 6 pm. We have dinner & then generally go to bed at once as the coach starts again between 1 & 2 am. I heard that the accommodation was limited so suggested to a young man with whom I had entered into conversation that we should room together. When we got down from the coach the hotel proprietor said "This way" and about 12 or more men trooped after him. He opened a door and said "six in here" & left us to decide whether to join that lot or go to the next room with the next half dozen.

At Marabastad 10 miles from Pietersburg I was met by some of my congregation that was there who had driven out to meet the coach, which I found was the usual polite way of welcoming travelers.

Just beyond this as I drove in with them we met a wagon on which was Revd Weinstein who had been in charge for three months but was not satisfied to remain. He was the first Church of England parson to minister at Pietersburg. I took up my quarters at the hotel. The people gave me a hearty welcome. On Sunday we had services morning & evening in the Masonic Hall. The notable feature was that the congregation usually consisted almost entirely of men! We paid £1-1-0 per Sunday for the use of the Hall. After a time I took a service in the afternoon at the jail. This was a group of huts on the open veldt. The prisoners could go about the village but had to be in at night. It was said that at Smits cloup(?), which had been the government center before the Landrost's Kanteen was moved to Pietersburg, the prisoners used to sit about in the Kanteens and forgot the time of closing so that the Jailor threatened them that if they did not come back in time he should lock them out. I had only been in Pietersburg a few weeks when I received a wire to recall me to Pretoria, as May and Harley were dying. The family had arrived there on their way to rejoin me & these two had both dysentery. The coach only went twice a week & one had just left. To take a private conveyance would have cost me £25 & it would have had to stop to rest the horses & therefore it was no saving & I waited for the next coach & travelled with --- dread that they might be dead when I arrived. They were living in Canon Fisher's house and I remember the fear that was in my heart as I knocked at the door. Thank God both were still living though we had a long & expensive time of nursing, Harley got well in about 3 weeks, but May developed enteric & was at death's door. Dr. Kay attended her & ordered cold baths which nearly drove her mad & Janette refused to give her any more. When the doctor came one night he said "who has taken the bath away. Janette said "I have, I am not going to have my child tortured any more".

Twice we had consultations & on one occasion three doctors consulted. One of them on leaving said to May "Keep your pecker up". This apparently [was] all he did for his fee. After Enteric May had thrombosis first in one leg & then in the other. After that the doctor said she was going into a decline & that she would die unless we took her away from Pretoria before the hot weather began. I was keeping Canon Fisher out of his house & paying his charges at a boarding house. My doctors' fees were £85 + £18. At last we determined to go on by wagon to Pietersburg. The Bishop was very kind & helpful & advised that a journey on the open veldt was the best possible tonic. After some delay we got two wagons belonging to a co--- with half tents that is tented at the back half of the wagon. The Bishop's son Hugh kindly came to help us. He tied rulkes rings, such as are used on horses' legs & fastened them to the frame of the tent. We carried May out on an iron stretcher & tied this to the rings which gave her a spring to her bed & then ropes to either side prevented swinging. The night we left was Sunday & a heavy storm was raging. The young Boer who owned the two wagons & the other Boers who owned the others were very thoughtful. We parked just outside the town & they covered the wagon up with tarpaulins.

This seemed a desperate measure to have taken but May began to gain strength at once & after a week was well enough to write on a postcard to her grandmamma to say she was getting better. We had to carry her on the stretcher from the wagon into the house & it was some weeks before she was able to push herself about the house on a chair with casters & quite a long time before she got over her limp & could walk as before her illness.

There was a war of the Boers against a Kaffir (*sic*) chief & they brought up a number of swazies (*from Swaziland*) to do the bush fighting for them. They passed through Pietersburg in a bunch many of them carrying wood for the camp fire. One man in a long light fashionable overcoat ran out from the crowd with his assegai & charged the people on the sidewalk stopping just as he reached them & backing again into the ranks. This is allowed to be done (so I am told) only by those who have killed an enemy in battle.

The Boers are fond of dancing and will arrange for a gathering lasting two or three days. Refreshments are placed on a table & everyone helps themselves as they feel inclined. We witnessed a dance at the Spelongken[?] when we went to the marriage of Mr Cooksley's two daughters to Mr Merme & Mr John Klunisberg. The wedding was in the garden under the Orange trees & in the evening there was a dance in the barn. The floor was the ground and the white dust gradually filled the room until it was like a thick fog. The ladies dresses & any black coats were ruined. When the dust got too bad water was brought in & the ground sprinkled. A police camp was in the neighbourhood and the young policemen came to the dance in their riding dress with heavy boots & spurs. The dancing was vigorous & the girls often lifted off their feet.

I heard that at another dance a young Boer dressed in blue pants without braces, having got heated with his exertions removed his coat & danced in his shirt sleeves. He asked Mrs. Ireland for a Waltz and about once in every circle of the room he would stop & say "excuse me lady" while he hitched up his trousers preparatory to another circle of the room.

When living in Mrs. Devenish's house we had a visit from a burglar. During the previous day a dirty little white man came to the front of the house & asked if we wanted any pots & pans repaired. He was evidently spying out the land.

During the night I awoke to hear sounds in the house, which I attributed to some door that was swinging but as the sounds continued I got up and then perceived by the light under the door that the lamp was still burning in the dining room. Still unsuspecting anything I said to my wife, Why, you never put out the lamp. At the sound of my voice out it went & I realized at once that something was wrong. I opened the door quickly & saw by the moonlight a man in a white coat running through the sitting room, which was on the opposite side of the dining room. He had to turn & come back through my study to get to the front verandah. I found afterwards that he had lit a candle in the study & placed it upon the floor. I tried to get out of the dining room door opening onto the verandah to head him off, but before I could get it unlocked he had jumped down into the garden, I was not far behind him & evidently he knew I should if he tried to get out of the front gate. Which was a "Kissing" gate. He dropped a rug there & turned back to run through the grounds. He stumbled once or twice & I caught up to him & we struggled on the ground. My wife had come out to the verandah when I asked for help went for Harley, who came to my help. The man, a black man, bit me on the arm & got out his knife & before we realised what he was up to got it open & tried to cut Harley's wrist & sever the sinews. The Kaffir boy came to our help with rope & we tied him up & sent for the police, who marched him off to the station. While we were waiting for the police the tinker came (it was 3a.m.) and said "I am a white man, can I do anything to help you?"

The prisoner got 3 months & 15 lashes.

Drinking was a vice much indulged in. I had three sad cases of young men who killed themselves with drink. My secretary to the church council had a young friend who came out from Scotland with him: at that time he was a teetotaler. He had to sell liquor at Cookerleys' Store & learned to drink. He came to Pietersburg with delirium tremens and George Roberts (the Sec.) helped to nurse him. He died, aged about 23 & one morning his body was taken in an ox cart by the police to the cemetery & I buried him. About a year afterwards Georgie Roberts, who had gone to work at Bulawayo returned to Pietersburg with delirium tremens & died & I buried him. A young man named Thomas well connected at home was given to drink & got into jail. According to custom he was allowed to go out during the day and act as clerk to the court messenger, for which he received 2 shillings and 6 pence per day. Money passed through his hands & he

stole & bought liquor. Eventually he was discovered & confined to jail without liquor & in 3 days it killed him- I buried him also.

When I first arrived in Pietersburg there was no church building, but Mr. Devenish had given half a town lot on condition that a church should be built within 2 years. The Bishop had therefore impressed it upon me to attempt this & advised me of "Willesden Paper". Services were held in the Masonic Hall for which we paid £1-1-0 per Sunday. I spoke of starting a subscription list & with this in view gave to the See a baptismal fee of £5, which was given me 'for the church'. This eventually was not forthcoming, but once when on a journey with two of my parishioners to Cookesly's[?] we started a subscription list at a wayside store and from that day it grew. I also had (a) circular letter printed stating that my parish covered 20,000 square miles & we had no church. When the amount subscribed had reached over £300 we began to think of building. I made my own plans & a parishioner drew up the specification of which I made two fair copies. Only in writing "And whereas", and whereas I missed one paragraph nearly led to much trouble, of course I should have read them over together before they were signed, but we learn by experience.

