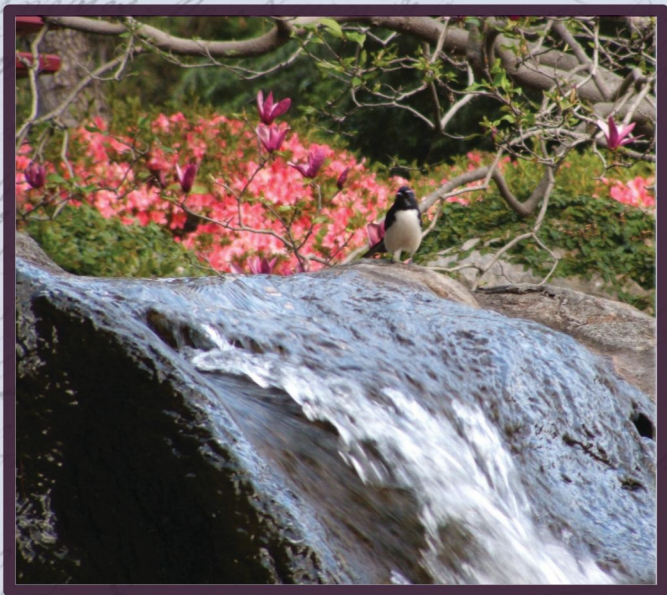


Whitely Michael Whitely and Phathrin Brocken
had a Daughter born the 4th and bapti-
-zied the 7th January 1781 -----
Child's Name ----- Margrat

ALL THE RIVERS COME TOGETHER

Anderson William Anderson & Jacob Blyde
had a Daughter born the 1st of November
1780 & baptizd the 2nd January 1781
Child's Name ----- Alexander

Tracing Family



Bridges George
had
bapt
Child's Name ----- Christian
Witn
Had
Died

Glenn Martin

Thomson John
13th & baptizd the 20th January 1781
Child's Name ----- George
Witneses Robth Bridges & John Morris
Philip

Witneses William Sim & Peter Toddie

Glenn Martin lives in Sydney, although he lived in the bush on the far north coast of New South Wales for two decades. He has been a school teacher, a manager of community services organisations, and a commentator on management, business ethics, employment law, and training and development. He has been the editor of publications for management and training professionals and an instructional designer for online learning. He is the author of over twenty books.

ALL THE RIVERS COME
TOGETHER

Tracing Family

Glenn Martin

G.P. Martin Publishing



All the Rivers Come Together: Tracing Family
By Glenn Martin

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Maintaining life by earning a living and continuing life by giving birth to the next generation fulfil the fundamental pattern of life. Therefore, the family is still the first form of society.

Hua-Ching Ni

The true drama of human life is the process by which we become individuals, with character, voice, and a worldview.

Carlo Strenger

Couples tie the knot, children come, summers and winters pass, children themselves weave strands. The parents become grey, and watch grandchildren at play. In thirty summers more they will lie entwined with the roots, but their souls will flutter above like birds' wings among the branches.

Glenn Martin

Table of Contents

Introduction.....	1
Finding oneself among the ancestors.....	3
A glimpse of myself?	8
Being held in memory	9
The other family history books.....	11
The structure of this book.....	12
The end matter	15
Section 1: Self and parents.....	16
Introductory notes.....	17
“I’ll be dead before I’m fifty.”	19
Uncle George: death at the Observatory	21
Olive Coates’s life in four documents	33
The connection between two brothers.....	35
The heirloom tapestries	39
Section 2: Grandparents	44
Introductory notes.....	45
Notes from Orange.....	46
Photo of my mother as a baby	55
A perplexing family photo from 1928.....	57
Section 3: Great grandparents, paternal (1)	60
Introductory notes.....	61
The artisan ethic.....	62
Thomas Martin: a reflection on his wife’s death	64
A map: Martin and Dower ancestors in Cornwall	66

