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Alexander Findlater

James Hogg's descendants

Ann Mitchell

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Front Cover:
The Society's Coat of Arms

Back Cover:
Portraits of Alexander Findlater and his wife, by an unknown artist, in the family's possession. Approximately 8" x 10".

CONTENTS

Dates for your Diary 73

Alexander Findlater, Friend of Burns - *Alexander Maxwell Findlater* 75

Descendants of James Hogg - *Robin MacLachlan* 84

John Waldie of Hendersyde (Part 5) - *Christine Glover* 92

Victorian Funerals 94

George Duncan's Customers 95

Accounts 98

Letters to the Editor 99

Memories of my Life - *Ann Mitchell* 101

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY - 2020

All SGS ordinary meetings take place at 7.30pm in the
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(unless otherwise stated). Admission free to all.

Important Notice: The September talk has been postponed until 2021. Please check our website for updates about the October and November talks.

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SGS meetings are open to all – bring your friends!
(Donations of £4 from non-members will be appreciated.)

Library

Due to the restrictions caused by the coronavirus pandemic, the Library has been closed throughout much of 2020. At time of publication, plans for a limited re-opening are being prepared. Please check our website for further information.

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Alexander Findlater and Robert Burns

Alexander Maxwell Findlater

Alexander Findlater was recognised on his memorial stone as 'the Friend and Vindicator of Robert Burns'. Burns worked directly for Findlater in the Excise,[1] and thus their friendship became closer, but after only seven years it was ended by Burns' early death in 1796. Findlater lived to 1839, having risen to the position of Collector of Excise for Glasgow. He championed Burns after the poet's death, when Burns was accused of, in particular, attachment to the bottle.

Family[2]

The parents of Alexander Findlater[3] (1754-1839) were James Findlater (1716-1769) and Helen Ballantyne (1718-1795), who were married at Easter 1737[4] (21st April) by the Episcopalian Minister at Coldingham. James was born in 1716, the sixth son of Mr Alexander Findlater, Minister of Hamilton, and his wife Jean Kirkcaldie. When he married, he was in Major William Erskine's troop in the North British Dragoons (later called the Scots Greys). The Dragoons were then on duties in Britain, mainly acting as supplementary mounted police and assisting customs officers against smugglers. As James and Helen were married at Coldingham, on the Berwickshire coast, one might assume that the Dragoons' main interest was smugglers.

There were eleven recorded children, six boys and five girls. The first, James, born at Coldingham in 1737, probably died young. Thomas I, born 1741 at Rye in Sussex, also presumably died young. Thomas II, born at Coldingham in 1745, was probably the Thomas Findlater who became a brewer in County Tyrone, Ireland. The fourth child, Barbara, was born on 6th, baptised on 12th October 1746 by James's eldest brother, Mr Thomas Findlater, Minister of West Linton, by now the head of the family; she was named after the minister's wife Barbara Sandilands. The baptismal entry gives her father as 'of Excise att Air'. David, born 1748 at Burntisland, the fourth son, probably also died young. Alexander, our subject, the fifth boy and eighth child, was born and baptised on 4th September 1754 also at Burntisland. There were also three daughters. Janet, born 1750, married Duncan Stewart. Helen, born 1752, and Grace, born 1757, latterly lived with Alexander and were buried by him in his North Ground lair (see below). The next younger brother John, from whom the wine-merchanting Findlaters descend, was born in 1758, again at Burntisland, while the youngest, Anna, born 1759, was the only child to be born at Abbotshall. She probably died young also.

One might surmise James Findlater's career from the dates and places of birth

of his children. He was doubtless still a dragoon in 1741; he probably went with his regiment to Ghent in 1742, and then fought at Dettingen in 1743. When he left the regiment cannot be easily estimated, but it was certainly before 1746, when he was with the Excise at Ayr. Presumably from about 1747 James became an Excise Officer based in Burntisland, where he appears on the Excise books certainly from July 1752 until July 1757. Most of the children were born in Burntisland. That Anna was born in 1759 in Abbotshall, very close to Kirkcaldy, suggests that the family moved to Kirkcaldy in late 1758 or early 1759. He is recorded on the Excise books in Kirkcaldy in June 1767 and June 1768 and he died on 6th April 1769, aged only 53.

At Burntisland, and later at Kirkcaldy, the family were within the sphere of influence of the Kirkcaldies of Grange, and this is significant as James's mother was the daughter of Mr Thomas Kirkcaldie, Minister of Lanark, and niece of the then laird, Robert Kirkcaldie of Grange. It is not too fanciful to see him using his mother's family to help him along, in an era where a man without influence was lost.

First Marriage

Alexander married[5] Susan Forrester in 1778 at St Giles, Edinburgh. She was the daughter of John Forrester of Braes, a Writer to the Signet, by his wife Helen Napier of Craigannet. Their first child James was born in 1779 and matriculated at Glasgow College in 1791. They subsequently had: John (1781-1856); Helen (born 1783), who married William Wilkes; Alexander Napier (1785-1849); and William (born 1787). John was involved in business in Glasgow, as Findlater and Carnduff, Manufacturers. He died in 1856 unmarried, described as 'accountant'. Alexander Napier went into the army, married and had a single daughter, Margaret Napier. William might have been the painter who is said to have trained with Gainsborough, but nothing is known of him.

Susan Forrester died on 10 March 1810. Her eldest grandson Alexander was born on 27 April 1810, which might account for her presence in Inveresk, for she died[6] 'at the White House, near Musselburgh' and was buried in the kirkyard of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, with the following on the ledger stone:

UNDER THIS STONE
LIE THE REMAINS OF
SUSAN FORRESTER
WIFE OF
ALEXANDER FINDLATER
BORN 31 DEC^{R} 1749
DIED 10 MARCH 1810

ALSO

ALEXANDER NAPIER FINDLATER
HER THIRD SON
BORN 19TH OCT^{R} 1785
DIED 2ND NOV^{R} 1849

Second Marriage

Findlater married secondly, on 2nd June 1810, Catherine Anderson, daughter of James Anderson of Trieste, decd. However this was an irregular marriage, and on 1st June 1815 they were fined 100 merks Scots[7] by the Lanark Justices of the Peace. It seems that although the Findlaters were Church of Scotland, they kept company with Episcopalians, as Susan Forrester was not baptised in the Church of Scotland and neither was Alexander's step-son Alexander Nisbet, and indeed Alexander's father James had been married by an Episcopalian priest as far back as 1737, suggesting that the Ballantynes were also Episcopalians.

Alexander Nisbet

Catherine Anderson had previously been married to Captain Alexander Nisbet, who was killed while serving in the British Army, and had a son Alexander Nisbet, who was born 1st April 1795. The young Alexander Nisbet studied medicine in Glasgow University and in 1818 dedicated his thesis to his step-father, *Alexandro Findlater Armigero*. A translation of the dedication is as follows:

To the Most Excellent
ALEXANDER FINDLATER
Esquire, Tax collector in Glasgow -
Not less with gifts of mind and ability
Than in urbanity and complete dependability
Endeared to everyone:
On account of many and paternal favours,
This little work
As a testimony, albeit slight,
Of a heart in no way ungrateful,
The Author wishes to dedicate.

Nisbet became a Naval Surgeon: his last appointment was as Inspector of Hospitals & Fleets at Haslar Royal Hospital, and he retired from the Royal Navy in 1861. He was appointed Honorary Physician to Queen Victoria in 1873 and later that year was knighted. He died in 1874.

The eldest son

Of the first family, James (1779-1826), entered Glasgow University in 1779, then trained as a Surgeon at Edinburgh University. He married Mary Hewan on 2nd March 1805 in the Canongate Kirk, Edinburgh, and was commissioned into the Forfar Militia on 4 December 1805. They lived at Inveresk in the White House, which still exists. He was later an Excise Officer, joining at Aberdeen in 1820, then moving to Ayr in 1826. He died in Greenock in the same year. His widow lived in Rankeillor Street, Edinburgh, and was recorded[8] as having a "large collection of Burns' original manuscripts". Their only surviving son Alexander, born 1810, trained as a solicitor and married Elizabeth Turnbull in 1834 at St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. In 1849 Alexander and Elizabeth emigrated in the 'Lady Nugent' to New Zealand with their children Alexander, Eliza, James, Mary, and Susan, and settled in Dunedin, where the senior line of Alexander is still based.

Children of second marriage

In 1811, the year after his second marriage, Alexander Findlater succeeded William Corbet as Collector in Glasgow. Alexander and Catherine had three children, baptised in the Gorbals: Caroline Oliphant Findlater, born 1811; Jane Findlater, born 1812; Charles Findlater, born 1813. Caroline married James Edington, merchant of Glasgow (d 1844), and died when the ship Pegasus was lost at sea off Holy Island (Lindisfarne) in 1843. Jane Findlater died unmarried 1892 in Oxford and was buried in Brockley Cemetery, Lewisham, in the grave of Sir Alexander Nisbet, her half-brother. Charles Findlater matriculated at Glasgow College in 1826, and died unmarried in Rothesay Hospital, stated as aged 70 but actually 74, in 1887. In the previous two census returns he was entered as a lodger with the Rothesay schoolmaster.

Career

Findlater was aged 15, when his father died in 1769. We do not know what he did before entering the Excise in 1774, but there are no notices in that period of an Alexander Findlater in University records. Findlater was appointed to Perth in 1778 and to Glasgow in 1784. He was sent to Dumfries in 1789. Probably he met Burns in Dumfries after being posted there, and it was he who recommended Burns to the Excise. Findlater was appointed Examiner on 1st June 1790 and became Supervisor at Dumfries in April 1791. He went to Edinburgh as General Supervisor in 1797, then to Haddington as Collector, in 1807. In 1811 he succeeded William Corbet as Collector at Glasgow and was living at 43 Ingram Street[9] in 1813. He entered in 1791 his eldest son James, and in 1826 his youngest son Charles, to Glasgow University, and he also put his step-son Alexander Nisbet (see above) through University.

Two matching portraits exist, of Findlater and of his wife. These portraits were handed down in the family, this wife being identified as Susan Forrester, but it seems more likely that she was actually Catherine Anderson. After some discussion with Caroline Gerard, we concluded that the age of Findlater in the portrait was somewhat over 50 years, while his wife is significantly younger. Given that Susan Forrester was six years older than he, and that he was aged 56 when she died, it seems more likely that the wife in the portrait was Catherine Anderson. There is no record of the painter, but the possibility remains that it might have been William, Findlater's youngest son by Susan Forrester.

