

JONAS W. WATSON

ANCESTRY AND DESCENDANTS

compiled by

Jessie Palmer Williams #26

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Compiled by

John Walter Watson

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN

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JONAS W. WATSON

LAKE SUPERIOR PIONEER

ANCESTRY AND DESCENDANTS

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Watson, 1907. p. 11.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS FOUNDATION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY



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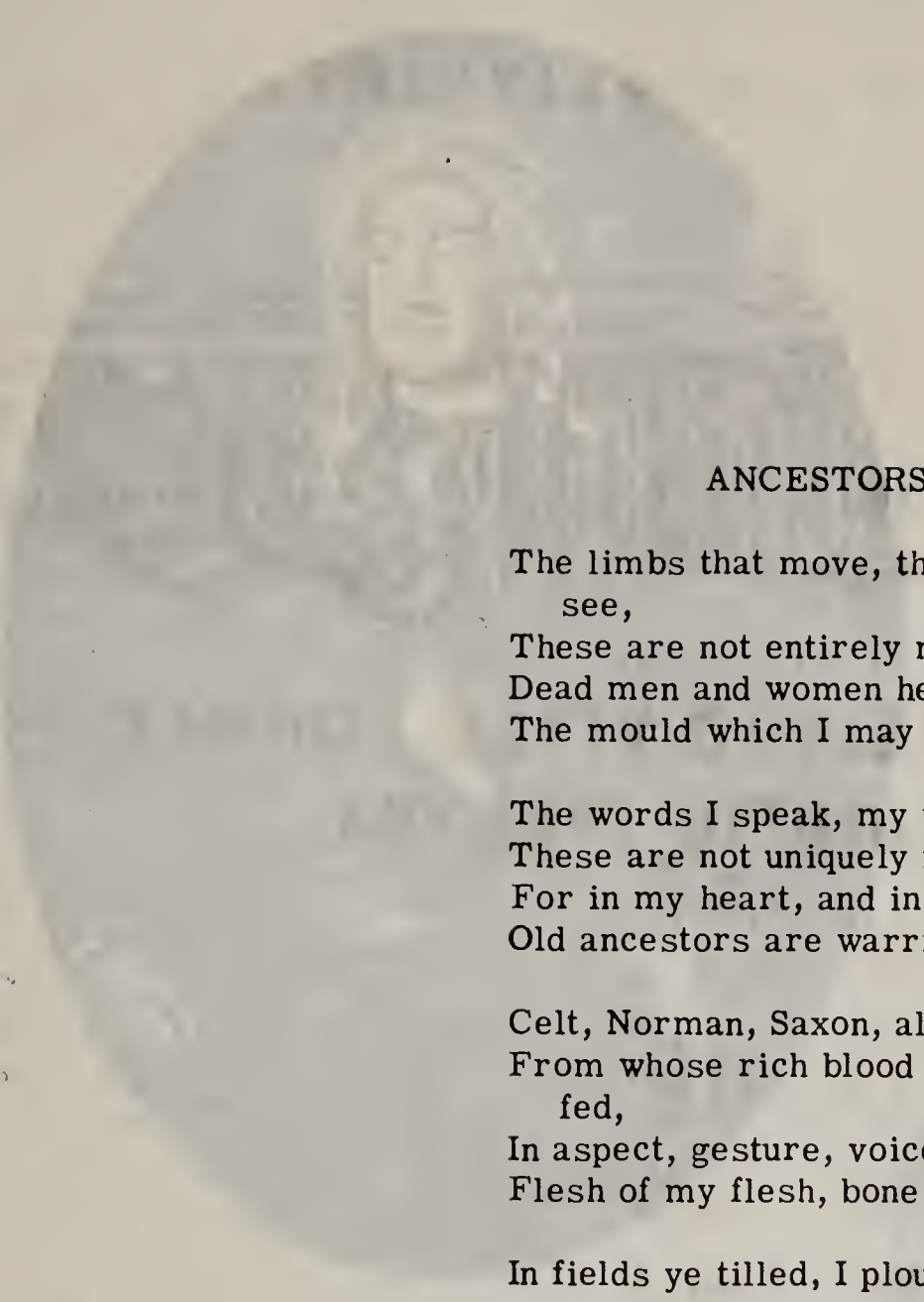
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pioneer ancestry and descendants

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947
The Irish Times, Dublin, 1944

ANCESTORS

The limbs that move, the eyes that
see,
These are not entirely me;
Dead men and women help to shape
The mould which I may not escape.

The words I speak, my written line,
These are not uniquely mine,
For in my heart, and in my will,
Old ancestors are warring still.

Celt, Norman, Saxon, all ye dead,
From whose rich blood my veins are
fed,
In aspect, gesture, voice's tone,
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone.

In fields ye tilled, I plough the sod,
I tread the mountain paths ye trod,
And round my daily steps arise
The splendours of the centuries.

Richard Rowley, in "Poems From
Ireland". (The Irish Times, Dublin, 1944.)



Lt. Col. Jonas Watson,
The Bombardier.

His monument at
Great Sampford, Essex.



Put here by
JONAS WATSON
in Pious Memo:
of his Father
JONAS WATSON
who was buried
near the place
the 1st day

Part I

THE EARLY WATSONS

Some fifty miles northeast of London, no longer on a main road, is a small village called Great Sampford, Essex. In the churchyard there may be found an obelisk-like monument with this inscription-

"1738 - Put here by Jonas Watson in Pious Memory of his Father Jonas Watson who was buried near this place the 4th July 1663." This first Jonas Watson, son of Benjamin, was married May 20th, 1662, to Rebecca King and their son Jonas, born in 1663, was baptized the day his father was buried. Later the following inscription was added; "Col. Jonas Watson who caus'd this Pillar to be erected here; was killed at the Siege of Cartagena; The Nature of that Climate render'd it impossible to bring over his Body, to be buried here according to his own and his Friends Desires"... and continuing on the south side it reads... "After having serv'd His King and Country faithfully upwards of 50 years, he lost his Life with Great Honour in the 78th year of his Age A.D. 1741." It is believed his heart is buried here.

Another record of Jonas II may be seen in St. George's, the garrison-church at Woolwich, 9 miles below London Bridge on the Thames, where the Royal Artillery Institution is situated. Here is inscribed, on a brass tablet on the floor of the church near the entrance, "To the Glory of God and in Memory of Jonas Watson - First Lieutenant Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Artillery 17 March 1727. Born at Great Sampford, Essex 1663. Served in Flanders 1694-1712, C.R.A. during the defense of Gibraltar 1727 Chief Bombardier 1722 killed in action in the attack on Cartagena South America 26 March 1741 in his 78th year. This tablet is dedicated by the Regiment 1922." The dedication ceremony was attended by many Watsons and his great-great-great grandson Herbert Watson of Wales gave the Regiment a copy of the portrait of the Bombardier, which he then owned, to hang in their mess hall. This portrait, reproduced here, shows a handsome English gentleman in flowing wig, with a cuirass or breastplate under his red coat.

Jonas, the Bombardier, married Miriam West. Their two sons were named from a favorite verse in the Bible, Micah VI-8 "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The elder son Justly became a Lt. Col and Dir. of Royal Engineers but had no male heirs. The younger son Lovegood Watson married Anne Pipe and had three sons and a daughter. Anne Pipe belonged to an ancient Staffordshire family with an ancestor who fought at the Battle of Crecy and was rewarded for his bravery by the Black Prince who gave him permission to wear his crest - the three feathers out of a mural crown.

The eldest son of Lovegood Watson was Jonas who entered the army at an early age, served in America at the Battle of Bunker Hill, where according to M'Greggor's "History of the French Revolution" he displayed "so much skill and intrepidity at the Battle of Bunker's Hill and various other engagements in America and the West Indies, that he was appointed Governor of the important Fort of Niagara." His Captain's commission followed the Battle of Bunker Hill. Two letters of his life in Canada will be given. He was born in 1748, married in 1784, a young woman about half his age, Harriet Colclough (pronounced Coke-lee), daughter of the Rev. Thomas Colclough of Kilmagee, County Kildare, Ireland, and his wife Florence Molesworth who was a descendant in 12th degree from Lady Anne Plantagenet, sister of King Edward IV and Richard III. There are two lines of descent from Edward I and Edward III, which means an unbroken line back to William the Conqueror, Alfred the Great, St. Louis and the Emperor Charlemagne. These will be found in the Appendix of this volume.

Mrs. Burroughs, a younger sister of Harriet Colclough wrote a journal about her family and memories - "It may be well to add here what I know or have heard of my forbears which is but little. To begin with my father's family - The Colcloughs pride themselves on being of an ancient family, one of the old Milesians. My grandfather married an heiress of the Vesey family who was called 'the Lady of Duffry' and through her the estate of Duffry Hall in the County of Wexford descended to her second son Adam. Their family consisted of four sons, Ceasar, Adam, Thomas and Richard, and two daughters. My grandfather's fame is still remembered by some of the old inhabitants of the County Wexford, particularly the peasantry with whom he was an immense favorite. I remember an old Wexford workman to whom dear William used to listen for hours, while he recounted the exploits of the 'Great Ceasar;' he possessed, at least in their opinion, most of the qualities which constitute greatness. He was extremely handsome, and he seems to have united strength and agility in no common degree, for he excelled in all kinds of manly exercises, he was not only the best horseman, the best hunter, the best runner, the best wrestler, the best boxer, leaper and swimmer in the country round, but any one who attempted to engage him at ball, racket or cudgel playing, was sure to be beaten, and his horses, dogs and game cocks were as invincible as himself.

"He frequently assembled the peasantry for the purpose of engaging them in these sports, bestowing prizes according to their merit and his delight was, on these occasions to engage and conquer the victor, first allowing him a proper interval and plenty of good cheer to recruit his strength. When the sports were over there was always a carouse at the expense of the 'Great Ceasar' who crowned all his other qualities by being the best drinker in the country, and able to walk to bed unaided when all around were overthrown. Such a character was well calculated to win the hearts of the peasantry of this period, and accordingly, I have been told by some of them that 'there was not a man but would go through fire and water if he but held up his finger.' One memorable instance of this was related to me.

"On some ground which he farmed stood a very old and extensive wood, some of the trees of which Ceasar found it convenient to cut down. The possessor of the estate, finding his remonstrance not attended to, went to law and got an injunction to prevent more wood being cut down. Ceasar was in court when the order was made, and instantly going home mounted his horse and made off for his family seat Tintern Abbey in the County Wexford near which stood the wood in question, calling or sending to all his tenants on his way. They and all whom they could influence assembled in the wood the following night; the moon was shining brightly, and they worked to such purpose that by sunrise not a tree was standing, the injunction, though no time was lost in sending it down, arrived too late - and 'Smack smooth as Colclough cut the wood' became a proverb in the County.

"This worthy did not live to be old, but his funeral was attended by the whole County, poor and rich! His eldest son, also Ceasar, died a young man, leaving an only child the well known Sir Vesey Colclough, who was one of the representatives for the County Wexford in the Irish parliament. This gentleman did not resemble his grandfather either in figure or face, the first being diminutive and the latter ordinary. But though unable to copy him in his favorite amusements, he found means to equal him at least in the art of spending money, though without procuring for himself the universal good will which had attended his grandfather - and yet like him he was a bon vivant and a pleasant companion. He often used to dine at my uncle's and always and always added to the jocularities of the party by several strokes of wit or humour.

"He married a Miss Grogan, and for some time they were known as Mr. and Mrs. Colclough of Tintern, but her sister marrying Sir George Ribton, she was perpetually reproaching her husband for not reviving the title of baronet, which it appears was in the family, but lay dormant from the proper fees not having been paid for its revival. Those fees Vesey had neither ability nor inclination to produce but he took a shorter method, for one day, when his wife was on the old subject, he started up and ringing the bell said; 'Well, my dear, I'll make a Lady of you directly.' On a servant appearing he was ordered to summon all his fellows, male and female, and every other person in the house. All being assembled, their master desired them to take notice, that there, pointing to his wife, sat 'Lady Colclough' and that he was in future to be

designated 'Sir Vesey.' His son Ceasar, the present possessor of Tintern seemed so conscious of the truth of this story that he never assumed the title though his mother who is still alive, continues to be called 'Lady Colclough.'

"This Lady and her spouse, notwithstanding his willingness to oblige her in the matter of the title, could not agree - they lived separate for many years before his death - they had only two sons, Caesar and John. Caesar then a talented and pleasing young man was caught by the splendor of the first days of the French Revolution, and went over to witness it more nearly. He delayed in France until his return was prevented and for the next ten or twelve years he had to support himself as well as he could, no remittance from home being allowed to reach him; but as he was very ingenious and had a mechanical taste he was enabled to live better than many others. Meantime his property here under the management of his brother John, was rapidly accumulating and when peace allowed him to quit France it was thought he would hasten to revisit his native land and take possession of his property. It was not so however, he still remained abroad for several years, and was only recalled by the untimely death of his brother John, who was shot in a duel with a Mr. Alcock about some electioneering business. This young man inherited his great grandfather's popularity in the County Wexford, and was much lamented. Alcock, who had been his intimate friend was much affected at his death and died himself a short time after in a state of insanity. Caesar returned a single man and married a Miss Kirwan. They have no family and live at Tintern, it is said in a very saving way, considering their prosperity, but they sometimes do generous things and not long ago gave £500 to the poor of the Co. Wexford. On the death of Caesar, the elder branch of the Colclough family becomes extinct."

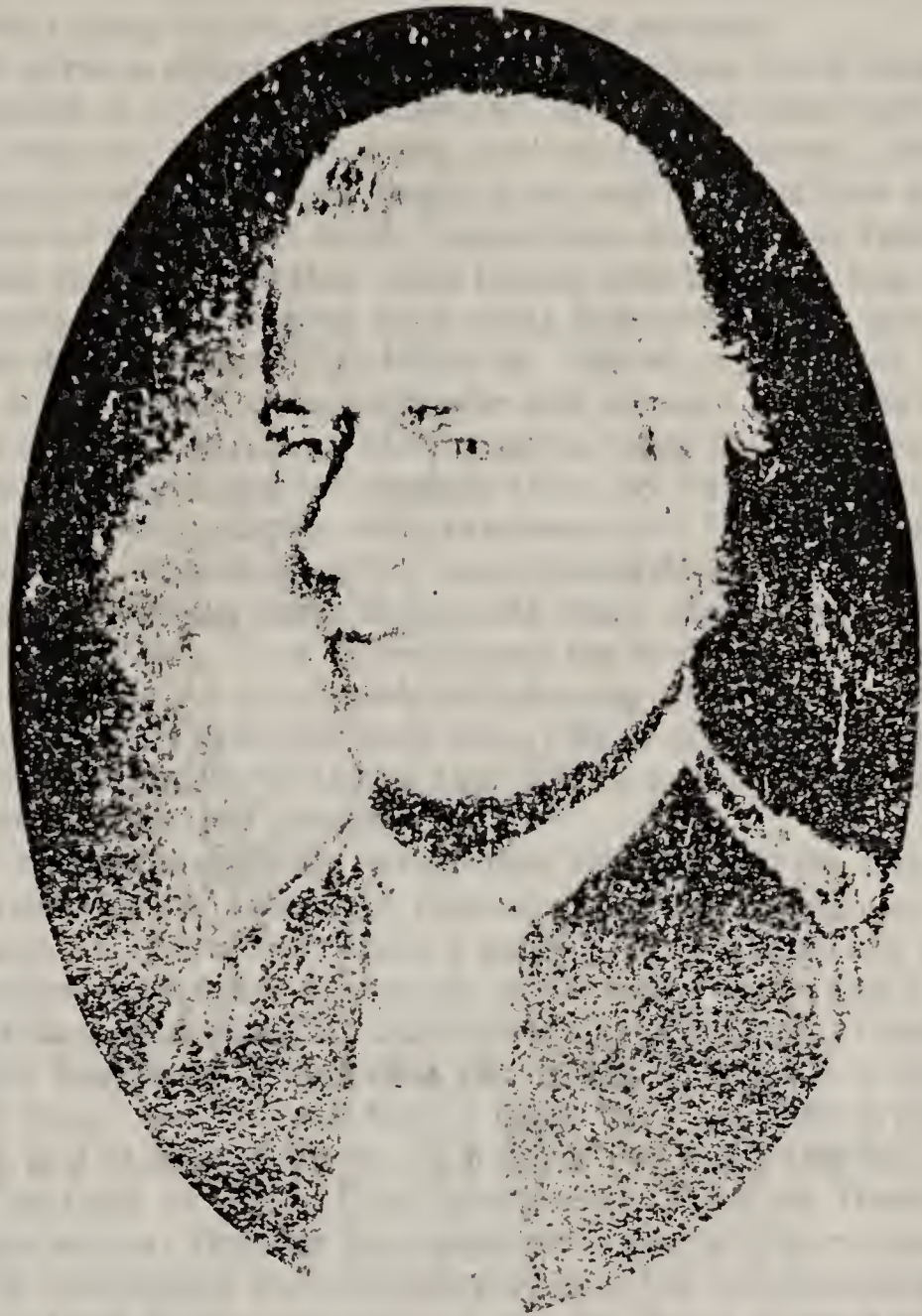
There follows more remembrances of the second son of the Great Caesar - Adam, and a little about the third son Thomas who married Miss Molesworth. "She was highly connected, and to judge from the sponsors of their children, (whose names I have seen in an old family bible) they must have lived quite amongst the great. They had several children but three only survived the mother, my brother Caesar, and sisters Harriet and Florence." Unfortunately there is no date on Mrs. Burroughs journal but the Alcock duel was 1810 and her sister Harriet died in 1832 and she must have written her delightful memoir between those years. We will have more of this journal later on. Concerning the Tintern she speaks of it is a few miles south of Wexford - there is a more famous Tintern Abbey in England on the right bank of the Wye founded by Cistercian monks in 1131 and probably the parent of the one in Ireland. The last Ceasar Colclough of Tintern had a half brother but because a serious quarrel came between them Caesar left the property by will to another branch of the family. The will was disputed in a lawsuit lasting 12 years and settled in favor of Mrs. Rosborough and in 1908 was still in her daughters possession.

To return to Jonas Watson born in 1748 - he entered the army when about 14 years of age, rec'd a commission as Ensign in his father's regiment the 65th and was promoted Lieutenant four years later. He wrote his sister Anne a letter which was preserved, Friday 13th 1774 - "I can say no more to my dearest sister in this moment of separation than I have done to my dear Father and Mother nor would I oppress her with taking an affectionate leave of her, if it please God we may meet again sooner than we expect tis among my first wishes. God bless and preserve your health and happiness prays your ever affectionate brother Js Watson. My kindest love to dear Jack and little Charlotte - my eyes have been just dwelling on the Isle of Wight and my thoughts--need I say where? Adieu.

The next letter was written in Canada in 1787 or 8 after his marriage.

"Cedars, five o'clock, Wednesday eveng.,
13th June (Probably 1787)

"My dearest Harriet will see by the date of my letter that I have comply'd with her desire that I shou'd write by the first opportunity - indeed, had you not desired it, I shou'd have considered the pleasure of talking with you the most agreeable method of filling up the two or three hours of daylight that remain. It is but twenty-five hours since I left you, and I assure you that I have not been idle since. I rode but slowly from Montreal, for my horse did not seem in much



Lieutenant Colonel Jonas Watson

better spirits than myself, which, with stopping for some time at Point Clair, made it quite dark before I got to our deserted room. As I hope my dearest love has in some measure recovered her spirits, I will not dampen them by dwelling on the effect that the solitary appearance of everything in it (after I had shut the door) had on mine, notwithstanding which, fatigue both of body and mind threw me into a sleep that lasted till five in the morning.

"I got up, and wou'd have given a dollar or two that all my packing cou'd have been done for me, as it cou'd not, I set myself to work, which, however, by frequent interruptions from people who must, they said, speak with me, lasted till pretty near half-past eleven. One or two of my interruptions was by the Captain of Militia, and you may believe I did not take quite so much pleasure in his long speeches as you used to think I sometimes did. Just at twelve o'clock I sent off the Batteaux, but had you seen how they were loaded with baggage, and crowded with men, women and children, you wou'd have thought the poor souls had much better have 'packed up their tatters to run from the drum' instead of to follow it. Indeed, my Harriet, I do not know what I should have done to make a tolerable accomodation for you unless I had taken the precaution to get another Batteau; for my present baggage, without your's, loads or rather encumbers, one Batteau and half another, so that, excepting the absence from my Family, I have every reason, for your sake, to congratulate you on escaping inconveniences that I am already sure wou'd have been double what I even expected. The Musquitoes, your Declared Enemies, seem determined to revenge themselves on me for robbing them of so much more dainty fare, as they wou'd have found from you and our dear little Ann. I am now slapping the backs of first one hand and then the other, and they seem to promise me a serenade of humming when I go to bed. Thanks to you, they are pretty well shut out from my face and neck when I have my Hatt on and veil let down. Everybody tells me that about the middle of August they will be greatly diminished, particularly on the banks of the River, where now they swarm.

"One of the reasons that induced me to ride here rather than go with the Batteaux was to get time enough before them to provide the necessary carts to bring the luggage up the rapids, and also to get a good night's rest. Another, to procure a guide to take our horses up. And I promise you I am very glad I had these reasons to come on, for I think I never saw a more beautiful prospect or pleasanter road than from Mr. De Lothbiniere's to this place. I shall advise you by all means, whether I have the happiness of attending you or not, to come in a Caleche the same road. But what do I say? I forgot that you will then, I hope, have two little travellers, who cou'd not both perhaps attend you, and neither of whom, I am sure, you would like to leave in the Batteau; However, whether by Land or water, I am sure you will think the views delightful. I already begin to imagine that we may find our time pass very tolerably for a year or two, shou'd I be fortunate enough to have a command that will entitle me to the conveniences of a good house, garden, &c., and once get my little family about me. I am, you know, a great builder of Castles, and I do and shall probably continue to shorten the distance of space and time that divide us by amusing my imagination in that way, but, if you do not find any of my Castles standing when you come to me, I hope at least that you will meet a good comfortable dwelling prepared for you, for I promise you that it will be one of my most pleasing employments to cultivate my garden and arrange my house for Madame la Commandante--this title of yours reminds me of our friends at St. Anne's. I do assure you I believe they wou'd do you any service in their power, for their pleasure seemed very sincere on hearing that you and their chere petite were so well. I very cordially gave and took a hearty kiss on each side from old Madame Berthe, whose eyes seemed quite full. Every inhabitant declared the greatest regret in parting with their Soldiers, and even Mrs. Gregory came (wou'd you believe it?) to the Mess-room, into which, on hearing my voice, she ventured to put her head and say a great many civil things, and this morning took a most cordial leave of all the gentlemen. Younge Berthe has promised to forward this to you as soon as possible, and wishes much to have the honor of delivering it himself. He will also bring the key for the bedstead. I have not given him your pin, for I think one enough at a time to stick in the paper of your room - pardon me, my Harriet; I keep it near to wear now and then, and I think I may promise you that you shall find it safe when we meet. Mrs. Beech, the person who lived with Mrs. Dickens, stays behind. She will call on you, and I told her that I would desire you

to recommend her if you cou'd to any good place. She seems much more humble than she was, and will, I daresay, be very thankful to you for such a service. I believe she is both honest and sober. The poor woman who is so dreadfully ill is in a batteau, determined to proceed. Oliver's good heart will do everything for her comfort, but I think she will hardly reach the end of the Voyage. Yet nothing cou'd prevail on her to stay behind tho' I offered to send an express over to Mr. Besson, the priest of St. Genevieve, who, I am almost sure, on my application wou'd have got her into the hospital of the Hotel-Dieu - but you females sometimes take a great deal of persuading to do what is for your good, and sometimes won't be persuaded at last. You must not, I believe, read this to Mrs. Powell, or perhaps she will help you pay off our sex by some more severe and probably more just satire. I have just filled my sheet of paper, wore out my dear, and seen the Sun to bed, and as I intend to rise soon after him to-morrow, I do not intend to sit up long after him tonight. Kiss my darling little Ann a thousand times for me. I know you won't let her forget to call sometimes on Papa. Be as careful of yourself, and as ready to provide yourself every necessary comfort as I wish you to do, and you will then want for nothing that my sincere affection cou'd procure you, nor shall I have any other wish to make than for a happy time to my Dearest Harriet, and as happy a meeting with her tenderly affectionate husband,

J^S Watson.

"Say everything for me expressive of kindness and thankfulness to (I may now say our friend) Mrs. Powell, also to Mr. Clarke, and make as many compliments as you think necessary. God bless you "

Before going on to the last letter we have by Jonas Watson - here are the names and dates of the children Harriet bore him. Ann, 25th Nov. 1785; Thomas Colclough, 20 of June 1787; Henry, 28 February 1789; George Oliver, 10 March 1790; Edward, 9 January 1792; William Jonas, 27 April 1795; Harriet, 22 June 1797. The last child and possibly the last two were born in Ireland, the others in Canada.

"Barbardoos, August 23rd 1793

"My Dearest Harriet, - How shall I begin a letter that for both our sakes I must hope you will not receive, and which would often revive and perhaps add keenness to the affliction that it is meant to soften? To you I am sure the best reason I can give for it is to say that every attention I can discharge towards you and our darling children while in possession of health and understanding gives me an ease of heart and calmness of mind that may greatly tend to avert the stroke of disease, or to disarm it of much of its inveteracy should it fall on me.

"In making my Will, the uncertain state of my affairs unavoidably throws upon you the distribution of what may come from your's or my family in such manner as the merits or necessities of our dear Children may hereafter point out to you. May God of his great mercies spare you to them till able to act for themselves! I have no fear of their suffering injustice in the hands of a tender and conscientious Mother. I have addressed a letter to Prince Edward - not a production of art, but I think my case so strong and peculiar that it may interest his feelings, and, if made known to the King, may procure you some equivalent for my Commission. I will write to my Sister in a manner that may convince her I never wished to step between her and any part of my Father's property, at the same time that it must point out to her the natural and strong claim my children should have to a proportion of it after her life, in case she should have no children of her own.

"Oh my Harriet, my heart bleeds for you in the idea of what you will suffer should you ever receive this letter; yet, when time may have in some measure restored you to calmness, when the strong and sincere applications that I am sure you will address to that Gracious Being who best can soothe the pangs of affliction or soften the strokes of adversity shall have procured you the firmness necessary to support you in the duties of a Mother, I think this anxious production of a faithful husband and fond father may have a desirable effect on the happiness and welfare of the dear objects to whom it is addressed. You have heard me acknowledge (and may it please God to give the same feelings to our dear Children throughout their lives) that the warmest

gratitude due from me to my truly respectable parents was for their careful and unremitting attention to fix in my mind while young a firm belief in the doctrines of our pure religion, and an humble submission to and strong reliance on the dispensations of Providence. I was thrown much too early into life, and in a profession where I had a thousand examples of imprudence, and as many temptations to follow them as great spirits and a love of pleasure could give. Should any of our dear boys be so circumstanced let them hear and believe the Solemn assurances of their Father, who at this moment calls to mind some periods of his life when nothing could have saved him from ruin in his circumstances and destruction to his peace of mind but the voice of that conscience that, by the tender care of an excellent Mother, had been taught so early to call for repentance of such acts of folly or intemperance as were destructive to the duties of a Christian, and a reliance at all times on the goodness of Providence to assist and support him in his best endeavors to return to those duties - duties that however neglected, he never in his life thought of but with reverence, and which he earnestly conjures his dear children (as soon as their reasons are strong enough to enable them) to examine with the most careful attention, when they will find not one that is not calculated for their welfare in this life, as much as for their happiness in the next. In every misfortune that their own imprudence or the lot of humanity may bring on them, let them be assured that an humble submission to the will of Providence and a fervent supplication to the Almighty for His forgiveness and support under it are the best means of making such a situation bearable, or of averting that despair or indifference to their fate which has been the ruin of thousands in this life, and thrown into a dreadful uncertainty, at least, on their state in another. In whatsoever stations in life they are cast, may my dear sons always consider Truth and Integrity as the only solid foundation of Honor. May they never be ashamed to repent of or atone for an error, nor ever let them suppose it possible for a guilty man to wash out the stains of his character in the blood of his accuser. Lastly, my dear Boys, should it be the will of God to spare you to an age of reason to comprehend and feel the full force of this address, let me conjure you, in whatsoever pursuits you engage in, never to lose sight of that prudent application to it that may the sooner enable you to pay off part of the debt of gratitude you will owe to your dearest Mother, or those proofs of affection and support that your dear Sister will have so strong a claim to. Should the warmth of youth or ill example tempt you to a dissipation that might be destructive of those views, let the memory of an affectionate Father check you, who declares to you that his last moments will be soothed in the hopes that your duty and goodness may enable you to make that provision for the dear objects of his care which his situation prevented him from doing. So may God Almighty bless and prosper you in all your undertakings. I cannot doubt the tender and strong affection that my dear little Anne will ever feel towards such a Mother as her's, but I would anxiously warn her young heart of a danger that I have often known destructive of the welfare and happiness of young women who have fallen into it. Never then, my dearest child, withhold from that best, that most sure and disinterested friend, a fond Mother, your fullest Confidence, or suppose it possible that any person of either sex who desires you to conceal from her a wish, thought, or action of your life, can mean good to you. Have no intimate friend of your own sex that she does not know and approve; nor ever receive, much less encourage, any information that you are desired not to communicate to her. Her disinterested love must always assure you that she will be the first to assist you in everything that can contribute to your happiness, while her greater experience may enable her to detect and point out to you any schemes or views that may be destructive to it. God bless my sweet girl with an innocent and cheerful heart, and long preserve to her the protection of a Mother and Brothers loving and beloved by her. Consider your dear Sister as embarked with the Family for the voyage of Life, unless a more eligible situation or protection offers to her. I therefore hope our Children will love, and I desire them always to respect her.

"God bless and preserve you, my dearest love. May his goodness save you the shock I have been preparing to support you under, and grant us a happy meeting again; but, if the contrary is His Divine Will, may His all-powerful protection watch over you, and pour into your heart 'that peace which the world cannot give.' This will be the last wish of your Faithful and ever affectionate Husband,

Jonas Watson."

The first part of the history of the world is divided into three periods. The first is the period of the origin of the world, the second is the period of the development of the world, and the third is the period of the decline of the world. The first period is the period of the origin of the world, and it is the most important period in the history of the world. It is the period when the world was created, and when the first man appeared on the earth. The second period is the period of the development of the world, and it is the most important period in the history of the world. It is the period when the world was growing, and when the first civilization appeared. The third period is the period of the decline of the world, and it is the most important period in the history of the world. It is the period when the world was falling, and when the first empire was destroyed.

THE HISTORY OF THE

In 1795 Jonas sold out his Commission and retired with his family to Ireland but the Rebellion of 1798 cost him his life. Here follows more of Mrs. Burroughs journal-

"While I was thus suffering the apprehension only of evil, my eldest sister was called on to endure the reality; she had married early in life an officer who was the friend and fellow soldier of the uncle with whom she lived. Captain Watson was at least double the age of his wife, yet they were a very happy and attached couple. He had seen much of the world having been in the army 'even from his boyish days', and had all that urbanity and general information which a life so passed often bestows, but his merits were not merely those of a well bred man or a pleasant companion, for he was one whose conduct through life had ensured the respect and esteem of all who knew him, many of whom showed their regard to his memory by being ready to serve or oblige his widow and children in any way they could.

"At the time of his marriage he was the particular friend and favorite of his Colonel the late Lord Warrington, and through his interest, on their arrival in America, whither Captain Watson and my sister accompanied the regiment, he was made Governor of the Fort at Niagara, a situation which heretofore had never been conferred on any but a field officer. They remained several years in America, once coming over on leave, and returning with my other sister, Florence Colclough, whose attachment to her brother-in-law soon equalled that she had felt for her own Brother; indeed I knew of but one shade in his character, and that was a tendency to passion on slight occasions, his wife however was singularly qualified for being the companion of a passionate man, for she had much good sense, but little sensibility or quickness of feeling, and therefore when he had flung a blunt knife from one end of the room to another, I have seen her take it up and quietly resume her seat, her face not betraying the smallest emotion or disposition to sigh or smile, which latter I confess I felt tempted to do.

"When they returned to Europe they had several children, and he was then a Colonel, they thought it time to quit the army, which accordingly he did, and purchased a handsome County seat within a walk of the town of Wexford, which was called Mount Anna, after their eldest child-Mrs. Hawtrey. Here they lived happy and respectable for some years till the breaking out of the rebellion in the County Wexford obliged them to quit this beloved retreat, and accept an offer made them by Lady Colclough of the use of her house in the town of Wexford.

"Colonel Watson was now called on as being an experienced officer to lead a corps of yeomanry to oppose the rebels (flushed with recent success,) collected in great force near the town. He had always considered them as an undisciplined rabble who would fly on the first attack from regular troops, and in consequence pushed on so eagerly and rashly as to be surrounded and I believe very few of his party escaped with their lives. He was himself one of the first that fell and was for some days undiscovered being so disfigured by pike wounds as to be only known by his dress.

"Wexford being on the 30th of May shamefully evacuated by the Military in a panic, was shortly after entered by the Rebels, who kept possession of it until the 21st of June. To give some idea of the horrors of this interval, I shall quote a few lines from a letter written by one of the sufferers. 'The atrocities committed by these ferocious Tigers while they held this town were I believe unprecedented. After taking possession of the town without opposition, they immediately shot several protestant inhabitants, tore open most of our houses, destroyed or carried off our effects, putting every protestant whom they spared from immediate death, to prison, from which they were sometimes dragged and obliged to slaughter each other. On Sunday June 3rd, myself and three other prisoners were brought forth and forced to put to death a man, for being approver against a Priest, and afterwards to throw the body into the River. After every species of insult and tyranny to us in prison, the fatal day at length arrived (the 20th of June) when the total extermination of the prisoners (namely 500) and all the protestant inhabitants of the town, man woman or child was openly avowed to be their fixed purpose. About 95 of the prisoners were taken out and tortured to death on the Bridge of Wexford and those being thrown into the River they returned for more victims. Providentially an express arrived at the moment when they were again beginning the work of slaughter which brought an account of the rebels

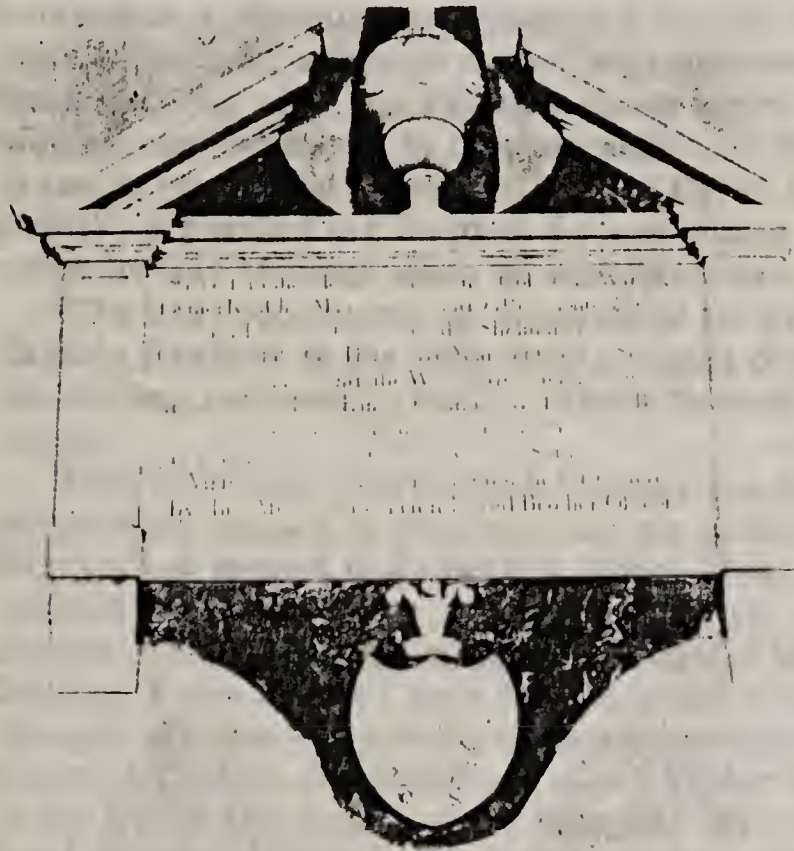
having met with a signal defeat at Long Graigue and requiring an immediate reinforcement, this made them beat to arms, and obliged them at that time to stop the work of blood. The next day they were totally defeated at Vinegar Hill and the army entering the town of Wexford the remaining prisoners were liberated.'

"During this reign of terror, my two sisters, six children, and a servant maid had remained in the house in George's Street, no attempt was made to imprison them, but they were every hour subjected to the incursions of a lawless mob who ransacked everything at pleasure, and carried off every eatable they could get. In this sad state the whole family owed their preservation to the exertions of a Roman Catholic servant who had the courage and kindness to remain with them, after all others had left, afraid to be found in the service of a Protestant. "Ally" was well known in the town of Wexford, and when the suffering family was left without provisions, she would sally forth to quest among her friends, glad to accept a few boiled potatoes, a bit of cold bacon, or a little milk for which she went provided with a bottle. Having collected her stores, how to conceal them was the next question, but this also was providentially provided for. In the first years of their married life Sir Vesey and Lady Colclough had occasionally occupied this house, and during those gala times, a part of it had been fitted up as a private theatre, in the stage of which was a trap-door. In this Ally packed all her stores, and here they remained unmolested for none of their numerous visitors ever supposed it other than a piece of the flooring. Ally's exertions did not stop here, she heard repeated threats and at length a decided resolution to murder all the protestants of Wexford and she became most anxious to get her mistress and family out of the town, this at such a period must have been attended with much difficulty, but her zeal and activity overcame all obstacles, and with the approbation of Miss Colclough, she agreed for their passage to England in a small vessel which lay somewhere off the coast; and her boat was sent to convey them on board.

"Poor Mrs. Watson took no part in those arrangements, and seemed quite indifferent to their result; her husband's death had been a stunning blow to her, she mechanically obeyed her sister or Ally, and did whatever they bade her do, but she looked round on her children and the Baby at her bosom with a sorrowful yet unmeaning eye seeming to feel there was something wrong, but as if she did not rightly know what. In this state her sister led her out of the house, followed by Ally and the children. On their way to the waterside they had to pass through several large parties of rebels, many of whom seemed disposed to detain her, but her sorrowful circumstances, her youthful appearance (she was yet under 30) her train of fatherless children, and her being a Colclough, made a party in her favour, which kept the other in check till she reached the boat in safety - here they were nearly all settled when it was discovered that her infant daughter was not amongst them; in the hurry and anxiety of their removal she had been left asleep in her cradle, and forgotten. This event seemed to rouse Mrs. Watson as from sleep. She passed at once from a state of apathy and unconcern to one of energy and decision. She peremptorily declared that no consideration should induce her to depart without her child, yet to return for it was to lose all chance of escape for the tide was too far out to allow the boat to remain, and the vessel only waited her return to sail. In vain Ally offered to go back and answer for the life of young Harriet with her own. In vain her sister Florence implored her not to sacrifice all their lives by again entering the town of Wexford, reminding her that from what they had heard on their way to the waterside, their best friends might be unable to protect them. Mrs. Watson was immovable only repeating that she would not go without her child. Cora (in Pizzaro) says 'A mother carrying her child has nature's passport through the world.' Certainly a Mother seeking her child at the imminent risk of her own life, has a still stronger one, the force of which was felt on this occasion by men in the most excited state, for the same crowds through which my sisters had to struggle on the way to the boat, now respectfully drew back and made way for their return, as the whisper ran amongst them of the cause of it, and the agitated group again retraced their steps, through a line cleared for them, to their deserted habitation. Next day the army entered Wexford.

"I must add a few words about Ally. My sister had hired her in County Wexford soon after her marriage, and found her so useful and intelligent that she took her out to America where she

became dry nurse to the children as they came in succession, and by her cleverness and integrity was soon considered in the light of an humble friend, who regulates and superintends the entire domestic management. Ally's appearance would not lead you to judge her capable of all this, she was a stout, plain country-looking young woman, with nothing of gentility, and little pretension of any kind about her - she found however, admirers in Quebec, and refused a very good match sooner than remain there after her mistress, with whom she has grown old, occupying the same post, and rearing a second generation of Watsons. She never married and is now a very old woman, considerably above seventy. She is treated with every kindness by Edward Watson and his wife for whom she has reared a large family."



Wall tablet in Castlebridge Church, near Wexford, to Lt. Col. Jonas Watson.

Under the inscription are his Arms with the Crest of feathers out of a mural crown. The left half, in heraldry the dexter side, shows the Watson Arms which are given in Burke's General Armory blazoned "Argent on a chevron engrailed azure between three martlets sable as many crescents or."

The College of Arms in London informs us "The Arms displayed on the sinister side of the shield, as depicted on the Memorial to Lt. Col. Jonas Watson are those of Colclough. A full account of this family is given in Burke's Landed Gentry of Ireland, 1912, commencing with Richard Colclough of Bluerton, co. Stafford, who lived circa 1367. The Arms in question are blazoned, 'Argent five eaglets displayed in cross sable.' The account shows Harriet, who married Lt. Col. Jonas Watson to be the second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Colclough of Kilmagee, co. Kildare, who was the sixth son of Caesar Colclough of Tintern Abbey."

