



LOS ANGELES
PUBLIC LIBRARY ✓

22045160015 REF
GEN 929.2 T662-3 V.8

GE

TOMPKINS, ROBERT ANGUS
CLAN OF TOMKYNS

010000

LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY

SUPPLEMENT

THE

CLAN OF TOMKINS

VOLUME VIII

...

R929.2 T662-3 v. 8

COP. 1

DIARY OF JANE ELIZABETH TOMPKINS

born Jan 11 1843 (dau Thomas Tompkins and Jane Rollins) who came "around the Horn" in 1846 with the Mormon Colony under command of Elder Sam Brannan:

This lady wrote a very interesting account of this long trip which lasted just four days less than six months from the time it left New York until it arrived in San Francisco. Her niece Mrs Violet Henshilwood of Long Beach California gave us a copy and now when we have begun to re-type and bind these kind of document we are unable to locate it anywhere.

But in the Los Angeles Public Library we find several books recording this memorable voyage and these account give some details that were not in the original paper we saw. Excerpts from this data follows:

It was in the Spring of 1846 that the Mormons began their trek toward the West. Some left Nauvoo overland and went by the way of Council Bluffs Iowa, just across the Missouri River from Omaha Nebraska as of the present time. We have been in Council Bluffs many a time during the several times we were in the army and stationed at Fort Omaha,

We have mentioned the Mormon settlement at Nauvoo in the diary of Julia P Woods wife of Stephen Tompkins one of the founders of Avon Illinois. We have visited the marvellous city of Salt Lake City and gone through all the Mormon buildings that we were permitted to enter. We have known quite a number of Mormon families in California, and seen the old fort they built in the wilds of Utah on the road from Provo to the North side of the Grand Canyon, and we have a picture of the fort we took ourselves, still standing and inhabited. Many books have been written about these people and some of them are highly complimentary and some quite the contrary.

Long ago we found a book in a second hand book store in San Francisco written by the wife of an American army officer who was the military governor of Utah in the days when Brigham Young was there and the Mormon settlement was growing strong. It had pictures of the several wives of Brigham Young, their names, ages and all about them. The writer of this book was very bitter and uncomplimentary about them. She accused the Mormons of many killings and massacres some of which history records as being perpetrated by the Indians. The book was stolen from me years ago. Also while searching census records in Washington, we found census records of 1870 and it listed about 80 children of Brigham Young by name and age.

But all this tho very interesting history and legend, it not the main current of narrative in the diary of Jane Elizabeth Tompkins diary and the facts of that tale which we had to gather from Bancroft and various other writers about the Mormons. We may say here that when a certain book was published about this voyage, Thomas Tompkins (m. Jane Rollins) who was evidently born in England, was listed later as "apostate" that is left the Mormon church. We also had it that his family later separated from the Mormon church.

There were several Robbins on this voyage also. We might look at the list of passengers now: But before going on we might say that one of our New Jersey Tompkins family went to Council Bluffs about this time and last heard from was at Council Bluffs. He disappears from all record after that and the New Jersey relative never heard of him again. The family were not Mormons but as this man was at Council Bluffs at that time he may have joined them.

And so it appears that about the same time the Mormons began their trip overland from Nauvoo, a ship load of them went by way of Cape Horn by sea and it was among these that Jane Elizabeth Tompkins went with her parents.

A small booklet titled The Mormons of California by William Glover and published in Los Angeles in 1951 gives complete passenger list of this ship, the Brooklyn. Mr Glover is a descendant of the Glovers who were aboard. This book is in Los Angeles Public Library in the California History section up stairs. Among these were Henry Rollins who was the father of Jane Rollins who was wife of Thomas Tompkins father of Jane Elizabeth Tompkins who wrote the diary. Also listed is Isaac Rollins, son of Henry Rollins Jane Rollins Tompkins daughter of Henry Rollins and Thomas "Tompkins"

There were many other passengers who later became prominent in San Francisco and who you will find much material about then in "San Francisco, a Pageant" by Charles Caldwell Dobie and published by Appleton 1933, a most interesting book that anyone should read.

Also one John H Robbins no doubt kin to Henry Robbins but we did not see his name in the list on the Brooklyn. He may have come overland with the other party, some of whom stayed in Salt Lake City. This John R Robbins owned the land where now the Palace Hotel on Market street at Montgomery now stands. This man returned later to Chesterfield NJ but later on came back to Utah and remained there where his is recorded as John Rogers Rollins. The Salt Lake City newspaper in 1854 says that John Rogers Rollins, C Kinkead and L Stewart have arrived in advance of shipment of goods valued at one million dollars. The Salt Lake City item also says that John Rogers Rollins was brother is Isaac Rollins. Also another brother was Charles B Robbins stayed San Francisco a printer's apprentice..

Mr Glover's book says that Sam Brannan in 1884 when the book was written, had become an apostate, and the once well respected leader had tumbled from the pedestal of ~~his vast estate~~ his vast estate and was selling pencils in Guaymas Mexico to keep body and soul together.

There were 239 person on the Brooklyn and all but four were Mormons, 68 men 67 women and about 100 children. Of these two men, two women and six children died at sea, and two children born at sea during the nearly six months long voyage. One woman died and was buried of Juan Fernandez Island, which as we all know was "Robinson Crusoe's Island".

One of the women died at sea was wife of Isaac Robbins and two of his children died at sea. Born at sea was a baby named Georgianna Pacific Robbins to wife of John R Robbins. (Note that we find the names both Rollins and Robbins they appear be same family). This girl grew up and was noted for musical talent in Salt Lake City.

The cargo of the Brooklyn was quite varied. It consisted of property of the immigrants, tools and equipment, printing press with two years of paper and supplies, 2 saw mills, 1 grist mill farm machinery and seeds in great quantity and merchandise for stores, and some 800 books. There were 2 cows, 40 pigs and many fowls, and 500 barrels of merchandise for Honolulu where they were to call before reaching San Francisco.

The sleeping quarters were ill ventilated, and the ceiling of lower deck so low that one must stoop to enter and remain standing. But the quarters of Sam Brannan and the ship's captain Richardson was "commodious and comfortable."

They rounded Cape Horn the latter part of April, the weather there was fortunately very good, but off the Coast of Chile they ran into a fierce storm. Provisions and water was running low and they had expected to replenish these at Valparaiso. Water was so scarce that only one pint per person per day was allowed. Firewood was just about all gone.

The storm drove them south and farther and farther away from land. The Captain almost "gave up hope". Excerpt from a passenger's diary said "There were children's voices crying in the darkness, mothers' voices soothing or scolding, men's voices rising above others, all mingled with groans and cries of the sick for help; above all the roar of the wind and the howling of the tempest, a scene indescribable."

The ship's captain told them he had done all he could and that this was the worst gale he had ever seen, and that unless God intervened they would go to the bottom.

At last the storm abated and they beat back toward Valparaiso, but before they arrived a second storm arose and three or four children died of sickness in it. They were buried at sea.

Laura Goodwin was thrown against a stairway, and died and was the one passenger who died aboard, and found burial at land. She was buried on Juan Fernandez, (Crusoe's Island) on May 4th. Of the ten who died at sea, only she found burial ashore.

A passenger's diary relating this said "The scene of her burial was pathetic. She left six little children weeping for their mother, a broken-hearted husband striving to comfort them."

At Juan Fernandez they bathed, washed clothes in fresh water, gathered fresh fruits and vegetables, peaches, apples, quinces, apricots, grapes, strawberries, radishes and turnips.

After this the ship took off for Honolulu, and reached there June 20th, 136 days after leaving New York. They stayed at Honolulu ten days. An American warship was at Honolulu and from them they learned that the United States was at war with Mexico. They got to Yerba Buena in San Francisco Bay July 31 ~~1846~~ 1846. They were utterly exhausted and almost too numbed to realize they were at the end of their voyage. (Note by RT Yerba Buena was what is now the North Shore section beyond what is now Telegraph Hill. Later by Yerba Buena was meant the island in the bay between San Francisco and Oakland also called Goat Island" But then Yerba Buena was the settlement which later grew into the city of San Francisco.)

To compare lengths of voyages, Columbus took 71 days,

The Pilgrims took 149 days

The Brooklyn with Brannan's company aboard took 178 days.

At the end of their voyage they landed at the rocky shoreline where is now the foot of Broadway in San Francisco, (Clark's Point). They went up to an old adobe house on what is now Grant Avenue which was former called Dupont street, where now is Chinatown. We well remember Dupont street and it was said to be the wickedest street in the world. It became so famous that the name was changed to Grant Avenue. Even as late as 1915 Grant

Avenue just off Market street was the forum from which various orators of various subject held forth and always had plenty of listeners. Arguments became loud and furious. A nihilist or socialist would be rudely interrupted by hecklers and very often knocked off his soap box and chased away into the far distance. Preachers, missionaries, reformed criminals who has been washed in the blood of the Lamb and become whiter than snow, spoke in sobbing accents of their miraculous redemption. One of these I heard many times, once he was "saved" at Palcerville, next he was saved at Tombstone or various other sinful spots. Many times he had committed crimes, and the crime list various mightily week by week.

Once a carriage with four ladies drove up and they began to make speeches for woman suffrage. They wanted the vote. They were heckled too but jokingly and no matter how angry they became of how terrible the low down bums we heard them call us, no one upset their carriage. They were heroes.

But to go back to the other days and to our newcome voyagers. And so, as we remarked before, they went up what is now Grant Avenue, hunting some shelter from the chilling winds. ere they found an adobe house on what is now Jackson street. The adobe was owned by a character they called English Jack. This place is now what is Stockton street at Jackson. At least they had found some sort of shelter, temporary tho it might be.

Regarding this we might quote another excerpt from the diary of one of the passengers. "The day opened, not with glorious sunshine, for a fog hovered over Yerba Buena, and a mist hiding all from view. But through the fog we saw the forms of whalers, a sloop-of-war, and waving from the barracks (the old adobe custom house on the plaza, the glorious flag of our country.

A salute from the fort was responded to by the Brooklyn, and our hearts felt more cheerful and secure. Three hearty cheers were given from faint and weary lips but from hearts loyal still.

As the ship neared the western dock, a rowboat appeared in which were soldiers, one of these boarding the vessel said 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honor to inform you that you are in the United States of America', a statement that was greeted with cheers.

On disembarking the men set up some tents and these were soon filled, for the rest they were huddled in the barracks, sixteen families, their apartments were divided by quilts or other partitions. The cooking was done out of doors. These tents were at what is now Washington and Montgomery streets. Others found shelter at the deserted Mission Dolores over the hills from town.. To pay for their passage they cut wood in Marin across the bay which cargo was accepted by Captain Richardson."

And let us remember that among these was our good kinsman, Thomas Tompkins and his family. Indeed they were hardy souls. He sleeps now at San Bernardino not far from here.

...

Diary of Tamar Tompkins
 dau of Jones Tompkins
 and Jane Conklin.

This copy sent by Mrs Martin DeMunn of Poughkeepsie NY grand-niece of Tamar Tompkins.

In 1790 my father was born, February 18, 1790 in the town of Phillips, Dutchess County, since called Putnam, at a small place called Peekskill Hollow, where my grandparents resided, and where my grandfather died. After his death the family removed to Tompkins County, town of Hester.

Jane Conklin, my mother was born October 3 1795, in the same town and county with my father. My grandparents on both sides were old residents of that part of the county, and lived but a short distance from each other, and my mother's brother lived on the homestead farm. My grandparents, the Conklins, were Presbyterians.

My grandparents the Tompkins, were Methodists. My parents were married March 8 1815. They lived at Peekskill Hollow 2 years, and then moved to Fishkill, where they lived 6 years, came back to Peekskill Hollow, where they lost their little son, Elijah. He lived 4 years, and in 1825 Tamar Conklin Tompkins was born.

Then they moved out in Western New York, at Endfield, Tompkins County. John T was born 1828, our mother in 1831, Uncle James in 1834 and Uncle George in 1835.

Aunt Adelia and Thomas Ford were married April 26 1837. This year grandmother Conklin died.

Aunt Susan and Guyan Fisher were married in February 1839. On the 13th of September Grandfather Conklin died being 87 years old.

In 1844 my father started for Michigan with his family. The first 4 days was through the rich country of Western New York. The 4th day crossed the Niagara river into the Province of Canada, at Black Rock, on a steam ferry. Aunt Tamar said after retracing our journey by Packet Boat and Railroad, "I took more comfort more pleasure, in travelling with our own conveyance than by either of them."

They were 8 days from Black Rock to Detroit. They were 16 days in all, when they arrived at Comstock, Kalamazoo Co Michigan. In 1848 my father moved to Barry County, town of Assyria, where he owned land. Uncle Cornelius was married to Helen Smart March 1 1848. In 1848 Uncle Guyan and Aunt Susan moved back to Lyons New York Aunt Tamar came back with them to Lyons, and stayed with them 2 years. She was thinking of returning when she received word of her brother John's death

Record of Grandfather Tompkins' family.

Jones Tompkins (father) b. Feb 18 1790

Jane Conklin Tompkins b. Oct 3 1793 (mother)

Married March 8 1815

Adelia Tompkins b. Mar 2 1816 married Thomas Ford Apr 26 1837

Susan Tompkins b. Oct 11 1818 m. Guyan Fisher Feb 29 1839

Cornelius Tompkins b. Nov 2 1822 married Mar 1 1848

Elijah Tompkins b. Oct 7 1820 d. Oct 18 1824

Tamar C Tompkins b. Jul 15 1825

John C Tompkins b. Mar 8 1828 d. Mar 17 1850

Mary A Tompkins b. Feb 18 1831

James M Tompkins b. Mar 10 1833

George W Tompkins b. Jul 28 1835

Guyan Fisher - Susan Fisher, Comstock Michigan Oct 11 1859
My father was born Feb 14 1790 in the town of Phillips, Dutchess Co New York, since called Putnam New York, a small place called Peekskill Hollow, where my grandparents resided and where my grandfather died.

After his death the family removed to Western New York, Tompkins County, Town of Hector, where the surviving sons and daughters of my grandfather still reside, and where my grandmother, after living to a good old age, was called to go Home, as seemed to be her only desire to be at rest with God.

My mother, Jane Conklin, was born Oct 3 1795 in the same town with my father. My grandparents on both sides were all residents of that part of New York, and lived but a short distance from each other and occupied the same farms, given them by their parents, and my mother's brother still owns the Homestead, while the rest of the family are settled within a short distance from him. My grandparents were farmers, and my mother's father was a strict Presbyterian and brought up his family with a Christian care and piety.

My grandfather Tompkins was a Methodist, and his house was open for the preaching of that once despised people and for a home to those who took their lives in their hands and went forth to proclaim a Saviour's name to all men.

My parents enjoyed the privileges of their Father's house and home until March 8 1815, when they were united in marriage, my father being 25 years of age and my mother 22 years. They removed to Peekskill Hollow where they resided two years and where my elder sister Amelia was born. From that place they removed to Dutchess county, town of Fishkill where they spent the succeeding 6 years of their married life, and here was added to the family my second sister Susan and my brother Elijah, and my brother Cornelius. After this my father, not being much prospered, he returned with his family to their former place of abode near my grandfather Tompkins. Here my little brother Elijah died with the croup. As a beautiful flower transplanted to the Paradise of God, for Jesus said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." A beautiful and consoling promise to parents when called to part with their children for they can mourn not without hope that one day they shall meet those that have gone before them in that land of rest prepared for his people before the foundation of the world.

My father resided at this place 4 years and here their 3rd daughter, the writer of this, was born, and from this place they removed to Western New York, in the town of Enfield, Tompkins county, and here they spent the first years of my childhood. Here fire dawned upon my young mind, truths that will never fade; impressions that will last while memory endures.

There is a peculiar pleasure in recalling the scenes of our childhood, when in all the innocence of our young hearts we bounded over our native hills or strolled by our favorite brooks, or rambled through the silent woods, to cull the wild flowers whose fragrance and freshness resembles those that gathered them. How delightful, is the recollection of the times known as our school days. Who does not refer with

pleasure to the hours spent in the old school house poring over the lessons, which we sometimes thought dull ~~and~~ and uninteresting but which in after life we have been able to appreciate. Who does not remember scenes like these and feel like saying of joys departed never to return, now painful the remembrance; who can look back on their past history without being impressed with the truth that everything of the earthly nature is subject to change and decay; the friends of our youth were those with whom we often met and whose voices were sweeter than music to our ears. Alas, we are pointed to the narrow house that awaits us all, while a very few perhaps still live who with me can look back and live over again in thought those happy days. But those who have passed away, have lived and acted their parts in the theatre of life. They die and we ask in vain where they are. The fact that those with whom we once spent pleasant hours are no more, should serve as a demonstration of the truth that we too shall be passed from the living, and should inspire us with a desire that when the messenger of death shall come, we may be sustained by an unflinching trust in the merits of our Saviour for our redemption from sin and for an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of His giving.

In the year 1831 my mother espoused the cause of Christ and joined the M E Church and in ~~xxxxxx~~ the year 1833 my two eldest sisters embraced religion and became members of the same church, and let me record the advice given by grandfather Conklin, a truly good and pious Christian, who long since who long since has gone to his reward on High. He said in a letter to them "Now my dear grand-daughters, you will find you have many things to beset you in your Christian course. You are young and there are many besetting sins. May the Lord take care of you. Take the Scripture for your guide and you will never fail."

I should have mentioned before this the birth of my brother John, March 8 1829, and also the birth of my sister Mary A Feb 18 1831. In the year 1833 the 10th of March my brother James was born, and the next year 1834, my father removed with his family to the County of Seneca, New York, where he resided two years, and my youngest brother was born the 18th of July 1835. From here we removed to the county of Wayne in the year 1836.

In 1837, April 26 my oldest sister Adelia was married to Thomas C Ford and left her home to trust another. This year also closed the mortal career of my ~~grandfather Conklin~~ grandmother Conklin. She was a great sufferer for many years with dropsy and palsy. Her funeral sermon was preached from Pro 14 Chapter, the last clause of the 32nd verse "but the righteous hath Hope in his death."

In the year 1839, my second sister Susan was married to Guyan Fisher and removed to the village of Wolcott, Wayne County, where my eldest sister resided in the town of Huron, about 6 miles.

On the 13th of September 1840 my grandfather Conklin died, having lived three score and ten and over 87 years old. Altho not living where I could enjoy the society of my grandparents, and seeing their many acts of kindness.

My life was not marked with any unusual occurrence, but the days of my childhood passed swiftly by, giving place to mature years. My older sisters being married, I was almost alone, my younger sister Mary a mere child. I sought a companion in my mother. No trivial excuse prevented me, with my brothers and sisters from being present at Sunday School.

In 1842 my father removed from the Town of Buttle to the Town of Huron, Wayne County, one mile from the Village of Walcott, where we attended church and Sunday School. I there united with the church.

In the year 1844, the 15th of September, my father with his family started for the far West to seek for himself and family, a home. Our destination being the State of Michigan. The first four days of our journey we travelled through a rich and beautiful country, small villages were interfused by the way. We passed the City of Rochester, a beautiful place, crossed the Tonawanda River, a small stream, while we plodded along with our trusty team, we found much to admire (and of a truth I can say after returning) our journey by railroad and packet boats, I took more comfort, more pleasure, in travelling with our own conveyance).

On the fourth day we crossed the Niagara River at Black Rock by a steam ferry, after we landed on the opposite shore, a splendid view of the shores of our native state presented itself. The City of Buffalo and Black Rock, stood before us with their spires as if inviting us to lift our hearts far above this vale of tears. We were forcibly impressed with the vast difference in the country we were now in, from the one we had just left. The country was quite new and the houses of entertainment were miserable. We could scarcely obtain a comfortable lodging for ourselves and teams. We were 8 days in our journey through from Black Rock to Detroit. One day riding through sand and some days through woods, the lofty pines, the roads were built of logs, which obliged us to travel slow.

We passed one village, St Thomas, crossing the Grand River once. One day, riding along the beach of Lake Erie. Every day brought something new, everything wore a foreign look and we were glad when we reached the Detroit River and were ferried over to our own shore. (Detroit is a large city, being anxious to see the end of our journey we took but a hasty look at the vast multitude) and pursued our way through the state of Michigan, along the route, the M. C. R. R. takes.

The 16th day of our journey brought us to Comstock, Kalamazoo County, thankful that we were brought in safety and glad to rest. In April 1848 my father removed from Kalamazoo County to Barry, a town of Assyria where he owned land and where he desired making his future home.

My brother Cornelius married on March 1 1848 to Helen Smart. I should have mentioned before this in the year 1846, the removal to Michigan of my brother-in-law G Fisher, and his settlement in the village of Kalamazoo, where he resided two years, and having more advantageous offers east, he concluded to return to the village of Lyons, New York. In the year 1848, July 24th with his wife and myself, he left this part of the country for the present.

I bid adieu to my parents, brothers and sisters, thinking perhaps it might be the last time we should be permitted to meet on earth.

We found kind friend at the village of Lyons, where Mr Fisher had resided for some years and where he was greatly loved. I was among

strangers but soon found friends and joined the M E Church. The second year passed pleasantly away until he began to think of home. Our family had been spared and we looked forward to soon meeting them again, but how fleeting are our bright hopes and how frail is the bitter thread of life. Death was near to us and we knew it not. My brother John C Tompkins, next younger than myself was taken with what he supposed was fever and ague, which last 3 or 4 days then with inflammation. In a short time all hope of recovery was lost. He trusted in his Saviour although suffering extreme pain, was calm and peaceful, and to his weeping sister Mary he said "Do not Cry, it is not hard to die." He died Sunday morning at 11 o'clock the 17th of March 1850, in the 22nd years of his age.

Wah! a sad letter was wafter to us. I could not realize that I would never see him again. My health began to decline. I took a heavy cold but good nursing and a good doctor, I was able to start for home the last of May 1850.

I joined the class at the White Schoolhouse, but being so distant did not enjoy it, until the year 1853 when our presiding elder formed a new circuit called Pendielf, and our appointment was at our own school house on my father's farm. Our minister was the Rev. Loomis Benson, and our first class leader Robert Hartum. Our first quarterly meeting was held at our house and after conference in September 1855, our circuit was supplied by the P. E. in the person of Luman Gee, and our P E was Rev. George Bradley, whom we shall long remember. Our 2nd quarterly meeting was held once a year at Assyria, was the last of January, the following quarterly meetings at the following places. In March at Bedford, June at Ross, and the last one for the conference year was held at Penfield, Ruggs Class. Bro. Bradley talked to us from ~~xxx~~ Gen. 49-18 (I have waited for thy salvation Oh Lord). I shall long remember those lessons which closed his labors with us, as P E of Marshall District.

The Lord has thus far brought me on my journey. Tomorrow, if I live, will be my 30th birthday, Sunday July 15th 1855

My aunt Mary ^{the} Due died of consumption in Colcott, New York 1855.

Record of my grandfather Conklin's family

Jeremiah Conklin b. Dec 11 1753 d. Sep 13 1840

Tamar Conklin b. May 5 1763 d. Apr 11 1837

(children)

John Conklin b. Jan 9 1786

Nathaniel Conklin b. Sep 21 1790

Jane Conklin b. Oct 3 1793

Mary Conklin b. Apr 11 1797

James Conklin b. d. Sep 14 1829

Elijah Conklin b. Jan 22 1801 d. May 8 1808

Jeremiah D Conklin b. Sep 20 1803

...

THE McCHAIN FAMILY.

We believe it proper to include in this work some data on the The McChain family among whom was Nathaniel H McChain who married Ann Tompkins whose descendants we list in Clan of Tpmkyns, Descendants of Girls.

This account sent us my Mr and Mrs George Purdy of Granite Springs NY who also sent photographs and negatives of many of the people listed in the Ann Tompkins-Nathaniel McChain record. It says:

James McChain and John McChain came to America about 1730 from the North of Ireland. Their parents were born in Scotland in the reign of King Charles.

John McChain, son of James McChain and Mary Westcott, was born Dec 27 1754, m. Anna Hoyt Jul 31 1784, d. Jan 31 1828. Anna Hoyt was born Sept 3 1764 died Mar 7 1838. John McChain sttled at Peekskill NY.

There were two more sons of James McChain and Mary Westcott McChain namely George McChain and James McChain. Nearly six months before Col George Washington led the remnants of Braddock's defeated army to a place of safety, John was born. He was ushered into being in stormy times. Those were the time of the French and Indian wars, in which so many of the colonists lost their lives in defense of their homes and firesides. Among the first words that came to his ears were stories of the conflict which raged on the borders, and the outrages committed by the French and their Indian allies along the border.

At a later period the tax on tea, and the passage of the Stamp Act stirred the hearts of the colonists. His young mind was imbued by the resentment against British rule, and the Scotch blood which flowed in his veins was warmed to fire heat at the recital on the wrongs inflicted upon his country.

The family tradition is that he was one of Captain Sheldon's company of the famous Westchester Guards. History records that he served from Dec 17n 1779 to April 30 1780 in Col Drake's First Regiment of Westchester County Militia. It is recorded that while in performance of his duty he was captured and for a time a prisoner within the enemy's lines.

His brother James McChain was also a member of the Militia Regiment. ANOTHER BROTHER George McChain fell a victim to partisan hatred as detailed further on.

It is no wonder that the blood of this patriot was stirred by the recollection of his sufferings and privations during the Revolutionary struggle, and that he was jealous and proud of the reputation of the family.

Captain James Mandeville, who during the Revolutionary War, lived on what has been known as the Varian place for many years, and was taken prisoner on the morning of January 25, 1783, gives the following account of the death of George McChain, which occurred near the house of one Orson, South of Croton River.

"George McChain was the only one of our party killed, and he was with me on the banks of the Hudson when the enemy came up. They refused him quarter in consequence of his being charged with setting fire to some houses and barns of the refugees. He begged hard but they refused him, and cut his body in pieces."

It is not surprising that the sad fate that befell his brother

rankled in his blood and served the pen of John McChain to indite the words that stand out so prominently in the letter to his son, Ensign John McChain II, then at the expected scene of conflict at Plattsburg.

John Paulding, one of the captors of Andre was also a companion of George McChain. He, with Mandeville and 13 others were taken captives to New York City, and all but Paulding placed in the provost jail. The Captain adds: "Paulding, however, in consequence of the celebrity he had acquired as one of the captors of Andre, was not confined but was entertained by the British officers, messaging and living with the Captains and Lieutenants. We were detained as prisoners until the 27th or 28th of April."

IN Bolton's History of Westchester County on page 14w it says "George McChain acquitted himself before his death with great gallantry."

John McChain had 8 children, 4 boys and 4 girls. Children of John McChain and Anna Hoyt

1. George McChain b. Sep 21 1786, 2nd Lieut in War of 1812, was killed at White Plains NY Oct 19 1818, buried at Hillside Cemetery Peekskill NY. His life and services are epitomized upon the stone which was placed over his remains in the old Congregational burying ground on the north side of Diven street. The headstones marking the resting place of several of this interesting and worthy family were, nearly fifty years ago removed to the cemetery at Van Courtlandville (New Hillside)

Interred near this stone lies the remains of George McChain, Lieutenant of the Sixth Regiment of United States Infantry, and distinguished for his valor in the Battle of Chippewa and Bridgewater. In him were united the energy of the soldier with the easy politeness of the gentleman impressed with the great truths of religion. He was hospitable, gentle, sober, and contemplative. From the ardour of his love of country, he early devoted himself to her service, where he was brave without vanity, magnanimous without ostentation. To perpetuate the memory of so beloved a character, his mourning friends have erected this humble stone, a frail memorial of their veneration and virtues, and a faint testimony of their grief for a misfortune so indelibly engraved upon their hearts. He died on the 19th day of October 1818 age 32."

The following letter was written by John McChain to his son Ensign George McChain postmarked Peekskill NY Oct 26 1812. It says:

Peekskill Oct 28 1812

My Dear Son:

Yours of the 17th current is before me, and brings to me and all your friends the best news of the private nature your health and that flow of spirit, which I hope in God no Republican will ever want. Your departure for Plattsburg makes it uncertain when or where this will reach you. You are my son, embarked in a cause the Gods must approve, the cause of liberty, of independence, of republicanism, of eternal glory. Remember you partake of the blood that circulates in the veins of your father in '76, while our political horizon was involved in clouds, and the tempest of war over-shadowed our land. Be firm, be intrepid,

be patient in suffering, 'tis for your country, 'Tis for millions yet unborn, Nerve your arm, and in battle be determined on victory. Let the word be conquest or death. If you enter Canada let it be with the spirit of Alexander the Great, when alone he entered the fort in Asia, and with the patriotism of Cato, who said at the death of the Marcus, his son, "Oh what pity it is that we can die but once to serve our country," Be careful of your health, encourage your men, trust in the goodness of your cause, and in the mid-most fight recollect 'tis that cursed English tyranny you war against. Stain not the glory of your ancestors, partake of your father's fire and when British ordnance shall rend the heavens with its roar, say Fourth of July, 1776.

We are well. Your mother and all send tenderest love to you. We shall see you again, and we trust covered with glory. Write every opportunity. Your promise of Christmas dinner in Mont Real, I hope in God who must abhor tyranny, you will realize. Toast for your table "Columbia, Liberty, may its blessings be commensurate with time."

Mr Foster rejoices to hear your health. Wishes he was with you, and will never cease to pray that your fame may be equal to your father's patriotism.

I am, my dear son
Your affectionate father
John McChain.

...
We will list here the genealogy of the McChains down to the Nathaniel McChain who married Ann Tompkins, whose descendants we have recorded in our section title Descendants of Girls.

2. James McChain, brother of the George McChain previously noted
b. Oct 30 1789 d. Sep 25 1837, served in War of 1812 m.
Sarah b. 1802 d. Nov 8 1847 age 45-7-26
3. Katherine McChain b. Jan 27 1792 d. Sep 11 1859
4. Hyot Mary (Polly) McChain b. Oct 21 1794 d. Feb 1796
5. Susan McChain (Hanna Steele's mother) b. Dec 23 1796
d. 1858 m. John Bodine had 4 daughters
had 4 daughters
a. Hannah Bodine m. John Steele and had one son John
b. Nancy Bodine
c. Margaret Bodine
d. Susan Bodine m. Marris Lent had 1 son Albert
6. Nathaniel McChain b. Oct 18 1799 d. Oct 16 1858 m. Jul 23 1842 Ann Tompkins b. Nov 18 1820 d. Oct 18 1892
7. Hannah McChain b. Jun 29 1802 d. Feb 13 1891
8. John P McChain b. Apl 6 1805 d. Mar 24 1882

...
The Elias George McChain son of Nathaniel McChain and Ann Tompkins enlisted Oct 8 1862 in Captain Bennett Gilbert's Company E 168th New York Volunteers, and went to Newburgh January 28 1862 where the company was mustered into the U S Service.

The regiment was in the Battle of Walkertown Va, where McChain and Pierre V C Paulding of Peekskill NY, were captured by the rebels and taken to Libby Prison. They were soon after paroled. Mr McChain was honorably discharged Oct 31 1863,

On Feb 24 1864 he re-enlisted and was mustered into Co F 6th NY Heavy Artillery at Brandywine Station. He was in the Battle of the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, at the crossing of North

Anna, Tolapotomoy, Cold Harbor to Bethesda Church and in the assault on Petersburg. It was in the latter fight that Mr McChain was wounded in the left leg. He was taken to the City Point Hospital, and through someone's carelessness, the wound was not properly treated, and he was left to die.

John Kane, a comrade, managed to get him on a transport bound North, and he was at David Island where he received proper attention. On Jun 12 1865 he was honorably discharged from the service and left the hospital. But the wound bothered him, and finally after years of suffering the leg was amputated on the advice of Dr Lyon, his physician,

(End of the excerpts from
McChain MSS compiled by
Mr and Mrs George Purdy of
Granite Springs NY)

...

The following account of her experiences in the Civil War was written by Mrs Francis Hulse Clack of the Confederate state of Louisiana, whose husband was a Colonel in the Confederate army and served under Beauregard.

This copy was sent to us by Mr Robert Nicholason Livingston of Kansas City Missouri, who is a descendant of the "heelock line" and also of Arietta Minthorne Tompkins, daughter of Governor Daniel D Tompkins of New York who commanded the American forces in that section during the war of 1812. He was afterwards vice president under Monroe. Governor DDT was first cousin to the direct Revolutionary War ancestor of the writer of the Tomkins-Tompkins Genealogy, and the Clan of Tomkyns, i.e., Tobert Angus Tompkins.

Mr Nicholson has an immense collection of data on the various branches in his ancestral line, which included the Tompkins as well and various other families prominent in the history of our land.

Mrs Clack's account follows:

I am asked to write my experiences of the Civil War of 1861-1865 and to embody my experience, like the experiences of many other women: The writings will have little literary merit - was my reply - and what Northern publisher will accept them, because of not only this lack but because of the unpleasant facts that must be recorded regarding the conduct of Federal troops towards unprotected women and children. Nevertheless, my friend says, write if only you have the pages typewritten.

The domestic side of the South's struggle has never been printed. A hundred years from now such records will be most valuable. Hence the following pages.

In looking through some old letters I find the following extracts. They make a fitting beginning. "New York. My Dear L. Why do you not leave New Orleans and come North during these exciting days. Get away before New Orleans falls, and fall it will sooner or later. You have never passed a summer there, and if your husband is wise he will get out of this melee too. Our homes are open to you," etc.

Extract from reply. Thank you for proposal that I should come North to escape the evils you predict. I should as soon think of going to Kamchatka - with all the bitter feeling expressed by most Northerners - the North seems more alien and farther away than the place I mention. My husband would never desert the South although he does not cast a vote for his state to secede. He takes you see, the same stand as General Lee. He will go out with the state and be true to it and his trust here. Shall I be less true to my domestic duties? One does not say for richer or poorer, even one as much a baby as I was without some reflection. So here I stay. Possibly the trouble will be over in a few weeks or months, if not a hundred years from now we will be looked upon as barbarians, brother against brother, it's horrible. The Southerners (you see I am wholly one at heart, all fighters from our youth up - a boy here handles a rifle properly as soon as he can put on his own

shoes, and the flower and chivalry have gone so heart and soul into this struggle that I feel the HIRED armies of the North can never beat us."

Extract of reply from above: written NOT by my gentle relative but by her husband: "Hired menials, Madame Louise, our best and bravest, our strongest are in the field. The South will be ruined, and deserves to be, but remember when it is, that your pride brought down, you can find a home under our roof."

(Nota bene- The issue of the war we all know. The author of the above extract was rich and influential, and I was left stranded on the shore of poverty and ~~sad~~ desolation, with two little children to support, and no offer of a home or influence ever came from him or his.

And now to begin - First retrospection of those days fills my mind with phantasmagoria, changing, each one more heartbreaking and distracting than the other.

It was in the security of a lovely home that the first break came, March 1862. Beauregard who was in command at Corinth Mississippi, called for more men from Louisiana. My husband responded to the call, being personally attached to him, by aiding with the help of friends, a private battalion and equipping it, of which he was made Major.

To show how Southern wives were guarded from worrying, the fact was studiously kept from me until a day or so before his departure. For me this was all wrong, for how helpless we women were, when our trials came no one except those who experienced it can tell. That we rose to the occasion and showed undaunted courage lays at the door of every true woman I know. Their history will never be written here, but in the place where heroic deeds are remembered they will stand crowned in glory.

The day of the departure came, the two babies, the nurse and I drove to the Jackson Depot with my husband. He never saw his home again, nor did I after a few more weeks in it. Two horses were killed under him at the Battle of Shiloh, which soon followed, and he escaped without a scratch.

An incident must be mentioned here as typical of the valor and courage of our boys. On April 25th 1862, (as predicted by my good Northern friends) the city of New Orleans fell. When the authorities realized that it must be done, all the troops evacuated it, and many others. Practically only a few old men, women and children remained. We add, the Battle of Shiloh Tennessee was fought April 6 and 7 1862.

Being young and alone, my children's paternal grandmother, with her ~~nine~~ two other motherless grandchildren came to my home. Fire, general destruction and other horrors were anticipated by many. Not thinking of such things myself, and being in the quieter part of the city where we lived, and hearing no disturbance, I returned to shop. On the street I met an old friend a Doctor ----- "What are you doing on the street?" he said. "It's no place for ladies. Go home."

He frightened me so that I fled, taking the first vehicle I found. Young as I was I think I must not have lost my head entirely, but probably it was the nature, not instinct, to provide for her young, that made me anxious to lay in a large supply of

keepable groceries; hams, tongues, rice, ships' biscuits, flour, everything almost as if expecting a siege. Certainly it was instinct for in the hurly burly of changed authorities, markets and bakeries were closed; no Confederate money was taken. I had but little other. And but for the instinct we would have indeed been in a very sorry plight.