Retirement

Findlater retired as Collector of Excise in Glasgow in 1825, but his wife Catherine died in Dumfries[10] on 18th February 1826, leaving him to survive for another 13 years. He lived in, and possibly before, retirement at 7 Wellington Place.[11] This street no longer exists, but it used to run parallel to and between what are now Sauchiehall Lane and Sauchiehall Street, adjacent to where Wellington Street crosses them. These houses were probably built while Findlater was living in Glasgow and would have looked out northwards to countryside. A little over a month before he died, he wrote a letter[12]

> 26 October 1839 I am sadly broken down in health of late and hastening to 'that bourne from which no traveller returns'. How unfortunate I have been in my family with respect to worldly matters. Indeed except one in India, in the army, I may say that they are all on my hands yet. My eldest son with a family of children for whom I have made sundry attempts to procure something without success. Mr Rode promised to have in view for a permit writership at even this which at one time I would not be thankful for and you were kind enough to say you would keep him in mind for it. There have been two or three vacancies since. There is one at present here, for Gabriel Kay lately superannuated and I have to request the favour you will bring the case into his remembrance, as I wrote to him on a former occasion and don't like to trouble him again. If thought proper for my son to be under auspices the objection may easily be obviated by sending one from the permit officers at Edinburgh or Leith, to this place.

When he died, he left a considerable amount of music, a 'cabinet pianoforte',[13] and surprisingly 'a large chamber finger organ, with six stops and a swell', as advertised in the notice of the roup.[14] Most of the family was buried in the North Street Burial Ground. The tombstone was transcribed while still legible, as follows. The first three entries were sisters of Alexander Findlater, the lower two were his children. Catherine Anderson would probably have been buried in Dumfries.

In Memory of
HELEN FINDLATER
died 22nd May 1832 aged 70 years

GRACE FINDLATER
died 14th January 1833, aged 76 years

MRS JANET STEWART
died 26th January 1834, aged 81 years

Also in memory of
ALEXANDER FINDLATER
died 4th December 1839, aged 85 years
and of
MRS CAROLINE OLIPHANT EDINGTON
his daughter
lost at sea 19th July 1843

JOHN FINDLATER
his son
died 9th March 1856, aged 72 years

Findlater and Burns

Findlater had been posted to Dumfries by 1789: he and Burns clearly met there and their friendship continued to develop. Burns was doubtless finding it hard to exist on the income from his farm at Ellisland and asked Findlater to recommend

him as a recruit to the service. We find Burns writing from Ellisland on 28th October 1789 to Findlater, who had recommended him to William Corbet, then Collector on Glasgow.

> Sir
> I believe I mentioned something to you yesternight of the character that Mr Corbet told me you had given of me to our Edinburgh Excise folk, but my conscience accuses me that I did not make the proper acknowledgement to you for your goodness. – Most sincerely & gratefully do I thank you, Sir, for this uncommon instance of kindness & friendship. –
>
> I mean not by this as if I would propitiate your future inspection of my conduct. – No, Sir; I trust to act, and I shall act, so as to defy Scrutiny; but I send this as a sheer tribute of Gratitude to a Gentleman whose goodness has laid me under very great obligations, and for whose character as a GENTLEMAN I have the highest esteem. – It may very probably never be in my power to repay, but it is equally out of my power to forget, the obligations you have laid on.

However Findlater afterwards put a slightly different gloss on the start of their friendship:

> My connection with Robert Burns commenced immediately after his admission to the Excise, and continued to the hour of his death. In all that time the superintendence of his behaviour as an officer of the revenue was a branch of my especial province and it may be supposed I would not be an inattentive observer of the general conduct of a man and a poet so celebrated by his countrymen.

In February 1790 there is a note[15] from Burns to Findlater accompanying some new laid eggs from Ellisland. "All of them couch, not thirty hours out." Burns added Findlater to the list of Dumfries people subscribing to Dr Anderson's magazine 'The Bee'. Yet friendship did not result in any slackening of Findlater's scrutiny of Burns's work. A letter to Findlater of June 1791, in which Burns explains himself, shows this clearly enough:

> I am both much surprised and vexed at that accident of Lorimer's stock. The last survey I made prior to Mr Lorimer's going to Edir. I was very particular in my inspection and the quantity was certainly in his possession as I stated it. The surveys I have made during his absence might as well have been marked "key absent", as I never found any body but the lady, who I know is not mistress of keys, &etc. to know anything of it, and one of the times, it would have rejoiced all Hell to have seen her so drunk. I have not surveyed there since his return. I know the gentleman's ways are, like the grace of G-, past all comprehension; but I shall give the house a severe scrutiny tomorrow morning, and send you in the naked facts.
>
> I know, Sir, and regret deeply that this business glances with a malign

> aspect on my character as an Officer; but as I am really innocent in the affair, and as the gentleman is known to be an illicit Dealer, and particularly as this is the single instance of the least shadow of carelessness or impropriety in my conduct as an Officer. I shall be peculiarly unfortunate if my character shall fall a sacrifice to the dark manoeuvres [sic] of a Smuggler.

The 'Smuggler', incidentally was the father of Chloris of the poems. Findlater defended Burns's loyalty and efficiency at the inquiry into the charges of disloyalty levelled against him in December 1792. Evidently this was accepted, as during the illness of Findlater for some months from December 1794, Burns was appointed Acting Supervisor in his place.

On 20/21 July 1796 Findlater spent the last night of Burns' life at his bedside. He wrote,

> few people, I believe, were more frequently in his house, particularly when he came to reside in Dumfries, and in the latter days of his life. On the night, indeed, immediately preceding his decease I sat by his bedside and administered the last morsel he ever swallowed, not in the form of medicine of the cordial of romance, but what was better fitted to allay his thirst and cool his parched and burning tongue.

After Burns's death Alexander Findlater vindicated the poor reputation which had been foisted on him, especially by Dr Currie.[16] He defended the dead poet in a letter[17] inserted in the Preface of Alexander Peterkin's edition of Burns's poems against the calumnies of particularly Heron and Currie, and others who sought to paint Burns in his Dumfries days as a "hopeless drunkard".

The association of the two families continued, as the Dublin wine merchant Alexander Findlater, nephew of Collector Findlater, was a sleeping partner in the retail business of Todd Burns, founded in 1834, in which Gilbert Burns, son of Robert Burns's brother Gilbert, was a partner.

The Sandyford Burns Club erected a memorial to Alexander Findlater in 1923, as the original inscription on his lair in the North Street Burial Ground had virtually crumbled away. Later when North Street and its surrounds was destroyed to create the M8 motorway, the memorial stone was moved to the Linn Cemetery, and later, in 2002, the wording was restored, the granite being quite unaffected. I attended in the Linn Cemetery this rededication of the Memorial, which reads:

To the memory of

Alexander Findlater.

Supervisor of Excise at Dumfries
Afterwards
Collector of Excise at Glasgow.
Born 1754 ; Died 1839.

The Friend of Robert Burns in life,
His vindicator after death.
Erected
by the Sandyford Burns Club, 1923.
Other Members of
The Findlater Family
Also Are Interred here.

The Club's name 'Sandyford' is particularly apt, as I have found on an old map of Glasgow that the area named Sandyford is shown from near Wellington Street to beyond North Street, slightly to the south of the present Sauchiehall Street, so covering Wellington Place.

Acknowledgements

This paper would be much the poorer without the collaboration of June Slee, who is working on the life of Sir Alexander Nisbet. I am grateful to her for access to documents which passed to the widow of Sir Alexander Nisbet, and for finding the notice in Blackwood's of the death of Catherine Anderson, as well as general discussion and encouragement, and good company. I should also thank my cousin Dr John Dermot Findlater, who opened to me the archives of the family, his wine-merchanting forefathers (and mine) having made it their business to document the family. I am also grateful to John Hamilton Gaylor for drawing up the pedigree chart, and to Caroline Gerard for help on the portrait of 'Mrs Collector', and for her editorial rôle in general.

References

[1] The Scottish Excise Board was established in 1707 in the Treaty of Union. Its main purpose was to collect Excise Duty and to police distillers, to prevent illicit production of alcohol. The most senior excise officer was the Collector, who was paid up to £600 per year during the first decades of the 19th century. Every 'Collection', or region, was sub-divided into districts, each controlled by a Supervisor. Most of the work in the field was undertaken by a Division Officer or Ride Officer, and during the 1830s their salary amounted to £100 per year; Writers were junior and would aspire to higher rank.

[2] Reference has been made to Church, statutory, and Excise records, two booklets written by family members from New Zealand, O W Oldham, *Some of the Descendants of Alexander Findlater who came from Moray early in the 17th Century* (nd, probably 1970/80s), and Alexander Napier Findlater, *The Findlater Family* (1971, Dunedin), and a paper by Thomas Bain, *The Champion of Burns*, which was probably printed first in the Glasgow Herald, or the Burns Chronicle, about 1923.

[3] The attribution by Chambers, followed by Ferguson, of Alexander as the son of Mr Thomas Findlater, Minister of West Linton, is incorrect: Thomas's son was born in 1743 and died in 1756 (recorded in the family bible, the birth confirmed by the baptismal register); Alexander the Collector's memorial stone (died in 1839 aged 85) confirms his birth in 1754.

[4] recorded in the accounts section of the parish records

[5] Banns called 30 April 1778

[6] *Scots Magazine* 1810 p 313

[7] copy document in my possession; it had passed to Sir Alexander Nisbet's widow.