The Watson Arms are given on the title page, with the motto

Mea Gloria Fides.

H.R.H. The Duke of Kent spoke of this event in a letter written in 1817; "one of my oldest military friends, the late Lt. Col. of the 13th Infantry who, after retiring from the service, was killed at the Battle of Wexford gloriously setting an example to the Yeomanry of the Country."

Edward Watson, the father of our Jonas of Marquette, Michigan, left an autobiography the first part of which is appropriate here -

"I was the fourth son of the late Colonel Jonas Watson, and was born in Quebec on the 9th of January 1792. At that time my Father was on the Staff of H.R.H. the late Duke of Kent, then in Canada, and high in favour with that estimable Prince, who condescendingly became my Sponsor at the Baptismal Font, being present on the occasion, and after him I was named Edward.

"When about two years old, I was brought to Ireland, and my family settled at Mount Anna, within three miles of Wexford- Nothing worthy of being here noted occurred until the breaking out of the rebellion in 1793, when my family removed into Wexford, and occupied a House on George Street belonging to the Late Lady Colclough, who kindly presented it to us. My recollection of the dreadful scenes that occurred at that period is somewhat confused, but I remember seeing from a high window the massacre carried on at the Bridge, and above all, on the day that

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery to the present time. It is written in a simple and plain style, and is intended for the use of schools and families. The author has endeavored to give a full and accurate account of the most important events in our history, and to show the progress of our country from a remote and obscure spot to a great and powerful nation.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery to the present time. It is written in a simple and plain style, and is intended for the use of schools and families. The author has endeavored to give a full and accurate account of the most important events in our history, and to show the progress of our country from a remote and obscure spot to a great and powerful nation.

The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the discovery to the present time. It is written in a simple and plain style, and is intended for the use of schools and families. The author has endeavored to give a full and accurate account of the most important events in our history, and to show the progress of our country from a remote and obscure spot to a great and powerful nation.



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my Father led out the troops to meet the rebels at the three Rocks, his horse returning without a rider.

"Shortly after, a man came running down the street calling out: 'The King's troops are beaten, and Colonel Watson is killed!' I shall never forget the agony of mind in which I said: 'O Mamma! is Papa dead?'"

"When peace and order were somewhat restored in the Country, my Mother took her young family back to Mount Anna, where she continued to reside for a few years, during which I was sent as a boarder to a School in Wexford, with my Brothers Tom, Henry and George. My Mother's next move was into Wexford, having disposed of her interest in Mount Anna. While here my Brother Henry, through the interest of Sir James Saumarez, a former friend of my Father, was entered as a Midshipman on board a British Man of War then at Cork. About the same time Tom got a Cadetship, and went out to India to serve under his Uncle, General Watson. The Duke of Kent, not long after my Father's death wrote a most feeling and kind letter of condolence to my Mother, and promised to take me under his Patronage, and when of sufficient age, to place me at the Royal Military College, then at Great Marlow. General Man, also a former friend of my Father, presented my Brother George with a Cadetship in the Military Academy at Woolwich, on which he was to enter when he completed his 14th year.

"The next occurrence of importance in the Family was the Marriage of my Sister Anne to Captain Hawtrey of the 25th Regt., a part of which was then quartered in Wexford. Soon after, my Mother removed to Dublin, where George, William and I went to a School in St. Stephen's Green.

"George's time approaching to enter the Academy, it was deemed advisable to send him to a preparatory school in Wexford, and my Mother brought her three remaining children, William, Harriet and myself to Limerick, where Mrs. Hawtrey then was. The time having now nearly arrived for me to enter, and it being thought necessary that I should have the advantage of some months' preparation at an English School, I took my departure from Limerick and proceeded to Dublin. From thence I took Ship on board a Packet for Holyhead, and went on to London. I brought with me two letters of recommendation-one from my Mother to General Matthews, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, one of my Father's Military Friends, and one from Captain Hawtrey to his friend Mr. Gregg of the Temple. With the latter I remained some days. While here, the Revd. Stephen Hawtrey, Brother to Captain Hawtrey called on me, and showed me much kindness. I was soon joined by my Brother George, and he took an opportunity of waiting on General Matthews, who said he had been commissioned by my Mother to place us at a good Preparatory Military School."

Before continuing with Edward's story, a short account of each of his brothers and sisters and their descendants where known is in order. Much of this is given in Ruvigny's "Plantagenet Roll of the Blood Royal", the Exeter volume supplement.

1 - Anne Watson, 1785-18 ; married 1804 to Capt. John Hawtrey. They were married in Castlebridge Church, County Wexford, and a note in one of the Watson books said the "Anne Watson Hawtrey was so well brought up that she refused to go on her honeymoon without a chaperone & insisted on taking William Jonas Watson aged 8 with her. The bridegroom must have been very much in love." Another note reads "According to one story Captain Hawtrey used such strong language that his future in laws would only consent to the match if he promised to reform. To this he replied that if he married Anne he'd never swear again - he'd be damned if he would." They had 12 children and their history is given in a book written by their youngest daughter, Florence Molesworth Hawtrey, "The History of the Hawtrey Family." One son became the founder and headmaster of St. Mark's School, Windsor & was the first Mathematical Master at Eton. Another was Prebendary of Wells and Rural Dean, a third was the father of Sir Charles Hawtrey, the actor. An obituary in the Windsor Express of December 1853 reads in part... "Mr. Hawtrey was born in 1781 the second son of Stephen Hawtrey, Recorder of Exeter. He was educated at

Eton College...obtained a Commission in the 4th Dragoons. In 1804 being quartered in Ireland he married the eldest daughter of Lieut. Col. Watson, who lost his life in repelling an attack of the insurgents in the Irish Rebellion of 1798... After being eleven years in the army he left the service...he joined the Wesleyan Body towards whom his earliest religious sympathies has been attracted. After some years...friends exerted themselves to obtain for him ordination in the Church of England. He was ordained in 1832. A wall tablet in the Military Church at Windsor records - "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Hawtrey, Rector of Kingston Seymour who departed this life 17th December 1853 aged 72 years." On the opposite wall is a tablet for his wife Anne Watson Hawtrey.

2 - Thomas Colclough Watson, Col. H.E.I.C.S. 1787-1834 died of cholera in India. Married Sarah, daughter of Thomas James of Ballycrystal, Co. Wexford. They had seven children but of these only four had descendants. William Christian Watson the eldest, has a grandson in England, the well known author Elliot Lovegood Grant Watson. Thomas James Watson left some descendants in Tasmania.

3 - Henry Watson R.N. 1789-18 ; died in Sumatra. Married Estelle Laselles de Guinez d'Illarion de la Bernagerez. They had two sons who went to Australia and two daughters. A great granddaughter of Henry wrote from Caltowie, South Australia (near Adelaide) in 1940 - "All my Mother knew was what she had heard, it was never in black and white and things could have quite easily become tangled. I have been speaking to one of my Mother's sisters - Cecelia. In your first letter you mentioned that Henry, who came out to Australia, had a brother Thomas. Auntie Ciss (Cecelia) said that Thomas and a man bought a boat in partnership to come to Australia, something went wrong and the boat went down. Another boat must have been near by and picked up the crew but Thomas would insist upon returning to the sinking boat to get his gold watch and chain and never returned. Some at the scene thought he must have wanted to go down with the boat, he may have been trapped of course, no one quite knows. The same Aunt also told me that Henry did not come out with his Mother but was really sent out in disgrace because he married his Mother's maid. Later the Mother, Estelle Laselles, came out and lived with Henry and his wife and became very attached to her daughter-in-law." signed Marjorie - now Mrs. Frank Crossman. Henry married Mary Harries and had several children who have stayed on in Australia.

4 - George Oliver Watson 1790-1811. Died unmarried at Gibraltar.

5 - Edward Watson 1792-1854 (to be taken up later)

6 - William Jonas Watson 1795-1845. He married Martha Richards of Mount Pleasant, Co. Wexford, August 1st 1820. They had 11 children. Of this large family the eldest; Thomas Colclough Watson married Eliza Holmes Reed in 1847 and had 9 children, (3 sons didn't marry) . The other six will be referred to in later letters, John Lovegood Watson of Cornwall; Thomas Colclough Watson V.C. Major of Military Works Dept. India who married Edythe Welchman (Royal Red Cross), had one son Captain Gerald Thomas Colclough Watson, father of John and Peter T.C. Watson; Alicia Anna Thecla Watson who married Baron Ernest L.L. de Tuyll and lived in Holland; Harriet Estelle who married Henry Ree and lived in Wales; Mary Elise who married Blanchard Sewell, moved to Canada where she raised a family some of whom are still living near London, Ontario, was divorced and married Francis Bristowe; and Lallie Reed Watson who married Lionel Beale Kyrle Collins and had Stratford and Lila (twins) born in 1892 and now living in London and Lionel and Lynn who died unmarried.

The second son of William Jonas was the Rev. William Richards Watson who married Louisa Emma Hastings. They had 5 children of whom we know little, though one of them, Mary, who married Ernest Floyer and after his death a Dr. Cornish used to keep in touch with our branch

of the family. She was known as the "good" Mary to distinguish her from the Mary who went to Canada and was divorced!

The third son was Jonas who married Emily Carey. Besides a daughter who died unmarried they had Herbert Sarsefield Watson who married Virginia Kate Dixon in 1902. They bought a wonderful old Tudor mansion, near Cowbridge, Wales, "Llansannor Court" which will be described in several later letters. Their only child Mabel Watson died unmarried in 1947 and left Llansannor to Peter T.C. Watson son of Captain Gerald Watson, a cousin.

The fourth son was Henry, the General, who died unmarried, fifth son Richard who died young. Then there were six women who never married and were always spoken of as "The Aunts." They lived at 14 Upton Park, Slough until the last one died in 1914.

7 - Harriet 1797-18 ; married Andrew McCormick and remained in Ireland. They had five sons and four daughters but we know little about them. One daughter, Annie, married the Rev. J. McKaye.



From an old miniature
Edward Watson
1792 - 1854

Part II

EDWARD WATSON'S STORY

Harriet Watson wrote to her son Edward when he first went to school - "Deeply impressed with anxiety for the happiness of my beloved Edward, I wish to address a few lines to him before he leaves me: And I am sure I can depend on you to observe what I say; that you will consider it is the conduct of my children alone that can give joy or sorrow to my heart. You have my happiness in your keeping, therefore my best beloved child be steady in the ways of religion and rectitude, they are the foundation of every virtue and without them you would be unsuccessful even in this life; many there are, I fear, who will try to laugh you out of your principles, but fly them, dear Edward, as your greatest enemies. They are so in reality as they would weaken those principles that are the only support through all the afflictions of life.

"I am sure when you consider how interested I am for your improvement, that you will at my desire pay the most implicit obedience & respect to your tutors, as it may prevent your associating with Boys who would lead you into extravagance & folly; and let no circumstance prevent your placing the most unbounded confidence in the most faithful friend, an affectionate Mother.

"I will now conclude with earnestly requesting that you will give your Father's letter the most serious attention & that you will, as far as is possible, follow the excellent advice he has laid down for you. If you do I have no doubt but that you will be like him, a real Christian, a friend to your fellow creatures & the delight and pride of your family. And that you may be all those will be the constant prayer of your

most affectionate Mother
Harriet Watson"

Edward's autobiography continues - "On consulting with Mr. Frazer, Army Agent, it was decided that we should proceed to Woolwich and place ourselves at a School kept by Mr. Bligh. There we remained, studying the entrance course, until I completed my thirteenth year, when I left for Great Marlowe and there passed my examination with credit. My first year at College was spent in comparative idleness, but, getting a little more wisdom, I determined to prosecute my Studies with diligence and then found things in every respect to go on better. I should have mentioned that my dear Mother brought us up with strict principles of Morality, which preserved us from much of the wickedness so much practised at a public seminary.

"The College was often visited by members of the Royal Family and Ministers of the Crown; frequently by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, who, on each occasion of coming, had me sent for, took me by the hand, called me his Godson, and observed to the Commandant that I was the son of a friend whose memory was exceedingly dear to him. At the end of three years I was pronounced fit to stand my examination for a Commission in the Army, and the important day having arrived, I was marched with several others to the Examination Hall, where were present, to terrify us in witnessing our examination, His late Majesty William the fourth, then Duke of Clarence, the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland, the Earl Harcourt, with a number of other general and Field Officers. I received a gracious and encouraging recognition from the Duke of Kent, plucked up my courage, and got through the examination far more successfully than I expected. Suffice it to say that I was immediately nominated for a commission. After my examination the Duke of Kent wrote a congratulatory letter to my Mother, stating that I had passed to his satisfaction and that I should shortly be Gazetted. At the same time he condescendingly invited George and me to pay him a visit at Kensington Palace. On our way home the coming vacation we accordingly did call, but his Royal Highness was not at home.

We left our cards, which produced another letter to my Mother, regretting his absence, as 'it would have afforded him much pleasure to have taken the little fellows by the hand.'

"The vacation soon following, I went home to Wexford, whither my Mother had returned on the removal of Captain Hawtrey's Regiment from Limerick. I had not been there many weeks when my name appeared in the Gazette, and shortly after I received a communication from the Horse Guards to report myself there as soon as possible, that I might receive instructions with respect to joining my regiment, then on its way to Portugal, to join Sir Arthur Wellesley.

"In London I met three other young Officers with a small detachment of Privates, also on their way to join the same Regiment. We proceeded to Deal, and were sent on board a fine ship, in which was also embarked the right wing of the 43rd Regt., destined for Corunna, and forming a portion of the Force commanded by Sir David Baird. Soon after we got under way for Falmouth, and arrived there the next day. Walking the streets of Falmouth I met an old school-fellow and townsman, John Elgee, son of the Arch-Deacon of Wexford. He had come hither to seek his fortune as a Volunteer. His present object was to get to Corunna, and he asked if I could assist its accomplishment. I made application at the proper quarter, and succeeded beyond my expectation, for he was immediately appointed to go out in the Transport with us, which he did, and soon after obtained a commission."

In the history of the Peninsular War this would be 1808.

"The Fleet arrived at Corunna in four days. Immediately the vessels were surrounded by Spanish Bumboats containing fruit, eggs, poultry and vegetables for sale. The men had ribbons on their hats, on which was written in Spanish, 'Long live Ferdinand the Seventh and George the Third.'

"We were now appointed to do duty with the 23rd Royal Fusiliers, and the necessary arrangements being made, the army received an order to advance to Lugo; from thence we continued our march to Astorga, at which place we remained for some weeks. While here, we learned that the French were making rapid advances, and had lately beaten the Spanish General, Palafox, so that we expected very shortly to meet them ourselves.

"It was now deemed necessary to send a portion of the treasure brought over by Sir David Baird, to the Army under Sir John Moore; there was therefore, a treasure guard formed of the several detachments belonging to the regiments of Sir John Moore's Army that had come out with Sir David Baird. Of course, our little detachment formed a part. The whole of this Force was placed under the command of Colonel Peacock of the 71st Regt.

"Having received instructions to proceed by the most direct route across the country to form a junction with Sir John Moore, in the promptest manner we took our departure, and shaped our course for Braganza on the confines of Portugal. After several days' fatiguing march we found ourselves approaching the city, and were met outside it by a number of the most respectable citizens, who welcomed us most cordially as the first British Troops that had passed through that city. There was no occasion to issue Billets the inhabitants vying with each other to get possession of the Officers and men as guests. A most respectable-looking person came up to me, took me by the arm, and said I should make his house my home while we remained. I soon discovered he was a noble of Portugal, and held the rank of Marquis. He brought me to a splendid house, at the door of which was a Portuguese Sentinel, who presented arms as we passed. I was conducted upstairs to a magnificent room, and was immediately waited on by servants carrying silver salvers containing sweetmeats, wines, and preserves of every kind. After having partaken of a capital supper, and being a good deal fatigued, my host asked me if I would like to retire to bed, which kind proposal I gladly accepted, and was shown into a room fit for a Prince. The bed was covered with a rich satin quilt embroidered with gold; the sheets were Cambric, bordered with broad Brussels lace; and all the service was of silver.

"The next day it was my turn to mount guard over the Treasure, which consisted of thirty mules' burden of dollars and doubloons. I accordingly took leave of my kind host, expecting to know no more of his hospitality until the following day, but was surprised about dinner time by the arrival of several servants with covered dishes containing an abundant and excellent repast;

the same was repeated at supper.

"When relieved the next morning, I repaired to the house of my kind friend, which being large, and I knowing little of its geography, made a wrong turn, lost my way, when hearing voices, I went on, knocked at a door and on its being opened, found myself in the presence of the ladies of the House, the Mother and several daughters. I apologized as well as I could, and was about to retire, when they asked me to be seated and we had some conversation. They spoke highly of the British, whom they regarded as deliverers from the usurpation of Napoleon. Often during the privations that I was afterwards called on to endure, I thought of the contrast of Braganza and cherished warm feelings of gratitude towards my host and his estimable family.

"The next day we resumed our march in the direction of Miranda, and suffered much from exposure to wet weather and muddy ways. We remained a day at Miranda to recruit. Here two of my brother officers, Robinson and Dallas and I, formed a plan to mess and lodge together during the remainder of the march, each taking his daily turn to provide in the best way circumstances would allow, having the aid and direction of our three servants and a lad of our Band, whom we kept on our establishment to amuse us in the evening with music. We found this arrangement of material advantage throughout our subsequent movements. We took our departure on the second day on the route to Lamego, a city of considerable note.

"It was again my turn to mount guard, but as arrangements had been made to lodge our treasure for security in the Bishop's Palace during our stay, and as no soldiers were allowed to keep guard there, I alone occupied the room in which it was stored, having all under lock and key. By the Bishop's instruction I attended the Refectory at meal times, where I was always well provided for, and was pleased to find plain food without the mixture of garlic. Having made a halt of a few days at Lamego, we continued our march to Almeida, a place afterwards rendered famous by a severe conflict which occurred on the plains before it between the French and English. Learning that Sir John Moore's army had got to the north of us, we received a hasty order to march in his direction, but had not proceeded far when we received information that a portion of the French army had come between us and the British. Colonel Peacock was nevertheless for continuing to advance in that direction, though our force was totally inadequate to defend the treasure should we be attacked, it consisting of but eighty or ninety men, while there were thousands of French. The Officers of the detachment, therefore, waited on Captain Drew of the 45th, the second in command, requesting that he would call a council to deliberate as to the propriety of advancing under such circumstances. It was unanimously agreed that we should, in a body, remonstrate with Colonel Peacock, which was accordingly done; but he remained immovable, and we had no alternative to preserve the treasure and our liberty but to risk the consequences of disobedience in that instance. Accordingly, when Colonel Peacock gave the word to march, Captain Drew stepped forward and said 'Halt.' He then faced us in the opposite direction and gave the word to advance. Captain Drew was afterwards brought to a Court-martial for this and cashiered, having thrown himself on the mercy of the Court instead of calling on his brother officers to justify him in the step he had taken, which really was the means of preserving the treasure and the lives of the escort.

"Our retreat now became exceedingly rapid, in the hope of reaching Vigo where we knew there were British Transports, before we shd. be interfered with by the French. We only escaped a large body of cavalry by crossing a mountain covered with snow, over which was no path or road; and we had to send men forward to harden a narrow path where but one could walk. Up this we had to drag the treasure; and as the same attention could not be paid to the baggage mules and donkeys, several of them lost their footing, rolled over the side of the hill and were seen no more. This was the fate of my mule and baggage, consisting of a large leather trunk well packed and several smaller articles, leaving me possessed of nothing but the almost worn out clothing on me. Dallas also lost his luggage. This may well be believed to have proved one of the greatest privations we could have endured under such circumstances. The soles of my boots were completely worn off, and I might be said to have walked barefoot, though for appearances sake I wore the upper parts. A poor state in which to contend with the season and snow. On Christmas day after a wearisome march we arrived, covered with mud, at a little Village. After

devoting a little time to cleansing I began to prepare our Christmas dinner. Raisins were not to be had in the Village, so I substituted grapes which I rolled up in a cake made of flour and water. A turkey I had killed (and paid for) on the way, we roasted, and regaled sumptuously on our simple fare.

"The next day we continued our march, and I recollect nothing worth recording until we came to a Village where the manners of the Spaniards were greatly changed towards us. From kindness of manner and a wish to contribute to our wants, they now became churlish and in many cases quite hostile, refusing provisions even for money. It appeared that they only made civil advances as long as the expectation lasted that we could maintain their country for them, but now that they saw it about to be abandoned by the British they gave expression to bad feeling, a proof of which I was soon called on to experience. It being my day to cater, I remained at home, while Robinson and Dallas went out to look about the Village and took with them the three servants, leaving me only the Band boy. Of the inhabitants of the house I saw none but an old woman, whom I asked if she had anything eatable, for which we would amply repay her. She said she had nothing and seemed much annoyed at our presence. I told her if anything could be had we must not starve; and approaching the door of a room which appeared to be a kind of store, I saw through a small aperture, several hams. I asked her to sell me one but she refused, on which, impelled by hunger and the desire to procure a good dinner for my companions and self, which so seldom fell to our lot, I kicked open the door and in a few minutes, with the aid of the Band boy, had the ham in an earthen vessel over a charcoal fire. The old woman exclaimed, and went out of the house for which I was not sorry. I must here observe that the fires in the houses of the Spanish peasantry are in a sunken place of a square form in the centre of the room, with steps lead-down to it on each side; the fire consists of charcoal in a metal or iron pan. I sat on the side with my back to the stairs, while the Band boy occupied the opposite seat. We were enjoying the prospect of our mess when we heard the street door opened with some violence and several voices in angry tone followed by the clatter of many footsteps on the stairs. The Band boy who faced the stairs, cried out 'Get up, sir, or we'll be murdered!' I drew my sword and sprang to a corner of the room awaiting their approach. There were ten or twelve savage-looking Spaniards, armed with long knives or clubs. The band boy made his escape and hid in the store-room. They came on with fury in their looks, talking rapidly and loudly. I feared I should have to use my weapon in defense; at the same time I used my utmost endeavors to pacify them, keeping them at sufficient distance to enable me to use my sword. I tried to make them understand, as well as I could, that we had no wish to take anything without giving the full value; that we had left our own country to endure privation and suffering in fighting for them, while they refused us the necessaries of life.

"The Spaniards, no doubt thinking I was ready to run through the first that advanced, kept at bay, though the fellows in the rear tried to push the foremost on. Never did 'Sister Ann' in 'Blue Beard' long more ardently for the sight of her brothers than I did to hear the stentorian voice of Robinson! I continued to occupy my unenviable position for some time, appearances each moment growing worse. At length I heard the street door opened, and Robinson roaring out, 'Who have we got here?' 'Be quick, Robinson! I exclaimed; Here are fellows come to murder me!'

"Robinson was a Scotchman, able-bodied, and six feet five inches tall; he always carried a brace of pistols loaded. In two strides he was at the top of the stairs; roaring like a bull, which struck terror into the hearts of the Spaniards, who however gave Dallas a blow over the balustrade as he ascended. Our work was now easy. The Spaniards' motto appeared to be 'Sauve qui peut.' We soon had them in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, and saw and heard no more of them during our stay.

"Much sameness characterized the remainder of our retreat to Vigo, in which we experienced great privation and exposure to wet and cold. At Vigo we delivered up the treasure, which was safely lodged on board a man-of-war lying in the Bay, our detachment being shipped on board a transport bound for Portsmouth.

"On the Voyage home we were three times on the verge of shipwreck. When the orders were

given for the Fleet to sail, ours being the innermost vessel, was the last to move; and though the wind was fair in the morning it changed and came on to blow before we could weather a dangerous reef of rocks at the entrance of the bay on the north side, and on which the wreck of a fifty-gun ship was lying at that time. We were obliged to make a tack to accomplish our purpose, but the ship missed stays, and was running direct on the reef. I was standing by the Captain on the quarter-deck; seeing our dangerous position (for we were within two or three yards of the rocks) he dropped on his knees and cried, 'God be merciful to us! we are gone!' The Lord was graciously merciful to us, for in a moment the sails were taken aback from the opposite point, and the Vessel thrown off so as to clear the dreaded object of destruction. The wind was increasing to a storm; we ran back into the bay and came to anchor in shelter, which also proved a merciful providence, for the vessels that had gone out all experienced loss, more or less. One foundered, with the loss of the crew and passengers; others returned next morning much disabled. On the weather improving, we again sailed, but had not crossed the Bay of Biscay when another dreadful storm came on. I was awakened by a sea breaking on deck and half filling the Cabin. On looking out, the scene was terrific, and one circumstance was truly awful. Several feet of water were in the hold, the pumps choked, and the Captain, saying there was no chance of weathering the storm, went down into his state room and drank a quantity of ardent spirits, depriving himself of consciousness and almost of life - a fearful state in which to be called into the presence of his Judge. The mate, an active seaman, took command of the Vessel. We got men into the hold with buckets, and worked hard to clear the ship, hoping the storm might soon subside. The vessel lay to, under bare poles, and we awaited the event. I lay down that night with little hope of seeing the day, but He in whose hands are our times rebuked the storm and delivered us, contrary to our expectations. How hard is the heart of man by nature! Neither judgements nor mercies make impression until it is softened by grace. The Captain, ashamed of the part he had played, came to entreat that we would not report his conduct to the Board, which we ought to have done, but we did it not.

"We soon got within sight of the white cliffs of Britain, which was cheering after our many trials. But another waited us before we landed.

"We had hardly passed the Needles when another storm came on, more furious if possible than the former, and blew right out of the harbour. We had no alternative but to come to anchor in a most perilous situation. A dangerous sandbank lay to the leeward of us, our anchors would not hold, and we were gradually approaching the fatal spot, and thought it hard after all we had gone through, to be lost in a British harbour. The constant cry was for more service to protect the chafing cables, the sea making a clean breach over us from stem to stern. No pilot or life-boat could approach us, and we were given up for lost by those on shore. But man's extremity is often God's opportunity. When human help failed, He appeared in our behalf - again hushed the storm when we were within a few yards of the destructive bank.

"This occurred about midnight. I had lain down quietly to await my expected end, and had actually fallen asleep. On awaking in the morning I heard strange voices on deck and soon learned that pilots had come to take the vessel to Portsmouth. I went on deck and was greeted with a most delightful prospect, the morning sun shining on the green fields of England.

"We soon reached Portsmouth and disembarked, most pitiable-looking objects, our regimentals torn and discoloured, nearly barefoot, and altogether worthy of commiseration; but we found ourselves amongst those who could sympathize with our sufferings, and we did indeed, experience much kindness and were soon enabled to refit. Then for the first time we learned the account of the Battle of Corunna, and the death of Sir John Moore. (N.B. Jan. 16, 1809)

"After a few days' rest at Portsmouth, on the return of the Regiment from Corunna, we received the order to march for Canterbury; and after a sufficient time had elapsed for discipline, orders came to hold ourselves in readiness to join the expedition being formed under Lord Chatham for the invasion of Flushing - the storming and capture of which being accomplished, we returned to England; the whole proceeding possessing little of renown. When we had taken possession of our old quarters at Canterbury we were distressed to find that the Walcheren fever had greatly reduced our Regiment.

"I had of course embraced every opportunity that offered while away, of writing home. I now learned that my Brother-in-law, Captain Hawtrey, had left the Army and settled with his family at Sidbury Cottage, about three miles from Wexford, and that his views of religion had become much more strict, which at that time I thought quite needless."

Leave having been offered, he continues;

"I thankfully embraced the offer and lost little time in proceeding to Wexford. So far as affection went, I found no change... Before retiring to rest a few hymns were sung, after which Captain Hawtrey read a chapter and prayed extemporaneously, a thing new to me and at which I wondered, but as he recited in his prayer some of the providences by which I was preserved and brought home in safety, feelingly returning thanks for them, I felt greatly affected. It being Assize time, a public ball was announced and my dear Mother promised to accompany me on that occasion, for she could not get over the wish she had to see me figure in regimentals at least once in the town of my School-boy days.

"On the day of the ball I met Captain Hawtrey on the stairs. He asked me to step into his room for a few minutes, and though annoyed at the interruption, I did so. On being seated he began in a simple but engaging way to speak to me of religion, briefly stating the very elements of divine truth. He pointed out God's love in providing a Saviour able to save to the uttermost, being God and Man in One Christ, who undertook to answer for man's transgressions and paid the penalty by dying, the Just for the unjust. The word came with power and produced so great an impression upon my mind that I should have gone to prison rather than to the ball. He said nothing about such amusements being wrong, but the subjects on which he set me thinking made them distasteful and unsuited to my frame of mind.

"My brother George had been appointed to a lieutenancy in the Royal Engineers and obtained leave to visit his family while I remained, so that we had the pleasure of being all together for a short and happy season."

His brother George had orders to go to Gibraltar and Edward was sent to Lisbon and after a short time the orders came to march and form a junction with Lord Wellington's army. He continues, "Nothing remarkable occurred until we joined the army at Thomar, where my Regiment was quartered in a large Monastery on a hill above the town, and I occupied a cell which had been the dormitory of a monk; its furniture consisted of an old table, a chair, and a few boards intended for a bed. In this abode I enjoyed many seasons of refreshing from the Lord; I felt greatly impressed with a sense of the awful darkness that surrounded me.

"There were no Chaplains to the Regiments, no religious observances whatever, and circumstanced as we were, life being peculiarly uncertain, none needed religious instruction more than the Soldiers. I was therefore led to make enquiries if there were any amongst the men of the Brigade who cared for their souls. The result was that I was enabled to induce a few to attend at my cell to receive such few hints as I could communicate. The Lord was pleased to bless the attempt, and in a very short time my apartment could not contain the numbers that attended, and they frequently thronged around the door. I was thus led on from step to step, receiving aid from on high that proved a subject of astonishment to me. The soldiers attended each evening and I read and expounded the Scriptures to them, and the Lord so blessed the feeble effort that many were brought to repentance. The matter now began to obtain publicity and to rouse hostile feeling. Some of the Officers, excited partly by curiosity, came to witness what was going forward and to make a mock at what they considered so extraordinary and uncalled for. However they were restrained on witnessing the orderly manner of our meeting. I now experienced some dreadful assaults from the enemy of souls respecting some of the doctrines of Scripture.... I felt acutely the want of an experienced christian counsellor, but the Lord was at hand, though I saw Him not, because of the horror of the great darkness that came over my mind. I lost all manifest intercourse with God in prayer but spent hours at a time on my knees. At the time I thought God had forsaken me but was afterwards taught to know that in these things was the life of my Spirit.

"I must now mention a circumstance that appeared graciously overruled. It was my turn to mount guard, as a subaltern under a captain, and the hour for doing so was ten o'clock. That morning being much distressed in mind, I rose at four o'clock and walked to a lonely ruin, taking

my Bible in my pocket; reading which and attempting to pray so engaged my mind that the hour for mounting guard arrived without my perceiving the lapse of time. I felt horrified on discovering this, for it occurred to me that a charge would justly be brought against me, which could be attributed to the cause of religion. I hurried back to my quarters and dressed for guard and with a trembling heart proceeded to the station expecting a severe reprimand, if not an arrest. I went to the Captain, who received my apology with great good humour and in a jocose manner said: 'I suppose you were praying, and I hope you remembered me!'

"Dysentery now broke out in the army, and I took the disorder which brought me to the very verge of the grave. My illness in a measure disturbed our evening meetings but the desire of the soldiers to attend them was so strong that no occasion was lost when I could sit up; and it was cheering to hear the poor fellows, in their simple way, pray for themselves and for me.

"Sudden tidings of the approach of the French produced a hasty order to march to meet them. I was too ill to accompany the Regiment and was sent with a number of sick men and officers back to Lisbon, on horseback to the Tagus and down the river in boats. I now began to gather strength rapidly and by the time we arrived I was restored and lost no time in rejoining my Regiment. Since I had left them they had fallen in with the French and fought the Battle of Busaco. I met them when on their retreat to occupy the lines of Torres Vedras.

"While we remained there we recommenced our meetings for Scripture readings and took possession of a deserted house for the purpose. The number of attendants daily increased, and men from different Regiments were anxious to attend, which was a cause for thankfulness and encouragement. And a faithful companion from among my brother Officers was given me. Lieutenant Whitley had several times reasoned with me, and always listened to me in a patient and gentlemanlike way. He observed to me one day; 'I wish to know the truth and must confess that frequently, while I opposed you in words, I felt that my objections were more caused by prejudice than by reason.' This was an honest confession and showed a mind open to conviction. I told him: 'The treasure you desire is the pearl of great price to be found in the field of the Scriptures, and when the Lord by His Spirit teaches us to value His truth, we may as well regard all else as dross.' He said: 'I fear I have been living in error; but what is truth? I care not for the consequences or the cost, provided that I could find a foundation to rest my confidence on, which would not be shaken.'

"Lieutenant Whitley was a man of refined and scientific mind, and was always in the habit of tracing effects to their causes; and though such minds when not influenced by sacred truth, are too often employed in the evil service of scepticism, yet when brought under the influence of grace they prove helpful in the cause of God. 'Whitley,' I said, 'The Scriptures possess a powerful internal evidence of a Divine author, and the way of salvation therein presented is of a character so peculiar, and suitable to the lost condition of man, as to prove beyond all question that they never could have been the production of human ingenuity... God has shown how Justice and Truth have met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.' From this time we were as much together as possible searching the Scriptures. His object now was not to object but to seek information. I endeavored to explain to him, as they had been explained to me, the doctrines of the fall of man, and his recovery by means of the manifestation of the Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh to fulfil all righteousness, and suffer the penalty due to unrighteousness, as Substitute and Representative of His people. At the same time I said these truths can only come in power to the mind by the operation of the Holy Spirit. His constant enquiry was: 'How am I to get the Spirit?' while to me it seemed manifest that that blessed instruction, as a still small voice, was influencing him while he spoke.

"Our evening meetings began to cause much noise and commotion, and became a common topic of conversation and abuse. On my way to the place I had frequently to encounter the sneers of my brother officers from their windows. Amongst other things they called me 'Coachie' saying I drove the mail coach to Heaven, and crying out: 'Any room for passengers inside or out to-night?' I mention this to show that it required some firmness on the part of poor Whitley to take a step which I proposed to him. He was well aware of the jests practised on me, and had not yet attended a meeting. One day on his repeating the question, 'How am I to get the Spirit?' I replied:

'The Lord said, "Ask and ye shall receive."' He said: 'I hope I have asked though feebly.' I remarked: 'Jesus said again, "If a man will be My disciple, he must deny himself and take up his Cross and follow Me."' 'What did He mean by that?' he said. I told him: 'You can now have a practical proof. You know we have a public meeting; will you take up your Cross and come to-night?' 'Anything but that,' he said. 'But you must remember the words of the Lord Jesus,' I told him, '“Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and My doctrine in this sinful generation, of him will I be ashamed when I come in My Glory.”' 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'I will go.' And he went under very great exercise of mind. Not one of the opposers that night made their appearance. When he had arrived at the place he said: 'Men, I am come to tell you that I come to seek the truth, and hope I am willing to suffer anything in order to find it.' An exclamation of joy and thankfulness broke from the poor soldiers.

"Whitley was not a little surprised at the simple and feeling manner in which one or two of them made him a subject of their prayers. At the conclusion of the meeting he again made a remark expressive of his desire to find the truth, but evidently under strong excitement of feeling. On coming out, not taking heed to his steps, he stumbled and fell over a stone that was beside the doorway. I hoped he had not hurt himself. He told me the agony of his mind was such that he could feel no pain of body. We walked unobserved to his Quarters, when on reaching them he cried out 'Oh, Watson, I am lost.' I told him if the Lord had given him to feel his lost state as a sinner, it was only to fit him for the Lord Jesus, who had come to seek and save the lost. We knelt down and I prayed with him for a short time, when he stopped me and said: 'Watson, I think I can pray.' He then began most earnestly to call upon the Lord, and the Lord hearkened and soon filled him with joy and peace in believing. He now became valiant for the truth, and ceased not to speak of Jesus. This as may be supposed produced a still louder outcry from the opponents, who determined if possible not to allow such things to continue or spread.

"In spite of this opposition, the house in which we met proved quite too small to contain the numbers that attended, and as the inhabitants had for the most part left the Town, we quietly took possession of a Roman Catholic Church, there being none to oppose us, and though capable of containing some hundreds, it was frequently well filled. The first Battalion of the 9th with which I was, had been for some months under the command of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford, Colonel Cameron being in England on sick leave. The former was a brave man, and one who seemed to have his whole mind occupied with military concerns, taking little interest in anything else. The young officers, being now determined to arrest if possible our proceedings, went in a body to the Colonel and represented to him that the extraordinary doings in the Regiment would subject him to be called in question for permitting them, and would bring a reproach on the corps throughout the Army. He, not discovering the fallacy or the design of such views, said that he would take measures to stop what they complained of. And he sent for me, and asked: 'What is this I hear of you? I understand you are in the habit of assembling the soldiers in a Roman Catholic Church and there preaching to them.' I said: 'The charge is true; but if there were chaplains with the army to instruct the soldiers, I should be happy to take the place of a hearer and not a teacher, to which office I have only been led by feeling the necessity of the case. Soldiers hold their lives, as far as we can see, on a more uncertain tenure than other men, and there is none to speak to them or to care for their spiritual welfare. And as the Lord has been pleased to impress my mind with a sense of the importance of eternal things, how could I refrain from speaking? Truly my efforts are feeble, but I believe the Lord has been pleased to acknowledge them in a measure, for many who formerly were very profane are now steady and obedient soldiers, fearing God as well as honouring the King. I have brought with me a list of their names, and if you will take the trouble to enquire of the Officers or non-commissioned Officers with respect to their conduct, you can fully satisfy yourself as to the truth of my statement, etc.'

"On that occasion the Colonel said he could not bring himself to give me an order to discontinue the meetings, but said he had no alternative but to report the whole matter to the General commanding the Brigade. This he did and an official communication required Whitley and me to appear at the General's quarters, whither at the appointed hour, we repaired, and found several officers with the General, among whom was Colonel Crawford, who made his statement in our

presence, and the General observed that it was the most extraordinary thing he had ever heard. We simply stated our motives and the importance of the subject that influenced our conduct. 'If Soldiers were accountable only to human authority, then indeed they might be left to perish like the beasts of the field; but, as we must all appear before the Judgement Seat of our Maker, we have conceived that in attempting to explain the important truths of the Scriptures we were not guilty of a breach of the Articles of War, which rather supported than condemned such proceedings.' He replied 'That it was out of character for officers to turn preachers, and tended to lower the profession.' We begged humbly to reply 'That such was not the opinion of Colonel Gardiner and many other officers high in command.' The General said it was not to discuss points of religion, but to put an end to such wild and un-officer like practices, that he had sent for us. We replied 'that all military commands, not contrary to conscientious convictions, we are taught in the Scriptures to obey; but, when the authority of the creature opposes that of the Creator, we must obey God rather than man.' The General said: 'What right have you to think you are doing the will of God?' Whitley meekly answered: 'The tree is known by his fruits,' alluding to the happy effects produced on the minds of the soldiers. The General then turned to Colonel Crawford and said: 'In my opinion they are fit subjects for a lunatic asylum, and should be placed in strait waistcoats; but to shorten the matter, let them be reported to Head Quarters and in the meantime, place them under arrest; for during my thirty-seven years' service, I never yet met with a more flagrant instance of open and rebellious mutiny.

"The Colonel good-naturedly said: 'General, with your leave I will not arrest them, but make the report as you direct.' We then retired and sought strength, direction and consolation from the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. We were constantly expecting an order to discontinue our meetings but none came; and we learned, to the honour of the illustrious Duke of Wellington, that on receiving the Colonel's report, he remarked 'If officers and soldiers perform their military duties, I shall never interfere with their religious opinions or acts.' Before the expiration of many months, both General Hay and Colonel Crawford were called to their last account, being shot in battle. Their opposition to our attempts to benefit the soldiers was no doubt the result of a mistaken sense of duty."

Major-General Robert Craufurd, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, was sent to Spain in command of the brigade which covered itself with glory at Busaco, at Fuentes d'Onora and at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, where he was mortally wounded Jan. 19, 1812 while directing the attack. Possibly Edward had spelled Crawford wrong or the writing was difficult to read.

To continue the memoirs - "our next move was into an encampment in the lines stretching from Villa Franca to Mafra. Tourists and readers of books of travel are familiar with descriptions of Mafra, with its convent and palace; of Cintra, with its rugged heights and shady cork-groves; and of the mountain peaks crowned with the convents of Senhora da Penha and the old moorish castle. All these were within the lines of Torres Vedras, about twenty miles from Lisbon. But we had little time or care then for what was historical or picturesque. We were close to, and opposite to, the French army under Massena, in daily expectation of a general engagement. The duty here was severe, the whole army being turned out every morning at three o'clock to stand under arms until broad day; reconnoitring parties and picquets were constantly on the move. It was said that when Marshall Massena came upon the British Army in the lines of Torres Vedras, as prepared by the foresight, sagacity, and skill of Wellington, he surveyed the position for three consecutive days in mute astonishment, though no doubt with annoyance which exceeded his astonishment.

"The French army, having consumed all the provisions they could obtain in the country (and even having slaughtered their own horses for food), must of necessity make a move, in advance or in retreat. The strength of the British lines, of which they were well aware, deterred them from the former, and left them no alternative but a rapid and most disastrous retreat. They broke up their encampment in the night, leaving fires lighted to induce the belief that they still occupied their position, but daylight discovered their departure, and produced immediate orders for pursuit.