We called for tenders and about five were received. The building committee met in Mr Kleinenberg's office to open the tenders. One member, Master of the Masons, who did not want to lose the £1-1-0 per week, I suppose, said "Mr Grellier before you open those I give you warning that unless we have the money to meet the contract I shall object to accepting any tender. Just then Mr. Ireland, who was late, came in flourishing a £5 note which he had stopped to beg from someone he met on the way to the meeting. That £5 raised our funds to exactly the amount of the lowest tender, which was accepted.

The builder was dishonest & was doing such bad work that we had to take the contract from him as provided in the agreement. But when he brought us before the court claiming the full amount of his contract, it was found that a clause appeared in his copy which I had omitted in my own to the effect that, in case bad work was done notice in writing should be given. This we had omitted to do & I was afraid it would lose us our case, although the breaking of the contract terms on his side was clearly proved as he was faking the work in all directions. However the acting Landrost gave decision in our favour. The builder gave notice of appeal to the High Court, but died before it came to trial & his widow refused to proceed knowing that he was trying to cheat us.

We had to draw up a new contract & provide that some parts should be pulled down & ----- & buttresses built to strengthen the end. Again the extra cost was just provided for by money that had been coming in. I ordered leaded light windows from Durban, which had to be brought by rail to Pretoria and by wagon transport to Pietersburg. I needed £50 to meet the cost & was rather troubled to know where I[t] was coming from. Famine was severe at the time & I had to go to Pretoria & Johannesburg to tell the particulars & to try to raise funds.

Mr. Tracy, brother in law to Mr. Devenish, invited me to dinner & before leaving gave me a cheque for £50. I thanked him for helping the famine fund but he said "No, That is for the church", so I returned with the amount needed.

Mr. Moschke provided us with the wood & iron on credit to the amount of £350. The benches cost £100 but all the 'ornaments of the church' that is necessary furniture from altar rails and reading desk to flower vases and book markers were provided by various members of the congregation. Finally we opened the church with a debt of £200. The whole cost being £1050 and money raised £850 (£200 of this was by means of a sale of work) and I think £100 from S.P.C.K. Before I left Pietersburg I tried to raise this £200 by

getting ten members of the church to promise £20 each payable in 2 years. This was done, only in one case the £20 was made up by four people giving £5 each. At a meeting to settle the agreement objection was raised to this by some of those present & I had the mortification of seeing the whole scheme go to pieces. The reason given was that the member, who had thus been helped to raise his £20, was as well able to give £20 as the rest. Privately he told me that he was not only supporting his own family, but also keeping his father & mother down in Natal, but he was not going to tell these private affairs to everyone.

I have mentioned the famine. This was in 1896. I went to Leydsdorp to take service and found that Kaffirs were dying of hunger. The cause being drought which prevented ploughing & sowing mealies. So that one crop was lost & another was devoured by locusts which swarmed across the country & devoured everything.

Starving natives followed up the swarms which settle at night in clumps on trees & bushes. They are numbed & cannot fly in the morning until the sun warms them, so the natives shake the bushes & gather the locusts in sacks, dip them in boiling water & then dry them in the sun. I have seen them laid out on a smooth piece of sandy ground. I also on one occasion at school caught the children munching something & on enquiry found they had a supply of dried locusts in their pockets. I eat one, it tasted like dry grass. I have no doubt that John [the] Baptist ate real locusts, which were food for the poor people in his day. Wild honey is found in quantities on the Transvaal. There is a bird which they call the honey bird, which leads men to where bees are hiving & the hunters often follow & get honey, always leaving some for the bird. At this time we seemed to taste the plagues of Egypt. My opinion is that the plagues were the natural troubles which always prevail in Egypt & Africa, but were experienced in Moses' day in an intensified form. We had hail, a storm came up one Sunday afternoon. The sky became black and the hail came across the veldt like a wall. The stones were about one and one quarter inches across. All the windows facing the storm were broken and men were going round as soon as the storm was over to buy up all the glass in town.

At the church we had about 130 diamond panes of Cathedral glass broken. I opened the lead frames & having procured new panes from Durban replaced them myself. And then put fine wire netting to protect them in future but it was closing the stable door after the steed was stolen. We had a plague of white butterflies & the black caterpillars following made the paths greasy to walk upon.

During the hail storm some young people were caught on the veldt driving in a wagon drawn by four mules. To save themselves from bruises they crawled under the wagon, but the mules as soon as the stones pelted them ran away & left the party sitting on the ground! Fowls were beaten to the ground & had their wings broken. At the same time we had Murrain among the cattle. Rinderpest killed large numbers and transport with cattle was practically stopped, though food had to be taken through to Bulawayo. Large prices were paid and transport riders would rush their cattle through. Leaving at the roadside those that got ill & thus arriving at their destination with half their animals but these being considered salted were sold there at high prices & the men returned to buy new oxen and make another dash. One young fellow in pity for his beasts stopped to rest & try to save them, but all died and he had to leave his wagons there & pay for the loss & so that he lost all. Horses & mules were dying of horse sickness. One man counted 300 carcasses beside the road between Pietersburg & Potgietersrus.

The Government purchased donkeys by the ship load from S. America & used them to send up mealies for our support.

Our last plague was 'the death of the first born'. Our drinking water was obtained from wells or from the ditches which run through all Dutch villages & which were supplied from a strong spring above the town. The town sites are chosen by proximity to such a water supply. Of course the drought had caused all rain tanks to be empty. The government ordered that no one should remove any dead animal off his own land onto that of a neighbour. I suppose this was necessary among selfish farmers who would thus drag a carcass off their own land being too lazy to bury it & give the risk of infection to another to save their own cattle. But the Landrost chose to apply this to the town lots, & as many people kept a cow & nearly died. They were buried all over the town. One died close to the Masonic Hall & was buried where it fell, the soil was only about 2ft deep above solid rock & the result was a heap of earth with a horn sticking up like a tomb mark and we all had to pass this as we went into church.

One man, Gutenberg, owned 15 cows, which died & were ordered to be buried in the middle of the town. In consequence the water we drank became infected with diseased matter and enteric carried many off. Mr. evenish among the number.

During the famine we formed a committee to raise funds to buy food for the starving natives. I went with Mr. Pruve, a French missionary on a riding tour through the spelonken[?] to collect. Two store keepers gave us £50 each. I rode 60 miles to get one £50 and at that time was not much used to the saddle. Mealies were sold to the natives at 10/- a bucket.

In Pietersburg we started a 'soup kitchen' only the 'soup' was mealie pap. Every morning a native man came & boiled mealie meal in a 20 gallon pot. The women and children sat in the ditch above my house & each morning about 200 were fed with a large spoonful each. They took it on paper on the corner of their blanket. We had police to keep them in order & to see that they did not get served twice. As it was a woman would claim a ladleful not only for the children playing about at her feet, but also for the baby tied by a shawl on her back. We bought mealie meal by the sack from the government. The Landrost let us have two or three bags at a time. We tried to get a wagon load, which would have saved us money, but could never get this granted although often promised. When forming the committee I had consulted the Landrost & he had tried to persuade me to take government officials on the committee. If I had done this the management of funds would have got into their hands & I had no opinion of their honesty & refused. He said 'then you can take it from me, Mr Grellier, that you will do no good with your committee. Even the President Kruger promised that we should have one wagon for the Relief Committee! At last Mr Marais, our member on the Road got the promise that 2 wagons should be sent to us from Cellier by a convoy in charge of Monkell. When Monkell arrived in Pietersburg he asked for our 2 wagons and he said "Oh, were they for the Relief Committee? I was met at Potgietersrus and ordered to send the two wagons for the Relief Committee to 'somewhere or other'. We never had any account rendered to us for those two wagons! Who says the Boer is not slim? One day I got word from the Landrost that a convoy had come in and I could have a load or perhaps 2. I went at once to tell the good news to Mr Devenish. "Wait a bit, Mr Grellier", said he, "The famine is practically over & the price is falling, do not be let in by taking these mealies" & we did not.

During the famine, when I went to Pretoria to collect funds, I travelled by the coach and at Wonderboom on the last stage before reaching Pretoria, I am not sure of the name. A man short in stature & with grey hair & beard stood on the steps of the hotel as we alighted and stared at me. At lunch he sat opposite me & continued his stare. In the coach he continued the same & feeling annoyed I stared him steadily in the face. I noticed that when the tickets were collected neither he nor a big six foot man opposite him paid any fare. On arriving at Pretoria I went to stay with the Bishop who said that the whole place was

full of spies, in distrust of the English because of the Jamieson raid which had taken place some months before.