Each day brought a new excitement, new fears. There was terror in the ring of the door or gate bell, and in the hushed quiet of night. Still I was young, strong and hopeful, and but for the sad news from the front, I bore up cheerfully, and then still in my lovely home, furnished only two years before from the City of New York, with all the bounty a free purse could command. I never in wildest thoughts had dreamed of the desolation that was to follow.

Just before the fall of New Orleans April 24 1862, and when it was known to be inevitable, the cotton and sugar on the levee and in the warehouses were set on fire by our own people, and ~~for two~~ days the poorer classes were seen hurrying through the streets with bags and baskets to secure as much as they could carry of the sugar and molasses. The odor of the burning was perceived to the utmost limits of the city.

In the meantime, news from Corinth Mississippi was scant after the city was occupied by the Federals, almost unattainable. So little did I realize the extent of the disorders and change of authorities, that I imagined, that news had come and was being kept from me, as in a former instance, and in part this was true.

The Battle of Shiloh had been fought April 6 and 7 1862, and it was rumored that Major Clack, my husband was among the killed. The servants looked askance when they came near me, soon when they passed me did so with what they thought was a sympathetic groan. My nerves were playing havoc with my strong constitution until I became as a child. But the rumor was unfounded. The battle was over. He was safe.

This was but the beginning of those weary days and nights; of waiting for news from the front, never knowing what day or that night might bring forth. How did we bear it and live to tell the tale? On another late night there was fear in every household of the mobs that were collecting, made up of our own lowest classes. Fire and robbing was anticipated. A male relative the day previous suddenly appeared upon us, having slipped through the lines and left with us for safe-keeping, a large sum of money in U S currency; some his own; some belonging to a friend. He had not anticipated such an outbreak as a mob of our own people. If the mob attacked our house, what would become of the money entrusted to us? We felt that something must be done. When the servants had all gone to bed, except one faithful Kate Shannon, we lifted the carpet in one of the bed rooms, and found that near the gas pipe, was a portion of board almost a foot and a half in length only. This we raised, placed the money in a bag on the rafters below. We were not disturbed however.

Pierre Soule, our one time Senator and a most effective orator, dispersed the mob. This however, we did not know until the next day, and we passed a most fearful night. Perhaps it was a week later, I do not know the exact date, that another gentleman acquaintance appeared, he also having slipped through the lines.

He came with a message from my husband to the effect that we must leave the city, that he himself could not leave his command; that the messenger would find ways and means for us to do so. The nurses were to go with us; the other servants were to be left in charge of the house.

Every avenue of departure was closed by the railroad. The only chance was by water. A permit was secured from Butler, who up to this time had not shown his cloven hoof. It was arranged to hire a small sloop (ship) man it, take along a day's provisions and proceed across Lake Ponchartrain to Madisonville, which was a few miles up the Chefuncta River. We left the lake shore about mid-day, expecting to arrive in three or four hours at the utmost.

We started off quite briskly, there being a fine breeze, the children happy as buds. The older ones were playing at fishing over the sides of the boat. But alas, the wind lulled and we were totally becalmed. We had no calculation for this, and on being informed by the sailors that we would likely be becalmed all night, we were indeed disheartened. There were no beds of course; nothing but the bare decks and one or two hard benches to lie down on. So we made the most of them and I know I slept with a shawl for a pillow.

At day-break a slight breeze sprang up and we began to move on slowly. We had a little food remaining in our lunch boxes but we gave most of it to the children. Not an anxiety disturbed us, we only felt weak and uncomfortable from the unusual bed accommodations, and little food. The sky and lake were beautifully blue. All seemed well, when lo and behold, in the distance loomed a frigate (gun-boat); and soon a boom, boom, was shot across our bow. Our sailors paid no attention to this; neither they nor we were used to warfare, and we sailed onward scarcely disturbed; but the boom boom commenced so rapidly and was so near, that on consulting together it was considered best to stop at once, which we did.

Although the gun-boat was at some little distance, we discovered that a boat was being lowered from it, which in due time came along our own. In it was a Lieutenant and two sailors unarmed.

After interviewing us and finding that we were non-combatants, only two women and four children and two nurses; one a colored woman, the other faithful Kate Shannon, and two boys, who later joined the Confederate army, leaving the city for summer. He said we would probably be allowed to proceed; that he would report to the gun-boat and return; that our pass from General Butler did not extend to where we then were, leaving us. We took advantage of the breeze and made considerable headway.

What was our astonishment to hear as soon as the Lieutenant reached the gun-boat, another succession of booms. Now we were indeed alarmed. Of course we obeyed them, and again laid to. Back came the boat, the Lieutenant and half a dozen marines in place of the former two sailors, and all fully armed even to cutlasses; and we had only just four women and four children and two boys.

We consisted of two ladies, that of the grandmother. Mrs Reid, widow of Captain John Henry Clack (1791-1844) U S Navy (1809-1842) and myself, Mrs F H Clack, and two nurses, Kate Shannon and a colored woman, and four little children, Laura Livingston Wheelock, and her sister Mary Louisa Wheelock and my two children, Louisa Livingston Clack and Mary Reid Clack, and two boys. (Mrs Clack mentions one man servant and one poor lame young fellow who had begged a passage across just as we were starting, and two sailors.

We explained to the Lieutenant our condition, no more food, scarcely any water and no beds, that another night such as the one before was beyond our strength. He was a gentleman, said he was the father of a family, was sorry for us, but he must obey orders. "He said that the gun-boat would supply us with everything needful; that probably we would be removed to it."

"Have you a doctor?" said my wary nurse, Kate Shannon.

"A doctor?"

"yes," said the artful creature, "Do you not see my madame's condition. She must be housed as soon as possible."

Poor man. Poor Lieutenant. My soul revolted at the lie the woman was telling, but I never said a word. To say the truth I was never so astounded as I was at her audacity.

"Sail on" said the Lieutenant, "I will go back to the gun-boat and report this. I will exceed my authority for this. Sail on." he added "But if you hear a gun fired, stop or it will go harder for you. Should you be forced to go on the gun-boat you will have every comfort. This is an emergency we had not thought of."

Poor fellow, he was indeed at his wits end, and how slowly he rowed back to that gun-boat. God bless him, and I hope that he is an admiral now.

Now we pressed onward towards the Chefuncta River, whose mouth we could now see in the distance. Once in it no gun-boat could reach us. The two sailors in their anxiety to get us there, tied ropes to a row boat and put it on the lake, and we were able to move, rowed with all their might,

We turned into the river just as the good Lieutenant reached the gun-boat. Did he time it so? The excitement was over. I was nearer fainting than at any time in my life, for in truth I had been in great peril. Concealed about my person I had about fifty letters, from sisters to brothers, and one from general Beauregard's wife for her husband. I would have been imprisoned had the letters been found.

Our lame friend who had begged for a passage on our little vessel shouted for joy when the danger was past, and pulled from the bottom of his trousers, and the cause of his lameness, a rifle. "He was an active Confederate probably a spy sent by our government. He did not give us his name, but as I will subsequently show, he was of infinite assistance to us on the morrow. On arrival at Madisonville we were entertained by Mrs Colonel Grayson, the widow of a United States army officer prominent I think during the Mexican War; and here too we met a relative Mr W., who had come hither to take us some place farther into the interior where we would be unmolested by any military operations.

At Mrs Grayson's we found a very have of rest, bath and large cool beds, with what a feeling of comfort we sank into them and forgot in restful slumber all the trying hours behind us. But Alas, who can foretell coming events where a whole country is in a state of upheaval. About two o'clock in the morning, I was aroused and told to get the four children up and be with them down stairs as quickly as possible, that a regiment of Federals was marching on Madisonville; and that we should not be allowed probably, to proceed on our journey if they reached there before we left.

The weary children were awakened and instructed to be very quiet, and we all dressed and descended to the big yard of the

house. There two vehicles awaited us. These our lame unknown friend had been instrumental in securing while we were dressing. And as no drivers could be obtained, he drove one and our relative another.

Indeed it was well that we had befriended him for he was most useful to us in this dilemma. I can never forget that night. The moon was at its full and gave to the pine forest through which we passed a most weird appearance. An indescribable melancholy took possession of me, a strong presentment that this was only the beginning of the end. I could not shake it off.

Towards daylight we heard the unmistakeable sound, the tramp tramp tramp of many men of soldiery. What new trouble? We asked with bated breath. The sound came nearer and nearer, and gazing from the carriage windows we saw the glint of moving bayonets, touched by the light of the rising sun. Only the bayonets, the holders, of them being for the moment imperceptible. We knew not whether we were meeting friend or foe. And after the experience with the gun-boat we were in no mind for the latter. But a moment more and they grey suits of our own boys made us fairly shout with delight.

The children, accustomed to their father's coat called out "Is papa there?" They all smiled and saluted us as they passed, but no words were spoken. The regiment was on its way to intercept approach of the Federal troops from which we had just fled.

Both Colonel Wheelock, father of the two Wheelock girls, Laura and Mary (Birdie), and E B W's brother-in-law Colonel F H Clack, father of the two Clack girls, Louise and Mary (May), both with their respective commands in the Confederate army, at this time April 28 to May 1 1862. This was our last incident before reaching the railroad station and the poor inn next to it. But we were glad of the meanest quarters and we slept that night upon the carpeted floors, without mattresses, and partook of such fare as we could get. The four girls were quite happy to bathe in big wash tubs obtained for the purpose, and danced and ~~frolicked~~ frolicked. No past and no future disturbed their innocent minds. They had plenty of milk so we were content.

Here I posted my contraband letters, glad enough to be rid of them, and one to my husband Colonel F H Clack, who was this time with Beauregard at Corinth. The next day we took the railroad for no given point but with the intention of finding a pleasant place to sojourn for the summer. That we were not to return for winter did not occur to us. It is just as well to say right here, that though the war was over we returned to New Orleans, we never were in our lovely home again.

After Butler had occupied the city, all the property of so-called "Rebels" was confiscated, seized and sold. A man servant and two women servants in possession of it were summarily ejected one day by U S officers, and not allowed to take a thing with them. They begged for our winter clothing and an extensive toy house, the delight of our little ones, but were denied. They were not allowed their own cooking, Butler's minions helped themselves personally to all they desired, matched the table and bed linen to suit their requirements; moved out a valuable piano and bric-a-bac, and left only the heaviest standing furniture and our winter clothes to be sold at auction for the U S Government.

After the war, the family portraits which had in April 1862 been placed in care of British friends as was also some handsome old family

silver which had once belonged to the Livingstons, was all that was saved. Returned were two of the portraits painted about 1795 of Sarah Livingston (1777-1833) and her husband Smith Thompson (1768-1843) and one of Smith Thompson as an older man in his robes of Associate Justice of the U S Supreme Court. We now (1952)? possess the three portraits. Two of them were; and early one 1795 and one a late one of my children's great-grand-father Smith Thompson 1768-1843) a man who had served his country in Monroe's cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, 1819-1823, and on the Supreme Bench of the U S at Washington (1823-1843).

There was also the oil portrait of his first wife, Sarah Livingston (1777-1833) She married Smith Thompson April 30 1795. These and some handsome old Colonial silver belonging to them was all that was saved, and the three portraits and the silverware was saved "by the skin of our teeth." When I found I had to leave the city so hurriedly, I packed them, the three oil portraits and the silverware and sent them to English friends, Mrs Laughlin, and under the British flag they remained secure through the war (1862-1865).

Butler's officers made several inquiries for them; a musician who had once played at one of my entertainments having disclosed the fact of our possessing the portraits and the silver, having seen them at my house, number 161 Annunciation Street.

(Note by RT there are some places in this MSS where in parentheses some data is interpolated and probably these side remarks were by our good friend Robert Livingston Nicholson of Kansas City Mo who sent us this MSS. It is difficult sometimes to understand just where Mr Nicholson's ~~remarks~~ remarks begin and end). (In this paper probably the data is by Mr Nicholson up to the point where we say "end of RIN interpolation). Resuming the MSS....The old Colonial silverware belonging to Gilbert Livingston (1749-1806) and his wife Catherine Crannell Livingston (1745-1830*, their only child was Sarah Livingston Thompson (1777-1833) We are proud to say that we now (1952) possess this Colonial silverware and also the three oil portraits. (Probable end RIN interpolation).

Three or four years ago an acquaintance of ours was dining somewhere in Pennsylvania and he remarked the handsome carved dining room set. "It came from New Orleans" said his host, "It belonged to Colonel Clack." Of course the gentleman had bought it in good faith. But to resume, our part finally reached La Grange, Georgia, near Atlanta.

Although the future brought us more trying cares, I always remember the discomforts of our sojourn at the hotel there. We at once sought other quarters and found most healthful and picturesque ones at the Warm Springs, Merriwether County Georgia, a section of country abounding in many kinds of natural and mineral springs. Here we found rest and comfort, and returned thither each summer during the frightful struggle. Here too we formed acquaintances that became life-long friends, for among the refugees from coat towns and other sections its hitherto, except locally, comparatively unknown advantages were noised abroad, where military operations were going on.

These we numbered among the quiet members of the best families of Augusta, Savannah, Mobile as well as New Orleans. Then too, the first summer of 1862, husbands, brothers and lovers visited their wives or sweethearts, and we were so happy we could not realize until they went back to camp, the awful doom that might at any time come to one and all. Among us that summer of 1862 there was not one who had

lost a relative. Alas, the subsequent summers told a different tale. In the summer of 1863 I received a letter from our man servant, Thomas Titmarsh, from Mobile saying that after being turned out of the house by Butler, he had finally got behind the line and would like to cast his fortune with ours. Being an Englishman he had escaped conscription which had now begun.

I wrote him I would do what I could for him but did not feel that I was situated so that I could employ him as we had heretofore done. Being rather well educated, I secured for him the place of bookkeeper at the hotel at the Springs, a position he retained after the war, and I am told he became part owner of the same. Doubtless by the turn of fortune's wheel, he may now be numbered among the First Families of Georgia.

This is a good place as any; the prices of absolutely necessary articles as the war progressed, goods and provisions; in Georgia many were not to be had at all. Shoes for instance were almost hopeless. We wore them almost made of anything. We ripped worn uppers from partly worn soles, and substituted home-made cloth uppers, contrived something for our feet. We scouted the country for almost any kind of skin, thinking ourselves lucky when we could get one of a goat for \$25. These a negro cobbler made into shoes. My number of shoe was 2 1/2, but I wore any number I could find up to 5, and stuffed the toes with cotton.

All industries were at a standstill until quite late in the war, when a factory for home-spun material was started by non-combatants. I paid \$200 for six yards of ordinary calico I was forced to get for one of my children for the clothers which we brought from New Orleans were worn out and out-grown. And \$60 for a pound of tea; a spool of thread was \$15, sewing silk \$20. I forget the price of a home-spun dress of 12 years I bought from the Columbus Georgia factory. It was up in the hundreds. It was not ugly, and soft to the touch, gray, with a dash of blue. One old dress I renovated for extra occasions, and trimmed with ruchings made from the best part of an old umbrella of black silk.

I had an abundance of Confederate money but no other. Had I possessed the common sense experience taught me, I should have invested in some real estate and disposed of it after the war, But how could one have foreseen what was to follow, besides with such fearful prices shocking us, I felt that I needed my money to feed and clothe the bairns.

I had not the slightest idea of simplest forms of financial matters, having never in my life had to give one personal thought to the subject of money, or even to have drawn a check. Money was provided me. I knew that it did not grow on trees, but where it did grow never bothered me.

Long before the end of the war we had no lights at night save the tallow and yellow wax dips we manufactured ourselves, and often we sat by the light given out of the fat pine fires in our fire-places. Our coffee was a decoction made of sweet potatoes prepared by cutting the potatoes in very small pieces, then parching them before grinding. If we could provide a tablespoon of the real coffee bean to this, we thought ourselves fortunate.

Chicken, eggs and fruit in season were plentiful. I remember nothing else that was. As for medicine, many a death occurred for lack of it.

History has given the details of the battles won and battles lost; the terrible slaughter of human life; of the slaughter of hopes and human hearts it is silent. I cannot dwell upon the concentrated misery of those days, without even at this distance of time, feeling more than an echo of its terrors; added to constant fear of a loved one lost and name in the death list, was the added one of what else might befall us, for each day never reached us by refugees of the awful devastation following in the wake of the enemy's successes and encroachment. Cities, towns, public buildings, private homes were burned, and pillaged, and even the implements for cultivating the soil were destroyed, when even from the poorest inhabitants, while Sherman's men, declaring they were only repeating Sherman's orders declared, they would starve out the women this year, and even if that would not conquer us, kill us the next.

All this we heard and more and our hearts quaked within us, not knowing how or when our hour might come.

The winter of 1864 and 1865, my aunt who lived in Columbia, South Carolina, knowing of my widow-hood (my husband Colonel Franklin Hulse Clack was wounded April 8 1864 at Mansfield, Louisiana, and died April 24 1864) sent for me and my little family of two small daughters, to share her still comfortable home and protection.

Here we were more than comfortable. Up to this period, Columbia may be said not to have suffered as had Virginia, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. The steamers that ran the blockade into North Carolina, were so successful in outwitting the enemy that the inhabitants were bountifully supplied with comforts of all descriptions. True, prices were absolutely without parallel, but my aunt was wealthy, and under her hospitable roof we were more comfortable than at any time during the war. This comfort though, was soon to end. Sherman was marching through Georgia.

The potent question of questions was, what will happen to Columbia (South Carolina)

Early in February 1865 families began to leave the city, taking servants and valuables. All who owned plantations near, departed.

"What should I do?" I asked myself, and my aunt, many many times. Sherman will burn the town for here the Ordinance of Secession was signed. I asked this.

"I fear he will," my aunt says. "I do not know what to say." She said this with tears in her eyes. I too, found it hard to decide. Here in this comfortable place I was protected. My home in New Orleans (161 Annunciation street) was gone.

The few other relatives I had were in and around La Grange Georgia from which Sherman would soon cut us off. All night long I would try to solve the problem, go or stay. Sherman had reached Savannah Georgia and in a day or two he would be on us.

"Auntie" I cried. "What shall I do. Oh if only you would go with me." "That I cannot dear child," she said. "It is my duty to be with my family and my servants here. Suppose you consult General Lowell." (Mansfield Lowell).

This I decided to do. He had been in command of the forts Jackson and ~~Philip~~ St Philip, below New Orleans and I had met him and his wife frequently there at New Orleans.

"Leave the city as soon as possible" he replied in answer to my question. "There is no doubt that Columbia will suffer more than

any place that Sherman's army has devastated as yet."

I returned to my aunt. It was mid-day. The next and only train, and it proved to be the last, would leave at midnight. Hurriedly and with breaking hearts we packed our few belongings, and my aunt had prepared at least half a bushel of food packed in large tin containers, consisting of biscuit, corn beef, ham, eggs, pickles and preserves. It was a God-send a few days later when our route took us through the devastated country through which the Conqueror, Sherman and his army had passed.

With addened hearts and weeping eyes we took leave of my beloved aunt and the home-like walls that had so truly sheltered us, and took our way to the depot, myself, my two children and the faithful white servant Kate Shannon, who had been with us through all our misfortunes. We proved to be the only females on the train. In truth there were scarcely any passengers, a few old men only.

Soon we learned that there was a chance of our train not reaching the junction before the one from Savannah, with Sherman's troops on it. The good conductor felt sorry for us and each convenient moment he tried to console us, but I could see that he was fearful of the dreadful catastrophe. "I am making more than ordinary speed," he said, passing again, "And I now feel confident that we can reach the junction. If we have ten minutes the better of them we will be all right. They are so intent on taking Columbia that they will not consider us worth running after."

Not long and a new terror reached us, as nearer and nearer each train approached the goal. We could hear the continuous discharge of the muskets as they fired from their cars. The two children slept all unaware of our danger, while my good nurse and I sat with clasped hands and streaming eyes, afraid, Oh so afraid.

"We will beat them now. I am positive. Cheer up. I am burning up everything to keep the engine fires going, cheer up," called the conductor to me from the door. "The damned devils, we will be there before them, so help me."

Now the reports of musketry were so near it was as if they were almost on us, and the shouts of the men were most appalling. We felt so utterly helpless, we prayed aloud, poor Kate Shannon and I, almost in the words of the Divine Lord, "If possible Oh God let his care pass from us." It seemed an eternity ere the prayer was answered. It was, past the junction and they were within half a mile of us, and the conductor sank down in the seat beside me, and I think he too, wept. "You are saved, my good people, saved but truly "by the skin of your teeth."

We reached Augusta Georgia without any particular incident, resting and sleeping on the seats of the coach and enjoying the food prepared for us.

There was no way to reach the home of my relatives except by the ordinary stage roads, so meeting with a party of refugees, we hired wagons with them, and started.

Perhaps a few pages from a letter book I wrote just at the close of the war, and which went to press without any correction whatever, and without my knowledge that it had not been supervised, will give a more vivid account of that trip when it was

fresh in my mind than anything I can remember now, so I insert it, making only one or two unimportant changes. (Note by Robert Livingston Nicholson, Mrs F H Elack refers to her book "Our Refugee Household" by Mrs Louise Clack, published in New York in 1866, by Blelock and Co 19 Beekman St. This old book is now in the Library of Congress in Washington DC) To resume Mrs Clack's writing:

Let me mention here, destruction- destruction everywhere. The hotel at Milledgeville Georgia, where we brought our wagons to a halt, was tenantless. We entered it and looked about. Gorgeous mirrors had been shot into a thousand splinters. In every room furniture was smashed, windows broken, beautiful Wilton and Brussels carpets cut in every possible way on the floors, so that no possible use could be made of them. Such a scene of destruction is almost impossible to imagine. Why such deliberate wantonness for the cutting of those carpets. I remember the almost geometrical accuracy. One more startling incident and I am done. We settle in Columbus Georgia with some friends, but again we soon had to flee.

We went back to our old quarters, the Warm Springs in Merriwether County Georgia, and we found that it had been undisturbed, and here on a day in late April of 1865, came the not unexpected news of Lee's surrender, April 9th 1865. No guests had arrived at the springs save a New Orleans couple and their daughter, but we were made quite comfortable there. Homeless, reduced to almost absolute poverty, widowed, two little children to provide for, where would I turn, what should I do? New Orleans where I had many friends was out of the question at this season of the year. I resolved to remain where I was until help came from some quarter. A couple from New Orleans and their daughter had already installed themselves here. For my visitors had left a few books behind them and they, with the patching and mending and teaching my two little ones, filled the otherwise weary days. About a month after the surrender, April 9 1865, one more startling incident occurred. My eldest child had gone on a visit with our good Kate Shannon to visit relatives in La Grange Georgia. I was sleeping on the upper floor of what was commonly called The Castle it being the only large house at Warm Springs. The New Orleans couple were on the first floor. I must mention that within a stone's throw of The Castle was a building which formerly had been used as a country store and warehouse for liquor, and as this portion of Georgia had been undisturbed, it still contained both.

At midnight one night I was awakened by the most terrific fear-inspiring yells. My first act was to blow out the light (candle) which I always kept burning. No sooner had I done so when there was a tap at my door, and a low voice said "Blow out your light." "I have" I replied, "What is it?"

"God only knows" was the answer.

The yells came nearer and nearer and the glare of many torches. Peeping through the blinds I saw surrounding the castle, innumerable horsemen, reeling and wildly yelling.

I had some valuable diamonds. That evening being cool, a fire had been burning in the fireplace. Here I took my jewels and raking the ashes together I carefully hid my diamonds in them. In the meantime my fear that my child Mary Clack would awaken and be

frightened at the unusual glare and sounds and cry out. I knelt by the bed, ready to prevent my child being harmed. Was the house to be set on fire? "ere we to be robbed? What was to be the end of this new horror?. Listening I could hear scraps of the conversation of the dreadful creatures, all interlarded with horrible oaths. "D--- them, d--- them, the old Castle has not a soul in it" cried some one.

"let's burn it anyhow."

"No, no, let's sack the store."

"Hurrah" someone said "Here goes. let's go."

It took but a moment to break the doors, when we could hear the breaking of barrel heads and the gurgling of liquor as they poured it from them. They took all they could and destroyed the rest, everything, goods and liquor. They went off with more frightful yells than when they came, but they went never dreaming we were in The Castle. It was never known who they were, for all we knew they may have been blackguards, "stay-behinds" from among our own people, for such there were, and the term "moss backs" was given them but why I never quite understood.. But that night, with the one I passed in the train leaving Columbia (South Carolina) are the terrors that can never be wiped from my memory.

I must not close my narrative without mentioning that twenty four hours after I left my aunt's house in Columbia, she had no home wherein to rest her head. In her comfortable old Colonial home wherein she had passed most of her sixty years, she wrote that about the middle of the day after I left her, that Sherman entered Columbia. A Federal soldier entered the house and asked us if he could rest on the sofa in the hall. He looked completely worn out. "I told him yes and I had the servant prepare him a comfortable meal." After it he threw himself on the sofa and slept soundly. About four o'clock he awoke and said "Lady you have been most kind to me, but I am a soldier under orders which I must obey. I have been commanded to set fire to this house at four o'clock, and you can take nothing with you."

(Note by RT this apparently was in a letter Mrs Clack received from her aunt later on).

She begged for her clothing and her deceased husband's picture, but was denied them. An old-time cloak of her husband's younger days, a kind of a circular with three capes, was all she had to wrap around herself. She passed that night in the neighboring woods with her grand-children, a cold night and this her only covering and THEY SAY THAT SHERMAN DID NOT ORDER the burning of Columbia.

My aunt's valuable silver was saved. I helped to pack and secrete it, in what we call in the South, a day well, in the yard. A few nights before I left her we lowered it, she and I, with ropes into it, at dead of night and pushed some hay over it carefully.

After the debris of the burned home was removed it was found intact. Though she had many negroes on the place, but ONE left her, a fine cook, and followed Sherman's army.

...

This seems to be the end of Mrs Clack's story. and the following data is by Mr Robert Livingston Nicholson, our good friend and distant cousin, of Kansas City Missouri. He says as follows:

The preceding pages were copied by Robert Livingston Nicholson at Kansas City from an account in her own handwriting in her journal, not dated but without doubt written several years after the Civil War, written by

Mrs Louise Clack of Louisiana, authoress of Our Refugee Household. She also wrote General Lee and Santa Claus published in New York in 1666 by Blelock and Co 19 Beekman St, and many poems.

She was Miss Louise ~~Babcock~~ Chisholm Babcock born April 9 1830 at New Haven Conn., died July 4 1901 at New Orleans La. She married Oct 12 1849

Colonel Francis Hulse Clack born April 4 1828 Pensacola Florida died April 24 1864 from wounds from wounds received at the Battle of Mansfield Louisiana April 8 1864. He was Lieut Colonel of the "Crescent" Regiment of New Orleans.

Their children, both born in New Orleans

1. Louise Livingston Clack born Dec 27 1852 died May 15 1910 in New Orleans, married June 15 1874 William H Dickson (1846-1903) no children
2. Mary Reid Clack born Oct 17 1856 died Mar 19 1891 at Pass Christian Mississippi. Never married, known as May Clack.

Mrs Louise Clack (1830-1901) lived in New Orleans from 1851 till her death in 1901 with the exception of the time from April 1862 to 1866 (Civil War).

Colonel Franklin Hulse Clack's sisters; Mary Louisa Clack (1833-1858) married in Washington DC Dec 22 1854 Colonel Edward Bass Wheelock (1828-1895), Confederate army April 1861 to April 9 1865. Their daughter born in New Orleans Jan 29 1857.

Laura Livingston Wheelock now (Jan 1 1942) Laura L S Nicholson (Mrs William S Nicholson,) mother of Robert Livingston Nicholson born Dec 28 1883 New Orleans.

Jan 1 1942. my mother tells me that on April 25 or April 28 1862, her father Colonel E B Wheelock (1828-1895) chartered a sailing boat (schooner) in the name of his mother-in-law Mrs M L Reid (widow of Captain John Henry Clack (1791-1844) and the mother of Colonel F H Clack (1828-1864*); in order to take his family, consisting of Mrs Reid and his two small daughters, Laura Livingston Wheelock (my mother (says Robert Livingston Nicholson) and her sister Mary Louisa (Birdie) Wheelock, and Mrs F H Clack and her two small daughters, Louise Livingston Clack and Mary Reid (May) Clack; and two nurses, Kate Shannon and a colored woman, away from New Orleans before the Federals occupied the city, as he did not want his family held prisoners for the duration of the war.

At that time both Colonel Wheelock and Colonel Clack were with their respective commands in the Confederate army.

Mrs Clack, in her article, is in error in saying that Butler gave them the permit to leave New Orleans. Butler occupied the city May 2 1862, and he would allow no one to leave. It is a matter of record that this schooner was the last boat to leave New Orleans with the permission of the Federal authorities.

Just as they were leaving, two boys begged to be allowed to go with them on the schooner and they were taken. Later both of them joined

the Confederate army. The schooner was becalmed and it did happen that the Captain of the schooner had some sailors in rowboats attached to the schooner with ropes, row the schooner around a bend to the lake, before the U S Lieutenant had time to get back to the U S Gun-boat, to report to his superior officer, that the schooner and its 12 passengers did escape.

It is also true that both of the two boys had their valises loaded with cartridges for the Confederates across the lake, also that Mrs Clack did have important letters and gold. All the cartridges, letters and gold would have been declared as contraband had the Federals found them, and the voyage of the schooner would have ended right there. But such is war and the schooner escaped with its twelve passengers.

Two families finally reached Warm Springs, Merriwether County Georgia, where they lived the summer of 1862, and that Fall, Colonel E B Wheelock secured a horse in La Grange Georgia, near Atlanta where the Wheelock family lived while Colonel E B Wheelock was with his command in the Confederate service. The Wheelock family lived in La Grange, Georgia, from the Fall of 1862 to January 1868 when they returned to New Orleans. Their experiences at the time of Atlanta (Summer-Fall 1864), when a man by the name of Sherman was there, are told in another part of this record, as The Wheelock family in America 1637-1942

Of the 12 passengers of the last boat (schooner) to leave New Orleans April 25 or April 28 1862, Mrs ~~Kxxxx~~ Reid (mother of Colonel Francis Hulse Clack (1828-1864) died in New Orleans July 4 1901. Mrs Franklin H Clack died as above stated; Mary Reid (May) Clack married June 15 1874 William H Dickson (1846-1903). She died May 15 1910 New Orleans. Kate Shannon died in 1901 in New Orleans. She was thrifty, and at her death left a neat estate, provided for her sisters in Ireland and left the rest to "himself" meaning ~~as~~ a brother-in-law in Ireland. She was with the Clack family for many years. The colored woman nurse soon left for parts unknown. We have never been able to learn what became of the two boys. No doubt both of them died in the Confederate service.

Mary Louisa Wheelock (Birdie) married in New Orleans Nov 8 1880 Ferdinand Montaigu Folger (1847-1924) she died Oct 12 1941 in New Orleans.

Laura Livingston Wheelock married in New Orleans Oct 27 1874 William Steele Nicholson (1849-1931). She was called home May 22 1942. Laura L S Nicholson (Mrs William S Nicholson) mother of Robert Livingston Nicholson born Dec 28 1883 in New Orleans. For the names of her other children see page 12 of The Wheelock Family in England 1133 to 1637, In America 1637 to 1942.

Wheelock Arms. Wheelock, Massachusetts Ralph Wheelock (1600-1683) Medfield 1645; argent a chevron between three Catherine wheels, sable.

Livingston arms. Arms of Robert Livingston "Clearmont" New York, and of Robert Livingston's great-grand-son Gilbert Livingston (1742-1806)

Livingston New York, Robert Livingston of the Manor of Livingston 1674; Ancrum Scotland

(Note by RT description of arms of the Livingstons, Nicholsons, Steele etc but there all available in books of heraldry).

Mrs Nicholson's paper goes on to say:

At the fall of New Orleans April 25 1862 the house of Colonel Franklin Hulse Clack at number 161 Annunciation Streey was ransacked by the enemy and many articles beyond price were taken, including the old Clack family Bible, family records, rare books, We hope the old family Bible may now be in the hands of those who would aid us in tracing the record of the Clack family in America since 1678 and in the long ago (1142) in England.

Following from "Royal Descent of the Livingstons. And Robert Livingston (1654-1728) His Ancestors and Descendants" by Robert Livingston Nicholson of Kansas City Mo.

Mrs Clack mentions "a private battalion", four companies of infantry. This was the Confederate Guards Response Battalition of New Orleans, commanded by her husband Major Franklin Hulse Clack at the Batlte of Shiloh April 6 and 7 1862, where he had two horses shot under him. In August 1862 he was promoted to Lieut Colonel. See Official Records" War Dept Washington DC. His record there.

Mrs Franklin Hulse Clack mentions the three oil portraits, 1, large one of Judge Smith Thompson, and two ovals of Smith Thompson as a young man and one of his first wife, Sarah Livingston Thompson; and the Livingston family Colonial silverware which had belonged to Sarah's parents, Gilbert Livingston and his wife Catherine Crannell Livingston, all of above were from Foughkeepsie New York.

At the fall of New Orleans April 25 1862, the oil portraits and Colonial silver were packed and sent to a nearby neighbor, an English woman, Miss Laughlin. A faithful colored boy carried both the silverware and the portraits to safety, out of the clutches of the Beast Butler. He had already taken the silverware in a large "silver chest", made for it before the Revolution (1775-1783).

In his haste to save the oil paintings, he dropped the oval one of Judge Smith Thompson breaking the frame. He repaired it and the nails are still in the frame, just as he placed them 90 years ago. We say "Well done thou good and faithful servant". He had no sooner places the treasures in the house of Miss Laughlin, when along came one of Beast Butler's officers who demanded: "Give me those oil portraits and Colonial silver ware of Colonel Clack."

Miss Laughlin pointed to the British flag placed on her front gallery, whereupon the Union officer bowed and went his way to report his failure to his Chief, Beast Butler.

Miss Laughlin kept the portraits and the silverware until the end of the war in April 1865. Thus by the courage of Miss Laughlin and the speed of the colored boy, these treasures were saved for us. We honor the memory of Miss Laughlin and we honor the memory of the colored boy. We have the the oil portrait of Mrs Clack, painted in 1846 when she was 16. We also have the photograph of her husband Colonel Franklin Hulse Clack in his uniform of Major of the Confederate army, the Guard Response Battalition of New Orleans. This photograph was taken March 30 1862, a few days before Shiloh. We also have his sword.

We have the miniature painted in 1820 of his father Captain John Henry Clack in his uniform of Lieut of the U S Navy in which he was an officer 1809-1842) including the War of 1812. We also have the sword of Franklin Hulse Clack. In 1862 he was promoted to Lieut Colonel and transferred to the Trans*Mississippi Dept, serving under Major General Richard Taylor (son of Zachary Taylor).

As a small boy in New Orleans in the 1880's I recall seeing Mrs F H Clack, known to the children as Auntie. She was by marriage the Aunt of my mother (says Robert Livingston Nicholson). I saw her for the last time in summer of 1900, she died 1901.

Franklin Hulse Clack (1828-1864) and his sister Mary Louisa Clack (1833-1858) were of the 6th generation of the Old Dominion, (Virginia) descendants of Rev James Clack (1655-1723) born in Wiltshire England, arrived in Virginia in 1678. He was Rector of Ware Church, Gloucester, Virginia from 1679 to his death in 1723.

The Parish of Ware was established in 1652 and the new church built in 1690 of red brick and is still there in 1952. Rev James Clack's tomb is one of the two above ground near the church as you enter the gate. Ware church is one of the oldest in Virginia.

Officially Major General "Beast" Benjamin F Butler was given the command of the Federal army in New Orleans May 3 1862. His reign of terror lasted until Dec 23 1862, when President Lincoln's attention being called to Butler's actions, relieved Butler of his command at New Orleans. Today we would say that Lincoln "fired" Butler. Lincoln appointed Major General N P Banks to the command of the Federal army in New Orleans.

Butler was far ahead of his time. He and Hitler belonged in the same class. The only thing is that Butler did many things that would have caused Hitler to blush. Butler left New Orleans a very wealthy beast. Certainly Butler besmirched the uniform he wore, that of a Major General of the U S Army. And still, after 90 years, still is "Cursed be the name of Butler."

...

End of Mrs Clack's MSS and the additional writing by Mr Robert Livingston Nicholson.

...

474

Mrs Phillips STORY
of Civil War Days in the South.

This story was sent to us by our good friend and distant cousin Mr Robert Livingston Nicholson of Kansas City Missouri. This Mrs Phillips was the "Florence Nightingale" at La Grange Georgia Confederate hospital during the Civil War. She was the wife of Judge Phillips. Mr Nicholson's copy tells more about her in the latter part of this writing. The family were close friends of the Wheelocks which is the line of the said Mr Nicholson. RT.