"On former occasions I had experienced a good deal of privation and distress, but the suffering, mental and bodily endured in that pursuit much exceeded anything before known by me. The French laid waste the country through which they passed, burned the houses, tore up the vineyards, and slaughtered the inhabitants in the most barbarous and wanton manner. The way was strewn with broken lumber, and the bodies of horses, mules and men. Many of the French died of starvation, or unable to proceed, fell into the hands of straggling Portuguese parties, who retaliated most fearfully, lighting fires and dragging the unfortunate wretches into them. Many in the last agonies of life called upon us as we passed, for pity's sake, to knock out their brains and end their sufferings. In testimony to the humane feelings of the British soldiers, I may say I never knew them to omit an opportunity of ministering, as far as was in their power, to the miseries and wants of their fallen enemies, and sharing their last morsel of bread, or cup of water with the dying victims of war. It must be borne in mind that supplies for the army were deposited in Lisbon, and were forwarded to the lines as required. Our advance had been so unexpected and so rapid that no time was afforded for commissary arrangements and we were daily widening the distance between us and our provision stores... We had now, therefore, to endure with other privations the pangs of hunger, and I was driven to the extremity of eating miserable horseflesh, or sustaining life with a small cup of rice for four days at a time. This state of things was remedied as soon as proper arrangements and active exertions could bring it about....

"We now came to a considerable stream, over which the French had passed in the morning, taking up a position on the other side, but in consequence of torrents of rain which had fallen during the day, it had swollen to a rapid river, on the margin of which we were drawn up, waiting orders simultaneously to ford the river and attack the French. The signal was to be a gun fired on the right, which we were awaiting with breathless expectation. However, it occurred to the General commanding that, previous to entering the River, it would be well to ascertain its depth. A dragoon was therefore ordered to the office. He plunged in with his horse and found the river quite unfordable. So the design of crossing it that night was abandoned, and we bivouacked on the adjacent ground. Being soiled with mud (and our baggage a day's march in the rear - always the case when close up with the enemy), to cleanse myself I went into the water to wash off the stains, and in my wet clothes lay down and fell asleep. I felt numbed all over when I awoke, nor did proper circulation return until we were far advanced on our march next day.

"The French had destroyed everything in the way of fuel, so that we seldom enjoyed the comfort of a good fire. It was a running fight each day between the rear of the French and the advance of the British; from sunrise to sunset there was little cessation of firing. One day the country in our front opened into an extended plain and the French drew up in it to give battle. As our troops came up they deployed and formed line, but previously had to close their columns. In this situation my Regiment was obliged to stand some minutes waiting for room to advance. I was standing near some young officers; who had often made me a subject of ridicule. I thought it a good opportunity to speak a word which might prove in season and said: 'You have often called me a fool and a madman, but a few moments may decide with whom is madness and folly, in the presence of Him who dispenses life and death!' A solemn awe seemed to impress them for a moment, and I went on to speak of Him who had taken away the sting of death, by receiving it in his own body on the cross. They begged and entreated me to stop, and said at such a time it was cruel to torture their minds with such things.

"Contrary to our expectations, the stand made by the French was of short duration. A close contact with British steel led them precipitately to continue their flight, leaving a number of prisoners in our hands. We lay all night on the spot where the battle was fought, many of the dead lying around us. The loss of the British in killed and wounded was considerable, and it became necessary to send the latter to a Hospital. The nearest was at Coimbra, and I was chosen to take charge of the melancholy party on their way thither.

"It may be supposed that Whitley and I had lost no occasion of Christian intercourse, as we felt we were united by the strongest ties that can bind a man in this world of sorrow. Separation from him constituted no small portion of my regret. We parted sorrowfully, committing each other to the special care of the Sinner's Friend, and from that hour I saw his face no more, nor

could I ever gain any well-authenticated accounts concerning him, but I feel persuaded that He who began a good work in him will perfect it unto life Eternal.

“Waggons drawn by oxen were the only vehicles that could be obtained for the conveyance of the wounded - a miserable mode. It was heartrending to see them thrown into the waggons like sacks of corn, and the groans and cries extorted by the jolts in passing over rough roads were too much for any one not callous to the sufferings of humanity. Several died on the way; others expressed a longing desire for a similar release. I spoke to them of the Saviour, and some listened with attention. Our daily progress was slow indeed, but at length we reached the end of our wearisome journey and at Coimbra we lodged the sick and wounded in a hospital where they met with every attention that their state required. The French in their retreat had not passed through this town, consequently it escaped their ravages and constituted the depôt of the sick and wounded of the British army... Small detachments from different Regiments were also stationed here, forming the garrison of the place. Having obtained a comfortable billet, I walked out to see the town, and passing a church, was attracted by singing to go in, and found that the burial of a person of distinction was being performed, which chiefly consisted in genuflexions, bowing, crossing, sprinkling with water and burning incense, while the performers seemed much amused and laughed several times. To me it appeared as if they were ashamed of their mummeries being seen by the British officers who were present.

“My next visit was to a monastery, where the monks received me very courteously and showed me the house and chapel, on the walls of which were frightful pictures, representing men and women tormented in purgatory, some of the many devices by which the priesthood of that Church frighten money from their benighted dupes! The gardens of the monastery were splendid - there were trees loaded with oranges, cooling arbours, ponds of water, fountains. Here they told me I was welcome to walk and partake of fruit whenever I liked. But through friends in England a small packet of extracts from the Scriptures in Portuguese was sent to me. I presented some to the members of the monastery and so forfeited their favour....

“One Sunday, on witnessing scenes of traffic and vice, through which three Priests were passing, I could not refrain from stopping them and saying, perhaps too abruptly: ‘Do you call yourselves Christians?’ They looked at me with amazement and said: ‘Si, Señor.’ ‘Look,’ I said to the people who crowded round - ‘Look at the state of your country at this moment; consider the awful desolation and misery that surround you; and why does the Most High send His Judgements on the earth? is it not to punish the guilty inhabitants thereof, who reject the word of truth for the traditions of men? His Day with you is made, of all others, the day of traffic, amusement, and license!’ Turning to the Priests, I said: ‘Is it not so?’ They replied: ‘It is the custom in Portugal.’ ‘Then out of your own mouth you stand convicted in the presence of the people.’ It was well for me that I wore the King of England’s uniform and that a British force occupied the town; as it was, the priests went away foaming with rage. I continued to say a few words to the people, to which they gave patient heed, and exclaimed several times: ‘You say well, sir.’

“One day I went into a large chapel and saw a number of women on their knees with small baskets of eggs and fruit before them, which they offered for sale while in that position. It reminded me of our Saviour’s words, when He overthrew the tables of the money-changers in the Temple. A Priest came and offered to show me round. There was a small round box on an altar. He opened it and showed me what he called the consecrated wafers, remarking ‘This is not what it appears to you, for being consecrated, each wafer has become the Body, Soul and Divinity of the Saviour.’ I looked in his face with much earnestness and said: ‘Do you believe that?’ The manner of his reply, which was a burst of laughter, conveyed to my mind more than many words could express....

“A dreadful fever now broke out among the inhabitants and the soldiers, so malignant as to prove fatal in a few hours.

“In the neighborhood of Coimbra is a retired and romantic spot called the Fountain of Tears, so named from a tragical event said to have occurred there. The coolness of the place attracted me to it often for reading and meditation.

"In the course of my military duties I was nominated to sit on a garrison Court Martial; a number of officers of different ranks and regiments were present, and before proceedings began, some of them made loose and sceptical observations. Alas! thought I, here are many not ashamed to speak openly for their master, and shall I hold my peace when the honour and cause of Him who has had mercy on me are called in question? I looked for wisdom and help from on high, and I was enabled to speak for quarter of an hour in a way that astonished my hearers and myself, and not another improper word was spoken during my stay in that room.

"The next service I had to perform was to take charge of French prisoners, and conduct them to Leira on their way to Lisbon, there to be embarked for Lisbon. The prisoners were a Brigadier-General, his Aide-de-Camp, and a very beautiful young girl (a relation of the Aide-de-Camp), dressed as a hussar, with about thirty soldiers. The Guard under my command comprised a Serjeant, two Corporals, and thirty rank and file. Our chief service consisted in protecting the prisoners from the fury of the Portuguese, who sometimes made a rush with a view to hurt them, and could be prevented by our soldiers using, rather roughly, the ends of their muskets against them. The General was a polished gentleman, polite and very affable and we were soon friends. The Aide-de-Camp and his 'petite hussare' as he called her, were facetious and friendly, more given to levity than their chief. At the end of our first day's march the General requested me to allow him always to occupy the room with me, saying that he had unlimited confidence in the honour and integrity of a British officer, but could place no confidence in the natives of the Country. He handed me his purse saying: "With you it will be safe." I gave the General one of my blankets. We each rolled himself up in a blanket, and with a soldier's knapsack for a pillow, lay on the floor. I had many opportunities for speaking to him and his companions on the subject of religion. And though politeness and good humour always governed his replies and remarks, it was but too evident that it was a subject which little occupied his thoughts. We soon got into the road pursued by the French in their retreat, and found the air dreadfully infected through the unburied dead. The thought often passed through my mind - There lies the body, but where is the Soul?

"On our march one day we were overtaken by a thunderstorm and rain such as I never before witnessed - in a few minutes the road was ankle deep. The sensation I felt was like what is experienced in plunging into water - a kind of catching of the breath. Few evils on a march are worse than a thorough drenching, as there is no alternative for the Soldiers but to let their clothes dry where they got wet, many disorders being thus contracted.

"On arriving at Leira I met an officer and party who relieved me of my charge. It was with much concern that I parted from the kind-hearted General his last words as he held my hand were: 'If the fortune of war were to alter our circumstances by placing me at liberty and you a prisoner on the Shores of France, rest assured of my friendship and hospitality.' I also took a friendly leave of the Aide-de-Camp and 'la petite hussare.' My attention was arrested one morning on the way back to Coimbra by the melancholy howling of a faithful dog, which, I suppose, had been keeping watch for weeks by the remains of his master over which he stood, himself little better than a skeleton. Nothing could induce him to leave the spot, and doubtless his bones soon lay with his master's to whiten on the plain.

"Colonel Cameron had now returned from England, and on his way to join his regiment he made a short stay at Coimbra. He had always been kind to me, and therefore inclination as well as duty led me early to wait upon him. He said a most extraordinary report had been sent to General Brownrigg, to whom the regiment belonged, of my proceedings, which appeared to be of so novel and unofficerlike a character that they could not be allowed. Colonel Cameron then kindly let me speak for myself, and listened attentively for half an hour, while I related the Lord's gracious dealings with me in opening my eyes to see the destruction that would end the way I had been going, and in revealing to me the narrow way of life, which must produce a strong desire that others should escape the danger and obtain the blessing... He shook my hand most cordially, and bade me farewell, and I never saw him more.

"Not very long after his departure I received a letter from Captain Hawtrey telling me of the death of my brother George in Gibraltar, from an attack of inflammation, and that his end was peace. This was in 1811. The same communication expressed a decided wish, almost amounting to a command, on the part of my mother that I should leave the army, and concurring circumstances seemed to intimate that the time was come for my doing so. Deeply did I feel the loss of my dear brother; the nearness of our age and similarity of our pursuits had brought us nearer together than the rest of my brothers and sisters.... The words of the Doctor who had attended him were: 'I left him, astonished at the power of religion evidenced in his case.'

"After consideration and prayer, I wrote to Colonel Cameron...and tendered my resignation. A few days brought me the intimation that it was accepted. I made my communication to the officer commanding the garrison, who said he was sending a small party, which I could take charge of, to Lisbon. We were favoured with fine weather and a fair wind, and soon cast anchor off the Castle of Belem, where we landed, and I gave up my charge. While we remained at Belem I took many walks through Lisbon and its environs, was particularly struck with the magnitude of the Aquaduct of Alcantara, erected between two mountains, for the supply of that city with water. When standing under the centre arch I could compare the expanse to nothing but a rainbow; it is a magnificent work of art, and may well be ranked among the wonders of the world. The most interesting object in Belem is the Convent and the Church associated with the memory of the great navigator, Vasco da Gama. Hearing one day that a small vessel had taken in a cargo of salt, and lay in the Tagus bound for Waterford, I made an agreement with the Captain for my passage home."

On arriving at Wexford Edward found that the family were away at Fethard a place where they went for bathing. He went on there where "I was warmly received by my dearest Mother and brother William, Captain and Mrs. Hawtrey and Harriet. After a few days I was obliged to go to London to settle matters connected with my late profession. I brought with me to London a letter of introduction to Mr. Butterworth, late M.P. for Coventry. He was a man greatly under the influence of religion, and he took much interest in me and my concerns. He was intimate with William Wilberforce, and spoke to him of me, which produced an invitation to spend a day with him in Kensington. We went, and Mr. Wilberforce requested me to give him a short account of my military career, with which he seemed greatly interested, and remarked that it was a monstrous thing, when officers in the Army were brought to think rightly on the subject of religion and to be influenced by it, that they should be discountenanced and almost compelled to leave the Profession. He said that if I would return to the Army he would make it his business to communicate with Mr. Perceval (then Prime Minister) with a view to check, as far as possible, anything calculated to turn the most important of all subjects into ridicule. 'For,' said he, 'how can England expect a blessing on her arms if the weapons of rebellion are raised against the Majesty of Heaven?' I told him I would not form a hasty decision, but would consult my friends; and as H.R.H. the Duke of Kent had been pleased to patronize me on first entering the service, it was thought right to make a full statement to him of what had taken place. This accordingly I did, and received a long and most gracious answer, filling three sheets of paper, in which, amongst other things he observed: 'From the change that has taken place in your mind - and far be it from me to say it has been for the worse - I do not think you could be happy in the Army. I would therefore, advise your turning your mind to a more congenial profession; and if hereafter I can be of service, do not be backward in letting me know.' Some considerable time after, on application to His Royal Highness, he wrote strongly to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, then Lord Whitworth, in my favour from whom I received a communication that, in consequence of a letter from the Duke of Kent, he had placed my name in his book for the first suitable situation that might offer. However, before that could occur there was a change in the Ministry, and a new Lord-Lieutenant, so I heard no more of the matter."

This is all we have of Edward's autobiography, and we are all fortunate that so much of it has been kept for us. Read the Peninsular War in the encyclopedia where his officers, Moore, Baird, Wellington etc. are all given credit for what they did. Wilberforce was also quite a person, and

the Prime Minister Mr. Perceval only served from 1809 to 1812 when he was assassinated. The Duke of Kent, fourth son of King George III, was the father of Queen Victoria who was born in 1819 and eight months later Edward's kind friend the Duke of Kent died.

A letter from Edward's mother, Harriet Watson, to his sister Ann is of interest to us, dated July 5, 1816

"My dearest Ann, - I have been waiting this some time in hopes of getting an answer to my last, not knowing exactly where to direct...but feel it long since I have written to you, though I have nothing very material to say, yet I know too well the anxiety of expecting letters and being disappointed not to think you will be glad of a letter... I was very glad to get Tom's letter...the Lord protect him, and give me the happiness of seeing him soon.

"We are going on very quietly here, where we most likely remain till next March... I wonder my dear Ann, you would have a doubt about my doing everything I could to secure you. I told you that, before I went to England, I settled my affairs, and you may be sure you were my principal care.

"As to dear Edward... I trust God will enable me to assist him while he wants it; indeed I would detest myself if I could be so cruel as to withdraw any little I can spare him, now that the dear fellow is in want of it. No, I shall try to make him feel as independent as I can, and though I know he feels deeply the disappointment he has had in spending, I may say, the last three years in hard labour in the hope of getting a provision for his family, and being disappointed in all the applications he has made--yet with that sweet gentle spirit he possesses, he submits with cheerfulness, and feels confidence that the Lord will be his support, which I have not a doubt of myself. Without partiality, I never met his equal. He is greatly improved in his preaching, and the Lord assists him in his endeavours to be useful. We therefore trust He will of His great mercy guide and direct him where it may be His will that he should settle, and as his diligence is great, and his views moderate, I have not a fear that he will ever want a provision for his family. You would not believe what a quantity of vegetables he has cultivated in his garden. He thinks he will sell more than will pay the next year's Rent. I am so happy that it interests him so much. He also reads much more than he did. We had a little excursion last week. On Saturday we went to Abbey-Leix to meet Mr. Tobins, who preached there on Sunday. We were all highly gratified and edified in hearing him. He is a most powerful preacher, and shines in conversation; talked a great deal with Edward, and seemed much pleased with him. We went next morning to Mr. Hamilton's...they all pressed us so to stay longer amongst them that we could hardly get away.

"You cannot think what an interesting child little George is, but cannot speak a word; he sings, and does whatever is bid, and plays a hundred tricks. I have not got any of my letters yet from my dear pets. May God bless them all is my constant prayer.

Ever, ever yours, H.W."

Edward had by this time been married to Matilda Maria O'Neal and the little George mentioned above was his oldest child, George Thomas Watson, born about 1814. Jonas followed him born June 8, 1815 in Queen's Co. Ireland. (Laoighise or Leix, was formerly Queen's Co. of the Province of Leinster). Other children followed, Edward Colclough Watson, John who died unmarried, Florence who married Joseph Martin but left no children, Harriet Anna who married Ralph Lett and had a daughter who died young, Matilda Colclough born about 1821 and referred to in later letters as Aunt Illy, and Caroline, or Aunt Cassy. The last two never married.

Of these children of Edward and Matilda Watson, George Thomas went into the ministry, married the widow Nichun and had two children. Their son was the Rev. Abraham Augustus Watson who married Julia Macdonald and had four children, the oldest one being another Edward Watson who spent a summer in Marquette about 1900. Jonas and Edward Colclough Watson came to the United States, the others remained in Ireland. As far as we know there are none of the Irish family left. Edward spent some time in Goderich, Canada, and in Detroit. He had children and one of them, a daughter Charlotte, married a Mr. Savage and visited the Jonas Watsons in Marquette many years ago but no trace has been found of this group over many years.

A few of Edward Watson's letters to his son Jonas have survived, dated 1847-50 and they will be given later. He died in 1854 and a small poster of the sale of his property is quoted-

August 17, 1854

"To be sold; by the executors of the Late Edward Watson Esq. The interest in the Lands of Lacken, containing 69½ acres, on which there is a Pier held under lease for three lives or thirty-one years; there is a Pier for vessels to discharge at and a coal yard adjoining same. A large trade in Coal and Culm has been carried on for the last Twenty years, and few places in the County of Wexford are so well adapted for business. About twenty-four acres of the land are under Tillage. Interest in the premises in Duncormick, to be likewise disposed of, consisting of a Dwelling House, (the Post Office) and a large walled in yard. Purchaser can have the Crop and Stock now on the lands at a valuation. Apply to Mr. M'Cormick, New Ross, or Mr. Martin at Lacken."

He died in 1854. Below is the advertisement for the sale of his property.

TO BE SOLD

BY THE EXECUTORS OF
THE LATE EDWARD WATSON, ESQ.,
THE INTEREST IN THE

Lands of Lacken,
Containing 69½ Acres,

on which there is a good

DWELLING-HOUSE AND OUT-OFFICES,

Held under Lease for Three Lives or Thirty-one Years; there is a Pier for Vessels to discharge at, and a Coal Yard adjoining same.

A large trade in Coal and Culm has been carried on for the last Twenty Years, and few places in the County Wexford are so well adapted for business.

About Twenty-four Acres of the Land are under Tillage.

The INTEREST in the PREMISES

IN DUNCORMICK,

To be likewise disposed of, consisting of a Dwelling House (the Post-Office), and a large walled-in yard.

The purchaser can have the Crop and Stock now on the lands at a valuation.

Apply to

**MR. M'CORMICK, New-Ross, or
MR. MARTIN, at Lacken.**

17th August, 1854.

A copy of the book is loaned to the reader by the Library. It is not to be taken out of the building or used in any other way.

1891

The book is loaned to the reader by the Library. It is not to be taken out of the building or used in any other way. The book is loaned to the reader by the Library. It is not to be taken out of the building or used in any other way.

The book is loaned to the reader by the Library. It is not to be taken out of the building or used in any other way.

TO BE SOLD

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ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
100 N. 5TH ST. N.Y.C.

Library of Theological Studies

Volume 10, No. 1

DWELLING-HOUSE AND INTERIOR

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THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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100 N. 5TH ST. N.Y.C.

1891

A Table of Six Generations covered in the preceding pages.

Benjamin Watson wife Mary --

Thomas Colclough, 4th son of Sir Anthony Colclough Knt. d. 1584; m. Eleanor, dau of Sir Dudley Bagonel

Jonas Watson of Great Sampford, Essex, b. 1636; d. July 2, 1663 m. Rebecca King

Dudley Colclough of Tintern Abbey m. dau of the Marquis of Barneswell

Lt. Col. Jonas Watson 1663-1741 (The Bombardier) m. Miriam West

Caesar Colclough (The Great Caesar) b. 1694; m. Harriet Vesey, the Lady of Duffry Hall.

Justly Watson Lovegood Watson Dir. of Engineers Capt. 65th Reg. d. Mar. 1796 m. Anne Pipe, 1744 b. 1722.

Rev. Thomas Colclough, m. Florence dau. of Hon. Bysse Molesworth M.P. son of 1st Viscount Molesworth

Lt. Col. Jonas Watson 1748-1798 fought in Battle of Bunker Hill, killed in Irish Rebellion married Harriet Colclough, b. about 1768; d. 1832 while on visit to son William, buried at Roath Church Wales.

Ann 1785-185- m. John Hawtrey (England)	Thomas C. 1787-1834 m. Sarah James (England & Tasmania)	Henry 1789-1834 m. Estelle Laselles (Australia)	George O. 1790 unm. d. 1811	EDWARD 1792-1854 m. 1812/13 Matilda M. O'Neal	William Jonas 1795-1845 m. Martha Richards (England, Holland & Canada)	Harriet 1797-18- m. Andrew McCormick (Ireland)
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Rev. George T. m. Mrs. Nixon or Nichun (Ireland)	JONAS W. m. Emily Wood. (Marquette, Mich.)	Edward C. m. Jane - (Detroit?)	John unm. d. 1850	Florence m. Jos. Martin (Ireland)	Harriet m. Ralph Lett she d. young & dau. d. young	Matilda unm. (Illy)	Caroline unm. (Cassy)
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See also pages 13-14.

TABLE 2. SUMMARY OF THE DATA

Year	Country	Population (millions)	Urban population (millions)	Urban population (%)	Population growth rate (%)	Urban population growth rate (%)
1970	USA	205	115	56	1.3	1.3
1975	USA	220	125	57	1.4	1.4
1980	USA	230	135	59	1.5	1.5
1985	USA	240	145	60	1.6	1.6
1990	USA	250	155	62	1.7	1.7
1970	Japan	120	85	71	0.8	0.8
1975	Japan	125	90	72	0.9	0.9
1980	Japan	130	95	73	1.0	1.0
1985	Japan	135	100	74	1.1	1.1
1990	Japan	140	105	75	1.2	1.2
1970	France	55	35	64	0.7	0.7
1975	France	58	38	66	0.8	0.8
1980	France	60	40	67	0.9	0.9
1985	France	62	42	68	1.0	1.0
1990	France	64	44	69	1.1	1.1
1970	Germany	45	30	67	0.6	0.6
1975	Germany	46	31	67	0.7	0.7
1980	Germany	47	32	68	0.8	0.8
1985	Germany	48	33	69	0.9	0.9
1990	Germany	49	34	70	1.0	1.0
1970	Italy	40	25	63	0.5	0.5
1975	Italy	42	27	64	0.6	0.6
1980	Italy	44	29	66	0.7	0.7
1985	Italy	46	31	67	0.8	0.8
1990	Italy	48	33	69	0.9	0.9
1970	Spain	30	15	50	0.4	0.4
1975	Spain	32	16	50	0.5	0.5
1980	Spain	34	17	50	0.6	0.6
1985	Spain	36	18	50	0.7	0.7
1990	Spain	38	19	50	0.8	0.8

Jonas W. Watson



Emily Wood Watson



WILLIAM G. L...

OF EDUCATION AND
THE

WILLIAM G. L...



Part III

JONAS W. WATSON, 1815-1875

There are no letters relating to the early life of Jonas Watson, son of Edward and Matilda, but a few stories have come down through the family. As a young boy, Jonas was sent away to boarding school and when about fifteen got into a fight with another fellow and knocked him down. Fearing he had killed him by accident, he ran away from school, got to the waterfront and shipped before the mast. After two years at sea he returned home and found that the school episode had not ended disastrously. He learned that a young relative, Shep McCormick, was leaving for Canada and went along with him, in April 1832. They lived together for a year in Adelaide, London District, Upper Canada. He served for a time in the Canadian army, moved on to Port Stanley on Lake Erie and there is a note of him two years later employed on the schooner "Post Boy" out of Buffalo. Four more years of work about Lake Erie of which we have no details and in 1838 at the age of 23 he married Emily Wood.

The Wood family came from Huddersfield, England. Jonas Wood, whose birth was registered in Halifax, England in 1584, emigrated to America in 1630. He lived first at Jamaica, Long Island but his great-grandson Obadiah, born in 1699 settled in Connecticut, had a farm on the Ridgebury Road about five miles south of Danbury. What part he and his sons took in the Revolution has never been learned as all the records at Danbury were burned. He married Sarah Abbott, had nine children by her, died Feb. 16, 1791 and was buried at South Salem, N.Y. in a small private burying ground which is still there. His fourth son Micha had a son Micha or Michael, who became a Baptist preacher, a circuit rider, out of Ballston, N.Y. We know nothing of his first wife by whom he had five children before he met and married Amy Hunt, a widow with five of her own. Amy had a Revolutionary father or grandfather, Elisha Hunt, who enlisted in Capt. Hill's Co., Col. Loren McClelland's Regiment of Conn., a one year regiment serving in Rhode Island - July 1, 1778 to March 1, 1779.

The oldest child of Michael and Amy (Hunt) Wood was Emily, born in Toronto May 4th, 1821. She was married to Jonas Watson at London, Canada, by the Rev. Thomas Greene on February 18, 1838. The story was that when Jonas called for her, she was washing dishes. He looked in the kitchen window and told her to "Come along." She took her sunbonnet off the peg and followed him just as she was. Jonas didn't care to be seen on the street with her and she had to follow along behind him. Then, as she told her daughters many years later, she sat up all night because she had nothing to wear to bed except her calico house dress and even that wasn't clean!

Jonas was 23 and his bride not quite 17 when they were married. They went to Port Stanley where they lived for a year and where their first child, Matilda, was born in December 1838. Shortly after they moved across the lake to the young and growing Cleveland and the next four children were born there. Edward Michael in 1840, Jonas William Albert in 1842, Emily Harriet in 1844 and George O'Neal Watson in 1846. Cleveland was growing fast during those years, it was at the terminus of the Ohio and Erie Canal making it one of the principal trade routes to the Ohio River. It was said that in 1838, 5,000 people left Buffalo in a single day on the westward trek and most of them stayed.

In Ireland there was a terrible famine in 1846 and 47 from the potato blight, thousands dying of starvation. Letters of this period to Jonas from his father and mother tell something about it. They are so old and worn that many words are illegible -

"To Mr. Jonas W. Watson
81 Superior Street
Cleveland, State of Ohio,
North America.

via Liverpool and New York

Lachan Taghmore
Co. Wexford
March 27, 1847

My dearest Jonas,

How shall I attempt to express the feelings of our hearts caused by the receipt of your dear filial letter of Feb. 7 just received. It is indeed a...and I think I may say few things of a...nature would afford us Greater pleasure than the enjoyment of your and precious...society for the remainder of our lives...for the present it may not be. Several insolvable obstacles stand in the way of it for...year at least which, however, if the gracious Lord sees fit he can remove and thereby signify His pleasure on the step. Under existing circumstances we believe our duty and privilege is to stand still and see the Lord's hand and salvation,...that trusting in Him we cannot be confounded. I need not go into the particulars of the matters which so utterly preclude our hasty removal from this Country. As you observed in the conclusion of your letter you are prepared to deem our present...the best and wisest so we are constrained to believe from concurring circumstances that the Lord, who has promised to direct our steps,...that we should lay our bones in America. The time for our going is not yet come.

"A heavy...and truly deserved has indeed fallen...Country, the effects of which are felt...and by none more than persons in all...except provisions. Corn importers have been realizing fortunes. You no doubt have received most of the letters I have lately written - 3 in number respecting a shipment of bread stuff. It would as far as human probabilities go prove a very profitable and most useful speculation and to all appearance more than make up for my loss of the usual trade which has been brought nearly to a standstill. But perhaps you may not be able to accomplish what I have mentioned, but if even a small amount could be sent, say 100 Cases of fine wheat flour and 100 sacks of white maize or Indian corn, it would be a great matter under existing circumstances. I suppose freights and insurance will be getting down, perhaps the regular sailing packets would bring a small quantity with a reasonable...? but you on the spot would know the best way of proceeding, the sooner it would come to hand the best chance of high prices as a glut would of course tend to depress. Still we must depend on America for our food until next harvest. Famine and disease consequent thereon, are sweeping off the people in thousands. As yet our neighborhood has been...State of things, after the...awful effects have passed over, and indeed I think so too. It was unwise to have so much dependent on such a perishable and not nutritious root, but the best of all is trust in the Lord with all the heart, for He has all the power in heaven and earth. Read the 37th psalm. It is full of comfort and rest in the blood and righteousness of Jesus as the ground and foundation of the Sinners hope. Mr. Adams desires his kind remb'cs and thanks but nothing could induce him to go on the sea. With a father's fond love for you and yours, I am My Dearest Jonas and Emily, ever yours,

Edwd Watson"

Matilda writes across the same letter

"My dearest Jonas;

Last night your dear affectionate letter gladdened our hearts and caused us to feel deeply thankful to the Lord whose goodness and mercy seems to follow you. May he continue to bless and prosper you in every way, but chiefly may He lift on your dear soul the light of His...and grant to you and yours the riches of His... Also...may it be His holy will to make our way...and grant us a happy meeting in the flesh, But we all wait with patience and submission until... Poor Ireland is indeed suffering - thousands dying of famine and disease, but through the great goodness of the Lord it is not so bad in our immediate locality, nor where dear George is stationed.

But no one can say how it may be if the crops of the present year should fail, which I hope the Lord may yet prevent, though already the wheat has proved a failure in many places and the potatoes have gone again even in hot beds. Yet many people are trying a small quantity and so are we. It does seem as if the Lord had a sore controversy...with this devoted Land. Great numbers I understand are intending to emigrate this spring. Maybe He...by His...hand and if so we shall be well guided. I must now finish as Papa intends crossing this and with most fond and sincere love from all to you, dear Emily and all my sweet little grandchildren, believe me my beloved Jonas, ever to remain your most truly affectionate

Mother."

"To Mr. Jonas Watson
81 Superior Street
Cleveland, State of Ohio
North America.

via Liverpool & New York.

Lachan Taghmore
Co. Wexford
31st July 1847

My dearly beloved Jonas:

I have received your dear letters of the 10 June also one from the New York Insurance and Trust Co. enclosing a dft on London for 40 pounds. It is too cold to say I am obliged, deeply do I feel and feelings can be but poorly expressed in words. It was a providential circumstance you did not send the corn for it has turned out just as you thought, a very great fall has taken place. We have a fair prospect of a good harvest in corn but fears are entertained for the potatoes, but the quantity planted has been so small that it will not be felt as last year. I hope trade may go on again after harvest but hitherto I have not been able to effect any sales, indeed there is no money in the Country parts to purchase and I have too much due me already to allow of giving more credit. It has proved a fearful year in this Country. Tens of thousands swept off by famine and pestilence, but tho we have experienced privations and much mental suffering, the Lord has been gracious indeed and we are all preserved. Our wish is to be directed by Him in every step and follow the openings of His providence. We have no doubt but He will make it plain if our steps are to be directed westward. I fear the money I mentioned we expect will not be settled as soon as I said. Chancery movements are so very slow, however the Lord has the ordering of all things and can soon bring it to pass if He pleases. I hope you receive the papers I send you. We are now on the eve of a General Election. Party spirit runs high but we have nothing to do therewith farther than to pray and trust the Merciful Lord will over-rule all matters for His Glory and the accomplishment of His gracious purposes of mercy towards His People.

"I suppose Ireland's calamity has proved an advantage to America and been the cause of the influx of wealth. This consideration is very pleasing and truly the Americans have acted nobly in our distress, but for America the land would have been depopulated. Of course I speak as a means in the hands of the Lord. In your next let me know how Religion prospers. Indeed there can be no real good without the knowledge of the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. You may shortly expect a long letter, all the girls will write and tell you everything but I must hasten to a conclusion not to lose the packet that starts on the 3rd day of Aug. Mama, Florence, Cassy, Illy, John and Mr. Adams unite in fondest love to your dear Emily and the dear, dear Children with your ever

affectionate father

Edwd. Watson"

Lachan Teghmore
Co. Wexford
28th December 1847

"My dearest Jonas

A few days ago we were made happy by the receipt of your welcome letter of the 20th Nov. and were thankful and rejoiced to hear you were all well. The flourishing account you give of Cleveland is cheering particularly as contrasted with the miserable condition of this devoted

Country on which the vials of the Lord's justly excited wrath seems to be abundantly pouring - famine and pestilence, destitution and misery stalk through the land, and as if in haste to fill up the measure of iniquity the most dreadful and cold blooded murders are perpetrated at noon-day. The most excellent and benevolent Clergymen and Landlords have been cut off, some denounced by the priests. Robberies and assaults are so common that the wonder is when a paper comes without two or three columns filled with the acct. Up to this in our immediate neighborhood we have been favoured with peace and quietness, but great privation prevails and I dread the present winter, spring and summer, for tho' the corn crops here were tolerable it is little or no substitute for the food of the poor, and there is no employment. In consequence of the total loss of the potato crop the year before, seed could not be procured by the bulk of the farmers, consequently little indeed were planted, and the government have thrown the support of the people upon the unfortunate farmers and landlords. If the gracious Lord were to open our way we would be glad to leave and we constantly pray that if His will, he will do so, and I have a full persuasion that He will direct our steps. There are still obstacles. In the first place I lately heard the money (Legacy) I expected about this time will not be settled before the end of the coming year. In the next I have considerable sums due me by the farmers for goods sold chiefly in 1846 depending as heretofore on the crop to pay and I find there is little chance unless the Lord will be pleased to send a favourable harvest next year. Another obstacle is our poor old friend Mr. Adams. Nothing could induce him to go with us and how to leave him all alone in his last days I know not. The thought of a sea voyage even to Wales would almost deprive him of life. He has been very poorly for some time but is getting better. I should also have to dispose of any little property I have here which, however, could be quickly done if all other matters were brought to bear. Your brother-in-law Ralph Lett, a most amiable and intelligent young man, with his little girl, has expressed his purpose of accompanying us if we go. He can bring money and expects something handsome at his father's death who is a rich and very old man.

"From the account you give it appears a very wise and prudent step you have taken with reference to the ground you have agreed for and contemplate building, and tho from the past woeful experience I had, stranger partnership, still such have been formed to great mutual advantage. You have had experience of Mr. Wamatink (?) and know your man. This is a great advantage. Of course you will have proper partnership deed executed as is usual in such concerns. Say in your next if there are farms of land to be let or sold in the neighborhood. Ralph Lett who is a most experienced farmer turns his mind more to ground than anything else.

"It would be dreadful my dearest children were the passing things of time to banish from our minds the glorious things of eternity. We have need of constant supplies from above to keep us using without abusing the rich Mercy of the Lord manifested in the wonderful way in which he has (as it were) plucked sinners as brands from the burning by interposing. His own blood and righteousness is the subject for contemplation at all times, to raise our mind, above the world and its sore trials and open a view into the glorious world of spirits. See Acts 7 Chap 55 and following; May the blessing of his grace and providence abound to you all more and more. May He be our God and guide even unto death and finally bring us to glory through the alone merit of the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. With best love to your dear wife and babes, believe me my dearest Jonas, ever, ever your most affectionate father,

Edwd Watson

Mr. Adams sends his affectionate remembrance"

Crossed on the same letter -

"My beloved Children, Jonas and Emily. To say your dear letter gave me pleasure is saying too little. I do, but I was thankful for it and had been for some time most anxious for its arrival, your former ones having mentioned the illness of your sweet baby. I hope as the Lord has spared him so long He may be pleased to restore the dear little creature to health again. It is an anxious time with dear Emily but she knows to whose care she should confide her darling babies, as well as all her other sorrows. Our beloved George has had a dear little girl born

the 30th of Sept. last who, he says, is very like me. I have not seen her yet but have been expecting to pay them a visit for some time and prevented by the unfavorable state of the weather. I hope, however, to do it very soon with divine permission.

"Dear Illy is in Wales still with Mrs. Vaughan but I do not think she will be there much longer as she is not very happy there and we propose bringing her home. Florence is away just now at the Rectory of Bannow on a visit with Mrs. Hawtrey who is a cousin of Papa's. Cassie and John are here and oh how often we talk of you and how very much we wish that it may be made plainly our way to go to you. Old as I am it makes me almost fancy myself young again, but darling Jonas you do not say one word of our beloved Eddy. Do you know anything of him. We have not heard of or from him for nearly two years. Poor dear fellow. May the Lord turn his heart to seek him and all will be well with him. Dearest Jonas try to find out some intelligence of him and let us soon hear from you again. My space is not half large enough for all I could say but must leave some room for Cassy to thank you and dear Emily on Illy's behalf and her own for your kind wish that they should go to you. It would be very hard to let them go so far away without us but perhaps we may all yet go together. My constant prayer is Lord if it is thy Will open and point out our way. And now committing you all and your important concerns to his direction and with fond, fond love to each, believe me as ever,

Your most affectionately ----- Mother

M.M. Watson

"My dearest Jonas and Emily. How very kind it was of you to ask Illy and me to go out to you. Though we should be delighted to go, still when we are not sure of Papa and Mama following, it would be very hard to be so far from them. I would be delighted if they would come and I think Mr. Adams is the principal thing that prevents them, but poor man I do not know what he would do if Papa left him. As for Mama she is longing to go and thinks it almost too good to be true. John is most anxious to go to see his little nieces and nephews and also to see stags for he has not forgotten your story of the stag that you shot and very often talks about it. In fact we are all longing to go and you know where there's a will there's a way. I hope the little baby is quite well by this. Ralph's baby is grown a most engaging little thing. She will be two years old in a few days now. Do you know that Tom Watson has been married since August to a Miss Reed. He lives in Belgium. Illy is staying for Christmas at Aunt Martha's. Now wishing you a Happy New Year and hoping to be with you before another is over, with fond love from John and myself to you both and the dear little children I am your own fond and loving sister,

Caroline"

The Aunt Martha referred to was Martha Richards who married Williams Jonas Watson and their son Thomas Colclough Watson married Miss Reed.

Lachan Taghmore
Co. Wexford
12th May 1848

"My dearest Jonas -

I fear you have thought it very extraordinary not hearing sooner in reply to your letter of Feb'y 7th last but the fact is your dear Mother had gone to Wales to bring Illy home, who has had an attack of illness and strange as it may appear they have not yet returned. I sent your letter to Mama and waited her coming home to reply, but having received your last letter dated the 11th of April I can no longer delay replying tho we expect Mama and Illy (who is much better) next week. I was very glad to find you had broken off the partnership and like your arrangements much better tho I am still obliged to say my way is yet blocked up with reference to going out to join you. In the first place the country has been so drained of money the last two years that I could get no person to purchase my interest and stock here at any sacrifice at present. In the next place there are many sums of money due me by various persons which I have a prospect of getting if

next harvest proves favourable but which to be lost if I were to leave this year. 3rd the Legacy affair is not yet paid but likely to be in the course of the present year. But the greatest obstacle I feel is Mr. Adams. I know not how to leave him in his last days, to strangers, after he forsook all to follow my fortunes, and the very thought of it nearly kills him. 'I thought,' said he, 'I would have you to close my eyes and place my body in the grave before you go' but - My wish is to follow the openings of a gracious Providence and I feel confident if it be the Lord's will, to whom I trust I commit my way, that we should go He will order matters so to concur and open as to permit of our doing so with propriety in every sense. You have no doubt heard of the wonderful Political events and changes that have lately taken place and still occurring throughout Europe. The signs of the times are most strikingly visible and the events recorded in Scriptures as ushering in the latter days and glorious second coming of the Saviour appear in rapid accomplishment. O that we may be found in Him the ark of safety and eternal rest clothed with His righteousness and cleansed with His blood. O that we may pass through things temporal with the eye of our faith fixed on things eternal. The wicked disturbers of peace and order are heard at work in this country to foment rebellion and there is much cause of discontent, but to be traced to sin and its natural consequences. I know the Lord will overrule all to his own glory and the accomplishment of his purposes and promises - famine and pestilence still prevail extensively but there is great activity in agricultural pursuits and if the Lord be pleased to give a blessing it will do more to bring about peace and prosperity than all the legislative acts that were ever performed. I trust you shall shortly receive a much longer letter when Mama and Illy return but I could not lose another packet in addressing my beloved children at Cleveland. Mr. Adams send his kind remb'ce as do most heartily the dear girls, Florence and Cassie. Believe me my dearest Jonas and Emily

ever your affectionate parent
Edwd Watson

"Have you seen or heard anything of dear Edward. We do not know where to address him or we would write. John sends his love to his dear nephews and nieces.