The next day I was in the Raadzaal with a lawyer from Pietersburg, Mr Van Sochen[?], who had promised to help me to form a committee in Pretoria. We met a short dark dapper man with piercing black eyes in one of the passages & they conversed in Dutch which I do not understand. When he left Mr Van Sochen[?] asked if I had understood their conversation and then told me that Barend[?] Forster, member for Zoutpansberg had wired the Government that I had come down from the North as an emissary of a new conspiracy. That 9'000 men were gathered on the borders of Rhodesia & I had gone to arrange with the people on the Rand for another raid.

My wife heard in Pietersburg that I had been arrested & imprisoned. However the Landrost assured her that it was not so and that no harm would come to me. Our letters were stopped but otherwise I suffered no inconvenience.

I arranged a committee in Pretoria through which we were to interview the President & I went on to Johannesburg to work the interest up there, on the understanding that I was to be wired for to return if a meeting with the President was arranged.

By some blunder no wire was sent me & a letter sent through the Sec. Of the Committee in Jo'burg was delayed by him & delivered to me just at the time I should have been in Pretoria to interview the President.

My visit was not productive of great results though I interviewed many leading men. Mr Burke promised £50 if the Committee would inform him of any special case in which it was required. We received shortly afterwards a list of cases from a mission station & sent it to Mr Burke and obtained for them the £50.

I have mentioned the Jameson Raid. One morning Harley came home to lunch very excited to say that the British had invaded the Transvaal. I said this could not be, but in the evening it was explained that Rhodesia had invaded the Transvaal from the West & a band of men was marching on Pretoria. I said it sounded very unlikely but that might possibly be true. Soon we heard of the defeat & capture of this band & their imprisonment in Pretoria & condemnation to death. There was great excitement. The Boers especially the women were very bitter against the 'damned Rooineks'. [?]

The people at Leydsdorp wrote to ask my Church Council to allow me a free Sunday that I might go there & hold a service for them. They consented on condition that all expenses were paid. This meant (if I remember rightly) £7-10-00 for my fare on the four wheeled bus. It had a seat on each side & was like a spring wagon only with a cover.

We left Pietersburg about 1 a.m. I was almost alone in the coach when it started. I tried to lie on the seat, but I kept rolling off. I then tied my arm to the frame of the window & got on better. I found that there is an art even in knowing how to ride in a bus. The route ran through Haenertsburg, where we had breakfast and about midday we came suddenly to the edge of a deep valley, the groot Letaba, which ran in the valley far below. The driver of the mules went through violent exercise in the descent. To throw the storm water off the road & prevent its destruction, cross cuttings had been made every few hundred yards to lead the water off. As we approach these the driver pulled in the reins yard after yard until the 10 (or 8) mules were all in a bunch together & then having got safely through the rut, he let them out to run for the next when the same operation took place. I was told that sometimes a private carriage was assisted down the hill by cutting down

a young tree & tying it to the axle for a brake. One young lady rode down the mountain on the boughs of the tree. When we had crossed the river & come to the next outspan, I saw a lot of locusts spread out at the roadside to dry & be prepared for eating after having been dipped in boiling water. I was very kindly welcomed at Leydsdorp, which is a mining center & inhabited by prospectors. I was put up free at the hotel, where I remained for ten days so that I should give them a Sunday & return by the next 'bus. The way the men showed their good will was by inviting me to 'have a drink' and if I had been addicted to liquor the consequences might have been serious & the parson's example anything but edifying. The fashion was for all to go to church (in the court house) on the Sunday morning. The congregation was very much 'male'. There were only 3 or 4 ladies in the place, wives of the hotel keeper & the doctor & one or two others. They formed a scratch choir & we had some cheerful singing, about 45 came in the morning but the evening congregation used to fall to under 20. They always collected about £20 for me to take to my Church Council so that we far more than paid expenses as I was at no expense while there.

There were lions & other wild beasts in the neighbourhood. One hunter told me that if you shot a female lion, the male would run away, but if the male was hurt the lioness would attack you. Not much complement to our sex!

On one of these trips I took my eldest daughter with me by invitation. They gave us a good time. One day we drove out to see an enormous baobab tree. The trunk was (from memory) 30 feet round and the wood so soft that you could run the blade of a pocket knife right into it. The fruit yields a seed which has a coating of some substance of an acid taste & we were told men when hunting would quench their thirst with these. Another day we went some ten miles away to a river for a picnic & were initiated into the way to cook meat at a hunter's fire. Some of the girls went away by themselves & finding a path made through the brush and reeds followed it to the river. On return they were told that they should not have done so as it was made by wild beasts whom they might have disturbed. One gentleman drove down in a trap with a pair of horses, he was manager of the Sutherland Mine. When we prepared to go home it was found that these horses were missing. He thought the lions would kill them, but was pleased that they returned home safely on the following day. On our way home we stopped for tea at Lakina. Here there was fuchsia tree 30 feet in circumference. At the hotel were two kittens from a tame cat & wild father. I asked for one & we took it back in the coach with us. We called it 'Tabby'. It would follow us along the road & often went to church on practice nights. It would rush past us & run up a tree till we had gone by & then made another rush. When we got to the church it would be sitting on the gate post. Also at meals if we gave paddy & Tabby each a bone. Tabby at the word of command would follow paddy's example & pick up his bone & carry it outside. He feared no dogs & all dogs were on their polite behaviour in his presence. We left him behind when we went to Middleburg much to our regret. In the end two dogs killed poor Tabbie. As we were returning in the coach or 'bus we had an experience of the dangers of the road. Once the mules ran off onto the veldt & we bumped over boulders at full gallop until they got onto the road again. Once in early morning just at daylight the mules in going through a donga on the side of the mountain, swerved at the bottom & would not face the hill, but wound up in a bunch on the road. If we had been dragged off the road we would have rolled down the mountain. This happened once on a wet day, when the coach skidded at a corner on coming down. Some boys were the only occupants and escaped unhurt. Leaving Haenertsburg the reins broke. The guiding reins are two in number one pair for the wheelers & one pair which runs through ear-rings all along the team is for the leaders. It was this that broke. The driver and the 'guard' jumped off, one on each side & ran to the leaders & happily reached them before the teams got away.

On the coach was a Mr Spandau who had been surveying in the low country, we asked him home to tea & he entertained us by playing the piano all the evening. He knew no music, but could play any opera we asked for all through from memory. On returning from one of these trips there was a Mr Pois[?] travelling to Pietersburg with his wife & family. Mrs Pois[?] as it grew dark took off her shoes & stockings & lay down at our feet all along the floor of the 'bus. We had to tuck our feet out of the way as best we could. She never said 'by your leave' or thought of thanking us for the inconvenience we had to suffer. At lunch time she opened a very dirty cloth bundle which I had noticed lying about & offered buck sandwedges(sic), but our appetite was satisfied through our eyes though Mr Pois was very pressing & evidently enjoyed himself.

On arriving in Pietersburg I was told that President Kruger was in town & would meet the Hospital Committee of which I was one at 11 o'clock. My watch had gone wrong while I was away- I was quarter of an hour late. He was on an election tour – so ready with his promises. He said the Government would give pound for pound up to £1000 to enable us to build a hospital, but nothing come of it after the election was over.

He addressed the school children in the market square. I was present but did not understand the Dutch, I was told that he cautioned the children not to believe anyone who told them that the world was round, because he knew that it was flat. President Kruger had a large flabby face with lakes[?] under his eyes. He was very abstemious & at a public dinner at Pietersburg he left in the middle having eaten very little. The first time I saw him was when I first got to Pretoria. I went to the opening of the Raad. He came in white[?] evening dress- white gloves of enormous size, but which seemed to be too large for him and a green sash across his breast which reminded me of a Forester on a holiday.

Once at Nylstroom he was asked why no young Dutchmen were engaged in the government offices. His reply was that they did not know the language. The High Dutch of the Government official documents is not understood by the Boers who only speak the Taal a corrupt form of Dutch. Mr Leyds' & his Hollander friends when exploiting the officers of the Govt. as the Jews did the mines and they did not make any effort to enable the Boers to compete with them.

At this point the reminiscences of Henry Grellier finish.