Section 4: Great grandparents, paternal (2).....	71
Introductory notes	72
Ellen Lewis's children	74
Upon the death of Edwin Eaglestone, 1916.....	75
Morning tea and death certificates.....	81
Visiting Sarah Lappan's grave	87
Margaret Lewis at her mother's grave at Rookwood	92
Truths about searching for family history	94
Section 5: Great grandparents, maternal (1)	98
Introductory notes	99
James Archer: new country and old country	100
James Archer on the death of his sister Ellen, 1909	102
The estate of William Archer	104
Section 6: Great grandparents, maternal (2).....	112
Introductory notes	113
George Briggs Mackie and his brothers	114
The last one to stay	116
Alice and Alice – two cousins.....	120
Section 7: Great great grandparents, paternal (1).....	132
Introductory notes	133
The Pascoe family: Cornish miners in South Australia	134
William and Elizabeth Dower: a mining family.....	138
The death of mining in the Cornish families	144
Thomas Pascoe: pioneer farmer in South Australia	148
The long journey to fulfilment: Thomas Martin.....	153
Section 8: Great great grandparents, paternal (2)	159
Introductory notes	160
The two loves of Charles Eaglestone.....	161

Notes on the Eaglestone family by Rev. Thomas Dand	170
Edward Lewis at Point Puer.....	175
Edward Lewis: grounds for intercession	183
Sarah Crosby, a desperate spinster	187
A day at the cemetery.....	195
Section 9: Great great grandparents, maternal (1).....	201
Introductory notes.....	202
Tidying up the record.....	203
Ellen Welch: unmarried female assisted migrant.....	206
The romance.....	209
Emigrants from Ireland: John Neil and Alice Wetherell....	215
Addendum to John Neil's story	223
The early life and crimes of William Archer	226
Section 10: Great great grandparents, maternal (2)	231
Introductory notes.....	232
Alexander Mackie in the workshop, 1872	233
The girl at the wedding.....	244
Thomas and Frances Bulling come to Victoria.....	250
Afterword.....	261
END MATTER.....	262
Family history.....	263
Family tree chart – five generations.....	264
Profiles of direct ancestors: five generations.....	265
Other books by Glenn Martin	280

Introduction

Starting from the hard edge, you could argue that we have no need of ancestors. They simply served the purpose of getting us here. There isn't anything that we don't do better than they did. The focus ought to be on the future. If we do well, our children will exceed us. Don't look back.

And in response, someone might plead: "But we are them!" We ought not ignore them, because we come from them, and unless we evolve ourselves consciously, we will simply replicate the worst of what they were, not the best. It is a necessary quest to find the grounds of respect for the ancestors.

Okay, some humility is called for. We know that hubris will lead to our collapse. But it would be good to avoid sentimentality about the past. Life was not better in a hovel.

And yet here we are, having ransacked the world but painted it pretty.

So, if we do collapse, will it be our fault, or the fault of the ancestors?

Why do I delve into family history, that is, my family's history? In the context of this problematic world, it may seem like an irrelevance, a mere pastime, a distraction. Well, because "we are them"! The more of our own past we can see, the broader our perspective on the future can be, which is to say, the broader our perspective can be on the actions that we take now.

Yet there is a personal perspective too. It helps to know your own past – it helps to explain your attitudes, feelings and beliefs.

Some people are in pursuit of a suspected dark story: that uncle, that grandmother, and what they did or what happened to them. I admit to having uncovered secrets, not just unknown things, but things that were deliberately kept secret. And likewise, there have

been wonderful surprises. These were not the drivers of my questing, but I have experienced moments of great surprise, sadness, wonder and pride. Yes, when it's family, you can allow yourself pride.

Growing up, this past was like a locked door in my family. There were a few stories, from my parents, but there were no grandparents and only a few broad-brush stories in play – there was a hotel, there was a house painter who had his own business, and maybe all the ancestors came out to Australia from England and Scotland originally. There was said to be a romance between an English lad and a Scottish lass.