New Ross
April 29th, 1850

"My dearest Jonas

It is now long since we received any communication from you. I think you received our last written about six weeks ago. I am as you may presume, by the heading, at Ross on a two day visit to dear Aunt Harriet and Uncle Andy, who you (I believe) are aware have returned to occupy their house and...at this place where your Uncle is carrying on a fine trade in Corn, and we have been consulting together and have come to the impression that with your assistance and cooperation an advantageous business might be done by us in the 'Yellow Indian Corn' trade which in consequence of the potato failure in this country has become the general food of the people. It appears a favourable time to make a beginning as I believe both the first cost and the freight are as low as can well be expected. What we propose is that you should at once ship a small cargo say from 150 to 250 tons, the smaller the better for a commencement, consigned to Mr. Andrew McCormick, New Ross. What dear Uncle proposes is to take the management of storage, making sales, etc. - and divide the profits with you and me and that you should draw a Bill on him for amt of first cost at 61 days sight payable in London. There is a prospect of a very extensive trade in the article and it might, from the commencement of what may turn out highly advantageous to us all, and indeed the state of the Country renders it very necessary for me to look to something beyond the refts and profits (if any) to be derived from farming operations. You are no doubt aware that in consequence of the free trade policy lately adopted our home productions have fallen in value so as to leave the cultivation of the soil nearly worthless. If you could manage to make a shipment immediately on receipt of this, so as to arrive a couple of months before the Harvest it would in all probability, find a ready sale. Good sound yellow Indian Corn

now sells in Ross for 17/23, 20 stone. We perceive by American papers that it is at New York from 50 to 53 cents per Bushel, and we calculate the freight would not exceed 6/ per quarter of 4000 lbs and expenses say 2/ more including insurance and 1/ duty. That would leave the corn in dear Andy's store at about 15/10 the barrel of 20 stone and that might leave a profit of perhaps 2/ the barrel which on a quantity would be doing right good business. I know my dearest Jonas, I need not say anything to induce your wish and exertions to benefit your dear family on this side the Atlantic, but I look to the proposal now besides as calculated to mutually benefit us all, that is, Uncle Andy, yourself and me. You being on the spot and so well acquainted with American matters of trade and business makes the contemplated object so much more desirable. I am obliged to write this in the greatest hurry and hope you will be able to make it out and understand its contents. Write immediately on receipt and state your views and whether a small cargo could be dispatched at once. I left your dear Mama and sisters quite well on the day before yesterday and I am about returning in an hour or two. Mr. Adams is breaking rather rapidly. I believe, were it not for him we should in human probability, be on the American side before this. All here unite in fondest love and affection to you and yours.

Your ever, ever affectionate father
Edwd Watson."

Edward Watson, Matilda and the daughters never did come to our side of the Atlantic, but a year after this letter, in 1851, Jonas, Emily and their five children made a trip to Ireland. We have a good account of this sojourn written in later years by the second child - Edward Michael Watson, which we quote -

"In my eleventh year, Father's business got into confusion owing to the rascality of a trusted clerk, and he was obliged to close it up and sell out. He thought it would be a good time to take us on a visit to his parents in Ireland. That was a wonderful journey to a ten year old boy. The first stage was by steamer to Buffalo, from there by rail to New York. That was the first steamboat I had ever ridden on, the first cars I had seen. We had to wait nearly a week in New York for a ship. What a week that was! We took in everything, including Barnum's Museum.... Our ship was the Constitution - Capt. Allen. We got aboard in good season and watched the other passengers come on and the preparations for casting off. We saw the hawser attached to the tug and the cheers and waves of the crowd on the dock and ship as she started to go down the bay. We had gone less than a mile when the slight waves produced by the tug caused such a nauseous feeling that I lay down in a coil of rope for a while, and that was the first and the last touch of seasickness that I ever enjoyed.

"While going down the bay, I might do well to introduce the rest of the family, though we were not all together, Father having gone over ahead of us, leaving Mother and five children to follow. Mother was a Canadian Yankee; that is, her father was a Connecticut man and married a Canadian woman. She was a good mother to us and had her hands full keeping us in order. Matilda, aged twelve, was a tall, slim, light-haired girl and the eldest; myself, ten years came next; brother Albert, eight years and my inseparable companion; Emily or Pem as we used to call her for short, six years, was auburn-haired and freckled; George the baby was four years old.

"We were twenty-four days on the voyage and we travelled first class. In the cabin there was a family of English from Jamaica on their way home, with a set of boys to match us. They were abundantly provided with fruits and sweetmeats which were portioned out to us as freely as to themselves. What games and races we had! We chased each other up the rigging, down the fore-castle and all over the ship. If there was a rope on that ship we didn't have hold of or slide down before we got across, I don't know where it was. The sailors were a good-natured lot and we would sit in the fore-castle for hours listening to their yarns. One of them who had been to China gave me some Chinese money and checkers he had in his chest. Another who had been on a whaling voyage gave me a polished piece of a whale's tooth. All three of the articles are around the house yet, and that was forty-two years ago.... It was a never-ending source of amusement to us every time the sailors manned the pump. It was some sort of pump that worked by turning around. Ten or a dozen men would stick in a handspike and go marching around to the tune of

some old sailor who would sing out as though he liked it, and had the full free use of his lungs. All hands would join in the chorus and they kept wonderfully good time and gave us many a fine concert well worth listening to. I can hear the refrain "Sally Brown" away back in my memory yet. We met quite a few vessels. Sometimes they came near enough to shout out the ship's name and the captain's and what the cargo was. Sometimes it was printed on the board and hung over the side. There were no telegraphs across the ocean in those days nor steamers and it was the practice for each vessel to report the ships that we met, so the owners could see how they were getting on. The twenty-third day, the joyful shout of land in sight was heard.... I looked in the direction indicated but the green ocean was all I could see until I found that it was visible from aloft - so up we boys clambered to the cross trees.

"So that's the way we made our first land fall, as the seamen say. After a while it began to take shape and another cloud appeared on the left. On the right the ground seemed to rise from the sea in a set of steps. We remarked that that was a curious shape for it to be in. 'Oh yes,' says our sailor friend, 'that's the Giant's Causeway and that smoke you see over there is from the city of Belfast, and that land over there on the left is Scotland.' As we had a rattling good breeze, we raised the land very fast and it was not so very long before we were skimming along within a mile of the sand beach of Scotland and waving our handkerchiefs at and watching the people walking and wheeling baby carriages along the sand.... We put in a delightful day sailing through the north channel between Ireland and Scotland.... (Next day) we were up bright and early to see the great city of Liverpool. 'What in the world are all those great steeples with sails on?' we asked. We were told they were windmills. They towered up above the other buildings of which there were so many that one could see at a glance that it was an immense city.... By the time breakfast was over we heard that the tender was coming out. Our ship was then at anchor in the harbor. Soon among the passengers on the tender we could see a portly black-whiskered man who looked familiar. 'Why, there's Pa!' says Bertie...and sure enough it was. He had come over from Ireland to meet us. My, weren't we tickled to see him.

"Father had secured lodgings for us and we remained a day or two looking at the sights of the city...after seeing our fill of the grand sights we went aboard a steamer that plies between Liverpool and Wexford.... We had some twelve miles to go across the southeast corner of Ireland which we made on a jaunting car over an elegant macadamized road. Lackan was the name of grandfather's place.

"It was quite a large farm situated alongside the river Loch about a mile east of the village of Duncormick. His family consisted of himself and Grandma, Aunts Illy and Cassy, Uncle John and an old gentleman named Adams, who died while we were there, as did also Uncle John who had always been weakly. We were met with open arms and everything done to make us happy and comfortable. My Uncle George who was a minister in the next county came with his wife and children. Aunt Florence, the eldest daughter, who was married to Joe Martin, a gentleman farmer who lived in Colebrook ten or twelve miles away, Cousin George from England, Cousin Tom, and Shep McCormick from New Ross and visitors from all over the county came to see us. It was a picnic on the water one day, another on the land next, a visit to this uncle's house or that aunt's with a 'You must come and stay awhile' from nearly everyone we met.... That a heartier, more whole-souled, nor more hospitable set of people than the Irish gentry don't live upon this earth was the conclusion I arrived at from my experience among them at the mature age of ten....

"We remained at Grandfather's nearly a year and should I live to be as old as Methusala I will never forget what a happy time we had. On our way back to America, we stayed a few days at Liverpool. Among other things I remember was the market place. My brother Albert and I discovered there, some of the largest and most luscious gooseberries that I have ever seen and we indulged in them so freely that it upset our stomachs, the effects of which my brother never recovered from being very sick during the entire passage across the Atlantic and dying soon after reaching New York.

"Our destination after landing was Saulte Ste. Marie where Father was interested in a small store being managed by Z.W. Wood, Mother's brother. On account of a saving in railroad fare, he bought tickets by a new route across Lake Ontario to Toronto, stage boat on Lake Simcoe and

stage again to Sturgeon Bay, the end of the Collingswood route of steamers to the Sault. It was a fortunate thing that we were in no particular hurry, for there seemed to be some hitch or misconnection at nearly every stage on the route and I doubt if the saving in the fare was not spent several times over in hotel bills before we got through.

"We found the Sault an old town. Its chief business was transferring freight from the river below to the river above the rapids by a horse railroad, and catching whitefish in the rapids. It was a never ending source of amusement to watch the Indians paddle or pole their bark canoes up into the foot of the rapids in the tumbling foam. From the bow a man would plunge his dipnet into ten or twelve feet of water. The steersman would keep the canoe steady with his paddle, letting it sweep backwards down with the current. The net would enclose the fish heading upstream and they seldom made a dry haul. Nowhere in the world do whitefish taste so good as at the Sault, the reason being that they are an active fish, always breasting the strong current and the water being extremely cold. I attended the mission school of Elder Bingham during the school season and assisted in my uncle's store. Between times I had many opportunities for hunting and fishing trips. I got to be an expert trout fisherman and occasionally brought in a brace or two of partridge or rabbits.

"Father finding the store business too small to support his family, went sailing on a Lake Superior steamboat as supercargo or clerk, his first boat being the Napoleon. He was afterwards on the Independence and the Peninsular. He was on the Independence when she exploded a mile or so above the head of the rapids. It was at night - he was asleep in his bed which was right over the boiler. The explosion blew the whole stern of the boat into splinters and sank the boat immediately, but the mattress under Father protected him and when he recovered his consciousness he was lying on the bottom of the river twenty-five feet from the surface. He could feel the gravel with his hands and began to struggle and swim and soon found himself at the surface, which was covered with splinters. He was quite a time finding anything large enough to support him. He finally ran across a bale of hay and was trying to get a position on it that wouldn't roll him off when he was seen by Mr. Houston, the 2nd engineer who was floating on a piece of the upper deck. He called out to him and persuaded him to abandon the hay and swim over to his raft.

"They were picked up by the boats of the Steamer Baltimore just above the rapids and had a second narrow escape from death. It was late in November, the weather being extremely cold, the ground covered with snow and with only his nightshirt on, Father must have had a cold time of it. They gave him a hot drink and put him to bed on the Baltimore and he came home to us next day. Houston had a most remarkable experience. He was down in the hold trying to pry the engine off the centre when the explosion took place and declared that he swam out through the side of the boat or where the side of the boat ought to have been. He was steamed to such an extent that his entire skin came off and I put in many an hour that following winter greasing his body and covering it with cotton batting and oil to take the place of his old hide until he could grow a new one. Father kept him that winter in gratitude for his assistance in rescuing him....

"Next spring we were engaged by Mr. Pendill, a merchant at the Sault, to take a stock of dry goods up to Marquette and open up a branch store for him. We embarked on the steamer Manhattan (Capt. Spaulding) and after five days of pushing through ice fields, we reached Marquette the spring of 1855. Our report and returns must have been satisfactory to our employer, as he followed us a year or so later with the balance of his goods and his family. In the meantime, liking the appearance of the place, we had the balance of our family come on and we were all together again.

"After a couple of years of steady application to business I quit the store to go to school. I learned more that last winter under Mrs. Chase Safford, it seems to me, than in all my previous schooling. I began to see by that time the importance of it and knew I couldn't get much more of it. After school was over, Father suggested that it would be a good scheme for me to cut the year's supply of stove wood. He had laid in sixteen cords of four foot wood for the purpose. I was fat as a pig and the way I buckled into that wood made the sweat run lively. I sawed a cord each day and lost a pound of flesh with each cord.

"I found employment in the store of Campbell and Brother along with Father, for the next two or three years.... About this time, 1860, there was a good deal of political excitement around...

the hot campaign that elected Abraham Lincoln the first Republican president. I heard a good many of the campaign speeches and a good deal of the political talk going on around the store.... Late in July of that year we heard of the call for volunteers, but we were so far off that no one supposed we would be called on to furnish any recruits.... I met Al Jackson on the railroad bridge as I was going home to dinner and he says, 'Ed, we are talking of raising a company and offering our services to the governor. You want to go with us?' He showed me his list which contained a dozen or so of my associates. 'Why of course,' says I, 'if you all talk of going, I will go with you.' So I signed my name and went on to dinner. At that date I knew nothing of my ancestors beyond the fact that I had a father and a grandfather because I had seen them both. Something like a quarter of a century after the war I learned that I belonged to a race of warriors and found that I took to fighting when we got around to it, as a duck takes to water. I served a year in the ranks, found it was a more serious matter than first supposed and went in for promotion. In the next two years I was 2nd lieut and 1st lieut, and captain (9th Michigan Cavalry) was wounded twice, captured once and never knew until 25 years later that I belonged to a fighting family or I might have insisted on taking entire command!"

While the Jonas Watson family was still at the Sault, a daughter was born to them on August 8th, 1854 but only lived four hours. Another woman died in childbirth and Emily took her baby to nurse. She was duly entered in the family bible - "Addie Dickens came to us, August 9th, 1854 and remained until August 17, 1856." When her father remarried and had a home for her she returned to him but was all her life devoted to her foster mother Emily Watson. She grew up and married Mr. Rich of Horicon, Wisconsin, where she spent the rest of her life. Jonas refers to her in two letters written when he first moved to Marquette.

Marquette, May 10th, 1855

"My dear Emily

I hope by this time you are getting much stronger and better. We had a great time getting up here as the Lake was full of ice as it could hold for one hundred miles. I expected the Manhattan would be cut across before we got through it - we arrived here Sunday morning I had a great deal of trouble to find a place for a store and did not find one until Tuesday morning when I went to work in earnest and put up my shelves and counters, and got in the goods &c and opened them. We sell a good many. I have taken already about \$350.00 which I am sending to Mr. Pendill. We are expecting the Manhattan here on her way down. The Napoleon was here in the night last night but I did not see her or know she was here until this morning. I saw a good many people going to church on Sunday. It is a Methodist church. There is a school here too. This place is going to be a great place - there is not less than fifty new buildings in the course of construction here now and many of them better than any at the Sault - I cannot find a dwelling house to rent at all - I am paying 20. dollars a month for an unfinished house & that for only the lower story for a store. There is a dwelling house and lot here that I could buy the 1st of August, it is a very good place for business if there was a store built by it. The house has 8 or 9 rooms in it, there is enough land for vegetables and flowers but not much bigger than what is enclosed around the Hallerans house - the price is eight-hundred dollars, and it is one of the cheapest places in the town. There is another place very nice and twice the size for 900 dollars but farther from the center of business. If you can only sell that house and lot to the Bishops we shall have no trouble in getting a nice place here. They have the best farming country round here of all the places on the Lake and farmers are beginning to plant as fast as they can. I see violets in blow here, but suppose you have them in blow at the Saut too - let me hear how you get on - It is bed time (we still board at the hotel as we have not time to fix our things so as to live at the store comfortably) I will leave my letter until morning or mail it if the boat comes in the night. Friday May 11th - Evening. No Manhattan yet - I feel kind of lonesome not having Patty Addy to play with - 12th Sam Ward is just in bound up I have no time to write more at present -

I am your affectionate Husband

J.W. Watson"

Marquette, May 10th, 1855

"My dear Emily

I received yours on Manhattan & am glad you are getting well - I want you to get well - there are some pretty places here - if we could have one that I see from where I write how snug we could be. I cannot get the house and lot less than 1000 dollars - 500 down and 500 in one year. There are other places too - the one I wrote you of for 800 - but that one for 1000 is 3 times as large. Every person here who can get seed have gardens and vegetables in abundance when they grow. Whoever said that iron injured the soil here for agricultural purposes knew nothing about it for everything grows as well as in Ohio & some things, such as potatoes far better - Deer are plentiful here but not fit to kill for about one month they are seen every day within 1 mile or so. I cannot yet get a house to rent but I may in 2 or 3 weeks - Mr. Pendill is coming here next week when I expect to make some different arrangements about where we shall have the store etc. I cannot take care of the hens yet not having any place to keep them - tho come to think of it I might let them run with Mrs. Barneys hens where we board, if they are too much trouble to you, but as for setting them I cannot attend to them - I can get plenty of chickens from Detroit as soon as the boats run through the canal. Indeed I think you had better sell our hens as they are getting very old some of them if you can get about three shillings apiece for them - however do as you think best. I know Mrs. Barney will let them run with her hens by my giving them some feed - I am glad if you can keep little Addy I long to see her as much as if she were ours - I send you ten dollars - Use it carefully for money is scarce at present. I wrote you the other day when the Sam Ward was on her way up but did not expect she would come in on her way down. Do not make much of an account at Pendills - but get what you cannot do without there but no more. You ought to sell whatever furniture you do not want as soon as you could. By the way I wish you would have Pem & George or some other boy dig an oyster keg or something else half full of worms & fill it up with black muck - People here want the worms so much for fishing, there are no worms here but the trout are fine.

I am ever your Affectionate Husband
J.W. Watson"

The worms flourished and many years later Edward Watson's son Ned put out a sign "Worms for Sale Here" under which his sister Bess added "Bess also has worms!"

Water was let into the new lock of the Sault Ste. Marie Ship Canal on April 10th, 1855. On June 15th it was announced as completed and from then on Lake Superior was open to traffic from the south. Emily and her children arrived in Marquette on the second boat to pass through the Sault Canal.

In 1844 iron had been discovered by William A. Burt while surveying near what is now the city of Negaunee, Michigan. The following year Philo M. Everett saw this ore outcropping and returned to his home in southern Michigan to organize the first company to mine this ore which later became known as the Jackson Mine, incorporated in 1848. In 1849, Amos R. Harlow arrived to establish a forge and help develop the mining resources and Robert Graveraet came also bringing the young Peter White in his party to assist in mining development. Early in June of 1849 the site of the city of Marquette was selected as the best location for getting the ores out and soon a dock was built on this lovely natural harbor to facilitate shipping. Six years later when our Watsons came to settle it was still a primitive settlement and by 1857 a visitor there estimated there were only about 125 houses for its thousand inhabitants. In 1857 a steam railroad was built from the mines to Marquette and the first dock with ore pockets was built. Jonas Watson was enthusiastic about the town from the start and at some point in the early days produced the following verses which were preserved in the family bible -

MARQUETTE

I've lived in fairer Countries I must own
 And with the friends who guided me when young
 Who loved me too, and for myself alone
 Who when I left them to my bosom clung
 But part we must as thousands have before
 Who never knew the comforts left behind
 'Till half the world divides them from the shore
 And from these Christian friends forever kind.
 Like thousands too, I wandered half my life
 Unsettled through the "Western World" did roam
 Ne'er dreaming of the comforts of a wife
 Nor of the pleasure in that word "A Home"
 But I have long since changed my single lot
 And hope to live "A benedict" ever more
 And lately we have raised our humble cot
 Where Lake Superior laves the Southern shore
 This brings me to the subject of my song -

Tho' other places handsomer may be
 Yet "Oh Marquette" I hope to know thee long
 Therefore my verse I dedicate to thee.
 Thy climate's healthy, Bracing is the air
 The Landscape (although rugged) looks right good
 Thy sons are daring & thy daughters fair
 Their homes are pleasant although built of wood
 Thy Iron Mountains famous are for ore
 Enough to lay a "railroad to the sun"
 And back again to where it left before
 I hope Marquette may flourish till this is done.

Thy Temples make thy future prospects bright
 Three churches will this coming season "raise"
 Where different "sects" may each enjoy the light
 And as they each desire, may "pray and Praise."

Thy railroads too attention soon will claim
 They pass by the "Eurika's" gorgeous mine
 Where all engaged will make themselves a name
 For doing something great and something fine,

From thence they travel to the Jackson Forge
 And on the way they pass the steam Sawmill
 Not far from where the celebrated "Gorge"
 Was dug by nature through the Rocky Hill.

Not half thy praises have I noted here
 Nor half thy great advantages wrote down
 But one thing should our future prospects cheer
 Marquette's our happy home, our fancy town.

by Jonas Watson

APPENDIX

The first of these is the fact that the
 data are not normally distributed. This is
 evident from the fact that the distribution
 is highly skewed to the right. The mean
 is 1.5, while the median is 1.0. The mode
 is also 1.0. The standard deviation is
 0.8. The range is from 0 to 3.0. The
 coefficient of variation is 0.53. The
 skewness coefficient is 0.8. The
 kurtosis coefficient is 1.2. The
 Jarque-Bera test statistic is 1.2. The
 p-value is 0.54. The test does not
 reject the null hypothesis of normality.
 The second of these is the fact that the
 data are not independent. This is
 evident from the fact that the
 autocorrelation function is significantly
 different from zero. The autocorrelation
 at lag 1 is 0.5. The autocorrelation
 at lag 2 is 0.25. The autocorrelation
 at lag 3 is 0.125. The autocorrelation
 at lag 4 is 0.0625. The autocorrelation
 at lag 5 is 0.03125. The autocorrelation
 at lag 6 is 0.015625. The autocorrelation
 at lag 7 is 0.0078125. The autocorrelation
 at lag 8 is 0.00390625. The autocorrelation
 at lag 9 is 0.001953125. The autocorrelation
 at lag 10 is 0.0009765625. The
 Ljung-Box test statistic is 1.2. The
 p-value is 0.54. The test does not
 reject the null hypothesis of independence.

In 1856 Emily bore twins but they didn't live long and a year later while she was away on a trip a letter from her eldest daughter Matilda gives her all the home news. Matilda was almost 19 at this time. There is a reference to Hettie which should be explained. Henrietta Wood was a niece of Emily's, the daughter of Zera Wood and Samantha Johnson. She was born Jan. 11, 1854. Her mother may have died shortly after her birth for Emily took her into the family and brought her up as one of her own. When Edward Watson married she went to live in his household for over twenty five years and then married Howard Bixby of Appleton, Wisconsin and went to Chicago to live until her death in 1916.

Marquette, Sept. 24, 1857

"My dear Mother

I will begin by telling you that this letter is written as a sort of introduction to George Allen and Mrs. Peck. Mr. Peck is sending George down to bring his wife to him and wants you and her to get acquainted, so as to come up together. It was awful lonesome here last Saturday after you left us. Sunday Pem, George and I went to Sunday School and the afternoon service. Monday morning I washed and cleaned up all before dinner time. But I caught an awful bad cold and have had a very sore throat. I have not spoken aloud since. I thought of sending to the Dr. for something but if I can get along without I wont. Billy Berger was down here Monday evening. Tuesday Mr. Attwood, Mrs. Hopkins and I took a buggy ride and while we were out Mary Jane Gravereat and Mrs. Van Orden called on me. Hettie spent the afternoon with Pem and Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins took tea with us. Wednesday I baked bread and cake and both were good. My throat was so sore I couldn't eat any breakfast. Mr. Wilkinson (the young minister you know) called on you Thursday. My cold is a little better today. Mrs. Hopkins was down and spent the afternoon with us. This has been a very warm day. Ed is at home tonight. Pem is busy dressing her doll and George has gone to bed. Now I'll give you some miscellaneous items. Lou Dickens went down on the "Star" and had not time to call on us. He saw Pa and paid him for the berries. His baby died six hours after he left home, so he don't know anything about it. We heard of it by the Gen. Gaylor. Mrs. Macths has not been expected to live - she is better now. Pa bought a basket of peaches of P. White yesterday when the Illinois came in. I was carrying a bowl of grease from the shed to the pantry yesterday and the bottom fell out and the grease went all over my nice clean calico dress and made a great grease spot on the floor right by the pantry door. I scrubbed it with ashes and soap but I can't get it out. We have had frost for two or three nights until last night. Our flowers are almost gone. I wish you would send me some hoops for I have broken mine all to pieces. I am wearing your drab corded skirt now. Send a ruche for Pem's bonnet there are none in town. Eddy wants me to tell you that he is going down on the "Elgin" next week. To finish up I'll tell you that we have all got bad colds but I suppose we'll soon get over it. I hope you are having a good time, but don't forget us. Pem and I have not done much sewing but we are busy all the time. We get our breakfast work done before nine now.

"Friday - I washed this morning. Baked this afternoon. Pem has gone to see about her bonnet. I don't know what to do about George, his jacket is nearly gone. I mended it all up yesterday but it dont look fit to wear to church - I would make him another if I could. Pa said we could get some pants for George if Brighton had any. Al Jackson, his sister and Mary Jane and Juliette called here last evening. Our colds are all better today. Nearly everyone in town has a sore throat and cold. Pem has her chemise nearly done. She is working it around the neck. I dont believe that you are having half such nice weather as we are. It is very warm and pleasant. I have not written this very well for my hands are stiff after washing. I sent for "Peter-sons" last week. Someone is building a nice looking house on the back end of our lot. Now I must close for it is nearly time to get tea. Hoping you are enjoying yourself,

I remain, Your affectionate daughter

Matilda Watson"

An envelope postmarked Ap. 5, 1858 - Ballymitty, Ross has this written on the inside flap. "So I

will not say anything more but that with fondest love to you, your Papa, Mamma, and all the dear children, I am my dearest Til, ever your loving Aunt Caroline. There is not a single rose in blow but I send some corcuses and primroses."

Pem, so nicknamed by her Father who used to tease her with the jingle Emily, Pamily, stick, stick Stemily, wrote a letter to her brother when about 14.

Marquette, 16 February 1859
Marquette Seminary Wednesday

"Dear Ed

I have just got permission to write you a few lines on condition that I would study harder for it. I immediately consented of course. I was to the Lyceum last Monday - Mr. Holdship Lectured: And I never went to sleep once the first time I ever went to such a place & did not. here it is Wednesday the day we read compositions & speak & I have not got my piece ready I cant help it I have plenty else to do - it takes all my mornings in school to get my lessons & I will have to try & get my piece when I go home to dinner.

I am secretary for our society - which is held after school Wednesdays & is composed of all the elder girls of our school & I have not got my report written yet. One of the members are appointed weekly to recite another to write & essay & another to read a select piece I have got to recite tonight. this morning as I was coming to school "Minnie Donkersley's" little kitten followed me a long ways and then I took it up & carry it. I had to put it in the store to stay untill noon as I had not time to take it back before school but I had not been in school long before Eunice Rouse came up to me & said that father wanted me to come take the cat home as the St. Clair boys had put prince their little dog in there to keep & they were fighting all the time. I went down & found the cat stuffed in a drawer left open a little to give it air. I carried it back & delivered it up to Minnie herself. the ice is quite good. the boys are out pretty much of the time. I have been out only once. Mrs. Newton offered a prize to the scholar who has made the most improvement in writing by the last of the term the prize is a book & I want you to tell me every-time I write If I have made any improvement. I know I have not this time. As I am in school and cannot write slow. I went up to the old German shoemakers yesterday and he was writing a letter to Germany and when he had finished it I thought I had never seen so neat a letter. Til is giving me music lessons yet. she always gives me a new lesson as soon as I have the last one - I can play "Buy a broom" waltz and several other peices. I am taking "Starlight waltz" now. did you get any valentines. I did not get even one. was it not too mean - We had some molasses candy the other day. we pulled a little and eat the rest without pulling. We are saving all the chickens "wishbones" for you, and so far we have got one Turkey's wish bone, we broke some but now we are saving them all for you to break - we are getting quite a pile. All are well & I hope you are too. From your Affectionate Sister

Pem"

1861 of course means the Civil War and the young men were enlisting and leaving home. Letters from Edward M. Watson began coming in to the anxious family. He was then 21 years old.

Washington On top of the Capitol Oct. 3rd 1861

"Dear Til

We arrived here last night after traveling four days & nights without stopping over four hours in any one place. We had only one accident happen in the regiment which was occasioned by a man in one of the other companies falling overboard in Lake Erie, as it was dark we soon lost sight of him and he was lost.

"I have seen such an amount of sights that I hardly know how to begin giving an account of them, in fact I have seen so much I can't remember half of it. We left Detroit Sunday morning

at about ten o'clock, I saw Mr. Campbell there & shook hands with him - as I was in the ranks we could not talk much but he said he was coming aboard the boat to see us off, but as I saw no more of him I suppose he could not get aboard as there was an awful crowd. We arrived at Cleveland about midnight & left in an hour or two after in the cars, before morning we were very near out of Ohio so I could not see any old friends. By noon we were at Pittsburg where we took dinner at a large shanty near the depot, the meal was superintended by a committee of young ladies & I inquired of most everyone of them if they knew Mifs Brown or Berger as I wished to see or send word to them but they were not acquainted with either of them so I missed seeing them. After leaving there we passed through some of the finest scenery I ever saw through mountains and vallies across rivers and through tunnels. Every valley we passed through was highly cultivated but the only ripe fruit now that I saw was Apples Quinces & Grapes - any quantity the latter. We would have seen more of the gardens, fields &c if it had not been for the rain which they had a week or so ago, which raised the river six or eight feet and inundated parts of all the river towns we passed through, giving them all a very muddy appearance. We saw the farmers harvesting corn in boats in some of the fields, the stalks were out of sight only the punkins were floating around like little islands. We came through the whole length of pensylvania passed through Harrisburg the capitol & a good many other citties besides. We got to baltimore yesterday morning where the oysters were so cheap and plenty & good besides that my pants got too small before I could quit eating them....

"The Michigan 1st regiment are stationed between here and baltimore to guard the railroad and as the train went very slow & had to stop once in a while to let other trains go by we had a chance to see the Marquette boys in that regiment. You can imagine how tickled they were to see us way down here in Maryland. We stopped a few hours in one encampment where there were about thirty boys from Marquette - Fayette Barney, Steve Reice, Mayne Bishop, John Doyle, Hank Finnez My French school Teacher & lots of other fellows too numerous to mention. We, that is our regiment is now here at the depot waiting for orders & we do not know which way we will go but I suppose we will stay here some time to drill. We are all in good health & spirits but we can hardly convince ourselves that we are not dreaming as the change is so sudden, the weather is not so very warm here as I supposed it would be. We can hear the cannon booming here every little while but we dont know whether it is practicing or fighting. The city is full of soldiers, horses, Baggage Wagons &c. I have not been up in the city yet but I can see it all from here on the top of the Capitol. I can see the White house & the Smithsonian Institution & several other buildings which I dont know the name of, also the potomac river on the other side of which I suppose is virginia but as there is no one here on the top that knows I am not positive. This will be a Splendid Building when finished, it would be hard to beat it now, but the dome is not completed yet & they say it will take from five to ten years to finish it yet. When we get in camp if we are not too far away I will get a pass some day & go all through the city & give you an account of what I see but I see our regiment is about forming in to go to camp so I must quit for the present.

Oct. 4th in camp noon.

Since writing the above we came out of the city about three miles where we are camped along with thousands of troops besides. We are in a field close by the edge of the woods without shelter of any kind except our tents as we are not allowed to stay in the woods. I have changed my mind about the weather and wrote it was not quite so warm as I expected, but I am now prepared to say that it exceeds my expectations as it is so warm that I am sweating like fun with nothing but my shirt & drawers on. I had the misfortune to be on guard last night and as I have not had a nights sleep since we left Detroit I feel somewhat sleepy this morning which will account for the lack of news in this last part of my scribble. I got this sheet of paper in one of the Government offices of the Capitol so you can consider this letter as a kind of curiosity considering where the first part was written. Give my love to the rest of the family & write soon Direct to Washington Broadhead C Co B

.....

"Please dont put this in the paper.

Washington Camp Rucker Oct. 25th

Dear Til

It is now three weeks since I wrote my last letter to you, and I had almost given up all hopes of receiving any answer from you. But today I had the good fortune to get a letter from both you & pem besides the bundle of papers & the journal which were very acceptable I can assure you, especially the letters. Since I last wrote you we have moved our camp into the city. we are now camped at a place called carrol's spring which is within rifle shot of the capitol & in view of the greater part of the city & the potomac river & also the state of virginia on the other side of the river. Washington's Monument is on the same street though nearly a mile from us & in its unfinished state looks more like a limekiln than anything else. The first week we were here I got permission to take a squad of men to visit the navy yard (which is less than half a mile from camp) where we had an opportunity of seeing them make cannon, shot, shells, conical balls & other munitions of war. We also saw a man of war in the river & plenty of cannons, anchors & field pieces to supply a fleet or regiment. Saturday morning. George Decker died very suddenly in the night, He was quite well Yesterday & has not missed a drill since we have been here but he was taken with bleeding at the lungs in the night sometime and died without waking anyone up. I heard this morning that it was Elmer that died but couldn't believe it, but it was reported so in the camp and Elmer is afraid they will think it was him up there in Marquette. If you see his sister you had better tell her that he is alive and well. Billy Donkersly was here day before yesterday and we were all glad to see him though not more I guess than he was to see us as his regiment has been camped within sight of here on the other side of the river for four months. he took dinner with us & stayed all afternoon he looks very well & is fatter than ever. A cousin of Gard Maynards came to see him last week from the Wisconsin 4th. I dont remember whether I wrote anything about Mifs Brown's brother coming to see me at the other camp or not, but I have the impression that he called after I had written you, he told me his sister had written him to call & see me if he could and as his camp was only about a mile from ours he had got a pass expressly to see me but had spent most all of the time allowed him in finding me. I found him to be a very agreeable young man and very good looking he looks very much like his sister only handsomer. We had quite a talk about his sister, Mifs Berger, Billy & Jimmy Ward he said he was glad Billy didn't come as he could not stand the fatigue. he was very sorry he could not stay to dinner with me but we agreed to visit each other if we had any possible chance in the future. I applied for a pass last week to go to the city and the captain told me he could not grant any unless on urgent private or company business I came very near despairing of getting one, when I happened to think of my five dollar bill which was all the money I had. I told the captain I would like to get to the bank and get some uncurrent money changed, and as he thought that was a sufficient reason he gave me a pass to town until 4 o'clock & as it was only eight when I got it I had the whole day before me. if I had sat down & written an account of my days walk when I returned I could have filled a quire of paper with out difficulty. but as nearly two weeks have elapsed since then I can only remember the most important of the sights I saw, which as it is all new to you I dare say will be somewhat interesting. The first thing to do after getting the pass was to brush my clothes, black my boots & make myself as neat as possible, then present myself at the colonels & get my pass countersigned (without which I should be liable to be arested by the patrol in the city) when I had his name on it I was all right. A short walk and I was in the city. a brokers office was the first place I looked for which was easily found, where I changed my bill paying only 3% discount, then the next thing was to inquire where the pattent office was, which I soon ascertained and on my way there I came across the market & thinking that was a good place to spend an hour or so I went in at one end & went through the whole establishment. I couldent help thinking how I would like to buy our winter provisions there, as there was everything for sale that a person could wish to buy. there were immense piles of sweet potatoes for two dollars & twenty five cents a barrel and any quantity of butter for 25 and 30 cents a pound, as these were the only articles I priced I cant say much about how things are sold there but from the prices charged by pedlars I have no doubt but that everything is pretty dear. After leaving the market I proceeded to the pattent office which I found to be an immense stone building of a

light gray colour built in the form of a square with a hollow center, like the drawing, with the portico supported by large stone collumes or pillars, and a flight of wide stone steps leading up to the portico which give's the house an imposing apearance. Inside the house are collected the models of all the pattents ever issued by the united States, besides relics curiosities & wonderful things which have been given the institution by different people among which is the Original declaration of Independence with the names of the signers with that of John Hancock at the head, though some of the names are entirely wore out but most of them are there yet which with the commission of Gen Washington dated 1776 (I think that is the date) are enclosed in a glass frame and hung on the wall near a show case, in which are the clothes worn by Gen Washington when he resigned his commission along with his sword tea plate camp equipage &c, in the same case is the war saddle of Baron De Kalb, a cane that belonged to Dr. Franklin & willed by him to Martin Vanburen. A lot of swords sabres & scimetars presented to the different presidents & comadores of the united states by the Kings princes Emperors & other Big bugs of the eastern world, and a coat worn by Gen Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, & other things to numerous to mention. in another case there was about a cart load of things presented by the emperor of Japan to Franklin Pierce when he was president among them I noticed a sadle mounted with gold or guilt I dont know which, and a sabre of butiful workmanship. with a lot of porcelain ware & rolls of silk & fancy work &c &c in the room there was articles from every part of the world, canoes paddles spears stone Hatchets mats &c from New Zeland, fifteen silk robes presented to the American minister to China Specimans of workmanship from japan and the islands of the Indian Ocean, the dress worn by Dr Kane up in the Artic regions, and the skins of most all kinds of animals stuffed, and so many things in fact that I forgot more than half of them before I got outside the door This room I think was used for curiosities relics &c, two other rooms had the models in them, there were small locomotives, engines, of all kinds, implements for farmers, models for Bridges and in fact a model for everything made or patented in the states & which it would take a person a month of sundays to examine or describe. the fourth room is not yet finished and is used as a hospital for an Indianna regiment.

"After spending a couple of hours or so in sight seeing I left the house & went to see the white house. I went through the lower part of the house but did not see the president as he was in the office with the secretary of war & some other gentleman I thought I would not disturb him by calling on him as I was rather bashful but contented myself with examining the furniture of the house, the reception room was striped of furniture & it was all in the Green room adjoining where the mirrors were ranged up along the wall & so large that they would not go in the highest room in our house with frames carved & Guilded in fine style. the floor of the Green room was carpeted with brussels. I suppose the floor of the reception room is covered with the same when furnished I did not stay long at the white House as I wanted to visit the Smithsonian Institute which I did immediatly on leaving there. After crossing the bridge over the canal I entered the lawn of the institute and followed the road up to the door the first thing I noticed was one of those things for geting or telling the force of the wind on the top of the building the same as the one on the school house, the next on going into the building was the model of Washington's Monument which was placed on a large stand in the middle of the room with a glass money box at each corner, with a card on which I read the model of Washington's monument to be built by the voluntary contributions of the people of the united States. And as I thought there were enough visitors who had nothing else to do with their money I thought a poor soldier could be excused from contributing at least until after payday. The Institute is not so large as the pattent office but there is more that is curious & interesting there I think. But as my three sheets of paper is most full I will not give a description of its curiosities & wonders &c But wait until I can tell you myself if I don't forget all about it by that time. After leaving there I went to an eating house and I believe I ate dinner enough for five men and as the woman that kept it told me to go into the dinner without fear as she knew what a soldiers life was, the way I went into sweet potatoes, apple dumplings &c was a caution to sinners.

Give my love to all the family & friends.

Ed."

From Edward

Washington Camp Rucker

Sunday October 27, '61

"Dear Pem

I received your letter last friday, but I have had so much to do since then that I have had no opportunity to answer it until this morning. and the weather is so cool now I am not certain that I can hold a pencil long enough to finish it, but will do the best I can. For a fortnight now we have had weather which would better become Lake Superior than here. And in the mornings & evenings makes us feel the need of overcoats, which we have not received yet, but use blankets in the place of them, we expect our horses to arrive every day from Detroit, or at least a part of them as they were to leave there last Tuesday, our saddles & horse equipments are here, but our arms have not come yet, I expect I will have to write shorter letters when I have a horse to take care of. The sun has just come out from behind the clouds and I shouldnt wonder if we had a nice day yet, Jim Cameron was here just now & invited me to go to church with him and a dozen or so of the boys, but I went twice last Sunday, and as I am obliged to go in the afternoon I declined to go with him this morning. I went last sunday to the episcopal church along with a squad of twenty commanded by Sargeant Jackson, the bishop of Ohio officiated and preached a very good sermon on the form of prayer and the manner of offering it, recommending us all to persevere and the soldiers particularly until we got what we asked for by touching his heart, or he granted it to get rid of our importunities. It was about as interesting a sermon as I ever heard. I expect he is the bishop that mrs French & mifs Montgomery used to talk about, Al just told me his name is Macilvane. All the churches I have been to yet the preachers direct a part of their sermons and prayers to the soldiers which makes us feel as if they cared something for us yet. My bedfellow is writing home to his brother close to my elbow, he is sending for a firkin of butter of about thirty or forty pounds to be paid for by all five of us after payday, when we get it if we get it at all we will buy a jug of molases and live like kings. When I was on guard the other night it was so cold and rainy that we had to have a fire to keep warm and as it took wood to keep the fire going we had to make short exploring expeditions around among the houses & fences and wherever we came to a board on a house or fence that was anyways loose we froze to it immediately, during one of these trips I came across a shed with a door to it which I thought was just about the size we wanted for a table (the door I mean not the shed) and as it swung pretty loose the consequence was or is that we have just about as good a table in our tent as there is in the camp, on which I am now writing. Things begin to look quite comfortable in our tent since we have received our new blankets, which makes two apiece for the men all around besides them we brought with us. We had an extra breakfast this morning, not an extra one in number but in quality which consisted of beef steak & potatoes from the cook and bread with Pork grease & molases mixed which we furnished ourselves, along with coffee, made the best breakfast we have had this long time, though I have no fault to find with the living which is better than a good many of the men have been used to at home only served up in a little different style, It makes it a little worse for me not being able to eat salt pork which comes about as often in the rations as any other thing.