He began the narrative with beautifully scripted copper plate writing. Gradually this deteriorated until at the end of the document it was almost indecipherable, he also used quite a few words of Afrikaans, of which I do not understand. In such cases I have attempted the word but enclosed a question mark in square brackets after it. Other words that proved difficult I have attempted to spell out letter for letter, however where I have failed I have inserted a – to insinuate that a letter is missing.

The story of Henry Grellier and family is continued by his daughter Helen Grace (Grellier) Campbell in the following pages.

Continued by Helen Grace Campbell

I have been reading these reminiscences of my father & I feel it may be of interest to some of our descendants if I continue them- not that my life has been of any interest to others but I know I should be interested to read of any ancestor of mine, had they written.

I find Father's account of his early days quite thrilling. He went from Pietersburg to Middleburg as Rector and was there during the Boer War, came home to England for a visit & returned. Later he suffered from asthma & had to go to Durban, the lower altitude, I imagine, gave relief but he was not able to take a parish again & did Locum Tenens work, at Krautzkloof & also at Avoca (I think) on the North coast. He lived in Durban where my mother died & my sister May kept house for him. In about 1923? They came to England & eventually took a cottage at Walton-on-Thames, where he died in, I think, Nov. 1932 or 3. I am hopeless over dates....My sister insisted that his ashes should be buried with or in the grave of my brother Angus in the old cemetery at Ramsgate.

I was born, as my father mentions, in Brixton, 2 York Villas, I think it was at 2. [a.m. or p.m.?] I went once with Father to visit places he had known down that way and remember it as a small uninteresting house semi-detached & not too clean in a street somewhere near the Bon Marche. I fear it has come down in the world, if it is still in existence. The date was November 12th 1883.

My earliest recollection is of crossing a cemented path which ran across the back of a house which opened onto it by a 'french' window, there were two or three steps up the other side onto a lawn and my sister & brothers had run across it & were hanging & sitting on the wooden fence which bordered the garden, they were talking to some other children over the fence. I remember climbing laboriously up the steps & finding it hard work & then staggering rather unsteadily across the lawn but before I got far they all came running back & dashed round the side of the house to join their friends. I climbed slowly & carefully down the steps & toddled after them only to find the gate shut, where upon I yelled very loudly & Mother came & picked me up. I was I imagine about 21/2 years old & have since realised that the house was in Epsom. Why I should remember it I cannot think as my next recollection is of St. Bees. We lived in one of a row of cottages & I remember the rook of which Father speaks & of taking "elevenses" or tea into the study & the rook sitting on the desk or Father's shoulder. The cottages faced towards the sea across a rough grass land & the out-look has always been a memory of bleakness although the cottage was a sunny friendly place & behind it a pretty walk across the meadow to the college. (I went to St. Bees in 1956 and found it much the same -only those cottages enlarged). When I went out I wore a kind of poke bonnet, there is a photo still in existence taken shortly after at Whitehaven which shows me wearing one & hugging a doll with a most ferocious expression, I believe the photographer was so pleased with it that he had it on display. Someone sent me a present of a tam-o-shanter, a woolly cap in some bright colour, blue or green, I was thrilled & begged to wear it, so went to the sea shore for a walk in it. It was a sunny day but a cool breeze & that night I woke screaming with ear-ache. I can remember the shadows on the wall as Father & Mother strove to ease the pain & dropped warm oil into my ears & the pattern on the wall paper. Dickens in (I think) David Copperfield speaks of wall paper that "seemed to my young imagination like blue muffins" & I always think of that room for there was a kind of round blue object like a muffin all over it. I suppose I was then about 31/2 years (but may have been only 21/2).

Later we moved to a house in the High Street or Main Street. It was a tall narrow house & the study downstairs was dark. The sitting room above had in one corner a bent wood rocking chair the rockers & woodwork were slender & the back & seat were plaited cane. I found it difficult to climb into & had to stretch my arms to reach the arms & if I slid on the smooth seat I fell into the space between the back & the seat but I loved to sit in it & rock back & forward, it was splendid. One day I was alone in the room & having with difficulty seated myself, I rocked happily: further & further it rocked until it tipped right up on the back & turned upside down into the corner where it stood firmly against the wall. With horrified surprise I slid gently down the smooth back of the chair & stood on my head in the corner where, unable to move, I yelled 'blue murder' until Mother came & rescued me.

While there May went to boarding school at Greta Bridge, I think the school was in a house in which Wordsworth had lived, May was about 12. One of the students at the theological college was, I learned later, very much in love with her & wanted Father to say that he could marry her when she was old enough. He did not forget & years after wished to marry her. She never married but it was not for lack of the chance, nearly all men fell for her & Edgar, a friend of Angus' in after years made a journey to Africa to ask her for the umpteenth time, when she again refused him he married someone else but still continued to write to May. Yet she was not pretty or even striking looking but had a great charm.

When we went to Levenshulme I began to have a clear memory. The house was the end one of three or four I think though I do not really remember. It looked straight down a road across which was the cutting of a new railway line, the road was carried over it on a new bridge & we used to stand & watch the navvies working in the cutting. On the one side of the garden a brick wall bordered a field which belonged to our milkman or rather to the owner of the dairy, Old Woodward, he was a crabbed old chap & would not allow anyone into the field. As, however, there was a pond in it & it was also a short cut to the house where Edgar lived, we children were always using it, the entrance was by our front gate & at times when the boys wanted to play in it, I was seated on the wall with injunction to shout to them if Old Woodward arrived. Of course he then had not a chance to catch them & would come & shake his whip at me until I slid to safety in the garden. He nearly caught us once when Angus & Edgar had taken me with them & were sailing a boat on the pond, we were all so interested that we did not notice him until he was nearly up to us & I can still feel the excitement of skimming over the ground between the two boys, my legs hardly seeming to touch the ground & being shoved & hoisted over the ditch & through the hedge to safety. Old Woodward waving his whip & yelling curses at us a few yards behind. His milkman was a very nice man, a great friend of mine. He arrived always in a milk float like a roman chariot with a pony which he drove standing up, the float with its large churns out of which he dipped the milk in metal measure either into a jug or else into cans oval shaped & stamped with the quantity $\frac{1}{2}$ or 1 pint or quart etc. I remember one day how he carefully rubbed out some chalk marks that had been made at the side of the gate on the brick wall & told me that they were tramps language & told other tramps the result of their begging & what kind of reception they could expect at the house.

I went to my first school kept by two ladies. It was a long walk & used often to go alone until Willie was sent there, he was about my age, 4 or 5 years & lived at the end of the avenue across the field near Edgar's house so that it meant that he walked two sides of a triangle instead of one and an extra early start. Everyone, even the other school children, teased him & I snubbed him unmercifully for everyone teased me also & worse, his elder brother Freddie, about 8 years old, whom I secretly thought the most wonderful boy, would not condescend to compete with Willie, so the poor youth had a bad time all round & I blamed him for all the teasing I got for [him being] my faithful admirer.

Buffalo Bill's show came to Manchester & we went to see it & the staging of an Indian attack on a stage coach & the Indians dancing round the stake at which their victims perished by fire so scared me that I went about even in daylight in a misery of terror. I didn't think I really believed it could happen in Levenshulme but my imagination was too strong for my reason. I said nothing & it was some time before I gave myself away one night when May came into the room by a dim light with her long straight hair hanging down & I thought she was an Indian. Mother & Father took me to the show again & this time took me amongst the Indians to show that they were really kindly people & spoke to an imposing looking Indian chief in his feathered head-dress who said 'How' & then smiled at me. I thought him rather nice but it did not cure my imagination that took years & even now, sixty years after, I could be just as scared if I let my imagination free.

I went to my first ball about this time. The Moselys were wealthy people living near. I don't know how many children there were but the youngest girl was about 15 & then there was a boy Rex a year older than me (about). I think a son or daughter had a 21st Birthday & there was a big ball, a special ball-room annex was built to the house & a large marquee tent for refreshments. A day or so later the children were asked, I had a new dress, white, smocked & embroidered in pale blue & wore bronze slippers. All I remember of it is sitting on a red covered seat on a raised dias above the ball-room watching Rex, Harley & a crowd of other boys sliding down the red carpeted passage which led from the house to the annex. I had tried to join the fun & been told, with shocked surprise at even suggesting such a thing, that girls couldn't slide at a ball! So I sat & watched wistfully until our host, a tall pleasant gentleman, came up & said "Dear me, haven't you a partner?" he then seized the first small boy from among the crowd & brought him over to me. We gazed at each other until Harley, rather disheveled & breathless, blurted out "she's my sister!" our host, quite overcome, let him go & made another dive among the boys, this time he brought over a good looking fair boy in an immaculate Eton suit who most politely offered me his arm & having put on his white gloves we waltzed. There were large mirrors reaching to the ground in which we could see ourselves. When the band stopped the dance, he asked me if I should like some refreshments & an ice & we went into the tent. What happened then or what we ate I haven't the slightest idea, the rest of the evening is a blank, but I have never forgotten that small boy tho' I didn't know his name & never saw him again but he was certainly a gentleman for he must have been bored stiff to have to dance with me. I felt that, as I should also have preferred to slide down the passage.