I wondered if I could find out if any of these stories were true, or what the truth was. I started tentatively and with modest aims. Does that explain my still beavering away at this work? Perhaps it doesn't. Now I know almost all the direct ancestors back six, and sometimes more, generations. I know where they came from in Britain and Ireland, and what occupations they led.

Does this knowledge influence my life? Does it affect how I see myself?

Yes, I believe it does, immensely. Every time I uncover an ancestor and significant pieces of the story of their life, I understand myself anew. All of that is another mountain stream that flows into the river of me: "All the rivers come together". It changes me as surely as I eat a bowl of soup and that becomes part of me. It is a richer, more complete understanding.

I am not arguing for determinism, or for living within the received confines of tradition. We each have to live our own life. "The true drama of human life is the process by which we become individuals." However, the tree grows from its seed, and in that seed is all of me or you, everything, every possibility. And it goes back to a multitude of sources through DNA – two people, and four, and eight, then sixteen, then thirty-two, and on and on.

Those lives were lived under different conditions – different societies, country-sides, tools and technology, morés, religion. All of those people made decisions and lived out the consequences. They were good, brave, steadfast, foolish, unfortunate, fortunate, and invariably imperfect.

They lived in families, or at the very least, they grew up in families. And what did those families think they were doing – surviving, conquering, serving, ruling, enjoying, improving? Or failing? The family is a vehicle for maintaining life, a safe place in a world that can be harsh and indifferent. A family is the roof over your head, and if it is not that, then it is a sad thing, and the world is that much harder and so, invariably, are you.

Behind the family history quest is the ideal of what a family is. Perhaps the search is a search for evidence of that, or for evidence of different kinds of families to help you make sense of the one you were in, or are in. We bring our idea of what a family is – maybe it's a bond between two people who wrestle with all the tensions of life, and who bring up children, seeking a sensible balance between sternness and indulgence, and hopefully providing sufficient warmth and guidance.

It's not as if we can read books and get a clear idea from that about what a family is, or can be, or should be. It's not a matter of having a theory that we can articulate clearly, with the right abstract words and concepts that interrelate dynamically. It's more a matter of having “stored exemplars” from our experience: knowing people, incidents and episodes that reflect on our conception of family. Which is to say, we learn to be human by living, and we learn what is involved in trying to lead an admirable life in these contexts. What we learn from family history is an extrapolation of this humble matter of observing the families around us.

Finding oneself among the ancestors

One of the key themes of family history these days is finding a person among your ancestors with whom you can relate closely. It might be someone who paints, and you like to paint, or a musician, and you are the musician in your immediate family, or a politician, and you discover a politician in the family tree you didn't know about. Now you can say to people, “I know where I get it from.”

This is the theme of the television series, “Who do you think you are?” I do not dispute the allure of this theme. However, the problem is that we have many ancestors – the number doubles with each generation – and it would be surprising if we did not acquire

characteristics from several of them. Genetically, we contain traces of all of them.

Accordingly, unless every single one of your ancestors is Irish, it would not ever be true to say you have just discovered you are Irish. For example, among my great great grandparents (we each have sixteen of them), there are three Irish people: one married couple, and another who married an Englishman. Of the other thirteen, four came from Cornwall, six came from the rest of England, and three came from Scotland.

Amidst all the excitement that people express about having discovered their identity, I am bound to be confused. Am I Irish? Am I English? Am I Cornish? Am I Scottish? And I know that for many people, their ancestry is far more complicated than mine is. But when we pursue the facts, it becomes an even more precise matter. Of the three Irish people in my family tree, one was born in Waterford, while the married couple came from Armagh – very different places.

Perhaps I am quibbling, but I don't think so. Why? Because I think that the families of all the people in the fifth generation in my family tree (the great great grandparents) had actually lived in the one spot, give or take twenty miles, for hundreds, if not thousands, of years. You can see an indication of differences in the three Irish people in my family tree: Sarah, from Waterford, was Roman Catholic, from birth until death: she is buried in the old Roman Catholic section at Rookwood.