"Yesterday afternoon I attended the funeral of George Decker, the first one we have had," though not the first man that has died, as we lost one man in Lake Erie and another at the hospital down in the city. I suppose you never saw a military funeral so I will try and give you some idea of what it is like. The procession was formed in front of the colonels tent, and before starting was addressed by the minister who officiated with a short sermon and prayer, which though short was expressive and to the point, he exhorted us to take warning by the sudden death of our comrad who he was informed was as well able to attend to his duties since he had been in the camp up to the day of his death, as were any of us. he reminded us of the danger of our vocation how liable at any moment we were to be taken away, and brought our attention to the roar of the cannon which we heard in the distance and told us that at every discharge probably another soul appeared before its maker. he then exhorted us to prepare while yet we had a chance for the world to come, he said he bowed his head in reverence to us brave soldiers who had given our

lives to our country and said he, future generations will bless you, as I bless you now and he then prayed that God might take care of us all in the struggle to come, and a great deal besides which I did not remember, when he had concluded the procession moved off in the following order. first the minister rode at the head, with the comander of our company (which was the mourning company) by the side of him, then came corporal Barney with a squad of eight men armed with carbines, then the band, after them, the hearse with the bearers on each side, then the horse with the dead mans clothes rolled up in his blanket and strapped on to the saddle and his boots tied in to the stirrup, after the horse came the colonel with the major on one side and the adjutant on the other, then came our company who marched by fours, after us came such of the rest of the regiment as wished to go, there were about a hundred or thereabouts besides our company making altogether over two hundred. the officers on horseback brought up the rear. altogether it was quite a respectable procession. We had about a mile & a half to go to the cemetary. The band played funeral marches on the way, while we kept step by the tap of the drum, when we arrived at the cemetary we took our places by the grave, corporal Barney with his squad on one side of the grave and when the minister had concluded the Services the squad fired three volleys over the grave which concluded the services. We then marched back to camp which we reached just at dusk and had supper by candlelight. Writing so much about funerals &c has made me feel kind of solemcholy and I cant think of enough to fill another sheet so you will have to content yourself with the two sheets full this time. I see you put my last letter in the journal, when I want you to put any more in I will write you, and if I see this in print you can make up your mind to quit corresponding with me. I can hear the cannon again today and as it is sunday they cant be practising. The men are getting very impatient for their arms & horses I hope we have them by the time I write again So that I can have something to write about.

Ed

.....

Camp Broadhead Frederick, Mld
Jan. 1st 1862

"Dear Mother

I did not intend answering your letter until sunday, but after closing the girls letter I found I had an hour or so yet at my disposal & as I eat to much supper to care anything about hickory nuts, I thought this would be a good opportunity of answering your kind letter which I received this evening, & the reading of which I considered the greatest of the days pleasures. You expressed a hope that I would return as good a boy as I left, I hope I may but I am very much afraid that I will lose all my politeness & manners & will be bashful before ladies as a basket of chips. Eating meals with my plate between my feet on the ground with the rest of the company ditto I dont believe will improve my table ettiquette a great deal. And, as for morals, it is not quite so bad as saying, its hard to spoil a bad egg but after a fellow has been in a store a few years, contact with common mortals wont hurt him much, so I think I am pretty safe on that score. The hospitals are not visited by the ladies so much as at washington on account of our being so far from the city & the country ladies are more interested in making pumpkin pies & cake to sell to the well soldiers than troubling themselves with the sick ones. There are however some exceptions, occasionally some kind hearted lady calls in her carriage with a basket of good things for the sick and such arrivals are looked upon as bright spots in the stay of the poor fellows confined there. I met a poor fellow this afternoon coming into camp just from the hospital at washington where he had had the small pox his face was completely scared up. I felt sorry for him, he was not more than seventeen or eighteen years old if he was that. The health of the camp is not very bad the hospitals are crowded but that is because they have not very roomy acomodations and the invalids have not private houses to go to as in washington the dangerous diseases which infested camp rucker seems to have left us, there was one spell when we didn't know whose turn it was next to follow to the grave, but our timely removal to camp palmer put a stop to that. The bands are now playing which they always do just before the bugle blows for roll call so I will have to bid you good night & finish some other time.

"Saturday - We were to have a review today, but after getting our saddles & things ready we heard that the general had been ordered to Washington, and as the snow fell last night to the depth of two inches or more, we are not very much disappointed at having the review postponed. As the snow prevents our drilling we have another day to ourselves but the weather is too cool to enjoy it outside so we keep pretty close in our tents. The stoves come in handy now I tell you. The boys have been building winter quarters for the last week whenever they got a little time. Pulver's boys were the first to begin, they cut logs just the length of the tent & raised a wall about four feet high & set the tent on top of it, which keeps out all the wind & makes a very comfortable house of it compared with the tents. Judge Barney is going to leave this morning for Detroit with a party for the purpose of recruiting for the regiment to be gone six months. There is some talk of making regulars out of our regiment if they do I suppose we are in for the full three years, which would suit the majority of the men over and above as they enlisted for the war & not because they had any love for the soldier's life, which is my fix exactly. However as things look now the war may last that long. Anyhow I believe I have written all the news such as it is & have just about filled the paper So Good Bye for the present

I remain your affectionate son
Ed"

The next letter has a fancy heading picturing tents, horses and trees and printed names -

CAMP PALMER
1st REGIMENT MICH CAVALRY

Col. T.F. Broadhead Lieut Col. T.J. Copeland 1st Major W.S. Atwood 2nd-----
(written in) 3rd C.H. Town
Camp Broadhead Feb. 18th 1862

"Dear Til

I send you a picture of Camp Palmer which though not the fac simile of the place is near enough to give you an idea of what a cavalry camp is like in summer. Add a long shed between every other row of tents and you have the picture of our winter camp with the exception of the tents which are raised on logs from three to five feet making them look something like the tent on the extreme right only rougher. The picture does not give the cooks fire which was at the end of each row, nor the rope stretched between the rows on which horses were tied nor does it show near the number of horses it ought, just imagine five horses for each tent and see what a difference there would be. The three men on foot with sabres are the sentinels who walk to and fro on their beat, since we have been here at Frederick the guards are mounted. The people in the foreground with baskets are pedlars of whom like the horses they have given but a small proportion of them. The men on the horses are officers and the scattered tents at the upper end are the officers tents. Company B's tents were then in the second row from the right. We are now in our right place on the outside row. My tent was then the fifth one from the lower end of our row. This picture is taken from the rear of the camp and does not show the Colonel's nor staff officer's tents which are always the front of the camp. So now when I try to describe a new camp on our marches you will have some idea of how we are placed.

"I received your letter of the 6th and the three papers yesterday for which I send thanks, the more so as they are all the mail I have had for a week and I had begun to fear there was something wrong with the mail arrangements, but as there is but twelve days difference between the dates they must be all right. We still have our old complaint of the mud and it is raining again today which would help to dry it a great deal I don't believe. There is a picture in one of Harpers weekly papers about, why the army of the potomac don't move, which hits our case exactly. We get the Baltimore papers here the same day they are printed and the news in them are glorious a person would think the regiment had took or taken leave of their senses the other night when we received the news of the capture of fort Donelson, the companies turned out, volley after volley was fired from our revolvers and cheer after cheer testified their joy at the news, such a ripping

and tearing sound as the volleys made I never heard before, but hope to hear again sometime when we have something more than blank cartridges in our revolvers, and the brave southern chivalry for a mark in place of the clouds. Al was out to camp the other day but couldn't stay over a minute or two. He told me that he wasn't very much obliged to me for writing home that he had the blues and stretched matters about letters &c but as I didn't ask any thanks my information was gratis and so I told him. he says that there is a party of men on the river gathering all the boats together, and he thinks that there will be a move in this division before long. Your skating experience makes me feel as if I would like to be there, and help the girls around, for a change from this monotonous camp life. Have you got so that you can skate alone yet? I suppose that Pem is perfectly at home on skates by this time. its a great pity that Willie cant have skates, but I guess that slideing on the kitchen floor is much safer for him. I havent heard or had a word from Wilbur since we left Washington over two months ago, I don't believe he answers his correspondents very promptly. There has been no change in the company Since I wrote last, the companies are still takeing their turns at picket guarding every twenty four hours our turn has not come yet and I hope it wont until we have different weather, as it aint any fun to stand by a horse in the woods all night without a fire, just to learn how to do picket duty on the march. Excuse the dirt on this page as it came off the newspaper on the table. I am almost ashamed to send a letter with so little news but you know how a person feels on a rainy day and you must excuse me if it is not very interesting

My love to you all

Ed

The next letter is incomplete - written on pieces of ledger paper and undated - Probably March 1862 near Charlestown Va., now West Va.

"...and coffee the last only whenever we stayed in one place long enough to make it, but yesterday and today we have lived on the fat of the land, the boys make no bones of shooting a pig right in the street or exercising their sabres in cutting off the heads of chickens where ever they are to be found. The infantry are the greatest hands at it though, the 2nd massachusetts reg. came to town yesterday with five hundred chickens which they had caught between here and Harpers ferry. My breakfast this morning consisted of bread (which Shad baked in a bakery which we have taken possession of and was made out of the flour we captured which Shad says is the best flour we have had in the regiment) Fresh Pork, Coffee and Honey O! how sweet, all the better for being drawn out of the hive but I dont believe the boys smoked all the bees out for one stung my tongue as I was eating my last piece but I didn't know it until the poor fellow was swallowed, the only fate I wish him is that he may not suffer any more than I did for an hour or more. I dont know as you know that this is the town where John Brown was hung or not but such is the fact and I send you a piece of the tree Under which was the gallows and where he made his last speach, the tree has been cut down and has been carried away in pieces until there is only a small bit of it left. When the 2nd Mass reg came in day before yesterday the band were playng the tune of Old John Brown and the men were singing it. I never heard of the song before but the Massachusetts boys say that it is very popular in the east, All the troops from the east are strong abolitionists and hate the secesh like pizen. Andrew began to write a letter home things were so unsettled and unhandy that he gave it up and told me to write that he was well and would write some other time. this is not very good letter paper but it was the best I could get. I tore it out of the books of the establishment which I found on the floor, I have plenty in my satchel but I left that behind in the old camp at Frederick to be forwarded with the baggage which has not got along yet. Our regiment is all the rage among the rest of the army and Co. B. stands good with the regiment. Dont be surprised if you dont receive another letter from me for some time as I dont very often get a chance to write. dont let the papers get hold of this for I expect we will have inspection today and my arms wont pass muster until I rub them up some. We have just got our first mail since we started by it I received yours & Pems letter of the 16th Feb about the party &c and one from Harrison which I wish you would tell him not to expect an answer for some

time. I havent read it yet so dont know what it contains the men are falling in for an expedition
 So Good Bye my love to all
 tell Nell I lost the Jews harp”

The last two letters are addressed to the family in Ireland, very carefully written in ink. The year would have been 1863 and the camp in Michigan.

Camp Lewis Coldwater, Feb 13th

“Dear Aunt Cassy

I suppose you will be surprised when you receive this and see the heading for I dont believe you knew before that you had a nephew in the United States army, but such is the fact nevertheless and what is more he has risen from a private to be a 1st Lieutenant in a cavalry regiment and has been in the service nearly two years during which time he has been in forty two different fights, large and small and six pitched battles at the last one, (Bulls Run) I was wounded and taken prisoner by the rebels, they were short of provisions though and kept me only five days when I was paroled and released, while I was on parole I made a visit home (about sixteen hundred miles from where the fighting was) to see the folks. I had been gone about fifteen months and as you can readily imagine they were very glad to see me, and I know that after living over a year in camp sleeping on the ground half of the time without as much as a tent for shelter and living on hard biscuit and Pork for diet I was mighty glad myself to get home to our well filled table and soft beds though it was a good while before I could get used to sleeping on a bed in a house, but I managed to spend thirty days at home very pleasantly at the end of that time I was exchanged and ordered to rejoin my regiment but about that time there was three or four new cavalry regiments started in our state (Michigan) and it was necessary to get drilled and experienced men for officers and as the Colonel of one of the new regiments was formerly a captain in the same regiment I belonged to I was offered a 2nd Lieutenancy and by paying strict attention to my duties I have since been promoted to 1st Lieut which is not very bad for a young man not yet twenty three years old and without the aid of either money or friends dont you think so?

“I am now in the State of Michigan with my new regiment some five hundred miles from home the lakes are frozen up so that there is no travel that way by boats until the ice thaws out in the spring then if we are not ready to go south to the seat of war by that time I will make them another short visit. but if we go before navigation opens I will not be very apt to see them until the close of the war if indeed I should ever see them again as you know a soldiers life is liable to be cut short at any time more especially when they fight like we do in this country. I’ve got a little brother Willie at home some three or four years old just about the size George was when we were with you he thinks a great deal of me and Matilda tells me in her last letter that he wants spring to come and bring his Eddy back to him. George has got to be a large strong boy almost a man grown he wanted to go with me in the army but I wouldn’t let him as he is subject to bad colds and hardship and exposure would soon kill him. Emily when I first left home was a giddy school girl a regular fly away but while I was gone she sobered down into quite a respectable young lady and flourished with all the dignity of a schoolma’am for a couple of months at a salary of twenty five dollars a month which gave her quite a little sum for pocket money and you must know it is no disgrace to earn money in this country. She is quite a good looking girl of eighteen and will make somebody a good independent kind of a wife. I suppose you begin to think Matilda is cut out for an old maid she is past twenty four and I am sure I cant say as she is spoken for yet, it looks as if it was rather a slim chance as the young men are mostly gone to war, but there is no telling what these girls have in their heads and I shouldnt be at all surprised if some good looking fellow would return from the war and claim her yet, however she is a dear good sister and always has been and deserves better luck. Father is stout and healthy yet grey hairs begin to show a little but not very much he is salesman in a large store and gets a good salary which enables the family to live in pretty good style and mix with the best society of the place, in Ireland a clerk would not be respected much but here where everybody is bent on making money the man that earns his living is respected as much as the man that inherits his..

I was clerk in the same store when the war broke out getting a salary of 500 dollars a year but I felt it to be the duty of every American to uphold the government and if need be fight for it before we let traitors overthrow it and for that reason I along with nearly half of our townspeople enlisted as a private in the 1st Michigan reg of cavalry and went to the war where I have been ever since until I was taken prisoner and went home, but I hope I will soon get there again. Harriet must be quite a young lady now give her my love and tell her to write me I should like very much to hear from her. Little Calkeen must be quite a girl now too. Emily and Kate Gough or Goff must be pretty well advanced in years are they married yet if not give Emily a kiss for me. Tell Stephen if he is still in the country to write and give an account of his experience since we parted at the parsonage in duncormick. Give Uncle Joe and Aunt Florence my love also Aunt Illie. If Peggy is still alive remember me to her. I should like above all things to go over and see you all again that year we spent in Ireland will always be remembered by me as the happiest one of my life your family circle I hear has changed since then our kind and good old grandmother has passed away mourned as sincerely by her descendants abroad as by those at home I had hoped to have met you all again but as circumstances now are it is doubtful if we ever see each other again but that love and regard which I felt for our family circle at Lacken is still as strong if not stronger than when I left you a headstrong boy of thirteen some ten years ago

Write soon and tell me all about everybody I used to know and I will probably get your answer down in virginia somewhere. My love to you all

your affectionate Nephew

Edward M. Watson

Part of a letter evidently written to the same Aunt Caroline or Cassy.

...“and now it has cleared up I feel so bouyant and light hearted that it is next thing to impossible to bring my mind down to a serious point so if I should let my pen run on and note trifles or follies you must lay it all to the weather. You inquired very considerately as to whether any young lady had captivated the heart of the young Lieutenant I hardly know how to reply as I have imagined myself in love a dozen times at least but by falling in love with somebody else I found I was not, so I guess I can say with safety that the young Lieut's heart is whole yet, though I think it is doubtful if I can say as much a month hence, for I have been paying attentions to some of the ladies in the vicinity lately and if you dont know yet, you ought to know, that Kentucky ladies are celebrated the world over, for their beauty and hospitality, and my experience so far has given me no reason to doubt their possessing both of these qualities to perfection. There is a serious objection though to these same good looking young ladies, and that is their laziness. living in a slave country as they do they are never taught to do any work and even have little niggers to brush the flies off, and fan them during the warm weather, And that you know would never do for a yankee's wife who is expected to be a help mate to her husband, unless a fellow should happen to marry a plantation and a drove of niggers (which by the way wouldn't be bad to take) in which case he could afford to have a lazy wife, But to conclude the subject I may fall in love with some of them, but like as not that is all the good it would do me for most of the girls have beaux in the Southern army, and though they do smile on us, give us good dinners and beautiful boquets and the like they are not going to fall in love with any yankee (as they call the Northern soldiers) with thoughts and feelings so entirely different from their own. On the subject of slavery I suppose you are not very well versed, I hav'nt the time nor the room to explain if fully, but just imagine all the working people that are working on the farm, to belong to Uncle Joe with their wives and children, the same as he owns his cattle, hogs &c and he at perfect liberty to sell any child, husband or wife, they having to work at whatever they are set at without even the promise of any remuneration whatever beyond the food they eat and the clothes they wear, which by the way are none of the best and you can have some idea of the institution, Which the North who are an industrious people abhor so much, and which the ruling powers are trying to do away with and abolish as a curse to the Nation by arming, and setting them to fight their rebellious owners, with what success you can see by the papers as I suppose our affairs are published as extensively in your

papers as yours were, in the Crimean and Indian wars, in ours. Give my love to Aunt Florence, Uncle Joe, Aunt Illy...."

Edward mentioned his little brother Willie in one of his letters. He was born in 1859 and made a great pet of by his older brothers and sisters. In the spring of 1863 he was taken ill and part of his care fell on his sister Til. The new doctor from the mine "up the road" was called in and he found her bending over Willie's pillow "looking like an Angel" as he put it. She was a beautiful blue-eyed blonde and the doctor fell in love with her. He was not able to save the little boy who died April 23, 1863 but unprofessional calls followed when he was "down from the mountain." A few months later Matilda wrote her sister Pem "The doctor stayed here nearly two hours talking. He is right pleasant. He says they are going to build a new school house at Ne-gaunee and will require two teachers hereafter." This was Dr. Louis Cyr.

Pem, who had been teaching school, preserved her teaching certificate which was a hand written document by Ariel Barney, Township Clerk. It was signed by Dan H. Ball and M.H. Maynard, School Inspectors for Marquette Township, Marquette County, Michigan. It certifies that "Emily H. Watson has passed a satisfactory examination before us in the following branches namely - Orthography Reading Writing Grammar Geography Arithmetic and is able to give instruction in the same." She was found moreover to be of "Good Moral Character and of Competent Ability to teach a school." In the fall of 1863 she went to a school for young ladies at Painesville, Ohio, for more education. She said she was a very homely girl and quite sensitive about her looks with her carrotty red hair and freckles, but those who remember her will think of her bright blue eyes and dynamic spirit. While she was away her sister kept her informed of all the town and family news.

October 1863

"Dear Pem:

Mother and I have just got home from church. It being cold and sloppy there weren't many there.... Dr. Cyr came last Friday after dinner and took out that troublesome tooth of mine, so for two nights I have slept well without my eyes resting on that old camphor bottle the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning.... Here is some money for you and if we can possibly do it you shall have a jelly cake on the Northern Light.... all send love to you, dear old Pem,

Til.

November 1863

"Your pictures are better than I thought you would make though they look to me as if you had just had a good cry, but nevertheless we were glad to get them. There is one in my album and Mother has one. Who would you like to have the other two and have you sent one to Ed and Al, because you ought, you know. I wish I could have mine taken while my hair is short. I am letting it grow and am going to wear nets. Mother and I are going to the cemetery now so I'll leave this til tomorrow.... The City of Cleveland has just got in so I must run to the post office soon. We expect the Light today from above. I am sending you a box of cake and hope it will reach you safely and taste good."

In December she writes "We are the only family I guess, that will have no "Merry Christmas" at home.... We have just had the hardest storm that I have ever seen. All of the timber from Harlow's mill was carried away by the wind and waves. And the snow fell so deep that for the first time they were obliged to come down our way with the snow plow and fairly dig us out. I hadn't been outside the door for four days and was glad to get a road to walk in again. With a Merry Christmas and much love....

Til."

Jan. 21st, 1864

"Dear Pem:

Yours dated the 7th of this month came this morning and one to Father from Ed. Monday we heard through a letter from Jerome White to his sister that Ed had been wounded by a ball passing through his neck. I went up to see the letter and it only told that and never said a word about whether it was a slight wound or how he was, so we have been these three days almost beside ourselves with anxiety and suspense. In his letter this morning he says that his neck is quite sore yet but that it will be alright in two weeks - doesn't say anything about how he got the wound, but is going to resign after a month or so if all goes well with him.

We heard today that the 1st Cavalry are in Detroit. Suppose they will be coming home as they have forty days furlough, so the paper says.

There is a grand party at Miss Hurley's tonight. George and I were invited. The invitations were beautifully written and I have no doubt but that everything will be done up in fine style, but I am not going. I haven't called on her since she came home. Nearly all the rest of the town has. Mrs. Everett says that we must have a good time if any of the 1st come here, so I mean to save my fun till then. I shall be very glad to see the poor fellows. How I wish Ed was coming so soon.

I enclose two pictures. Mother's is very good I think. I can't judge of my own though Mother likes them. Father does not because he likes to see the dress and says they look too fat for me. Mr. Stafford says they are no more like me than they are like him. Maybe if I sported a mustache as he does they wouldn't be. If you remember how I looked when you left us, tell me if it seems natural.

Mrs. Smith of the Saut told Mother to tell you to write to her when you wished to go to Cleveland and Mr. Smith would meet you at the Depot with his carriage and she would take you to any concert etc., that you would like to go to, besides she will be likely to come up on that first boat too, and it would be pleasanter for you to have some one you know for company. Her invitation was for Christmas but Mother forgot to tell you until now. She happened to think of it yesterday.

This is Ed's address, though I don't think there is much use in writing just now. I write every week but he doesn't seem to get many.

9th Mich. Cav. 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 23rd Army Corps, via Knoxville, East Tenn. I forgot to tell you that he says that he "has been mistaken for a parson a great many times since his wound, as he wears a white handkerchief tied round his neck, and he wishes his coat collar would heal up as easily as his neck but will have to get a tailor at that as coats are so dear that they are entirely beyond their reach, boots 17 dollars, hats 7 everything else according."

Mother wants to know if you got your dress made up in Cleveland or where? I would like to know how it is made. Is there anything new in styles? Where did your hat come from? Mother says "do you do your own washing or don't you have any done?"

George caught a splendid string of trout through the ice in front of the Gay house yesterday. Some of the fish were over a foot in length. They are right good too. Wouldn't you like some venison too? We don't get any turkey like you do but I like venison quite as well.

I got "Pleasures of Home" this noon. Will you send me "Anything as a Waltz" by C. W. Patti-son, and "Crystal Waltz" if you can get them.

I am making some baby clothes. Our cook, Mrs. Jones, expects to be sick in April and she thought "if she could get her Miss Matilda to make the nicest dress it would be done just right." I feel quite proud and we are going to give her some little sacques and such things. Her husband went off on the last boat - Enlisted into a colored regiment. We are all well. Write soon. It takes your letters a long time to come. With love from all, Til

Jan. 31st 1864

Dear Pem: Last Monday I got three letters from you including those from Ed that you sent. One from Katy Gay and Cis Montgomery who is teaching in Decatur. That's somewhere down your way in Ohio. Sophia Hollister has been sewing for me for a week. I have had so much house-work to do all winter that the only dress that I could get time to fix was my black merino, that I

Sunday March 20th 1864

"Dear Pem:

We received a letter from you last Thursday night dated March 7th. Were glad that you went into the Fair. One doesn't get a chance to see such a sight often and the money was well spent that it cost you. I would have given a good deal to go. Mother got a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Farrar at the same time with yours.

Today is the first day of spring and a terribly cold day it is too. It is ten o'clock and the church bell is ringing. Mother isn't up yet. She gets a lazy fit once in a while and takes her breakfast in bed just as you do. I went to bed last night with the intention of going to church this morning, but forgot we were to have roast beef for dinner today. We had one last Sunday and Ellen spoiled it and I have heard so much about it all the week that I concluded to stay home and watch it myself this time. I reckon that that is more my mission than going to church is anyhow. I don't think that I've got much religion this winter and I wouldn't like to either if it used me up and sent me to bed as it does you. I haven't time to spare that way. I work pretty much all the time but somehow my work doesn't show so I feel as though it was labor lost. Our girl was sick in bed nearly all week. She had Dr. Bigelow to see her....

I suppose that you have heard from Ed before this. Neither the Everetts or us have had any letters for over two weeks from the boys. You said you hadn't heard from our friend Al in a long time. His folks haven't had a letter from him in two months or more, Neither have I. They think that he is so busy out scouting etc. that he doesn't get time to write. I sent him one of my photographs in my last letter.

.... The Gillets are in Detroit waiting for the first boat to come back to Marquette. They made a short stay in California didn't they? Miss Lace is getting twenty four dollars a week as a nurse out there. If I had five or six hundred dollars to take me to California I'd go nurse too. One could make a fortune in a little while with such good wages.

We have got a new row boat. Father says large enough to hold six people and small enough for one person to row. She is to be all new painted as she has laid on the dock ever since she came down from L'Anse last fall. It will be very pleasant to have such a boat and we have needed one every summer.

"About the school business I wrote you what I thought some time ago. Father says he is willing for you to stay until the year is over - until July. Neither Mother or he are willing for you to go to Cleveland to the Commercial College at all. Mother says if you can fill up the last three months of this year to advantage to stay and do it, but if you think it best not to stay until July why of course you needn't do it. If you are coming home in April there is no need of your getting the calico dresses or handkerchiefs etc. but get instead a neat plain travelling dress, something that will do for afternoon too, if you need it. Your merino would be too heavy to use then and your alpaca too light colored if it isn't soiled. You ought to have some such dress even if you do stay, because down there they put on lighter clothes so much earlier than we do here.

Monday morning. Eleven o'clock. I have about half an hour to spare till getting dinner time so must help on this scratch a little though I have nothing worth writing I do believe. Mother is sewing for me this morning. She has got all her own sewing done even the kitchen towels are all hemmed for next summer. The most of mine is done too. I wish you would cut the patterns of the prettiest of your linen collars and send me. I can't get anything in the way of collars here that I like. We have Margaret and the girl both washing today. Old Kit is fast asleep in his basket behind the stove here in the sitting room where I am writing. Billy has had his breakfast and is watching me just now. It is very cold today.... George has gone for the milk and to see if the mail has come. I wish He'd hurry back. I think that we trouble Mr. Ross and the P.O. more than ever this winter. He has a widower there to attend to things for him, who is exceedingly polite to me. I told the girls it was all the effect of my smiles. He rushes to the box when he sees me coming, and one day brought the mail to me in the bakery while Father was waiting outside the little window. Mr. Ross had given Father something out of the box and Mr. Buck rushed in and brought me the rest of the mail before Mr. R. could get back after it. Father and I met at

the door of the post office and were both surprised. We had quite a laugh over it. (George has come but no mail yet. I must go and see to dinner.)

Sunday April 10th

Dear Pem:

My conscience has smitten me strongly for two days because I wrote you such a cross letter by the other mail. I have been sorry ever since. Father has just offered me a ten dollar bill to send you but I told him we had better wait until we know what you intend to do before sending it. If you want any money for small matters, Father says to ask Mr. Farrar for it and he will return it to him. You don't need any to pay boat fare as that will be paid here whenever you please to come....

There are heaps of people on the breakwater today. That is now entirely free from snow and the driest place that people can go to walk. I haven't been out there. Haven't any beau, so of course I can't walk there. The snow is going very fast though the bay is still full of ice, smooth and unbroken, but not sound or strong enough to venture out on. Mrs. Wetmore told me that the Captain of the old Dubuque passed through Marquette on his way up to Portage Lake last Thursday after his boat which had been laid up there last fall and said he would have her (the boat) down here in five days. Of course I don't believe that he will though he might possibly do it in ten.

We have had a wall flower in bloom and yesterday I brought in a hyacinth all budded to blossom. We have snowdrops and crocuses up that will blossom with one day of sunshine. Today there is no sun and it looks dull and gray out of doors though it is not very cold. If the weather is pleasant this week I believe we are to begin cleaning the bedrooms.

An Irishman, by name Johnny O'Dott, has bought Harrison's lot and I believe is going to build him a house there. Mr. Wetmore has bought the lot next to us, also Mr. Roberts house up above us and is making a dwelling house of the carpenters shop for Mr. Phelps to live in as the Bacons want their house to keep boarders in. Charley Johnson is building a house for himself next to the one that Ambrose Campbell lives in. The house opposite Dr. Hewitts that the Fergusons lived in last fall has been taken by Uncle Fred Johnson to be opened as a place to sell State Prison ware. Houses are hard to be got now and are very dear too. Land and rents are higher than ever before. Father was offered 400 for Ed's house and lot but that was just what he gave for it. I have written him about it. Our colds are somewhat better now. I suppose you are better by this time. The sun has just shone beautifully and it is after six o'clock now, giving promise of a pleasant day tomorrow.

Have you lost your fat being sick? Let us know how you are off for money.

All send love, Til

Marquette April 10th 1864

Sunday Evening

"Dear Ed

We hav'nt had a letter from you for more than a week, I shall feel ever so bad (I almost wrote mad) if I don't get one tomorrow. I hardly know what I shall find to fill a letter with today, news are very scarce nowadays. The snow is going very fast indeed, but the "bay" is still ice-bound, though the ice isn't strong enough to bear a man's weight on it. The Captain of the propeller Dubuque (which has been lying at the Portage all Winter) passed through Marquette on his way after his boat and said he would have her down here in five days but then, I don't believe he can get through the ice in less than a week, We are making some changes in the house this spring, inside, I can't tell you yet exactly what is to be done but know we shall have more kitchen & Dining room anyhow, which last is very much needed here in summer. Wilbur Campbell is fixing up his house (the one Gillett lived in) ready to take his WIFE to it in the Spring. Think of Wilbur's being a Married Man. He has invited me to take tea with them just as soon as they get settled, to eat peaches and cream, I hope you'll come home in time to go with me. Johnny O'Dott (do you know him?) has bought Harrison Jackson's lot next to Wilbur's place & is going to build on it I believe.

Charly Johnson has commenced a house for himself on the same lot that Ambrose Campbell lives on. Mr. Frederic Johnson, I hear, has taken that old house of the "Cleveland Company's" opposite Dr. Hewitts, to be opened as a sort of store or wareroom for "State Prison Wares." Mr. Wetmore has bought the lot next to us & also the upper end of our lot belonging to Roberts, & is turning the old Carpenter shop into a dwelling house. Mr. Phelps is going into it as soon as it is done. Land and rents never were so high here before & houses to rent are scarce enough. I wish you could have built on a front to your house a year or so ago, it would have brought you in such a good rent now, but it costs a fortune to build any kind of a house nowadays. Butter is 65 lb. & everything else in proportion. It is a scarce article here now, so is fresh beef, 20 per lb. We get along nicely having plenty of fresh eggs.

I should have sent you some papers or books, but was afraid that you might have moved before this time. We are all just getting over our hard colds & have given up having the coughing concerts that we have held for a week or so past. I must leave this for tonight hoping that the mail may bring me something in the way of news to write tomorrow.

People have commenced the usual summer promenading on the breakwater, looks pleasant too. Tuesday, Mr. Mike Gaffney has rented his house to Kaufman, What a delightful neighborhood this will be this summer. Father says he means to sell out & I'm afraid he will, not because of the neighbors but he has a notion that it is too damp to be healthy here under the hill. Now comes the "tug of war" Mother says she wont.

"Tuesday afternoon, the mail has just come, there's nothing from you but one from Pem.

With love, Til"

The "home under the hill" where Jonas and Emily lived for many years was on Lake Street below Ridge Street and somewhere between the points where the Episcopal Church and the High School now stand. Not long after these letters of Matilda's were written, on May 10th, 1864, Emily bore her last child - Caroline Clement Watson - named for the Irish Aunt Caroline and the Clement for Mrs. Farrar of Cleveland.

The next event in the family was the marriage of Matilda to Dr. Louis Cyr of Negaunee by the Reverend Josiah Phelps of Marquette. Dr. Cyr was French and the name was originally St. Cyr. He was born in Canada, was a graduate M.D. from Montreal (1856) and had arrived in Negaunee in 1858. He built up a small estate, on what is still known as Cyr Street, in the true French manner. A retaining wall and iron fence made his formal garden private and secluded and a sloping oval walk circled it. A gate took one on into the vegetable garden and beyond that was the meadow where the cows and a horse or two grazed. In the house there was an office which was filled with cases of strange creatures and specimens, a little museum, enchanting to the young folks.

The mercantile store which Jonas and his son Edward operated had been originally owned by Campbell Brothers. In 1864 they purchased the business which became known as Watson & Son. In 1868 a fire swept over Marquette and destroyed a great part of the town. The store, then on Baraga Ave., was burned down but a large part of the stock was saved by a quick transfer. The Watson home on Lake Street was spared and many were the burned out victims who sought shelter there and were cared for by Emily and Jonas. The store on Front Street was built soon after the fire.

Imogene Oakes was a child of seven when she came to Marquette in 1859 and shortly afterwards her father who was a widower went off to the Civil War leaving her with the Watson family. He was killed in action so she continued to make her home there. In 1870 she and Edward M. Watson were married in a double ceremony when Pem was married to Edward Busby Palmer; who had come to Marquette in 1864 after serving in the Navy during the war, first as a seaman and then as Paymasters Steward on the "W.H. Brown" above Vicksburg. As Edward Watson was always called Ed, Pem tried to call her husband Ned but it was still confusing so his middle name of Busby was used from then on. Pem said her father would not permit her men callers to stay very late and when he dropped his first shoe on the floor above that was a warning and when the second shoe fell they had to be out! Among her papers was a note about her father "If I neglect a corner 'Its just a lick and a promise, daughter' I hear his reproachful voice and it is the

strangest thing how these early voices will sound through the daily life of later years, drowning at times the later murmurs of Husband and children."

Pem wrote a note to her Mother the day after the wedding - from the Soo.

Thursday 25th Aug. 1870

"Dear Mother -

The Coburn is in the locks on her way up - And Busby and I think that you and Pap miss all your children enough to relish a line. We got out this morning early & it has been "rather rough." I came very near being sea sick this morning but by keeping still a little while recovered. We have just passed the Ontonagon - I didn't see her. How are you prospering in your cleaning up - You will miss Genie today lots more than you will me - I suppose you had a grand party at Everetts - we could see the lights from the boat and it looked very gay.

There isn't a soul on board that I know beside us - except Old Judge Barney -
Goodbye Pem."

Jonas went to Ireland in 1874 to see his sister Mrs. Martin who was ill.

Marquette June 9th/74

Dear Father -

As it is Sunday afternoon and Busby and I, and our two babies, are down home for dinner. Mother has just been writing to you - so I think that this will be a nice little opportunity for me to drop you a line - not that I have any news to tell you but that I should like you to know that I think of you, sometimes, while you are so far away. I thought of you this morning when Mr. Fleetwood prayed, "we beseech thee to preserve all who travel by land or by water"--and I wondered where you might be. Tell Aunt Florence and the rest that sometime I mean to write them again, I ought to have answered their kind letters long ago - I hope that you are enjoying your trip, and that it is doing you a great deal of good. So many people ask after you every day -

The children are having a great old play out in the grass. Carrie, Willie, Louis & Bess - Standing on their heads and trying to turn Sommersaults - We are all anxious to hear that you have arrived safely at the end of your voyage.

Yesterday Busby took us out for a sail - Willie went with us - he hung on to a rope all the way and said "Grandpa don't tip the boat like Uncle Busby." I shall have to close my scribble as it is time to take my little ones home - So goodbye with love - Your affectionate daughter

Emily

(on back of same) Monday

Dear Father

Business very quiet - last weeks receipts 880. Settled with bank today Ballance in our favor 6729.26 whole amount of unpaid bills 3535.46 will have to pay Thiels note at bank & Chas Reed & Bonuns also paid Van Cleves but have his order on R R Co for am't accepted. Mrs Thiel says she will pay their acct herself. Mr. Thiel has been more or less under the influence of liquor all summer I expect he will be out of a situation next. Weather very hot and uncomfortable hope things will liven up soon as it is almost impossible to make any collections as times now are

yours Ed

This letter is not dated but possibly written about this time when Caroline would have been ten years old.

Dear Papa

Old Mr. Morgan and young Mrs. Morgan are here now, and Mr. Morgan wants to see you very much he came last night on the Stpaul and Ed and Mama Jennie and will and I went down to the

boat to meet them. Ed and Mr. Morgan and I went to walk down to the light house the kittens have got there eyes open now. there was a fair Wednesday night but i could not go but thu d y morning i went up to the Hall and i was looking at a doll when Mr. White came up and said what a nother dool not sold and he said i take it and he bought it and gave it to me. it was dressed in white tarleton trimed with blue. it had erings and would shut its eyes. i dont play with it very much for i want to show it to you when you get home but as dinner is ready i must say good bye write soon your affectionate Carrie Watson

P.S. we had a great big water melon for dinner.

(added in fine small writing) you will please excuse Carrie's letter she couldnt take time to write very well she says.

Will

OO - OO - OOOO.

Carrie

OO' OO' OO' OO'

Mrs. Martin died in 1874 and Jonas sent for Emily and Carrie to join him. They went to Scotland to see his two younger sisters who were teaching in Taylor's Academy at Greenock. Illy taught music and Cassy drawing. While there Emily wrote to her granddaughters Florence and Philomene Cyr. The latter was called Toozer by the family.

Greenock, Scotland, Jan the 27th, 1875

54 Brougham St. Loune Place

care of Mrs. Dunlop

"Dear Florence and Tusie

I have been going to write you a letter ever since I arrived here but someway havent got at it so today I will begin one. Your Grandpapa is very much better and we hope we can soon come home. Although this is a most lovely part of the country it isn't very nice staying here in winter, its too rainy, cold and wet. The grass and a good many kinds of ever green trees keep green all winter so it makes the winter look cheerful and it dont seem so long. The steam boats run all winter here. This place is on the river Clyde which is seven miles wide at this place and thirty miles from the sea and from my room window I can see the steamers go up and down the river and I can see the hills or mountains on the other side which forms most lovely landscape views when the sun shines brightly on them. I can see Dumbarton Castel from the window too, the place where William Wallace once lived and Mary Queen of Scots went to visit Bothwell. If you ever read Sir Walter Scott's novels (and I think your Papa must buy them) you will find the names of all the places I have been to in this part of the Country. It is very famous in history.' Here in an old church, three hundred years old I went to church the first Sunday I was in the place and in the church yard is the grave of highland Mary your Mama must find Burn's Poems and tell you the story. Thousands of people have visited her grave, it is only about one hundred years sincè she died. I went to see a memorial building the town Library. Built to house the memory of Watt the first person who found out the use of steam. A large marble figure of a man full sized sits in the entrance hall they say its a good likeness of him he was born in Greenock. I went to see the house where he lived when he first made his experiments with the tea kettle when he was a very little boy. Such a funny rough looking house the roof made of clay tiles like what your flower pots are made of and just the color, the windows so small and the door so low and narrow and made in two pieces and the door stone step worn quite hollow with the many feet that have gone in and out for so many generations. A large monument in the city Cemetery is erected to him of stones sent from all parts of the world. I saw several from different states in America. I like to go and see the old places and the monuments of the people I have read about and every time I get out I find something new. I wish it was summer. I am sure I would go wild over beautiful Scotland. I feel like walking miles and miles into the country the first month I was here I went.... 28th, Grandpa had a bad night, not so well today, can't be up."

Emily was always a blunt, honest and outspoken person. While in Scotland she took the natives to task by speaking to them about their drinking - being a strong temperance woman herself. She objected to her in-laws serving wine at the table and became more or less of a legend in the English and Irish families as we were to learn many years later.

In April 1875 Jonas, Emily and little Carrie returned to Marquette, Jonas being still very ill. He died on June 16th and was buried in Marquette. Indians who knew they had lost a good friend mourned outside the house all day, and followed him to the grave. He was only sixty years old - and most of his grandchildren had not yet been born and the six then living were too young to know or remember him.

In 1876 the Watson home on Lake street burned down. Emily with her children George and Carrie found temporary quarters for a year while she made plans for her last home in Marquette at 219 East Ridge Street. The builder, Mr. Gregory, built the shed first and the family lived there while the house was completed. In later years it was the home of her daughter Caroline and is still in the family as her grand-daughter Phyllis Rankin now lives there.