We had a very heavy tricycle, which I used to ride by standing on the pedals. There was also a penny-farthing bicycle on which the boys used to ride. There was a joke that a friend learned by riding around a circle formed by four connecting roads. When he was fairly steady, he was left alone & forgotten, for, after completing the circle a few times he got tired & wanted to stop but, alas, he had not learned how to dismount, his frantic shouts were unheard & the number of times he went round -well, that was only limited by the imagination of the teller of the tale. It was quite a long way to fall off a penny-farthing.

Mother went with Angus to Margate that he might be under the care of Dr. Treves (he was the brother of Sir Frederick Treves a famous surgeon & was said to be even more clever than his brother).

Grandma came up to keep house, the flu' was very bad that year, I had it & went down to Margate to be with Mother. I always adored Angus, he was a darling, he never snubbed me when I tailed after him, he never made me feel unwanted or said an unkind word. When I wanted to go with him & the other boys told me not to be a nuisance Angus would say "Leave her alone, she won't be a bother" & would either carry me along or put me in some safe place where I could watch or if I really could not go too would tell me so in a way

that never hurt. I would have almost skinned myself for him there was never anyone like him. At Margate he took me with him & we would visit Lord George Sangers, the headquarters for the circus were in a building near the railway & there were all kinds of animals kept there. Angus made friends wherever he went. On the sands there were nigger minstrels & entertainers of all kinds. One day he brought one of the nigger minstrels with his face all blacked up to mother who had come with us and introduced "my friend, so & so". I don't know who was the more astonished the minstrel or mother. We used to eat ices from heavy shallow glasses, no spoons of course. The barrows had the ice cream in two wells & a bucket to wash the glasses, then there were the winkle barrows & people extracted the winkle with a pin & soaked it in a plate of vinegar. We used to shrimp with small nets or pull the mussels off the beams under the jetty. I don't remember that we ate them.

One year Mother, Angus and I went to Blackpool but whether that was earlier or later I don't know. We stayed at a house on the front & used to make marvelous sand castles, parties of children combined & then tried to outdo each other in their castles, they would light them after dark with candles & coloured paper. I remember looking out of the window one day & seeing some men pulling ashore what I thought was an inflated pillow-case but mother called me away as it was the body of a man drowned at sea. We used to go to the end of the promenade where there was a small fun fair. A tall post with a circular board slung from it which went round like a giants stride. I think it cost 1/2d [halfpenny], but it may have more but not much for we never had much money. My pocket-money was 1d [1 penny] a week until I was about ten when it rose to 2d and Angus only got about 3d I imagine, tho' occasionally we would have a few extra pence but very occasionally. Ices were 1d but sweets one could buy in 1/4d s worth [farthings]. When we lived at Ramsgate Harley & I would go every Saturday when we got our pocket-money to a little shop down the road & decide the very important question of how we should spend it. Brandy balls were my favourites, big round balls of toffee, a half-pennies worth went quite a long way. Harley rather liked humbugs, which in those days I disliked. Later we used to buy bananas off a barrow & a favourite where we had sufficient money, say after a birthday or special gift, it was a tin of condensed milk in which one punched two holes. At Levenshulme Harley & I would cut liquorice sticks, thin & black like a long pencil, into short bits which we put into medicine bottles & then shook up with water, the result, as I remember it, was foul. Harley liked it I think, for I cannot imagine any other reason why we should have done it but I have always disliked liquorice. It reminded me of the powders we were given, supposed to be covered by jam but which always clung to the mouth after the jam was swallowed.

At Ramsgate we first lived in Durham House, a queer rambling place with an entrance through a stone floored chapel where we used to roller skate, and with glass houses & conservatories on all sides. Harley & I had as a play room for our tin soldier armies, a room over the serving room, there was a window onto the head of the stairs & one into Mothers bedroom across the end & one got into it by a door into & through the bathroom, which was a draughty room built on a flat roof up steps from the house & with a very rickety flight of steps going down the outside of the house to the paddock. Why no one knew for they were never used. Our room down about 4 steps from the bath room, was built of narrow varnished boards & the roof & half the only outside wall were made of glass, it was icy cold in winter.

It was there that Harley first discovered his genius for modelling. We wanted more dead horses on which to feed our army's & as the broken animals were too few, (we were careful of our toys) Harley made a butchers shop & modelled pigs & joints of meat from odd ends of candle. We were so thrilled that we robbed all the candlesticks we could find & one day took a really lengthy candle from Mothers' room. She came in & caught us in the act & we explained, I insisting that he made the "most lovely pigs" & dragged

Mother in to see them. She just stared & then told us to bring them down to Father. I went down with my hands full wondering if we would be punished, but of course Harley was supplied with proper wax & tools. He really had genius, he should have studied to be a sculpture [sic] but when Angus died of consumption from blood poisoning Harley, aged 15, was very unwell & the Drs. said he must have an open air life, so we all went to South Africa.

Durham House had a very large garden, at the bottom was a high brick wall & the side of a chapel which had never been consecrated & was used for concerts & meetings, beyond it was an empty space used as a dumping ground for rubbish & to the side the gas-works. The elections took place while we were there & it was used for the voting booths. I sat on the wall & watched the people, men of course, no women, decorated with large rosettes of blue or orange, all it seemed to me ready to quarrel & fight but being discovered there was hauled off to the house & forbidden to go again until the election was over, it was not "nice" or "safe". Being the baby of the family it was generally my fate to have some-one to "look after me". It was kindly meant, no doubt, but I lost a lot of fun.

The boys used to slip through the skylight of the vestry window, very easy to reach & roller skate in the hall, I was not allowed to as I should not be able to get back quick enough, however they didn't either for they were caught there & of course punished. It was during our first year there that I had an operation for a gland in my neck. We went to Margate & Dr. Treves operated in a room in the house. Mother had stayed there for all the operations Angus had so the landlady was used to it. Being so near we went home before my neck was healed & the first day I fell off the swing & my neck swelled to the size of my head. I had a bad time & for weeks Father had to cauterize the wound with a pencil, he kept it in his waistcoat pocket. I didn't know which of us can have suffered most over the process! I was supposed to be delicate & did not go to school but just played about the garden by myself. The others were all at schools of course had new interests & I think it was there I got my love of solitude. I had no friends, later we moved to another house & I went to school at Townly House, Queen Victoria had stayed in it as a child. It was a biggish school about 60 girls kept by Miss Kennet & Miss Mole. I started in the kinder-garden where we had a delightful teacher. I was clever at recitation each terms end of the year each girl had to recite before all the school & the teachers & the winner (chosen by the whole school vote) got a parchment certificate. I won the prize each year I was there, to the great disgust of the Head-girl who had generally won it before, she was also 'Grace' & I loathed her. I think it was mutual, though she was 18 & I 8 or thereabouts. I should have been an actress, I had the gift, one cannot help knowing a gift of that kind, but when I was old enough my parents, I knew disapproved, I should have had to fight them & I had not the strength of character, then I fell in love, with love, and married & that was that, but it was years before I lost the desire to act.

Angus died and was buried on my birthday (12th). We sailed for Cape Town in February. [1896] I remember that there were chunks of ice in (I suppose) the Solent. I had learned to skate the year before and regretted that I was missing the fun. The 'Arab' called at Lisbon I only remember it from the sea, on that occasion. Orotava at Teneriffe, I recognised the court-yard with bougainvillea when I went years after with Vi, though we came to it by land that time & had for lunch a most delicious dish of fish cooked with a sauce, and St. Helena where we had only time to walk through the village or town, I suppose they would call it. The family bought articles made from polished sun flower seeds, made by the natives, which I thought hideous, I have not changed my opinion. The only other things I remember of the voyage was that the cabins opened off the saloon where we sat at one long table, that there was a cow on board to supply milk. Also I think some chickens & that the Dr. & the 2nd Officer were both madly in love with May.