John and Alice from County Armagh were married in a registry office in Armagh before coming to Australia. Alice was buried as a Presbyterian at Devonshire Street Cemetery (now Central Railway Station) and John was buried at Waverley Cemetery as Church of England. I don't think these two Irish folk were much like Sarah of Waterford.

So, who am I? Who do I think I am? And, is it a concept that evaporates into absurdity? Perhaps I could get my entire body tattooed with a jigsaw puzzle – this bit is for the Martins from Cornwall; next to it is the bit for the Dowers of Cornwall. Over here is Thomas Bulling who was born in Surrey, but he married Frances Maria Jones who was born in Hertfordshire. Mind you, the marriage was in London, and it was 1854; people were getting mobile, further

indicated by the fact that Mr and Mrs Bulling emigrated to Melbourne.

The Scots might want to put in their claim for a part of me. They get 18.75%. But, if I am struggling to find some common thread among my ancestors, perhaps it can be found in this: they all knew disenchantment, or they would not have emigrated. What's more, the remarkable thing about my ancestors is that they all emigrated (all sixteen of them) within twenty-three years of each other, the one package of time, between 1838 and 1860. Admittedly three of them journeyed involuntarily – they were convicts. But cosmically you could argue that they did choose, and indeed, they made a life of it in Australia.

Finding oneself is a matter of integrating all of the stories that come from your ancestors. I have many stories. I don't mean stories in the sense that I made them up, I mean stories in the sense that every story is a constellation of facts that convey meaning. I could say I don't yet know what the meaning is, but I think it is something that grows rather than something that solidifies into an object called an 'identity'.

I think that the compass for the exploration of one's family history lies in the perspective one brings. For me it is about four treasures: competency, morality, beauty, and love. I belong to no religion. After the Great Emigration, the ancestors shook out their beliefs in this sun-smitten land and decided to hold the catechisms more loosely. I have relinquished memberships altogether and in the end I have had to cobble together a new synthesis of what is worthwhile in life.

When I look at the ancestors, I can make sense of them in terms of these four qualities: competency, morality, beauty, and love. As artisans they valued being competent – being skilled and able to build, craft, and accomplish projects, and master processes. In parallel, there always seemed to be a commitment to morality, personally held, and perhaps or perhaps not aligned to a religion. I think there was also an unquestioned appreciation of beauty, even when life conditions were difficult or squalid. This has been evident in many ways. And love also is easily inferred by their actions. And these four treasures make for an admirable life, so if one can find them in the past of one's family, one ought to be content.

The stories I have are not of grand public figures or leaders, not the rich or the prominent, but stories about what you would call ordinary people who in some ways were wonderful.

My mother said to me, 'I think you are a fourth-generation Australian'. She wasn't wrong, and in fact, given that all my ancestors migrated to Australia in a 23-year period, she was remarkably correct. But I think it may take many years, that is, generations, for descendants to settle down in a new place. This is to be understood, if their predecessors had been settled in one place for hundreds of years or more. It feels that way to me. I have been uprooted, in my bones; I have had to rethink everything. The birds that sing now are different from the birds that sang for my great great grandparents.

I have also had to overlay the disruptions in my 'big family' with social and technological change. Things would have been disruptive anyway, and perhaps it is in fact easier to address it when you have the obvious dislocation of bodies across continents, from one end of the world to the other. From an end of the world that saw itself as the centre (Britain), to another that saw itself as the utmost outskirts (the Australian colonies). The physical dislocation makes it easier to countenance the comprehensive mental fracture.

I suppose one entrance into the maze of the family is marriage. One person has a history, of place and biological predecessors, but when one gets married, one teams up with a person of different antecedents. The two become one. And then the children place their stamp on this combining of pasts. It becomes, not just something novel, but something irrevocable. And then there is DNA: the little children bear something of father and mother, and grandfathers and grandmothers, and even Auntie Betsy and Uncle George.