...

It is necessary while writing this story, to go back to a similar experience which happened during my residence in Washington DC, at the early beginning of the war in August 1861.

My husband, Philip Phillips, and eminent lawyer and Member of Congress from Mobile Alabama, taking his seat in 1854, but not remaining over his term in Congress, for at the advice of President Pierce, opened his law office and had established his law practice with great success. He had been at the head of the Supreme Court of South Carolina.

He had long anticipated the troubles growing out of the questions regarding slavery; and when the crisis came, his decided opinions, convictions and conservative tendencies all proclaimed his Union proclivities. So with anguish and forebodings, we had frequent talks with Jefferson Davis, Judge Wayne, Judge John Campbell, who all assured us that everything would be settled satisfactorily.

Each day during those times was fraught with terrible heartaches, as we bade adieu to our Southern friends, while we daily witnessed in the Senate chambers, the dreadful struggle, excitement and wilful determination on the part of the Southern members to carry out their desire to break up the Union. Each senator had his day for delivering his farewell speech.

We left our houses before breakfast, taking our meals with us, as seats were not to be secured later. The excitement was fearful, the impression lasting, while the last day "capped the climax", for Senator Judah P Benjamin, took his farewell with all of us mounted in our chairs, waving our handkerchiefs and weeping with terror and excitement. That I shall never forget. We returned home hopeless. Each day saw our Southern friends departing, their hearts full of determination upon resistance.

My poor husband, broken hearted over the situation consulted with his friends as to the chances of remaining in Washington. His inexperience in war alone encouraged him. He determined to remain and continue in his practice of law. All this happened in May and June of 1861. Few of our friends were left in the city, but we kept very quiet and ignored all sympathy with those whose acquaintance would compromise us.

"Umors of a most distressing nature constantly reached us, proving that the South was in a condition of alarm the most hopeful. Consequently we suffered the most heart-breaking suspense, not daring to take the least interest in the South. We had no ties elsewhere, but Mr Phillips was so earnest in impressing upon us the great necessity of keeping quiet and within doors, receiving no guests, replying to no letters, never talking about troubles existing, and preparing for the worst. Then following his advice we felt comparatively safe.

We were in the midst of war preparations, surrounded by camps, visited by Federal officers, and excited beyond words by the boastful army certain of success. As the excitement progressed, friends after a while found it dangerous to be seen at our house, and being Southern by birth and association, their prejudices were not altogether one-sided.. We were very politic and feared nothing but our own imprudence.

Mr Phillips however, seeing innocent men being sent to Fort Lafayette on groundless charges, and every reason to fear a like fate for himself, so he packed his trunk in constant anticipation of such an event, which fortunately never happened. He was always far from being suspected where his integrity and loyalty was concerned, while under Federal administration, and although he was against secession, still when the question of blood came up he was forced to give in and go with his section.

We remained up to August 1861 in a constant state of trepidation and anxiety. Confederate prisoners coming in and confined in the Capital prison excited our sympathy. We were allowed to relieve them and help with their necessities, but we were closely watched. Often women would force themselves into our house, pretending to be beggars. They were really female spies to see what we were doing.

Altogether we were very wretched but maintained a strict ~~loyalty~~ loyalty. My brother-in-law Major Hamilton was Major of Cavalry at Richmond Virginia, and we heard rumors that we were suspected of writing and keeping him posted as to Federal troop movements. Of course this was false, but we were watched and suspected by spies.

The Battle of Bull Run Virginia soon followed, Jul 21 1861. We witnessed the Grand Army commanded by General Irvin McDowell, left with treasure perched upon their banners, while the wives of the officers, with their lunch baskets, started in time to give physical support to the victorious heroes. They left on Thursday. We remained shut up in our house, full of tears and fearful anticipations..

All Saturday news of the battle reached us full of defeat and horrible carnage. Our excitement was unsupportable. We had to be most cautious in showing the least sympathy for the Confederates.

On Sunday the news of certain defeat of the Confederates seemed to be officially accepted. We wept and found no comfort, for relatives and friends were all concerned. Sunday night a friend entered, coming in at the back of the house. One of the accusations which resulted in our Washington arrest was that we had illuminated the house after the Battle of Bull Run. We were surprised at seeing smiles in place of anguish as he was a Southerner. Approached me he put his mouth to my ear whispering the word that the Federal army was defeated and rushing back in, etc.

Now we felt our danger of our situation in the return of an exasperated army. No orders were given to extinguish every light in the house, and admit nobody. However friends did get in and the embracing and joy made a great impression on all. I think it wise not to mention even at this late day, the names of those supposed to be loyal, their delight much the contrary.

To secure our safety I gave orders to our cook to keep her kitchen well filled with soup and meat as the wounded soldiers and returning men would require both, and we fed them all. And I told them that they had been fed in a Southern family, and when they went South again they must not forget it.

Now followed days of increased sorrow and we found our situation daily more harassing. One morning as we were seated in the dining room, quite a noise attracted our ears. Soon a man advanced, followed by a squad of soldiers, all armed. This individual walked up to me saying: "Is this Mrs Phillips?" I nodded my head in assent.

"Then," said he, "You are my prisoner as well as all the others." This person proved to be the detective "Baker", well known in these times. My party consisted of my two daughters, my sister, and a visitor, the latter also arrested. No explanation was given.

I requested that we might go upstairs where more privacy could be felt. He seated us with a guard each, while he opened presses, drawers, desks and boxes, every place was searched for "treasonable" documents. My dresses were turned inside out, pictures pulled down. Meanwhile, the soldiers, all of the regular army, looked their disgust and when occasion offered expressed it in language more eloquent than refined at "these doings to the ladies."

My favorite maid, Phoebe, an Irish woman of great intelligence, happened to be dusting my room when we entered. To see her surprise was worth seeing. She immediately exclaimed "I am an English subject, you cannot touch me."

Baker paid no attention to her, but he had evidently seen signs pass between her and myself. It seemed I had left in the drawer some family letters which were full of secrets, compromising to a mutual friend and I was wild on the publicity of their contents, and determined to make an effort for their destruction. So I caught her eye, directing her to the aforesaid drawer, and in a moment she had them concealed in her dress.

But the spy had also seen all and ordered the "English subject" below with a guard over her. I gave up all hope. But it seems she got into the good graces of the jolly soldiers, and begged them to let her get a drink of water. They acquiesced, but we followed her. She flew into the kitchen where the range was going full blast, pitched the letters into the fire, and I was safe. The guard did not see his act.

After the house had been entirely and unsuccessfully gutted, Baker turned his attention to the "foreign subject", who sat calmly awaiting her fate.

"Give me those letters, and damn you," he exclaimed to her, "I have no letters" was the response.

"Then I shall send you to Fort LaFayette" he yelled, tearing open her dress and looking in vain for the letters he thought she had. He took out his vengeance in a dainty bit of cursing and left evidently disgusted with his own want of skill. After a thorough search there was no evidence of "rebel" documents. He also incaded Mr Phillips' office. The head detective left his prisoners in the hands of his subordinates. Our house became our prison. Our mail was opened before our indignant eyes. Men occupied every room. Friend were denied admittance. People viewed our well known abode with fear. We were kept so for a week in order to detect "contraband" communications, and nothing having been discovered, we were told to prepare for our removal to the house of Mrs Greenhow, a well known female who had been found in secret correspondence with the Confederates. And as she had to be watched, they thought it politic to herd us together.

Mr Phillips offered our house for the prisoners comfort. He was refused, and we were driven around to a house on 16th street. I requested leave to go to the parlor to have some books I valued put away. A very vulgar man was there with his legs out of the window handling one of the precious books.

"I hope you will know me," he said.

"I have not that pleasure," I replied, but I shall know you in the rogue's gallery, and I shall live to see you hanged."

About two months later I was written to, to come to Richmond Virginia to recognize this man. His name was Applegate. He was found to be a Federal spy and he was hanged.

We reached the house assigned to us, and were all put into one filthy room in the attic, with a bed very soiled and innocent of any covering. Rude soldiers were put over us and the surroundings were appalling to dainty folk. What our crime was we were unable to ascertain. We were told that Senator Cameron and Senator Seward thought the country endangered and such a dangerous woman around at large. Our jailor, a very common man, took a fancy to my eldest daughter which gave me great concern, as his rudeness was evidently suggested through his coarse notice of the young girl. He would send messages of very familiar character up to our room, and I had to take the messages to cool his ambition, which discovered, he commenced a system of cruelties and insults, very alarming to our dear inmates.

We were watched day and night; soldiers at our room door, and everywhere along the passages, and although I tried to disarm the young girls of fear, I became myself much depressed and thought hours of how I could seek some one to carry a note to Mr Phillips, telling him of the persecution and our consequent alarm.

In this state of dejection, we one day heard a noise as if some one was trying to slip a note under the closed door. We had been warned to avoid all communication outside of the legitimate way, that is, all not sent us by the provost marshal. The note got through the crack. We saw it with emotion, but I did not allow it to be touched, fearing it was a bid to compromise us.

This was near our dinner hour, when a guard always escorted us below, watching every mouth-full. I dallied in the rear, when a whisper from one of the guards arrested my attention. "Lady," he said, "I am a poor soldier. A Union man, but my heart is full of horror to see how Captain Sheldon, (the jailer) treats such ladies. If you will trust me and write a note to your husband I will take it to him tonight, but you must not speak of the war."

I looked at the man to study his face, which seemed full of honesty and feeling. He begged me to be very careful, to give him no money nor notice of any kind, as he was watched. I was duly excited of course but decided to trust the man. His name was Hepburn which I recall with gratitude. When we returned to our prison I locked the door, took our little crowd in the corner and whispered the news that help had come and bade them keep hopeful, that I intended to trust the man and write a note describing our dangerous condition.

I wrote the note to my husband, it said that we were daily submitted to insults, that every day Sheldon became more insolent, that we dreaded our isolated condition, for him to try to see Mr

Stanton who was a friend of Mr Phillips, with whom he was about to enter into partnership, and solicit his aid.

(Note by RT, Mr Nicholson notes at this point that this was E M Stanton, Secretary of War, and Philip Phillips, both lawyers had considered a partnership before the war.) Resume the MSS:

We waited in great excitement for the next day and determined if Stanton came to us, to expose the wretch Sheldon who had exceeded his authority over us. We retired full of hope and I had a curious dream which I analysed in our favor. I dreamt that we were prisoners and were walking in a garden when quantities of snakes appeared from under some brushwood, creeping towards us in fierce attitudes. They passed us all but attacked Mrs Greenhow and her daughter. When I awoke I started up with the cry "Liberty" we shall be out today.

The children looked astonished, but I reiterated the cry and my certainty of release. The hours passed as usual. About mid-day we were excited over the ringing of the door bell, an unusual thing. I screamed "Here they come. We are free," and in a moment Mr Stanton and Judge Advocate Hay entered our prison.

We were introduced by Mr Stanton who appeared to be shedding copious crocodile tears. Judge Hay was the first to speak. He said: "Ladies, General McClellan has sent me to say that he does not war upon women. That he wishes to know why you are prisoners. He has heard nothing about the matter and you are to be released today.

A shout of delight greeted the joyful news and I then told Judge Hay all that I knew of our sins of commission centering on the fact that we were "born Southerners" and surely were not responsible for that. This was received in good humor and we were told to prepare for our release.

But we had some complaints and succeeded in getting the bold Sheldon released from his too responsible position. Mr Stanton and Judge Hay walked with us to our home which was not far off.

Mr Phillips was all delight, and taking Stanton's hand, said: "Stanton what I can I do for you for this great favor?"

"Yes, Phillips, said the "patriot" Stanton, "you may well call it a favor as none but yourself could have tempted me into that Den of Infamy" pointing to the White House where ruled Lincoln.

I mention this in evidence of the character of that cruel man, Stanton. It made a great impression on us all when succeeding events made its history. But we returned home only to be watched and followed by spies, which condition of life being unsupportable, Mr Phillips concluded to get General Scott's permission to leave for the South. The permission was readily granted, and we made preparations for a sad departure. We were forced to sacrifice all our household goods, even the wrappings of newspapers were not allowed. But this did not prevent our being loyal. Federal officers deluged me with notes for Jefferson Davis which I carefully concealed and delivered. I have never mentioned any names concerned in such a dangerous business. I see these officers frequently but I never allude to this interesting episode of our lives.

We left Washington under a flag of truce, being both happy to hear the Confederate guns of welcome to their persecuted people. We jumped into the boat with "Hurrah for Jefferson Davis," much to the indignation of the Federal Captain, who

exclaimed "Ladies, respect our flag."

We said "We are respecting our flag," and left him.

A terrible storm was raging, but we felt it not, we were all so fearfully excited. We landed at Crancy Island, where the Confederates were fortified, to be received with deafening shouts by hundreds of soldiers. General Smith, in command, saw our disheveled condition, we had lost hats, shawls and many other things, and required attention. We were soon made comfortable and resting.

Presently the sound of musicians shouting attracted us. "Ladies," the officer said, "The steamboat with General Huger has arrived from Norfolk to take you to Richmond. We started. A Tremendous crowd was around us, all were excited beyond all sense.

We reached Richmond where an ovation awaited us. Next day we visited the President, Jefferson Davis, and I delivered my dispatches much to his satisfaction. It would take too much time to recount our struggles in reaching our destination, New Orleans, which place my husband had selected to resume the practice of his profession. He had no sympathy with the Confederacy and determined to start in the support of his large family of nine children, although our two eldest boys had already joined the Confederate army, and one the Confederate navy. They were 19 and 17 years of age.

Well, here we settled in New Orleans, beginning the winter of 1862 with sad hearts and terrible forebodings. Having felt the horrors of war, we had learned from our experiences that reticence and care alone could insure safety, and my wise husband preached every hour how vitally necessary was a strict observance of his advice.

We passed the winter in comparative comfort listening to all reports of victories never gained and promises never fulfilled by our "wise" congress at Richmond. One day buoyed up with hope of the perfect safety of New Orleans whose forts Jackson and St Philip "were so well fortified that nothing could pass them." They again horrified to hear that nothing could prevent them, the Federal ships from passing the forts. The last was verified when the day came ~~January 25~~ 1862 April 25, and all Confederates were seen flying from the city to prevent capture, as the Federal ships passed and Farragut was advancing toward the city.

Every able-bodied man left. Only old men were left to take care of the women and children.. I can never forget the scene of confusion nor the despairing mothers weeping over sons, even in the streets. All available equipment had been seized to convey men and treasures to some safe place. Then a howling, raging crowd of ten thousand demons reached the City "all, to see a poor state flag pulled down by order of Farragut. Not pulled down at a certain hour, he would shell the city.

Wise counsel prevailed from the men, while the women declared it should not be pulled down. "let them shell away" they cried. But as there was nothing but a mosquito swamp to retire to, we at last cooled down.

Farragut with 100 marines entered the city, pulled down the flag, raising one, and retired to his ship. The some bold sailor got into some ship rigging, and tried to shoot through the heart of the Federal flag, while a foolish youth displayed a Confederate flag and commenced beating a drum. This stirred the demon of a riot and

scenes rivalling the French revolution (1789) took place under our windows (the house occupied by Judge Philip Phillips).

Then on May 2 1862, entered the "valiant" B F Butler, with his 3,000 soldiers to quell and smash the whole rebellion. Then at the sound ~~upon~~ of guns and music, poor Mumford was hanged on a suspicion of having pulled down the flag, the real culprit escaped. (Note by Mr Nicholson- Mumford was hanged for pulling down the U S flag after the Confederate flag had been taken down. Rather severe punishment but we must remember there was a war going on. His brother lived in Kansas City up to a few years ago).

Now commenced a life of tyranny and ill usage. We never left our houses or opened our windows, sorrow and despair reigned everywhere. Soldiers filled every place, and low women took advantage of the situation to insult the foreign foe. So of course the respectable portion of the citizens suffered for this, and Butler's revenge visited the innocent as well as the guilty. His vile order known forever as order number 28, and from his headquarters were published daily orders of most insulting nature. There was no redress. Arrest of innocent people took place. Young girls were not safe, for any indecent remark that reached Butler caused their arrest.

We heard that all our household goods were to be seized and confiscated. So everyone with reverence for his household goods took means of concealing many things associated with better days and fond memories. The English consul took our silver, which we never secured until the war ended in 1865. So we lived and the future seemed dark for us all.

The month of June 1862 saw us in the same condition, closed doors and barred windows. Butler, fearing a chance shot, would at lightning speed, tear through the streets with his staff, so we knew when to close windows tightly and thus shut out the tyrant.

Though all our family kept strictly out of notice, on one occasion my little boy six years old, standing in an upper veranda, made some noise calculated to attract a squad of soldiers passing on the street. One hour after, we were all arrested, for, it was asserted spitting upon Union soldiers, a very false representation of the actual facts of his occurrence, and one which Butler made use of in the order for my arrest afterwards.

One Saturday evening a neighbor gave a child's party to enjoy a magic lantern. She begged all of us to come, to indulge the children in it and other amusements. As everything else seemed so dull, I assented. The children, duly dressed for the fete, and we went out on the veranda to enjoy the breeze before dark. In the midst of frolicking and joy we heard the sound of muffled drums and a funeral, as it passed, continued our frolic. Out of twenty carriages not a human being was in one of them. Well, we went to the entertainment, and Sunday passed, and Monday came with the strict routine of home duties fixed upon us by our unhappy condition. The little ones were in my room being taught their lessons, and never for weeks had we felt more comparatively quiet. We were interrupted about 10 a.m., by a furious ring of the street bell. My colored man answered it, and rushed up stairs, his eyes wide with alarm, exciting the children to arise, as he said "Missis, dere's a Yankee captain down stairs, he says he wants you."

Taking it quietly and trying to restore tranquility to my children, who were crying and clinging to my dress, I told them they must be quiet, that I had done nothing that I could be arrested for, and was confident there was some mistake. I went down stairs to answer the unusual demand, and saw a soldier with a gun and bayonet seated in the hall. He advanced toward me and put a piece of paper in my hand. I opened it and read "Bring me Mrs Phillips." signed Benj. F Butler.

Recognizing a military order, there was nothing for me to do but obey, and dreading to meet the children and unable to give them any comfort, I told the nurse to take them up stairs, while I prepared for an interview with The Mighty General, ruffed up with power, he called himself Christ's Vice-Regent. I sent for Mr Phillips to accompany me. He was at his law office. He came at once, pale and agitated which made me make an effort on my part to keep cool.

I said I could not imagine what could be the matter, but felt assured that what ever it was, it could be explained. We then remembered that we had been quite active in collecting money for the widow of the murdered Mumford, and this conclusion comforted us as there was nothing we could otherwise suggest.

However we got into the carriage with the soldier in front and everyone about saw that our time had come. Butler held his supposed court at the Custom House, and as we approached it we saw about ten thousand filthy, reeking, drunken negroes basking in the sun of over 100 degrees. It was June 1862 and the heat was tropical.

As we stopped a voice called out "Where is Mrs Phillips?"

"Here she is" sang out a fine looking officer who evidently sent out an inferior soldier to do his dirty work. "This way Madame" said the soldier showing us the entrance to Butler's Pandemonium.

We stopped at green baize door, when the officer told my husband that he could not go in. Excited at the idea of meeting unprotected, this man Butler, I hesitated but feeling courageous at the instinct to oppose so hateful an order, I declared that no power but a brutal one could force me into that office without my husband and lawful protector.

"It is General Butler's orders," said the officer. Then I said, seating myself on the floor, "You can get a rope and drag me by force there, for if my husband is not allowed to be with me I shall not move."

When he saw my determination, he returned to Butler, and I suppose by assenting to my having Mr Phillips with me, Butler had given in to my wishes. The green baize door opened and on a high platform sat with an excited and inflamed face the Great General.

At his side was a pistol which you can read of in Parton's Life of Butler, was an empty one while under the table was a loaded one, in case any "rebel" should on murder feel intent. I saw this supposed formidable weapon, nor can I ~~now~~ remember feeling any being disturbed by the sight,

On entering, he, with one arm extended shouted out: You were seen on your gallery, laughing and mocking at the remains of a Federal officer. I do not call you a vulgar woman of the town but an uncommonly vulgar one and I sentence you to Ship Island," etc.

My husband, strongly aroused at the unsultry remarks of this man said "General Butler, I shall not allow you to use this language to my wife. I know who you are and you know who I am."

Then in loud tones, Butler exclaimed "Gag that man. Put him in prison. Arrest him."

I hurried to Mr Phillips and said as I patted him on the arm, "Leave that man to me," for now I was angry beyond any woman's fears, and I felt the courage of an aroused creature.

After this scene, gotten up to scare me into asking Butler's pardon, and giving him a chance to back down, and then publish how I had been subjugated and brought to confess my guilt, Butler appeared to be writing my sentence. But I had no idea of this as I felt perfectly innocent and determined to let him do his work.

Then I commenced to view my surroundings, and to appear to be admiring the twelve officers seating in an alarming array of fuss and feathers, and my face too, truly showed my contempt for what they were parties to.

Feeling thirsty and seeing a lunch waiter near, I drew my chair to the table, took a cracker and a glass of water deliberately enjoyed both. Butler kept on scratching the paper. A letter written on this interview is also placed in this record.

After a while both of us tired of the play going on around us. He attracted my notice by clearing his throat, ere he read the contents of the paper. Following his at I jumped up and approached the Throne, and fixed my eyes calmly on the Great Man, while I awaited my sentence. When he finished I said "Nothing surprises me what you do." And this was all of the interview.

Mr Phillips was conducted outside and I was locked up in an adjoining office, not allowed to see any of my children for farewell, or to change my dress, while my poor husband returned to his desolate home to inform the weeping family of the outrage perpetrated. My baby was just odd enough to feel that I had been taken away from him, and his fretting for me caused an attack of fever endangering his little life.

Mr Phillips wildly searched the city to find where I was to be imprisoned, and to see what he could do for my safety and comfort. Nothing could be learned, nor could he get permission to bid me good bye ere I was hastened off before daylight the next morning. Meanwhile being locked up in this room with paper and pens, I distracted my thoughts from my terrible fate by writing a letter to an imaginary friend, telling of my ill fate but declaring I deserved to be punished for my prejudice against the "good vsliant Butler" with whom I had just had an interview. In it I declared that his handsome appearance and courteous bearing all testified to the shameful falsehoods current.

While busy with this letter, a man opened the door and asked my name. I looked at him and asked why he wished it, adding, "My name cannot be avused as it was the name of a heroine destined to be handed down to posterity. The man seemed to enjoy my irony and said "I am the one who is to write down the arrests." Recognizing his mighty labors, I gave it to him, begging him to spell it properly which he did by writing "Ogenia" for Eugenia Phillips. Of course I corrected him.

This man leaving, another man entered. "He was to be my jailer. "Follow me" he said in strict tones. I rose, putting on my gloves. "Take your letter" he said. "Oh that is nothing" I said. I knew it would be taken to Butler, and I do not wonder when Butler read it if he felt no pity for me how could so great a man stand being laughed at by "a she adder" as he called us Southern women.

I followed as ordered and soon arrived at one of the confiscated houses on Canal Street. I was locked up in a bed room where two common soldiers were seated, to be my companions by Butler's orders. All his insults were of the lowest caliber.

Seeing these men, I ordered them out, but was told they were there by special order. Boiling with indignation I sent for my jailer, pointing to the men, I requested their removal.

"Impossible" he said, "Butler ordered them to remain there until you are sent away. I was too indignant and protested in the name of wife and mother, asking him to send an official to the back brute Butler for the removal of these soldiers, who, to do them justice seemed to feel equal indignation.. The jailer was greatly touched, and returned having evidently succeeded in getting the men moved just outside my room. I sat on a chair all night. The only interruption was a voice from the street saying "Where have they put my missus."

I recognized the voice of my man servant, who it appeared had been searching the city to find me and he thus expressed his solicitude. He was sent off with the comforting assurance that he had no "Missus" (owner) that he was free. But I could hear his excited voice calling out "Where in ---- is my missus?"

Early next morning I was put in a carriage to be taken to Ship Island. No leave taking of my children was allowed, but it was hinted that I might possibly see my husband. I was determined my husband would see me courageous and calm. So I entered the depot at Lake Ponchartrain to find a woman excited and in tears who rushed into my arms, calling on God to take vengeance. I said "Dear Madame, your sympathy is well meant, but I am in such a nervous condition that you may upset me, and I wish to meet my husband free from all excitement. So she left me, nor did I ever see the good dame again.

Shortly after, my dear husband arrived. It took all my courage to meet him and not respond to his heart-broken looks which he tried to avoid, but it was impossible. However, he was reassured by my bright welcome and addressing him surrounded as I was by a large body of witnessing soldiers, I said "Good-bye, am I not lucky to have a summer retreat while you have to remain in New Orleans?" He seemed to appreciate the spirit that animated me.

On leaving the depot to get into the boat that was to convey me to a prison, a sight met my eyes which sent the blood gushing to my sad heart, for lining the road stood twenty of New Orleans most aged and respected citizens standing with uncovered bowed heads which told the tale of their deep sympathy and respect to me, but even here I controlled myself and passed, acknowledging their heart-felt ovation without a tear.

They had dared Butler and proved many courage in this public avowal of their indignant protest.

I got into the boat amidst a drunken mob of soldiers, insulting their uniforms and profession by indulging in low remarks intended for me. But I was beyond the little insults they bestowed, too ill to notice anything. After twelve hours endured under a burning sun, without even a drop of water to relieve the horrors of the situation, we reached Ship Island. It was the height of cruelty to take twelve hours to my destination, when a few hours would have done it.

Ship Island is a narrow strip of sand guarding the pass between Mobile Alabama and New Orleans, where a fort had been in construction. Neither man nor beast could long exist there. Butler had punished a Rhode Island regiment by banishing them to this wretched place; so it was good enough for a woman brought up daintily and accustomed to the luxuries of life. When the boat was abandoned by the soldiers, and I, half dead, was left alone. I naturally looked for the officer who had charge of me. After some time he was found. On his approaching me he found that I was about to faint. He rushed out and got me some brandy, and I entreated him to hasten me to my prison where I should be free from insult.

He introduced himself as Captain Blodgett, saying "Madame, although I am but an inferior officer bound to obey, I have the heart of a man, and my blood boils with indignation at such scenes as I witness. From motives of delicacy I have stayed away, but this is a mistake. I shall now see where your prison is."

Leaving, he soon returned and with questionable sincerity told me that had seen General Neal Dow in command of Ship Island who had said "Hang her. I have no place for damned rebels."

Seeing me ill again, the good man Blodgett, for he proved good rushed again to this noted coward, Dow, and returned saying that he had found a prison. I said "And procure me a guard" for I feared the worst as this Neal Dow had represented me to the soldiers as a very "bad woman", and their prejudices might have excited them beyond safety.

I left the boat to walk a half mile in deep sand, and then Captain Blodgett said "Mrs Phillips, stop a moment, let me prepare you for your prison."

Before me on a pile of sand rested a huge box. A small door hung on leather straps lead into it, a window, or rather an opening was closed by the same rude fastenings. We entered to see a ring of iron, the only evidence that something less than man had been kept there. "either, bed, seat, table, nor any comfort of any kind. Captain Blodgett impulsively uttered these words "Good God can such things be?"

By this time insects began to attack me and I said "I will die here. I do ~~not~~ want to live for my husband and children. I will go wild if I remain here all night to be bitten to death.

The poor man Blodgett went off to some store to get a piece of net which he hung over a nail. I got under it and thanked God that I was saved, from the terrible mosquitos. And thus passed the wretched night. I slept on the ground. No one brought me food. All rights of war prisoners were denied me, all law set at nothing.

The Irish maid Phoebe, I was allowed to look for and who accompanied me and but for whose help I should have died, met with the same treatment. Captain Blodgett gave me his heart-felt

sympathy, that he could do nothing but promise to see me in the morning when he hoped things would look better. He had some business at a hospital three miles away in a more decent locality but he would return to receive the messages for Mr Phillips.

I made him promise not to let Mr Phillips my situation, nor did he. Next morning, some kind friend having told Dr Avery of my situation, he had the thoughtlessness to write me a note offering me any help in his power and he sent me some toast and tea. I was about to send a reply to this kind attention saying, I believed that while thanking him that there was nothing in his professional line he could do for me, making the professional, as marking as possible, as I knew that his writing to me was unmilitary and perhaps expose him to official censure. I had hardly finished writing when the approach of horses attracted my attention. Hicking, the soldier who had the tray with the toast and tea on it dashed it down as "Neal Dow The Valiant" appeared.

He came up to me, almost striking me in the face with his fist. He uttered a number of oaths saying "If you ever again hold communication with anyone outside your prison I will hang you up by the legs. Someone had reported Dr AVERY's kindness. Dr Avery was deprived of his command and arrested. I was speechless with deppair and felt that I had nothing to rely upon for I was completely in the power of this brute Dow.

Captain Blodgett had left after showing me many acts of kindness, and now that the war is over, I have been trying to find this gentleman that I may offer him some offering of a grateful heart. I have often thought, that witness as he was of these outrages and disinclined to confess the truth that he had avoided all chances of recognition. But I shall hope to meet him again.

On the evening of this Saturday when this attack was made on me, and when I had had no sign of food, a man entered with a tin pan, spoon and cup, a piece of rancid bacon, a piece of stale bread, yellow with saleratus and something called peas. For three months this was the food served me, nor did I have a warm mouthful during that time. After a while a soldier felt sorry for me and sent me a small bed, then a chair and a table, and I was moved into a boarded up place to be nearer the headquarters of the officers.

Storms, frightening enough to blanche the boldest heart often came and the rain poured in on me. I crept under the table to avoid the wet. I was allowed no light nor no exercise, and the officers supposed to attend to my wants had ingress to my abode without any will on my part, I always had to be dressed, never in deshabelle which the heat demanded.

My husband was kept in ignorance of my surroundings; he could do nothing. No one could help me without being reported by spies. I saw the best men of New Orleans with ball and chains breaking ~~the~~ stones for the fort. Daily boats of negroes arrived from neighboring plantations stolen finery of their former owners was their garb. They were received with delight by the officers, feasted and feted and danced with. While they passed my prison they would shout out "I wish my master was locked up."

The negress who washed my clothes was followed by a U S

officer with the soiled linen in his hands; she was too dainty.

The water permeated by the sand was good enough for me, and when I was taken down with brain fever and hogsheads of ice was melting, they refused it to me saying that Butler had denied me all such comforts. The zeal displayed on forcing suffering upon me was worthy of a ~~savage~~. The wives of the officers stationed on Ship Island would come to view the "rebel woman". I was polite and cautious.

Butler, hoping that I had suffered enough, used to send one of his staff every Saturday to inquire after my health. I sent my compliments and replied that I was quite well, while the officer showed plainly what he thought of the outrage. I accepted neither sympathy nor presents. Both were offered.

I wrote Mr Phillips, Butler saw my letter, not to ask favors for me, that I had to be liberated and proved fully innocent. Many distinguished friends sought my release, but Butler, knowing my scorn and contempt for him, determined to punish me. He seized one of the daily papers which had mentioned me, one article in this paper headed "Mrs Phillips, a leader flash society in Washington and one of Buchanan's "boudior cabinet" appeared in the paper. But I was too well known by my husband's noble record to be hurt by anything that Butler could do.

In the order of the arrest of Keller there is a curious sentence in which Keller refuses to have any communication with that Mrs Phillips. With the cunning of his brutal nature, Butler had his minions visit Keller in prison and tell him that Mrs Phillips was a notorious woman. When Keller was brought up for sentence, the result of the order of arrest was uttered, as you will see. Could anything equal this in brutality? Keller in being told who I was, wrote an explanation in great remorse begging me to accept his explanation.

After days of anxious suffering I was allowed to write my family, my letters to be read by Butler. I did not fail to take advantage of this generous medium through which passed many lucubrations destined to assure Butler that he had not quite crushed me. He continued to fill his newspapers with abuse and slander of me. He wrote a letter to some Northern papers exonerating his arrest of me saying that I was the worst possible case. Never doubting his belief I thought it a good idea to sign my letters "Truly Yours, The Worst Possible Case."

I hardly thought Butler could have much reason for admiring me. Many distinguished friends, Beverly Johnson and others had interviews with Butler, requesting my release. His reply was "If Lincoln and all the army asked me, I would refuse." Probably something besides zeal for his country promoted him. He amused me. Officers of the Day were appointed to visit my prison and look after my welfare. The omission rather than the commission of their duties impressed me. One officer, Shelburn by name insulted me grossly for sending an egg to a dying Confederate on the island, imprisoned. I bribed the guard to take it. He heard of it and threatened to put ball and chain on my leg if I ever transgressed the prison rules again.

I told him that unless he wrote down in black ink what the rules were, I could not abide by them, and I should at all times

do all in my power to help the Confederate prisoners. Of course I had to suffer for this by listening to abuse of my low character. I told this man that there was a peculiar fatality attending all insolence to me, and sometimes after this man, going to New Orleans was blown up in a steamboat and now lie at the bottom of the lake.

After being in the prison for a month, I was taken very ill. Permission was given to me to go to New Orleans on parole, which I declined, I would have liberty or nothing. I was treated during my illness with undue severity, beyond words to relate. Crying for ice that was melting all around me, I was refused as Butler's spies were watching and punishing all who helped me. I think that they desired my death, for I can see no other object for their cruelty. My good constitution fought the disease and I recovered. My convalescence caused my appetite to crave something better than rancid bacon, but I was refused the privilege of buying an egg.

I am proud to say intelligence pleased the officers of the Day and they took pleasure in conversing with "the adder". One officer named Varney, more candid than polite requested my autograph for his New England mother who had understood that I was so vile that she would like to have some proof of my identity. I said to this gentleman (?) "Tell your mother to wait as there is hope of improvement under the gentle punishment I was receiving at the hands of her son." He did not wait to feel very much ashamed of his fanaticism. In after years, Lieutenant Varney met a friend of mine, and Varney was pleased to pay me many compliments. Of course I was proud of the honor conferred. Well, the days and weeks passed in monotonous round. I was getting very tired and my husband very anxious as September arrived, to know what could be done to secure me from the discomforts of the approaching winter.

Butler's staff, as usual, paid me the Saturday visit with the usual benevolent message from their General and received my usual polite acknowledgement. Their evident sympathy was pleasant and they could not tempt me to accept any luxury they offered, and for which I was really suffering. The officers at headquarters took no notice of me, nor seemed to think it was their province, to see that I had what was due to a prisoner of war.

The BLACK citizens claimed too much of their attention (I came near to writing affection). I wrote a letter every day. They were mostly products of the imagination, intended to lessen the anxiety of the dear ones weeping at home. Books and papers were sent me and with them I adapted my life to my surroundings.

And now my story approaches the end. In September 1862 I became very low spirited and very nervous. One day the door of my cabin was suddenly pushed open, the the Officer of the Day approached us with a bundle of papers, drew one out and gave it to me. I thought it was another order for further atrocities.

"No, no, I cannot open it."

He said "Why, you must read it." And he calmed me by saying it was all right. Then I opened the paper and read "Mrs Phillips, confined at Ship Island is hereby released in order to prevent the suffering of the wholly innocent." Understand the cunning

excuse for my release, as Butler could find no feasible one. I immediately said "I have always known that I was wholly innocent" for this plausible wording of my release suggested that false impression he wished to make by insinuating I was about to become a mother. I had thought often of the ingenuity which he had to suggest some reason for my release, but this was creditable to his own unusual genius.

The news soon spread to the barracks that the woman prisoner was released, and the excitement and the gladness of the soldiers, for I had become a favorite with them, was great. All wished to rush to my prison and shake hands. The General, Rust, thought it prudent to still keep the guard at my prison.

Next day I was told to prepare to depart. All the soldiers came to shake hands and the curtains of the door were torn in shreds to gratify their desire for relics. After the soldiers had left I was surprised to see General Rust of the post and his staff, all gorgeously arrayed to do honor to the occasion. Neal Dow had long been displaced to make room for General Rust (good name).

This officer approached me putting out his hand, but I had no good feeling just at that time for a man who had allowed me to endure such suffering. He addressed me thus "You are the first and only prisoner I ever visited. I came to thank you in my name and that of my staff for your courtesy and propriety and consideration during your hard imprisonment. You have not written me insulting notes in contrast to orders, and it would have given me great pleasure to have helped you in many ways but my orders forbade any alleviation of your situation."