[8] Oldham, see note 1

[9] Post Office Register

[10] *Blackwood's Magazine Vol XIX*, p 629: '18 [Feb 1826] At Dumfries, Mrs Catherine Anderson, wife of A. Findlater, Esq, late collector of excise in Glasgow'

[11] *Glasgow Herald*, p10 last col, letter of 14 March 1923

[12] National Archives of Scotland RH4/6/1 AF Card 5: JF Mitchell Card Index of Excise Officers

[13] Testament & Inventory

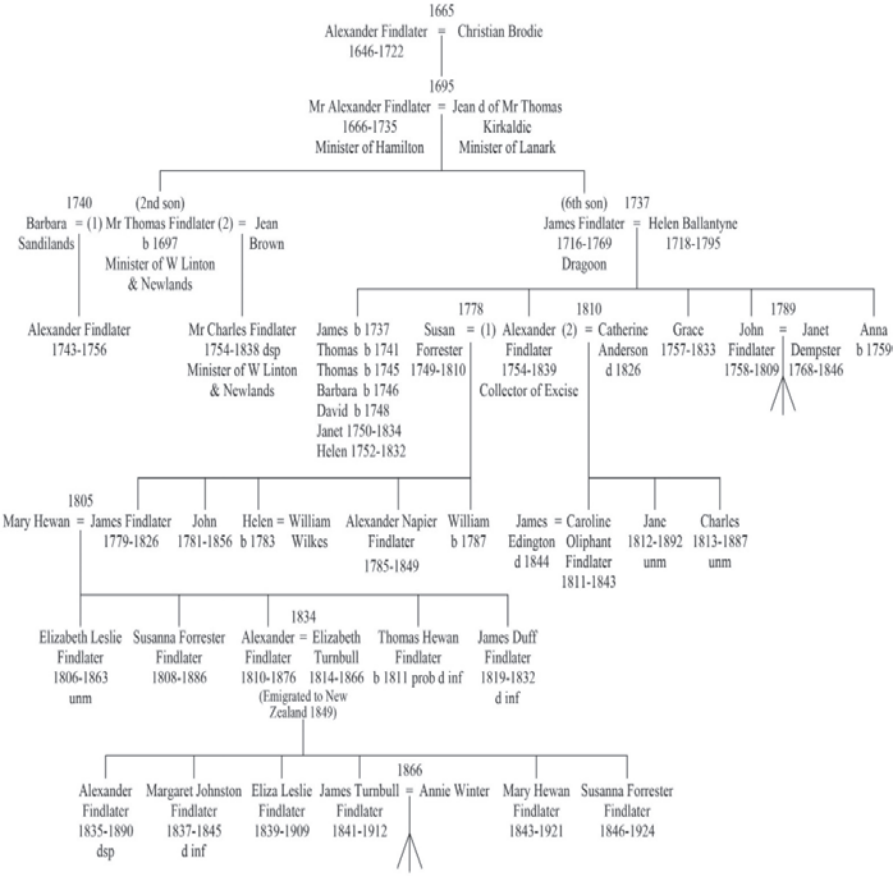
[14] *Glasgow Herald* letter above: 'JCC' wrote that the organ was included in the advertisement of the roup on 27 April 1840; Bain says it was the 'original organ made for St Andrew's Church, Glasgow'; the letter to the *Herald* says that St Andrew's dispensed with the organ before Findlater was posted to Glasgow, and the congregation might have rented it, and then Findlater bought it so me time later, probably supplied through the engineer James Watt. He also confirmed that Findlater's address was 7 North Wellington Place, explaining that shops were built on the gardens, and that at that time the original houses could still be seen behind the shops, which were numbered 127-131 Sauchiehall Street.

[15] Ferguson, J. De Lancey, *The Letters of Burns* (1931), but dated only 'Saturday Morn'

[16] James Currie, *The poetical works of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard* (1800), in the foreword

[17] Alexander Peterkin, preface to new edition of: James Currie, *Poems of Burns* (1815), pp 93-96.

THE FAMILY OF ALEXANDER FINDLATER 1754 - 1839



The Descendants of James Hogg

Robin MacLachlan

2020 marks the 250th anniversary of the birth of James Hogg, styled by himself and his contemporaries 'the Ettrick Shepherd'. Following a background of poverty and limited educational opportunities, he became a novelist, poet, and journalist, who associated with Scott, Byron and other notables of his day. At the same time, he was a not very successful sheep farmer, while on the other hand being an acknowledged expert in the care and diseases of the animals. His masterpiece *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* consistently scores at or near the top of the list of Scottish readers' favourite novels.

James Hogg in February 1832,
after a drawing by Daniel Maclise

The programme of events that was planned to commemorate his anniversary has largely had to be cancelled or postponed because of the Covid pandemic. But despite that disappointment, this year provides an excellent opportunity to remember James Hogg and his descendants.

Hogg died on 21 November 1835 aged 65, or perhaps that should be 64, since though we know he was baptised on 9 December 1770 we do not know the precise date of his birth. He left behind a widow and five children, ranging in age from fourteen to three. Actually, he left behind a couple more, for whose illegitimate births he had stood in front of the kirk session in penance in the years before his marriage. Hogg acknowledged and supported these two daughters. He later confessed their existence to his future wife, though he had to reassure her he was not using that as an excuse to break off their engagement. If you are seeking information about them you will find it in Gillian Hughes's 2000 article 'James Hogg and the "Bastard Brood"' in *Studies in Hogg and his World*.

Hogg had married Margaret Phillips on 28 April 1820. Born in 1789, so nearly twenty years his junior, Margaret was the daughter of a prosperous Annandale

farmer and the sister-in-law of Hogg's friend James Gray. The couple had first met in 1810 and since then conducted a mildly flirtatious correspondence. According to Hogg's early biographer, his youngest daughter Mary, the marriage was 'a singularly happy one'. It was not without its problems, however. Hogg's earnings from his writings were always precarious, and those from his farming even worse, culminating in the sale by auction of his livestock and personal effects in 1830 to pay for the arrears of rent on his farm at Mount Benger. Margaret Hogg was regularly worried by scares about his health, particularly when in 1832 his one and only visit to London coincided with a cholera outbreak. She also clearly found Hogg's involvement in the rough and tumble of the circle that produced *Blackwood's Magazine* hard to bear when it degenerated into snobbish bullying of her husband. James regularly had to complain on her behalf when their presentation of him in the series of 'Noctes Ambrosianae' (see *TSG Vol.LXIV No.4,* December 2017) as the coarse and heavy drinking 'Shepherd' went too near the bone; again according to his daughter, 'to the last day of her gentle life the recollection of the "Noctes" of that period brought to mind the *bête noir* that made her pulse beat faster and her eye sparkle with a wife's indignation'. But she was no shrinking violet. When the publisher James Cochrane discovered his wife's adultery with his business partner, the rather dubious John Macrone, Margaret made sure that the door was closed when Macrone turned up at the Hoggs's farmhouse.

Margaret Phillips (Mrs Hogg) - widow of the Ettrick Shepherd
From The Weekly Scotsman, Saturday, November 23, 1935

Margaret survived her husband by just short of thirty-five years, dying on 15 November 1870. It was not until 1853 that the financial struggles she had experienced since the start of her widowhood were to some extent relieved when Queen Victoria awarded her a pension of £50 a year (roughly equivalent to the current UK state pension in today's money).

Let their proud father, writing to a friend in 1832, describe the couple's five children (Hogg's spelling and punctuation):

> I have one only son James aged 11 a fine boy very amiable and with good capabilities but the idlest scholar ever was seen Then Jessie Phillips aged 9 a fine rosy soncy lass and beats her brother hollow even at the latin. Then Margt Laidlaw aged 7 pretty and clever but a terrible hempy [tomboy] having an overflow of sprits quite irrestrainable. Then Harriet

> Sidney 4½ years old her father's darling; […] she is a most interesting child very like Maggy in form feature and high spirits. Then Mary Gray aged nine months this week a fair blue eyed little cherub the very picture of health and happiness

Of these five children, only one of them had descendants. Neither the eldest son James Robert Hogg (18 March 1821 - 15 October 1894) nor Hogg's eldest daughter Janet Phillips ('Jessie') Hogg (23 April 1823 - 6 December 1892) married. James, whom family records present as a rather sickly boy whose school and university education was disrupted by illness, became a banker in the Far East during the 1840s and later lived in Australia before returning to Scotland. Jessie followed the traditional path of unmarried daughters by becoming a governess for a time but then moved back to live with her mother in Linlithgow. James and Jessie are buried alongside their mother in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh.

Of the others, the second daughter, Margaret Laidlaw ('Maggie') Hogg (January 1825 - 28 February 1847) predeceased her mother by many years. According to a death notice in the *Court Magazine, Monthly Critic, Ladies' Magazine and Museum* (the full title is even longer!) for 1847, which honours her with the title of 'daughter of the Ettrick Shepherd', she was married to Samuel C. Loudon of Tottenham Terrace, Tottenham. If the notice is to be believed her middle name had at some stage become distorted to 'Lydia', perhaps through some southern misunderstanding. To add to the slight mystery, the late Norah Parr, James Hogg's great-grand-daughter, backed by the Yarrow Parish Register, names the husband as 'James Samuel, a civil engineer', adding that Margaret had married him only the previous year. The youngest daughter Mary Gray Hogg (21 August 1832 - 13 June 1911) married William Garden, the son of an Aberdeen advocate, in 1866 and it is as Mrs Garden that in 1885 she published the *Memorials of James Hogg: the Ettrick Shepherd* from which I have been quoting. Neither of these marriages produced children.

It is Hogg's third daughter who heads the line of Hogg's known surviving direct descendants. Harriet Sidney Hogg was born on 18 December 1827, as James and Margaret's fourth child and third daughter. She was named after the fourth Duke of Buccleuch's late wife, whom James Hogg had regarded as his patroness. Harriet was, as is clear from the description just quoted, always her father's favourite, the 'Child of my age and dearest love' according to the affectionate poem 'A Bard's Address to his Youngest Daughter' that he wrote a couple of years later. She was the more special to him because of an accident shortly after her birth which, in her father's words, left her 'lame of a limb having had the ancle disjointed in two places by a fall which her maid concealed for more than a month until I discovered it and we never knew all the while what the poor thing cried constantly for when ever one lifted or touched her'. The injury required frequent stays in Edinburgh for treatment. Hogg's letters record his anguish about being separated from her. 'How is my poor Harriet and what are they doing with her', he wrote when Margaret first took the eight-month old baby

Harriet Sidney Gilkison,
James Hogg's fourth child

away for treatment, the August after she was born. 'I can hardly think of my darling being put into steel boots like the ancient Covenanters.' According to Mary Garden, Harriet's infirmity also endeared her to Walter Scott, himself a lameter, who would always ask, 'And how is the foot?' whenever he met one or other of her parents.

Harriet married Robert Gilkison (1820-79) in 1855. Robert was a mill-owner, as well as being the grandson of an acquaintance of Robert Burns. As a Baillie and aspirant Lord Provost of Glasgow, he had to acquire a Court dress with sword (now in the Otago, New Zealand museum) when Edward Prince of Wales visited the city. There are family legends of his wealthy lifestyle. But the collapse of the Bank of Glasgow in 1878, which had been preceded by the destruction by fire of one of his mills, meant first of all retrenchment in that lifestyle and, ultimately, emigration to a new and hopefully more prosperous life in New Zealand. So in 1879, Harriet and her husband Robert, together with their nine surviving children (two more - Harriet Sidney and James Hogg - having died in infancy) set sail for New Zealand on the clipper *Forfarshire*.

Harriet would have been well aware from her family history of the risks of migration. Her uncle Robert, James's younger brother, had sailed for America in 1833, taking with him his wife and five of their nine children. Harriet would have been five at the time, so old enough to remember the tearful farewell when her uncle and her cousin Margaret made their last visit to James Hogg at Ettrick. Robert and his family were due to join three other sons who had made the same journey earlier in the decade and were now settled in Silver Lake, Pennsylvania. However Robert Hogg did not survive the journey. An epidemic of measles broke out on board the ship that was carrying them and he was buried in mid ocean. His widow and her accompanying children were however able to settle with the rest of the family at Silver Lake, and were joined there by Hogg's youngest brother David and his family in 1834. When the two families all moved to Broome County, New York State, three or four years later, they would proudly call their new home Mount Ettrick. They have ensured that the Hogg family name continues to survive in America.