In Cape Town we went to the International Hotel up the mountain a short way. Indian or Malay waiters in white & for breakfast huge slices of pink watermelon cut in spikes. It was from there we climbed the mountain as Father relates, he kindly ignores the fact that I also gave up before we reached the top & he went on (very reluctantly) alone. It cannot have been far as he was soon back. I have always felt that was my first great failure in life. One Sunday Mother & I started out to go to the Cathedral. We walked a while & then took one of the hanson cabs which were the only vehicles plying for hire. They were painted white and had the name of one of the Union or Castle liners on the side. (The companies were not then united). They were driven by Malays. This particular boy was either crazy or very drunk for when we were inside & the doors (apron) shut he whipped up the horse & went at full gallop around all the slums & back streets of Cape Town. Mother at length got him to stop long enough for us to get out. (I got out first & can still feel the scared excitement of wondering if he would start off before Mother was safely out). I don't know if anything was done about it, he drove off before mother could find a policeman. At Wynberg we stayed at a boarding house with a large garden, they were nice people & the second daughter just my age, was a great friend of mine. We made ourselves costumes & generally went about as ancient Saxons. They had an archery butt in the garden & Amy was a good shot. I could not pull the bows! We made a hidden room or space under a pile of brushwood & spent many an hour there with our books & a huge basket of grapes. We took the 'grape cure' as it was & ate them all day. One day we all went to Constantia & saw the grapes tipped into huge tubs. Natives in white shorts & shirts washed their legs & feet & then stepped into the tubs & tramped the grapes, the juice splashed up till they were red with it & the sickly sweet smell was horrid. From there we went to Aliwell North. Father, not knowing that no one thought of travelling anything but 1st class, took 2nd class tickets & we had, at first, to share the compartment with a back veldt boer who pulled down the upper bunk & sat there dangling a pair of very dirty bare feet in veldtschoons in front of my nose.

In the Karoo we went through an enormous herd of Springbok that spread out on each side of the track, a very beautiful sight, The hotel was a one storied building of corrugated iron. We stayed there some time while Father went on to Pretoria. One night there was the most wonderful storm I have ever seen. Mother got us all up to watch it. The thunder almost shook the building & the lightning was continuous. Sheet & fork, lighting the whole sky. I should have been scared but Mother pointed out the beauty & interest of it all. She was wise. She taught me in that & at other times not to be physically afraid. All the rest of my life I have been learning to overcome other fears, of circumstances, consequences, opinions of others on mine, of doing the wrong thing, and now of myself. Most of us are afraid of life or death, The latter holds no terrors for me but I am always realising & recognising a fear of some aspect of life. Churchill ended his speech at Massachusetts the other day with "Let us fear nothing but God". If we could, fully, this world would be almost heaven. Most of the evils of the world come from fear.

In Pretoria May & Harley were ill & I went to stay first with the family of one of the Canons, they had two boys & then at 'Bishop's Garth' It was an old dutch house, rambling & charming, painted white, with buildings three sides of a square. Bishop Bousfield was a dear old man, I loved him tho' a little scared of his position, of his wife I was scared, tho' she was always kind but in a business-like, abrupt way.

The trip to Pietersburg was fascinating, one glorious picnic, the stars seen through the curtain of the wagon tilt as one fell asleep, the early dawn & the rumbling wagons, the oxen, natives, whips, fires & cooking pots. A jumble of memories, all delightful.

In Pietersburg there were two families with girls of my own age, schooling was a problem, May taught us for a while, not very successfully I fear, so far as I was concerned, but that, no doubt, was my fault. Then I

went to a school kept by a Hollander, it was of boys and girls mostly Dutch. Paul Kruger visited it one day, when he was in the town & gave a long talk in Afrikaans, which, of course I did not understand, but the others assured me he told us not to believe the teacher if he said the world was round as he, P.K. knew it was flat, he then came round & shook hands with each of us. He appeared to me a queer, rough, old man rather dirty looking, I don't think he really was, with large pouches under his eyes and large, knarled, hands, he is now considered a very great man, which he was, but he looked only a shambling, rather unkempt old farmer, but then, one never can judge by peoples looks.

Father has written of the plagues which we suffered. The locusts would come up like a great black cloud that hid the sun & the air was full of the sound of their wings, and the noise of the whole town beating tins, trays etc. to try to keep them off some special tree or bit of garden. The smell of dead beasts was so awful that even on the hottest night one had to shut doors & windows to try to keep it out, and a basin full of water in the drought remained all day for everyone to use to wash their hands. I remember we had tinned butter which, in spite of every care, was generally melted to liquid oil. It was there that I had my first glimpse of the horror of death. A man and his wife, a tall thin woman, had a small girl about 10 years old. A colourless thin childlike mother, the man was a queer individual. I don't know what he did but they were always poor & used at times to travel about in a wagon among the natives. On one trip the wife died. In S. Africa the burial takes place within 24 hours or so, that is a necessity but this man whether through stupidity or crazy with grief, left the body in the wagon where she had died & drove ten days or so back to town. The child lived & slept in the wagon all the time. They brought her to our house, she was wrapped in a blanket which had to be burnt, as I think was the wagon & the smell was sickening. Mother had to bathe her in two or three waters & cut her hair close, poor kid. The horror must have remained all her life, I don't know what became of her.

Mrs Chittenden, our next door neighbour, was taking her three daughters home to school, they were my great friends & I went with them, we went by ox-wagon to Nylstroom where we got onto the train, the railway was being built to Pietersburg, we sailed from Durban. I lived at Epsom where Grandmama lived with Uncle Harley, Aunt Edith & their seven children, the eldest was just a fortnight older than myself. I went to school at Margate, a small school as more suited to my scholastic attainments. It was kept by some sisters or [????] by their Mother who looked after the food etc. & was an interfering old busy-body. We all had a romantic attachment to one or other of the sisters, who were really young and jolly. I suppose that now-a-days our education would be considered rather appalling, but I got a good amount of knowledge & our minds were opened to ideas which seems to me the ideal of education. I should have wished to go on to the university but that was a matter for my parents.

I certainly spent a lot of time lying on a back-board but if it did no good, it certainly did me no harm. We went once a week to a gymnasium, it was kept by a retired Sergeant-Major, he had a son 'Adam' whom he was training to follow in his steps. We did drill with Indian Clubs, or rather Sceptres, and dumb-bells & climbed a rope swung on the horizontal bar & the parallel bars & what I loved best, the vaulting horse, to go over it from the spring board was like flying. Our gym suits consisted of a pair of very baggy knickers joined to a sailor blouse, in navy blue serge with scarlet collar cuffs & sash, considered rather 'daring' by the other schools. The Sergeant was most particular that we did not wear any form of corset under it & would 'tick off' anyone who forgot to change or risked it.

The South African war was on and we all sang patriotic songs & wore buttons with the photos of our favourite generals. When Mafeking was relieved we hung out flags and a large bathing-towel with a photo of Baden-Powell in the center.

I remember that one evening the youngest sister went to a smoking concert, rather a daring innovation I think & she wore a velvet blouse which was so impregnated with the smell of smoke & tobacco that she could not wear it again. I have often wondered whether the tobacco was stronger in those days. I am sure it could not happen now.

Meals were rather an ordeal as we had to talk French or say so many French sentences, six I think. I had never learned French before and felt a fool saying silly little things like, 'My Aunt is in the garden' or something equally futile & the old lady would draw the attention of the whole table to my efforts & never allowed me to mumble them in an undertone as I tried to do. Then she was very fond of a horrid pudding, made of ground rice which was generally like gruel with a burnt skin on the top, how we all loathed it! And when not allowed to refuse it would try to spread it over the plate & pretend we had eaten it. Never with much success if the old lady was anywhere near, otherwise the food was quite good & we had plenty. The sisters were keen on experimenting & would persuade the old lady to have cods-livers or roes or something one did not generally have, I liked it, tho' some of the girls objected. We played tennis & hockey & went for walks & in the summer bathed from machines which were boxes or rooms on four wheels drawn down to the shallow water, they had doors at each end & a bench down each side, on the seaward side there were steps, after bathing & dressing one went onto the little platform at the back & waited for the cart to come & pick one up, for the machine was generally well in the water, if the tide was coming in. One day I missed the step & fell into the sea between the cart & the machine! I walked back dripping water as I went.