I felt most indignant, and replied to his magnanimous and late courtesy "General Rust, if you suppose my good conduct which you have been kind enough to approve, was the result of any respect, care or thought of you and your staff allow me to undeceive you. I was animated by far different emotions. My entire conduct was to show you that a Southern woman was capable of under the most atrocious outrage of this war. I forgive you and I hope God may."

Needless to say that he and his staff trod very gently as they passed from my presence. They can but respect me.

I got into the boat that was to take me to my dear ones. My family had not been told of my release. This would have been a piece of kindness totally undeserved. I reached the city early in the morning, very feeble and ill. I drove through St Charles Street and saw many citizens who knew me and who greeted me with uncovered heads. My driver suddenly seemed to recognize the fact, and jumped down from the driver's seat in the cab (hack) and thrust his brawny fist through the carriage window saying "My God, is this the poor Mrs Phillips Why God bless you Madame."

I said "My good friend I am free but if you care for me, take me home quickly for I am very ill."

Reaching the house my servant answered the bell, peeping cautiously through a crack, then ran screaming "My Missus, her corpse," and then slammed the door in my face. In the meantime the household hearing the noise, a scene of distress was the result, for my husband had heard the words of the servant and remained speechless up stairs.

By this time the negro's superstitious fears were quieted and he opened the door, at which I rang and rang, and I entered to be embraced and cried over as I was surrounded by my little brood. But I did not see my husband and creeping up stairs I beheld him, pale, deprived of all power of action, speechless for he believed it was my dead body being brought home. I made an effort to get to him and I fell in a dead faint. My completely shattered nerves gave way in days of shrieking agitation.

I was put to bed and the dear doctor was summoned, and for days my condition remained in doubt as to whether I should again become reasonable. The street door was besieged by wives and mothers, inquiring after their own imprisoned sons and enjoyed all the comforts of a happy home.

We were living in comparative security and seclusion when an order came for us to declare ourselves "loyal or dis-loyal." Of course there was but one choice. So we were told to give up all our possessions and to leave New Orleans for the Confederacy.

So one day, two hundred people left, our family among them, nearly all old men, women and children. A small boat contained us, and we drifted for about ten days and nights exposed to cold and hunger, trying to find a landing which would take us among our people. My husband, broken down in spirit and deprived of means of support for his family, said "For God's sake let us get out of the army and find a home away from terrors." Fate ordained otherwise.

We bought a farm in a Grange Georgia, near the railroad and which place became the route for Joseph E Johnston's and Hood's armies, while our house was a stopping place for soldiers joining their commands. Many heart-breaking scenes followed our lives here. Our stores were always ready to be shared by the starving soldiers. Hospitals were opened in the village of La Grange, and luxuries in dress or jewels sold for the benefit of the Confederacy.

I had quantities of finery left from the gay life in Washington. All were disposed of, while home-spun dresses and coarse shoes were adopted. I took the management of the Hospitals, and I was rewarded by the many instances of gratitude by the poor wounded and dying, and I learned a lesson of gratitude of God for giving me the strength and means of alleviating so much agony and misery.

Many hours spent by the dying suggested the question "Shall I ever recover from these fearful scenes, and be bright and hopeful again? The same good Providence that helped me then calls for my gratitude in the enjoyment of my present health and happiness."

The journal I send you has been an easy task inasmuch as the foregoing scenes made such an impression on me that they keep memory to sustain facts which under oath must claim all the reliability I assert for them.

After the war, 1865, it was a question of where it would be best for our interests to settle. I begged my husband to return to the city of all his successes, Washington. He listened patiently but declared he could not stand the loss of all his friends and he had to take the "iron-clad oath", this was the chief objection.

But the oath in the Supreme Court was not so difficult or its responsibilities. So he started life again and met with the success his honest efforts were always crowned with. He had means but for

one year's support, and our future looked gloomy. But my Spirits sustained him, and working all night and smiling all day, we gradually fought the good fight grateful to God for his goodness.

And now I have kept my promise, dear friends, hoping that you will accept as true history the pages sent by your friend

(signed) Eugenia Phillips, Washington 14 October 1889.

...

In writing these pages, many inaccuracies of style, punctuation etc occur for which I crave your indulgence. I have written without any memoranda but memory; written straight through without any hesitation. Writing facts of unquestionable severity. In many histories of the war, I have been shamefully spoken of, called a spy, and imprisoned for it. This is History. I live in the hope of a true statement of facts, and in your little circle you will all place the trust I here solicit.

...

Copy of Butler's order of Banishment to Mrs Phillips:

New Orleans Delta. Special order 150.

Mrs Phillips, wife of Philip Phillips, having been once imprisoned for her traitorous proclivities and acts in Washington, and released by the clemency of the Government, and having been found training her children to spit upon officers of the U S, for which act of one of these children, both herself and her husband apologized, and were forgiven, is now found on the balcony of her house, during the procession of Lieutenant De K, laughing and mocking at his remains, and upon being inquired of by the Commanding General of this fact were so contemptuous replies "I was in good spirits that day" It is therefore ordered that she be not regarded or treated as a common woman of the town, no officer or soldier is bound to take notice, but as an UNCOMMON, bad and dangerous woman, stirring up strife and inciting to riot. And that therefore she be confined at Ship Island in the state of Mississippi, within proper limits, there till further orders, and she be allowed one female servant and no other if she so choose, that one of the houses for hospital purposes be assigned her as quarters, and a soldier's ration be allowed each day, with the means of cooking the same, and no verbal or written communication be allowed with her except through this office, and that she be kept in close confinement until removed to Ship Island. By order of Major General Butler. R L Davis, A A A G. (Summer 1862).

...

Keller was found exhibiting in his store windows a skeleton labelled Chicahominy, meaning that the bones should be taken to be the bones of a U S soldier slain in that battle. He was arrested and sent to Ship Island.

...

The following obituary notice of General B F Butler occurs in London Saturday Review of January 14 1893. "As for General Butler we decline to be bound by any foolish De Mortuis. He earned and received the loathing of the civilized world thirty years ago, and though he never had an opportunity of repeating

the performacem such as looting money from foreign consulates and ordering Southern ladies to be treated as prostitutes which gained for him, he was "sibe constans" throughout an unscrupulous and pettyfogging lawyer, an incapable if not cowardly soldier, a politician in the fullest American sense of the term. He died at 75, fuller of every kind of dishonesty than of years."

...
 following notes by Mr Robert Livingston Nicholson of Kansas Ctity:

The pages above was made september 30 1943 at Kansas City by Robert Livingston Nicholson, from the journal, apparently in the handwriting of Eugenia Phillips, wife of Judge Philip Phillips.

My mother told me, March 11th 1942, that she remembered very well Mrs Phillips in La Grange Georgia, at the time of Atlanta, summer-fall of 1864, and that she was quite sure the Phillips family left La Grange at the close of the war in 1865. My mother and her family lived in La Grange from the Fall of 1862 to January 1868, when they left for New Orleans. Their experiences at the time of Atlanta (summer-Fall of 1864) when a man by the name of Sherman was there, are told in another part of this record; the Wheelock Family in England 1133 to 1637; In America 1637 to 1942. (RT By above Mr R L N)

My mother, Laura Livingston (Wheelock) Steele Nicholson, born in New Orleans on January 29 1857, died May 22 1942 Kansas City; Laura L S Nicholson (Mrs William S Nicholson) mother of Robert Livingston Nicholson born Dec 28 1883, in New Orleans.

I understand that Mrs Phillips lived for many years after the war in Washington DC, and that she died there in 1909 at the age of 96 years. My mother told me that the "favorite maid" Phoebe, a bright Irish girl, who was with Mrs Phillips at Ship Island.

Phoebe was with the Phillips family for many years. While in La Grange Georgia, Mrs Phillips though very busy with nursing the "dear boys" (the wounded soldiers of both armies, those of the Grey as well as of the Blue, she managed to find time to give parties for the children who were "all for" Mrs Phillips.

B F Butler was in command of the army at New Orleans from May 2 1862 to December 23 1862 when he was removed from command by Abraham Lincoln. The removal was suggested by General U S Grant.

...
 The mother of Mr Robert Livingston Nicholson was a pupil in a school at La Grange Georgia. In 1889 Mrs Phillips sent this journal to Mrs Nicholson.

Mrs R L Nicholson author of The Wheelock Family and the Clack Family records. He has an immense collection of data. We woe a great deal to him for many interesting records he sent to us. He is descendants of the Arietta Minthorne Tompkins line of New York, daughter of Gov Daniel D Tompkins of New York and Vice President under Monroe.

...
 End of this MSS.

...

DIARY OF KATHERINE SHAW.

...

This young lady was Katherine Lydia Shaw daughter of Fanny Maria Patchin and Henry Clay Shaw.

Fanny Maria Patchin was daughter of Lydia Pierce Tompkins and Henry Patchin as shown in Tomkins-Tompkins Genealogy and The Clan of Tomkyns. We think this interesting narrative is well worth being in our records. RT.

...

Life for most of us may begin at 40 but let no one worry if a few more years go by before the real excitement begins. Ever since my sister Margaret married John Lorne Campbell, a Scotchman who owns the Island of Canna in the Inner Hebrides, I have been longing to visit her, and see what the "Islands" have to offer that makes her prefer them to anywhere else on earth.

But Canna is a long ways off, and my vacation could not possibly be stretched to more than a month or so, that the problem of getting in a visit that was really worth while seemed almost unanswerable. Hence, when "I saw by the paper" that a Pan American airplane would fly the ocean, I wrote to the Pan American and got no answer. I went to a travel agency, who had no data.

Never having been in an airplane except the one in the Pennsylvania station, I was rather relieved at the unproductiveness of my efforts, and even more so when I heard rumors that the clippers were booked for about 6 years. So I could plan with perfect safety though I couldn't fly that way.

But Pan American and the travel agency called my bluff. They both sent me word that I could fly on August 12, and having talked so much about doing it when I thought I couldn't, I didn't have the nerve to back out when I found I could. Which all goes to show the awfully important reasons lots of us have for doing something really vital.

Different members of my family felt differently about my trip. It brought forth denunciations, congratulations, expressions of horror, quite a number of nice presents, and one billious attack. My brothers gave me a watch that was water-tight, because I had fallen into a tub with my old one, but the girls couldn't even bear the thought of all the water the watch might have to keep out. Some of the neighbors lined the porch just before I left, and as I made my final get-away from the house, I felt a little guilty, for even those who disapproved were generous enough to wish me God-speed, and my male relatives were so frank in envying me that my conscience was stirred.

Pan American had notified me that I must be in their office in the Chrysler building at 6:30 in the morning, a most ungodly for anyone to be on the streets of New York City. The entire staff of The Gotham knew where I was going, for the possibility of over-sleeping weighed so heavily on my mind, that I had told everyone to call me at 5:30. It turned out that I was their first "Ace" so they were duly impressed.

At the appointed hour the telephone rang, not once but several times, and a knock proved to be that of a most enchanting Irish bell-hop, who said in sepulchral tones "All aboard for the Yankee Clipper, and handed me a tray of coffee.

At the office they weighed my luggage, and then me very carefully, and I learned that I'd have been a lot smarter if I'd taken a diddy-bag or a carry-all and put less into luggage. So take notice, all you who intend to fly next year, carry as much as possible in your hands. Several of my good friends had assembled to see me off, and I managed to get some motion pictures of them and the airport. But try as we might, we couldn't get one of me standing with my hand on the clipper. The platform, or dock, at Port Washington goes far out into the water so that a tender is not needed. The passengers were sent down the run-way, across the pontoons, which by the way, hold the gasoline, and into the plane.

I'd had an idea that I'd be sticking to or maybe leaning out a window, waving dramatically to the people behind. Instead I found myself strapped down to a gery luxurious seat with my hands, arms and lap full of cameras, purse, telegrams etc, and told to stay there until we were aloft. The water splashed over the windows until we left the surface and by the time we stopped climbing, friends and Port Washington were far away.

Never was anything steadier. We were about a mile in the air, and as far as I could see, just resting there. It seems that there are no air-pockets over the water, and on that day there were none over the land either. There were four enormous propellers, but unless you are well forward you didn't hear them and it would take an Einstein to explain to me how I went so fast and felt so little.

Our first descent, at Nova Scotia, frightened me. I was sure we were falling, and looked around almost hoping, I guess, for a wide necked bottle I could crawl into. However the other passengers, and there were 23 of them, didn't seem to be alarmed, so I pretended that I was used to falling from tremendous heights. And when we glided nicely on to the water of Shediac Harbor, I was glad I hadn't made any illuminating remarks.

Shediac is only a stop to exchange mail, so we weren't allowed to land, and after taking aboard some food and getting the weather reports we were off again, in 30 minutes. Newfoundland came next and we reached its northern coast and Botwood at 4:50. Never having been farther north than Vermont it looked to me like the end of the temperate zone, and I wondered what I'd do if compelled for hunt for "board and lodging" there. The entire population seemed to be gathered on the dock to meet us, and as we reached the top of the gang-plank, a little boy from the postoffice said "Is your name Shaw?" and handed me a telegram. One of my considerate friends had studied the clipper time-table and sent me a wire to the stop where it counted the most.

Botwood is the last stopping place on the Western edge of the ocean, and the Clipper was re-fueled and re-furbished while we walked over the town and got our land legs. We were only 22 passengers now for a honeymoon pair left us to go fishing in the wilds of Newfoundland. So with a crew of 11 we were off at 6:45 headed due East and across the sea. I don't think I had any emotions. I was through with being frightened, and so anxious to see icebergs or albatrosses or just plain ocean with nothing else that I can remember only curiosity.

The icebergs appeared but no liners or birds, and when our rather late dinner was over I went to bed. The berths were as comfortable as the divans. Twice during the night I woke up long enough to look

out of the window but I saw just stars, and the other time nothing but clouds, so I went back to sleep until Bruno, the steward said "You'll have to get up Madame, we're due in Ireland in an hour."

It was true. Ireland appeared down below, neat and green, and apparently laid out in square or round fields as far as we could see. I kept my Clipper watch in D S T, to spare myself of that kind of arithmetic in two continents, and we touched the waters of the River Shannon at 6:50, twelve hours after leaving North America, and in time for breakfast.

What I didn't know then was that when we were 600 miles out from Ireland, Captain Culbertson had had a radio message saying that Decker and Loeb were missing. He had gone out of his course and hunted them for three hours over many miles. Air conditions were perfect during the entire trip but no one ever saw Decker or Loeb again.

After a lap of 1995 miles, the Dixie needed fuel once more, so we were put off at the little town of Foynes, too small for most people ever to have heard of, but having a boom now that Pan American and Imperial Airways both had stations there. We were taken along the docks and past the railway station to the street where we had breakfast at a little inn. Once more an entire town had turned out to meet us and the populace were flying banners and dressing up booths where the children carried autograph books and begged us very shyly, to please sign them.

The customs officer had refused to let me off the plane until I could show him that I didn't come from any of the states where typhus, smallpox or infantile paralysis were epidemic. He told me that he had no objections to Pennsylvania, so I told him that I was simply delighted with Ireland, whereupon he said it was "A grand country Miss, but what we really need is a whole boat load of marriageable girls."

It seemed to me that everyone was just as entertaining as the Customs man; at least the policeman and the R A A official, and the station master were.. They were not only entertaining but so hospitable that we could have stayed much longer, marriageable or not. However we were headed for England and Southampton, so we took off for the last time, and landed on the river below the town at 11:30. Counting out the time spent in looking for the lost air men, our actual flying time had been just 19 hours and 10 minutes.

The thrills had begun when I first held my tickets in my hands, and they appeared at rapidly occurring intervals all the way, but the greatest thrill of all came when I found myself, on Sunday afternoon, treading familiar streets in London, and remembering that the day before I had been in New York City. An evening and a dusk came on and I kept on walking, feeling that I certainly must be dreaming, and soon I'd either wake up or else meet something like a white rabbit with a pair of gloves;

On Tuesday afternoon I was in Canna, and beginning a visit that was to be the most eventful one of my life, even if it didn't end on a peaceful note.. The house is lovely and the island is lovelier still. for they have a moist and rather mild climate, that makes the grass greener and the grain richer than in most

countries. The wild flowers are legion and more than usually colorful, and if allowed to grow the heather spreads in gorgeous masses everywhere. There was so much color that I wished I could paint canvasses, or else that I'd paid more attention to the instructions of Miss King and Miss Fullerton, though both of these ladies often told me that it wouldn't do a bit of ~~good~~ good, and besides I know there is nothing new in raving about purple or lavender heather.

On the north the island mounts up to high cliffs that drop down into surf, and on the South it slopes gently and slowly into a harbor across from which the Mountains of Rhum, the island where Barrie stayed in order to get the proper atmosphere for writing "Marie Rose."

I helped with picking the gooseberries, and landing the fishing nets, but for the most part I loafed in the sun and tramped the beach and pastures trying to take pictures. There is a Celtic cross in one of the hay fields that Margaret says was planted on the island about 500 or 600 A.D. It has lost an arm and the figures on it but still stands straight enough even if it has weathered all those centuries. There is the remains of an old castle, too, on a lone butter of rock that stands a bit out to sea where the laird of this island "once upon a time" shut up his beautiful daughter because she wanted to marry a young MacLeod, the son of an enemy. He was careless enough to allow her sheets for her bed, and she tore them up and used them to lower herself into MacLeod's boat below, and so another case of "Over the Sea to Skye."

It is always a good idea for the older members of a family, especially a clannish one to act as guests of the younger ones, and find out how efficiently they work away from home, or rather in homes which they have made for themselves. Margaret had a hard job and she was doing it extremely well without any other Shaws to give either criticism or advice. When the MacBrayne line boats stopped at Canna pier and landed a caller, it meant that the caller, or callers, immediately became visitors of at least one night's stand, or even a five night's stand. For the island was sufficiently remote from the general public not to be familiar with its routine and entirely unaware of the fact that once on the place, that you could not get off until the next boat came along to get you.

As a rule the guests were of the entertaining variety, but some times they were not, and then host and hostess might be hard put to to make time go fast enough. The Priest, the Doctor, Lord or Lady This or That, the occasional commercial traveller, the friend of a friend, and countless friends were constantly arriving. And John and Margaret seemed to know how to make all feel at home. I couldn't help wondering what they would do with the Fuller brush man, for instance, but Margaret said it would be up to the man. A few weeks before they had been visited by a young Government inspector, who seemed mortally embarrassed when he found he couldn't go home. So they simply gave him a gun, and he not only satisfied a yen for hunting but also killed so many rabbits that they hated to see him leave. A few guests however were neither competent nor considerate, but most of them were both and their expressions of appreciation were often tangible as well as literary.

There was plenty to read and all the time in the world for me to read it. There was only one radio and that was in the kitchen where it was most accessible to all and near the new and large ESSE stove which was a delight to anyone who has ever known central heating. The only telephone on the island was in the postoffice where Miss MacKinnon, the postmistress was also the telegrapher. Messages were few and easy to get, and once on Canna I was glad to hear the telephone ringing and thankful that such things as extensions had not been introduced.

Approximately 45 people live on the island, and most of them are older people. There are just six children, and as only two of them are big enough to go to school the life of the teacher ought not be too arduous. She has her school in the same building in which she lives, a little house in the cluster of houses that make up the most inhabited part of Canna, at the end of the harbor. With her opportunities for making week end visits to anywhere she must have lots of time for thought and individual attention. Tutors would not thrive on Canna.

Daily inspections of crops and livestock was enjoyed by me and much encouraged by the Campbells. I have always liked horses and cows and I think I could easily learn to appreciate sheep and bees; but the pigs and chickens I prefer embalmed. Crops were excellent but not nearly varied enough for the average American, and Margaret gave me a list of seeds and said that I both thought could be grown on Canna's very fertile soil, where Lloyds would guarantee the moisture and where a very long season might atone for the lack of real hot heat. I found that when it came to remembering the many kinds of fish and innumerable birds my mentality couldn't take it.

The place would have been a paradise for the Audobon Society, and if I could have carried home eggs instead of pods and flowers I might have learned more. I did a little better with the fish because I ate my share of the lobsters and fresh mackerel, found the only purple sea urchin that I've ever seen in all my life, and gazed intrepidly (I'm far sighted) into the eyes of a seal but the calls of the unfamiliar sea birds were hard for me to distinguish.

John has a large and very beautiful collection of butterflies, and I did make one contribution to that. I found a caterpillar on the road, and it was such a big one that I asked Margaret what it was. She told me it was a "puss mouth moth" and it actually had a black and white head that looked like a kitten or a pansy. We ladled it onto a leaf and put it under a box on the piano to stay until John could put it into the lethal chamber. But we forgot to tell him about it, and when we looked for it the next day it had walked off. We concluded it had gone out of a door or window, but eventually it turned up in a book of samples of brocades from Cowtans Ltd., where it had spun a cocoon that has since resisted all efforts at detachment.

More than a week of my visit had gone before the war news began to come in over the radio. I was somewhat worried but the Campbells assured me that the crisis of the preceding year had been even more tense, and they seemed unimpressed by the argument that on the previous occasion Great Britain had given in. The first really disquieting was the request to all Americans who did not expect to sail within the next few days, to register with

their Consul. I registered, and was told to keep in touch with my shipping company, something that I had already done and been told that the Isle de France would sail on the first of September as scheduled. It was then August 25th and I realized that it was too late to engage other passage and that all decisions were now probably out of my hands, but I hoped with the rest of the world that perhaps there would not be a war after all.

The official news bulletins came several times a day, and we forced ourselves to listen to a few of them. One of them I shall never forget. It was during the visit of Mr Henderson to Hitler, and the Prime Minister was addressing Parliament. The speech came to us indirect and in relays, and between the portions the B B C entertained us with gramophone records; Fairy Ballad, Raindrops and Scattered Flowers. I suppose Raindrops was suggested by Mr Chamberlain's umbrella, and when you recall Iolanthe's devastating effect on the House of Lords, a la Gilbert and Sullivan, it isn't too hard to picture him tripping lightly past Westminster amid scattered flowers.

So, thank heaven for a country without any slightest sign of a Hitler or a Stalin, I'll take the British for their retaliation is likely to be shown in gramophone records instead of pogroms or purges.

The island was too far away from the maddening crowd to feel the tension acutely, but it seemed as if the clouds were thickening a bit and I was torn between the desire to be on a boat headed for home and an anxiety at leaving Margaret with a war.

On August 30th I telegraphed once more the French Line and once more was assured of my sailing; so in the dawn of the next day I left Canna with Margaret who was going to accompany me as far as London, thereby putting off the painful moment of saying goodbye as long as possible. We knew it would be very hard and had invited other friend of ours to join us at Waterloo Station and ease the agony, for both of us found it harder to weep in large assemblages.

We had more or less counted on a little gaiety in the big city and had with us our good clothes, which we had re-arranged and pressed and tried on while we were discussing the question as to whether or not I had come to Scotland at an inopportune time. I remember telling Margaret that Canna and the world about it had been even lovelier than I had dared to hope, and that not for anything would I have missed one minute of my visit and adding "But what do you suppose some of the family are saying about my stupidity at getting myself into a war jam?"

She groaned right heavily and said "Thank Goodness we can't hear them from here," and went on perambulating in front of the mirror wearing the blue and magenta evening gown that we had decided would be just the thing for the Park Lane Hotel. A little later Margaret's gown and my stupidity were both in the discard, thrust there by more important matters.

There were quite a few of us in the boat that morning, for Margaret Kay and her nephew had ended their holiday on Canna, and were on their way back to Glasgow, and the Edinburgh contingent who had rented John's top house or Tigh Ard, were setting sail for Edinburgh. The latter included twin boys. They looked so exactly alike they had been a source of consternation to any school they had ever been in, and their grandfather got their grandmother to

tell us the story of how one teacher in desperation appealed to them to tell her of some difference that existed between them, whereupon Ronald told her that he had a ham sandwich and Jackie had an egg. The sandwich episode had occurred when they were five years old. They were nineteen now and both had been ordered to report at camp with the Territorials for this year the British would be ready.

The Canna boat landed us at Maillaig, a little seaport on the Northwest coast of Scotland. From there we travelled by train to London, and it was during the early part of that trip that we got news of the evacuation of children from the large cities. At first we hesitated to believe it but when we pulled into London the next morning one hour late, and having seen every platform filled with little children carrying lunch boxes and gas masks, we felt forlorn and depressed. Something had happened.

We registered at a little hotel on Montague street, and ate our breakfast looking out at a sunny cheerful garden, before we started out on our errands of the day. Sand bags were being placed in front of the more important buildings, but there was nothing else anywhere to make us think that the people of London were expecting a war, until we entered the office of the steamship lines.

I had thought we would find them crowded, but instead there was almost no one there except the several clerks who were standing behind their counters, perfectly silent and with faces actually gray from distress and anxiety. It was very evident that they knew more than did the people in the street, and we believe them when they told us that Hitler was bombing Warsaw then and that official circles feared war would be declared that night. I found it hard to believe them when they insisted my boat would sail on scheduled time, and told me to be at Waterloo station at three o'clock.

The clerk who was looking after me seemed the most despairing of all, and when he had finished with my papers he said "You're going home on the last boat that will sail. When you get there will you do something for me?"

I promised to do anything, and he took a little folder and a name and a New York telephone number across the back of it. "Call this fellow and say I sent him a message. Say I'm all right and I'm stuck here. I can't get home."

In all my life I had never seen him before, and I knew nothing whatever about him, but I'll wager anything on earth that John Kieran will understand why it was that my mind raced back many years ago to the day the Fifth Reader class was reading aloud excerpts from *The Man without a Country*, and I came within an ace with getting stuck with one of those last paragraphs, the one that begins "Oh Danforth!"

I put the folder carefully into my purse, and with my feet feeling like a couple of lead caskets shuffled away to the Burlington Arcade. The shop keepers there acted as though everything was just as usual, but they did not look happy and it was impossible not to feel their uneasiness. We had a friend, Nellie B, who went blocks to get a suit case I needed and who seemed intent only on helping us. She made the one purchase she had to make, namely, buying a khaki necktie for her brother who was guard-in a munitions dump outside of London. I think she knew we

sympathized with her but none of us mentioned it.

Lunch at the Park Lane was almost gala, for John's mother and brother very graciously wined and dined us, and I forgot the experiences of the morning, and began to tell myself that the oncoming war was just my mistake.

It was the porter at the Waterloo station who broke the news that the boat would not sail. The crisis had led the French government to refuse the Isle de France permission to leave France, fearing trouble in the English channel. When she would come, or whether she would ever come was something the porter couldn't say. I realized that he knew just about as much of what was going to happen as anyone else did, and that was exactly nothing.

There was no one asking information or advice. No one was sure of anything, and Margaret and I were hating to leave each other, and finally decided to get out of London that evening, and spend the week end at Maillaig, where we could at least be quiet and perhaps make some plans. So I telegraphed to the French Line cancelling my passage, and by the goodness of Providence, we got two, third class reservations on the night train for Scotland..

In the dining car which was well lighted, we were put opposite a man who had a nice ruddy complexion and some military decorations on his chest. He was elderly and handsome, but there was a glint to his eye and a nervousness in his speech that put me on my guard, and made me all ready to humor him.

Margaret however, has never lived in a hospital, so when all of a sudden he leaped into an objectionable tirade against some members of society, she opened up a valiant verbal defense. I signalled her of course but she is used to having her own shins kicked, so she assumed this was just another instance of a big sister "doing her stuff," and kept on blazing away at him.

And then, with just as much suddenness as he had entered his frenzy, he dropped out of it like a plummet and apologized. "I got too excited, and I talk too much," he said. "I haven't been myself since the trouble, so you'll have to excuse me."

We must have looked sympathetic, for he drew a snapshot from his pocket and showed us the picture of a girl. "There she is, the only baby her mother and I ever had. She was twenty seven last year, and she did herself in."

With as much grace as any expert, Margaret led him into conversation that was peaceful, and had him telling us how he had been an able seaman during the Boer War, but his present uniform was that of the firm for which he worked, and tonight he was on his way to Grantham with a commission for his employers. By the time we had finished our dinner, he was normal once more, and we left him sipping his beer while we went back to our compartment. It was dark except for one tiny blue bulb in the ceiling so we curled up in our blankets and went to sleep.

Next morning we found Maillaig quiet and calm. We signed in at the little hotel, and then got busy making plans. We telephoned the Moirs at Glasgow, and Margaret Kay told me I could come to them on Monday and stay until I found a way to get home, for Glasgow was much nearer the center of things than Maillaig; and Canna of course was much too far away. We couldn't get in touch with John because the telephone line had just broken.

The radio gave us several news bulletins a day, but we hadn't the heart to listen to them, and we were down on the dock looking out towards Canna and home when someone brought us word of the ultimatum.

I think we walked a good many miles that day, Sunday, September third trying to tramp down the depression that pretty well stifled us; for it seemed as if the wall had suddenly dropped like a stage curtain, and shut us off from everything happy and peaceful that we had ever known. I felt as if we were taking things a lot more seriously and was reluctant to let the towns-people look at us too intently, so we kept pretty much to ourselves, and it was only luck and tired soles that brought us back to the hotel in time for John's telephone call. After 24 hours the line had been repaired. It was good to hear John's voice, and have him reassure us with the remark that he was too good a farmer to be turned into a soldier, and he told me bye-bye once more, and gave Margaret a lot of commissions that would keep her busy on Monday morning after she had seen me off by train, and was waiting for her Canna boat.

We felt revived, and managed to spend a fairly cheerful evening in front of the lounge fire. While the rain poured down outside we talked with the other guests, some on holiday, from Glasgow, from Edinburgh, and some from the lighthouse service, and got into an economical discussion that allowed me to listen only as it was too Scotch for me to understand.

On Monday morning the rain had stopped and the islands and the sea looked as though things were surely all right and the war just a miserable dream. I had been hunted down, so to speak, by a constable who said he had a brand new order to register names and passport numbers of all aliens, but he seemed far from warlike, and I don't think anything could have prepared us for the next surprise. We were at the actual business of saying farewell when the station master interrupted to tell us that the Germans were torpedoing an English liner, the Athenia. We were speechless for a minute and then I managed to stammer out "Oh why, surely not so soon as all this. This war isn't even one day old. That can't be true."

"It is true though, Miss" he said. "They've sunk her with fourteen hundred souls aboard."

And then it was Margaret's turn to get her breath, and she took her good friend Mr MacLeod, by the shoulders and shook him while she ordered "Don't tell her any more. She's just going to get a boat to go to America."

Poor Margaret! Poor Mr MacLeod! He looked so conscience stricken that I felt sorry for him, and told him not to mind, and all I had time for after that was to agree to Margaret's plea and promise that I'd go home on none but a neutral ship. At that instant I didn't want to go home on anything. I wanted to stay with Margaret and help win the war. But deep down I knew that the feeling was just for the moment and that what I really wanted was to be home. Either of us had discussed the point intimately, and probably won't until the war is over. Margaret simply helped me to go and I went. It was Margaret who was "game."

Margaret Kay had sent her sixteen year old nephew Fred to meet me at the Glasgow station, with the announcement that he was still

on holiday and had plenty of time to escort me anywhere I wanted to go. He was too polite and kind to be impatient at having to drag a foreign maiden lady around town. But fortunately he'd bought a book, so I didn't feel quite so badly when I kept him waiting for me at the American Express Company and the Consulate.

Both places were a bit crowded but I managed to make an application at the former for a berth on any neutral line, including P A A, and to register with the Consul who promised to give me advice as soon as he had any. There were several thousand Americans in the same position as I was, except that I had a place to stay and friends who would lend me money.

The sinking of the Athenia had put another burden of the staff at the Consulate, but they were efficient and kind, and I knew I would get all the help they could give.. It was true that there was no neutral boat sailing for days, and that the Clipper would almost certainly be booked forever, but still, I felt that I had gotten a few points ahead, and I settled down as a refugee in the most comfortable haven that anyone ever found, Uncle Fred Moir at 16 Kensington Gate.

Men like uncle Fred are so scarce that I know I shall never forget that it was privilege to stay that week at his house. He was 87 years old and lived long enough to see all but one of his children die. He had spent the greater part of his life exploring in Africa with his brother and founded the African Lakes Company. They had followed the idea of Livingston, opened up a very considerable territory and established a trade with the natives that was famous for their fair dealing and kind treatment. They had waged a successful war against the Arab slave trade in the territory and in one of the skirmishes a good deal of Uncle Fred's right elbow had been shot away, so that as a joint it was useless. His later years had been spent more quietly in Glasgow, and now he was a bit of an invalid with annillness that brought him a bout of fever every ten days or so, but in the interim left him quite well.

I suppose it was his great age, the richness of his experience, and his Christian philosophy that combined to attract younger and less sturdy people. He listened to news bulletins that we could hardly bear, calmly and with real interest, and though he deplored the war as sincerely as anyone, it didn't shake or irritate him.

While I was there he had one of his bad times, and when I used to go in to say good morning he would greet me with "Well my dear, good morning. Have you come to sit with me? Now tell me have you heard anything from the Consul, or have the skipper people answered your letter?" Never once did he volunteer that he hadn't had a good night or that he felt upset by the war news. And when he'd made sure how my affairs were going, he settled down to read. And I found that in his presence I could settle down too.

But I'm afraid that Margaret must have found me both unsettled and unsettling. She had important war time and household duties and how she cared for me as well I can't imagine. She was assigned to three hours of duty each day and spent them in the police box at Kirklee at the corner of Great Western Road. As she worked there with her gas mask and helmet I felt envious of the part she played. She was only one of many for as she explained it to me, now they were ready. They hadn't been ready in 1938, and there was nothing in the world to do except let Hitler have his way.

But since then every individual in the kingdom had known that

a war would probably come, and insofar as they possibly could, they were prepared. All the children were evacuated from the cities within the first several days. There were gas masks for everyone, visitors included. The sandbags and dugout cellars were ready. The black or blue paper for darkening the windows was on sale in all the shops, and blackouts were on from the very first night.

At sunset we watched the lorries reel up the baby blimps that formed part of the protection against air raids. Each one, painted with aluminum paint was fastened to the anchoring lorry by a wire cable that would throw any airplane flying into it and each carried a fringe of ropes that will entangle any propellor. After sunset the darkness was so complete that only those moved by necessity ventured to cross the street, for automobiles or trams were allowed light too dim to give them more than a few feet of vision, and a pedestrian who stepped from the curb took his life in his hands. Theatres and places of amusement were closed and the railway stations so dark that you could hardly find them.

The government requested that everyone who left his house, even for a few minutes should carry a gas mask, and people tried to obey, not as soldiers do but as individuals who appreciate instructions. There was no suggestion of militarism but everything pertaining to discipline and order with good humor and cheerfulness back of it all.

I was visiting the American Express offices daily and the consular office every other day so as to be notified directly in case some opportunity came for getting home. I was keeping my promise not to sail on a boat belonging to any of the belligerent countries, and there were no neutral boats of the Eastern side of the Atlantic.

Arrangements were being made to have them come from the United States to Galway, Glasgow and Queenstown, but it was going to be quite a while before they arrived and I saw little chance of getting away soon, for I was by no means the first person on the list. On my own, I wrote three letters to the Pan American, sending one to London another to Southampton and the third to Foynes. In each I reminded them that I had come over with them in August and only that I only weighed ninety pounds. Finally I telegraphed to them at Southampton, and when, 24 hours later I was notified that a P A A no longer had headquarters there, I sent my telegram to Foynes, and made it sufficiently long to include the all important fact about my weight.

Each day as I started down town in search of news I was escorted by Fred, and when we had made our rounds he would take me home to listen to the radio and get the bulletins which were alternated with programs from the music halls and funny enough to make me laugh. It was one of those same news bulletins that told me that Mr J F Kennedy Jr was taking charge of a bureau that would deport the Americans, and another one announced that the Pan American Clipper would not sail again from England. Both these announcements were all important and I made good use of them, but they aren't what I'm thinking of when I shut my eyes and see the drawing room at 16 Kensington Gate with its lovely oil paintings

by Archie Kay; with Uncle Fred, his knees wrapped in a plaid, reading "Miss Mole" which was propped on a green baize standard on account of his bad arm, with nursie knitting away at a sweater; and with Margaret Kay and Fred watching to see that I had something to amuse me. I'm thinking of how the ~~Ex-B~~ B B C gave us an American baritone who consuled us with "No one has endurance like the man that sells insurance" and "No matter how young a prune is, it's allways full of wrinkles." I went right home on those bits of trash.

On Thursday I got the first answer that I'd had of any of my petitions. It came in the form of a telegram from PAA at Foynes, saying there were no vacancies on any of the bookings for the Clipper but suggesting that I come to Foynes. The American Express had never received any reply from the wire they sent for me, but the Consulate told me that in Ireland I would be nearer a port of embarkation, that is a likely one, than in Scotland, and impressed me again with the fact that all of us know, that very soon there would be trouble in getting out of Great Britain.