Harriet would also surely have known of the exploits of her father's cousin James Laidlaw and his family. Covering three generations and amounting to seven in all (eight, when a further granddaughter was born on the crossing), they migrated to Canada in 1819. Laidlaw was the grandson of one of Hogg's favourite Border Characters, the locally famed William Laidlaw of Phawhope ('Will o' Phaup), the Shepherd's maternal grand-father, who was, according to Hogg, the last man in Ettrick 'who heard, saw, and conversed with the fairies, and that not once or twice, but at sundry times and seasons'.

Will o' Phaup's grandson James Laidlaw was himself something of a character, who took it very ill when in 1820 his cousin wrote an open letter to *Blackwood's Magazine* describing some of his idiosyncrasies and enclosing a 'curious epistle' in which Laidlaw described life in Canada to his son Robert back in Scotland. Laidlaw was to get his revenge in a further letter that found its way into print nearly seven years later, even if his spelling may have weakened its impact. 'Hogg poor man', he wrote, 'has spent must of his Life in coining Lies and if I read the Bible right I think it says that all Liares is to have there pairt in the Lake that Burns with fire and Brimston'. Though he also acknowledges that 'Hogg and Walter Scott has got more money for Lieing than old Boston and the Erskins got for all the Sermons ever they Wrote'. The Nobel Prize winning Canadian author Alice Munro is James Laidlaw's direct descendant. In her 2006 collection of stories *The View from Castle Rock* she imaginatively recreates the experiences of her ancestor and his family both on the voyage to Canada and when they arrived there

Harriet would also have remembered her own father's thoughts about the prospect of leaving his native land. In the story 'Emigration' first published in 1833 and continually reprinted throughout the nineteenth century in collections of his works, he wrote: 'I know of nothing in the world so distressing as the last sight of a fine industrious independent peasantry taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and wish I may never witness another.' He goes on: 'My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces are all going away, and if I were not the very individual I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Ettrick Forest, that though I must die as I have lived, I cannot leave them.'

Harriet would have been relieved that, in the event, the voyage to New Zealand was largely without incident. However whatever hopes the Gilkisons might have had, Robert's ill luck followed them to their new home. Six weeks after the family arrived in Dunedin in October 1879, Robert suffered a stroke and died. The family had then to make their own way in their new home. Harriet opened a small private school with her adult daughters, teaching singing, dancing, reading, and writing, as well as training girls as domestic staff. But her struggles were not long, since on 30 January 1883 she too died suddenly at the age of only fifty-five.

The line of descent from James Hogg then passed to the next generation. James Hogg's great-great-grandson Bruce Gilkison, writing in 2016, has remarked: 'It might seem surprising that my link to Hogg involves so few generations. We are a family of slow breeders. […] And while some young people today might, if they are lucky, meet their own great-great-grandparent, for me there was little chance: mine reached adulthood not last century, nor the one before that, but in the one before that one.' On the other hand, the various generations have been fairly prolific. The family tree is further complicated by the recurrence across the generations of certain first and middle names, honouring their Hogg ancestor and his friends and patrons. The table in the appendix summarises three generations of Harriet Sidney Gilkison's descendants.

Of course, a table such as this contains many life stories. The early death of both their parents left Hogg's grandchildren – the oldest of them only in the second half of her twenties - to make their own way in the world. Maggie as the eldest took over the running of the school her mother had established, supported by Ella and Mary, until these two got married and, like their other married sisters, took on the management of their own households. From what we are told, in her later life Maggie was something of the family matriarch and greatly disapproved when her two youngest sisters, themselves unmarried, opened a tearoom as a business venture. Of the men, Bob became a lawyer and local politician in Otago, with distinguished volunteer service during the First World War. Dick had a varied career as a banker, newspaper editor and local politician.

The later generations continued to travel. James Hogg may never have gone further than London, though his published accounts of his journeys in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland in his early thirties make amusing reading. His wife appears never to have travelled outside southern and central Scotland. But their great-grand-children and beyond have lived and worked across the world, not just in New Zealand and Australia, but also in Sri Lanka, the USA, Canada, Uganda and the Pacific Islands. There is also a strong tradition of outdoor activity and concern for the environment. Walter Scott Gilkison even has a waterfall named after him at Mount Earnshaw/ Pikirakatahi in New Zealand.

The Hogg name may now have disappeared from his descendants. However, they continue to preserve the traditional link with their ancestor, not least in the substantial collection of his personal books and other Hogg memorabilia that they have presented to the University of Otago, as well as in numerous family histories.

Endnote

At the time of writing, James Hogg's gravestone in Ettrick Kirkyard along with a number of the other stones there has been flattened because of 'safety concerns'. The same has happened to Margaret Phillip's headstone in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh. Plans are actively being made to restore the two stones in this, Hogg's anniversary year.

Table: The descendants of Harriet Sidney Gilkison

Hogg's Grandchildren	*Hogg's Great-Grandchildren*	*Hogg's Great-Great-Grandchildren*
Margaret Phillips Gilkison (9 May 1856 - 16 Aug 1936)	No issue	
Eleonora Brown ('Ella') Gilkison (29 Jul 1857 - 27 Aug 1926) m. (1886) James Greig Sawell	Harriet Isabel Sawell ('Hetty') (Apr 1888 - 13 Jun 1985) m. (1914) George Arnold Winter	2 daughters
	Robert Gilkison Allan Sawell ('Allan') (6 Aug 1891 - 8 Dec 1974) m. (1923) Hester Grant	3 sons
	Sidney James Hogg Sawell (6 Aug 1891 - 1955) m. (1937) Ellen Bessie McGregor	No issue
Harriet Sidney Gilkison (4 Nov 1858 - 19 Jun 1859)	Dies in infancy	
Mary Gray Gilkison (22 Mar 1860 - 1937) m. (1896) Henry Albert Walters	Mary Gray Walters (1898 - 1976)	No issue
	Elizabeth Walters (1899 - 1949)	No issue
	James Hogg Walters (1903 - 1937)	No issue
Harriet Sidney Hogg Gilkison (12 Jul 1861 - 6 Nov 1961) m. (1) (1888) George William Greenwood (d.1893); m. (2) (1897) Donald Macdonald	(1) Eleonora Beatrice Greenwood (28 May 1888 - 28 May 1956) m. (1912) Douglas Westland	3 sons; 2 daughters
	(1) George Sidney Greenwood (1890 - 1969)	No issue
	(2) Ian Stuart McDonald (1899 - 30 Jan 1965) m.(1939) Beatrice Eve Chenery	1 daughter; 2 sons
Robert ('Bob') Gilkison (6 Oct 1862 -13 Jan 1942) m. (1892) Kathleen Thompson	Constance Margaret Gilkison (20 Apr 1894 - 12 May 1902)	No issue
	Robert Gilkison (27 Feb 1897 - 23 Sep 1982) m. (1923) Coleen Rayward	1 daughter; 2 sons
	Eleonora ('Norah') (30 Jul 1901 - 1 Apr 1989) m. (1923) Thomas Parr	2 sons; 2 daughters
	James Hogg Gilkison (21 Feb 1907 - 13 Sep 1998) m. (1938) Corinne Bain	2 sons
	Walter Scott Gilkison (2 Nov 1912 - 17 Aug 1976) m. (1942) Margaret Meldrum	2 sons; 2 daughters
James Hogg Gilkison (6 Jan 1864 - 25 Nov 1864)	Dies in infancy	
Janetta Webb ('Jean') Gilkison (25 Apr 1865 - 17 Sep 1937) m. (1894) William Donald	No issue	
Richard Sidney ('Dick') Gilkison (11 Jul 1866 - 20 Jul 1930) m. (1898) Ethel Thompson	Ethel W Gilkison (1898 - 1968) m. (1923) Walter Paterson	1 Son
	William Donald Gilkison (1901 - 24 Jul 1956) m. (1935) Edith Cuff	1 daughter
Effie Gray Gilkison (20 Jun 1867 - 29 Mar 1952)	No issue	
Norah Kilmeny Gilkison (4 Feb 1869 - 27 Aug 1938)	No issue	

Acknowledgements

I am very grateful to Hogg's great-great-grandchildren Liz Milne and Bruce Gilkison and his great-great-great-granddaughter Diana Parr for their assistance in writing this article. I have also made liberal use of a number of printed sources. In addition to ones mentioned in the body of the article, they include *James Hogg at Home* (Dollar, 1980) by Hogg's great-grand-daughter the late Norah Parr, as well as the series of articles on 'James Hogg's Children' and 'James Hogg's Grandchildren' that she contributed to the *Newsletter of the James Hogg Society* in 1983-85; the articles on 'The Emigration of Hogg's Brothers', by their descendant the late Claude Howard in the 1986 and 1987 issues of the *Newsletter*; and more recently Bruce Gilkison's *Walking with James Hogg; The Ettrick Shepherd's Journeys through Scotland* (Edinburgh, 2016).

Hogg's words are largely taken from letters reprinted in the *Collected Letters of James Hogg*, ed. by Gillian Hughes, 3 vols. (Edinburgh, 2004-08). Hogg's 1820 'Letter from the Ettrick Shepherd', containing the letter from James Laidlaw, can be found in James Hogg, *Contributions to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Vol 1 1817-1828*, ed. by Thomas C Richardson (Edinburgh, 2008) which also reprints Laidlaw's angry retaliation. Throughout, Gillian Hughes's definitive biography *James Hogg; A Life* (Edinburgh, 2007) has kept me straight about dates and other facts. Special Collection, University of Otago helpfully provided the image of Margaret Hogg from their James Hogg Collection; and Bruce Gilkison provided the photo of Harriet Gilkison. Finally, my thanks to my wife Liz MacLachlan for the time she has spent in the addictive pleasures of Ancestry.com unscrambling the various family trees.

Any errors or omissions are of course my responsibility.