George had been a problem to his mother for some years and she felt that for the safety of all the family it was best to put him away. He was sent first to the asylum in Traverse City, Michigan about 1888, and transferred to the Newberry State Hospital in the Upper Peninsula August 6, 1902. On inquiry about the nature of his case, the Medical Superintendent there wrote on August 18, 1950 - "The diagnosis on his chart was terminal dementia but diagnostic terminology has changed since those days and it is quite probable that he may have been a case of schizophrenia. We are now able to cure many cases of schizophrenia but unfortunately we can't cure them all. Probably 50 % are still incurable. The cause of death was given as arteriosclerosis. The story about his being hit on the head with a rock or being kicked by a horse probably had nothing to do with causing this mental illness." My sister Grace Pettee and I went to call on Uncle George when we were in Newberry in 1908 and found a simple, child-like, aging fellow who took great pride in showing us around, proudly showing us the halls and stairs that were his special care, taking us to his room to see his family pictures and souvenirs. We felt that he was well cared for and quite happy. He died a few years later in 1913.

Emily Wood Watson died in 1891 when 18 of her grandchildren and three great-grandchildren had been born. Some of us who were too young to go to the funeral watched as the hearse and carriages passed along Ridge Street, from a second story window in the Edward Watson house on Front Street. Her daughter Pem made this note on the fly leaf of an old book that had belonged to Albert Watson. "Jan. 10th, 1891 - A few days after Christmas 1890 - Mother sent over these volumes The Scottish Chiefs with some other old books which I prized as memorial links connected with my childhood - At noon Jan 7th 1891 she was dead. Emily H. Palmer"

In 1905 Aunt Illy, the last of Edward Watson's family died. We quote an obituary from the New Ross Standard, Friday May 12, 1905.

"We regret to announce the death on Wednesday morning at her residence on George Street, Wexford, of Miss Matilda Colclough Watson, in her 84th year. Miss Watson was the daughter of the late Mr. Edward Watson, formerly of Bawnmore, New Ross, and granddaughter of Colonel Jonas Watson who led the Royallist troops in Wexford in 1798 and lost his life at the hands of insurgents at Carrighill in June of that year. Colonel Jonas Watson after his retirement from active service in the army married Miss Florence Colclough, one of the Tintern Abbey family about 1790. He resided at Mount Anna, Crossabeg, until the outbreak of the insurrection when Lady Colclough placed her residence at Georgetown at his disposal. This residence is directly opposite where Miss Watson died this week.... The late Miss Watson, after the death of her parents, and her married sister, (the late Mrs. Josiah Martin, Colbrook Cottage) lived with her sister in Carlow for a number of years, but after the demise of her sister Caroline, resided in Wexford, where she was held in great esteem by all her friends, for she was a most amiable and kindly lady. Only a few weeks ago she executed a handsome piece of needlework for the All-Ireland Temperance Bazaar, in which she took a warm interest. Her intellect was quite clear up to the

last. She related with wonderful intelligence, anecdotes in connection with county history, and the old families. With the death of Miss Watson ends her race in County Wexford where the family had long been resident."

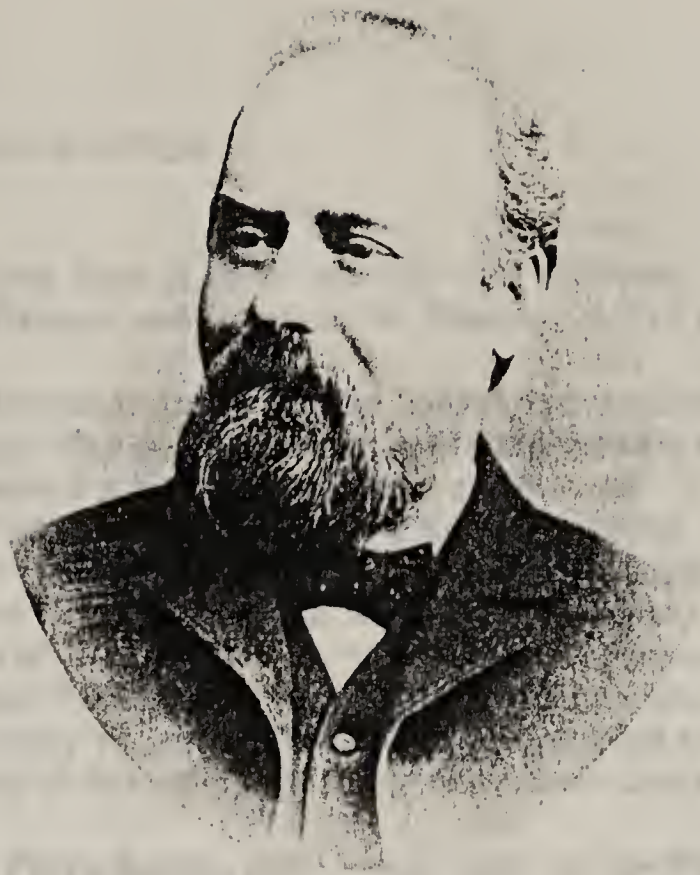
(note: Col. Jonas Watson married Harriet, not Florence Colclough in 1784.)



Bookplate used by Edward M. Watson
designed by his niece, Grace P. Pettee.



Matilda Watson Cyr



Edward M. Watson



Emily Watson Palmer



Carroll Watson Rankin



WALTER J. [unreadable]



ETHEL [unreadable]



ETHEL [unreadable]



ETHEL [unreadable]

Part IV

DESCENDANTS OF JONAS WATSON

Although Jonas and Emily Watson had ten children only four of them married and produced children - Matilda Cyr, Edward M. Watson, Emily H. Palmer and Caroline W. Rankin. All of the descendants are listed on the last pages of this book.

When Caroline Watson was sixteen years old, the Marquette Daily Mining Journal advertised for a bright boy to do reporting. She applied for the job. She said "I can still see the twinkle in Mr. James Russell's eyes as I explained that while I wasn't a boy, I was almost sure I was bright." She got the job and worked for the paper until she was married. She kept on writing however, all her life. Articles, stories and finally her long series of books for girls beginning with the famous "Dandelion Cottage." Other titles were "The Adopting of Rosa Marie" "The Girls of Gardenville," "The Cinder Pond," "Castaways of Pete's Patch," "Gypsy Nan," "Finders Keepers," "Girls of Highland Hall," "Stump Village" and "Wolf Rock," using her pen name Carroll Watson Rankin. She was listed in Who's Who for many years. In 1886 she was married to Ernest Rankin and except for a few years when his work in the east kept them away, they lived all their lives in Marquette.

A letter from Caroline Rankin to her sister-in-law Flora Rankin gives some news of the Watson family dated October 23rd, 1892. "The Watsons are in a great state of delight and confusion. They are going to move tomorrow into their new house. The house the Longyears occupied when you were here. I don't really know whether it is a good move or not. The house is in better repair than theirs and the ground is in good order. It is farther to walk down town though and the rooms are smaller though they open up well. The nicest thing about the house is the hardwood floor all over, upstairs and down. The books and dishes are packed and their back parlor looks as it did when Bess went away, only worse. They have twenty-one bushels of books waiting in baskets to be moved and all sorts of baskets, boxes, pails and tubs have been pressed into service.

.....

"I spent the morning at the new house arranging books. The Watson books are nowhere when it comes to filling the shelves in the new library. You remember it don't you? We will all have to present books to the family this year.... We are having our first snow storm, a nasty wet one, more than half rain."

On Jan. 2nd, 1893 she wrote "Yesterday I received calls at Pem's and had a nice day." An item that reminded many of us of the good old New Year's Day custom of receiving calls. In September 1899 after the wedding of Grace Palmer to W.J. Pettee, "C.W.R." wrote a very long account of the festivities. Some of it follows -

"most of my ink is on Phyllis' pink dress, but I guess there is almost enough left for a letter to you.... Just before the wedding there were two or three parties a day given for Grace and being a relative I was invited to many of them. Then I spent all day Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in decorating the church and received as many congratulations upon the result as if I had had a wedding of my own. The church was pretty fine, if I do say it myself as shouldn't. We had thirty-six bags of ground pine, a lot of ferns, and several bushels of hydrangeas and white asters, and some palms and lots of assistance and everybody said it was the most beautiful wedding ever seen in Marquette. The bridesmaids were all so lovely in their white gowns and the whole effect was great. I had white sheeting all around the chancel walls, and the entire floor was covered in

the same way so that it made the chancel very bright. Then we had sixty candles on the altar and sub altar. There was a wedding veil and a canopy of ground pine. Then we had three big green arches outside the chancel, and others all down the center aisle and there were festoons of ground pine hung from the rafters and the windows were all banked with ferns and flowers and there was a big bunch of asparagus and hydrangea blossoms tied to each pew all up each aisle so that it was like a green lane. A number of people took photographs of it and perhaps I can send you some. I was about dead Tuesday night, but everything went so well on Wednesday that I was able to get home at four o'clock which was well, because I had all the Palmers and all their company over to supper, when Grace presented me with a bridesmaid pin, which made me feel quite like a bridesmaid myself. It is a little gold brooch with a pearl in the center and is very pretty....

"The next day after the wedding Louis Palmer and his wife and Billy and I went off to the woods. We went to Will's camp which is way up in a forest northwest of here...about twelve miles from town. There were enormous trees and the loveliest ferns and such beautiful moss. There were lots of fresh deer tracks, and we saw a lot of partridges. It is the wildest spot I ever camped in. The house is just a big log cabin with a loft. It was comfortable though and we had a jolly three days of it. We all cooked, made beds and washed dishes and it was lots of fun though it rained most of the time. We went and returned in a wagon and had two good fast horses, and the ride was pretty nice too.

"Jennie Call's engagement to Harry Pickands is just announced. Harry has an automobile which at first caused all the natives to rush out in astonishment, but it is getting to be an old story now. Next week is to be Fair Week and as usual the big and little Rankins have no fall clothes (and it is colder than blazes). Mine are out of style, Genies are out at the elbows and Eleanor doesn't seem to have any. Then I have stockings to darn - I told the Bishop I meant to twine the little Rankin's legs with ground pine for the wedding, so I wouldn't need to darn stockings for the occasion and he was very much pleased with the idea. This is how Jean's legs would have appeared. (illustration)

"Bessie Larke is down with her three boys. We went to the Longyears this afternoon for a little party. Just six of us. She gave a beautiful German for Grace. We went to that too. You asked about Tess. Her baby - a boy - was born dead the morning of Grace's wedding. We were all sorry about the baby and Will was so disappointed. Tess had no girl and Mrs. Watson has none, but still she stayed with Tess night after night before-hand. Will works in a mine office in Ishpeming.

"I don't see any immediate prospect of getting to Detroit. All these weddings have made us poor, and our wardrobes are very incomplete. To be sure I have my yellow gown but I'm afraid it wouldn't be quite suited to the climate (I received so many compliments on the becomingness of my lovely yellow gown that my head is quite turned) There is also plenty of ground pine but that is a trifle airy.

With love to all -
Carrie."

Another later letter from C.W.R. may as well go in here. Written to her daughter Mrs. S. Berwick Miller on Thursday Sept. 21st 1911.

"Dear Jean:

I've picked up so well that I can't find anything, so I'll use this tablet paper. We start for Buffalo tomorrow - if I can get the gas and water shut off in time. We had supper at the Watsons, and are to dine tomorrow noon at the Clifton with Mrs. Johnny Spear. I'm glad I stayed for Taft Day. The weather was perfect, the whole town remarkably clean and very lavishly decorated with big new flags and a great many extra electric lights. Not only the President but his staff, the secret service men and the newspaper men raved all day about the wonderful climate and the wonderful air. They all declared that they wanted to stay. Imogene Harris is treasuring a rose that Taft threw at her from the bouquet somebody sent him after his speech in the morning. She and Sallie and Aunt Genie were all alone on the Conklin corner and got the full benefit of his bow

and smile. Sallie said he bowed to her and showed her a place on his head where there wasn't any hair. As for Kenyon Boyer, who shook hands with him, the town isn't big enough to hold him.

"Taft went by here three times. Morgan Jopling offered his car and in order to ride with Taft drove the car himself. Mayor Jacobs was grand all day. I was sorry I didn't pay for the privilege of seeing them eat at noon.... The President said that he was greatly impressed with the size, fresh color and general wholesomeness of the population - asked if it was true that all the weaklings died off, killed by the winters; if this was a fine example of the survival of the fittest. I saw Taft five times, besides hearing his speech - I stood within twenty-five feet of him for that, and was just outside the barbed wire fence that made a passage to the stage, so my view was unobstructed. We counted 86 automobiles in line - lots from Negaunee, Ishpeming, Munising etc. All decorated....

"Must wash my hair. I meant to do it "for Taft" but didn't have time.

With love - C.W.R.

Pem encouraged her younger sister Carrie in her writing and many a morning they had conferences on the subject. Pem was sure it was Carrie's amusing notes that went with her manuscripts that brought her immediate attention from editors. Pem also tried her hand and had a number of stories and articles published. They both liked to paint and often went on sketching trips. Many water-colors of Presque-Isle may still be seen in Marquette signed E.H. Palmer. A letter of Pem's to her daughter Grace gives a bit of her feeling for the Island - This was Feb. 1896 - "the first Wheelmen were out here yesterday - spinning over the hard snow. I suppose they went out to the railroad camps - and to see the new dock going up beyond Dead River. The largest ore dock on Lake Superior - I suppose we should be proud of it, though it is where we didn't want it - I don't mean to care any more about the spoiling of Presque Isle - I can go to Au Train or Onota or somewhere else in the backwoods & sit on the stones in a riverbottom when life gets too civilized for me - Wish I were there now."

Their older brother Ed died on May 12th, 1906. We quote from an obituary - "Edward M. Watson, pioneer merchant, civil war veteran, and for more than half a century a citizen of Marquette died at his home, Cedar and Michigan Streets, last Saturday afternoon.... Mr. Watson began his business career in Marquette forty-two years ago when he formed a co-partnership with his father in the general merchandize business under the firm name of J.W. Watson and Son. This occurred in 1864, after the younger Watson resigned the captaincy of a company in the federal army and returned to Marquette. Previous to that time both members of the firm were in the employ of J. M. Pendill, and later when Campbell Bros. bought the Pendill stock, the elder Watson remained with the firm and succeeded to their business when the firm of J.W. Watson and Son was formed. The store was on West Baraga Avenue and was moved in later years to Front Street.... In 1876 after the death of Jonas W. Watson the firm of Watson and Palmer succeeded to the business which has been carried on continuously ever since."

Recently Edna Watson Harris, a daughter of Edward M., wrote me -

Marquette, Mich. Aug. 18th, 1950

"My dear Jessie -

There is a little anecdote that I thought you might like for the family records. My brother Ned, when he was a little chap, was riding his velocipede in front of Grandma's house on Ridge Street, when he collided with a big old fashioned bicycle, (large wheel in front, small in back.) He cut his chest so badly that Mrs. Markham, the doctor's wife, took him to her house around the corner and had it sewed up. The bad scar made a perfect VI and I remember father saying, more than once, 'He is well marked for he is the 6th Watson in direct succession who fought in some war.' Ned is hale and hearty and spends most of his time at his camp up near Buckroe as he is retired and loves the woods as do all the family.

The first part of the paper deals with the general situation of the world economy and the role of the United States in it. It is pointed out that the world economy is in a state of stagnation and that the United States is the only major industrial country which is still growing. This is due to the fact that the United States has a high level of technological development and a high level of productivity. The second part of the paper deals with the role of the United States in the world economy. It is pointed out that the United States is the largest economy in the world and that it has a high level of technological development and a high level of productivity. The third part of the paper deals with the role of the United States in the world economy. It is pointed out that the United States is the largest economy in the world and that it has a high level of technological development and a high level of productivity.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD ECONOMY

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"We are all so grateful to you for all your hard work and perseverance in getting together all the family records and so many interesting letters. I do not know who would have done it otherwise.

Affectionately yours,
Edna W. Harris."

Edward M. Watson had carried on a wide correspondence with relatives in Ireland and England. In 1909, three years after his death, three of his nieces made a trip abroad and because of his contacts, were welcomed by the cousins over there as part of the family. Louise Cyr, Grace and Jessie Palmer arrived in England the end of June. Here is a letter to Mrs. Edward Watson from Louise Cyr, written early in July from Upton Park, Slough.

"Dear Aunt Genie - It seems to me you ought to have a letter from this old English home, where our relatives live. No doubt Aunty Pem has told you how worried our cousin Alice has been over our reception here, for she and Miss Louise were detained in Wales.

On our arrival in London we found a letter awaiting us from Slough, from Mrs. Collins, a niece of the Misses Watson. She wrote to the effect that the Major General's condition was critical, but that we were to come down anyway. We arrived at Slough Saturday P.M. and were met by the news that the General had died on Thursday last but that we were to have our visit at Slough just the same.

Slough is the quaintest village, with crooked streets and gable roofed houses, of red brick and cement. Upton Park is four or five minutes walk from the village. The park is private ground to be used only by the residents of the park and therefore a very select and beautiful thing to live within the park family. No. 14 is the middle of the group of three. Like most of the others it is of red brick and cement. The front of the house is plain, almost forbidding, but the morning room, and the drawing room, open at the rear of the house on to a stone balcony leading down to the quaintest little garden, are delightful. English daisies nod at you from the turf. Set garden beds full of old fashioned flowers, well pruned rose trees, thyme and lavender beds greet you as you walk down the cement bordered and pebbled paths. The garden is surrounded by a hedge of holly and laurel and at the bottom of the garden a green wicket gate opens into the park grounds.

Immediately after our arrival, and having been shown to our rooms where a house maid brought us hot water, tea was served in the drawing room. We had delicious tea, thin slices of bread and butter, sour cream biscuit halved and buttered, and pound cake. Mrs. Collins, our hostess, was a Watson, and was Uncle Ed's second cousin. One of our Grandfather Watson's first cousin's children. She is a widow, with grown children. She has travelled a great deal and it is probably a fortunate thing for us that she has, and that we should be received by such a person, for she can understand and excuse many things in us, that the Misses Watson couldn't.

But to go back to the house, its furnishings and customs. The house is full of beautiful things. Old furniture, old pictures. The rooms seem rather crowded to my taste, but still the whole effect is restful and in beautifully good taste. The mahogany in the dining room makes me hollow eyed with envy, while my dear little bedroom with shuttered windows, mahogany dressing table, candle sticks with candles that I really use every night, makes me feel like a book girl. At bed time our candles are lighted in the upper hall. We shake hands and wish each other good night, and go to our rooms. In the morning, a maid comes in to open the blinds, bringing the hot water in a brass watering pot vessel, or preparing water for the bath. We were rather expected to have a cup of tea in bed to sustain us until breakfast time. Tea is served at breakfast time instead of coffee, although this morning there was coffee made for us. Butter is only served at breakfast, or with cheese at dinner.

Yesterday morning the cook invited us down to her domain. Cousin Lahlie, (Mrs. Collins) said it was a great honor, and we certainly were pleased. The range is built right into the kitchen wall, like a huge fireplace. The space on top of the stove being much smaller than ours. The joint for dinner was in a jack roasting before the open coals. The jack is rather a cylindrical metal arrangement open to the fire. The joint hangs on a hook inside. There is a clock

work business to be wound up, and the meat keeps turning and cooking evenly, while the juices drop down in a pan underneath. The jack stands about three or four feet high, and is about two feet in diameter. It is drawn away from the fire and the stove doors closed when not in use. On one side of the range, hung a long handled bed warmer of brass, and on the other wall were copper kettles and skillets. Cook showed us the larder, scullery, linen press and we enjoyed it all very much, but most of all her descriptions. She has been with the Misses Watson many years, and used to know all our great uncles and great Aunts, Cassie and Illie and the rest of the family in Ireland.

Yesterday afternoon we went to Stoke Pogis. It is only a short drive from Slough. We saw Gray's monument, and tomb, also the ivy mantled tower and the yew tree that is nine hundred years old. We came back to Upton Park for tea and then walked to the Upton Church to see where Miss Anna and Miss Sarah Watson are buried. On returning to Upton Park we dressed for dinner and went to Mrs. Little's to dinner. Mrs. Little is a great friend of the Miss Watson's.

Mrs. Little and her daughter have the prettiest home. It seemed colonial to us. Mr. Little served in India and they have the most interesting relics of the war. We just hold our breaths most of the time, for fear of disgracing ourselves before our English friends. We were especially careful at the dinner last evening. It was deliciously formal in spite of the fact that there were present only ourselves and a Miss Guinness, beside Mrs. Little and her daughter. We had coffee in the drawing room afterwards. The dinner table was lighted with tall slender lamps with pale yellow shades. The center piece was an oblong doily embroidered in yellow with a yellow silk ruffle around the edge. On it stood a tall dish of huge strawberries for which England is noted. The other doilies on the table were embroidered with gold and encrusted with blue jewels. The floral decorations on the table consisted of a central vase of black. It was not a single vase, but a cluster of cones with a single rose in each. Grouped around this, were small glass vases each holding one perfect rose of different colors. This seems to be the English custom of floral table decoration for we have noticed the same thing here. They always serve two kinds of meat, one at each end of the table. Also two desserts, and it is heartbreaking to have to choose between them.

Cousin Lahlie has made us eat soft boiled eggs from the shell, both yesterday and this morning at breakfast. She has been so amused at our efforts to do it properly. She says it is very funny to think of scooping it out of a glass!

Five thirty P.M. July 6th 1909.. we went through Windsor Castle. We intended to go back to London this evening but a letter came from Miss Alice this morning insisting on our staying. Miss Alice and Miss Louise arrived this afternoon. They are very old, but in spite of their exhaustion and the sorrow they have gone through, seem very bright and spry. Among the first things they asked us, was about Uncle Ed. Miss Louise wanted to know about his last illness. She has been nursing the General for four months or more and is all broken down by his death.

Being in this house has made us feel from the first that we must be very quiet and proper, and now that the Aunts have come the Hush is more pronounced. We will have family prayers tonight, and again in the morning. There are well worn bibles and prayer books all over the house, in every room. Can you imagine me being so proper?

Jessie and Grace, with both English parents are a little ahead of me in favor. However in spite of my french blot, they seem to approve of me. And they do seem to approve of us. The funniest part of it is, that they like us because they think us so thoroughly unamerican. Mrs. Collins insists that we are all very English, and then in the next breath, says I am entirely French. But, somehow they have taken us into their midst, in such a dear close way, that we can't help but be pleased that our manners seem English, and we don't dare tell them that we hope we are samples of the best Americans.

We have also been asked down into Wales, to visit Herbert Watson. He is a Landed Esquire with a daughter named Mabel. He has a beautiful old home and an Automobile.

I really must stop and dress for dinner. You really won't know what to think of such a long letter from me. But you can rest between pages, and it seemed as if I must tell it all to some one of the family.

We are having a beautiful time, one that will stay in our memories always. Love to Emily and the rest, and much for yourself. Jessie and Grace send greetings also. I haven't done justice to anything I have tried to describe. I wish you could see it all for yourself."

Of this same visit we have a letter written by Grace Pettee to her Mother.
"Saturday July 3rd 1909, Upton Park, Slough.

Here we are to our great surprise put away in a lovely big English bed room. This has been what you might call a full day. I forgot to say last night, that Lulu went down to the American Express and brought back a bundle of letters and it did seem so good to have a word from home. Among them was a letter from Mrs. Collins, a cousin, telling us that the General was very ill and the Aunts were with him, but she was waiting in Upton Park to receive us. I wrote at once saying we were at her disposal. This morning early received a telegram. 'Come today. Paddington Station, 3:38".... took the train for Upton Park which we reached in 25 minutes. We were standing on the platform wondering what to look for, when a plump nice looking woman walked up to us, saying 'the tall one wearing black and acting as chaperone' which it seems was the description Lulu had sent. It was Mrs. Collins, or Lallie - not Sallie - but Lallie with a very broad A. We walked to the house through quiet lanes and into the Park. Upton Park is a private park surrounded by private residences, the occupants of which alone have the privilege of the park. On the way she told us that the General was dead and we couldn't see the Aunts at all. But she was so cheerful about it and is such a jolly creature anyway, that we couldn't realize that anything has happened. We had tea, such a substantial one in the drawing room and then looked at family portraits and listened to family history, until we are so mixed we don't know what we are. Jessie has put it all down however and Lallie is almost as mixed as we are. But she is evidently proud of her descent and considers the Watsons one of the old established families of the upper middle class. She thought at first that we were the children of an Edward Watson, brother of Grandfather, who went to Canada years ago and was lost sight of. There is a photograph of that Edward's children here, sent to Aunt Illie, and we had quite a time explaining that we weren't that family at all.

The house is lovely, so big and old fashioned, the walls covered with portraits. The paintings are copies of the originals. Lallie doesn't know where the originals are but will find out for us. We were mortally afraid that we would disgrace ourselves at dinner, but we didn't. We sat in the garden and talked family until dark, nearly ten o'clock, and after a short visit inside, went up stairs, found our candles on the hall table. I am to have a hot bath and then to bed. Sunday morning, July 4th.

Lallie has evidently made up her mind about us. She likes us, we are English in voice, manner, looks and everything in fact but accent and custom. We thought she was nice last night, but this morning she has really taken us in. We are to call each other by our first names, and we must stay until the Aunts can come back, probably Thursday. And we must do this and that and come down again a day later on. She is so nice and frank about everything.

This morning the maid came in at 8 o'clock and pulled the curtains and brought us hot water. She wanted to give us tea before we got up but we declined. At breakfast Lallie was disappointed that we didn't have boiled eggs, she wanted to see us eat them American fashion. She is full of humor, saying such witty things, makes gentle fun of the Old ladies and their old fashioned ways. She herself was brought up in Holland, where her older sister, the Baroness de Tuyll lives, and spent her married life in South America. She has been all over the Continent and to India and is most interesting.

Cook came in a while ago and invited us to inspect an English kitchen. She is interested in us because she knew our Irish Aunts, Illie and Cassy. We went down an old stone flight of steps into the quaintest old place imaginable. The old fashioned stove is built into the chimney, and in front is a jack in which the leg of lamb was turning before an open fire. The copper kettles and warming pans were fascinating. We went through the larder, the pantry, the outside cellar for coal, the beaming cook explaining everything, and planning what English dishes she could fix up for us.

We are going to church this afternoon. Are to have a drive tomorrow to Stoke Pogis church and to Windsor. Tuesday July 6th, 1909

Sunday afternoon we took the motor bus just outside the park for St. George's Chapel at Windsor. On the way we passed through Eton. The Eton boys, with their long black trousers, short black coats, turn over collars and top hats were all that we hoped for. Jessie insisted that they were 'cute' an expression that Lallie objects to, and when she objects to anything she doesn't hesitate to say so. It is her out-spoken-ness that makes things so easy for us. The first thing I saw after getting off the bus, outside the battlemented walls of Windsor, were the red coats and high fur caps of a few members of the Life Guard, wandering about on top of the wall. On entering the gate, we met another guard with his gun on his shoulder. The doors of the chapel weren't open, but we waited just outside, in order to be able to get a seat. Lallie knew the old verger and after a little he put us in one of the stalls at the side, where we could see everything. The people just below us sat with their backs to the choir and clergyman, and it evidently was not considered proper to turn around, so its a good thing that we were seated so that we could see comfortably, or we should certainly have disgraced poor Lallie.

The Chapel is dedicated to the order of the knights of the Garter, and on each side of the wall, up high, were the swords, insignia, and coats of Arms of the dead knights. A few of them were topped with crowns, showing they were of Royal blood. Over each outfit hung a flag decorated with the arms. At one end was the old seat that belonged to the Black Prince. I believe he was an ancestor. In the front, close to the big window, up high, is the Queens Closet, or rather the Kings now. And next to it the place where the suite sits. They look rather like Theatre boxes. Lallie said it was fortunate that the King wasn't at Windsor, or we probably couldn't have gotten in to the front part of the Chapel. There would be so many ladies in waiting to be seated. In the outer part of the chapel were seats for people. They were crowded, but it doesn't seem as though they could hear much, and they certainly couldn't see. The service was beautiful, quite familiar. The choir sang wonderfully, their chanting was perfectly distinct, as though one person sang, and so sweet and gentle. Apparently no effort. They sat in the middle of the chapel and the service was carried on from there. When the communion service is held, the clergymen move up to the altar under the window. Lallie was disappointed that the gold communion service was not on parade.... We came back on top of the bus, just in time for supper and went to bed early....

Every minute we get in between, we talk family. And we are all becoming quite impressed with the fact that we have a solid background. None of your common upstarts, and Lallie insists that we are just as English as we can be, except for our independence. She can't get over the fact that we saw nearly half of London in less than 24 hours. After lunch we drove to Stoke Pogis Church, which by the way to our great amusement Lallie didn't know was in this neighborhood. She said 'For Heaven's sake, dont tell the Aunts.' It was a lovely drive through grassy lanes. We found Gray's monument of Elegy fame, in a big field at one side quite alone. An ugly thing it is too, It has an object on top that looks like a bathtub. It is on a sort of island with a trench around it. Its almost impossible to see the front of it, on account of the bushes and trees. Then we went on to the church, a beautiful old place. part of it built in 1100 and the rest in 1300. In one little corner in the chancel is a tiny opening, now covered with glass, where the lepers used to stand outside to hear the service. In one place we found some old glass windows, and were much excited when we discovered that one was inscribed to Ducie & Pipe, and contained the Pipe arms in one corner. Ann Pipe married Lovegood Watson, & her arms should have been quartered with the Watson arms. She was also related to Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall....

We got back to the house at five o'clock, had tea, then walked to Upton Church, another old one built in 1200. Saw the Watson tombstone and the graves of Cousin Anna and Cousin Sarah. (Sisters of Alice and Louise)

We dressed and went to Mrs. Little's for dinner. Such a charming old house with charming old things in it. The Little's are Irish and proud of it. With them was Miss Guinness, of Guinness Stout fame, a charming Irish girl. We had such a nice simple dinner, such good things to eat, and such a comfortable time. I presume we entertained them, for Mrs. Little, a dear little half blind lady, said she did enjoy our funny remarks so much.

This morning we had tea in bed, which we thought was an English fashion but Lallie says it is Indian. She was in India some time and got the habit there. I didn't care much for it, but Jessie apparently did. The Aunts are coming home today, we did expect to go back to London, but they insist on our staying to see them. While Lallie thinks it will be a good deal of a strain on them she doesn't dare let us leave....

We had just finished tea when the Aunts unexpectedly walked in, having come by an earlier train than was intended. The poor old ladies were so tired I can easily see why Lallie is anxious for us not to stay long. They are so old and frail, but sweet and lovely to us. After dinner Aunt Alice read some old letters of our great-great-grandfather Jonas, written in Canada where he was stationed when our great-grandfather Edward was born. They were beautiful letters. I am sure he missed his vocation. We also heard the true story of the Duke of Kent. It was extremely interesting but the poor old ladies were so tired and worn out that we left them early.

Lallie came in early this morning to tell me she had decided to leave on the 10:30 train and that we had better go up to London with her, so of course we said we would. It was easy to see that the Aunts were in no condition to entertain us for very long. They put on their new black suits this morning and they got them mixed poor old dears, they are too funny. Aunt Louise sleeves quite covered her hands and poor Aunt Alice's were half way up to her elbows. They did quite a little discussing before they discovered what the matter was. After breakfast Aunt Alice decided that her skirt was too narrow and after more discussion they made an attempt to change those. Lulu and I helped them and they were finally straightened out. Then they sat down and visited. They would keep asking about the Edward Watson from Ireland who spent a summer with Uncle Ed a few years ago. When we told them about him they would throw up their hands in horror 'Oh the wicked fellow', 'What a sponge', 'The Renegade' and so on. They asked about our clothes and how we managed for such a long trip. They wouldn't talk about their own troubles at all. They hated to have us go in a way but it must have been a relief not to keep on entertaining us, under the circumstances, and that is what they would have done. We copied pages and pages of family genealogy, I only hope we can straighten it all out. Aunt Lou gave us some little dishes, as keepsakes, and they both kissed us every few minutes. They told us that Herbert Watson wanted us to go down to Wales, and they thought we ought to go and see his lovely home. He's the only Watson with money. We said we would go and Lallie has written him to that effect. We will probably get an invitation in the course of time. We came up to London together, and Lallie left us to take her train for Wales."

At this time Alice Watson would have been 84 and Louise 78 years old - In the following year Aunt Alice died and Aunt Louise followed her in 1914. They were daughters of William Jonas Watson and by referring to the chart at the end of Part II (page 32) you can see that they were first cousins of our grandfather Jonas W. Watson. We were all grateful that we had the privilege of meeting them. This would be a good place to quote from a recent letter by Elliot Lovegood Grant Watson to "dear Cousin Jessie" Oct. 1947.

".... I am interested to hear that you went to Upton Park. I used to be taken there as a small boy, but was terribly over-awed by the religious atmosphere. Suffocated I might say. I remember being prayed for by name. I determined that it should have no effect. I think it did though, in the wrong direction. I was at the experimental boy period and great was my sin when I tried boiling up water in the tooth-glass - which broke. Anna was a bit of a terror but Louise was very nice. Do you know the story about her and the £50? A needy young man borrowed fifty pounds from her on no security. For a time he sent letters telling of his doings and promising to repay, but these letters ceased and no £ 50. Anna said she was a fool, but Louisa said he was a nice young man with truthful eyes and she was sure he meant to pay. Well, the incident was forgotten and the fifty pounds wiped off. When twenty years after a letter arrived telling the story of the man's struggles and difficulties. Now at last he had the money and returned it with interest. Louisa was glorified and more than repaid. Her confidence had not been betrayed. I may have some of this wrong, but that was the gist of it. When I refused to be confirmed Anna altered her will but Sarah left me £ 300. which enabled me to go to college."

To continue with the letters of Grace Palmer Pettee - "Llansannor Court
Sunday July 11, 1909

It is Sunday night...Saturday we took the train for Llantrissant, which is the name of the station where we got off having changed cars at Cardiff. We were met by Cousin Katie and the fat infant Mabel in the carriage, while Cousin Herbert came in the motor, as they call the Automobile. We all drove to Llansannor Court in the carriage, while Herbert brought the luggage. The house is beautiful of Tudor architecture, with long narrow and round topped windows, and beamed ceilings. The whole front is covered with ivy. Kate had it 'done over' most beautifully and they have some charming old furniture to go with it. We walked around until time to dress for dinner, first through the little church with the old stone crusader in the chancel, old tombs in the floor, and about the churchyard. Then into what is to be the rose garden, a lovely place surrounded by stone walls. Then into the kitchen garden and green houses with peaches and a wonderful grape-vine. Then to the stables to inspect the race horses. Herbert won a cup the other day at some race. Then we looked at the pheasants and the hay stacks and got into the house at a quarter to eight with just fifteen minutes to dress for dinner. We did it. Herbert took me out. It was such fun to be 'taken out.' We had a delicious dinner with sherry and champagne, and then good coffee in the drawing room, where we read family history. An ancestor of Anne Pipe (who married Lovegood Watson) distinguished himself at the battle of Crecy. Then he was allowed to use the crest of the Black Prince, Son of Edward 3rd, as a reward. That crest, three feathers out of a mural crown, is on a seal ring that belonged to our great-grandfather Edward, and is now in Herbert's possession. Jessie made good use of it and got some splendid impressions in sealing wax.

Then we went to bed in the loveliest old room, with a casement window. One of the rooms is the Queen's room, Queen Elizabeth of course, but nobody knows which one it is. Herbert and Kate are delightful, and so lovely to us. They entertained us with such quaint stories of the family. Mabel is known as the terror. She is much as our Mabel was once, so fat and with such red cheeks and dimples. This morning we had a typical English Breakfast. The help yourself from the side-board kind. We wandered around until noon and then were taken in the motor, over to Llandaff to have lunch with Cousin Lallie who is at home again. Such a beautiful ride through long winding English lanes. The hedges so high in places that we couldn't see over them, past ivy covered ruins, through funny old villages with their little thatched cottages. It was charming. At Lallie's we found her twins of seventeen, Stratford and Lila, nice children, and Lallie's dog. After lunch we went over Llandaff Cathedral. Jessie got some pictures of a couple of gravestones that belong to the family. Then we rode over to Lallie's sister's, Mrs. Ree. Harriet or Yetta for short. She looks much like Mother and is like her in other ways too. For instance she remarked that 'Ireland was much the prettiest part of England' which amused everybody. The Ree's have a lovely house, and immense grounds. We had tea and a nice visit with Cousin Yetta who knew our Irish Aunts very well. She gave me a picture of Aunt Illie. Lallie teased us openly about our Americanisms, but said she wouldn't do it unless she liked us so we took it as a mark of favor, and told her we would get even with her when she came to America.

Monday July 12th

We wandered about most of the morning at Llansannor, Katie took us to visit some of the cottages and then to the kitchen and servants hall. We inspected the scullery to make which a wall seven feet thick had to be cut through. That is considered a family joke. I knew there must be several servants, but we haven't seen them before. Six there were besides the gardener and some ante-diluvians, that probably went with the place. We didn't attempt to tip them all but left some silver in the bedroom. The house maid was carefully tucking us in the motor car and working over time, so Jessie told her we had left it upstairs and the girl disappeared like magic, and ran wildly upstairs. I suppose she was afraid some one else would get there first. Cousin Kate said our visit had been a delight, and I think she meant it. Herbert took us to Cardiff and put us on our train after showing us some of the sights of the town. Among them was the Roath

Church where all his relations are buried and where the General, Henry Watson was buried only a week ago. Harriet Colclough Watson is buried there too and her vault is marked by a stone with the first Col. Jonas Watson's favorite text (from which he chose his children's names) 'Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly'."

During this trip we found that the Watson family was included in Ruvigny's Plantagenet Roll of the Blood Royal, The Exeter Volume Supplement which is in the back of the Essex Volume. We bought a copy as a gift for Mother. Later I wrote the Marquis of Ruvigny sending him a sheet of information on the descendants of Jonas Watson as he had some of it wrong. I had this reply

24th January 1912

"Miss Jessie E. Palmer

Dear Madam,

I was very glad to receive your letter of the 5th October last, and should have written before, but I have been away until the beginning of the year.

Thank you very much for the additions you send for page 608 of the Essex Volume, Exeter Supplement. I made several efforts at the time to try and complete the descendants of Jonas and Edward Watson, but could not do so. I shall certainly include the particulars in a further supplement, and should any of your family be sufficiently interested to subscribe to the work, I would add a Special Table of the direct line from Edward III to the two brothers so as to make the entry quite clear. Perhaps in this case, you could obtain and send me fuller particulars concerning your cousins, the children of E. C. Watson, two of whom I believe married and may have issue of their own.

Again thanking you for your kind assistance, Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

RUVIGNY " (signed)

Though there were many events of interest in the family which have not been covered, the mere record of births, weddings and deaths at the back of this book will have to suffice. A few obituaries from the Mining Journal will bring to a close the lives of the last of the children of Jonas and Emily Watson.

On the death of Emily Watson Palmer a tribute to her by Mrs. Northrup, an old friend and neighbor, appeared on Dec. 8th or 9th, 1913.

"Mrs. Palmer's acquaintance with the early days gave a peculiar quality to her character. Her charities were many and continuous. She gave sympathy generously and asked none in return. More recent friends will long remember her artistic and intellectual abilities, and her generosity in using them for church and public enterprises. Her versatility was remarkable; her mind was a kingdom, rich in resources; even in her illness, she astonished her friends by the number of her interests and the zest with which she pursued them. Unusual in charity of thought, as well as deed, devoted to her family and church, and loyal to her friends, always doing more than her share in every good work, she leaves a beautiful memory of a life well rounded and complete. C.K.N."

During World War I, Bess Larke wrote to her mother Mrs. E. M. Watson, Oct. 1919, "Don't you worry about my 'making a name for myself' I've simply taken hold and raced a lot of stuff thro' Washington that would never have got there through regular channels. The only glory I ever wanted out of it was the acknowledgement that 'I too, had not been idle,' and that another Watson had served her country in the hour of need. I surely love my country and her flag just as Papa did, and could not sit idle when I saw my chance." Major Larke, known as "Mother Larke" served in World War I at Fort Winfield Scott, Calif. and was the first woman officer appointed in the U. S. Army - Aug. 22, 1919 as "Special Assistant Morale Officer of the Western Department." She was also Hostess of the Coast Defenses and Special Welfare Agent for the government. Though she received the salary of a major the title was honorary. Always using her artistic gifts, she had a Doll House built many years ago and kept on furnishing it in scale, over the years and after exhibiting for some years in Los Angeles is now showing it at the Cliff

House, San Francisco. A news item about it says "A woman with a splendid World War record, devoting all her time and attention to a 35 room miniature palace, valued most conservatively at \$ 65,000. - this is Mrs. Hugh Blodget, or Mother Larke as she is generally called. This interesting edifice measuring 10 by 8 feet, now on exhibit, is built around a patio, Spanish style. The furnishings of the house - complete in every minutest detail, assembled during a period of twenty years, were made for the most part by Mother Larke herself, purchased by her or given to her by friends. Her ingenuity in creating diminutive articles is astounding and only a person with a great love and talent for miniature art could accomplish what she has done. There are Colonial, English, Spanish, German, Egyptian and Oriental rooms in the palace; music, card, library, bath and sun rooms; and a kitchen that would thrill the heart of the most sophisticated child. One of the bedrooms, exquisitely finished in hand carved ivory, is an exhibit in itself - the bed made by Mother Larke from the sticks of a fan, piano keys and carved ivory lemon picks!"