Already an order had gone out that we must have permits to leave and we had it that boats were no longer crossing the Irish Channel. As neither the Consul nor Mr Kennedy could do more than register me as a passenger on one of the first neutral boats available, it seemed wise to concentrate of the Pan American;

At this time Fred had been summoned to the country to help some friends with harvesting, a mighty important business this Autumn, but Margaret Kay had time to help me. She took me to the central postoffice where we mailed some of my extra baggage back to the States; showed me where to shop for the few items I needed, and finally took me to her banker, and had him hand me 85 pounds in British notes. I still had some money of my own but losing my baggage on the Ise de France had crippled me and I was going to be needing it.

The Clipper would be due to sail again on Wednesday the 13th, but whether she would or not remained to be seen. I realized that there were consuls in Ireland, and that after all I was only one of several thousands and should certainly be able to take off. And all those thousands would join me in saying that we weren't actually afraid of anything. But that the uncertainties we had bumped into (and I mean exactly that) were the kind that shook our faith in what we had taken for granted and all seemed to us vaguely ominous.

When the American Express which is ordinarily ready to book you around the globe was forbidden to sell me further than Syanraar, and told me I should have to get a ticket on that boat, and if it sailed I couldn't have felt more helpless, for I knew that in the event of a negative order there would be no more chance of riding the channel than there would be in calling up Moses and asking him to kindly part the waters of the Irish Sea.

The morning of the last day at Uncle Fred's was a soaking wet one. Margaret Kay went to church, and when she came back and reported how she watched a man in uniform present his baby for baptism I was mighty glad I hadn't been with her. As it was I had to concentrate hard on irrevelant things so that I wouldn't hear Uncle Fred when he said grace at dinner, ask a blessing for all of us. It would have been easier to bear if he'd left me out, but when you're a guest in the midst of philosophers, you have to behave. "uring

the rest of the day I busied myself with getting ready to depart and commenting on how the weather was clearing instead of trying to say what I really wanted to say and what they deserved to hear.

I shall never leave home again without a shopping bag or a chip basket. My three suit cases were not large and they were holding all they possibly could, but that left quite a little for me to clutch in my hands; and I'd probably be in Uncle Fred's front hall yet if Margaret Kay hadn't found me a "carry-all". It was a heavy silk creation of baby-blue that Margaret said had been made and presented to the family by Bea Hodge. It did really look big but the strength of the thing was what surprised me.

We put into it first all of my two cameras which weighed together five and a half pounds, the cousin Frank Tompkins literary life work "Chasing Villa"; next 3 1/2 pound of honey wrapped up in brown paper, and sea shells; and finally a few crackers, an apple and a long bar of Yoblerone that Margaret said I mustn't go without. I slung it over the arm that did not have the umbrella, and though it weighed a lot more than I wished it did, it was not hard to manage.

There were mighty few people at the station and I couldn't help asking the porter the first thing, if he knew whether or not the boat for Ireland would go. He smiled and told me it really would, but by that time I didn't have much faith in boats. Margaret settled me comfortably in the train and at the last minute gave me at least three more names of people whom I could call upon if I found myself stuck in or near Belfast.

If you have travelled in a blackout you'll realize that it isn't nice. The headlight was a very small light indeed compared to what it usually was, and the signals were dim. The cars had nothing in the corridors and compartments except a tiny blue bulb here and there, and as we sailed along through a Ayrshire I found myself praying fervently that we wouldn't hit anything bigger than a cow.

It was pitch dark when we got to Stanraer, and though I found a porter, the station manager didn't find me, and I got to the boat without handing in my ticket. The boat was high above the dock and we were allowed to climb up one at a time so that a couple of officials, sitting at the top of the gangway under the one and only light anywhere to be seen, could examine our passports.

They smiled a little grimly when they read "Dixie Clipper" on mine and one of them said "At that, it's probably the safest way to go."

Cabins were pretty plenty and I got a good one, but then the purser and stewardess discovered that I still had my train ticket and no ticket for the boat. So the stewardess had to take me back to the railroad station and get me straightened out. In the dark we crossed the tracks and the puddles back to the booking office; and the agent, still with the blue light, sold me a boat ticket and confirmed my diagnosis that the way to Foynes lay through Limerick.

We spent the night laying in the dock, and next morning I was ~~xxx~~ up and had a good start on breakfast before we untied. The dining room had the windows shut tight and the curtains fastened around them so that there was no air and nothing to see, and I

decided to find my way back to the desk. It was one of those nice brisk bouncing mornings, and I realized mighty soon that all the fresh air gathered round me wasn't enough to make me think I was enjoying the sail.

One of the passengers and there were only two on deck besides me, pointed out the Mull of Cantire, and then the fact that the boat was taking a zigzag course to avoid the submarines. I was equally little impressed by both observations, and excused myself with the remark that I guess I'd have to be torpedoed in my bunk. I "stayed put" until we were tight to Ireland and then I joined the rest of the crowd at the gang plank. Most of them looked just as I thought they would, very dejected and almost as green as the channel.

Our port was Larne, which is only a few miles North of Belfast. I had a three or four hour wait. I didn't think I needed to bother Margaret Kay's ~~friends~~ friends just yet, so I spent the time trying to find a few of my own. But people in Ireland don't have telephones the way we do at home, and also my friends seemed to have moved.

The porter helped me with the telephone book and the girl at the Postal Telegraph Office took part of her lunch hour to take me way up the street to the right tram. But the Mr Hyndman, whose house I finally found wasn't the right man, and besides the neighbors told me that he was still in the hospital with pneumonia, and "It's a shame, dearie that you've come way out here for nothing, and that we can't help you since you're so far from home." I finally sent a message in the right direction but by that time I was starting for Dublin, and I'm waiting for the war to end before I get my answer.

The station at Dublin had a number of cabbies with four wheelers and I was dying to try one of them but afraid I might miss my train to Limerick if I followed Aunt Ellen's advice and trusted myself to a horse. Dublin was quieter than Belfast and not nearly so "up and coming." There were soldiers a plenty and I discovered that they were de Valera's soldiers out to guard against the I R A, who were having quite an epidemic of blowing up parcel rooms. Their uniforms were of different shades of green, and quite natty, and their shoes the heaviest, loudest you can imagine. I would have been more afraid of a good, well-aimed kick than of a bullet. We passed the Abbey Theatre and for the first time I noticed the streets with the Eire names and saw the Gaelic letters on the shops.

It was ten o'clock by the time I got to Limerick, and I knew I would have to spend the night there. My porter handed me over to "Danny" the boy from the R Hotel, for the baggage man at Belfast said it was always safe to stick to the railroad and I knew no one who could recommend anything else. The hotel was just across the street from the station, and the proprietress friendly, and the bed clean. But the place wasn't very big and the people who had preceded me into the bathroom needed educating. However, when you're entirely on your own, and it's ten o'clock on a pitch dark night in a foreign city, it doesn't pay to be too fussy.

The next morning I found that I was only about 25 miles from Foynes but there would be no train until 2:15. I called Pan American and got a thrill when the office told me that there was a very good chance of getting on the Clipper though they couldn't promise to book me until the very last minute. But I felt cheered for the first

time in two weeks, and I went out on foot to explore Limerick.. I never had known that it is the oldest chartered city in Ireland and that its Norman castle dates back to 1210 and is still in good condition. I found the Anglican cathedral of St Mary which dates back to 1179, and felt comforted when I saw that one of the vestrymen was named Shaw. And what was more, Shaw's Bacon seemed to be in evidence in a great many signs.

I was dying to buy a lot of Limerick lace and also to get some sort of car to take me about to see the country but one of my worries was that of running low financially, so I walked instead of rode and limited my purchases to a few hankies.

There were two changes to make on the trip from Limerick to Foynes and to save my life I couldn't pronounce the name of either. But I needn't have worried. I never had a train ride in all of Great Britain that I didn't share with several other people who were sufficiently interested in my welfare to see to it that I made any change or connection that I had to make. It might be the dead of night with the platform almost out of reach, there would still be someone to either get a porter for me or else cheerfully lug all my bags and see that I climbed into the right car.

As we got into Foynes I saw the great stone cross that stands on the highest hill above the river that had been the landmark for us when we came from America. But I couldn't see the Clipper.

The station master welcomed me as though I was an old friend, and took my extra luggage to keep while I went to interview the Pan American office. I found that the Clipper was late, wouldn't sail until Thursday instead of Wednesday, and that while the office thought I had a good chance of getting on they couldn't actually tell me until one hour before the great plane was due to take off, that is, four o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

So, once again it seemed as though it must be at least for the 20th time, I set out to find bread and board, for the office had also told me to stay within call. The first inn was full but the landlady told me to go next door and try the Hotel Shannon. The Shannon was full also, and when the landlady saw how depressed I appeared she made me sit down on the hat-rick while she sent "Frank" out to hunt me a home. Frank took his bicycle and went the length of the street, but his third try was successful and he came back from it and took me and my immediate luggage off to the Hotel V.

Anyone who takes people to board and lodge employs the dignity of having a "hotel", and if Foynes keeps on as she has begun, soon there will be nothing there but. This latest landlady gave me her daughter's room. It was just off the kitchen and not too quiet. But it was a clean room, and like all the other people in Ireland they were so good to me that I didn't care what they did. It took only a few hours to know the people of the house and the boarders as well, and I must say that they had a lot more kindly interest in me than I had in them.

Of course none of them was stranded far from home and they considered me someone to be looked after. When I told them that I hoped to get on the Clipper they would either say "Shure and you'll get on the Clipper" or else "And please God you will."

My waiting moments, and most of them were just that, I spent in walking, for I hadn't carried much to read, and found I couldn't concentrate on anything but trash anyhow. I noticed that everyone spoke to everyone else, and of course I was spotted for an American as soon as I opened my mouth. The man who guarded the gates at the Irish Shell Park was delighted for he said he'd spent 40 years in the States, and would I please come in next door and call on his wife. I went to call the next evening and the wife took me to walk over the hills to see the particular one that St Patrick had blessed, and then brought me back to the hotel, where my landlady got us up a cup of tea, and asked the guest to sing.

The piano was in the hotel kitchen, along with a good many other things, and a few of the keys didn't work, but Mrs O had a pleasing voice and a real Irish spirit. And she sang Danny Boy and the Bells of St Mary's, and Annie Laurie, because I said I was truly Scotch; and it would have taken very little more to dissolve me ~~in~~ in tears. I'd give a lot to hear her again.

As the day and the hour of the Clipper's sailing approached, more Americans came to town, and I found two who had come over with me in August. It was hard to concentrate on writing, with my fate so tottery, but I did manage to write a letter home and gave it to my friends the Andersons, to mail in New York in case I did not get aboard. I was first on the list of those who would be taken if there was any extra room, but I noticed that Mr Meade, the head of the office did not look awfully happy that morning, and I was afraid that he knew something that would make me unhappy. And soon I knew it too. What he knew was that one of the engines, on the return trip from America had used up three or four percent more gasoline than had been calculated. That meant fewer passengers, even with the wind good and still fewer if the wind was bad.

There were at least eleven of us who were "tentative", that was the way Mr Meade had labelled our baggage. And we sat at the station steps or else in the empty bus right beside the steps, and tried to console each other. Four of the unfortunates had been booked for the Isle de France and I was relieved for them to tell me that although they had made several trips to Southampton by automobile, the boat had never sailed, and apparently never would sail, from England.

Four more were from the Athenia, and they were such good sports about hoping that I would be the lucky one to get on the Clipper, that I realized I'd hate to sail off and leave them. They were a mother, a father and a grown daughter and were very grateful because in all the hours after the torpedoing they had never been separated from each other. They had seen the smoke from the submarine and also the shots fired at the radio tower and knew whereof they spoke when they said they had been submarined and not mined.

Meanwhile the time wore on and no one came to tell us that the Clipper would take more passengers than she had originally booked. Instead the blow fell that three who were already on board would have to get off. One man was lucky enough to stay put was a big fellow who weight over 280 pounds. He looked actually guilty as though his conscience was saying to him "If you'd only stick to your diet a couple of these girls might get a break."

Well, it was hard to take but misery loves company and eleven people sitting forlorn while the only visible means of transportation goes off and leaves them on the wrong side of the ocean, are not the miserable objects that can be made of just one person. I decided that if the Athenians could take it without seeming to mind at all, I'd take it and like it. Nonetheless I must admit that the great thrill I got on Wednesday morning when I had watched the great American plane swoop in over the Irish hills, and land gracefully almost at our feet, was absolutely lacking when I watched her taxi out of Thursday evening carrying the 280 pounder but not me, but for me, ~~all~~ for all I cared it might as well have been a stork.

I sent telegrams to Margaret Campbell and Margaret Kay, and I remembered the Clipper and Mrs Anderson were taking my letter to Glenshaw. I put my bags at the station master's house, as he told me I could, and with my pale blue carry-all trudged back to the Hotel V, where Mrs M told me I could stay all night and welcome.

I had decided that if I could not get on the plane I would go to Limerick, for the "tentatives" from the Isle de France told me tht Gruise's Royal Hotel, was run by a Mrs Murphy who would be good to anyone, and that a room and bath was really available. I hated to leave Foynes with its River Shannon, its green fields and hills, its lovely trees and the road where I was in the habit of seeing tiny little donkeys that stood no higher than a man's waist, and that hauled the bags of coal or tanks of water on the heavy carts. Most of all I hated to leave the people.

But I was a candidate for a lot of good hot baths, and the water company at Foynes had a habit of turning off the water at the most inopportune moments. My money appeared to be holding out better than I had thought it would, and I also knew that Limerick was on the way to Cobh where were the United States Lines offices, and whence the President Roosevelt should sail the following Thursday. I grew rash. I went to Limerick, sent a telegram to the United States office begging for some kind of accomodation, and then took a taxi to Gruise's Royal.

I am afraid I must love my comfort too well. The sight of that commodious bath tub and the hotness of the water made a new woman of me in more ways than one. A cup of tea in the lounge where a huge fire burned put me on my feet altogether, and I prayed for someone I knew to come along and suggest going to the movies.

The news bulletin brought me down to earth, and I tried to read the Dublin papers and talk to the other people in the lounge. The people in the Irish Free State are almost all Catholics, and their feelings about this war is that "It is a conflict between God and the Devil. God will win because he always does but terrible devastation will be before that. There was really very little talk about the subject at all, for people were too depressed. But never did I hear a thing against Great Britain, and though they did not discuss entering the war, there was no doubt about which side they would join if they did enter.

On Saturday I telephoned my Consul at Cork, one of the Athenians had given me that idea, and asked for more advise. He told me

to write to him so that he could have my name etc, on file because he was so busy that telephone messages added to the mess. I could easily believe that. He then told me to go up McConnell street, the same one that the hotel was on, and call on a booking agent, Mr Riordan. It was certainly a friendly call. I started to introduce myself but Mr Riordan stopped me with "Oh I know who you are. Your'e the girl with the slim chance that's been at Foynes."

We laughed at my frustrated attempts, but he was all for helping me and told me to come back if I didn't hear anything from the Roosevelt. I did hear, just a few hours later and the telegram said "Offer you cot Roosevelt Monday." It was the first promise I'd had, and I wired back "Accept cot. Will report Monday."

Monday was still two days away and I was fast becoming very thick with Mrs Murphy, who was as kind as her reputation had her. It happened that one of my friends named Flannery had given me on the eve of my departure a St Christopher medal. Also she told me that her mother still lived in Ireland and that she didn't like the Clipper because it flew over the house and saared the horses. I had thought she lived somewhere near Foynes and tried hard to find out, but postman, telegrapher et al knew no Flannerys. Mrs Murphy knew only one family and they couldn't be the ones I wanted, but, she said, they undoubtedly had cousins, and that it would be too bad for me to miss a friend and too bad for Mrs Flannery to miss an opportunity to send a message to her daughter. So she sent out Michael, the boots, and he brought in a Mr Flannery and two little girls. Manlike, he said he couldn't remember any of his relations who had a daughter in Pittsburgh, but please come around to his mother's shop for his mother and sisters would know. It ended up by one of the sisters taking me that evening way down the river to call on a boatman, the only other Flannery in Limerick. He knew every Flannery in County Limerick andq County Clare but not one that had ever gone to Pittsburgh. But not long afterwards I learned that the Flannerys I wanted lived on the road to Cork.

On our way home we stopped to see a niece who was sick and would like to see "a lady doctor from America". And then I had, to decline an invitation to tea because it was late and I didn't like to be abroad in the dark. There was a semi-blackout in Limerick. That evening I had seen a funeral with the blackest horses and carriages creeping down the unlighted street. It looked too spooky to be real, but the other people on the street all stood at attention for a minute or two, so I decided it must be an honest to goodness cavalcade.

From Limerick to Cobh, via Cork, must be about 90 miles. I was in Cork in time for lunch and it was there I picked up the three Irish girls who wanted to go back to America and who asked me if I were on my way back too. The first one was the black haired, black eyed type, and she called me darling, and began to tell me immediately her life history. She was a widow whose husband had died two years before, leaving her with two little boys, the youngest only 16 days old. Her husband had been on the New York City police force, and had left her enough life insurance and tke her and her two children to her mother in Ireland. It took her only

a little to realize, as thousands like her, that she could never live in Ireland again, and so she was leaving the children with her mother, and going back to New York where she could earn more money than she did here and could support them from a distance.

The second girl was also a widow with two tiny children, just a few months out of New York, and also with her mother. But if she went back to America she'd have to take her children with her because her mother was too old to take care of the babies. The third girl had a husband in New Rochelle.

I listened carefully to all their histories, and the black haired one had us crying by telling us how she'd said goodbye to her children that very morning, but hadn't told them that she wouldn't be back. The red haired one said "Oh you poor darling you" and the compartment succumbed, myself as damply as any. That is, all of us but one, and that was the only man present. He had said nothing during the whole ride, but eyed us intently and listened so eagerly that I suppose I should have guessed he was a bit queer.

He must have been about 60 years old and plenty spry, for when we got to Cobh he was out and away before any of us. It was then I'd discovered he'd left his overcoat behind. No one wants to sail in late September without a top-coat, so when my vociferous attempts to hail him failed, I took some precious time and gave the coat to a porter, and tried to feel like a boy scout.

My Irish friends weren't encumbered by much luggage, but I had to put the heavy part of mine on a porter's wagon, and carry the rest to a hotel lobby, and I was the last person to reach the office of the United States lines. The place was jammed, so jammed that I knew I couldn't even get to the counter for a long time. The black haired girl was already talking to a clerk, and I heard him tell her that the Roosevelt would not sail until Thursday. I spotted the man of the train compartment, and called his attention to the fact that he had no coat.

He'd been enjoying a seat on the bench and an air of sweet composure, but he lost both of them and ran for the station. I was hoping I might get the seat he lost but other people were closer.

There were only two clerks but they worked mighty fast. A space was cleared in front of me, and I hung on to the counter with my chin, and used my hands to wave the telegram saying "Offer cot Roosevelt." They recognized it and began thumbing over huge sheets of paper until they came to one with my name on it. I was listed as having a cot in the "writing room," in a sort of a dormitory style, and I took it and paid for it before I asked them if they had anything better. They assured me that no amount of money could buy anything better, and I assured them that in that case I was unutterably grateful for I'd never expected to see a ticket again. I suppose there never was an Irishman without a sense of humor. When I hugged that ticket they laughed and said they were glad I wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Standing next to me was an American girl and her husband. They were ticket hunting too, but not in such a great hurry, as

they hadn't planned to sail for several weeks and besides they had their car with them and could still travel about Ireland. They saved my life by sending me to the only hotel I found with a vacancy, and why I didn't ask their names and where I could find them later I don't know, except that things were moving fast and confusedly for all of us aliens, and a name had nothing to do with one's status, and involved comparatively little interest.

The hotel that took me in was the Imperial, and the vacancy was the last room on the top floor. It was clean and comfortable, and the landlady was sorry about the stairs. I was too relieved to see a place to rest my feet to feel sorry for anything.

It was just three hours since my hotel and ticket office hunt had started, and all this time little boy that owned the luggage cart - it was horse drawn - had been waiting patiently in the street with my bags, and those of several other people. He said he was used to waiting like that, but I didn't believe him. He was just another Britisher being useful.

My room on the top floor was surrounded by three others, and they all had two or three people in them. Next to me were two men, either old or fat because I could hear every wheeze they wheezed. Outside and just above me on the hill was the Cathedral of St Coleman, very large and really very beautiful, but with a clock that chimed the quarters and loudly at that. Between chimes and wheezes I couldn't get lonely, and though I never saw those two men, I knew them awfully well. I heard one of them say "You'd better go to sleep now Bill By nine thirty tomorrow we can get into the U S offices and perhaps we'll get something then."

I wanted to tell them that they had my sympathy but I didn't like to talk to them through the partition for fear they might be some relation to Emily Post.

The next day, Tuesday, September the nineteenth was one of the longest I've ever known, and with such a good ending that I shall always pray for a nice, long drawn out day about once every ten years. Since leaving Margaret I'd not one letter from home, and only one from Canna. I realized it was only because important messages were being taken care of because telegrams from steamship lines or consuls came through.

I had told Margaret Kay that my headquarters would be Pan American Airways at Foynes, but though I kept in close touch with them not one bit of mail was reported from anywhere. On Tuesday morning I telephoned Foynes from Cobh, and found they had no letters or telegrams and no vacancy on the Clipper. So I wrote a cablegram to tell the family that I was sailing on the Roosevelt. War regulations forced you to write the full name and address of the person to whom sent and sign your full name as well. That stepped up the price of the cable so I made mine short. The clerk said "You don't need the U S A" and crossed it out. Then he hauled out a thick book out of a whole shelf of similar books, thumbed through the G's and said "You don't need the "Pennsylvania". As a clan we may not have a plaid but great-grand-father managed to put us in the Gazeteer.

I was feeling so elated that I came from a town like Glenshaw that I was bumped into a "boy friend" of the train. He insisted on shaking hands and thanking me for saving his coat, and then asked me if I'd heard that the Roosevelt would not sail even on Thursday,

because she was still in a French port, and rumor had it that she couldn't get out. I suppose my face must have shown what I felt at the idea of spending the rest of my life so far from home, for he suddenly said "Are you married?"

I managed to get both Ireland and home out of my mind and stammered "No, that is, not yet."

"Why don't you get married. I'll bet you need somebody to take care of you. I'm not married either, and I need somebody to take care of me."

I agreed that it was an idea but said I'd got on pretty well so far, and thought I'd stick it out a while longer, and went off, or rather he watched me go off, as if parting made him sad.

There was no one to enjoy that joke with me, and besides, the news of the Roosevelt and the French port was all absorbing. I decided to visit the steamship lines again and on my way there I met my "tentative" friends from Foynes, the ones who had also been booked on the Isle de France. The younger woman and her husband told me that they and her mother had got a room and bath on the boat, and then I told her the bad news. So she went with me to the office. Once more the clerks laughed. They answered us that the boat would sail, and told us emphatically not to leave town, to stay in Cobh until Thursday.

It was good to be reassured and good to find a friend on the boat, especially one with a bath tub, because I hoped she'd like me well enough to invite me for a wash. My spirits rose quite a bit, enough to enable me to buy some Limerick lace, and make an appointment for a shampoo. I also had the bright idea of buying a bath towel, for even though I never got into another bath, I thought I could use it in the "writing room" as a sort of a screen between me and the woman on the next cot.

Earlier that morning I had written two rather dejected letters and despatched them home by air mail. I was thoroughly regretting them now, and to take my mind off them, I went down to the railway station and the news stand to buy something to read. I found a 6-penny novel called "Design for Murder" that looked promising, and I also found that the station mistress made excellent tea and served it in front of the large fire. I decided that I'd eat lunch there every day, and told her that she could expect me, but I suspect she's given up looking for me by now.

I had talked with many of my future travelling companions, and walked over a good many miles of san-cobblestones and eaten another good dinner at the hotel where the manager was a "Continental", and the food not so completely Irish. It was 8 O'clock when I got back to my hotel, and Dick, whom was waiter, bell-hop, janitor and the greatest aid to human comfort that you ever imagined, met me on the stairs and told me I had a telephone call, "Just call central and she'll take care of it" said Dick. I tried central but nothing happened until Dick came back, took a key, unlocked a box, and put it in his hand, and turned a crank. Then central reported that she had a call from Foynes for me, but that it would take a while to get it, and in the meantime I was to stand by.

I had a hunch that the call was not so awfully important, but even so I didn't want to leave a stone unturned, or rather a cobble unturned from Cobh to Foynes, and I went to work on them. It was

almost nine o'clock by the time I'd finished, and I discovered that I could not get there if I had to. Meantime the operator had not called me, so this time I unlocked the box, and turned the crank, and central said "I'm almost ready with your call, please hold the line."

It was Mr Meade for the P A A, and he announced that he had a telegram for me which he thought might be important, asked me if he should read it. I said "yes please" and then followed a long pause, I knew he was hunting for it. He could not find the telegram but said that if I had passage on a steamer I had better hold on to it. But later Mr Meade found the telegram. It was unimportant but he said there had been a cancellation on the Clipper and I could have it. The Duchess of Leinster had the booking but cancelled it. He said "It's yours if you can get here!"

It was about 10:30 when Mr Meade and I finished our momentous conversation, and the staff of the Imperial were having a midnight supper. They told me they would not forget to call me early, and that I had read the bulletin correctly, and could get to Foynes before the Clipper sailed.

I was too excited to use an ink-well but I got a pencil and wrote to the United States Lines telling them that if I didn't appear by four o'clock they could give my cot to the next in line. I gave the note to one of the guests on the same floor for I knew her eagerness to get out of an overloaded cabin on D deck and this would guarantee its safe delivery.

I must have slept about an hour. I was still not accustomed to hearing St Coleman. But no matter, I was dressed and fed long before necessary, and there was nothing to do except feel nervous and wait. Dick knew just where the bus would stop, and he took the bags and me there and waited with me. I can still see him. He had red Irish hair that stood up thick and straight, blue eyes and the good-humored countenance such as I had never seen. He wished me good luck, and I tipped him soundly and said good-bye.

The bus ride to Limerick was a bit nerve-wracking, for it was market day in that part of Ireland and there were cattle sales going on in every town. The village high street and the country road leading from it were studded with small droves of calves or sheep, through which we had to pick our way carefully and slowly. We kept taking on more and more passengers so that when we got to Limerick we were so loaded that I began to think I might get off. I had asked the boy to please put me down near the center of the town, which he did at corner of McConnell where it would be easy to find a taxi.

It was good to be back in Foynes, to see the Clipper with the stars and stripes newly painted on her sides, anchored near the dock. One of my travelling companions asked if I knew anyone in town and I answered that I had lived there. The Pan American accepted my United States Lines ticket in part payment for my trip, weighed me again, sealed my cameras and pronounced me O.K. I had gotten rid of most of the contents of my carry-all. "Chasing Villa" was packed, the Toblerone eaten, the bath towel given away and the honey despatched by mail. The latter arrived home a long time after I did and in a sad state of collapse. The postoffice phoned

me to come down and help scrub up. I telegraphed to the two Margarets, the consuls, but decided against a cablegram to the family. It would probably reach home after I did. I realized then that I had spent twenty days trying to get home, and spent only one in actually getting there.

It was Wednesday September 20th and the weather reports were favorable, and the engines all in adjustment, so that three more people could have boarded the Clipper had they only been there. When we were "all set" and I was strapped down to the divan in the same Dixie Clipper that had brought me over. Mr Meade was shaking hands with the skipper and saying "A safe journey Captain. You have 21 passengers. The door was slammed and locked, the motors began humming, and I said to myself "Ole girl you're going home."

We seemed to be all ages, and the youngest and most interesting one was a nine year old boy named Jim. He'd been brought up in Ireland by his grandmother and today she was sending him to his mother and father whom he hadn't seen for four or five years. He looked like most other British boys, but he had big gray eyes and long black lashes, and a lower lip that didn't quite make the grade for it kept getting caught on his teeth. He was shy and talked with such a brogue that it was hard to understand what he said. But he was friendly and generous, and handed us pieces of candy that some one had given him to console him for going away alone. He must have felt forlorn and mighty unhappy at saying goodbye to his grandmother and his home.

Contrary to anything expected we had a tail wind that night instead of a head wind, and we neared the U S A so fast that orders were given to slow down. Shortly after one o'clock, I was awake and saw land below. I was sure it was Newfoundland, though how we got there so early I couldn't imagine. I stayed awake and realized that we were circling, for we passed over a great network of lights, spread out like the five fingers of a hand. And after leaving it for a long time, passed over it again. I knew that the trans-Atlantic rules prevented our landing until after sun rise and that we were only waiting for the dawn to have America welcome us. The ocean was crossed.

Some of the passengers were loath to get up aware that the night had been a short one, but the steward dislodged them, and at five o'clock we were put off at Botwood for breakfast at the Trans-Atlantic Inn. The rest of the day was long and the riding a bit rough. Some had to take it lying down. We made Nova Scotia in the allotted time and at 3:40 Thursday the 21st we slid down onto Long Island Sound and our steward sang out "Port Washington and Home."

In another minute I found myself hurrying up the boardwalk with Jim beside me. As usual he wasn't saying a word, but his eyes looked bigger than ever and I couldn't help thinking how I would feel in his shoes.. He shook his head when I asked him if he saw anyone that looked like his father and mother, and I had a sudden qualm lest he might really alone after all. But the American officials captured him and put him in the immigration room until the worst of the confusion was over. And when next I saw him he had one arm around his father and the other around his mother, and was being photographed by all the camera men in the port. There was more than one celebrity on that Clipper but the laurels certainly went to Jimmy.

I got "a kick" out of thinking of my friends who thought I was to board the Roosevelt when I suddenly appeared before them maybe looking a little pale and hearing them say "Good Lord, where did you come from?" And I felt a sense of profound well-being at knowing I was home.

But the adventure faded into insignificance when I compared it with what I left behind me. What will happen to the people I met and the friends I made this summer? Why did Europe let one person plunge them into tragedy, and how can we help? Should we go in or stay out, or can we even decide for ourselves what we ought to do. It seems to me that if it is a question of a few months we may be able to remain in isolation, there is an ominous part of the picture that gives one a sense of working up to some crisis that is all embracing, and perhaps we shall want to take sides. Meanwhile I'm certain of one thing at least and that is that Uncle Fred had the answer to all-important problem. I say "had" because since I left Scotland, Uncle Fred has left too, and for good.

As Margaret Campbell said he was like Moses, and it's hard to think of his country without him, working there all his life for what was sincere and decent. He lived by principles instead of by slogans, and principles don't wear out, or let you down. So he knew that since the best is yet to be, there's nothing on earth that cannot be endured.

End of Katherine Shaw's Diary. The paper is signed K L S, Glenshaw, Pennsylvania 1939.

...

About the beginning of the year 1939 we had the good fortune to find Mr Charles E Watson of Clinton New York, even then quite an aged gentleman, who was related to the Irish Tompkins line. This fine gentleman sent us a bound book of records collected by him and quoting records of others of his family.

We were so fearful that some misfortune or mail accident might possibly lose or destroy this precious record, that we took every precaution to get it back to him safely. We pleaded that he never let this record leave for other parts by mail. So, we made an exact copy of all the data in it. Very certainly, the original which we sent back to Clinton New York, and this copy we make now, are the only two copies of this record in existence. Also more data will be found in libraries re the Watsons, who descend from the now extinct line of the Earls of Rockwall in England. A copy of this MSS which includes the Watson MSS herewith, will be at The Filson Club of Louisville Kentucky, and a carbon copy with the family of Captain Robert H Tompkins of 618 Blucher St Corpus Christi Texas, who is son of the late Mr Franklin Augustus Tompkins who was first cousin of this writer.

Of course one might collect much of the contents of the Watson MSS by much labor and expenditure of time, but there are many things here that he could get only from records of the later descendants and who live in 1939 around Clinton NY. We will bind in this MSS the original letter from Mr Charles E Watson, but just preceding it our typed copy of it, as part of the written page will be hidden under the edge of the bound copy. It says:

Clinton NY March 3 1939 to Mr Robert A Tompkins Los Angeles Calif.
Dear Mr Tompkins. Replying to yours of March 20th I beg to say that Captain Joseph Aarams name was NOT Tompkins. Perhaps I did not write it plain. However when looking over California history you will find he was a prominent man. Was with Mexico, and his companions elected Captain (while enroute). I saw him in 1876 when he visited my parents on his way to the Centennial at Philadelphia.

He wore a brass badge made from Mexican cannon they captured from the Mexicans, and it was on his trip to Philadelphia his daughter married a minister in California who died, and if she is alive I don't know. My father had a book of Aaram's experiences with Kit Carson but it has been lent or lost.

I enclose a picture of mother and father cut out of a Utica NY paper which explains itself. The slip it is stuck was from Mrs Rollins searching for father's record. He was Lieut Colonel of the Regiment in Utica NY. My great grand father purchased a large tract of land from George Washington. The deed is in Oneida Co historical rooms in Utica NY. The date of both their deaths you will notice under the pictures. We have had a severe March come in like a lion and is going out in same manner.

Wishing you success in securing what is needed. I failed to give you my great grand father's name, is James Tompkins. He was the father of Edenor Watson. My grand-mother a product of the early pioneers born in a log house. Even raised flax and made linen cloth mostly by hand.

Father was the only son of an only son who was unfortunate in marrying a poor girl against the wishes of a proud father, an

English gentleman owner of a large estate called Little Park in Yorkshire England. As a result he was given a pension during his life, but when he died the family had very little. Still as there were no heirs to the estate the state has in chancery. Grandfather would not do anything about it although there were no heirs but him. So that is that. My dear mother was a descendant of a Huguenot family, de Resseguie in this country, driven out of France by edict of Nantes?, he went to Holland and married a daughter of Admiral Bontikoe who served under or with General Stuyvesant at New Amsterdam before it was taken by the English.

Excuse this disjointed letter as it has been written at intervals as I had an opportunity and I hope you will get some good out of it.

By the way I forgot to mention the fact that George E Gray was President of Wells Fargo Express Co resident of Knob Hill before the earthquake was mother's first cousin. Your Truly (sgd) Charles E Watson." End Mr Watson's letter to us.

The reference to Captain Aarams who was with Kit Carson was in reply to our inquiry about him. Some way we had learned that Joseph Arams as records here in California, was son of a Tompkins girl of New York. An article said he finally settled at San Jose California where he had a great fruit orchard. We found an Arams in San Jose directories and wrote him but he ignored our letter. Those wishing further data can no doubt find it in San Jose records.

We have a separate sheet from the rest of the Watson MSS as follows: This probably taken from "American Ancestry" James Tompkins Watson of Clinton NY born Troy NY 1830 moved to Westmoreland Co NY 1894; received an academic education at De Lancey Institute at Hampton NY. Began business as a druggist in Clinton New York 1858; appointed manager of the New York A and B Telegraph Company at Clinton NY 1839, telegrapher; chemical purveyor to Hamilton College in 1859, one of the oldest telegraphers in the United States in 1889,; manager Western Union Telegraph Co at Clinton, cast his first presidential vote for John C Fremont, and true to his convictions tolled the village bell for the judicial murder of John Brown of Harpers Ferry memory, enlisted as a private in 53rd National Guard in 1862, promoted to orderly sergeant same year, commissioned on staff of Brig Gen Dering and commissary of subsistence rank of Captain 1867; major of 26th regiment National Guard 1870, and Lieut Colonel.

He married Hannah Mary Resseguie in 1851. He was in 1871 a newspaper correspondent, a literary author, Writer of Adirondack Sketches under cognomen of Wanderer in 1865 to 1880. See page 53, volume 4, American Ancestry.

James Tompkins Watson was son of Francis Watson of Pickering, Yorkshire England b. 1794 died at Clinton NY 1871, came to U S 1820. Married Eleanor (Helen) Tompkins daughter of James Tompkins and Sarah Hannah which Sarah Hanna was daughter of Nathaniel Hanna.

The James Tompkins was born in Ireland who came to U S in 1783 and settled at Cambridge NY and died there about 1800.

The newspaper item we saw is as follows: April 4 1939, Clinton NY Francis Timothy Watson, 87, retired for years a business man here

and active in various organizations, died at his home on Marvin Steet April 2 1939, after an illness of several months. Funeral services will be held Wednesday at the convenience of the family. Mr Watson was born in Westmoreland, son of Colonel James T and Hannah M Resseguie Watson. He was a direct descendant of John Coggshall, first governor of Rhode Island who came to this country in 1732. He was also a direct descendant of a Huguenot family of Bontikoe and Resseguie, who came to this country early in the 17th century. Mr Watson for years was interested in the genealogy of his family, and was able to trace his family back eleven generations.