John Waldie of Hendersyde, Part Five
Extracts from his Journal from 11th May 1826 to 24th May 1827

Transcribed by Christine Glover

Saturday August 5th

Up at 5 – off at 6 from Dunkeld in a gig – lovely day – clear & bright – not hot – exquisite mountain air – superb woods & steep hills clothed to top – water & bridge of the Braan's rocky torrent – up the south or west side of Tay – valley expands – tame – Logierait village near the meeting of the Tay & Tummell – we went up the south side of Tay – rich woods – corn – Dalguise, Mr Macdonell's – old terraces & orchards - & fine trees – Grandtully Castle, the old seat of the Stewarts – now they live at Murthly Castle below Dunkeld – Grandtully – shabby old turreted affair – from thence we soon came to Aberfeldy – a large village – 2 decent inns – I walked up to the falls of Moness with a guide while breakfast was preparing – the ascent is fine – the fall is 350 feet but not perpendicular & is rather a series of falls – impending very high rocky precipices & woods – rich scene – but the want of water unfavourable to falls. The woods are mostly birch – Burns here wrote his song of the Birks of Aberfeldy. From Aberfeldy we went on 6 miles to Kenmore – at the foot of Loch Tay – grand narrow valley – steep rocky hills clothed with wood – especially Drummond Hill north of Taymouth Castle – we drove quite past the Castle above it & descended to Kenmore village & inn & church on an eminence & neat bridge – all at foot of the lake – I joined 4 gentlemen & a guide just going to Taymouth – a pleasant walk – along a terrace of elms & grassy lawn above Tay, & Drummond & Kenmore hills rising above all to the Castle – 2 of the men were Mr J. Parton of Crailing – and Mr Hepburn of Hepburn a very pleasant man – we all 5 went to the House - and saw the Hall – low & neat – a sort of museum. The dining room – drawing room & library – the plan is not finished – I think it heavy & ugly - it is neither gothic or Grecian – but a sort of nondescript – like Inverary - & also like it is on a dead flat – but it is larger – the drawing room is gloomy – some tolerable paintings – library & billiard room cheerful – the staircase in a square centre tower far overtopping the rest is very handsome – but too Cathedral like – Gothic prevails We walked back to Kenmore by another terrace north of the Tay – There is a wooden bridge near the castle – we set off that is, Mr Paton & Mr Hepburn & their boy in one gig - & me & my boy in another - & drove by south side of the lake – a noble sheet of water seldom above 2 miles wide – 2 miles from Kenmore we stopped at Acharn & ascended outside a rocky woody glen on foot to the bridge & upper fall of Acharn – very woody rocky & pretty is the waterfall under the bridge. We descended to the lower or grand fall which is best seen from a hermitage lined with moss & filled with stuffed

deer, badgers, foxes &c. - & a hermit's dress & bed – The fall is tremendous – about 200 perpendicular feet – descending from it the view of the rich woody glen is lovely – we rejoined our carriages & drove on by the side of the lake or on braes above it hilly & not very good road – The noble Ben Lawers & Hill of Lawers opposite were truly grand lovely turns & reaches of the lake the last 4 miles very hilly but lovely woods of oak, birch, larch &c. the first the best & very fine – we passed behind Achmore, the seat of Lord Glenorchy quite at the head of the lake – pretty – in cottage style - & rich woods – a long descent led us to Killin – where the village & inn & fine old trees looked lovely at head of Lake – Ben More capped in clouds, & Craighalloch – very rugged rise behind to the west – we crossed the Dochart which here runs in to Loch Tay. The most tremendously wide rocky enormous blocks of stone & rushing water – noble pines – on an island called Rockinch above the bridge or 2 bridges for the larger crosses the end of a rocky island but grassy green at top & planted with firs & limes the burying ground of the Macnabs – a noble family – we ordered dinner at the Inn – and beds - & went up Glen Lochy where the river Lochy joins the Lake – a lovely bridge & fine up the valley - & then went to a secluded spot near the lake (83) where is Finlarig Castle overgrown with ivy – a ruin – beautiful walks lawn & shrubs - & mounds & terraces & the burial place of the Breadalbanes – a large building – This was once their residence – The burial place is surrounded by firs – 2 at the entrance are dead – all the rest living & fine – we returned to the Inn – dined well - & then went to the burial place of the Macnabs on the island formed by the Dochart – Mr Macnab is now in America – his estates are to be sold being so involved – worth above £40,000 – one of the oldest families in Scotland – famous for giant statute – the present Macnab is 35 & is 7ft 2 – They are much regretted – a fir tree branch broken by the wind grafted itself again on the trunk - & the superstition is that in America the young branch will graft itself on a new estate & yet will be of the same family – a very curious old man John MacGibbon is the guide to this melancholy burying ground & sells Cairngorms & pearls which in the living shell in hot weather when the Dochart is low – he shewed us some curious shells & beautiful pearls & Mr Hepburn bought some & I a cairngorm stone – our guide displayed all these at his black & smoke tarred cottage – but neat & clean & warm tho' small – very wigwamish – we returned to the Inn before 9 - & took leave of my 2 companions for the day – who go to Callender tomorrow – Mr Hepburn pleasant & sensible – Last night at Dunkeld I met Mr Campbell of Boreland at the Inn of Dunkeld and he asked me today when I met him again at Kenmore to go & spend tomorrow at his house near Killin – but I declined it with thanks – Today I have come 41 miles in the gig - & have walked at Moness, at Kenmore, at Acharn, at Killin, at least 9 – 50 miles in all - & had a most agreeable day & seen a great deal and have been lucky in meeting Mr Campbell & Mr Hepburn as being obliged to talk prevents my thinking

NRS GD1/378/30

Victorian Funerals

The funerals of my boyhood were imposing spectacles. The Scot who repudiated all ceremony and symbolism in his worship was ceremonious, even to the verge of pompous absurdity, in his burying of the dead. Although his church services were marked by a baldness that was extreme, when it came to a burial, display was rampant and expense was lavish. I feel that the costs of a marriage could not compare with those of a funeral. The joyful spent little on trappings, the mourners poured out money like water. Two mutes, called "saulies" – perhaps this was a nickname – were posted, one at each side of the house door, with broad bands on their hats, and hanging down almost to their waists. Each had a long pole, which was hung with black, looped up like a window-curtain. When the cortege was to move, the "saulies" marched in front, and then, if the family thought much of themselves, the baton men followed two and two, to the number of six or eight, on each side, with black velvet jockey caps, and carrying great batons, thicker than a rolling-pin, black, and capped at both ends with several inches of gilding. Then followed the hearse with its four horses, each carrying a great black plume on its head, and loaded with state harness covered with silver plating, and as the hearse moved off, the horses' plumes, and the five enormous plumes above it, nodded and waved. The hearse itself was a grim black box, covered with plaited black cloth. On reaching the place of burial the sextons stood waiting with a great black velvet sheet, called a morthcloth, and this was spread over the coffin and those who bore it to the grave, the sextons having a privilege to draw fees for this ceremonial veiling. From first to last the occasion of death was made one of ostentatious display, often in the case of persons of moderate means, involving as great a loss to the deceased's estate as follows now from the State demand for death-duties. As regards the mourners, those of the family wore bands of crape up to within an inch of the top of the hat, with great bows hanging down behind. All wore evening dress coats with white neckcloths, and white weepers at the wrists.

All these elaborate death honours were jealously upheld, and have only by degrees been broken down. When my stepmother died I took charge to relieve my father, who was not strong, and I had a tough fight with the undertaker over the "baton men". He made it plain to me that it would be a meanness that would lead to remark if I did not have them. "Oh, sir, ye should hev the baton men; it'll not be worthy of the occasion if ye don't," was the kind of plea he urged, and I had to cut him short with an emphatic "no".

Another display in connection with deaths was still observed in my boy days. It was the custom of those who thought that their position called for it, to put up a hatchment on the dwelling-house, and keep it there for some months after the death. It was a large square, hung diamond fashion, with the arms of the deceased painted upon it. Such a thing has not been seen in Edinburgh for nearly half a century.

Life Jottings of an old Edinburgh Citizen, Sir J.H.A. MACDONALD, P.C., K.C.B., Lord Justice-Clerk
Published October 1915

Sir John Hay Athole Macdonald, later Lord Kingsburgh, was born 27 December 1836 at Great King Street, Edinburgh, and died at 15 Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, on 9 May 1919.

George Duncan's Customers

George Duncan, Linen Merchant of Edinburgh, died intestate on 21st January 1832, at the age of 43, and was buried in Greyfriars Kirkyard. He had married Jessie or Janet Howell on 1st October 1811, and in just over twenty years she bore 13 children, not all of whom survived childhood. Jessie died age 49 on 10th November 1839 and joined her late husband in Greyfriars.

The Post Office Directories list him as trading from "Russia Warehouse", 323 High Street, with his home at 429 High Street. At least one of his sons continued the business, although by 1841 he and some siblings were residing at 8 Kerr Street.

The Inventory of George Duncan's Movable Estate included a list of outstanding accounts, as follows:-.

Book Debts due by sundries supposed recoverable, vizt.

	£.	s.	d.
Lady Cumberland	50.	-.	–
Mr Gordon, Drummond place, Edinr.	50.	-.	–
Revd. Dr. Grant, Great King st., Edinr.	28.	10.	6
Mrs Dempster, Skibo	24.	-.	–
Mrs Thomson,Greenside house	16.	-.	–
Messrs E.D.W. Robertson, High st., Edinr.	13.	5.	–
Honble. Jas. Wolfe Murray, Lord Cringletie, Charlotte Square, Edinr.	12.	10.	4
Mrs Gordon, Claremont st, Edinr.	12.	6.	8
Wm. Maule, Esq.,	9.	3.	4
Mrs Paul, Home st., Edinr.	8.	-.	–
Mr McGlashan, Cowgate, Edinr.	8.	-.	–
Dr. Boyd, Castle st., Edinr.	6.	4.	7
Dr. Alexander	6.	3.	–
Miss Ross, Inverleith terce., Edinr.	5.	18.	–
Mrs Lisle, Duncan st (Edin) Newington	5.	6.	8
Honble. Mrs Cumming, Queen st. Edinr.	5.	-.	–
Mr Thom, Annandale st., Edinr.	4.	14.	–
Henry Cockburn, Esq., Advocate, Charlotte square, Edinr.	4.	-.	6
Dr. Huie, George square, Edinr.,	4.	-.	–
Robt. Downie, Esq., Queen st., Edinr.	3.	19.	–
Mrs Horseman	3.	12.	–
Wm. Robertson, Henderson Row, Edinr.	3.	6.	–
Mr Paterson, High st, Edinr.	3.	5.	3
Mrs Drummond of Blair Drummond	3.	1.	6
Mrs Donald, Ann Street, Edinr.	3.	-.	5
Miss Bowman, Princes st., Edinr.	3.	-.	–

Professor Wilson, Edinr.	2.	19.	–
Mrs Campbell, Society, Edinr.	2.	14.	8
Mr Kinnear, Fredk. St., Edinr.	2.	12.	3
Mr Welsh, Melville st., Edinr.	2.	-.	–
Revd. Mr Craig, Great King st., Edinr.	1.	19.	4
Mr McIntosh, High st., Edinr	1.	14.	3½
Mr Sinclair, St. Andrews st., Edinr.	1.	10.	–
Captn. Murray, Charlotte st., Edinr.	1.	8.	6
Mr Ireland, south Bridge, Edinr.	1.	8.	6
Mrs Inglis, Redhall	1.	7.	9½
Mrs Kinniburgh, Deaf & Dumb Institution, Edinr.	1.	7.	7
Mr McDonald, Inverleith row,	1.	7.	–
Mrs Davidson, Doune Terrace, Edinr.	1.	1.	–
Mr Barth, Bank st., Edinr.	1.	-.	–
Mr Spindler, Greenside st., Edinr.	1.	-.	–
Peter Ferguson, Esq.		18.	–
Mr Marshall, Panorama		16.	–
Mrs Allan, George st., Edinr.		12.	1½
Mr J. Cockburn, Doun Terrace, Edinr.		11.	3
Mrs Gray, Blair st, Edinr.		10.	5
Mr Hunter, Fish market close, Edinr.		9.	6
Captn Donaldson, Boswell, Wardie		7.	10½
Mr Bell, Royal Circus, Edinr.		6.	6
Miss Cunningham, Ainslie place, Edinr.		6.	–
Mr McGibbon, Builder		3.	6
Mr Oughton, Roslyn		3.	–

Book Debts due but dubious from the circumstances of the debtors, vizt.