On March 12, 1932 the Mining Journal reports - "Death came yesterday to Mrs. E. M. Watson, a woman who typified to an unusual degree the gallant spirit of the pioneer women. She came here when she was only seven years old and during those early years life was rigorous and exacting and happy. She spent 73 years in Marquette, seeing it change from a small frontier settlement to a progressive city. Hers was a spirit that kept pace with the town's growth. She had to an unusual degree the capacity to adapt herself to whatever circumstances demanded. The mother of a large family she, nevertheless, invariably found time to help any forlorn person, and was keenly interested in the young people.

"Probably all of us who knew and loved Mrs. Watson, will remember most clearly her courage and keen sense of humor. Possessed of an unusual physique, she was so cheery, active and interested in everything that one forgot how the years were accumulating. Mrs. Watson had always been closely identified with the work of St. Paul's cathedral. A staunch churchwoman, she carried through life a sane, kindly and genial philosophy of daily living. She was an exemplification of being a pioneer woman in spirit as well as years."

August 20, 1945 Carrie, the last surviving child of Jonas and Emily had departed this life and the Mining Journal recorded it thus -

"Mrs. Carroll Watson Rankin, 81, a pioneer resident of Marquette, died at her home 219 East Ridge Street, Saturday morning after an illness of several months. She was born here May 11, 1864, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Watson, who came to Marquette from Cleveland to open a trading post in 1855. She attended the public school and Miss Pickand's private school here, then went to Kemper Hall and later to the Chicago Female Seminary in Morgan Park, Ills. Returning to Marquette she became society editor of the Mining Journal when she was 16. In 1886 she married Ernest Rankin, who died in 1938. With the exception of eight years spent in New York State, the family resided here continuously. Mrs. Rankin was widely known as the author of many stories which appeared in Harper's, the Century Magazine and Youth's Companion, and for her ten books for children. Her name is also listed in 'Who's Who in America.' Other hobbies to which she devoted considerable time were painting, gardening and stamp collecting. She had a major part in the flower department of the Marquette County Fair for 50 years."

.....

In May 1939 just before the start of World War II, with my husband Elwood Williams and daughter Emily, I returned to England and wrote my sister from Wales. "Dear Grace - We got to the Watsons at Llansannor Court right on schedule. Cousin Kate, looking very lovely and distinguished with her white hair and Mabel a fine big Englishwoman in ever sense of the word, were waiting for us and promptly gave us Tea. Then came the rest and dressing for dinner - by which time the maids had gone and unpacked all our bags and had scattered everything in three rooms and we had some job finding our personal things - of course I should have remembered their customs and asked to have certain things left in the car and our over-night stuff left unpacked! After scurrying around on tiptoe, quiet as mice we managed to find enough to wear

and go down to dinner. After driving all day I was good and hungry and I'm sorry to tell you I made a grave social error. Unfortunately I was always served first and I didn't stop to count the tiny little lamb chops when they were presented and took TWO - only to observe as the platter went around that one each had been provided and one extra, which I had appropriated. Your sister had made a pig of herself and I could do nothing but let it pass without comment. Afterwards we had coffee in the big hall and much talk of family matters. Mabel had been putting a record book together for several years - with documents, letters, pictures, etc. pasted in, all in beautiful order, so I have been busy every minute copying all I can to add to my book. Cousin Herbert kept on buying in family portraits and they now have the originals of the Bombardier - you remember that one with the flowing wig, red coat and coppery burnished breast plate. He certainly makes me think of our Mabel Higgins, he must have given her those arching eyebrows, and they have Lt. Col. Jonas with the funny nose, Justly Watson and his mother Anne Pipe, General Henry and Herbert's father William Jonas Watson. They make a grand array. There is a two volume book on the History of the Hawtrey Family which devotes a lot of space to our Lt. Col. Jonas and his son Edward of Wexford and I hope to be able to buy them when I get to London. The ladies seem entranced with our very American Elwood and he is being his most amusing. They were so interested in Aunt Carrie's books - and today is her birthday - too bad it didn't occur to me to bring some over to them. Spring is here and the tulips and apple blossoms are everywhere. It is simply gorgeous - the air heavy with flower scent and the birds singing from daybreak to dusk. Tomorrow we go on to Ireland for a day in Wexford. Everything is much the same as when you were here only deeply enriched from the 30 added years.! Love- Jessie.

In Wexford we took pictures of the Watson tablet in the Castlebridge church, Mount Anna and what we hope was the house on George Street where Aunt Illy lived. Later, in England we spent a night with the Collins twins, Lila and Stratford, found the monument at Great Sampford, Essex, and went to the Garrison Church at Woolwich where we found the walls completely covered with marble tablets and thought that finding the Bombardier would be like hunting a star in the milky way. But the verger pointed to the large brass floor tablet in front of the main door, roped off with silk cords - the first Lt. Col of the Royal Artillery. Were we impressed! J.P.W.

During World War II many of the younger generation of the family saw service all over the globe. As the letters from their contemporaries seem to interest the young people I have collected what I could to bring the records up to date. England got into it first and a letter from Mabel Watson of Llansannor dated October 15, 1939, tells how things were going there. To Cousin Jessie -

"I have duly enrolled to do all sorts of strange jobs. I've learnt to drive various decrepit vans & am now officially one of the drivers of the local A.R.P. ambulance. I sincerely hope there won't be an air raid as I think we should cause more casualties than we ever got safe to the hospital. We had a lurid course of lectures on gas and were served out with lovely yellow oilskin suits which smell worse than any gas. While awaiting possible air raids I've done my month's training on a local farm with the Women's Land Army. I can now milk a cow after a fashion but I'd like to see any local farmer let me milk his. The cows on the training farm were government property, poor brutes! I must say they were patient and long suffering animals. So far the only big difference one notices is that one is very isolated as nobody meets except if they're doing the same war work. Petrol has been rather strictly rationed so nobody uses their cars except for necessities, I bought a bicycle just before the war broke out & do all short trips on that. Mum, of course, is the world's champion walker in any case, so we're not minding the restrictions as much as some people. The 'blackout' in the country doesn't worry one much as one is seldom out after dark anyway.

"Well, the whole thing is pretty grim but its been hanging over our heads so long that in some ways its a relief its started. We were actually in Llandaff Cathedral when the news came on Sept. 3rd. The Dean gave it out during the service which was rather impressive in the surroundings. After which the choir and everybody sang 'God Save the King' which cheered us up a bit. Now everyone has more or less settled down to see it through. I am thankful to say we haven't

had any evacuated children sent us yet. We have rashly agreed to take in about 25 if any are to be sent to this district but we live in hopes that they won't be. I hear some people who have got them, got rather more than they bargained for in various ways. I expect this letter will take some time to get to you to judge by the time all our letters are taking to get anywhere at the moment. Do write and tell us all your news whenever you've time. You probably know a lot more about the war than we do.

With love from us both, Mabel."

John L. Colclough Watson, aged 19.3 years, was present at the signing of the Atlantic Charter. He wrote his parents Mr. and Mrs. Gerald T. C. Watson of Colchester, England, who were kind enough to send me a copy.

H.M.S. Prince of Wales
c/o G.P.O. London.

"7.9.41

Dear Mum & Dad,

Since you do not seem to have received my letter about the trip we made a few weeks ago, here's all about it. Very few people knew anything at all about what were we going to be doing or where we should be going. There were several guesses as to persons and places, and we ran a couple of sweepstakes, one for the person, one for the place; however these fell through as nearly all who drew names of prospective passengers won, and the place that we went to was not down on a ticket. However, Mr. Churchill & others finally arrived. The outward voyage was fairly uneventful. Churchill used to wander about on and around the bridge, anyone in the forward superstructure who wanted to locate Churchill merely sniffed at the various speaking tubes until he found one with cigar smoke, I don't think he was ever without one for very long. Churchill also brought large numbers of films on board and one was shown every night in the wardroom, Churchill and retinue in attendance. When we finally got to - - - there was a great deal of coming and going amongst the various staffs and their chiefs. Numbers of American 'Ensigns' were invited down to the gunrooms, and being a T.T. Navy, started to even out the Lease and Land plan by putting back English whiskey. They seemed a very nice lot, but very, very confident. They quite seriously said that the '....', one of their pre-last war battleships could take on the 'Tirpitz.' 'Waall! we'd give 'em a run for their money.' During the ensuing days we all payed visits to their ships and ate ice-cream (much better than any I've ever tasted) drank coca-kola and played ping-pong, they visited us and drank whiskey. After all their talk about super-democratic America, I was a bit surprised to find that their officers were not allowed to take part in any games, with or against, their ratings. Churchill chose the hymns for the service on Sunday, I've never heard a plainer hint in my life, they consisted of 'Onward Christian Soldiers' and others the names of which I forget, which were equally pointed. Even the Americans thought as much and were much amused, they mostly seemed to think that they would actually be at war sooner or later, but some hoped they could stay out by sending us supplies (not many of them though). Roosevelt shook hands with all the officers - 'Pleased to meet you' for the wardroom - 'Please to have you meet me' for the gunroom, he seemed very cheerful about the whole business, as did everyone. On the way back the various Heads of Services visited the gunroom, the 1st Sea Lord was the one who made the visit a success. As they came in there was a somewhat stoney silence so he immediately launched into a story, of when he was a midshipman to the C.I.G.S., having broken the ice everything went off very well. Later Churchill himself appeared and having settled down in an armchair and relit his cigar, asked if we had any questions to ask! We had plenty and he spent such a long time chatting that he was somewhat late for his next appointment in the wardroom. He certainly seemed very cheerful and didn't make anyone feel nervous to ask him the various questions that he answered.

"Needless to say we had plenty of work to do when all were on board, but it was well worth it. There is not much recent news to send you, but I seem to have written quite a lot for the moment. So goodbye until next week

Love from John"

John Louie Colclough Watson though a midshipman, was acting as Lt. Commander on loan from the Prince of Wales to the Repulse when both ships were sunk by Japanese planes off the coast of Malaya and all on board were lost.

Llansannor Court, Cowbridge, Wales
Jan. 14th 1942

"Dear Cousin Jessie -

Thank you so much for your letter and card which arrived yesterday. Well, we seem to be all in it together and up to the neck now. I wonder if there will be any countries left out before it is over. (Except for Eire of course!) The bad news from the far East was very real to us as it brought our first family casualty. I don't think you met the Gerald Watsons when you were over. He is Strat's first cousin. His elder boy, John, was a midshipman on the Prince of Wales and was among the missing. Such a nice boy and only 19. He and his younger brother Peter usually spent their holidays with us, so we felt it very much... Your recent tour made my mouth water. Most people in England appear to think there are two places in the U.S.A. One called New York & the other called Hollywood! I always had an idea that there was a good deal more of the country that I'd like to see. It must have been marvellous. It was awfully good of you to look up old Mary Bristowe. She must have been awfully pleased. She still manages to write in pencil, but what one can read sounds very depressed. I was glad to have the details you sent as Mum is very vague about them all & when one of them suddenly turns up one can't very well start by saying 'Who are you, exactly?'

Best love and good wishes for 1942

Yours ever, Mabel Watson."

Note - Mrs. Bristowe can be found on page 14, a grandchild of William Jonas Watson.

Family records can be useful as the note from Elwood Williams 3rd, suggests -

Department of State, Washington.
May 15, 1942

"Dear Mother and Father -

I have to get three letters from responsible people in order to get into the Navy. I think I will get two here so the investigation won't take too long. Have you any ideas for the third? The process will take a long time I think as the Navy wants to know more about me than any one else ever has. In that connection I must have the following:

a. Paternal

Grandfather's name where born nationality

Grandmother's name " " " "

b. Maternal

Grandfather's name " " " "

Grandmother's name " " " "

Your would think that among other things they would ask whether you want to lick Hitler - but they don't."

Lt. Frank Burrows, a grandson of Edward M. Watson, wrote to his parents -

Sat. Dec. 26, 1942. New Guinea.

"Dear Mother and Dad,

About an hour ago, I received your telegram, Dad, and that coupled with the arrival of your box yesterday afternoon with one from Jean, made the day perfect. Everything in the box was in perfect shape and as you can perceive I've started using the paper. I certainly wasn't forgotten this Christmas, by any means. Not that I have ever been forgotten any Xmas, but I have received so many letters, cards and boxes from so many people I am practically overwhelmed ...

"There has certainly been a lot happening around home lately. It seems as if I'm missing out on a lot. One day received a letter from Jean telling me Ann was planning on getting married in December. The next day a letter telling me all about the wedding. It all happened so suddenly

from my view point that I have not fully grasped it. It must have been quite a wedding. Please, everybody tell me about it so I will get all the details.

"I am off on an Island by myself, with my men of course. Every now and then I see Bill and everyone else as they are only a few miles away. As a result of all this, whatever was done for Xmas had to be done by me. I decided we would have some sort of a little program or ceremony - just something to remember that it was Christmas. I had all the men draw lots, names rather, and told them to wrap up a stone, if they couldn't find anything else to give. To start the program off, I read them the Xmas message from the President and our commanding officers. Then our battery commander, who came for the occasion gave a short talk. The Xmas story out of the Bible was read by one of the men and then we all sang Xmas songs. The presents, in addition to those given by one man to another were very nice boxes from the Red Cross, one for every man, and these were given out. We had them spread out under a tree which we made into a Xmas tree by decorating it with sea shells and camouflage stripping. It was a tree with large green leaves sprinkled with yellow and white blossoms. A good looking tree, I thought. Everyone had a lot of fun and I think will always remember it.

"To make our dinner a little special, I scouted around and found fruit cocktail and dill pickles to add to our usual fare. It may not seem like much to you, but it was to us, and in comparison to what some of the boys from Muskegon over here had, I know it was a lot. Many of them did not know it was Xmas, I am afraid. Bill came over in the afternoon and we had a nice long swim together.

"Your telegram and boxes were timed perfectly and I sure was glad and happy that they got here o.k. It was a good Christmas for me and I have no kick coming. Of course, come next year, I hope we can all be together and I think we will be. Hope you had a fine Xmas. Thank you very much for everything - you're a wonderful Mother and Dad.

Lots of love - Sonny"

Col. Murray Duncan Harris was in England and wrote his Mother - August 1943

"...Had a chance to cover South Wales a week ago including Newport, Cardiff and Swansea and stopped in Cowbridge for a short visit. We travelled by car and had to keep moving but I enjoyed the trip.

"We got to Cowbridge about 3 P.M. and finally found Llansannor Court although my Welsh terminology didn't fit in very well with the natives. Our directions were complete except there were too many turns and after many false starts we finally finished the 2 1/2 miles from town.

"I found Mabel, her mother and the one house servant all in the garden. Since our visit was entirely unexpected there was considerable flurry and excitement but they were very nice and invited us all in. We were conducted in a tour around the house and grounds and then they insisted upon tea, which was almost a supper. Since most of the things were home grown I didn't worry too much about using up the rations.

"The house was bought by Mabel's father and is a typical old manor house surrounded by many other buildings, including farms, houses, a gate house and a small church. There is a beautiful walled garden with hot houses, all mostly devoted to fruits and vegetables now, including some of the nicest peaches, grapes and tomatoes and other things you ever saw. The end walls are six feet thick. It is an old house and probably quite cold in winter but looked very comfortable. There are some 25 rooms. Both Mabel and her Mother were very pleasant and hospitable. The Mother is 70 and apparently very spry. Mabel is 40 according to Jessie Palmer but could be taken for more or less. Neither are beauties in face, figure or clothes but thoroughly nice and invited me down again when I have a chance. I'd like to go and would enjoy them for a few days if I can get away. It is about 70 miles from here and transportation facilities not to good...

Duncan."

Following this we have a letter from Mabel Watson to Jessie P. Williams.

Nov. 16, 1943

"...I am sorry to say Mum hasn't been at all fit lately & unhappily her mental powers are not what they were. Her memory has been unreliable for some time but is now going west altogether & sometimes she is very dotty indeed. It's very worrying & one can do nothing about it except try & keep up a quiet regular routine & that is not too easy in our present haphazard way of living. I'm an awful crock myself too since my second lung operation last winter so we are a nice pair. Our amazing Cook continues to cope with everything. She is 60 and has just had to register for war service, but I'm trusting the war will be over before they call up her age group. Our outdoor staff has shrunk to a collection of ancients, hunch-backs and halfwits that has to be seen to be believed. The amount of work they manage to do is quite unbelievable. They all look as if they might drop down dead at any moment but fortunately appearances are deceptive!"

After writing about a trip to visit the Gerald Watsons she continues - "The day before we went away we had a most delightful afternoon with the U.S. Army, as a new cousin, Colonel Harris came to call with some friends. We were glad they caught us before we went away. It would have been too annoying if they'd found the house all shut up. I expect he thought we were quite mad as I had just finished packing everything up & was furiously picking the last of the goose-berries & was utterly filthy & my hair standing on end. Also we had just finished up nearly everything eatable in the larder so they got a very queer tea indeed, chiefly lettuce and tomatoes. They must have thought we were violent vegetarians or on a diet or something! Fortunately Mum was pretty sensible then - it's only the last couple of months she's got so very woolly-minded. We are just setting our teeth to face another long dark winter. How I hope it will be the last year of the black-out.

With much love to you all & best wishes for 1944,

Yours ever, Mabel Watson"

Mabel Watson died Oct. 30, 1947 and was buried in the little churchyard at Llansannor Court with her mother who had died the year before. Apart from a few legacies her entire estate, which was large, went to the Gerald Watsons in trust for their son Peter. Like her father and grandfather she had a keen interest in everything relating to the Watson family. We are indebted to her for collecting so much material and generously passing it on to us. Our last letter from her of Oct. 3rd 1947 said ... "the remaining Gerald Watson boy, Peter, has just gone to Oxford on a government grant and hopes to go in for journalism and politics! We may yet have a Prime Minister in the family! "

Lt. Col. John Burrows (then a Captain) wrote his parents from England in 1943.

Nov. 21st "...Last Tuesday night we had a party for the officers of the battalion, the officers of the nearby English searchlight battery, and some local people, including one knight and his lady. Both were about twenty-three and not at all as you'd imagine them to be. The party was a great success, lasting until about 3:30 AM. We had a great spread of food for a buffet supper, and everyone ate heartily. We sang many songs but couldn't teach them 'Pistol Packin Momma'...

I am fine, eating well and probably as safe as I'd be in middle Kansas...Nov. 28, This afternoon Captain Sedgwick and I have been invited to tea at a baronet's home and we look forward to it as another new experience. The English have been most gracious in inviting us to their homes. We generally take some sugar, candy and American cigarettes with us and they are most grateful. The children usually get all the chocolate, and their eyes shine over a small bar. They're crazy about chewing gum, too...Dec. 5th, ...the tea that I mentioned we were going to last Sunday was lots of fun, and we met one of England's movie stars, Deborah Kerr. We didn't realize it until after we had left, because she was so unlike the American type. She was nice looking but far from pretty, not at all made up or 'stagey' and she was very quiet. She's to make a picture with Robert Donat in January."

Lt. Elwood Williams wrote his parents from the Pacific - April 27, 1944.

5th Amphibious Force, Pacific Fleet.

"...These days I am very busy as acting Flag Lt. while the regular man is off on leave for a week. Fortunately the shore end of the business is down my alley from past experience. I am combination aide, which is a high class way of saying intelligent office boy; innkeeper, under which is included an eye on the Admiral's mess and checking the housekeeping of his cabin and those of his guests; division officer, which means alternately berating, defending, punishing and complimenting a signal gang, a boat crew (doubling in brass as automobile drivers), a squad of marine orderlies and the mess boys. Lastly I am keeper and dispatcher of the staff transportation system which includes two cars and two jeeps and an Admiral's barge. The job is guaranteed to make one look like a hen on a hot plate, but due to my varied past I have at least an approach to each of the duties, and succeed in enjoying all the juggling of time and effort necessary to handle the work. Just the same I'll be glad to see the Flag Lt. return and give me a chance for some unbroken sleep...I know what Palmer feels about far places and noble deeds and the inner need to participate but the catch lies in the difficulty of participating. Almost everyone spends all his time also serving and while it is one thing to wait where you have everything you're fighting for, it is something else again to do it where interest is the one thing you lack. Palm may worry about the quality of combat photography but there is something interesting in that too. A battle is one of the damdest things to comprehend even when you have a grandstand seat and are thoroughly familiar with the whole plan of action. Most of your dope comes to you from what you read and hear, rather than from what you see. That means seeing with your eye too, which still has the camera beat all to pieces. The wonder to me is that the boys get as much as they do. I think the air people are better off in their picture making because their sight lines are so much more comprehensive... E.W.

From Lt. Col. John Burrows again, now a Major in France...

Sept. 10, 1944

"...All the exuberance has apparently left the local inhabitants as I've seen no flower tossing, wine dispensing, kissing by women etc., that seems to come to the forward troops. Knowing absolutely no French, I've just nodded my greetings to the few bereted characters who pass me muttering something that sounds like 'messy'...The countryside around here hasn't been much beaten up, but on the ride from the airfield here we saw a number of burned out tanks, a lot of German anti-tank guns along the roads, and hundreds of blasted cars, trucks and wagons in the ditches. The other day they sold to the officers six bottles (each) of 'Eau de Vie' which is a very poor and very weak brandy that was found after the Germans retreated. Personally, I think it's the best 'secret weapon' they've got - it's horrible. It says something on the label about being duty free and for the exclusive use of the Wehrmacht - no wonder they're so dazed!

"Now that the flying bomb attacks are apparently over, you've undoubtedly read with great interest all the details. The A.A. boys, especially the American units that were in the defenses for the last month were really getting good. My billet happened to be in one of the five boroughs that suffered most, but fortunately only four or five landed close enough to really scare me. My windows were blown in early in the game, but I was under the bed the night that hit, so was O.K. I slept in my own bed all the time in preference to the shelter as my only fear was a direct hit and the odds were very high against that. One night about 10:00 a bomb landed outside a pub about a block away - the closest one to me - and killed three people and cut up many others pretty badly. My first aid kit was used for the first time that night. The bombs seemed to come in right over my billet, falling either before they got to me or behind me. I used to lie in bed at night and watch them come, hoping they'd keep going when they roared in overhead. When they'd cut out close by I'd just roll under the bed and hope. It was quite an exciting two months.

"The news is continuing to be excellent on all fronts, and it doesn't seem that the Germans can hold out much longer - but we've underestimated them before, and I'd hate to do it again. Home by Christmas? Just maybe! Lots of love - John "

David S. Williams, 2nd Lieut. with the U.S. Air Force based in England, wrote his parents Mr. and Mrs. Thomas V. Williams on December 18, 1944 -

"Dear Dad and Mother,

We've been to London again. This time we knew where to go to find things & we accomplished more, especially in the way of shopping. We went through the Tower of London one afternoon. Most of the arms, armor, Jewels etc. have been taken away for safekeeping, but a few of the less valuable pieces are still displayed in the White Tower - the original tower, completed in 1078 by William I. We stood in the Norman chapel built on in 1080 by Rufus. It gave me a strange feeling - seeing the chapel in which the Norman kings had worshipped, the altar (now covered with part of the altar cloth used at the coronation of George VI) at which English knights kept their night-long vigil, the stairway leading to the chapel from below on which were found 200 years after their deaths the two princes who were smothered at the orders of their uncle Richard. I've always been intrigued by English history, & walking in & among the 30-odd towers which make up the Tower brings me closer to that history. We saw a room in which Lady Jane Grey had been kept just before her execution. In the next house, only a few steps away, is the room used for ten days by Rudolph Hess..." and again he wrote -

7 January, 1945

"...A few days ago we were forced down in France by engine trouble. Our radio operator was unable to contact the base, so no one knew we had landed in France. The fighter field at which we landed sent a standard report but that has yet to arrive here, so we were listed as missing in action, until our return three days later." (Note: The city near which they were forced down was Rheims.)

"When our trouble had been remedied it was too late to take off, so we were billeted in the city near which the fighter field is located. We stayed with our men at a 9th Air Force enlisted men's establishment, to keep the crew together. On the following two mornings we went out to the field, only to find that weather conditions prevented our take-off. All in all we spent three nights on canvas cots without mattresses. We shivered even with four thicknesses of blanket under us. I was so cold on the third night that I arose at 2:00 in the morning for long enough to put on my fleece lined flying boots and my flying jacket. Then I dived under the covers again, boots and all.

"We spent a couple of hours each evening sitting in a cafe, drinking champagne and listening to a French orchestra playing American tunes. On our last evening Dodrill and I joined an American sergeant and two French girls at their table. One of the girls, a school-teacher, spoke fair English, and the sergeant could speak some French. Dodrill could use only English, and the other girl spoke nothing but French. I managed to remember enough French to get by, and we spent a rather hilarious evening, using two languages, our hands, and a pencil & paper. When the cafe closed (at 8:30 to get people home before the 9:00 curfew) the sergeant & I walked the schoolteacher home. At her door she kissed us both on each cheek and we went our separate ways..."

Love, David."

Corporal Hugh Burrows (John's younger brother) to his parents from -

"somewhere in France - 25, Feb. 1945"

"...Boy did I ever have a very nice surprise yesterday. We were all sitting around the fire listening to our platoon leader when another officer came over to me and said someone was here to see me. I went over and there was John. What a sight he was for my sore eyes! There he was spick and span - clean shaven & everything - and there I was dirty & needing a shave - definitely. He sure did look swell. My stock in the troop went up 200 %. It sure was nice to see our officers hopping around for a change. They let us have their warm room to talk in & everything. We only talked about an hour and a half because they weren't just sure how to get back. He drove up with a British Sgt & and American T/4 in a General's jeep. What gets me is that he has known just what we've been doing since Nov. & he wouldn't tell me. He also knows what is in store for us, but wouldn't & couldn't tell me. As far as health goes he is in fine shape. Not fat - not thin. He sure doesn't look like he has been hurting from this war...Tried out my French the other night.

We went up into the village to get some cider & bread, and came back with cider, bread & a couple of eggs. It was a lot of work, but lots of fun too.

Das ist alles - temporarily - Lots of love, Hugh."

Pvt. Palmer Williams was working in the SHAEF theater for the Anglo-American Film Project in London, picking films for use in the invasion documentary "The True Glory." In a letter to his parents April 9, 1945 he wrote - "...In one way I am glad that I get to see as much film as I do, for despite the fact that a lot of it is junk, at least as far as using it in newsreels or other types of film goes, it gives one a view of this war that I am sure no general gets, nor any one else. Some of it is phoney staged stuff, some is as real as a bullet whizzing past your ear. There are miles of film on building up supplies, ferrying gas to forward tankers, carting back shell cases to be shipped to the U.S. and British factories for re-use. A bunch of very tired infantry guys resting in a town they have just cleared of snipers, while material taken a few hundred miles distant at almost the same time shows another bunch cooking some eggs or a liberated chicken, or others maneuvering their way past a road block, others herding prisoners into a cage and searching them, others bulldozing the rubble of some town aside so that re-inforcements can get through. All the hundreds of things that show the allied armies moving forward to the end. Some of this will never be shown. Some is too poorly photographed to be worth keeping, some is held for the moment for security, but mostly because there is so much of it, few people will ever see a tenth of it all. Every day the war passes in front of my eyes and I sit there and wonder which part of it will fit our story or will turn out important because of things that haven't happened yet. Do I need a shot of that bridge being built - I don't know - the script hasn't been written. All day long this goes on, 6 days a week-sometimes 7 if a lot came in and PRO wants to get it out so the reels can have it. It may run til ten or eleven at night and as inexorably as dawn it will start again, in the morning at nine or nine-thirty. I can't see it all, not every foot...I have to keep the cars running, get the film to the labs, call the studio etc....

"...Wed. May 9th, 1945. The film has been pouring through our theater and all has to be gotten out in the biggest rush. This is what we have been waiting for all these years and God knows the British have been waiting over five & a half years. On Monday noon we had read the surrender and began the long wait for the official announcement. The whole town hung on the air and papers were sold like the proverbial hot cakes. Flags were being sold almost as fast at enormous prices by street carts and the air of expectancy was really thick. By evening the reports had come through to the general public that the surrender had taken place and the unofficial celebrating began. Finally word was flashed that it was official and the PM would make his statement Tuesday afternoon. Tuesday Guy & I decided that the place to get to was the Elephant and Castle over in the east end to see the real people of London rejoice. Around the corner and down Piccadilly, singing the piece from Red Peppers about strolling down gay Piccadilly. The street was shut off from traffic and the soldiers, sailors and airmen were doing snake dances, yelling and singing all over the place. By the time we got to the Circus you could hardly move. Suddenly out of the mass came the quick cadence of the Guards who were putting on a very "drunken drill. A squad of police lined up being given final inspection and orders by a sgt. and the crowd gathered around to tell them off. They were completely bewildered and just stood and took it. We made our way down some side streets to Trafalgar Square and got there at nine just in time to hear the King's speech. The people stood and sang God Save the King before he came on and then there was a complete hush while he spoke. I was embarrassed by his delivery but the people, some of whom cried quietly, were very pleased that he did so well. A tired three cheers were given when he finished but most seemed to feel the war lift off their shoulders for the first time. A parade squirmed through and G. and I got on a tube and went to the Elephant and Castle. Down in the East end life was really being lived, bonfires were burning and the people sang anything and everything they could think of. The bars were so crowded that it took ten minutes to get near enough to shout an order. Old hags lugging gin bottles were whooping and screaming. Babies in prams were yelling outside the doors with little five and six year olds taking no care of them. A couple of colored soldiers, one a real shootin man from the Italian

front joined us and we sang our neighbors down but couldn't have been heard more than ten feet away...Seeing as how it was not only costing us a pile but was all a little bit rough and crooked, I pried G. loose and we went back to the tube. We got off again at Trafalgar and found the place lighted with searchlights, The Palace was ablaze and the King had made all the appearances he was going to make. So we went back to Piccadilly Circus and watched the crowds and pickups going on a mile a minute. Finally we got ourselves home and to bed about 2:30. Because of the shortage of liquor and even beer we didn't get very tight but it was a wonderful evening and I am glad I came. Faces over here seem so infinitely more expressive than they do in a New York crowd. It's kinda wonderful to see old Dunkirk veterans cheering their heads off, to see people roistering in the shelters that they had to live in so long - most have big notices on them saying that they are not to be used any more. The next day I drove around town and the beginnings of last night were all there in a more subdued form. An old typical British Admiral standing out in Trafalgar Square grinning the happiest smile I ever saw with a tiny Union Jack pinned to his cocked hat. The place didn't quite go overboard, there were many who thought of the Pacific and Burma fronts. The bells of most of the churches sounded at odd times and people would just stand and listen 'cause they haven't heard them, other than St. Paul's for F.D.R., in nearly six years. That you lovely people was V-E Day in London. I hope I never forget it."

P.W.

APPENDIX

Table of descent from Edward III

Edward III, King of England, 1312-1377	m. 1328	Phillipa of Hainault, c. 1308-1369
Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence,	m.	Lady Elizabeth de Burgh
Phillipa of Clarence, 1355-1382,	m.	Edward de Mortimer, 3rd Earl of March
Roger, 4th Earl of March, declared heir to throne of England, 1374-1398	m.	Lady Eleanor Holland
Lady Anne Mortimer	m.	Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, grandson of Edw. III. c.1375-1415
Richard, 3rd Duke of York, K.G. declared heir to the throne, 1412-1460	m.	Lady Cecily Nevill, 1415-1495
Lady Anne Plantagenet, 1439-1476	m. (2nd)	Sir Thomas St. Leger
Lady Anne St. Leger, - 1526	m.	Sir George Manners, 12th Lord Roos.
Thomas, 1st Earl of Rutland, K.G. - 1543	m.	Eleanor Paston, - 1551
Henry, 2nd Earl of Rutland, K.G. - 1563	m. 1536	Lady Margaret Nevill, - 1585
Lady Elizabeth Manners,	m. 1573	Sir William Courtenay, 1553-1630
Mary (or Elizabeth) Courtenay, 1585 -	m. c1600	Sir William Wrey of Trebitch, 1st Bart. - 1636
Sir William Wrey, 2nd Bart., c.1600-1645	m. 1634	Lady Elizabeth Chichester, 1607-
Sir Chichester Wrey, 3rd Bart. 1628-1668	m. (2nd)	Lady Anne Bouchier, Countess of Middlesex, 1628-1662
Sir Bouchier Wrey, 4th Bart. K.B., M.P. -1696	m.	Frances Rolle (living 1694)
Florence Wrey, - 1718	m.	John Cole of Enniskillen, M.P. 1680-1726
Elizabeth Cole, 1712-1770	m. 1731	Hon. Bysse Molesworth, M.P.
Florence Molesworth,	m. 1757	Rev. Thomas Colclough, D.D.
Harriet Colclough, c.1769-1832	m. 1784/5	Col. Jonas Watson, 1748-1798.

Table of descent from Edward I.

Edward I, King of England	m.	Margaret, daughter of Philip III of France
Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, d-1338	m.	Alice, daughter of Sir Roger Halys
Margaret, Duchess of Norfolk -1398	m.	John, Lord Seagrave.
John, Lord Mowbray	m.	Elizabeth - - - - - .
Thomas Mowbray, K.G., Duke of Norfolk	m.	Elizabeth Fitzalan
Sir Robert Howard	m.	Margaret - - - - - .
Sir John Howard, K.G., Duke of Norfolk, Battle of Bosworth, d. 1485	m.	Katharine, daughter of Lord Molines
Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk	m.	Agnes, daughter of Hugh Tilney
Lord William Howard, Baron Effingham	m.	Margaret of Gamage
Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham	m.	Katherine Cary
Frances Howard	m.	Henry Fitzgerald, 12th Earl of Kildare
Lady Bridget Fitzgerald	m.	Nicholas Barneswell, Baron Turvey, 1st Viscount of Kingsland.
Hon. Francis Barneswell	m.	Marianna Perkins of Lifford
Mabel (?) Marquis of Barneswell	m.	Dudley Colclough of Norbury, County Wexford
Col. Caesar Colclough, M.P. for Wexford	m.	Henrietta Vesey, descendant of John Vesey, Archbishop of Tuam
Thomas Colclough, D.D. of Kilmagee,	m.	Florence Molesworth, daughter of Hon. Bysse Molesworth, M.P.
Harriet Colclough, c. 1769-1832	m. 1784/5	Lt. Col. Jonas Watson, 1748-1798 grandson of the Bombardier.
Edward Watson, Godson of the Duke of Kent,	m.	Matilda O'Neal or O'Neil
JONAS WILLIAM WATSON, b. June 8, 1815 in Ireland; to Canada 1832; to Marquette, Mich. 1855; d. there June 16, 1875.	m. Feb. 18, 1838	Emily Wood, daughter of Rev. ^{W.} Michael Wood; b. Toronto, May 4, 1821; d. Jan. 7, 1891. Marquette

Only four of their children had descendants.

Matilda Florence	Edward Michael	Emily Harriet	Caroline Clement
m. Dr. Cyr	m. Imogene Oakes	m. Edward Busby Palmer	m. Ernest Rankin.

Table 1. Summary of Results

Category	Value	Category	Value
Category 1	10	Category 1	10
Category 2	20	Category 2	20
Category 3	30	Category 3	30
Category 4	40	Category 4	40
Category 5	50	Category 5	50
Category 6	60	Category 6	60
Category 7	70	Category 7	70
Category 8	80	Category 8	80
Category 9	90	Category 9	90
Category 10	100	Category 10	100

Table 2. Summary of Results

Category	Value	Category	Value
Category 1	10	Category 1	10
Category 2	20	Category 2	20
Category 3	30	Category 3	30
Category 4	40	Category 4	40
Category 5	50	Category 5	50
Category 6	60	Category 6	60
Category 7	70	Category 7	70
Category 8	80	Category 8	80
Category 9	90	Category 9	90
Category 10	100	Category 10	100

First Generation from Jonas W. Watson

Jonas William Watson and Emily Wood Watson had 10 children -

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1- Matilda Watson | 6- Daughter, lived only 4 hours |
| 2- Edward Michael Watson | 7- Twin, died in infancy |
| 3- Jonas William Albert Watson | 8- " " " " |
| 4- Emily Harriet Watson | 9- William Jonas Watson |
| 5- George O'Neal Watson | 10- Caroline Clement Watson |

- 1- MATILDA FLORENCE WATSON, b. Dec. 4, 1838 at Port Stanley, Ontario. d. Dec. 19, 1886 at Negaunee, Mich. m. Jan. 30, 1865 at Marquette, Mich., by the Rev. Josiah Phelps to Dr. Louis D. Cyr of Negaunee. He b. in Canada, Graduate M.D. Montreal 1856; to Lake Superior 1858. d. March 11, 1932. 1904

Dec 24, 1886
son of Dr. Phelps
Sophie Drake

Children - 3

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| 11- Florence Cyr | 13- Violet Louise Cyr, a twin,
the other died at birth. |
| 12- Philomene Cyr | |
- 2- EDWARD MICHAEL WATSON, b. Sept. 28, 1840 at Cleveland, Ohio.; d. May 12, 1906 and is buried at Marquette, Mich.; Captain 9th Michigan Cavalry in Civil War; m. August 24, 1870 to Imogene L. Oakes who was born at Lewis, N.Y. in 1852, d. Mar. 10, 1932.

Children - 9

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 14- William Alexander Watson | 19- Harvey Stowe Watson |
| 15- Bessie Watson | 20- Imogene Florence Watson |
| 16- Edna Watson | 21- Mabel Watson |
| 17- Emily Watson | 22- Katharine Howard Watson |
| 18- Edward Clement Watson | |
- 3- JONAS WILLIAM ALBERT WATSON, b. Dec. 18, 1842 at Cleveland, Ohio. d. at New York City, Sept. 29, 1852 (see page 42) and buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Lot #5468, Grave #689. As no one else had the name of Albert it is presumed he was named for the Prince Consort who married Queen Victoria in 1840.
- 4- EMILY HARRIET WATSON, called PEM, b. Dec. 9, 1844 at Cleveland, Ohio. d. Dec. 5, 1913 at the home of her son, Mesa Ariz. and buried there with her husband who d. 10 days later, Dec. 22, 1913. m. August 24, 1870 to Edward Busby Palmer who was b. at Goderich, Canada, Sept. 21, 1842; moved to Marquette in 1864 after service in Civil War as Paymaster's Steward in Navy on "W.H. Brown" above Vicksburg. Went into partnership with Edward M. Watson 1874, under firm name of "Watson & Palmer." A tablet to them was placed in St. Paul's Church, Marquette, Mich.

Children - 4

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 23- Louis Edward Palmer | 25- Ralph Fleetwood Palmer |
| 24- Grace Elizabeth Palmer | 26- Jessie Elise Palmer |
- 5- GEORGE O'NEAL WATSON, b. Dec. 2, 1846, at Cleveland, Ohio. Unmarried. d. at Newberry State Hospital, Newberry, Mich. Oct. 25, 1913.
- 6- Daughter, b. at Sault Ste. Marie, Aug. 8th, 1854. See page 44.
- 7 and 8- Twins d. in infancy, 1856. See page 46.
- 9- WILLIAM JONAS WATSON, b. March 6, 1859 at Marquette, Mich. known as little Willie; d. April 23, 1863, at Marquette, Mich.

- 10- CAROLINE CLEMENT WATSON, b. May 11, 1864 at Marquette, Mich. She wrote many books for girls under the name of Carroll Watson Rankin. See page 69. d. Aug. 18, 1945 and buried at Marquette. m. Jan. 28, 1886 to Ernest Fredrick Augustus Rankin, b. July 13, 1861 at Detroit, Mich., son of Edward Peter and Laura (Spencer) Rankin. During the last part of his life he was with the New York Central Railroad.

Children - 4

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 27- Florence Imogene Rankin | 29- Eleanor Wood Rankin |
| 28- Ernest Harvey Rankin | 30- Phyllis Spencer Rankin |

.....

Second Generation

(The numeral in brackets refers to the parents)

- 11- FLORENCE CYR (1) b. March 26, 1866 at Negaunee, Mich. d. Nov. ¹² 1897, ~~1879~~ at Chicago, Ill. ? ; m. April 1888 to Newton Sample. He b. Aug. 13, 1865; d. Aug. 26, 1941 in California.