Since 1857 the family has resided in Clinton, where Mr Watson received his education. After leaving school he entered the drug store of his father and became a registered druggist. Later Mr Watson became a salesman and did a jobbing business in drugs. He resided some time in Jefferson County, also Fultonville and Michigan. He was in the railway mail service four years between Oswego and Binghamton.

In 1896 the business founded by his father was incorporated under the name of the Watson Drug Company, and he assumed the management. He served on the executive committee of the Clinton Board of Trade, and for years he was a member of the Sconondoa Club.

Mr Watson for a long time one of the prominent figures in the National Guard of the state. He served as Aide to General Sylvester Dering in the 26th Battalion, and was commissioned first Lieutenant. He was a member of the Smythe Hook and Ladder Company of the volunteer fire department, and was also a member of the Kirkland Fish and Game Protective Association, also the Clinton Chess Club, and had more than a local reputation as a player.

Mr Watson was made a Mason in Clinton Lodge 169, and joined Johnstown Chapter 78, R. A. M., and Norwich Commandery Knights Templar, and Damascus Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine at Rochester. He was also a member of Utica Consistory Number 2, of the 32nd degree. In the Grand Consistory 32nd degree, he held every office from Grand Hospitaller up, and in 1906 became Grand Commander.

He served as Deputy Grand Commander in the 33rd degree for the state, and in 1914 he was Grand Sword Bearer of the Supreme Council of the United States. He was also an honorary 33rd degree Mason for the Grand Council to Scotland; Honorary 33rd degree of the Supreme Council of Canada and New Foundland, and Grand Representative of Canada and Newfoundland to the Supreme Council of the United States.

For seven years he was Patron of Temple Court, O. E. S., ~~Clinton~~ Utica, and for several years was Patron of Grace Chapter O. E. S., Clinton and also Knight of the Royal Order of Scotland, and Rose Croix of Heredon Scotland. He was Knight of the Sat Bahi Mystic Rite of India, and a Member of Mokana Grotto, Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm, of Hamilton. He was a member of St James Episcopal church.

Mr Watson was married three times. His third wife was Miss Dora Glenn Smith, Warsaw, who is living, also a son Francis Miller Watson, Old Forge, and a brother, Charles E, Fort Plain.

We interpolate here the original letter from Mr Charles E Watson.

The follow is from the booklet written about 1880, loaned to us by Mr Charles E Watson of Clinton NY whose mother was Eleanor Tompkins of New York.

These items were handwritten documents with English ~~Irish~~ Revenue stamps, countersigned by Clerk at Pickering.

Register of Baptism in the Parish of Pickering in the County and Diocese of York.

1794. Francis, son of Thomas and Hannah Watson January 19. Samuel Harding, Vicar.

1796. Hannah, daughter of Thomas and Hannah Watson June 6 . S Harding, Vicar.

1797. Ann, daughter of Thomas and Hannah Watson July 18 ~~1799~~

1799 Sarah daughter of Thomas and Hannah Watson July 19 . S Harding

I certify that the above are true and correct copies from the Parish Register of the Parish of Pickering as witness my hand this eighth dy of August eighteen hundred and eighty one.

(signed) E H Lightfoot (?) (bad script RT)

(Next line is obscure, pr bably a title)"
Pickering.

Hannah family dates from A D 1296.

Watson family dates from 1066 to 1460.

Tompkins family ---- to 1598 Londonderry.

(Queen Elizabeth died in 1603.

Resseguie 1695

Bontekoe 1619.

(RT The Watson booklet has item "Plantagenets were a Tudor race," We do not agree with this RT.

Books English Hisoty Albany NY

Watson, England 1066-1460

De Resequier, France 1695.

Ancestor of James T Watson and Hannah M Resseguie his wife. This book corect family records of the above named persons compiled from the best authentic sources by

(signed) James T Watson
Clinton New York 1886.

Memo. The custom of adopting and wearing crets and armorial bearings were first introduced by the Crusaders A D 1096,

Some of our ancestors, one named William first assumed the name of Watson, in the year 1391.

Our family line is the York branch. In the family were that followed and called the War of the Roses. The York branch wore the white rose and the Lancaster branch wore the red rose (see English history).

Watson.

The crest of our branch of the Watson family indicates that we were lineally descended from the royal house of the Plantagenets. The Griffin is the symbol of that house, and the griffins head, a descent from that line. The three crescents on our shield indicates that we trace our line from a younger member of the family, the



CHARLES E. WATSON

PHARMACIST

SCHOOL BOOKS · WALLPAPER & PAINTS

PHONE 12-R

10 COLLEGE ST.
CLINTON, N. Y.

3-24-39

Mr Robert L Tompkins
Los Angeles Calif

Dear Mr Tompkins

Replying to yours of such date I beg to say
Captain Joseph Aaronson Hasser is not Tompkins
I did not write it plain Hasser when looking
up California history you will find he was a prominent
man. Was with Mexico and his companions elected
steer (while en route) I saw him in 1876 when he visited
parents on his way to the continent at Philadelphia
wore a Brass badge made from Mexican Cannon that
traced from the Mexicans and it was his pass on
trip to Phila his daughter married a Minnister
in far west who died and if she is alive I don't know.
Father had a Book of Aaronson experiences with Kit
Fox but it has been sent or lost
enclose a picture of Mother & Father cut out of a
Mag paper which explains itself The ship it is
was from Mrs Collins searching for Father's record
as Lieut Colonel of the Regiment in Utah 1871.
Great Grand father purchased a large tract of
land from George Washington The deed is in Uncle
Sam's records in Utah 1871. The date of both
deaths you will notice make the picture.
There had a son who came in like a Lion
going out in some manner
wishing you success in securing what is needed
and to give you my Great Grand father's name
as Tompkins he was the Father of Elenor Watson

three
the
and
A D
A D
Rufus
the t
Will
of Nor
to Her
afterw
and an
Watson
azure
in go
Motto-
(In
Plant
Tomkyn
they w
To
The
childr
son Ed
His sc
his lo
Edwa
died l
the li
Thus
were m
the th
arms a
Lew
a Vice
the Hu
coast.
Septemb
of Roc
letter
was ad
Lord R
in Alb
ground
person
well t
Admira
under
high St
Public
33.
My Lo
statin
and hi
the dex
conside

1

three crescents indicating the thirds son of a duke. William the Conqueror left three sons, Robert of Normandy, William Rufus, and Henry. William Rufus succeeded his father as King and died A D 1100 (his father William began to reign on Christmas day A D 1066). Robert, the next heir was in Palestine when William Rufus died, and his younger brother Henry, Duke of York ascended the throne and bore the title of Henry 1st.

William, his father, before he became King of England, was Duke of Normandy, and Henry was his third son. I thus trace our lineage to Henry 1st as the third son of William, Duke of Normandy, afterwards William Plantagenet, Conqueror of England. The crest and armorial bearings of the Earl of Rockingham (3rd Earl) Thomas Watson are as viz: Silver chevron (R-T next word illegible) in azure between three martlets in black, same number of Crescents in gold. A Griffin's head erased in silver, ducally gorged gold. Motto- Mea Gloria Fides, "My glory is fidelity."

(Interpolation by Robert Tompkins. We cannot agree with the Plantagenet connection at this point. As shown in our Clan of Tomkyns the first Plantagenet king was ~~Richard I~~ But they were kin to the Conqueror.) Henry II.?

To continue with the Watson book.

The first record of Watson is A D 1460. Edward Watson had 15 children. His son Edward of Rockingham Castle died A D 1550. His son Edmund was High Sheriff of Northamptonshire and died 1616. His son Lewis was High Sheriff under Charles I A D 1645, and for his loyalty was made Baron of Rockingham died A D 1652.

Edward, his son, second Baron, died 1691. Lewis, third Baron died 1724. His son died and left a son who died without issue in the lifetime of the third baron.

Thus the title became extinct and the estates and the title were merged in Baron Sandes, Lord Mills, who was a cousin of Lewis the third baron, and married his daughter, assuming the Watson arms and quartering them with his own.

Lewis, the last Earl of Rockingham was living in 1779 and was a Vice Admiral in the British Navy, and was stationed at Hull on the Humber at the time John Paul Jones was ravaging the English coast. (See his letter to Lord Weymouth, Secretary of State date of September 23rd 1779. This letter reads: Letter of the Marquis of Rockingham respecting Defense against John Paul Jones. This letter for which we are indebted to Professor Charles M Andrews, was addressed to Lord Weymouth as Secretary of State. A letter of Lord Rockingham to the Marchioness, September 23 1779, printed in Albemarle's "Rockingham" II 381-383, covers in part the same ground, but the present letter is fuller, and dwells less on the personal and more on the public aspects of the affair. It exhibits well the alarm caused by Jones' exploits. Rockingham had been Vice Admiral of Yorkshire from 1755 to his dismissal in 1763, and again, under his present appointment, since December 1776; he had been high Steward of Hull since 1766. The original letter is in the Public Record Office, In Stae Papers Domestic, Military vol. 33.

My Lord: I received an Account from Hull on Wednesday Night; stating the alarm they were in from the Appearance of Paul Jones and his squadron off the mouth of the Humber, and also representing the defenseless state in which the Gentlemen and Marchts of Hull considered the town and Shipping. The Honour which his Majesty

conferred upon me in appointing me Vice Admiral of the Maritime ports of the County of York has indeed no Power of Rights in regard to Wrecks on the coast etc, etc. The Town and Corporation of Hull several years ago had done me the Honour to appoint me, to a nominal office, of High Steward of Hull., Tho no real Power was placed in me, yet the very imagination that such high office did contain power, appeared to me, to give a Sort of Weight to me, which might possibly be of Some Service. I therefore set out for Hull as early as I could on Thursday Morning and arrived there that Night.

Two Gentlemen from Hull had been dispatched from thence on Wednesday Night, by whom your Lordship and his Majesty's Ministers will have been fully informed of the State in which the Gentlement, Merchts, Trinity House, and inhabitants considered their Town and Shipping.

The Mayor called a General Meeting on Friday morning in consequence of my coming. They informed me of the Steps they had taken and desired me to Suggest what I might think adviseable. I shall not conceal from your Lordship, that I expressed very strongly my thoughts, that the Safety and Security of the Town and Port of Hull has long been neglected. I shall not hesitate to say, that from an Attack by Frigates or Ships of War, it was entirely without Defence; the Artillery in the Fort- its only defence, were unserviceable, both from the Carriages being entirely rotten, and also from most of the Guns which carried any Weight of Metal, being honeycombed and dangerous to Use. New Carriages had been order'd for some of the Cannon, but they were at Woolwich to be ironed, and indeed if they had been at Hull, very few of the 18 pounders and the 9 pounders could have been mounted on them, as those Cannon were so universally reckoned unserviceable and dangerous, even tho' some of them had on a late Report been deemed still capable of use.

A Ship of 60 tons can Lay, even at Low Water, within less than 400 yards of the Town. In Paul Jones' Squadron the largest Vessel was a 40 Gun Ship, so that whatever Force he had could have come up. It appeared to me, that not only from the Information a Man who had been put by Paul Jones into a prize and who had assisted very principally in securing the men and bringing her in with the Assistance of a Hull Pilot, but also from the Size and Number of Ships in Paul Jones' Squadron, that there could not be any number of Soldiers or Marines on Board the Squadron or that with what Seamen he could have spared from the Ships, that any considerable Force could be landed by Paul Jones, which the Yorkshire regiment of Militia under Col Harvey would not be able, as they were willing and desirous to repell. Part of the Northumberland Militia were also at Beverly and the Neighbourhood, so that in ant Attack on Shore from Paul, Jones' present Force, I did not conceive much danger to that Town and Port and Shipping of Hull could ensue. I conceived very differently in regard to an attempt being made by the Squadron coming up Humber. I therefore pressed as much as I possibly could that every Effort should be made to prepare Batteries and get what Artillery could be had.

I must observe to your Lordship that at the Meeting on Friday Morning, Intelligence came that the Serapis and the Countess of Scarborough had been seen shortening sail, covering the Baltic Fleet and waiting for Paul Jones, who was then very

near to them. A later Intelligence also informed us that the Serapis and the Countess were seen to tack and to stand to meet Paul Jones and his Squadron and that the Engagement was begun, but it was growing dark- The even of a very warm Action was not known. Great Hopes were entertained in the Ability and Valour of Captain Pearson of the Serapis and of Capt Percy of the Countess of Scarborough - The Serapis was a 44 gun Frigate, the Countess of Scarborough one of the Armed Vessels Hired, carrying 20 Guns, but in fact not capable of making Use of more than five Guns on a Side.

The unfortunate Event of their being captured after a most Severe Engagement, came to our Knowledge at Hull on the Friday Evening, when the Mayor immediately called a Meeting, and at which the Proposition of preparing Batteries was unanimously adopted.

I was informed that a vessel was detained at the Port of Hull on the appearance of Paul Jones' Squadron, on which there was 20 eighteen pounders, some 12 pounders and a few 9 pounders, which were cast at the foundry near Rotherham and were going according to Orders from the Ordnance to Woolworth, I ventured to Suggest and to Press that the 20 eighteen pounders particularly should be required to be landed, and that Carriages should be immediately prepared for them. It was assented to be the Meeting, but if the Stopping of them was wrong, I must beg that it may be considered as entirely my act. It was said at first that it would require Seven or Ten days to make serviceable Carriages for them, but in less than half an hour, Two of the Capitol Block Makers in Hull came to us at the Meeting, and contracted to deliver the 20 carriages by nine o'clock on the next day's Saturday Evening.

I had the satisfaction to see several of these Carriages ready for us by 12 o'clock on the Saturday morning, and the whole I believe was or would have been completed within the Time. The Guns were taken out of the Ship's Hold on the Saturday Morning, and some of them mounted and carried to the Artillery Ground where there had formerly been a Battery, and which in a few Hours would have been ready for Use. A Battery on one of the Curtains in the Garrison was also making ready for these new Guns.

The Account which was received at Hull on Saturday evening, that Paul Jones' Squadron was standing off the Coast and supposed with the intention to go to Gottenburgh, as a very fresh wind served him, occasioned some Slackness in accelerating the Works, but I have nevertheless Hopes that they were completed Yesterday Evening, and I must Hope and earnestly recommend that not only the above Preparations should continue, but that also Batteries at Marfleet and at Pauls should immediately be ordered. The Batteries formed by the new Guns would have been served by the Sea Captains and Seamen of the Port of Hull, with the Assistance of Captain O'Hara, the regulating Captain, and who in every respect was ready to be of all possible Assistance.

Col. Morris and Capt. Torrot of the Garrison were also equally ready, and the Gentlemen and Merch and Inhabitants of Hull were quite Alert, and pleased with the Thoughts of some better Hope and Mode of Defence than had at first appeared. One Gentleman, Mr Standridge, had offered on Friday Morning to erect and command and serve with the Seamen belong to his Vessel Battery which he would Erect as his own Expence, on which some of the Hull's ships Guns should be mounted.

I understand there are in Hull many Ship's Guns, but being in general only 3 pounders they would not have been of much avail. Mrs Standridge's Proposition was Negatived on the Friday Morning, but probably would have been afterwards adopted.

Some Gentlemen at the Meeting thought that the Assent of Govt was necessary. I did not press the matter at that Time, but desired Leave to offer to make a Present to the Town, of some 18 pounders, provided it met with His Majesty's Approbation, and which Guns I proposed should always be looked on as belonging to the Town and Corporation, to be Manned and served by their own People, and formed into a Battery either at Marfleet or at Pauls.

I must therefore desire your Lordship to lay this my humble request before His Majesty, and it will make me happy to hear that His Majesty would graciously permit it, as I think it would give Pleasure to the Town to have a Battery in any degree respectable, and which I doubt not would be well served whatever the Occasion of an Enemy Fleet make an attempt to come up Humber.

I have wrote a letter to the ^{Ld} Amherst, and shall shortly trouble his Lordship in regard to a Battery at Marfleet and at Pauls. Marfleet is within two miles of the Garrison, and would therefore be easily protected from any Attempt by Land, from the Assistance which the Regiment in Hull could give it. At Pauls it would require something of a Fort and Battery, as it is ten miles from Hull, but My Lord, tho I see the absolute Necessity of securing the Port of Hull, against the Attack of Frigates etc., by Sea, Yet I would not call upon Govt for a large Expence in the Situation of the Finances of this Country. A few Thousands expended, would afford much Security to that important Port.

Ever since the year 1759, when I was there, I have always considered that Batteries at Pauls and Marfleet were necessary. At present it is still much more necessary, and this Country has so many Enemies by Sea and has not a Naval adequate to the Security and Protection of Every Port of the Coast, at all Times.

The Report of Paul Jones' Squadron, which was received on Saturday Evening, was fully confirmed on Sunday. I had also the pleasure the hear that in the Night a frigate of 36 Guns, one of 28, the Cerebus, and an Armed Ship of 40 Guns and three Sloops of 16 Guns Each had passed Spurn Head standing to the Northward. It is possible they may overtake Jones' Squadron, as both his own Ship and the Serapis were so mauled as that they can scarce make much way. There is also another Circumstance which may retard him, as he probably in his Course to Gottensburgh may fall in with our Second Baltic Fleet which was to sail in Six days, after the Fleet which is just arrived. It is happy that our Frigates may be so soon after him, as it may tend to save the Second Baltic Fleet which is even in larger Value than the one whis is arrived.

I must nevertheless add, that by the Account of Five men who escaped in a Boat from Paul Jones' Ship when they were shifting the Prisoners after the Action, the Squadron under Paul Jones is not far inferior of Force to the Frigates etc., which are in pursuit of him. If Paul Jones should escape and get to Harbour and refit his ships, he will be of considerable Force, and I should iamgine the Eclat of his having taken the Serapis would occasion the French to place more and more formidable Force, than that which he has lately appeared.

In that view I should hope and humbly recommend that this Northern Coast should be protected by Ships at Sea, and that no

practical Precautions should be omitted at Land.

May I beg that your Lordship will state the Particulars of this letter in the most respectful and dutiful manner, to His Majesty. If I presumed too much in stopping the Cannon, I humbly hope His Majesty will be graciously pleased not to disapprove it. If in any other Transaction in this Business I have taken upon me more than I ought, I must hope and trust that His Majesty will put the most favourable Construction. I have the Honour to be, My Lord, With great regard, Your Lordships Most Obedt and Most Humble Servant (signed) Rockingham.
End of the letter.

Another letter dated Tuesday M:Sept 28th 1779. Paul Jones' Squadron being gone and no further Business appearing for me at Hull, I set out late on Sunday Evening and Got here on Monday. (signed) Marq of Rockingham," dated Wentworth.

Another memo re this even as follows: dated October 1st, (no year) By the Account from the Men who left Paul Jones' Ship after the Action and who landed at Bridlington, an account rendered by Mr Foster, Saturday Night Sept 2nd

Bon Homme Richard,	Paul Jones	40 Guns
Alliance,	Lundy	36 do
Pallas	(Coutinea bt Walker, acct	32 do
Monsieur		36 do
Vengeance,	Brig,	12 do
Granville		12 do
Cutter		18 do

Enclosed in Lord Rockingham's item 28 Sep 1779
(end of quotations from letters etc. Resume Watson MSS)

Watson armorial bearings as granted to our ancestor William Watson of Gilley Park or North Cottage, County York, Town of Pickering, England. The residence is a brick mansion about 3 miles from the Town of Pickering.

A shield in gold spitted with erminois with azure chevron between 3 corrusta (chouges) ravens erect. Another silver chevron charged with three crescents red.

Crest A Griffin's head erased in silver between two branches of Laurel erect. In the beak a club gold.

The motto "Mea Gloria Fides", "My glory is Fidelity."

The Watson family were adherents of the Church of England.
Genealogy.

Edward Watson 1460 oldest known ancestor

Ralph Watson of Pickering, County York

Thomas Watson (disinherited the estate passing to another branch of the family cause marriage without consent of his father Ralph Francis Watson, son of Thomas born in Pickering 1794 died in Clinton New York March 17 1872

Sarah H Watson, daughter of Francis Watson and Eleanor Tompkins born in Troy NY Jan 25 1828 died unmarried in Westmoreland NY March 5 1848

James T Watson, only son of Francis Watson and Eleanor Tompkins born in Troy NY May 2 1830

Francis T Watson, son of James T Watson and Hannah M Resseguie
born in Westmoreland NY Oct 14 1851

Charles E Watson, second son of James T Watson and Hannah Resseguie
born in Westmoreland NY Jun 6 1854

Sarah H Watson, only daughter of James T Watson and Hannah M
Resseguie born in Westmoreland NY Mar 13 1856 died unmarried
in Clinton NY May 11 1888

Allyn R Watson, son of James T Watson and Hannah M Resseguie born
in Clinton NY Oct 18 1867 died in Clinton NY Jun 9 1871

George Mills Watson son of Francis T Watson and Adele E Mills
deceased, born in Fonda NY Nov 19 1876

Alice May Watson daughter of Charles E Watson and Sarah E White
born in Clinton NY May 6 1877

Hattie Adele Watson second daughter of Charles E Watson and Sarah
E White born in Clinton NY Oct 9 1880

Karl Watson son of Charles E Watson and Sarah E White born in
Clinton NY Feb 13 1890

Paul Resseguie Watson 2nd son of Charles E Watson and Sarah E
White born in Clinton NY Apr 29 1896.

This boy gets the name of Paul from an ancestor Paul Bonticue
le Jeune, a resident of the Isle of Re near La Rochelle. He
was probably ~~xxx~~ a brother of Pierre or Peter who emigrated
to New York in 1648. His wife was Margaret Collinot. See
Bontekoe Geanalogy to follow herein

The name of Watson was assumed by our family in 1391.

Tompkins of Ireland

In Watson MSS abovementioned.

Tompkins, Ireland 1598. Emigrated from England. Religion Church
of England.

(Not by RT, the Watson MSS has a marginal notation saying "The
Tompkins had a strain of East Indian blood, most probably Hindoo.
The family are strongly marked down to the present generation. See
Burkes Heraldry." Mr Watson was in error. the Indian strain

was from Mimi, a Wyandott girl married in the Tompkins branch
later of Chappaqua NY and Vicinity.) Known as Jemima Outhouse in
our Tompkins-Tompkins Genealogy and in The Clan of Tomkyns.)

Mr Watson describes our arms as follows but apparently the design
he saw was of some other family allied to the Watson and Tompkins
and the designed was a shield with quarterings. Our coat of arms
as in Tompkins-Tompkins Genealogy is the correct, without any
quarterings. If we had a coat of arms containing all the quarter-
ings the Tompkins line is entitled to it would have dozens of
them as it goes back to and thru the Plantagenets. RT

To resume the Watson MSS:

History.

John Tompkins of Kings County Ireland and Elizabeth Benton his
wife, emigrated to America 1770 just before the war between Great
Britain and her American colonies. He settled near Cambridge,
Washington County New York.

John Tompkins died and was buried in the old church yard
of Ash Grove near Cambridge where his body now lies. He died
July 21 1800 age 73.

Elizabeth his wife was blind for many years. She was born in

1729 and was buried in the Westmoreland and South Evergreen cemetery where a stone was erected to her memory. The church yard at Ash Grove is well cared for, and a good stone marks the resting place of John Tompkins. He died in 1809 age 38 years, born 1771.

The funeral service for James Tompkins was preached by Bishop Anthon, an Episcopalian. (Note by RT These refer to John and James Tompkins, sons of John Tompkins and Elizabeth Benton).

James Tompkins, son of John Tompkins and Elizabeth Benton born in Ireland 1762, died in Westmoreland 1828 age 66 years.

John Tompkins (married Eunice Butler) brother of James, died in early life, and was buried with the family in Evergreen cemetery. He left one son, John, and several daughters, all now (1886) dead. John was a graduate of Hamilton College about 1838 and was a Congregational minister for 25 years at Marcellus NY. He died about 1860 leaving several sons and one daughter. Sister, Betsey Mrs Grover, Sylvia Mrs Bushnell and Martha Mrs Copts.

The crosses on the family shield indicates that the Tompkins are descendants of Crusaders. The family was originally from England and probably emigrated to Ireland about the time of James 1st, and were put in possession of confiscated Catholic lands near Londonderry, Ulster County.

Genealogy.

John Tompkins, Kings County Ireland. Elizabeth Benton his wife.

John is buried in the church yard at Ash Grove, Washington County near Cambridge, died 1800. Elizabeth his wife is buried in the South Street cemetery in Westmoreland. She was blind for many years born 1729 died 1922 age 93 years.

James Tompkins son of John Tompkins and Elizabeth Benton born in Ireland 1762 died in Westmoreland 1828 age 66 years.

Sarah Hanna wife of James Tompkins and daughter of Nathaniel Hanna was born in Ireland 1759 died in Westmoreland Dec 20 1847 age 89 years.

Elizabeth, or Betsey) daughter of James Tompkins and Sarah Hanna born in Westmoreland or Cambridge 1787 married to Mathias Aram, died in Ohio 1844 aged 57 years.

John Tompkins, son of James Tompkins and Sarah Hanna born in Westmoreland 1789 married Miss Allen of Walesville, married 2nd in Pennsylvania, died in Iowa 1855 age 66 years.

Mary, Daughter of James Tompkins and Sarah Hanna born in Westmoreland 1792 married to George Tindall, died in Westmoreland 1855 age 67 years.

Nathaniel Tompkins, son of James Tompkins and Sarah Hanna born in Westmoreland 1794 married to Petsy Storms died in Milwaukee Wisconsin 1868 age 74 years

Eleanor Tompkins, daughter of James Tompkins and Sarah Hanna born in Westmoreland 1796 married to Francis Watson, died in Clinton NY Jan 25 1883 g 87 years

William Tompkins, son of James Tompkins and Sarah Hanna born in Westmoreland 1798 married to Susan Toll died in Iowa 1863 age 65.

The old Tompkins home in Westmoreland from 1790 to about 1825 was headquarters for the ~~old~~ early Methodists and furnished a free hostelry for the old Methodist champions, Bishops Asbury

and the eccentric and more than half crazy Lorenzo Dow. A further history of the family in connection with the Methodist church will be given in the Hannah history to follow herein.

Hanna, Scotland 1296, emigrated to Ireland. Religion Presbyterian. Related to Clan Campbell, lived Inverness near Muray Firth.

Armorial bearings, three roebucks heads couped placed on the shield. The heads in gold with collars and bells with a mullet in the point of the collar (a mullet is the rowel of a spear with five points and a hole in the center (indicates a warrior race), crest a great griffin head erased.

Within the horns of a crescent a cross crosslet fifted (that means straight up and down and pointed) issuing out of the crescent. Cross in silver, crescent in gold.

Motto: Per Ardua ad Alta, "Through difficult things to the heights."

The Hannas are descended from Scotch ancestry who were Crusaders as indicated by their crest, the crescent and the crosses. They probably removed to Ireland during the time of James 1st and took a soldier's grant 1611.

Genealogy:

Nathaniel Hanna, born in Ireland 1717, came to America 1770 died in Westmoreland 1808 age 86.

Eleanor Chamberlain his wife born in Ireland 1722 died in Westmoreland 1808 age 96.

Sarah Hanna, daughter of Nathaniel Hanna and Eleanor Chamberlain born in Ireland 1759 died in Westmoreland 1847 age 89. She was wife of James Tompkins married in Cambridge NY. Came to America in 1770.

Ann Hanna, daughter of Nathaniel Hanna and Eleanor Chamberlain born in Ireland 1755, died near Cambridge, Washington Co NY in 1837. She was wife of John Baker, died age 82.

John Hanna, son of Nathaniel Hanna and Eleanor Chamberlain born in Ireland 1764, died in or near Cambridge, Washington Co NY 1813 age 49, married Margaret Empey, she died 1815 age 56

Robert Hanna, oldest son Nathaniel Hanna and Eleanor Chamberlain born in Ireland 1748, married Anna Tompkins, died in Westmoreland 1822 age 74 years.

Anna Tompkins, wife of Robert Hanna, born in Ireland 1768 died in Westmoreland 1822 age 54 years.

Family History.

As their armorial bearings indicate, they were descendants of Crusaders. They emigrated to Ireland in the time of James 1st, and occupied Catholic lands confiscated under a soldier's grant. The family suffered greatly during the frequent insurrections of the Catholics.

The family were represented in the famous siege of Londonderry in 1689, and after the siege was raised they followed the victorious army of William and Mary to the South of Ireland, and were present at the Battle of the Boyne when King James was

irrevocably defeated and the Protestants obtained the ascendancy under William and Mary. During the latter part of the 18th century, the Catholics were very restless, being constantly stirred up by emissaries of James and son James 3rd, and afterwards by Prince Charles Edward, his son.

At that time, Nathaniel Hanna, father of Sarah Hanna who married James Tompkins, was Sheriff of Kings County. He was born and bred a soldier, and served many years in the Continental wars called the Seven Years War 1756-1763 and between George III and Charles Edward the Pretender, assisted by France and Spain, son of James 3rd called the Pretender.

He was every inch a soldier, tall in stature, measuring six feet two in his stocking feet. He was a soldier the early part of his life, and fought many campaigns in the Netherlands as an officer of Dragoons.

(Note by RT This refers to Nathaniel Hanna.)

To resume the Watson MSS.

The writer of this article has in his possession a spur that was worn by our ancestors. It was presented to me by John Hanna of Cambridge, now deceased, whose family has it. His pistols when last heard from were in the Walton family of Pennsylvania, via a daughter of Robert Hanna who married Walton.

Judge Enos of Hampton related to me when a boy, some of the incidents of the later part of Nathaniel Hanna's life. The Judge said that in the early history of Oneida County perhaps from 1795 to 1800, the militia drilled annually in the field on the corner of South Street leading to Hampton, opposite and east of the present (1886) Tyler residence, which at that time was kept as a tavern.

Our ancestor was a great horseman, and at those parades Judge Enos said he had many times seen him drop his sword on the ground and recover it at a full gallop, and at that time he was between 75 and 80 years. As a rigid Protestant and Sheriff of the County in Ireland, he had a great deal of trouble with the Catholics who were very restless. He summarily executed many of them and they had sworn that he would never die in his bed.

He finally left Ireland prior to the great rebellion in 1770, sacrificing a large property for the sake of peace and liberty and life, and finally died peacefully in his bed in the town of Westmoreland. As he lay in his coffin, his pale face showed scars across his countenance, the old record of a sabre cut during his soldier life.

While Sheriff of Kings County, it was his duty to arrest and summarily deal with all marauders who were caught with arms and dressed in white smock, and went by the local name of "White Boys," and who made it their nightly business to raid the houses of the Protestants and rob and murder the inmates. They would meet by concerted signal and in a body work the destruction of some family and then scatter, thus evading detection and punishment. Swift retribution always followed their capture and the nearest trees would speedily bear human fruit.

Our grandmother has often related to me stirring incidents of her early life in Ireland. At one time the Catholics conspired to massacre all the Protestant children and the day was named to put the plot in execution. So as to avoid the mistake of killing

those of their religion, they tied a green ribbon around their necks. The slaughter was to be done when they were at school. The plot was discovered in time, and grandmother said she and the other Protestant children wore the green ribbons also for a long time, and thus the massacre was averted. At one time a young Catholic was their school teacher, and was boarding at their house when the "White Boys" appeared one night and threatened them with attack. While the men in the house were getting their fire arms ready, he left the house saying he would not stay where they was going to be blood shed. Of course he informed the marauders that the family was prepared for them, and the attack that night was deferred.

Grandmother was one of the oldest children, and many times when a girl was obliged to hide in the wheat fields with the other children while the men were defending the house from the attacks of the White Boys. One of her uncles while travelling peaceably along the highway was captured by them and roasted on a grid iron to make him tell where money was concealed. Her father at one time had information given him that a sick Catholic lady had appointed a rendezvous at her home of the marauders to go out on one of their expeditions. He had her house watched closely, and discovered that she was in the habit of calling them together when wanted by blowing a "Bull horn," He ambushed her house and lay in wait for her signal which she soon made.

When she found she was caught, she hid the horn under her petticoat, but he was not long getting possession of it, and blowing loud blasts on it soon brought in a score or more of the desperadoes, of whom he made short work hanging them at once on the surrounding trees. The horn was brought to this country and was in the family of Robert Hanna. His daughter had it cut up and made into combs for their head decoration, side combs I think.

I have heard grandmother often in conversations with Robert Carter, a cousin of hers, refer to some of the privations some of the family endured at the celebrated siege of Londonderry. And heard Carter say his oldest brother was one of the members.

Prior to her coming to America, a sick aunt of hers, the wife of an East India Merchant, made her brilliant offers to stay with her in the old country, but she preferred to follow her family. I understand that the other branches of the Hanna family came to America prior to the Revolution and settled in Johnstown and Cambridge. They were what they called Scotch Irish, and when the war between England and the colonies broke out, remained loyal to the King, in other words, were Johnson's Tories. After the war they took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government and were allowed to retain their lands. I cannot recall all the family names, but among them were the Clanceys, Empeys and Carters, McRees and others.

I am led to believe the ~~ancestors of the~~ Hanna and Tompkins families embraced Methodism after coming to this country. The two families were closely intermarried, Hanna marrying a Tompkins and the latter marrying a Hanna, making the children double cousins. (Note by RT. Mr Watson, in an item on the margin wrote that both families became Methodists before they emigrated from Ireland,

and were great friends and protectors of the Wesleys in those troublous days.)

The Bakers and the Hannas also intermarried. About the time the families came to America, the Methodist wave was sweeping over the whole country, and it is my impression that at time they became Methodists. It is no uncommon thing for one family to entertain a household of thirty or more for days at a time, during the progress of their quarterly meetings.

Old Lorenzo Dow with his wife Peggy seated behind him on horseback, and other bretheren and sisters would swarm in from many miles around, and Grandfather would kill a fat steer which would quickly disappear in such a company bodies near as hungry as souls. In the latter part of his life Grandfather Tompkins had some difficulty with his Methodist bretheren and left them and re-united with his old church, the Episcopal at Paris, and died a member of that church. Bishop Anthon preaching his funeral sermon. Grandmother retained her connection and died a member of the Methodist church.

They suffered the usual privations of the early settlers, and at one timewere so closely pressed for means that he was on the point of selling his gun, which at that time was considered a necessary article to the sttlers as a protection from the Indians, but luckily he shot a fine otter on the creek, the skin of which brought a considerable sum and relieved the pressing need.

Grandmother was a very pious woman and often said she considered it an answer to her prayers for divineaid in their sore need.

The children were born to them in a mean log hovel. As time passed the family prospered, and erected a good house and barns. When grandfather died left to each of his sons a good farm,, and with the narrow minded ideas of the day he gave to each daughter a few hundred dollars, and to his wife a pittance that in her later days yielded her an income of less than eighty dollars a year. The oldest son John was what might be called an unlucky man. At one time quite wealthy a steady money making man, he seemed to have a continued run of hard luck and died a poor man.

Nathaniel, the second son was a sharp and keen business man, and never allowed relationship to stand in the way of a good trade. He had many enemies and changes of fortune, and heavy law suits, and was alternately well to do ad again without a dollar. In his old age he lost heavily by signing for others, but died leaving a comfortable property. His great mistake at last was putting his property into his eldest daughter's hands to avoid payment of some paper for which his name was held. The usual result need not be told, but his second daughter has done his name tardy justice by erecting a fine monument to his memory in Milwaukee. The eldest daughter has lost all her ill-gotten property and is spending her declining years toiling on a Dakota prairie farm and her roof-tree is a miserable board tenement.

William, the third and youngest son was a man of fine presence and genial disposition. All the brothers were above medium size. John was over six feet tall with a massive frame; Nathaniel was nearly six feet with square and heavy form; and William was over six feet tall with a fine form and strong frame. He was a strong political partisan and a prominent Democrat in Oneida County, holding several political offices of trust. He was a deputy sheriff

at the time of the famous McLeon trial, and commanded the guard over the jail in Whitesboro during the exciting period. Late in life he removed to Ohio, and at a later period to Iowa where he died and his remains lie. He was a noble man. Peace to his ashes. (See the Patriot War in Canada.)

Elizabeth, ususally called Betsey was the oldest daughter and was the mother of a large family. She was a large, fine looking woman of good form, and always enjoying (?) poor health, altho she lived to a good age of 55 years. She was a very religious woman and belonged to the Methodist church.

Mar the second daughter was short and thick set. She was good looking and always pleasant and happy, never happier than when doing good to others. She was one of the salt of this earth, a grand, noble hearted woman, making no open profession of religion but living daily the life of a heroine. She died as she had lived, and her memory is fresh in the hearts of all who knew her, unselfish, generous and good. The memory of such a woman is as a pure cold spring in the desert, a glittering diamond by the roadside of life, age 63 years.