Miss Hall, Fettes row	9.	10.	4
Mr Livingston, Cambusnethan	4.	18.	8
Mr Haddow, Innkeeper, Grass market	4.	9.	6
Mr Lillie, Noton place, Edinr.	3.	12.	3
Mrs Creighton, Ann st, Ediinr.	3.	11.	–
Mr Leishman, Writer, Gardeners Crescent, Edinr.	2.	15.	–
Mrs Miller, Stockbridge, Edinr.	1.	8.	–
Mr Maxwell, Fredk. St., Edinr.	1.	7.	10
Mr Moodie, Causewayside, Edr.	1.	5.	7
Mrs McGregor, Richmond st., Edinr.	1.	1.	–
Mr Croil, Aberlady		14.	6
Mrs Lauder, Mary Place		12.	4
Miss Baily, Norton Place,		12.	3
Mrs McKenzie, St Cuthberts st.,		11.	–
Mrs Threipland,		8.	6
Mrs Hutchison, South Charlotte Street, Edinr.		6.	10
Mrs Stewart, Hanover street, Edinr,		6.	10

Dr Scott, York place, Edinr.		4.	8
Miss F. Watson, Claremont st., Edinr.		3.	10
Mrs Mitchell, Preston st., Edinr.		3.	–

Book debts due but desperate, vizt.

Messrs A. Gibbs, Merchants, London	38.	5.	–
Mr Thomson, late in High street	20.	17.	–
Mr Fitzgerald, late in Leith (Comedian)	14.	-.	–
Mr Douglas, late in Library of Faculty of Advocates	10.	-.	–
Mr Miller, late in Leith	8.	18.	3
Mr Ambrose, Tavern Keeper, Picardy Place, Edinr.	8.	12.	5
Mr Jefferis, Canal street	7.	13.	9½
Sir James Gairdner Baird, Bart., Hilton Lodge	6.	12.	–
Mrs Barrymore, London	5.	16.	2½
Madam Buquet, George street, now in France	5.	9.	–
Mr Bass, formerly Theatre	4.	16.	6
Mr Shaw White, Nelson street, Edinr.	4.	14.	3½
Mr Sherifs, late in Torphichen street	3.	16.	3
Mr Robertson, late in Leith, now in Leith st, Edinr.	3.	14.	4
Mrs Carrick, Russia	3.	6.	6
Mrs Green, Castle street, Edinr.	3.	-.	8
Mr Blackie, Carlton street, Edinr.	2.	19.	4
Mrs Williamson, Howard place	2.	18.	9
Mrs Major Stewart, late in Leith	2.	13.	10
Dr Cameron, late in Albany street, Edinr.	2.	7.	–
Mrs Adams, Princes street, Edinr.	2.	4.	10
Mrs Thomson, Union street, Edinr.	1.	19.	-½
Miss Baird, Comely Bank	1.	18.	10
Mr McArthur, late in Athol Place, Edinr.	1.	2.	6
Mr Linton, Thistle st., Edinr.	1.	2.	2
Mr Gullan, Thistle st., Edinr.	1.	1.	6
Mr Bain, High st., Edinr.	1.	1.	4½
Mr Ewart, late in Northumberland st., Edinr.	1.	-.	7½
Mrs McLean, late in George st., Edinr.	1.	-.	7½
Mrs Robertson, late in Broughton		19.	8
Mr Laing, Session Clerks Office		18.	–
Mrs Laing, late in Nelson st., Edinr.		17.	7½
Mr Williams, Norton Place, Edinr.		16.	–
Mrs Gibson, late in Terrace, Ed.		14.	–
Mr Fisher, Dumfries		13.	6
Charles Frazer, late in High street, Edinr.		11.	2
Miss Leishman, Glasgow		10.	8
Mr Henderson, Dundee		10.	4
Mr Brewster, late in South side of the Town of Edinr.		6.	4

Source: SC70/1/47

THE SCOTTISH GENEALOGY SOCIETY

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL ACTIVITIES INCLUDING INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30 SEPTEMBER 2019

	Unrestricted funds general	Unrestricted funds designated	Restricted funds	Total 2019	Total 2018
	£	£	£	£	£
Income and endowments from:					
Donations and legacies	16,230	-	5,000	21,230	19,653
Activities for generating funds	15,971	-	-	15,971	13,331
Investments	82	4,216	-	4,298	4,278
Other incoming resources	-	-	-	-	386
Total income and endowments	32,283	4,216	5,000	41,499	37,648
Expenditure on:					
Raising funds					
Costs of publications and conference	4,168	-	-	4,168	3,513
Charitable activities					
Direct charitable expenditure	34,381	-	-	34,381	26,711
Total charitable expenditure	34,381	-	-	34,381	26,711
Total resources expended	38,549	-	-	38,549	30,224
Net (outgoing)/incoming resources before transfers	(6,266)	4,216	5,000	2,950	7,424
Gross transfers between funds	(53)	53	-	-	-
Net (outgoing)/incoming resources	(6,319)	4,269	5,000	2,950	7,424
Other recognised gains and losses					
Gains on investment assets	-	3,042	-	3,042	9,829
Net movement in funds	(6,319)	7,311	5,000	5,992	17,253
Fund balances at 1 October 2018	53,845	541,116	-	594,961	577,708
Fund balances at 30 September 2019	47,526	548,427	5,000	600,953	594,961

The statement of financial activities includes all gains and losses recognised in the year.

All income and expenditure derive from continuing activities.

Letters to the Editor

The interesting article by Keith J. Otto in the June issue (**lxvii**/2) 2020 prompts this brief note.

It is a distressing fact that most people in these islands (now termed The Atlantic Archipelago by certain interests) seem to be profoundly unaware of the close connections between our homelands and Germany. One only has to visit one of the great London cemeteries (such as the General Cemetery of All Souls at Kensal Green) to be reminded of the fact that large numbers of Germans were resident in London and died there during the nineteenth century. Our Royal House was Hanoverian from 1714, and from that date until 1814 our Kings (styled 'of Great Britain and Ireland') were also Prince-Electors (*Kurfürst* in the singular) of Hanover, and from 1814 Kings of Hanover. Indeed Kings George III, George IV, and William IV were Kings of Hanover, and had not the Thrones of England, Scotland, and Ireland not passed to a woman in 1837, the British Kings would have remained Kings of Hanover, but because of Salic Law of Succession, the Hanoverian Crown could not pass to a woman. So one of Victoria's uncles, Prince Ernest Augustus (1771-1851), created Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale and Earl of Armagh in 1799, who had been educated at the University of Göttingen, fought against the French in The Netherlands and Flanders (he lost his left eye, was wounded in the arm, and had his face badly scarred for life), became King Ernest of Hanover. Thereafter, his benevolent autocracy suited most of his subjects, and gained such respect that in 1848, when revolutions convulsed much of Europe, his subjects remained loyal to him, and only one Hanoverian life was lost in disturbances that year in Hanover.

Many of us, who had trading links with the Baltic, especially in connection with the timber trade, had close connections with families in places that used to be known as Danzig, Memel, etc., and it is no accident that the great Free City of Hamburg had strong links with these shores. And had it not been for the King's German Legion (1803-16), the best troops in the British Army all through the Peninsular Campaigns and finally at Waterloo, it is doubtful if the French Wars could have been finally won. Even at Waterloo it was touch-and-go, and it should be remembered that the Prussian Army under Marshal Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher (1742-1819, created Prince of Wahlstadt in 1814) had to withstand the full fury of the French onslaught on its own at Ligny, during which Blücher was wounded: thanks to the leadership of Major-General August Wilhelm Anton von Gneisenau (1760-1831), Blücher's Chief of Staff (who firmly believed Wellington had left the Prussians in the lurch at Ligny), the Prussian forces were able to regroup and secure the great victory at Waterloo, pursuing the defeated French with relentless vigour afterwards. And there were the celebrated Black Brunswickers, Ducal Corps of volunteers which saw service in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo (notably at Quatre Bras).

Bad films, ignorant scribblers, absurd xenophobia, and rotten education seem to have blotted all that out, and when Marlborough's victories in the reign of Queen Anne are mentioned, his great ally, Prince Eugen (1663-1736), the brilliant commander of the Imperial German forces, is never mentioned.

Professor James Stevens Curl

I was immediately was drawn to the article in the June issue by Mr. Otto regarding his German mining ancestry. I did enjoy the article, but should like to point out the following:-

In Goslar there are five Protestant parishes and one Catholic parish, so surely the baptisms of Henry and William Otto would be present in one or another of those parishes. Family Search has some of the records, but they have not yet been digitized. However, the German website Archion (www.archion.de) does have the records of all five Protestant parishes available and they all date early enough to have the records of Henry and William. Once the records of their baptisms are found, the usual thoroughness of German church books would make it very likely and possible to follow the Otto line back further generations. Of course, there are two main considerations in using the Archion website. It is a subscription service, but quite reasonable - around €20 for a month, and about €50 for three months. The more important problem is that the records are written in the old Gothic script, which like old Scottish records of the 16th-18th centuries, can be difficult for anyone not used to their idiosyncrasies.

The foregoing should not be construed as a criticism of Mr. Otto's article as he has done very well in examining the Scottish part of the story. I only think that for curiosity's sake, he would want to see how much more he might learn of his German family if he addressed the possibilities.