We bring it with us. Is it baggage or a multitude of memories, or even, perhaps mostly, things we don't even know? I think that Helen Archer, born Helen Welch in 1822, gave birth to a child before she came to Australia, and gave that child up to a Roman Catholic orphanage in Glasgow. I think I am the only one who knows this. I don't think she told this story to anyone. And it was only the fluke event of the first United Kingdom Census in 1841 that occurred four weeks before she got onto a ship as a single female domestic servant to go to Australia, that is the reason I know this.

What does it mean that I know this – even without proof that would convince a courtroom (or perhaps it would)? I think about Helen carrying this knowledge all her life, secretly, going to the grave with it, even hoping that the knowledge would die with her. Of course, ‘people these days’ would treat it all differently, and there would be acceptance and inclusion and forgiveness (if that were deemed necessary), but I am not so sure. I don’t have that benign a perception of people in general. That is the danger of family history: it can dig up graves that were all settled.

It’s hard to unsettle buried bones. Helen had got used to the image she had created of herself and her position in society. Other people believed that that was the totality. Am I just eroding it, undermining it or worse, fracturing it? Because everyone still has an investment in the created picture. They would be aghast. It is hard to be a family historian.

I didn’t set out to be an iconoclast. I have no interest in destroying statues or even illusions. It’s just hard when fond ideas prove to be gossamer, blown in the wind. What does one do? Sometimes I have to say what is true, even at the risk of disenchanting folks. I am trying to be diplomatic, tactful. And if all of this was not an issue? I would be rethinking myself, and having respect for what the ancestors endured, endurance seeming to be the only way forward.

What is the same? I think this: that we are surrounded by people who have conceptions about their family, and significant parts of it may be false, but we are subject to the pressure of it. It’s as if we have walked into a room full of sleeping dogs and it’s hard not to trip over one or more of them. A chorus of critics is sitting in a small stand of tiered seats ready to cry “Alarm!” or “Foul!” as if you were the type of person who is ever-ready to kick sleeping dogs just to wake them up and distress them. You probably like the howls of distressed dogs.

I could let the matter rest. I have choices. The choices spring at me: to accept, reject, attack, avoid or submit to prevailing norms. But none of this matters, because generally the story only arises because there was a question, there was something that did not make sense. There was a gap, or an action without any apparent

motive. That is why the stories surface, but then there is no going back.

This is the substance of life. I didn't go looking to be Irish, or English, or Cornish, or Scottish. I am any of them, I am all of them together. I have been looking for people who are some part of me. What was I hoping for? I went looking for the four treasures: competency, morality, beauty and love. Would I find them, would I see them in the throng of people who are my predecessors? Or would they be pedestrian, or wholly tragic, misbegotten, venal, lucky or unlucky?

At the end, I would hope to know them and to understand them better, in some measure. I know my links are tenuous, a whole life that may only be evident in half a dozen documents. For the great great grandparents I have pointed towards, even the people who remembered them have died, the words and images they sustained have faded from our worldly realm. I peep over a high fence. Nevertheless, the intermittent glimpses are remarkable. I promise you that.

So, I have staked out my ground. I am not looking for lost treasure or glory, I am looking for qualities that I admire. How did they face the difficulties of life? How did they blossom or persevere? What is cautionary in their history? And does it satisfy, to learn these odd fragments?

A glimpse of myself?

I hand-drew an Ancestors Chart: two A3 pages taped together: six generations, 62 ancestors and me. Now I can think about the question: who am I? Does anything among these people explain me? It is overwhelmingly about artisans: miners, painters, carpenters, stonemasons, a publican, two mining managers.

I have been a schoolteacher and a writer. But, when I was seventeen I had to choose a career, and I chose Engineering instead of Arts. Now I know my father's great grandfather was a Cornish miner who was the manager of a goldmine in Victoria, so I wonder about my choice. Was it in my blood?