Eleanor, the third and youngest daughter, my mother, was a woman of great energy, of character, and a remarkably strong constitution. She was fair looking, tall in stature and with an excellent form. She was a very active person and this characteristic stayed by her during her entire life. She lived to the ripe age of 86 years and died suddenly while asleep in her bed. She was a member of the Methodist church from childhood.

Francis Watson, my father, was early in life turned adrift to shift for himself. The son of a man in delicate health, and a gentleman who did not know how to work, and lived on a pension, the wreck of a disinheritance when he married a second wife, there was no room for his first children, one son and two daughters and they consequently had no house as they made one.

Father, when ten years old was Bootes in the hotel of Pickering, Scraboro and Filey, from which position he was promoted to Hostler and Beever about 1820. He came to America via New York and Lake Champlain to Canada where he spent one or two years. He then walked with his bundle from Niagara Falls to Waterville where he worked in a distillery. In 1826 he married Eleanor Tompkins, and hired the Hoyle farm at Troy NY, and engaged in gardening and the sale of milk. About 1830 he bought the old Tompkins homestead of William Tompkins and in about 1834 he removed from Troy to Westmoreland, bought some land adjoining the old farm and built his house, which he occupied until about 1854, when he sold it and bought nine acres near by on which he built a house, and occupied it until about 1866 when he sold it and removed to Clinton, where he died in 1871 aged 77.

He was a good man of good moral character and a leading member of the Methodist church with which he united in Troy and continued until his death. His early experiences affected his life. He was obliged to get his education at evening schools. He was a fair scholar, well read and an excellent penman. He was quiet and unassuming in manner, very obliging to his neighbors by whom he was universally respected. Owing to his early education and circumstances he did not develope very strong traits of character.

Sarah H Watson, my sister, was beautiful in form and feature and endowed with lovely traits of character. No fault, if any, was yielding to her disposition. If she had more stamina of character she would have been better fitted to buffet the storms of life. It is a trite saying that the good die young. She was too good for this world, and a kind father took her in early life to a better house, where sickness and sorrow and pain and death are felt and feared no more. Lapse of time has no power to weaken my memory of her. She was our only sister and we were the only children linked together from early childhood almost to man's estate. She was ever kind, affectionate and true. Her death caused a blank to me that never has been filled and her memory is sweet.

Allyn R Watson, our dear little one became death's shining mark at an early age. In his early loss we have this consolation in our sorrow that ~~his~~ our loss is his gain. It was hard to part with him. Long years failed to soften the poignancy of our sorrow at his loss, but it was doubtless for the best. "God doeth all things well."

Sarah H Watson, our dear daughter, too, has left us to join the throng that has gone before to that future place appointed for all the living. Arriving to years of full maturity with her life nearly all before her, it pleased a supreme and kind power to remove her from a world of vexation and trials to a peaceful future beyond the tomb. We mourn her loss though we would not call her back. She is in a better land and we will join her soon. Till then we will strive to make the best use of the good that is given us in this life, thus fitting ourselves for the future life beyond.

I cannot close these scraps of family history without reverting particularly to the one bright spot in my childhood days, the memory of my Grandmother Sarah Tompkins. She was my beau ideal of all that was good, loving and kind. In Grandmother I always had a friend to shield me from trouble and give me her kindly counsel. It was my greatest delight to light her pipe and sitting on a stool at her feet to listen to her tales of family history and the trials she passed through in early life before she left Ireland, and after she settled in the wild new country that is now our home.

Her capacious pockets always had a store of nuts, candy, or loaf sugar, and they always honoured my drafts. Grandmother was a noble woman and I loved her dearly. She had my perfect confidence and she never abused it. I look back through the long years and back to my boyhood days, and my thoughts are always of my Grandmother, so true and kind.

Family Cemeteries in the State of New York.

At the old Ash Grove cemetery near Cambridge, Washington County repose the bones of John Tompkins who emigrated from Ireland in 1770. He has a stone to his memory and the cemetery is kept in good repair. It is the old burying ground of the older members of our family who remained in Washington County, and one of the oldest in the state.

The Evergreen Cemetery lot 65 contains the remains of the oldest members of our family who came to Oneida County in the latter part

of the last century. They all have stones erected to their memory, and it is my intention at some time in the future to erect a monument there. This cemetery is located on South St Town of Westmoreland .

The Union County Town of Westmoreland is the burial place of our immediate family the Watsons, and we have a suitable monument erected with the heraldic bearings of our ancestors inscribed thereon in order that the family record may be perpetuated.

De Resseguier, 1685. France.

Resseguie. French Huguenots of the Province of Languedoc. Family, noble. Armorial bearings A green tree upon a golden shield spotted with (RT obscure, see other authorities for description of coat of arms) A silver chevron having upon it three red roses.

Alexander Resseguie, a Huguenot refugee from the City of Tressleux in Dauphiny, went to London about 1690 where he probably died. There is no record of his death or burial place.

Alexander Resseguie, his son, settled in Norwalk Connecticut in 1709, and died in 1752.

Sara Bonticou, daughter of Pierre Bontecou and Marguerite Collinat his wife, wife of Alexander Resseguie. She was born in France and came to New York 1689. Married Alexander Resseguie Oct 19 1709, died May 1757, supposed to be buried with her husband in the old cemetery in Ridgefield Conn.

Third Generation.

Alexander Resseguie, son born Aug 27 1710, married to Thankful Belden Feb 16 1738. Date of their deaths unknown, buried in the cemetery at Ridgefield Conn.

Fourth Generation. Timothy Resseguie, one of eight children the third son born and sixth child born. Died 28 1754, married to Abigail Lee Jun 5 1785. He died in Verona, Oneida County NY Jan 19 1838. His wife died May 11 1834 both buried in the cemetery at Verona NY.

Fifth Generation. Timothy Resseguie, son born in Northampton NY March 15 1798, married to Eliza Allen, Daughter of Major John Allen and Elizabeth Wall in 1826, died in Rome Mar 28 1865.

Sixth Generation. Hannah Mary Resseguie, daughter of Timothy Resseguie and Eliza Allen, born in Westmoreland Apr 17 1830 married to James T Watson in Rome Jan 8 1851

Chloe Resseguie, sister of Timothy Resseguie and aunt of Mrs H M Watson married a man named Swan. Father of Jeff and Elias Swan. He was a poor stick and deserted his family. His full name was Timothy Dwight Swan. He was born 1774 and died in Duchamville NY 1848. He was Great-uncle of General U S Grant. See Resseguie Genealogy, page 45.

De Resseguier. Resseguie family history. This family is of noble blood and ancient lineage. Their adherence to the Huguenot religion caused them much suffering and loss of property, and they were probably glad to escape and leave their real estate subject to confiscation. Alexander, the first

of the name in our family history fled with his family to England about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. He carried his money and title deeds and other valuables in a small hair trunk studded with nails, with his initials set in one end with nails. The trunk is now the property of George E Gray of California. He went to England and probably died there as we have no record of his coming to America. His son Alexander came to New York and married Sarah Bontecoe about 1709.

He bought three townships in Connecticut, Norwalk, Ridgefield and Milton, owning over 100 estates in three townships.

Alexander and wife Sara were buried in the town of Ridgefield in the old cemetery in which only two grave stones now remain, and their graves, with many others are lost. He left an estate of 8,786 pounds sterling, some \$43,920.

Alexander son of the above lived and died in Ridgefield, and was buried in the same cemetery. The grave of himself and wife like his father's and mother's, are lost.

Timothy, his son, came to Oneida County where he died in 1838, he was a soldier in the Revolution, a Tory. He married Abigail Lee. His wife became insane in her later days and in one of her acute spells, destroyed a number of valuable papers that were contained in the old trunk, French title deeds, etc. Her mother, Mary Lee, died in the town of Paris in 1805 age 59 years. She lies all alone in the cemetery at Paris Hill, a stone marking her resting place.

Timothy, the son, spent most of his life in Oneida County. He was a man of marked ability and was respected by all for his strict integrity. He died on his farm and was buried in Verona 1865. His wife was buried by his side in 1868. At the present time, but two of his children are living, Charles E in Ludington Michigan, and Hannah M in Clinton, Oneida County. For additional information see Resseguie Genealogy by Morris.

The burial place of the family since leaving Connecticut is in the Verona cemetery, Oneida County.

Abigail Lee, wife of Timothy Resseguie was daughter of Deacon John Lee. She was born Oct 27 1760, died May 11 1834. Her mother Mary, wife of Deacon John Lee, died and was buried in the Paris cemetery on the road leading to Clinton in 1805. Her maiden name is unknown. Her grave stone stands near the stone fence which borders the road leading to Clinton, on the Clinton side of the main entrance. The inscription on the stone reads as follows: In Memory of Mary Lee, consort of Deacon John Lee, who died in this town Oct 11th 1805 in the fifty ninth year of her age.

Deacon John Lee, husband of Mary Lee whose grave is in Paris, was probably a native of Connecticut. He came from Saratoga to Paris about 1800. After his wife's death in 1805, he removed to Verona, where he died Oct 8 1820, aged 83 years. He was great grandfather of Mrs J T Watson.

Bontekoe (Bonticue*. Holland. Huguenots. Armorial bearings, white or silver horse standing on a green ground. The name is of Flemish origin meaning a brindle or spotted cow.

First Generation. Guilliame or William Isbrand Bontekoe, who lived in the 17th century.

Rank. In 1619, Admiral in the Dutch Navy. The name Bontekoe was given to the family in this way: a burgher of Alemaer named Johan Gerard Decker had an eccentric son named Cornelius van Decker. He was a noted physician of those times, and stood high in favor with Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg. He was born in 1647 and died 1685. He was given the name Bontekoe by the people because he appended to his house a picture of a cow of many colors. The name was continued by his descendants. He was accidentally killed, and the Elector honored him with a pompous funeral.

Pierre Bontekoe, grandson of the Admiral, a merchant of La Rochelle France, refugee, came to New York in 1689.

Sara Bontekoe, daughter of Pierre and wife of Alexander Resseguie. She was one of eight children, as follows:

Marguerite, born in France,

Peter,

Sara, born in France,

Daniel,

Susanne,

Marie, and Rachel, twins born in New York 1690,

Timothy born in New York 1693.

The parents were buried in the grave yard in what is now Pine St New York, owned by the Church of the Holy Ghost, Episcopal, on the ground where now stands the U S Treasury buildings. In 1831 the ~~remains~~ remains were removed to the Churchyard of St Marks on the Bowery where they now repose. Other authority says they were removed in 1831 and placed in a vault in St Marks church yard, Stuyvesant Place and Second Avenue where they continue to repose.

For a full history of the Bontekoe Family, see Bontecoe Genealogy by Morris.

September 29 1893/ In a recent visit to New York I have ascertained the following facts relating to the history of the old French inhabitants of New York City. When the French society owning the church in Pine St, called l'Eglise de Saint Esprit, or the Church of the Holy Ghost (or Spirit), sold the ground to the U S government for the erection of the sub-treasury, the graves in the church yard were opened and what remained of their contents were put in boxes and with some of the grave stones, were placed in a vault in the church yard in the Bowery, now corner of 2nd Avenue and 10th St. The vault was purchased for that purpose. It bears no inscription except "Vault 85". It is situated a little to the rear, and a few feet to the left of the left rear corner of the church, and quite close to the fence adjoining the street. The church yard is full of vaults. St Marks is an Episcopal church. I think the new French church is in or near 22nd Street. J T W.

For further details see Bontekoe Genealogy by Morris.

Govenor Peter Stuyvesant was buried in St Marks church yard. His monumental stone is built in the wall of the church in the left hand corner facing 2nd Avenue in the side wall just around the corner from the front, and to your right as you enter the church.

Tompkins- Hanna- Watson * Addenda.

Relating to the early history of the Tompkins, Hanna branches in Ireland. As near as I can ascertain their homes were in or near

the towns of Maryborough and Mountrath, County Queens. Have been unable to locate any place in Kings County as yet/
 Gilley Park, the old homestead of the Watson family in situated three miles from Filey, a summer sea resort, and but a few miles from Pickering, County of York, England. It is a large brick mansion and is a regular old English manor house with the little hamlet adjoining, Wood Newton and North Burton are adjacent.

Description of Grave stone in the old Ash Grove cemetery erected to the memory of John Tompkins, my great grandfather. At this present date, April 1893, it is perfect and stands solid and firm. The foot stone is irregular about 15 inches high by 12 inches wide, with the letters J T cut in one side, headstone white marble, irregular arch top. Head of John Wesley, and scroll work above and below.

"In Memory of
 Mr John Tomkins
 In this the fate that all must die,
 will death no ages spare
 Then let us all to Jesus fly
 And seek for refuge there."

The Ash Grove church was the second Methodist church in America. The Hanna homestead is a mile or so beyond the old cemetery. The old Tompkins homestead about half a mile beyond the Hanna house and at the base of Goose Egg Mountain.

Resuming about the Ash Grove church. The Society was organized in 1770. The church was built in 1788. The first burial was made in 1786.

The settlement was founded by Rev. Philip Emberry, and a colony of Irish Methodists in 1770.

Older relatives of the family and who settled there before the War of the Revolution, were the families of McKie, Clancy, Empey, Cooper, and Carter, Belden, (or Belding) and Andross.

John Hanna, son of Nathaniel Hanna, left a son Nathaniel. He had a son John, whose son now lies on the old homestead at the base of Goose Egg Mountain. The above also had another son, John, who had eight children. He was living at Fairfax Court House during the War of the Rebellion, and was a Union man. Died after the war age 92.

I have the following family tradition from my grandmother, Sarah Hanna, wife of James Tompkins, and daughter of Nathaniel Hanna.

Her grandfather, or rather her great grandfather Hanna with his family were in the siege of Londonderry, where he was killed and her great grandmother was stricken blind, when King William (Prince of Orange) raised the siege. They with many other Protestant refugees followed William's army South, and with her young son, the father of Nathaniel were present, and with the army at the Battle of the Boyne about 1690.

I cannot say how she became blind whether by disease or injury. I have when a small boy, heard my grandmother and her cousin Robert Carter, converse on the subject.

Ancestors of the Hanna Family.

Chamberlain. Coat of arms shield in azure, three large mullets up and down in centre in gold, four bars each side of mullets, and up and down in silver all surrounded by a row of mullets ~~and~~ with five points in silver.

The Hanna branch show by their coat of arms to belong to the the Scottish Clan Campbell, and were probably Highlanders living in Scotland near the City of Inverness and the famous castle of the Thane of Cawdor where MacBeth murdered King Duncan about 1046.

The crest of the Campbells is a stag head, that of the Hannas is three roebucks heads couped on a shield etc. A roebuck is a small red variety, and a stag is a male roebuck.

Hanna. Killed at siege of Londonderry 1689.

--- Hanna, son of above, with King William at the Battle of the Boyne.

Nathaniel Hanna, son of above born 1717 died 1808 age 86

Robert Hanna, son, born 1748 died 1822

John, brother of Robert Hanna born 1764 died 1813.

Bontekoe.

William Isbrand Bontekoe, a Captain in the Flemish navy was probably grandfather of Pierre or Peter Bontekoe of the Isle of Re near La Rochelle, a seaport of France. For further information see Bontekoe Genedogy by Morris. Also see a translation of Tales of the Sea by Dumas and rendered into English by Mrs Carrie Spicer Watson, which I am carefully preserving.

Peter is father of our line, and his wife was Margaret Collinet. Their daughter Sara born in France married to Alexander Resseguie of Norwalk Connecticut Oct 19 1709.

Their first son Alexander was born Aug 27 1710 He married Thankful Belden Feb 16 1737.

Alexander, husband of Sara Bontekoe died Oct 1752 leaving an estate valued at 8,784 pounds equal to \$43,920.

These are supposed to be records of the oldest sons only, or of surviving on who became heir.

The earliest records of the Watson family so far obtainable have been kindly furnished me by Edward M Watson of Marquette County Michigan, and are as viz:

He obtained from early records of Yorkshire England dated 1660 as viz: The original Watson commences with records of Bolton, no date given. This son Johannis (John) 1307. His son Walter 1321. His son (wills 1361) William who assumed the name of Watson in 1391, married Margaret, daughter of Robert Tuft.

William had a son Christopher 1478 (This seems to be the first generation after the family assumed the name of Watson.

Christopher had a son William 1508. William had a son Richard 1516, who had a son Thomas 1524 (Note by RT these dates probably refer to dates of Wills not births) These wills named the persons named above but we do not know WHEN they were born RT).

Richard had three sons, William, Rowland and Edward.

Edward had a son Edward who died 1666 at East Hayes. The above record is called Visitations of Easthayes, which is probably the same village, manor or hall in Yorkshire.

Watson. The name of Watson when first in use in 1391 meant son of Walter. See Hann's Scotch Irish vol 2nd page 406. At the close of the Revolutionary War, General Washington owned a large tract of land in the north part of what is now town of Richland, and the Eastern part of the town of Westmoreland, Lairdsville, Heckla, and the village of Hampton, now called Westmoreland, bounded on the West by the lands of Judge Dean, and on the East by Oriskany Creek. Our old farm was deeded by General Washington and Governor Clinton to Ephraim Jesse of Cambridge and by him to James Tompkins in 1786. At his death in 1828 the farm passed to his youngest son William and from him to Francis Watson in 1832.

Allen. Ancestry of Eliza Allen, wife of Timothy Resseguie.

William Wall, a native of Ireland, was brought to America when a small boy by Captain Godard of Newport, Rhode Island, and continued a long time in his employ. William Wall married Susan Godard, daughter of Captain Godard and had 8 children by her, William Wall died 1742

Susan Godard Wall, his wife, married John Allen by whom she had one son, James Allen born Feb 14 1749

David Allen, son of James Allen married Hannah Wall, daughter of Samuel Wall and Elizabeth Coggeshall. Samuel Wall died in 1813 aged 77 years.

His wife, Elizabeth died Oct 29 1775, her maiden name was Spencer In 1776 Samuel married his second wife who died in 1833 leaving one son, her age was 91 years.

James Allen, son of John Allen and Susan Godard, widow of William Wall born 1749, married to Martha Pierce who was born in 1747 and married as above Feb 10 1763. They had 13 children 9 sons and 4 daughters.

John P Allen, called Major Allen, son of James Allen, was born July 17 1767 in Connecticut or Rhode Island married to Elizabeth Wall Feb 2 1795. They had 12 children, 9 sons and 3 daughters, 10 of them were born in Amsterdam, Montgomery County NY.

Eliza, or Elizabeth Allen, daughter of John P Allen and Elizabeth Wall was born in Amsterdam, NY March 27 1806. She married Timothy Resseguie 1826 and died Aug 27 1868 aged 62 years. Hannah Mary Resseguie, wife of James T Watson of Clinton NY

Elizabeth Wall, wife of Major John P Allen and grandmother of Mrs J T Watson is buried in the cemetery at Lowell, Oneida County NY. She died Jan 23 1836 aged 66 years.

She has one child buried by her side, the rest are scattered, J W P in Oswego, Eliza in Verona, some in Jeff County, and the others in the West.

Priscilla Marble, 2nd wife of Major Allen married Oct 18 1836, had one son by Major Allen before he married his first wife. and

lived in Pennsylvania. Priscilla died Sep 23 1842 aged 76 years, buried Lowell.

Major Allen married for a third wife the widow Sarah Sturtevant, mother of Simon Sturtevant whose wife was Hannah Allen, daughter of Major Allen and a younger sister of Eliza Allen who married Timothy Resseguie.

Tompkins. The name of Tompkins when in first use meant Little Thomas. See Hanna's book vol. 2 page 406. Captain John Tompkins was father of John Tompkins the emigrant who died at Ash Grove in 1800.

After leaving Londonderry, the home of the Tompkins family, was at or near Ballinganane of Kings, about 30 miles from Dublin. See the Journal of Memorials of the Dead in Ireland, vol. VI page 58.

Alexander Tompkins born 1598 died 1642 Londonderry, buried in Cathedral. His widow married Major John Elwin, left a son Alexander who erected a monument in memory of his father.

Alexander, the son (RT these were Tomkins) who was city Alderman. His son John in December 1688 was Captain of 5th Company of foot soldiers in the siege. See Hanna's Scotch Irish Vol I page 610 relating to the siege of Londonderry by King James II 1689. Another son whose name was Alexander also a Captain. See Hanna's book Vol I page 611.

The family coat of arms is registered at Ulster office. See Hampton's Londonderry Siege page 412.

One George and Alexander Tompkins were residents of city in 1735, the latter then Mayor.

Hanna. The Hannas belong to the Clan Campbell of Argyle and Bradlebone. First trace of Hanna or Hannay in 1296, Gilbert, Captain of the troop of soldiers at Wigton, Scotland, in 1296, a town on or near coast Irish Sea opposite Belfast Ireland.

Family records date from 1296. Gilbert de Hannaethe del Comite de Wiggston. See John Bernard Buckes, Visitation of seats and arms 1853 page 70 London England, also see Joyce's Cyclopaedia of Ireland, New York 1902 plate 33, ill. 396, also Fairbairn's Book of Crests 1905 London England.

Wiggston, or Wiggstown, is a city and county of the same name is in South Scotland, bounded on the South by the Irish sea and on the West by St Patrick's Channel and Belfast Ireland, County Antrim which borders off County Londonderry. These early records seem to indicate French ancestry in the family.

The Hanna who was killed in Londonderry was grandfather of Nathaniel Hanna, given names of Nathaniel's father and grandfather not known.

Nathaniel's father was a boy during the siege. Nathaniel was born about 28 years after, (1717).

Tompkins male branch. Benton female branch.

John Tompkins m. Elizabeth Benton, a descendant of the Gales.

Gale coat of arms. Crest, a ducal coronet. Shield In azure three lions' heads erased, in gold and placed on a shield per fesse. Lions heads on the lower half. Three crosses in silver

on the upper half. Three crosses in silver on the upper half, the center one perpendicular, one lying horizontal on each side. The Lions heads indicate descent from a royal line. Mother often told me the Gales were of high descent. T T M.

Hanna male branch. Chamberlain female branch.
Nathaniel Hanna married Eleanor Chamberlain.

Coat of arms. Crest. As ass head out of a ducal coronet. Shield in azure three large mullets up and down in center in gold, four bars each side of mullets and up and down in silver all surrounded by a row of mullets with 5 points in silver. A mullet is the rowel of a spur which indicates a race of warriors.

Hanna family in America.
In October 1763, King George issued a proclamation offering a free gift of land in Washington and Warren counties to all such soldiers who had served in America or in the European wars, and in the years 1763 to 1765 many discharged Highland soldiers and Scotch Irish settled in that section. In 1765 Nathaniel Hanna, an officer serving in Europe under King George, the Second and Third, was given a land grant of 4000 acres by George the Third, in the southern part of what is now Washington County, and town of Slaem near Cambridge, including a part of Babel Mountain (local name Goose Egg Mountain) a part of ~~the~~ which at the present 1912 is owned by a member of the family by the name of Rollin J Hanna, PO Address RFD 2 Cambridge NY

The old church at Ash Grove cemetery was a long structure and was the second Methodist church in America, and the first one of any denomination between Albany and Canada. My authority for the above statement is family tradition and "McLean Highlanders in America," Colonial documents pages 176-629, also "New York State Historical Association report for 1889, "The War Path" pages 420 and 453-456.

Hanna, oldest. Coat of arms as per Fairbairn Book of Crests, London 1905 see page 78 of Fairbairn.

Hanna, Irish. Joyce Cyclopedia 1902.
The crest and shield indicate intermarriage of the two clans of Normandy, Duke William and the Campbells of Scotland, Gilbert de Hannite, first assumed the name of Hanna at Wigton Scotland 1296.

(RT following was newspaper item included in the Watson MSS).

A Corner in Ancestors. Troy NY June 30 1912. Northern Budget.
by Frances Cowles.

The Watson Family.

Watson, one of the oldest of last names. The family in Yorkshire and their Achievements. Early American Settlers, Robert of Plymouth Massachusetts, John Watson who rescued Peggy Smith, his Bride - Arms of the Yorkshire branch of the Family.

Watson is one of those very early surnames which came from first names. Like Tomson, Jackson, Johnson, Harrison, Robbins, Tomkins, and many others.

It was a name taken when last names became not only fashionable but necessary under the law, because of some favorite or frequent first name in the family. Wat was an early form of Walter, and Watson therefore signified the son of Walter.

One of the old English Watson families is the Yorkshire family whose descendants found prominence in many walks of life. One branch of the family, that established by Edward who lived in 1460, was widespread in England some five hundred years ago.

Edward himself, had 15 children, and the grandson of one of them, Lewis, who served as sheriff under King Charles I of England, was made Baron of Rockingham for his loyalty.

The English poet, William Watson, was born in Yorkshire, and his family probably originally from the same stock as the Baron of Rockingham. William Watson, was himself however, peasant born. His father was a farmer, and he was educated and designed for a farmer, but his talent for poetry was too strong to be conquered.

William Watson was noted as a rather serious man, yet he had a strong good humor. One of his friends once said of him "I never knew a man with so many different smiles." Another offshoot of the Yorkshire Watsons, was Thomas Watson, whose son Francis, born in 1794, founded his branch of the family in America.

Francis landed in the new world in 1720, and went to Clinton New York to settle. He married Eleanor, a daughter of James Tompkins and Sarah Hanna Tompkins, and had a son James Tompkins and had a son James Tompkins Watson, a soldier in the Union army in the Civil War, and manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The earliest settler of the name in America was probably Robert Watson, who was in Plymouth Massachusetts in 1623. His wife's name was Elizabeth, her last name is not recorded. Their children were, George, Robert, Samuel, and probably a daughter Frances who married George Rogers.

One of the famous descendants of the old Puritan first settler, Robert, a descendant in the sixth generation, was Elkanah Watson. On his mother's side Elkanah was descended from Governor Edward Winslow, the third governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Elkanah was noted as an agriculturist and a friend of the colonists at the time of the Revolution. At the beginning of the war he carried a ton and a half of powder to Cambridge for Washington's troops. In 1777 he went to the Southern parts of the United States with more than fifty thousand dollars to be invested in cargoes that were to be sent to the markets of Europe, and he got the money safely to its destination.

An early settle of the name whose American life began in an interesting way was John Watson, the Englishman. He crossed the Atlantic, it is said, on the same sailing vessel with a young woman named Peggy Smith. One day Peggy lost her balance and fell overboard, and the gallant John jumped into the sea and rescued her. Peggy and he became very well acquainted during the rest of the voyage, and shortly after their arrival in the new world, Peggy, or Margaret as was her real name, became Mrs John Watson.

John was in Hartford Connecticut in 1644 when he was a juror there. He may have been there for some years previous to that time. In

1647 he was a highway surveyor. He died in 1650 and his widow died in 1683.

John and Peggy Smith Watson had several children, but only one son, his father's namesake. This John of the second generation married twice, but the last names of his two wives are unknown. His first wife was named Anne, and his second wife was named Sarah. John left an estate of 1017 pounds, and many children. His children were, John, Thomas, Zachariah, Anne, Cyprian, Sarah and Caleb.

John, the eldest of these children married Sarah Steele. He was killed in 172- when he fell ~~like~~ under the overturned load of rails on which he was riding. Thomas was a tailor of Long Island and never married. Zachariah also died unmarried, but the rest of the children married.

Cyprian married first, Elizabeth Steele, and second Abigail whose last name is unknown. Cyprian was one of the first settlers of New Hartford Connecticut, and was moderator of the first meeting which the proprietors of that settlement held. He built a house on the southwest edge of the town, enclosed by a fort, where the soldiers of the town used to fight off the Indians. He died in 1753.

Jacob Watson, another first settler of his name, came to America in the British army under General Wolfe, and was present at the siege of Quebec in 1759. After his fighting was over he settled in Connecticut, where perhaps he found relatives, for Connecticut was a stronghold for the Early Watsons.

Jacob Watson had a son, James M Watson, of Newtown, Conn., who was born 1803. This James M Watson married Sarah M Barber in 1830 and had a son Wilfred H born three years later, who was a soldier in the Civil War.

Another first settle of the name was Nathan Watson, who was born in Wales in 1729, and who emigrated to New Hampshire in 1752. He married Ruth Bean of Wales, and had Phoebe, Nathan, Elijah, Josiah and Polly.

Elijah, the third child was born in the memorable year 1777, and married three times. His first wife was Merriam Sawyer; his second wife was Rhoda Felch of Sutton, New Hampshire, and his third wife was Betsy Goss. He had, in all, eleven children, nine of his first and two by his second wife.

Elijah was a Free Will Baptist preacher, and preached from his ordination in 1803, for over 50 years. Three of his daughters were married to Baptist preachers.

The arms illustrated, those of the Yorkshire branch of the family are described Argent on a chevron azure between three martlets sable as many crescents or., The crest is a griffin's head erect argent, ducally gorged or., The motto is Mea Gloria Fides.

(Note by Robert Tompkins, we may have misread Mr Watson's MSS and typed the word "mulletts" when it should have been Martlets.)

RT The next page in Mr Watson's MSS consists of three envelopes from the Newberry Library of Chicago, in the handwriting of Mrs Harriet T aylor who was for 30 years in charge of the Genealogy department of the Newberry Library, one of the finest reference libraries in the world. She was Harriet Tompkins and all we

could ever find of any records she had of the Tompkins family was that her father was Amos F Tompkins and her grandfather was Jeremiah Tompkins of New York. A search was made for any papers the Newberry had re her line but all there was to be found as the name of her father and grandfather. She evidently was interested in the Tompkins lines as shown by her letter to Mr Watson, as quoted below, yet with all the material in her charge we wonder why there are no other facts about her Tompkins line there. When she died, the Library management knew of no relatives to notify of her death. We wonder if there is not some record she left and probably loaned to someone else, or maybe in possession of some relative who we do not know of, somewhere. We believe we have identified the Jeremiah of New York, her grandfather, but there were half a dozen Jeremiahs and we not sure as to which one we have records and "probably" the right Jeremiah. RT*

The following letters to Mr Watson from Mrs Harriet Taylor on on stationery of the Library.

Chicago Ills Feb 8 1910. To Col. James T Watson, Clinton NY.

Respectful greeting. I notice the Tompkins in your name as author of the valuable article on the French Huguenots in America in Journal of American History, and venture to address you in regard to the Tompkins genealogy, in which I am interested. Will you kindly inform me to which branch of the Tompkins family you belong? And if you have made any investigations in Tompkins Genealogy. Can you refer me to any source of information not likely to be found in a genealogical department such as New England Hist. and Geneal. Society etc. With highest esteem (sgd) Mrs Harriet Taylor.

(The next sheet shows a pen and ink sketch by Mrs Taylor of the Hanna crest with description. She takes it from Fairbair and she says):

The Hanna or Hannay family dates from 1296, Gilbert de Hannethe del Comite de Wiggeton, etc (RT same as quoted before herein)

Another letter as follows:

Chicago Ills Feb 26 1910 Dear Mr Watson. After reading your long roll of achievements as a man of action and a man of mind, I hardly know whether to salute you as Colonel or Professor. But I think it quite safe to address you as Honorable. I thank you for your valuable letter of Feb 25th, and have filed it away with library manuscript on the Tompkins family. I find your line and mine and not the same. My father was Amos F Tompkins and his father Nehemiah Tompkins of Westchester County NY. I cannot find records which may help me, but I am interested in all Tompkinses, and am very glad to have your letter to add to my collection. With a prayer for your physical and spiritual welfare I am.

(sgd) Mrs Harriet Taylor, Newberry Library Chicago.

(Note by RT. This shows Mrs Taylor had collection something on the Tompkins family. Maybe it is filed in the library and no attention as to where it is.)

The Watson MSS continues as follows: Quoting Mrs Taylor.

Rev Philip Embury was buried near Camden on a farm. After 57 years his remains were moved to Ash Grove. I cannot find anything in Washington County NY about John Tompkins who you said was Associated with Mr Embury.

(RT the reference to the booklet by Dr C B Tompkins is incorporated in our other publications, this was Charles Brown Tompkins) The Watson MSS says re this:

The Genealogy of the Tompkins family by C B Tompkins 1903 opens thus: There were two brothers living in England at time time of King George II. One of the brothers went to Ireland whence came the Irish Tompkins. The other brother came to America with a grant from King George II of the whole of Staten Island, which remained in the possession of the oldest son in succession until the Revolution. The younger sons moved to New Jersey and were firm patriots. Those remaining in Staten Island remained loyal to the crown, and after independence was established they lost their title to the island under the administration of Thomas Jefferson. end except from the C B Tompkins booklet.

Resuming the Watson MSS: The authen then gives lineage of the New Jersey Tompkins which is our line (C B Tompkins line. C B Tompkins lived in Jasper Florida. He was born in 1838 and married 4 times. I should like to know his authority for his statement that this land grant of Staten Island was made, but have never found it. (Note by RT we think this is an error. The New Jersey line descends from Micah Tompkins per our books).

The Watson MSS goes on: I have been looking up Irish Tompkins pedigrees previous to 1760 when your ancestor John appears to have emigrated.

The Journal of Memorials of the Dead in Ireland Vol 6 page 581, I find an Alexander Tompkins born 1598 buried 1642 in Londonderry Cathedral. His wife Margaret married again Alderman and later Mayor John Elwin of Londonderry, and his son Alexander Tompkins erected the monument.

Londonderry was in Alderman Tompkins' day the chief Protestant stronghold in Ireland. In December 1688 John Tompkins was Captain of Foot soldiers (see Hanna's Scotch Irish vol 1 page 610) in Londonderry, Ireland, raised to defend the Protestant and Londonderry against the army of King James sent against them. Alexander Tompkins was also Captain.

The siege of Londonderry as you know commenced April 20 1689 by the army of King James II. The inhabitants were nearly starved out before July 30th when James' army under the French General Rosen, retired. After this conditions were such that many Irishmen emigrated to America.

Hampton's siege of Londonderry page 412 shows that in 1735 there was in Londonderry a George Tompkins and an Alexander Tomkins who signed a charter granting incorporation to the handcraftsmen and artificers of Londonderry, so that a guild might be formed. The arms of the Irish Tompkins registered in the Ulster office, is Azure, on a chevron, between 3 moor cocks or., (gold) as many crosses crosslet of the first color, i.e., blue. I Hope these notes may give you pleasure. (signed Harriet Taylor).

(Note by RT this apparently in a lengthy letter from Mrs Harriet (Tompkins) Taylor of the Chicago Newberry Library to Mr Watson, and the data re the C B Tompkins booklet which we saw, is part of her letters to Mr Watson).

The J T W MSS quotes a letter as follows to Mr J T Watson, Clinton NY. I am tracing my ancestry on my father's side and also on my mother's side. Pedigrees of both enclosed. Nothing certain about either as yet. I ran across your name in vol IV American Ancestry.

You and I may be descended from the same branch. Do you know your ancestors back from Ralph for four or five generations? I would be glad to hear from you, giving me what information you have about Gilley Park, Yorkshire, and your ancestors back to Sir Edward of Stoke Park, or to Anthony or Kenelin, or to some one who may not be on this pedigree.

Would be pleased to have you send me a pedigree of our family and back to Ralph, then back as far as you can go, or perhaps you can refer me to some history of Gilley Park or some genealogical work which may give me some clue.

What do you know about Sir Edward, or Anthony, or Kenelin? There are supposed to be about 18 families of Watsons having similar arms, all supposed to be descended from Edward Watson of Lyddington. Hoping to hear from you. Yours Resp. G E Watson, 1467 State St Chicago Ills May 29 1905.

Following copy of a letter from Mr S M Watson of Portland Maine on letterhead of the Maine Historical and Genealogical Recorder, S M Watson, Editor. Portland Maine Dec 13 1900 Mr James T Watson, Dear Sir. I have a copy of Munsell's American Ancestry in 11 volumes, and here I find your line of descent from the Rockingham Watsons. I also have a copy, of Rockingham Castle and the Watsons, and as near as I can make out, I am descended from this Watson family. I find Jonathan Watson in Dover N H in 1675, married Abigail, daughter of Rev Samuel Dudley, son of Gov Thomas Dudley of Massachusetts.

This Jonathan had a son David who married Mary Dudley. I am descended from this Jonathan of Dover. I think this Jonathan must have been son of George of Plymouth, son of Robert the emigrant who came to America from London about 1623, a bell founder. As the Rockingham Watson intermarried with the Dudleys in England, I think of the two families are circumstantial evidence of the connection of these Watsons.