Norman D. Nicol, Ph.D., Pennsylvania

Graham Senior-Milne (1955-2020)

It is with great sadness that we advise of the death on Monday 10th August of Graham Nassau Gordon Senior-Milne of Mordington, aged 64, following a massive stroke. The son of Denys Gordon Milne, C.B.E. (1926-2000) by his spouse Pamela Mary, daughter of Oliver Nassau Senior, Graham's paternal family were Scots. His father was born in Lerwick, where his father was a resident doctor, the son of another doctor from Aberdeenshire, where the family had resided for centuries as farmers. Educated at Epsom College, Graham became a Chartered Accountant. He was a kind, generous man (who nevertheless did not suffer fools gladly). Graham's passion for genealogy knew no bounds. His ancestry was fascinating. He was responsible for setting up *gratis* the Scottish Genealogy Society's first website, with an on-line shop of the society's publications etc., and running it for some years afterwards as webmaster, bringing the SGS into the 'modern world'; he was also sometime a member of the Scottish Heraldry Society. In 2004 the Lord Lyon formally recognised him as the feudal Baron of Mordington in Berwickshire, where Graham and his family then lived, in Edrington House, an ancient tower house originally known as Nether Mordington. About this time he assumed by Deed Poll the additional surname of Senior. A larger than life personality, Graham has died before his time and shall be greatly missed. He leaves two sons and a daughter, as well as grandchildren, and many friends.

Gregory Lauder-Frost

Memories of my Life

(Extracts)

Ann Mitchell

I was born on 19 November 1922 in Oxford, as Ann Katharine Williamson. The delivery was performed by Dr Fred Hobson, who had just started out as a GP, and I was the first baby he delivered.

My father, Herbert Stansfield Williamson, had recently left his post as a Commissioner with the Indian Civil Service while my mother, Winifred Lilian Kenyon, had been a nurse in WW1. They met in India and married at Simla in November 1921.

I was the eldest of three children, followed by my brothers Paul (10 May 1925) and Mark (8 June 1928). At Paul's christening in Oxford Cathedral, I decided to show off my new skill of whistling and had to be silenced.

My mother was not one to sit idly at home, and helped to run one of Britain's first family planning clinics, as assistant secretary to the Oxford Family Welfare Association. It was founded in 1926 with the aim of advising married couples on the best methods of spacing or limiting families, an approach which was highly controversial. I was not aware of this at the time, but local gossip claimed it was 'causing immorality in the villages round Oxford', and one local minister said that the opening of the clinic was more shocking than that of a brothel. Undeterred, or perhaps defiantly, my parents bought a cottage in King Street and let it to the Association at a nominal rent.

I was always good at French, having had several French *au pairs*, and showed an aptitude for numbers and sums. I remember once winning a school prize and being very annoyed, as I had been told I could have any book I liked, but was then presented with *The Talisman* by Sir Walter Scott. I was so disappointed that I gave it away.

Music was important to me from a young age. I started with a *chassefont*, a device used to teach children the rudiments of music: it was a box of metal minims, sharps, crochets and rests which we had to place on bars and trees. It was a fun way to learn how music worked.

I learned to play the violin, taught by a Mrs Gotch, wife of the artist Bernard Gotch whose watercolour painting of Worcester College quad was later given to me as a wedding present by the Provost and Fellows of Worcester College.

I also had a piano teacher called Miss Lovegrove (whose married name was Remnant), who had converted to Roman Catholicism and was summarily dismissed by Headington School. My mother was shocked by this and invited her to teach me piano at Fairfield, but it meant practising between the weekly lessons. Under her supervision, I had to practise almost every day before breakfast in a freezing-cold drawing room, half an hour each on piano and violin. Paul was much more musical and played cello in a quartet.

I was a keen swimmer, having become interested in swimming on a family trip to the Isle of Wight to see some cousins. My parents gave me a financial inducement to learn, as I was promised two and sixpence the first time I swam a width of the pool, and an ice cream block for the family the first time I swam a length. We swam in the sea there and have photos of our very old-fashioned costumes.

When I was in my teens my parents were largely responsible for persuading the school to install a swimming pool. This was a huge bonus for me as, being so close, it became almost a daily routine to swim in it, on weekday evenings and at weekends. As shareholders, our family could use the pool out of school hours, and although it was outdoors and unheated, hence only available in summer, I became an accomplished swimmer. I won various local competitions and also earned life-saving medals.

I am amazed at the amount of effort my mother put into bringing me up, spending considerable time with me. She took me to concerts at Oxford Town Hall and the Holywell Music Rooms, and as a treat, sometimes she took me to the Cadena Café in the Cornmarket, where she had coffee and I had an ice cream.

I took up stamp collecting, as my mother had done, and many years later gave my albums to Christian Aid in Edinburgh.

My parents had a fine record of hospitality, and their visitors' book (which we still have) records visitors from around the world. One of my earlier memories is of them holding a garden party at Fairfield *[the family home*], with my mother in a long dress and my father, receiving guests just beyond the study window.

We had tea parties every weekend on Sunday afternoon, alternately for undergraduates (mostly Indian and oriental) and university visitors who my father knew through his work, and for children and friends of the family.

The need to welcome visitors grew in the late 1930s as war approached. We had a Jewish refugee from Germany, a girl called Ellen Feiss, who arrived in May 1939 with a huge amount of luggage. She came to us because Mr Greenshields, father of Anne (later Boase), ran the refugee programme in Oxford. She attended Headington School for a while with me although I didn't really get on with her, and left after a year to join her father in Brazil. We lost contact, but she turned up 20 years later to call on us.

Another refugee, Maria Bauer from Vienna, came to Fairfield in 1939 as a resident cook and stayed for about ten years.

Among others to stay were the Thains, who I think escaped on a boat from Guernsey before the German invasion of the Channel Islands. They had a daughter called Jean who was a year younger than me and later came to live in Edinburgh after she married Dick Fifoot, the Edinburgh University Librarian.

On the outbreak of war there were several visitors with us: Uncle Fred (Kenyon) and his wife Aunt Eleanor, Christine Brook and Mabel Hunt. Fred and Eleanor stood up each time the National Anthem was played on the wireless, a habit which my parents found very tiresome as they felt obliged to do the same.

Meanwhile, I carried on with my last year at school in 1939/40. With a good head for figures, I showed an aptitude for maths but was discouraged by my headmistress, Miss Moller. She firmly told my parents that mathematics was not a ladylike subject. She herself taught chemistry, which was surely even less ladylike. However, my parents overruled her and I pursued my chosen path. Thanks to my enlightened parents and to everyone's surprise (including my own) I passed my entrance exam and was one of only five women accepted to read maths at Oxford University in 1940.

That summer, my mother took Paul and me to a Prom concert at the Queen's Hall in London. When it ended it was announced that there was an air raid warning, so we were told to stay put in the hall. This turned out to be something of a bonus as members of the orchestra entertained us until the All Clear was announced. This was the start of the London blitz and the Queen's Hall, which had hosted the Proms since 1895, was destroyed by an incendiary bomb in May 1941.

Oxford University 1940-43

I was still 17 when I gained a place at Lady Margaret Hall (LMH), one of the five female colleges in Oxford, in the autumn of 1940. Although my home was in the same city, I lived in hall throughout my time as a student, but of course went home frequently.

It was quite a focused course, with no other subjects, and I spent three years at Oxford to complete a degree that would normally take four. My maths tutor was Miss Busbridge, who also lectured in the men's colleges. I graduated in 1943 with a BA, but there was no class award as it was a short degree. I went to my graduation ceremony and had my photo taken.

I sang alto in the Oxford Bach Choir for about 12 years, which I enjoyed very much. We had rehearsals in the Oxford Science Museum, later in the Sheldonian.

I was active in a number of other groups and was business manager for performances by the Friends of Oxford University Opera Club.

I continued my competitive swimming at LMH, also representing the university, although being wartime there were no contests against Cambridge, hence no blues on offer, and we usually swam against schools.

University in wartime had its privations, particularly in winter as my room in hall had an open fire but only enough coal for one day and one evening a week, due to rationing.

To help the war effort I took part in Digging for Victory, growing vegetables in a college lawn. Also as there was a wartime shortage of metal, people were encouraged to give up their domestic items and I worked at the collecting point at Carfax in Oxford, collecting donations of aluminium saucepans, vacuum cleaners, etc. It seems remarkable that they could turn these things into steel and bombs. I also volunteered as a blood donor, and was once taken by a special car from Worcester College, where I was working, to make a direct person-to-person transfusion.

During vacations I was on duty at a First Aid Post, and at canteens for servicemen. In the summer vacations I cooked, first for the Oxford University forestry camp at Tintern in 1940, then in the summers of 1942 and 1943 I was in charge of the cooking at Rugby School farming camps in Wiltshire, where my brothers also went.

I noted in my diary in 1941 that tennis balls were scarce, which was a shame as I played a lot of tennis on the courts at Oxford Parks or on the lawn at Fairfield.

Bletchley Park

When I graduated with a BA in Mathematics I realised I would be called up for war service. To my relief, the University Appointments Board sent me to a place called Bletchley in Buckinghamshire, where I was to become a temporary assistant in the Foreign Office. I had no idea what kind of job I was accepting. To my family and

friends, I had to describe it as office work, but the truth was far more interesting: I was to spend the next two years helping to break the daily-changing Enigma codes of the German army and air force.

I arrived on 27 September 1943 at Bletchley Park, the headquarters of the Government Code and Cypher School, with the war-time title of Station X, where I was initiated into the secret world of codebreaking.

We were given two weeks of training and initiation, starting on the first day with a talk by Mr Fletcher, who made it sound terribly thrilling, vital and important. I was impressed by the security, which was the topic of another talk three days later by Mr De Grey, the second in command. Meanwhile, I told my landlady I was engaged in clerical work.

I spent the next two years, until the end of the war, in the Hut 6 Machine Room, so called because it had a number of British-made enciphering machines, similar to German Enigma machines. Most of my colleagues had degrees in economics, law or maths, and we worked round the clock in shifts, from 9 am to 4 pm, 4 pm to midnight or midnight to 9 am, with two weeks on each shift and one free day each week. I was forbidden from making any reference in my diary to the nature of the work I was doing, and could only write down general remarks such as 'Enjoyable day'.

Everything revolved around work, and I loved the work.

Having signed the Official Secrets Act and sworn not to divulge any information about my work, I never told my husband, or anyone, anything about my wartime role. So I was amazed, in the 1970s, to find that books were being published about Enigma – perhaps the best known is Robert Harris's fictionalised account but there have been many others. Once the secret was out I was delighted that after thirty years of silence I could now talk about it. I gave many illustrated talks around the country, and I enjoyed talking about my life during wartime. It was a fillip towards the end of my life, suddenly to have risen in importance, to go from being a nobody to a somebody. A whole past that no-one was interested in and suddenly lots of people are. It was very strange.