Mother & May came home shortly after I left school. We had rooms in different places. Went to Buxton as Mother suffered from Neuritis. Grandmama gave May & I bicycles, they were beauties, the latest Royal Enfields, free wheel with silver rims with a thin scarlet line, now they would no doubt be considered very heavy but we were very proud of them & they cost Grandma £50 or more. We used to cycle all over the countryside, 30 or 40 miles in an afternoon. Our costumes were perhaps queer but we thought them quite natural, long skirts with an inverted pleat at the back so that the skirt fell neatly on each side of the saddle, white blouses with stiff collars & a tie and straw boater hats with a ribbon round, these fastened on by long hat-pins & which always required a hand to hold in place against any wind.

Father who was the Rector of Middleburg, Transvaal acted as chaplain to the Forces when the British troops arrived, he came home on sick leave & though the transport on which he returned was half empty we had to follow in a Bullard-King liner. We landed at Durban, swarming with troops & went on almost at once to Pretoria & Middelburg, tho' the war was not yet over. We arrived to find the other chaplains & the Col. Of the R. Scots Fusiliers who were living in the house, in the act of moving out. There was a circular lawn in front of the Rectory which was covered with every kind of luggage, saddles, bags, papers, books, pots & pans etc. The house was the dirtiest I have ever seen. The sitting room floor had a grey appearance which when we felt it proved to be a carpet. The batmen were cheerful & obviously thought themselves quite good house keepers. The Col. Went to a house about ½ mile away & as the stove there was out of order asked if the dinner joint could be cooked in our kitchen. The batman would arrive with it about 3 o'clock slam it into a dish pan (unwashed) & put it in the oven, he then would retire to return about 6:30 (for a 7 o'clock dinner), lift the joint onto a cold dish, generally with his hand, throw the fat through the window into a rubbish bin & carry the joint quite uncovered off to the Col's. House. What it tasted like I didn't know!

Middleburg was the Headquarters for the Eastern District, had a large hospital, a concentration camp for refugee Boers and always regiments camped around. May & I were the only English girls who had a home there & it was always crowded with officers. We had a tennis & a ping pong or table tennis court & the boys loved to come & have homemade cakes & be at home. We had a wonderful time, dances, gymkhanas, riding, picnics, tennis & hockey games. There was a band of one of the Hussar regiments, the regiment was down in Natal clamouring for it but as no other regimental band was procurable the General found he some-how could not give permission for them to be moved.

Harley who had been in Pietersburg through the war & later with the Natal Bank became very ill with Enteric & was in a hospital in Pretoria so Mother & I went up there & lived in rooms opposite the hospital until he recovered. Later we all moved to Durban where Father eventually built a house on the Ridge Road. At the church we attended we met an old school fellow of Angus & Harleys, he introduced us to friends of his & through them, we met a cousin of theirs, A. M. Campbell whom I married in 1906. We went to a farm near Nottingham Road. I learned enough kitchen kaffir to make myself understood, Mitch could talk it well. My servants were two girls who came for six months at a time in rotation from their kraals on the farm. Some were excellent maids but liable at times to forget & one would find the beds made with all the blankets at the bottom & the sheets on top or vice versa, one girl would never put the teapot at the same end of the table as the cups etc. etc. They were like a boy we had in Pietersburg who put all the chairs with their seats to the wall & at a special dinner given for the Bishop & notabilities waited on them perfectly until he came to sweep up the crumbs before bringing the coffee. Mother was then horrified to see him make a large sweep across the white cloth before the astonished Bishop with the brush he used to sweep out the kitchen stove!

I liked the natives, later we had some really nice boys. Pudding or Pudina would never let me do anything in the kitchen, he just dropped all he was doing to wait on me. Kopaglse was clever he could do almost anything from cooking & house work to bricklaying & another garden boy we had stayed on when Mitchell was away although his family needed him for some reason, because I was alone & he thought it might not be convenient to me to be left without him. On the farm we took some indentured Indians, one was in the kitchen & became an excellent cook. In wet weather Mitch would have a rat hunt in the stables & one time I saw one of the Indians with a large bucket full of dead rats, he was beaming with delight, they were going to curry them for supper!

The Christmas that Archie was about a year old we had a tree & gave the natives a feed & presents. We had a gramophone, a square box with a trumpet & played records to a group of natives sitting in a semi-circle. They listened entranced until one old man said that "he must be a very small man" & explained that he meant the man in the box who performed & sang, when 'M' opened the box & showed only the small mechanism inside a long, horrified 'Ow' of astonishment came from them all & they shook their heads & murmured 'tagate'! (Witchcraft). They were great believers in ghosts, going out in the dark they always sang loudly to keep them away & they quite believed that the house was or had been haunted by the brother of the preceding owner, who had died on a neighbouring farm, & was supposed to come down the chimney to his brother & say "Brother, brother, give me some tobacco"!

The farm had been empty for some time before we went there & so the fleas were even worse than at our neighbours. They did not worry 'M' much, his skin was tough but I suffered agonies of irritation, I have always had a very tender skin. One day one of the natives dug up a ball of fleas clustered together, it was the size of a football. Even the boys complained when ploughing new land & it takes a lot to make them feel.

One of them cut his leg from shin to knee with a saw, so he sat down, got his wife to get a nail, it was rusty, & some pieces of long grass. Then he made holes in the skin with the nail, threaded the grass through & tied it neatly. Having brought the skin over the bone with six or eight neat bows he walked home five miles to his kraal & was down at work again two days later. He would not allow me to put anything on it. It healed beautifully.

After Vi was born I had a bad illness. I took ill on the farm & the Doctor used to ride 16 miles from his home near the station, he then rode back & about 20 miles in the other direction to visit another patient who was also very ill and it was the rainy season, he would arrive just dripping wet. Later we moved to a farm near Harrison & from there went to Durban to live. There were family troubles with 'M's people, I was very fond of his parents & they of me & 'M' adored them, but there it was.

After various moves in Durban & continued ill health, I had a very serious operation & afterwards we went for a trip to Japan via Hong Kong. It was at the end of the First World War, Peace was declared while we were in Penang waiting for a boat to go back to Durban. We got a Japanese liner to London that called at Delagoa Bay & Cape Town, so decided to go by train from D. Bay to Durban. Arrived at Lorenzo Marques a day or so before Xmas. Ourselves, a number of people going to Jo'burg & an elderly couple who wished to go by land & rejoin the ship at Cape Town went ashore. The train went twice a week and was leaving next day, & we went to a Hotel while the men went to get the passports visa-ed or stamped. The official who saw to that could not be found; his office was closed. He did not appear to be at his house, the menfolk routed out every official they could find but nothing could be done. However after much agitated protest they were assured he would be on the station next morning before the train left at 10 a.m. So at 9 a.m. we were all there, the women folk patiently waiting on the station seats while indignant males roamed about searching for the official. Any stranger that appeared immediately had a following of angry & vociferous men demanding where the official was. The train was puffing in the platform & white coated cooks peered out at us all while the conductor or station master asked if we were all travelling as the cooks wanted to get on with preparing food for us. Time passed & at 10 a.m. the train puffed out of the station with our meal no doubt already in preparation but with no passengers that we could see, and we all returned to the hotel. The elderly couple returned to the ship as they would not have time to catch it at Cape Town if they waited three days for the next train. 'M' found that a B.K. liner was leaving for Durban so we went on board her, leaving the rest of the party to wait three days for the next train. If the official could be found to stamp their passports. The ship in which we came from Penang had an English Captain, the last in the line as they were all being replaced by Japs. The captain of the one on which we went out was a Jape, he always shuffled around in carpet slippers & contrived to run the ship onto a sandbank at one place, luckily without serious damage. Jap men are horrid but the women charming.

Some years later I brought the children home to school. 'M' joined us & after some time & many troubles we settled at Walton-on-Thames. From there we went to Esher where Ar & Vi ran a riding stable & I took paying guests. Father died during that time. Harley brought his wife home for a trip & Vi married. We moved to Surbiton where Ar married.

There is now a large gap of many pages in Helen Grace's narrative, as she said previously they had lots of 'moves and troubles', one of the troubles was that Archie Mitchell Campbell took up with another woman and there was a subsequent divorce.