Child - 1

- 31- Louis Sample *J. 4 1897*
- 12- PHILOMENE CYR (1) b. Oct. 12, 1867 at Negaunee, Mich. d. Nov. 8, 1904. m. Nov. 1, 1887 to Willis J. Crane of Negaunee, a widower with one son Willis. He b. - - - d. July 29, 1941 at Anaheim, Calif. *29 Dec 1886*

Children - 5

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 32- Florence Crane (her twin d. at birth) | 35- Katharine Barnes Crane |
| 33- Helen Beatrice Crane | 36- Edna Louise Crane |
| 34- Sheldon Cyr Crane | |
- 13- VIOLET LOUISE CYR (1) ^{d. Nov 30, 1953} b. Oct. 9, 1877. m. Dec. 30, 1913 to Franklin Ulysses Nelson, b. June 28, 1868. Their home is in Auburndale, Florida.
- 14- WILLIAM ALEXANDER WATSON (2) b. March 25, 1871; d. Oct. 14, 1943 at Marquette, Mich.; m. June 7, 1898 to Tessa Barnum McKenzie at Negaunee, Mich. She b. Jan. 1873, d. *Mar 23, 1954*

Child - 1

- 37- Helen Imogene Watson
- 15- BESSIE WATSON (2) b. Dec. 29, 1872 at Marquette, Mich. m. Sept. 30, 1891 to Thomas Harriss Larke of Duluth, Minn. and San Francisco, Calif. He d. Dec. 25, 1927; She m. 2nd March 12, 1930, Hugh Blodget of San Francisco, Calif. He d. March 16, 1936. She has exhibited her "Miniature Palace" for many years on the west coast. During World War I, she served as "Special Assistant to the Morale Officer" "Hostess of the Coast Defenses" and "Special Welfare Agent for the Government." Known as Major Larke and Mother Larke. See page 78. *d. May 24, 1960, Duluth, Calif.*

Children - 6

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 38- Donald Watson Larke | 41- Harvey Edward Larke |
| 39- Janet Larke | 42- William Kyrle Larke |
| 40- Thomas Harriss Larke Jr. | 43- Elizabeth Corinth Larke |

10. CHAIRMAN, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 1961-1962. In 1961, I was elected Chairman of the University of California, a position of national prominence. I served in this capacity for two years, during which I oversaw the university's operations and represented it in various forums. My primary focus was on the university's academic and research programs, and I worked closely with the faculty and the Board of Regents to ensure the highest quality of education and research. I also oversaw the university's financial affairs and its relations with the state and the federal government.

Chairman - 1

- 10-1961 to 1963
- 10-1961 to 1963

Chairman - 2

The following is a list of the members of the Board of Regents:

11. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 1963-1964. I served as Chairman of the Board of Regents from 1963 to 1964. During this period, I continued to oversee the university's operations and represented it in various forums. I also worked closely with the faculty and the Board of Regents to ensure the highest quality of education and research. I also oversaw the university's financial affairs and its relations with the state and the federal government.

Chairman - 3

12. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 1964-1965. I served as Chairman of the Board of Regents from 1964 to 1965. During this period, I continued to oversee the university's operations and represented it in various forums. I also worked closely with the faculty and the Board of Regents to ensure the highest quality of education and research. I also oversaw the university's financial affairs and its relations with the state and the federal government.

Chairman - 4

- 12-1964 to 1966
- 12-1964 to 1966
- 12-1964 to 1966

13. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 1966-1967. I served as Chairman of the Board of Regents from 1966 to 1967. During this period, I continued to oversee the university's operations and represented it in various forums. I also worked closely with the faculty and the Board of Regents to ensure the highest quality of education and research. I also oversaw the university's financial affairs and its relations with the state and the federal government.

Chairman - 5

14. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 1967-1968. I served as Chairman of the Board of Regents from 1967 to 1968. During this period, I continued to oversee the university's operations and represented it in various forums. I also worked closely with the faculty and the Board of Regents to ensure the highest quality of education and research. I also oversaw the university's financial affairs and its relations with the state and the federal government.

Chairman - 6

- 14-1967 to 1969
- 14-1967 to 1969
- 14-1967 to 1969

- 16- EDNA WATSON (2) b. Dec. 24, 1874, at Marquette, Mich. m. Feb. 11, 1902 to Henry R. Harris of Marquette, Mich., son of James M. and Sarah (Robbins) Harris; b. July 31, 1861; d. June 5, 1939. He was with the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co. and Vice Pres. and General Manager of the Lake Superior and Ishpeming R. R. at Marquette, Mich.

Children - 3

- 44- Murray Duncan Harris
45- Imogene Watson Harris

46- Sarah Robbins Harris

- 17- EMILY WOOD WATSON (2) ^{d June 17, 1957} b. April 9, 1877 at Marquette, Mich. m. March 20, 1904 to Robert Fowle of Marquette. He is a naval architect. They live in New London, Conn. There are no children.

- 18- EDWARD CLEMENT WATSON (2) b. May 28, 1878 at Marquette, Mich. m. May 28, 1901 to Delia Benjamin Bedell at Marquette. She ^{d June 25, 1956} b. Feb. 14, 1870. He volunteered and served in the Spanish-American War.

Children - 3

- 47- Edward Clement Watson, Jr.
48- Mary Elizabeth Watson

49- Katharine Maude Watson

- 19- HARVEY STOWE WATSON (2) b. March 9, 1881; d. June 16, 1887.

- 20- IMOGENE FLORENCE WATSON (2) b. Sept. 29, 1884; d. Dec. 24, 1901 at Marquette, Mich., of appendicitis. (known as Chunky)

- 21- MABEL WATSON (2) b. April 15, 1888; m. Jan. 16, 1911 at Marquette, Mich., to Alfred Kirke Higgins, son of Samuel Gaty and Blanche (Rose) Higgins, b. June 20, 1884; He is an advertising writer. They live in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. ^{d. Apr 7, 1961, Cedar Rapids}

Children - 3

- 50- Nancy Higgins
51- Katharine Higgins

52- Kirke Higgins

- 22- KATHARINE HOWARD WATSON (2) b. April 9, 1892; m. Sept. 16, 1916 to Frank Vincent Burrows, son of Frank S. Burrows of Marquette, Mich., b. March 4, 1892; They live in Muskegon, Mich.

Children - 4

- 53- Frank Vincent Burrows, Jr.
54- John Edward Burrows

55- Ann Katharine Burrows
56- Hugh Watson Burrows

- 23- LOUIS EDWARD PALMER (4) b. Dec. 11, 1871 at Marquette, Mich; d. Dec. 12, 1910 at Mesa, Ariz. of t.b. and buried there. m. May 10, 1898 at Evanston, Ill. to Ellen Linden Van Every. (She m. 2nd Lionel Brady and lives in Tempe, Ariz.) There were no children. ^{d. Sept 16, 1951}

- 24- GRACE ELIZABETH PALMER (4) b. Oct. 8, 1873 at Marquette, Mich. m. Sept. 13, 1899 to William James Pettee of Princeton, Ill., son of George Prentice and Margaret Pettee, by the Rt. Rev. G. Mott Williams at St. Pauls Cathedral, Marquette. He. b. Jan. 31, 1868; d. Sept. 9, 1935. She lives in Marquette, ^{d. Sept 17, 1957}

Child - 1

- 57- George Prentice Pettee 4th.

25- RALPH FLEETWOOD PALMER (4) ^{d. Dec 17, 1957} b. Nov. 4, 1875 at Marquette, Mich. He was the first boy baptized in the new St. Paul's Church building and named for the Rector - the Rev. Dr. Fleetwood. Grad. M.D. of the College of Physicians & Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.; m. 1st, Feb. 8, 1898 to Marie Cortelyou Pennell at Lima, Ohio. She b. Nov. 19, 1877; d. July 29, 1925.

Children - 3

- 58- Elizabeth Fox Palmer
- 59- Harriet Imogene Palmer
- 60- Margaret Linden Palmer

He m. 2nd, Nov. 22, 1934, Mrs. Mildred Megargee (nee Kurtz) b. Aug. 29, 1888. They live in Phoenix, Arizona.

26- JESSIE ELISE PALMER (4) b. June 13, 1885 at 224 E. Ridge St., Marquette, Mich. m. Dec. 9, 1912 at St. Paul's Chapel, New York, N.Y. by the Rev. Howard Ziegler to Elwood Williams, son of James Andrew and Amelia Gest Williams of Columbus, Ohio. He was ^{d. May 23, 1952} b. Sept. 17, 1874. An architect and member A.I.A. They live in New York City.

Children - 3

- 61- Elwood Williams 3rd
- 62- Palmer Williams
- 63- Aemilia Williams (Emily)

27- FLORENCE IMOGENE RANKIN (10) b. Nov. 29, 1886 at Marquette, Mich. m. Oct. 27, 1909 to Stuart Berwick Miller, son of Stuart Clark and Emily (Berwick) Miller of Cambridge, Mass. He b. Aug. 25, 1877; d. Dec. 3, 1945. He was with the Dupont Powder Company for many years. She lives in Marquette, Mich.

Child - 1

- 64- Berwick Rankin Miller

28- ERNEST HARVEY RANKIN (10) b. Jan. 6, 1888 at Marquette, Mich. m. April 11, 1917 to Agnes Theresa Breslin at Albany, N.Y. He is a railroad signal service man. They live in Berea, Ohio.

Children - 4

- 65- Ernest Harvey Rankin, Jr.
- 66- Mary Carol Rankin
- 67- John J. F. Breslin Rankin
- 68- Eleanor Ann Rankin

29- ELEANOR WOOD RANKIN (10) b. May 7, 1890 at Marquette, Mich. m. August 22, 1923 by the Rev. Bates G. Burt at St. Paul's Cathedral, to Thomas Victor Williams, son of Bishop Gershom Mott and Eliza (Biddle) Williams of Marquette, Mich. He b. Sept. 1, 1882 at Detroit, Mich. He has a fruit orchard and they live at Medford, Oregon. ^{d. Feb 5, 1953}

Children - 5

- 69- David Shepard Williams
- 70- Phyllis Williams
- 71- Rhoda Mott Williams
- 72- Charity Williams
- 73- Christopher Peter Spencer Williams

30- PHYLLIS SPENCER RANKIN (10) b. Jan. 10, 1895 at 219 E. Ridge St., Marquette, Michigan, where she still lives. unm. She is the Librarian of the Peter White Public Library of the City of Marquette.

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Third Generation - Great-grandchildren of Jonas

- 31- LOUIS SAMPLE (11, 1) b. April 22, 1889; d. Jan. 2, 1935. m. 1915, Muriel - - - - .

No Children

- 32- FLORENCE ADELAIDE CRANE (12, 1) b. Aug. 12, 1888; d. June 20, 1904. Drowned in accident on Teal Lake, Negaunee, Mich.

- 33- HELEN BEATRICE CRANE (12, 1) b. March 7, 1890. m. 1934 to Eugene Carey, a widower with four children. He b. July 23, 1892. d. July 31, 1942. She adopted two daughters. Lives in Florida.

- 34- SHELDON CYR CRANE (12, 1) b. Aug. 15, 1892 at Negaunee, Mich.; d. Apr. 27, 1921. m. Dec. 29, 1917 to Grace Louise Rogers. Served in World War I. *son (2) (1) Bagley*

Child - 1

- 74- Sheldon ^{CYR}King-Rogers Crane

- 35- KATHARINE BARNES CRANE (12, 1) b. Feb. 13, 1894. m. Sept. 9, 1916 to Joseph Frank Cox. b. 1890; d. Nov. 13, 1948; He was author of agricultural text books, Specialist with Agricultural Conservation Program in Washington, D.C., Served in World War I. She lives in Washington, D. C.

Children - 3

- 75- Martha Louise Cox

- 77- Katharine Crane Cox

- 76- Joseph Crane Cox

- 36- EDNA LOUISE CRANE (12, 1) b. Feb. 4, 1897 at Negaunee Mich. m. Dec. 13, 1918 to James H. Rough, Jr.; He b. June 27, 1896, son of Capt. James H. and Mary Ellen (Mitchell) Rough. Served as 2nd Lieut. Engineers in World War I and as Major, Engineers in World War II. Still in Reserves. They live in Hibbing, Minn.

Children - 2

- 78- James H. Rough III

- 79- Willis Rough

- 37- HELEN IMOGENE WATSON (14, 2) b. Dec. 16, 1904. unm. Principal of Froebel School, Marquette, Mich., where she lives.

- 38- DONALD WATSON LARKE (15, 2) b. Sept. 26, 1893 at Duluth, Minn.
m. 1st - Nina Boise; div; one daughter d. in infancy.
m. 2nd - Eleanor Beckstrom, div.

Children - 2

- 80- Donald Watson Larke, Jr.

- 81- Thomas H. Larke

m. 3rd - Geraldine Wetherell; They live in San Mateo, Calif.

- 39- JANET LARKE (15, 2) b. May 17, 1895; d. July 24, 1895 at Duluth, Minn.

- 40- THOMAS HARRISS LARKE, Jr. (15, 2) b. April 14, 1897 at Duluth, Minn. m. Aug. 14, 1926 Virginia Robbins. He served in World War I. in infantry. Vice-President of Northern California Chapter S.A.R. He is an insurance broker in San Francisco, Calif.

Child - 1

- 82- Janet Elizabeth Larke

- 41- HARVEY EDWARD LARKE (15, 2) b. Oct. 17, 1898 at Duluth, Minn. Served in infantry World War I; was 1st Sgt of T.S.U., Sacramento, World War II. m. 1925 Bernice Gillen. They live in Castro Valley, Calif. No children.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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42- WILLIAM KYRLE LARKE (15, 2) b. Jan. 15, 1901 at Duluth, Minn. m. Alice Edinger.
He served in World War I. ; They live in Stockton, Calif.

No children

43- ELIZABETH CORINTH LARKE (15, 2) b. Feb. 25, 1909 at Seattle, Wash. m. March 16,
1929 to John Richard Wright of San Francisco, Calif. They live in San Francisco.

Children - 2

83- Colin Richard Wright

84- Robin Lyn Wright

44- MURRAY DUNCAN HARRIS (16, 2) b. Nov. 2, 1903 at Marquette, Mich. He served in
World War II, Colonel in Signal Corps U. S. Army in Europe; now Chief of Procure-
ment Branch, Logistics Division in Germany. m. 1st, Helen Murphy of New York
City 1939; div. 1947.

Children - 2

85- Robert Duncan Harris

86- Joan Marie Harris

m. 2nd - Julia Gladney, 1947; div. 1948

m. 3rd - Mrs. Kathryn Randall Proctor at Washington, D. C. June 30, 1949; She b.
1911 is a lawyer; was a widow with one child Linda.

Child - 1

87- Randall Duncan Harris

45- IMOGENE WATSON HARRIS (16, 2) b. March 5, 1905 at Marquette, Mich. m. Aug. 24,
1932 to Dr. Neil Williams Swinton; He served with Medical Unit World War II;
Physician at Lahey Clinic, Boston, Mass. They live in Waban, Mass.

Children - 3

88- Neil Swinton

90- Jane Beardsley Swinton

89- Sarah (Sally) Swinton

46- SARAH ROBBINS HARRIS (16, 2) b. March 2, 1907 at Marquette, Mich. m. Dec. 15, 1934
to Cedric Leland Smith at Denver, Colo.; He b. Jan. 8, 1904; He is Division Manager
Mid-Continent Petroleum Co. at Terre Haute, Ind. where they live.

Children - 2

91- Harris Barnard Smith

⁹² 82- Deborah Wells Smith

47- EDWARD CLEMENT WATSON (18, 2) b. Aug. 28, 1904 at Marquette, Mich. m. Sept. 1933
to Elsie Johnson of Marquette, b. Mar. 6, 1910. They live in San Mateo, Calif.

Children - 2

93- ^{Joanne} Joanne Watson

94- Imogene Lee Watson

48- MARY ELIZABETH WATSON (18, 2) b. March 20, 1908 at Marquette, Mich. m. April 19,
1930 to Harry Embrey Taylor of Flint, Mich. He is a newspaper man, served in World
War II. They live in Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Child - 1

95- Katharine Ann Taylor

49- KATHARINE MAUDE WATSON (18, 2) b. Jan. 1, 1910 at Marquette, Mich. m. Sept. 14,
1939 to Thomas Dam Dambak at Detroit, Mich., son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dam of
Steenum, Denmark. They live in California

Child - 1

96- Thomas Lee Dambak

10- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 1

11- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 2

12- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 3

13- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 4

14- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 5

15- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 6

16- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 7

17- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 8

18- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 9

19- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 10

20- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 11

21- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 12

22- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 13

23- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

Case 14

24- The following cases are reported as being due to the use of the following drugs:

- 50- NANCY HIGGINS (21, 2) b. Dec. 30, 1911 at New York City. m. Aug. 1, 1931 to Henry Norwood at Noroton, Conn. They live near Norwich, Conn. Route #6. They have a Trailer Sales business.

Children - 2

- 97- Nancy Louise Norwood (Chickie) 98- Barbara Ann Norwood (Duffie)

- 51- KATHARINE HIGGINS (21, 2) known as Pat; b. Mar. 12, 1913 at Leonia, N.J. m. July 22, 1933 to Edward Stanley Jayne 3rd of Williamstown, Mass. div. 1939. She lives at China Lake, Calif. Works for U. S. Navy Experiment Station.

Children - 3

- 99- Edward Stanley Jayne 4th 101- Peter Van Wyck Jayne
100- Alfred Kirke Jayne

- 52- KIRKE HIGGINS (21, 2) b. July 24, 1922. Served with U. S. Marines in World War II; m. Feb. 27, 1943 to Vera Michaels (Mrs. Clay, div.) She is a news writer with Newsweek in Washington, D.C. They live in Chevy Chase, Md.

Child - 1

- 102- Michael Kirke Higgins

- 53- FRANK VINCENT BURROWS, Jr. (22, 2) b. July 2, 1917 at Saginaw, Mich. Grad. Mich. State College 1940; Captain U. S. Army, World War II; m. Feb. 5, 1942 to Jean Leffel; They live in Los Altos, Calif.

Child (adopted)

- 103- Julie Vincent Burrows

- 54- JOHN EDWARD BURROWS (22, 2) b. Nov. 21, 1918 at Saginaw, Mich. Grad. The Citadel, Charleston, S. C. 1940; Lt. Col. U. S. Army now stationed at Fort Lewis, Wash.; m. May 2, 1942 to Bess Sanders Smith, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Yates Smith, at Charleston, S. C.

- 104- Elizabeth Ann (Betsy) Burrows 105- John Edward Burrows, Jr. *106 KATHARINE Burrows*

- 55- ANN KATHARINE BURROWS (22, 2) b. Jan. 28, 1921 at Grand Rapids, Mich. Grad. Western Mich. Teacher's College, Kalamazoo, 1942. m. Dec. 7, 1942 to James Owens McNamee of Muskegon, Mich. He served in World War II, Lt. U.S.N.R.; They live in Muskegon, Mich.

Children - 3

- 107- Mary Ann McNamee 109- Kathleen Veronica McNamee
108- Charles Burrows McNamee *110 PATRICIA OWEN*

- 56- HUGH WATSON BURROWS (22, 2) b. June 30, 1922 at Grand Rapids, Mich. Grad. Mich. State College 1947; Corp. Army of the U. S. World War II; Diplomatic courier for U.S. 1948-9; U.S. vice-consul from May 1949, now stationed in Munich, Germany. m. Dec. 3, 1949 to Anne Marie Steiner, at Munich, Germany, daughter of Frank Joseph Steiner of Muskegon, Mich., b. Sept. 28, 1924. *111 HUGH Steiner Burrows*

- 57- GEORGE PRENTICE PETTEE (24, 4) b. Feb. 17, 1901 at St. Louis, Mo. m. 1st - Aug. - 1927, Nona Goad of Mesa, Ariz. div. July 1942. He is U.S.C.G. commander of Coast Guard auxilliary flotilla at Marquette.

Children - 2

- 112- George Prentice Pettee, Jr. 113- Donald Wiley Pettee

He m. 2nd, June 17, 1947 to Margaret Rarick at Fort Morgan, Colo. She teaches music at the Northern State Normal, Marquette, Mich. where they live.

REPORT

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

CHAPTER I

1. The Department of the Interior is one of the largest and most important of the executive departments of the United States.

2. It is responsible for the management and control of the public lands, the regulation of the mining industry, and the supervision of the Indian tribes.

CHAPTER II

3. The Department of the Interior is organized into several bureaus, each of which is headed by a chief of bureau.

4. The Bureau of Land Management is the largest of the bureaus and is responsible for the management of the public lands.

CHAPTER III

5. The Bureau of Land Management is organized into several divisions.

6. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands and for the regulation of the mining industry.

CHAPTER IV

7. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands.

8. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands and for the regulation of the mining industry.

9. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands and for the regulation of the mining industry.

CHAPTER V

10. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands.

11. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands.

12. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands and for the regulation of the mining industry.

13. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands and for the regulation of the mining industry.

CHAPTER VI

14. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands.

15. The Bureau of Land Management is responsible for the management of the public lands and for the regulation of the mining industry.

- 58- ELIZABETH FOX PALMER (25, 4) b. March 14, 1904 at Roosevelt Dam, Ariz.; m. Sept. 1930 to William T. Barkley, Jr. of Phoenix, Ariz.; He served in World War II; They have a cattle ranch near Mesa, Ariz.

Child - 1

114- Nancy Pennell Barkley

- 59- HARRIET IMOGENE PALMER (25, 4) b. Oct. 5, 1905 at Roosevelt, Ariz. Music student Cincinnati, O. and Fontainebleau, France; Music teacher. m. Nov. 29 1940 to Xystos Eugene McCarter; He served in World War II. She lives in Mesa, Ariz.

Child (adopted)

115- Jan Ellen McCarter

- 60- MARGARET LINDEN PALMER (25, 4) b. March 10, 1907 at Mesa, Ariz. m. Aug. 27, 1932 to Henry Albert Longmeyer at Prescott, Ariz. He is a cattle dealer; They live in Greenfield, Ill.

Children - 2

116- Ralph Fleetwood Longmeyer

117- Henry Albert Longmeyer

- 61- ELWOOD WILLIAMS 3rd (26, 4) b. Feb. 9, 1914 in New York City; Grad. Kent School, Georgetown School of Foreign Service; vice consul 1940-31; Lt. U.S.N.R. World War II, on leave from Department of State, Washington, D. C. m. Jan. 30, 1942 to Frances Elizabeth McLean, Westmount, P.Q. Canada. They live in Arlington, Va.

Children - 3

118- Anne Douglas Williams

120- James McLean Williams

119- Elizabeth Palmer Williams

- 62- PALMER WILLIAMS (26, 4) b. Oct. 7, 1916 at Englewood, N.J.; Served in World War II, U. S. Army Pictorial Service, pfc. In documentary film work, New York. m. 1st, Jan. 27, 1940 to Jane Parker, dau. of Austin and Phyllis Duganne Parker. b. June 10, 1920; div. 1947.

Child - 1

122- Stephen Williams

m. 2nd, Oct. 8, 1949 to Barbara Jeanne Payne, dau. of Wilbur B. and Helen Jackson Payne; b. June 11, 1923; grad. Pomona College and U. of S. C. Calif. Social Service Worker. 123 MARK WHITNEY Williams

- 63- EMILY WILLIAMS (26, 4) b. Jan. 19, 1926, Mineola, Long Island. Grad. Scarborough School, Briarcliff Junior College; m. March 25, 1946 to Paul Carlyle Evans, son of Orry R. and Emma Carter Evans of Syracuse, N.Y.; with American Field Service, Europe and India, World War II.; b. Sept. 27, 1925. Grad. St. John's College, Annapolis, Md. 1949, B.A.; Teaching at Linthicum, Md.

Child - 1

124- Christian Carter Evans

125 ANDREW EVANS

- 64- BERWICK RANKIN MILLER (27, 10) b. Dec. 18, 1917 at Wilmington, Del. Lives in Marquette, Mich.; unkm.

65- ERNEST HARVEY RANKIN, Jr. (28, 10) b. Oct. 19, 1918; Served with U. S. Merchant Marines in World War II; m. Jan. 8, 1938 to Beatrice Miriam Henning at Rocky River, Ohio. They live in Los Angeles, Calif.

Children - 4

- 126- Nancy Rankin
- 127- Elizabeth Harriet Rankin
- 128- Ernest Hugh Rankin
- 129- Thomas Michael Rankin

66- MARY CAROL RANKIN (28, 10) b. May 21, 1920 at Cleveland, Ohio. m. Sept. 19, 1942 to Donald Brown; div.; She is a writer.

Child - 1

- 130- David Rankin Brown

67- JOHN JOSEPH FRANCIS BRESLIN RANKIN (28, 10) b. April 6, 1923, Cleveland, Ohio. m. Oct. 1, 1946 to Judith Toini Raaska at Philadelphia, Pa. They live in Philadelphia.

Child - 1

- 132- John Breslin Rankin, Jr.

68- ELEANOR ANN RANKIN (28, 10) b. Dec. 1, 1927 at Cleveland, Ohio. m. July 5, 1947 to Raymond Wilfred Frederickson of Ishpeming, Mich. They live in Cleveland, Ohio.

Children - 2

- 134- Raymond Michael Frederickson
- 135- - - - -

69- DAVID SHEPARD WILLIAMS (29, 10) b. 1924; Served with U. S. Air Forces, 2nd Lieut., during World War II; killed in action Jan. 10, 1945. His plane and crew were never heard from and they were presumed to have crashed in the North Sea on their return to England from a bombing mission to Cologne, Germany. unkm.

70- PHYLLIS WILLIAMS (29, 10) b. Feb. 22, 1926 at Medford, Oregon.; grad. of U. of Oregon, B.A., 1948.

71- RHODA MOTT WILLIAMS (29, 10) b. April 16, 1927 at Medford, Oregon.; grad. of U. of Oregon, B.A., 1950.

72- CHARITY WILLIAMS (29, 10) b. Feb. 15, 1930 at Medford, Oregon. Student at the Sorbonne, Paris 1950-51.

73- CHRISTOPHER PETER SPENCER WILLIAMS (29, 10) b. Oct. 12, 1931 at Medford, Ore.

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Fourth Generation - Great-great-grandchildren of Jonas

74- SHELDON ~~KING~~^{S.Y. 12} ~~ROGERS~~ CRANE (34, 12, 1) b. - - - - - 1918. unkm. Lives in Pasadena, California. *136a Sheldon Crane Jr*

75- MARTHA LOUISE COX (35, 12, 1) b. Oct. 25, 1917 at East Lansing, Mich. m. 1st, Edward Parker Wood - - - 1937; div. 1941.

Children - 2

136-⁶ Debora Katharine Wood 137- Martha Louise Wood
m. 2nd, Paul R. Weber, 1942. They live in Lexington Park, Md.

Child - 1

138- Paul Stormy Weber *139-*

76- JOSEPH CRANE COX (35, 12, 1) b. May 29, 1920 at East Lansing, Mich.; Served in World War II, Pacific Theater U.S. Army; recalled to active duty Nov. 1947 to July 1950, Captain, Medical Service Corps Reserve. m. Helen Marie King of Detroit, Mich., July 28, 1943 at Alexandria, La. She b. June 25, 1920; Lt. Army nurse Corps World War II. They live in Detroit, Mich.

Children - 4

140- Judith Anne Cox 142- Katharine Jean Cox
141- Susan Marie Cox 143- Joseph King Cox

77- KATHARINE CRANE COX (35, 12, 1) b. Nov. 13, 1924. Lansing, Mich. m. May 17, 1944 to Medill Loebner at Washington, D. C. He is a commercial artist. They live in Astoria, L.I., N.Y. *R. Feb 27, 1951. She m. (2) Melvin G. Reed*

Children - 3

144- Daniel Medill Loebner 146- Leah Loebner
145- John Loebner

78- JAMES H. ROUGH III (36, 12, 1) b. Feb. 13, 1923 at Hibbing, Minn.; Served in World War II, Tech. Sgt - Topographer; m. Sept. 6, 1948 to Lola Findreng; She b. Jan. 17, 1926 at Houston, Minn.; They live in Dubuque, Iowa.

Child - 1

148- Pamela Jean Rough

79- WILLIS ROUGH (36, 12, 1) b. Feb. 26, 1926 at Hibbing, Minn.; Served in World War II as G.M. 1st class U.S. Navy, 4 years. Atom Bomb Test - Bikini. m. Dec. 31, 1947 to Cletha Jean Costner, b. Oct. 2, 1928 at Shawnee, Okla. They live in Fontana, Calif.

Child - 1

150- Carol Jean Rough

80- DONALD WATSON LARKE, Jr. (38, 15, 2) b. - - - - -; served in World War II Air Force overseas; m - - - - -

Child - 1

152- - - - -

81- THOMAS HARISS LARKE (38, 15, 2) b. - - - - -; served in World War II Air Force overseas.

82- JANET ELIZABETH LARKE (40, 15, 2) b. - - - - -. unkm.

- 83- COLIN RICHARD WRIGHT (43, 15, 2) b. Jan. 28, 1937.
- 84- ROBIN LYN WRIGHT (43, 15, 2) b. Dec. 29, 1943.
- 85- ROBERT DUNCAN HARRIS (44, 16, 2) b. Sept. 2, 1937.
- 86- JOAN MARIE HARRIS (44, 16, 2) b. Oct. 21, 1942.
- 87- RANDALL DUNCAN HARRIS (44, 16, 2) b. June 24, 1950.
- 88- NEIL SWINTON (45, 16, 2) b. Sept. 16, 1933.
- 89- SARAH BENEDICT SWINTON (45, 16, 2) b. Feb. 21, 1935.
- 90- JANE BEARDSLEY SWINTON (45, 16, 2) b. Sept. 7, 1936.
- 91- HARRIS BARNARD SMITH (46, 16, 2) b. Jan. 21, 1939.
- 92- DEBORAH WELLS SMITH (46, 16, 2) b. April 21, 1944.
- 93- JOANNE WATSON (47, 18, 2) b. Dec. 31, 1935.
- 94- IMOGENE LEE WATSON (47, 18, 2) b. Nov. 3, 1938.
- 95- KATHARINE ANN TAYLOR (48, 18, 2) b. Jan. 22, 1931 at Flint, Mich.
Music student, piano and cello, Paris 1950-51.
- 96- THOMAS LEE DAMBAK (49, 18, 2) b. Nov. - 1940.
- 97- NANCY LOUISE NORWOOD (50, 21, 2) b. April 10, 1932 at Noroton, Conn.
m. Nov. 11, 1950 to Ralph Bartlett Hurlbutt, of Gales Ferry, Conn.
- 98- BARBARA ANN NORWOOD (50, 21, 2) b. Oct. 4, 1933 at Noroton, Conn.
- 99- EDWARD STANLEY JAYNE 4th (51, 21, 2) called Mike, b. March 7, 1934, Noroton, Conn.
- 100- ALFRED KIRKE JAYNE (51, 21, 2) b. July 6, 1936 at Noroton, Conn.
- 101- PETER VAN WYCK JAYNE (51, 21, 2) b. Dec. 19, 1937 at Noroton, Conn.
- 102- MICHAEL KIRKE HIGGINS (52, 21, 2) b. Sept. 3, 1945 at Washington, D. C.
- 103- JULIE VINCENT BURROWS (53, 22, 2) b. Apr. 19, 1948, California.
- 104- ELIZABETH ANN BURROWS (54, 22, 2) b. Apr. 16, 1943 at Charleston, S. C.
- 105- JOHN EDWARD BURROWS, Jr. (54, 22, 2) b. June 24, 1947.
- 107- MARY ANN McNAMEE (55, 22, 2) b. Dec. 15, 1945 at Muskegon, Mich.
- 108- CHARLES BURROWS McNAMEE (55, 22, 2) b. Sept. 3, 1947 at Muskegon, Mich.
- 109- KATHLEEN VERONICA McNAMEE (55, 22, 2) b. Sept. 30, 1949 at Muskegon, Mich.
- 112- GEORGE PRENTICE PETTEE, Jr. (57, 24, 4) b. July 7, 1928 at Whittier, Calif.
m. Rosemary C. Mallgren Oct. 14, 1950 at Marquette, Mich.
- 113- DONALD WILEY PETTEE (57, 24, 4) b. Apr. 7, 1930; d. Jan. 1, 1931.
- 114- NANCY PENNELL BARKLEY (58, 25, 4) b. June 29, 1931; m. Sept. 2, 1950 to William
Hubert Rankin of Mesa, Ariz.
- 115- JAN ELLEN McCARTER (59, 25, 4) b. March - 1945.
- 116- RALPH FLEETWOOD LONGMEYER (60, 25, 4) b. June 17, 1933.
- 117- HENRY ALBERT LONGMEYER (60, 25, 4) b. Nov. 10, 1934.
- 118- ANNE DOUGLAS WILLIAMS (61, 26, 4) b. Oct. 24, 1943 at Montreal, Canada.

- 119- ELIZABETH PALMER WILLIAMS (61, 26, 4) b. Sept. 7, 1946, Washington, D. C.
 120- JAMES McLEAN WILLIAMS (61, 26, 4) b. Feb. 13, 1950 at Washington, D. C.
 122- STEPHEN WILLIAMS (62, 26, 4) b. Jan. 27, 1943 in New York City.
 124- CHRISTIAN CARTER EVANS (63, 26, 4) b. July 28, 1947, Annapolis, Md.
 126- NANCY RANKIN (65, 28, 10) b. Jan. 8, 1940; d. 1943.
 127- ELIZABETH HARRIET RANKIN (65, 28, 10) b. Nov. 15, 1941. *1962*
 128- ERNEST HUGH RANKIN (65, 28, 10) b. March 25, 1944.
 129- THOMAS MICHAEL RANKIN (65, 28, 10) b. Sept. - 1945.
 130- DAVID RANKIN BROWN (66, 28, 10) b. Sept. 15, 1943.
 132- JOHN BRESLIN RANKIN (67, 28, 10) b. July 19, 1948, Philadelphia, Pa.
 134- RAYMOND MICHAEL FREDERICKSON (68, 28, 10) b. June 18, 1948, Cleveland, Ohio.
 135- *Leslie John* FREDERICKSON (68, 28, 10) b.

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Fifth Generation from Jonas W. Watson

136. Sheldon Lyman Crane (74 50)

- 136- DEBORA KATHARINE WOOD (75, 35, 12, 1) b. Feb. 14, 1939.
 137- MARTHA LOUISE WOOD (75, 35, 12, 1) b. June 13, 1940.
 138- PAUL STORMY WEBER (75, 35, 12, 1) b. June 20, 1943.
 140- JUDITH ANNE COX (76, 35, 12, 1) b. Jan. 17, 1944 at Salem, Oregon.
 141- SUSAN MARIE COX (76, 35, 12, 1) b. Oct. 15, 1946 at Prince Frederick, Md.
 142- KATHARINE JEAN COX (76, 35, 12, 1) b. April 19, 1949 at Manila, P.I.
 143- JOSEPH KING COX (76, 35, 12, 1) b. October 5, 1950 at Detroit, Mich.
 144- DANIEL MEDILL LOEBNER (77, 35, 12, 1) b. Feb. 22, 1945, Washington, D. C.
 145- JOHN LOEBNER (77, 35, 12, 1) b. Jan. 17, 1949 at New York City.
 146- LEAH LOEBNER (77, 35, 12, 1) b. Oct. 5, 1950, New York City.
 148- PAMELA JEAN ROUGH (78, 36, 12, 1) b. Aug. 26, 1949.
 150- CAROL JEAN ROUGH (79, 36, 12, 1) b. Oct. 2, 1948.
 152- - - - - LARKE (80, 38, 15, 2) b.

Numerals following the name in brackets refer to parent and grandparent numbers.

Barkeley, Nancy Pennell	#114	Gillen, Bernice	#41
William T.	58	Gladney, Julia	44
Beckstrom, Eleanor	38	Goad, Nona	57
Bedell, Delia Benjamin	18	Harris, Henry Robbins	16
Berwick, Emily	27	Imogene Watson	45
Biddle, Eliza	29	James M.	16
Blodget, Hugh	15	Joan Marie	86
Boise, Nina	38	Linda Proctor	44
Brady, Lionel	23	Murray Duncan	44
Brelsford, Amelia Gest	26	Randall Duncan	87
Breslin, Agnes Theresa	28	Robert Duncan	85
Brown, David Rankin	130	Sarah Robbins	46
Donald	66	Henning, Beatrice Miriam	65
Burrows, Ann Katharine	55	Higgins, Alfred Kirke	21
Elizabeth Ann	104	Katharine	51
John Edward	54	Kirke	52
John Edward Jr.	105	Nancy	50
Hugh Daniel	111	Michael Kirke	102
Hugh Watson	56	Samuel Gaty	21
Frank S.	22	Hurlbutt, Ralph Bartlett	97
Frank Vincent	22	Jackson, Helen	62
Frank Vincent Jr.	53	Jayne, Alfred Kirke	100
Julie Vincent	103	Edward Stanley 3rd	51
Katharine Smith	106	Edward Stanley 4th	99
Carey, Eugene	33	Peter Van Wyck	101
Carter, Emma	63	Johnson, Elsie	47
Costner, Cletha Jean	79	King, Helen Marie	76
Cox, Joseph Crane	76	Kurtz, Mildred (Mfs.Megargee)	25
Joseph Frank	35	Larke, - - -	152
Joseph King	143	Donald Watson	38
Judith Anne	140	Donald Watson Jr.	80
Katharine Crane	77	Elizabeth Corinth	43
Katharine Jean	142	Harvey Edward	41
Martha Louise	75	Janet	39
Susan Marie	141	Janet Elizabeth	82
Crane, Edna Louise	36	Thomas H.	81
Florence Adelaide	32	Thomas Harriss	15
Helen Beatrice	33	Thomas Harriss Jr.	40
Katharine Barnes	35	William Kyrle	42
Sheldon Cyr	34	Leffel, Jean	53
Sheldon Cyr, Jr.	74	Loebner, Daniel Medill	144
Sheldon Cyr 3rd	136a	John	145
Willis Jaquith	12	Leah	146
Cyr, Florence	11	Medill	77
Louis D.,M.D.	1	Longmeyer, Henry Albert	60
Philomene	12	Henry Albert Jr.	117
Violet Louise	13	Ralph Fleetwood	116
Dambak, Thomas Dan	49	Mallgren, Rosemary C.	112
Thomas Lee	96	Marquardt, Milton Erwin	98
Duganne, Phyllis	62	Michaels, Vera (Mrs.Clay)	52
Edinger, Alice	42	Miller, Berwick Rankin	64
Evans, Orry R.	63	Stuart Berwick	27
Christian Carter	124	Stuart Clark	27
Paul Carlyle	63	Mitchell, Mary Ellen	36
Winston Duane	95	Murphy, Helen	44
Findreng, Lola	78	McCarter, Jan Ellen	115
Fowle, Robert	17	Xystos Eugene	59
		McKenzie, Teresa Hannah	11

Year	Value	Year	Value
1911	100	1911	100
1912	105	1912	105
1913	110	1913	110
1914	115	1914	115
1915	120	1915	120
1916	125	1916	125
1917	130	1917	130
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1924	165	1924	165
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1928	185	1928	185
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2018	635	2018	635
2019	640	2019	640
2020	645	2020	645
2021	650	2021	650
2022	655	2022	655
2023	660	2023	660
2024	665	2024	665
2025	670	2025	670

McNamee, Charles Burrows	#108	Smith, Cedric Leland	#46
James Owens	55	Deborah Wells	92
Kathleen Veronica	109	Bess Sanders	54
Mary Ann	107	Harris Barnard	91
Patricia Owens	110	Steiner, Anne Marie	56
Nelson, Franklin Ulysses	13	Swinton, Jane Beardsley	90
Norwood, Barbara Ann	98	Neil Williams, M.D.	45
Henry	50	Neil	88
Nancy Louise	97	Sarah Benedict	89
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Palmer, Edward Busby	4	Katharine Ann	95
Elizabeth Fox	58	Van Every, Ellen Linden	23
Grace Elizabeth	24		
Harriet Imogene	59	WATSON, Bessie	15
Jessie Elise	26	Caroline Clement	10
Louis Edward	23	Edna	16
Margaret Linden	60	Edward Clement	18
Ralph Fleetwood	25	Edward Clement Jr.	47
Parker, Jane ,dau.of Austin	62	Edward Michael	2
Payne, Barbara Jeanne	62	Emily	17
Wilbur Blatchley	62	Emily Harriet	4
Pennell, Marie Cortelyou	25	George O'Neal	5
Pettee, George Prentice	24	Harvey Stowe	19
George Prentice 4th	57	Helen Imogene	37
George Prentice Jr.	112	Imogene Florence	20
Margaret	24	Imogene Lee	94
William James	24	Joanne	93
Proctor, Mrs. Katherine Randall	44	Katharine Howard	22
Raaska, Judith Toini	67	Katharine Maude	49
Rankin, Edward Peter	10	Mabel	21
Eleanor Wood	29	Mary Elizabeth	48
Eleanor Ann	68	Matilda Florence	1
Elizabeth Harriet	127	William Alexander	14
Ernest Frederick A.	10	William Jonas	9
Ernest Harvey	28	Weber, Paul R.	75
Ernest Harvey Jr.	65	Paul Stormy	138
Ernest Hugh	128	Wetherell, Geraldine	38
Florence Imogene	27	Williams, Anne Douglas	118
John Breslin	132	Charity	72
John Joseph F,	67	Christopher Peter Spencer	73
Mary Carol	66	David Shepard	69
Nancy	126	Elizabeth Palmer	119
Pamela Jean	170	Elwood	26
Phyllis Spencer	30	Elwood 3rd	61
Thomas Michael	129	Emily	663
William Hubert	114	Gershom Mott ,Bishop	29
Rarick, Margaret	57	James Andrew	26
Robbins, Sarah	16	James McLean	120
Virginia	40	Palmer	62
Rogers, Grace Louise	34	Phyllis	70
Rose, Blanche	21	Rhoda Mott	71
Rough, Carol Jean	150	Stephen	122
James H. Jr.	36	Thomas Victor	29
James H. 3rd	78	Wood, Deborah Katharine	136
Pamela Jean	148	Edward Parker	75
Willis	79	Martha Louise	137
Sample, Louis	31	Wright, Colin Richard	83
Newton	11	John Richard	43
		Robin Lyn	84