Thomas Watson who settled in Salem Mass., I think was a son of Robert, and brother of George. I think he had daughter Elizabeth who was grandmother of Gov John A Andrew of Boston Mass. He had a brother Isaac Watson long time in the Boston Custom House. My object in writing to you is to inquire whether you can give me any information as to how we can connect our line with the Rockingham Watsons. I infer as you do, that I am descended from a younger member of the many children of the Rockinghams.

Do you know Mr Watson M. D., son of the Watson who wrote two volumes Annals of Philadelphia some years ago? This Dr Watson I think in NY City, has two sons, the ~~son~~ eldest a lawyer in Boston, a young man, author of Life of Marcus Aurelius, or something of this sort named Paul Brown Watson. I shall be pleased to hear from you. Very Sinc S M Watson 16 Monument St.

Watson ancestry, From best available authorities.

William, 1st, Plantagenet Duke of Normandy. Christmas Day 1066.

Henry 1st, third son of William 1st, and Duke of Normandy 1100.

Henry II 1154

Richard 1st 1189

John 1199

Henry 3rd 1216

Edward 1st 1272

Edward 2nd 1307

Richard 2nd 1377

Henry 4th Lancaster Red Rose

Henry 5th 1422

Edward 4th White Rose

(Note by RT these dates were date of accession to throne)

Edward Watson 1460 head of family of 15 children, names and sex not known living at Lyddington Co.

Main Watson line.

Edward oldest son of the former born at Redmore, Co York
2 sons 2 daughters

Edward of Rockingham Castle.

Henry at Monastery

Sir Edward made knight by James 1st 1603

Lewis Watson 1st Earl of Rockingham by Charles 2nd born 1655

Lewis Watson 2nd Earl 1714

Thomas Watson 3rd Earl about 1745. The title merged in the Baron Munson family

Watson, younger branch, supposed to be descendants of a younger son of Edward Watson of 1460

Ralph ~~Watson~~ Watson, Gilley Park, Co York about 1730

Thomas Watson about 1765 Gilley Park, York, only son

Francis Watson, Pickering, Co York 1794 only son

James Tompkins Watson (of Thomas) Troy NY only son

Gilley Park is a manor in England in a township, Gilley Park Manor is about 7 miles from Pickering.

Hanna (Hannete) 1296.

Gilbert, commander of the garrison of soldiers at Wigton Scotland.

The oldest coat of arms date 1296 indicate a descent from the Norman family of the Angevines and were in the third Crusade of date about 1190 under Richard 2nd Coeur de Leon.

The 2nd coat of arm about 1605 under James 1st is the Irish family and intermarried with the Scottish clan of Campbell.

Newspaper item from Utica Daily Press, date not stated: Early Days in Westmoreland. An Indian and his dream. The Indian's dream won him a fine pony but ~~Judge~~ Judge Dean's dream got him 200 acres of land. General Washington and Gov George Clinton once owned land in Westmoreland.

With the exception of three towns in Oneida County, Westmoreland ranks in age as the oldest. It was settled in 1786 and James Dean was the first settler. He secured a large tract of

land which was taken from the Coxborough patent. The survey shows several thousand acres but the number is not stated. There were in the early days several prominent men who owned land in the town of Westmoreland, as the state gave five different patents to different individuals for their services during the Revolutionary War. But the most interesting feature of this land deal in Westmoreland is the large tract owned by George Washington and Gov George Clinton.

The first deed given by the above parties was in 1797 to Smith and Starr for 160 acres. It is said this included the old village of Hampton. The next deed given by them to John Baxter for 260 acres, dated September 2 1799 which was but a little more than three months previous to General Washington's death.

There are now four deeds on record bearing the signatures of George Washington and his wife Martha, conveying land in this old town. The farm which was owned by James Tompkins and later by Francis Watson was held by a deed from Washington and Clinton, executed by Clinton as the attorney for Washington. General Washington and Clinton, the latter the first governor of this state, held the office for 21 years, and died while vice president of the United States. He owned large tracts in the Cox patent. There were 26 deeds given by Gov Clinton, as the attorney for General Washington, all in Westmoreland. The last deed given was to John Young of Whitestown in 1799 for 1341 acres. There were deeds given by these parties for farms lying in Whitestown, Paris and New Hartford, which now include some of the most valuable land in Oneida County. Still these parties with such grand prospects before them died comparatively poor. Washington ought to have left several millions, but it dwindled to a mere nothing. Gov Clinton died poor. There never was a governor of his state that left a large fortune. Five governors died in extreme poverty, and about the same number of presidents. Also it is claimed there is more poverty among ex-congressmen than an other class of politicians in this country, And England is still worse off with her members of Parliament.

It seems from all accounts that Judge Dean was the biggest sunflower that ever lived in the town of Westmoreland, and in his day was the tallest pine in Oneida County. The Judge was a most wonderful man. He stood very close to the government during the Revolutionary War. He could speak the Indian language very correctly, and through General Schuyler he was sent to Oneida Castle where he spent about five years in the employ of the government. There is a funny story told about Judge Dean when he lived at the Castle.

(Note by RT The Castle seems to have been headquarters for the Indians. The funny story we have heard half a dozen times where the Indian "dreamed" the white man gave him a fine pony. Next night white man dreamed Indian gave him a lot of land. Next night Indian "dreamed" white man give him ten guns or something of the kind. Next night white man dreams Indian gave him 400 acres. The Indian says no more dreaming, white man too good dreamer. The same story was told about John Tompkins 1730-1791 of Georgia, and we saw it several other places and times).

This land in Oneida County NY that Judge Dean "dreamed" the Chief gave him, the Watson MSS says was afterwards owned by one Timothy Jenkins and at the present time (1886?) was owned by Jenkins' daughter Flora. It was Judge Dean's story but we suspect he was a good day dreamer as well and night dreamer. RT.

Another one of Judge Dean's tales was as he told it about himself. He was the owner of a large tract of land that was laid out in farms, and was for sale. One day a blind man came to purchase a farm for his two sons. The judge supposed he had an easy customer because the man was blind.

After giving a glowing description of the farm. It was so impressive that he almost made the trade. The blind man said he would come the next day and look it over, with his two sons, which he did. He told the boys to drive in the field and hitch a horse to the first bull thistle they came to. On and on they went, encircling the field ~~from~~ after field, when the blind man exclaimed why don't you hitch the horse? We can't find any bull thistle father, to hitch to. Then, said the old man Drive out and go home. I don't want any farm that can't grow a bull thistle. (This item signed DeWitt 6 Hadcock, Oneida July 23 1911.

A newspaper clipping entitled The Battle of Enniskillen, by Rev Thomas D Gregory dated no doubt date of battle July 30 1689.

The Battle of Enniskillen, or as it is sometimes called, Newton Butler fought 223 years ago today, July 30 1869, between the Scotch and English adherents of William the Third, and the Forces of King James the Second, ranks high among the military events of history.

Wonderful in itself as a piece of work on the battle field, it helped to shape the events which have endured for more than two centuries, and its influence yet may extend for centuries into the future.

The cause of Enniskillen dates back to 1609-12 when in consequence of repeated rebellions and insurrections, James the First took 600,000 acres of land in Ulster and had it vested in the crown, after which he caused it to be divided among his Scotch and English adherents as cared to become settlers.

Human nature being the same then as it is today, the ousted party did not accept the situation very gracefully, and from the start there was trouble between the newcomers and the old proprietors and tenants.

When William of Orange became King of England, the trouble was slightly accentuated, and there began a fierce struggle for the mastery in Ulster, a struggled that was destined to be enlivened by such energetic affairs as the siege of Londonderry, The Battle of the Boyne, and the ever memorable struggle at Enniskillen.

Beaten in his attempt on Londonderry, James turned his attention to Enniskillen, never dreaming of the terrible disaster that was to meet him in that direction.

On the morning of July 30th, Berry, with 1500 Enniskilleners, while on his way to Crum, a frontier garrison of Fermanagh, encountered a force of 5000 Irish under McCarthy and Hamilton.

The men of Enniskillen were what well may have been called "a fix." Outnumbered more than three to one, and with only one day's provisions, it was necessary that they should fight at once or retreat. Wolseley, riding up in front of the men, put the short sharp question "Advance or retreat?" The shout went up "Advance." And in a moment the men of Enniskillen were headed for the enemy.

But to their surprise the enemy began to retire, and kept up the retreat until they came to a stop in a strong position on a hill, at the foot of which lay a deep bog through which ran a narrow causeway, the only way by which the cavalry of the Enniskilleners could advance.

The infantry of Wolseley struggled through the bog, gained the high ground and rushed McCarthy's guns, when the Enniskillen horse, no longer in danger of the artillery, rushed across the causeway and the music began in dead earnest.

As the men of Enniskillen began to get at close quarters, McCarthy's men took to flight, throwing away arms, ammunition, provisions and everything else that retarded their speed.

Into the fleeing, disorganized mass the Enniskilleners flung themselves with the fury of demons. The butchery was terrible. Fifteen hundred more were drowned in Lough Erne, 500 more taken prisoners with 7 pieces of artillery and vast stores of powder and ball and all the drums and colors. Strange to say the loss of the Enniskilleners was only 20 killed and 50 wounded. End this item.

A News clipping from Utica Herald Tuesday Nov 26 1889 says: Oneida Historical Society. Business transacted at the monthly meeting last evening, Colonel J T Watson's address on The Life and Times of Governor Peter Stuyvesant. The regular month meeting of the Oneida Historical Society was held last evening in the City Library Building. The attendance was very large. S S Lowery called the meeting together and presided. The minutes of the last meeting having been read, General C W Darling, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, and Dr M M Bagg, the Librarian, reported a number of donations to the collection of the Society. J C P Kincaid presented a map of northern New York published in 1812 by the state. The usual vote of thanks was rendered to the donors.

Rev D W Bigelow, chairman of the committee on addresses, reported that General James Grant Wilson would deliver an address at the annual meeting, January 14, upon "General Dix." January 28 Hon. J H Kennedy will speak on "The Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon." In February Rev W M Beauchamp will speak, and Rev Vermilye will deliver the address in March.

Colonel Watson's Address, was quite lengthy, but was carefully prepared and was heard with much interest. The speaker first took up the early history of American settlements, paying special attention to the Indian Confederacy of the Five Nations. He traced the story of the New Netherlands in great detail, giving pictures of the times which were true and accurate. If Peter Stuyvesant who was commissioned governor of the countries of the New Netherlands by the States General of Holland July 28 1646, he said he was at this time a man of middle life, trained to active service in the Dutch republic, a brave officer, impetuous and headstrong in disposition. He had a clear head and an honest heart, but his quick temper sometimes led him to commit acts of tyranny, which was the result of his military training and the times in which he lived. He was the Andrew Jackson of that generation.

After describing the people whom Stuyvesant was sent to rule, he said "To govern this heterogeneous mass required nerve, a cool head and dogged firmness of character. Stuyvesant had all these

qualities to a wonderful degree, so much so that he won the appellation of Hard Headed Peter. The old adage that history repeats itself is illustrated in the times of Peter Stuyvesant and today. Then as now the people accused their rulers of all kinds of flagrant derelictions. I have no doubt if here had been any capitol ceiling jobs to repair or masonic homes in those days, those turbulent Dutch would have implicated Peter in some kind of rascality connected with it. If they had reached the age of bridge building, they would as a matter of course have accused him of malfeasance in office. As it was they demanded his immediate recall.

This is one of the penalties of high position, and the honor of public office. As in the days of Peter Stuyvesant, so our honest office holders of the present generation must expect to be traduced. The people are bound to climb a "Hill" to detect a "Cole." Honest Peter was accused of all kinds of misdemeanors... but under his 18 years of administration the colony flourished as never before. At his death, people strove to out-do each other in reverence to his memory." (end Mr Watson's address.)

Colonel Watson rendered an interesting and graphic description of the lives and customs of the Dutch in the New Netherlands "Sheriff Tom Wheeler's boarders may thank their stars" he said, "that their lives were not cast in the time of Stuyvesant. Tom politely ushers them into his coop, turns the kets, attends to the provisions for board, lodging and safe keeping, and then his duty ends. But in those good old times, the duties of the sheriff did not end here. He was expected to attend to the internal affairs of his prisoners, if their stomachs were disorganized, and if they were O.K., to upset them. This was a part of the penalty for wrong doing. The sheriff's medicines were simple, inexpensive and effective. Formula, one quart of crude whale oil, followed by the amount of tepid water. If it failed to fix them the dose was repeated. If it was overdone and the patient died accidentally, the court acquitted him of all harm."

Colonel Watson referred at some length to the undertaking and operations of the West India Company, of which Gov Stuyvesant was an agent before receiving his commission. The paper closed with the settling of Schoharie as a practical example of the difficulties encountered by the early Dutch of New York State. (End Col. Watson's address).

The thanks of the Society to Colonel Watson for his paper was voted and extended, and the meeting adjourned.

...

(Mr Watson's paper contained a folded genealogical chart which we will record here as a tabulation RT).

Ralph Watson of Gilley Park, Yorkshire, descended from a younger branch of Watsons of Rockingham Castle.

Thomas, married against his father's wishes, annuity allowed until death, had

Francis born 1794 Pickering, Yorkshire England, emigrated to America in 1820, married 1826 Eleanor, daughter James ompkins

She died at Clinton 1873. They had
James Tompkins Watson born Troy NY 1830 married 1857 "You know
the rest."

Main chart/

1. Edward Watson living at Lyddington Co Rutland 1460 time of Henry VI
had
2. Edward Watson born Hedmers (?) Co York married Emma, daughter of Anthony Smith
3. Symon
4. William
5. Janett
6. Sybell
2. Edward Watson and Emma Smith
had
7. Henry, in Moanstery at Hewsted
8. Edward of Rockingham Castle married Dorothy, daughter of Sir Ed Montague Boughton, buried at Ro. Church 13 May 1584
9. Kenelm
10. Barbara
11. Mary married Thomas Dudley
12. BridgetpEllyot
13. Susan
14. In Utero. (RT this is it, plain script, we dont know what it means)
8. Edward Watson and Dorothy Montague
had
15. Sir Edward Watson married Anne, daughter of Kenelm Digby of Stoke Drg, Rutland Co, knighted 11 May 1603 died March 1616
16. Catherine married Arthur Brooke of Great Oakley
17. Anna bapt 2 Sep 1658
18. Emma bapt 23 Aug 1569
19. Mary married Martin or Videl
20. Elizabeth married Thomas ~~ffurth~~ ffurth
21. Ellyn married George fflowers
9. Kenelm Watson and
had
22. Anthony
23. Kenelm
24. Ursula
15. Sir Eward Watson and Anne Digby
had
25. Sir Lewis 1st son, Baron(14 July 1584born date) knighted 9 Aug 1608, Baron 23 June 1601, Baron 28 June 1644, died 5 Jan 1652-3 married 1st Hon. Cath. Butie ?, married 2nd Eleanor Manners
26. Sir Edward of Stoke Park born 4 Jun 1585-6 knighted 1619 died 1 Feb 1657-8
27. Anne married 1st Sir Charles Nowich married 2nd Sir William rice

28. Emma married John Graunt
29. Mary married Sir Anthony Maney of Kent
30. Catherine married 7 May 1590 Thomas Palmer
31. Elizabeth married 1st Sir John Redham married 2nd ---
32. Temp (?) married Thomas Dolamn
33. Francys married Rowland Vaughn
34. Dorothy married Sir George Throgmorton

25. Sir Lewis Watson and Eleanor Manners
had by first wife Cath Butie
35. Edward born 5 Feb 1610-11 died ~~1610-11~~

25. Sir Lewis Watson above and Eleanor Manners
had
36. Edward, 2nd Baron born 30 June 1630 d. Jun 1689 married
Lady Anne Wentworth daughter of Thomas, Earl of
Stafford
37. Grace married Sir Ed Barkham of Westacre
38. Lewis bapt and buried 13 May 1631
39. Anne unmm
40. Frances m. Edward Smyly of Charlton
41. Elizabeth unmm
42. Eleanor m. Sir Charles Dymock
43. Catherine unmm

36. Edward Watson and Anne Wentworth
had
44. Lewis, 1st Earl and 3rd Baron born Dec 20 1655 died 19 Mar
1764 m. Catherine Sondes 2nd daughter and co-heir of Sir
George Sondes of Kent
45. Edward unmm
46. Eleanor, Thomas, Lord Leigh
47. Arabella b. 13 Mar 1660 m. Sir Thomas Ovenden of Kent
48. Anne b. 4 Feb 1662-3 unmm buried 11 Dec 1698
49. Thomas, took name of Wentworth, inherited Wentworth house
50. Margaret b. 22 Nov 1667 buried 11 Dec 1698
51. George b. 26 Dec 1669 unmm

44. Lewis Watson and Catherine Sondes
had
52. Edward b. 1687 d. 21 Mar 1721-2 m. Catherine Tufton d. 21
Mar 1708, died before his father
53. George b. 24 Feb 1689 d. 1739 supposed unmm
54. William bapt and buried Aug 1691
55. Mary m. 1699 Wray Sanderson
56. Catherine died 1701
57. Arabella b. 1692 m. Sir Rob Furness
58. Margaret b. 1695 m. 1st Baron, John Monson,
they had
 - a. John Monson, 2nd Baron Monson
 - b. Lewis Monson (Watson) 1st Baron Sondes b. 1760, he
took name of Watson, inherited Rockingham Castle, and had
 - c. Lewis Thomas Watson 2nd Baron Sondes
 - d. Henry C Watson
 - e. Charles Watson
 - f. George Watson
 - g. Catherine Watson

50. Thomas Watson, took name of Wentworth and
had
59. Thomas Watson Wentworth, 1st Marquis of Rockingham d. 1750
he had
- a. Charles W Wentworth, 2nd Marquis of Rockingham b. 13 May 1730 d. 29 Jul 1782
 - b. Anne Wentworth m. Earl Fitz William, and they had
 1. William Fitzwilliam,
 2. George Fitzwilliam
 3. Charles Fitzwilliam
 4. Francis H Fitzwilliam
 5. Emily Mary Fitzwilliam
 6. Henrietta Fitzwilliam
 7. Dorothy Fitzwilliam
- 52., Edward Watson and Catherine Tufton
had
60. Lewis Watson III b. 1714 d. no issue 1745
61. Edward unm
62. Thomas di. without issue 1745 left castle to cousin
Lewis Monson
63. Catherine m. Ed Southwell.
(End of the chart).

Another chart in the Watson MSS:
Michael Hendershot came by Palatine 1710. Taken from "Early
Germans of New Jersey" by Chambers

MichaelmHendershot
had

Casper b. 1699 in Holland
Maria Sophia b. 1704 Holland
John Peter b. 1709 who had Isaac
Michael b. 1714, will prob. 11 Nov 1786 named 8 children and 1
grand child
Elizabeth b. near the Millstone River New Jersey 17 Jan 1715
Eva b. 27 Dec 1717 near the Millstone River
Johannes b. 23 Jan 1720

Descendants of Michael Hendershot, son of the first Michael
had
Michael, John, Elizabeth, Catherine, Casper, Jacob, William,
Sarah, Sophia.

This Michael b. 5 April 1734 he had
Christopher b. 1760 d. 1844 he had perhaps a Christopher and
also Philip, lived and died in Oxford County Ontario who had
Abigail m. Joseph S Watson son of Joseph Watson of London,
she had
G E Watson of Chicago Ills born Oxford Ontario.

Descendants of Johannes Hendershot, son of the first Michael
had
John, who had Nicholas
Michael
Jacob see below

Isaac, who had Elizabeth, Jacob, John, Michael, Isaac.

Jacob Hendershot as above
had Peter, John Jacob see below, Abraham, Isaac, Elizabeth,
Effie, Mary and Catherine.

Jacob Hendershot as above had
Peter, Jesse, Phoebe, John, M Ann, Jacob, Clarissa, Levi,
and Hannah.
(End of this branch).

John Hendershot (they do not know for sure if this John was son
of John son of Isaac son of Johannes son of the first Michael
Hendershot; or if he was the son of Jacob son of Johannes
son of the first Michael. But this John Hendershot had per
H B Plumb's History of Hanover township and Wyoming Valley
Pennsylvania 1885 as follows

William

Sarah

Joseph

Samuel b. 1816 (who had Angelo, Perry and Fuller,)

Abner b. 1818 (who had Julia and John and this John m. Catherine
collins and had William).

Hannah b. 1820

Nathaniel (had son Nathaniel b. 1820)

Lydia b. 1824

Sylvester b. 1837 (who had Susan, Alm (Abraham?) and Mary).

Albert b. 1831 (had Ed, Elizabeth, Andrew and Rose).

...

RT This ends the Watson MSS. The original may be in Clinton NY
That original, and this copy we make herewith, plus one carbon
copy we sent to Captain Robert H Tompkins 618 Blucher St,
Corpus Christi Texas, which is one of ten bound MSS volumes
we call The Clan of Tomkyns. are the only copies in existence
in all probability.

We disagree with the Watson MSS re the Plantagenets but we
were real glad to have this interesting document.

...

Arcadia Apts
800 South Burlington Ave
Los Angeles 57 Calif Dec 9 1957

Captain Robert H Tompkins
618 Blucker St Corpus Chrtisti Texas
Dear Harry

Thank you very much for the fine book on Captain Jack Hayes of the Texas Rangers, in whose command your grandfather James Laurence Tompkins served so well in the capture of Monterrey and other battles in the troubles with Mexico.

I read it from cover to cover immediately upon receiving it. I will bet that Colonel Sterling who you mention is some relative of one Captain Sterling Price Adams of the 14th Cavalry with whom I served in the army at Camp Overton Mindanao, in the Moro Country when I spent four interesting and sometimes rugged years.

And I knew Captain Sterling Price Adams very well, whose very beautiful wife and her sister were at Overton with me. Also there were two Adams children, a boy and a girl. I had quite an adventure with these two youngsters. I was in charge of the army telegraph station. One day the two youngsters came there and no one there just then, so they sat down and began pounding on the typewriter and finally it fell off the table and was broken.

I grabbed both of them and pushed them out of the place and very fiercely threatened to paddle them if they did that again. I guess they didn't tell anybody about it. About fifteen years later I saw the Adams girl on a float in the "Battle of the Roses" at San Antonio. She was the "Queen" of the event and she was a wonderfully lovely young lady. I didn't mention to her the time I had threatened to spank her.

There were so many names in the book you sent that were familiar to me and brought back happy memories. Of these there was a Ranger name J M Minter on page 68. I knew a "Jim Minter" at Marlin Texas in 1894 who was clerk in a hotel. I think the owner of the hotel was Jim's mother who was then named De Graffenreid I believe. Jim was born about 1875 so he probably was some kind to the J M Minter who was a Ranger.

And Big Foot Wallace. I can happily claim acquaintance of this formidable fellow for I met him one Saturday on the Market Square at Houston which was then a market place but now is a bus terminal. It is between Travis and Milam and Congress and Preston. Big Foot Wallace was standing there in a regular pioneer wild west garb with a brown coat made out of skins and fringes on it, a fur round cap and he had an old fashioned musket. He seemed to me to be an extra tall man as he was taller than other men there. He was a gaunt, weather-beaten looking chap but I had heard about him all my life and to me he was a hero of the bygone days.

I was almost too much awed to be near his great old fellow that I couldn't find much to say but did ask him if he was the regular Big Foot Wallace. He just grinned a little and said yes. I remember looking at his feet but they were not small but not as big as I had imagined they were. I never knew why he was there for this was the last I ever saw of him but I never forgot it.

Looking back I can say I have known and talked with quite a number of unusual people including Buffalo Bill. I was a telegraph operator

at north Platte river

while on furlough from army in 1912. That is Buffalo Bill's home town and he was in the telegraph office several times trying to get the wild west show going again, which he finally did. And in Denver about 1913, I was at the very last performance of ~~Buffalo~~ Buffalo Bill's very last show, for the next morning the show just faded away. Hundreds of Indians with their blankets and belongings on their backs were WALKING down the railroad track toward the South. I was sorry. It was like seeing an old friend pass away.

I also knew "Captain Jack" Crawford, one of the old time scouts. He was the guest of Colonel William A Glassford commanding officer at Fort Omaha Nebraska where I was a sergeant in the army. Captain Jack wrote a poem that I have a copy of I think he was in the Civil War too.

And I knew Pony Bill also quite a chap in the old days when I was a young chap. He was at Houston too.

In Honolulu I knew a retired CPO of the navy who was in the big storm at Apia Samoa in 1884 I believe. He was there when the English warship went down and the crew knowing they would go down cheered the American navy ship that was making way out to the open sea, as the the American ship was the only one that had up steam when the sudden storm struck them.

at Fort Ringgold, at Rio Grande City where I was in the army, I met an old fellow who had been in some Confederate cavalry outfit in the Civil War. He told about his outfit lassoing a Yankee gunboat on the River and dragged in to the bank and captured it. At the time he told me this I thought he might be joshing me but later I read about it and it really did happen. He also told of the wreck of a boat that was in the river when a big flood came and the water was just a big lake all over the ground and they couldn't tell where the channel of the river was. The water went down and the boat was still out there somewhere high and dry in the chapparrel.

Also in Honolulu I ran across an old dried up beachcomber and all he had was the clothes he had on and a guitar. He used to sing songs in Chinese, Japanese, and half a dozen Malay dialects. That fellow would have been a hit in vaudeville but he played and sang for bread and butter and what beers he could get in with them too. He had a thousand stories to tell and I only wish I'd had brains enough to write them down. He spent forty years on the beaches all over the Orient and could talk all their languages.

I heard General John B Gordon of the Confederate army lecture at Houston. I knew the Bringham family at Houston and I heard later that Mrs Bringham was daughter of Sam Houston.

And I was stationed in 1902 at Fort Ringgold Texas as I said before I was chief operator of the government telegraph line from Laredo to Brownsville. The Laredo and Brownsville offices were manned by Western Union and Laredo relayed all out "outside" telegrams. The telegraph office was in an old building, except the arsenal it was I heard, the oldest building in the post of Ft Ringgold. It is said Stonewall Jackson has this building as headquarters when he was in the U S Army. On clear days from this building you could see the mountains near Monterrey though it was quite a distance away. I used to smuggle cigarettes over from Camargo across the river but a few miles inland. More for fun I guess than to sell them.

The book speaks of Highsmith too. We are kin to the Highsmiths

of Georgia and Alabama but thru the Virginia branch. We have letter from some of them.

Also we find the name Dawson in the book. There was a Dawson at Houston who had an ice cream parlor on Travis street half a block towards Capitol St from the Capitol Hotel, now the Rice Hotel and a big one. Then the Capitol Hotel was 4 sotrys high, m and my aunt Betty Matthews then wife of Thomas T Calhoun of the famous Calhoun family of Carolina. Aunt Betty had a four room suite at the Capitol Hotel. Later Aunt Betty married William "Moore who owned a stone mansion on Carson? Ste near entrance to Fort Sam Houston Texas at San Antonio. This house was still there about fifteen years ago. Nell had a full page newspaper write-up about "Uncle Will Moore" I wouldn't be surprised if the John D Moore mentioned in the book wasnt of his family. The book also mentions the name Matthews (Mother was Ida Corinne Matthews)

This reminds me of my very redoubtable grandfather Henry Frank Matthews who I used to make so mad by singing "And they laid Jesse James in his Grave" about three hundred times a day.

Grandfather was in Mexico and had been a prisoner of the Mexicans once upon a time. I do not know what outfit he belonged to but he with several others were prisoners. He told me about the white and black beans lottery the mexicans had when every tenth man would have the black beans and they would shoot him. Grandfather says one time he had a chance to steal some white beans and every man in the next lottery had white beans and they swalled the black bean if they happened to draw one. Apparently something happened to save them because he did not say anybody was shot that time.

He used to talk like the Mexicans often laughed at jokes especially if they had a little but not too much mescal or something. He said they made the prisoners pull wagons and so one time the "team" he was in began to neigh and kick up and then "Ran way" down a hill with the wagon, and the Mexicans thought it was wonderfully funny and they were not punished for it.

I dont know how he got away from them but he finally did show up in Mississippi and it was at Vicksburg that mother and he several brothers and sisters were born. Mother a a small child in Vicksburg during the siege. I came thru Vicksburg last March when driving here from Washington tho I was at Boston before that a few days. Vicksburg is still a small place but it was interesting to me.

Then there is the name Hemphill who was mentioned as Chief Justice in the book. A Hemphill family lived next door to us at Marlin Texas, Jessie was a school teacher and Margaret was in high school herself. The big brother was Steve Hemphill. Its an unusual name maybe they kin to Justice Hemphill in the book.

About Fort Brown and Brownsville and Point Isabel. I was stationed at Ft Brown after World War I and transferred to Alaska from there. When I was at Ringgold, there was no railroad, you went by stage from Lebbroville, an all night drive through the chapparel and over 16 jillion rocks as big as suit cases.

I will be in the market for one of Col Sterlings books when it is out. Will see if Reeds book in library here and let you know. So long for now and best to all Excuse long letter I enjoyed the book very much.

As Ever Robert A

INDEX Supplements

First names

Adelbert d' Limoges	214
Adele d'Anjou	212-213
Agnes de Freteval	216
Almaric d'Anjou	216-217
Adele Plantagenet	218
Alan Fitz-Warine	218
Alianore de Cantilupe	218
Adulf de Braer	219
Amecia de Cantilupe	220
Agnes de Cantilupe	220
Arthur Smyly Tompkins	377
Adelia Van Wart Tompkins	411
Bodo de Nevers	213-214
Boon de Nevers	213
Bernard de Auvergne	211
Bertha of France	211
Bouchard the Venerable	212-213
Blanche d'Anjou	212
Baldwin of Jerusalem	216-217
Beatrice of Maine	217-219
Baldwin de Rodnut	219
Charles Martel of France	210
Carloman of France	210
Charlemagne	210-211-259
Conrad of France	211
Conan de Bretagne	212-213
Cydnor Bailey Tompkins	378
It Christopher Tompkins	416
Dr Christopher Tompkins	421
Christopher Tompkins	424
Duedene of France	211
Doon of Nevers	213
Douglas M Tompkins	367+
Col Daniel D Tompkins	386+
Daniel Augustus Tompkins	422
Ermengaud d'Anjou	212-214
Ermengarde d'Anjou	212+
Emeline Fitz-Warine	217
Elizabeth de Vendome	213
Elizabeth Fitz-Warine	217
Eudes de Nevers	213
Euphrosyne de Vendome	216
Elias Count de Maine	216-217
Eugene Tompkins	394
Eve Fitz-Warine	218
Euphemia de Cantilupe	218
Eleanor de Cantilupe	220
Elias M Tompkins	366

Fulk, Foucher, Fulcher etc	212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-241-242-243
Dr Frank Abel Tompkins	333+
Col Frank Tompkins	386+
Geoffrey Plantagenet	217
Geoffrey Ferole	213
Geoffrey of Anjou	215-242
Geoffrey (various)	212-213-214-215-216-217-
Guerin de Chalons	211
Guarin de Metz	216-267
Guarine Fitz-Warine	218+
Gunderland of France	211
Gisela of France	211
Gerberga d'Anjou	213-214
Garnier des Loches	213
Guy d'Anjou	211
Guy Fitz-Warine	217-219
George Washington Tompkins	376
Griffin Hilliker Tompkins	411
Brother Gilbert Tompkins	412+
Hugues l'Abbe	211
Hiltrude of France	211
Henry Plantagenet	217
Hameline Plantagenet	217-218
Hawise de Dynan	217-218
Henry de Champagne	217
Hawise Fitz-Warine	219-220
Hugh de Cantilupe	219
Harry Tompkins	382
Huldah Amelia Tompkins	407-408
Humphrey Tompkins	407
Haviland Tompkins	411
Ingermund of France	211
Irmingarde of France	211
Ingelar, Ingeler, Ingel-celsius etc	212
	213-240
Isabel de Warren	217
Isabel d'Anjou	217
Isabel Plantagenet	218
Judith of France	213
Jean d'Alegcon	217-219
Joan Fitz-Warine	219
Julia de Cantilupe	219

contd

John de Cantilupe	418-
John de Bretagne	215
John Fitz-Warine	2180
219-220-	
Judge John Robertson Tompkins	423
Col James S Tompkins	335+
Jonathan Tompkins	342
John Grant Wilson Tompkins	388+
Jonathan Griffin Tompkins	402+
James Monroe Tompkins	352+
John Tompkins of Ga	370+
James Laurence Tompkins	372+
Dr James Glover Tompkins	402+
James J Tompkins	407
Joseph Tompkins Fdx Joe	385
Julia P Woods Tompkins	435+ <i>hus?</i>
Jane Elizabeth Tompkins	435 <i>hus?</i>
The Mormon Family	
Landrade of France	210-211
Louis the Pious	211
Landry of Nevers	212-213
Lawrence Tompkins	408
Louise Tompkins	412
of Millbrook NY	
Maurice d'Anjou	213-242
Matilda de Maine	216
Melette de Dynan	217
Marie Comnena	217
Matilda de Alencon	217 <i>hus?</i>
Millicent de Cantilupe	220
Micah Tomkins	355+
Mary Tomkins the Quaker	363+
Mary Tompkins (Poty)	427+
Nicholas de Cantilupe	218+
Nathaniel Tompkins	398
Orlando Tompkins	394
Pepin The Short	210
Pepin the Hunchback	211
Petronilla of France	211
Philip Fitz-Warine	218
Paul Arnett Tompkins	383+
Phineas Tompkins	416
Richard of Normandy	213
Richard de Cantilupe	213?
Robert Fitz-Warine	217
Robert de Cantilupe	219
Robert Tompkins	219
Robert Reade Tompkins	421

Rotrude of France	211
Reynard d'Anjou	212
Capt Robert Tompkins	419
Roger Fitz-Warine	217-
218-219	
Roger de Cantilupe	2180219
Randulf of Chester	219
Roger William Tompkins	379+
Robert Wm Pinckney Tompkins	411
Capt CSA	
Ralph Lewis Tompkins	417
Sibyl of various	215-
216-217	
Simon de Cantilupe	219-220
Samuel Waddy Tompkins	419
Stephenn N Tompkins	342
Stephen O Tompkins	409
Sarah Louise (Captain Sally Tompkins)	347+
Col Selah R H Tompkins	386
Sylvanus Tompkins	398
Solomon Tompkins	410+
and family	
Silas Tompkins	419
Silas P Tompkins	405+
Theodorada of France	211
Torquat or Reims	211-240
Tertulle etc of Reims	211-240
Thom the Saxon	213-215-216
Toen the Crusader	215
Toenche of Lostwithiel	216
Thomas de Cantilupe	219
(St Thomas of Hereford)	
Tamar Tompkins Priary	449+
Vulgrin de Angouleme	214
Vena Tompkins (Carroll)	420+
Walter de Cantilupe	216+
Warine de Metz	216
William Plantagenet	217
William de Cantilupe	217+
William Fitz-Warine	218
William of Normandy	219
William Tompkins	342
William Tompkins of Va	395+
Winfield Scott Tompkins	414

contd

SUPPLEMENT
Other surnames

Bohun	270	Various writings	
Bethune	272	Adamsville RI Bible	274-275
		Lost Records of Virginia	276+
de Huggeford	217	Ancient Ancestry Virginia line	278+
de Caus	218	Group of Virginia Tompkins	281+
de Auberville	218	Tomkies of Virginia	284+
de Gournay	218-219	Albemarle Co Va marriages	
de Montfort	218	Tompkins of Herkimer Co NY	300+
de Pembroke	218?	The Jewish Tompkins	303
de Pauncefort	220	Tomkins of Ireland	303+
de Montalt	220	Tomkins of Australia	306+
de Braose	220	Tompkins in Rev War	321+
		Tompkins in Civil War	324
Fitz-William	218	Old English records various	
Fitz-John	220-220	names and dates 225-226-227-228-	
Farrior	287+	244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-	
Farrar	296 +	252-253	
Fleet	298+	Where to Search Farther	231-232
		Our card and filing system	231-232
Gregonet	220		233-234
Gibbs	343+	Odd Notes of England	235-236-238-237
(Mormon line)		Dates re Plantagenet "ings	239
		Legend of Glastonbury	254
Hudson	295	Tamerlane	264
		Journal of Mrs Francis Hulse	
Lankford	217	Clack	458+
le Zouch	220	Mrs Phillips Story	474+
Lucy	220	Katherine Shaw Diary	492+
Lacy	220	Some RI Wills	
		Bess Tompkins (Miller) excerpts	
Machen	228-229	from her "Our Kin"	328+
McIsaac	271	Reminiscences of Julia North	
McGee	292	Tompkins part of above	331/
McChain	454+	Quakers	363
		Counterfeiter's House	425
Pantulph	219	The Mormon Tompkins	445
Rob	220		
Reade	293		
Sandlin	295		
Temple	294		
Vavasour	218		
Walter	218		
West	218-220		