Previous to that happening her daughter Violet Elsa and her new husband Cecil George Thompson had moved to Frogham, a village in the New Forest where they had two children, Colin and Adrienne. Helen Grace and Archie Mitchell opened up a tobacconist and library in Boscombe on the outskirts of Bournemouth. It is while this enterprise is going on that Archie met the 'other' woman, after the divorce Archie lived at a village called Preston 2 or 3 miles from Weymouth where in the course of time he died and is buried in Preston churchyard overlooking Weymouth Bay.

I can only assume that Helen Grace revisited her book at some, much later, stage and decided that on reading what she had previously written she did not wish others to read, and so removed them. To continue.....

Entertainments have of course altered immensely. Hurdy-Gurdys were a great joy to us as small children. Generally pushed by a swarthy Italian in gay clothing and often polished & shining with pictures on the sides and of course a monkey. One seldom sees them now tho' I did pass one the other day near the British Museum, very shabby with decrepit elderly men. Punch and Judy was often to be seen with a following of children or giving a performance in some corner, and of course on the sands. German bands I always thought uninteresting, they seemed always fat, dull looking men in a rather depressing kind of uniform who played dull music. The circus was always a joy with the Ringmaster and the clown, who I think gave a more continuous performance, getting in everyone's way & trying to copy the performers with ludicrous results, now the clowns have a turn of their own & are no doubt more finished but not so loveable. I remember a wonderful show at Belle Vue where soldiers attacked a castle or fort on an island and fell 'wounded' or 'dead' into the moat. The switch-back was quite as satisfying as our more sophisticated Mountain Railways. Lantern lectures were interesting, travel pictures or comic ones or 'Magic' lantern slides were quite as attractive to us as motion pictures are now to children.

We did not expect to have unlimited amusements provided for us so enjoyed what we had. Earls Court Exhibition & others to the Wembley Exhibition, each out doing the other were enjoyable. The water chute at Earls Court was a real thrill both to go down & to watch. As the boat sped down the steep descent into the lake & the spray sash up the occupants & audience enjoyed it together. I went in one year later but it had not the same thrill, I suppose we had all got used to that type of thing. Mitchell was on the Great Wheel when it got stuck. It was before I met him, he was still at school & had gone to Earls Court with a friend. They were in a carriage near the top & a sailor climbed up to them with a rope so that they could haul up food & books etc. It was midnight before they got down and were taken to a hotel for the night & given I think £5 as recompense. He said it was very boring; they were there 5 or 8 hours.

I saw the first motion pictures at the Polytechnic at the top of Regent St. they were I think French, very jerky & like the little books we used to get where one flipped the pages over & got a jerky appearance of movements. One picture was a railway engine or train. When first the sound pictures came many people objected, as it was so nice to sit in silence & watch the entertainment. Now, everyone seems to love noise, the louder the better and one can hardly see the pictures for the musical accompaniment, which in moments of 'screen' emotion howls its feeling to the Universe.

The difference in the World since I was born or can remember is astonishing. Railways were, of course, common & people no longer travelled in their carriages on, I presume trucks, with the horses in a box behind. Father could remember that it is mentioned in *Dombey & son*. Mr Dombey & Major Bagstock travelled that way for their holiday. Paddle steamers were old fashioned, tho' plenty existed in use, the streets were lighted by gas lamps & we used to watch for the lamp-lighter going his rounds, but I can remember the general use as something new of 'safety' bicycles (as they were called) with pneumatic tyres, electric light, phonograph or gramophones, the first one we had when first married, but Mitch had had it some years, had cylinders of softish wax & the needle fixed from above. We used also to make records ourselves. Motorcars & 'bus'. The first motor bus I travelled in was in 1910 or 11, I think when we were home, from Knightsbridge & Hyde Park when I got out because I could no longer stand the shaking! I had been very ill & was not strong but I seem to remember it was nearly empty of people who much preferred the horse 'bus'. Telephones, Motion pictures, Wireless, Flying & now atomic power. There must have been a great many more discoveries. Penicillin, Insulin etc. etc, and in every branch of life but I am thinking of those which affect the daily life of people. One gets so used to them that it is difficult to realise that people lived comfortably and happily without things which are now considered necessities.

Father walked from Brixton or Streatham to the City to his work every day & back in the evening. When I asked him if he never went by 'bus he looked mildly surprised & explained that it was not worth it as the bus started from the strand, one had to wait until they were full before they would start and it cost 1/-. He remembered passing Horsemaugh Lane one morning when there was such a crowd he had to go round it. There was someone being hung outside the jail there.

Life is very much healthier & one never sees the poverty & dirt, I have not seen a drunken man for years now, (tho' two, very drunk, came into the shop one day & I had some difficulty in persuading them to go, or rather the one, the other was so tipsy he hardly knew where he was) but it is uncommon, not, as I can remember as a child, when one saw drunken men lying about near the Gin Palaces, not that I was often near one but one passed them at times. The general atmosphere is cleaner & healthier in the towns. Education in that sense is beginning to have an effect. I expect there is still plenty dirt & poverty about but it is certainly not so evident. I think there is more tolerance in the world, too much in some ways perhaps, the tolerance that springs from indifference is, I fear, evil. True tolerance, when one feels strongly is not so easy.

One thing I have noticed very much, on the wireless one hears voices of all types of men, at one time all 'educated' men spoke with a 'cultured' intonation but now men from all parts, professors, scientists, scholars etc. speak with such 'common' voices, a kind of vulgar twang which is most unpleasant. One does not mind it so much in conversation but on the wireless it is so blatant. However it seems so prevalent I suppose it is a new trend of English. It is no worse than the 'Oxford' accent certainly but two wrongs do not make one right, even in these days. I suppose the men themselves cannot be aware how ugly their voices are so cannot be expected to improve them.

1953.

I can carry my life a little further, about four years ago I joined a friend on a yacht as cook & crew, and last year left to buy a small boat for myself. After some search I bought a small motor boat, a water ambulance built towards the end of the war & never used. I had her converted to my use & called her 'Puck'. She makes a most comfortable home.

There is another gap in the narrative as more pages have been removed, we continue in 1966.

1966.

After very many events & movements I have taken a tiny flatlet in Boscombe, not far from where we had the Library & Tobacconist and look forward to spending the rest of my life here.....but who knows?.....

So far I have four great-grandsons.....**fine!**

1969.

In 1901 as I have said, Harley my brother was very ill with enteric fever in Pretoria, on his recovery he came home to convalesce in Middleberg. At the end of the year he decided to go to England to study for his great gift of sculpture. He had a year at the Slade School in London and then went to Italy, Rome for another year. When he returned Father having left Middleberg, had built a house on the Ridge Road Durban where we were all living. At that time it was decided in Durban to raise a memorial to Dick King & his ride to Grahamstown, and Harley was asked to design & be responsible for the memorial. He was very pleased & put all his energy into the work, determined that every detail should be as correct as he could make it. I remember he visited the old fort in Durban from which King started and went to Maritzberg or just beyond to see the family and, I think, the native boy who made the journey with him. The boy would have been very old but I have a vague idea he was still living. In any case he got the whole story of the ride from them. It was this boy who, the one horse having either died or been left behind for sickness ran the rest of the journey holding to Kings stirrup leathers, and when King fell ill at the kraal of strange natives, nursed him & took care of the horse etc. so that later they could continue the journey. Harley was very keen to add the running figure of the native boy to the statue but the Committee would not allow it, perhaps they thought the extra expense too much. It was a great pity for it would have completed the memorial and added to its beauty. I remember that, after the statue was erected the wife of a neighbour asked me, "Where my brother had learned what men wore in those days?" She was some years older than I and had had in her very young years two adult half-brothers, farmers, whom, she said "were dressed just like that and wore the same type of hat". I could not tell her but could only say that my brother was quite determined that all should be correct 'to the last button'. I can remember asking my brother "if he had signed the statue?" he replied "no, for the words could not be hidden and would spoil the design". I said lightly, "you should sign it in the hat, on the top, for there it would not show," at which he just smiled.

When Helen Grace penned this final paragraph she was 86 years old, I believe that in South Africa there may be some discussion about who was responsible for the design and construction of the above mentioned memorial, I think that Helen Grace may be trying to leave to history her side of the story.