Requests from media outlets came to me on a regular basis, and I was interviewed well into my nineties, as new films and books about Bletchley were published. The last of these was Tessa Dunlop's book, *The Bletchley Girls*, by which time I was 92, and as part of the publicity for the book I was interviewed on television in our flat.

I am proud of what we did. It has been said that the work of the cryptanalysts at Bletchley Park shortened the war by two years. However, our achievements were not formally recognised until 2009 when I and other surviving Bletchley veterans were awarded a commemorative badge by GCHQ. It is just a small badge, but it means a lot to me.

After the war

There was no great fuss about my leaving Bletchley and I returned to Oxford to live at home, and to look for work. I had excellent references that avoided any specifics about my actual wartime role: 'She proved herself very quick and keen with intelligence above the average. She was thoroughly composed and reliable in everything that she did and was fully capable of taking charge of the work of her

room.' I had set my sights on the Colonial Office but they told me I was too young.

I found an interim job in the Bodleian Library, and went on a secretarial course with speedwriting, travelling by bicycle. I became a member of the Victoria League, run by Alan Brown, a fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and was offered a job as secretary in the college office for John Masterman (later Sir John), the provost of the college.

Then one day in October 1946 I met my future husband.

I came home from work to find a car, which I did not recognise, parked outside our front door at Fairfield. Inside the house I was introduced to Angus. He had seen active service with the Royal Armoured Corps and was by then a student, having just taken up a scholarship at Oxford. Our fathers had known each other in India, and now his mother was introducing him to Oxford families she'd known in India many years earlier.

I was still active in a number of groups, including the OU Dramatic Society (OUDS), which Angus joined to be near me. He was an actor, while I was a manager.

The following summer we went on an adventurous excursion to Switzerland by car, before we were even engaged in August 1947. Angus drove his Baby Austin, and although he we stayed in hotels it was always in separate bedrooms. Then he carried on to Austria to visit his parents in Vienna, but I did not have a permit so returned to England by train.

After Angus graduated from Oxford, we married on 13 December 1948 at St Mary's University church, in Oxford High Street. Clothing was rationed so I borrowed a wedding dress from a friend, Elfie Cairns (nee Forster). I had it dry cleaned and hung it up. Then, on the day of the wedding we found it had stretched by about nine inches so my resourceful mother got down on her hands and knees to pin it the hem.

We were back in Oxford for Christmas with my parents, before moving to Edinburgh a few days later, where Angus embarked on a career with the Scottish Office. It was the start of his long and successful career, as he progressed through a variety of roles to become Secretary of the Scottish Education Department.

Married life in Edinburgh

We had stayed with Angus's parents in Randolph Cliff before getting married, to look for properties, and moved into a two-bedroomed flat which we had bought for £2,500 with a loan from my parents. It was on the first floor of 48 Warrender Park Terrace and overlooked the Meadows, where we took up an allotment. That was my first experience of growing vegetables, something which grew into quite a passion a few years later. .

Jonathan was born in the flat on 4 August 1951, and shortly afterwards Angus took up a posting in London so we moved south early in 1952. Initially we rented a flat in Howard's Lane in Putney, then took on a house at 20 Riverview Gardens in Barnes, next to the River Thames with a towpath at the bottom of the garden – so close that we gave a party on Boat Race Day. On 3 May 1953, Charlotte was born there, shortly before we returned to Edinburgh for good, as Angus was promoted.

Initially we returned to our flat in Warrender Park Terrace, which had been rented

Ann and Angus Mitchell wedding 1948

out during our time in London, but in August 1953 we bought a Georgian townhouse at 20 Regent Terrace and proceeded to fill it with our growing family. We had Catherine on 2 April 1956, and then Andrew, born on 3 June 1958. All four of our children were born at home, whereas nowadays they would almost certainly have been born in maternity wards. My mother came to stay each time to help.

We spent over 50 years at Regent Terrace, and loved the house, which had three storeys for our use and a basement which we let out to a variety of tenants. One of the great attractions was the access through our own garden to a much bigger private garden of about 16 acres, shared by residents of the three terraces, and which provided a lovely environment for our children to play in as they grew up. It had swings, a tennis court, mini golf course, and plenty of wide open space.

The house was central, just ten minutes' walk from Princes Street, and very convenient for Angus's office at St Andrew's House. There were good local shops in Easter Road and Montrose Terrace, and although I must have struggled sometimes carrying shopping up the steep hill I can't remember any particular problems.

Growing my own food

In Edinburgh I became very keen on growing fruit and vegetables, starting in 1949 when we took an allotment in the Meadows, a short walk from our flat. I kept a detailed record of the produce, and looking back, some of the quantities were enormous. In 1950, for example, I picked 40 lbs of broad beans, 34 lbs of peas and 25 lbs of French beans. The following year the amount of broad beans more than doubled to 83 lbs.

We gave up the allotment when we went to live in London, and when we returned in 1953 to live in Regent Terrace, we had a back garden which was not really the place to grow vegetables, so instead I focussed on preserving fruit and making jam.

I would buy fruits in bulk when they came into season and store them in Kilner sealed glass jars: apricots, gooseberries, rhubarb, peaches, cherries, blackcurrants and plums.

However, my speciality was making jam and in particular marmalade. For many years I bought large quantities of Seville oranges, which cost between eight and ten (old) pence a pound, and boil them in a pressure cooker before putting the produce into jars. The quantities recorded in my little book seem extraordinary: for example, in 1955 I made 62 lbs of marmalade, not to mention 16 lbs of strawberry jam, 4 lbs of raspberry, 6 lbs of blackcurrant, 10 lbs of plum and 18 lbs of blackberry and apple – a total of over 100 lbs. It was far too much for the family to consume, but sadly I

can't remember what I did with all this produce.

I also kept busy in the kitchen with baking. I made loaves of bread in the oven (which was a fairly laborious process in the days before breadmakers) and made fruit cakes, Victoria sponges and trays of shortbread, all much appreciated by my husband, children and guests.

My passion for growing fruit and vegetables took on a new lease of life in the 1970s when we bought Bath Cottage in Fife. Although it was intended as a country retreat, and to fulfil Angus's dream of owning a castle – the property included a medieval fortified house which we restored – the grounds delivered up a wonderful bounty.

Each week when we visited I could pick a variety of fresh produce: broad beans, gooseberries, spinach, peas, lettuces, rhubarb and redcurrants. We also harvested elderflower which Angus made into wine. One autumn this came to a sudden halt as in October 1978 we arrived at Bath to find that sheep had found a way in through a broken fence and trampled down the wire netting around the vegetable garden. They ate everything in sight. However, that was just a small hiccup, and for several years afterwards we usually managed to fill the car with fresh produce to take home after each visit.

Research into marriage and divorce

As I was keen on social issues, in 1958 I volunteered to help the Edinburgh Marriage Guidance Council, initially as a receptionist for two hours a week before being accepted and trained as a counsellor. I was interviewed by John Watson WS and worked from their office in Queen Street and then 9A Dundas Street. Angus, however, was turned down and I think he was quite upset but he worked on reception and was later chair of the Scottish Marriage Guidance Council.

From 1964 to 1974 I was honorary secretary of the Edinburgh Marriage Guidance Council, eventually full time but still unpaid. I next did some research into the use of volunteers in social work in Scotland.

In 1976 I became a student again, in the Department of Social Administration at Edinburgh University, doing some honours courses for a year. Then I enrolled as a post-graduate student, investigating experiences of help received by people who had been recently divorced.

I noticed that the focus of failing marriages was almost entirely on the parents, while any children were left to muddle through. I decided to research the experiences of divorce and its effects on children, and was astonished to find this had never been done before. My research led not only to an MPhil in Social Administration from Edinburgh University and several books, it also prompted changes to Scottish law which would ensure that the needs of children are properly taken into account in a divorce settlement.

My first book *Someone to Turn To, Experiences of Help before Divorce* (1981) examined where recently divorced people had sought or received help when their marriages had broken up, and exposed substantial dissatisfaction with Scottish legal procedures. I was particularly concerned that the needs and feelings of children were often ignored, and undertook a further three year project as a research associate at the university. For that I interviewed teenagers and their custodial parents about

their experiences of divorce. My next book *Children in the Middle* (1985) documented the poor state of affairs and I gather it gave considerable impetus to the use of mediation in family cases.

It also brought requests to write other books on divorce, aimed not just at researchers and parents but also at the children themselves, and I was interviewed many times for newspapers and television. In total I wrote seven books in ten years, some of which were translated into other languages, and it is gratifying that they are still referred to. In fact I continue to get royalties payments each year from the ALCS (the body which collects licensing fees on behalf of authors).

On a similar theme, with Angus I did voluntary work for social work agencies in helping adopted people (now adult) to trace their birth families. I have also been involved with a number of other agencies concerned with the welfare of children, and especially in Family Mediation.

Historical research

My writing took a new tack in the 1990s. Angus and I were originally interested in the history of our own house in Regent Terrace, and over many years I had collected information about past residents of the neighbourhood. It just spread from there to nearby houses and then to the wider area, and it became apparent to me that a book was waiting to be written.

The outcome was, in fact, two local history books on Edinburgh, *The People of Calton Hill* (1993), followed five years later by *No More Corncraiks* (1998). I was fortunate that both of them attracted a publisher, and they sold well. When *The People of Calton Hill* came out, a hotel owner in Royal Terrace was so enthusiastic about the book that he hosted the launch party, which certainly helped to raise awareness (and sales).

At the age of 89 I published my last book, a biography of my mother, Winifred. It was self-published with the help of my son Andrew, who has produced several books this way, and with a small print run but sufficient to send copies to everyone in the wider family.

I also wrote profiles of over 60 members of the congregation at St John's for the monthly magazine *Cornerstone*.

Into old age

When a three-storey townhouse became impractical for us, we downsized from Regent Terrace in 2004 to a flat in Inverleith, which was much more manageable. We had a happy decade there but in time we both found it harder to look after ourselves without outside help.

In the spring of 2015 we moved to St Margaret's Care Home in Newington, on the south side of Edinburgh. We had adjacent rooms and settled into a new routine where he joined me in my room each day after breakfast, and we were able to spend our twilight years together.

Sadly, Angus died on 26 February 2018, although it was mercifully quick when the end came, less than half an hour after he got into breathing difficulties.

Angus had already written his memoirs, and I decided that I should do the same before it was too late.

Library & Family History Centre:
15 Victoria Terrace, Edinburgh EH1 2JL
Tel & Fax: 0131 220 3677

Opening hours:
Monday-Thursday: 10.30am – 5.00pm
(Wednesday: 7.30pm)
Saturday: 10am – 5pm.

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