But then there is circumstance: my mother's great grandfather (Scottish) was a carpenter working in a goldmine at Collingwood

(yes, ridiculous!) when he got killed. His youngest son (my great grandfather) grew up and fled Melbourne and became a house painter in Sydney. My father too was a house painter.

But me? It is still hard to see me on the A3 pages. Then, I was researching Edward Lewis, another of my father's great grandfathers. He was a convict, an ex-child pickpocket in London. After his convict days he became a policeman, and I found depositions he prepared for two court cases. They were cogent reports, and signed with the most beautiful signature, as if he wrote regularly and confidently. My own father's signature was wobbly, an indication that he seldom had occasion to write. This is all I have, just the germ of a connection with an ancestor through the pen.

Being held in memory

Can it make a difference to know your past, to know your ancestors?

Perhaps it means nothing. The fact that so many people explore their ancestry may just be a sign that we live at a time of civilisation where people have the means and the time to delve into it. The past has simply become a pastime. The Romans had their pastimes, and the Victorians. Perhaps it's just a case of idleness giving birth to curiosity, and of course, it's possible that the forebears turn out to be interesting.

Then there are people who have broken links to their past, and it's easy to see that they might feel a special need to mend this break and re-establish their connection to their line. The children who were sent to Australia during the twentieth century with the story (mostly untrue) that they were orphans. The Aboriginal children who were taken from their families and communities over a painfully long period of time, well into my own lifetime, and given a white child's version of opportunity instead of their own life and kin.

For them the past is not a pastime, it is an ache that needs to be nursed. And here we see that knowing your past, your family of origin, is about being held in memory. It seems that those children, where their connection to their own parents and ancestral predecessors has been so clearly and dramatically broken, yearn for

it to be mended, and where it can't be mended, at least to know, to be able to hold it in their memory.

For perhaps this is the basis of our relationship to our past – perhaps, regardless of any practical things our parents do or do not do for us, the essential thing they do is to know us, and even just to know of us. And in that sense, they hold us in their memory. We are part of their knowing, a knowing which is so deep it cannot be forgotten.

In the extreme case, even where the parent has abandoned the child, or has been torn away unwillingly, the knowledge is still there, it always remains. Fifty years into the future, the son meets the mother and the mother says, “I always knew this would happen one day”. Or the child who last saw her mother when she was four says, “You never forget your mother’s face”. And even if, in fact, she has forgotten it, because time can be worn thin, there is still a place in her mind for that picture.

In turn, as we grow up, there is a reversal, and we find it is we who are holding the memory of our parents, and all who came before them. We are, we have become, the holders of the past.

But we also live without this knowledge. We live in the present, the insistent present. It is full, it requires our attention. It is the stuff of risk, opportunity, pleasure and pain, loss and gain. We live in a time when things, and even lifestyles, become old-fashioned very quickly. Furniture, clothes and aspirations become accumulations that need to be disposed of on a regular basis. So, what is the point of our predecessors? That’s just where we came from. We have even coined a phrase for it: we have ‘moved on’. To hang onto the past is to indulge in nostalgia and sentimentality.

In this way we are hurling ourselves into the future, continually buying the new before we have even finished paying for the current version of whatever it is.

Yes, the ideas of nostalgia and sentimentality are valid criticisms. We can recognise instances where we would describe a habit or an attitude in this way. Using the electric kettle you bought thirty years ago because you’ve always had it may be misdirected attachment. But the all-pervading quest for the new is questionable. It is merely glib rhetoric.

Something as non-exchangeable as a family cannot fall into the category of disposable or irrelevant. Our lives may be a continual succession of shirts and shoes, houses, cars, and even friends, but some things, and some sorts of things, stick. They are not fashion, or even function, but the defining architecture of our lives.

Our freedom is not to deny or ignore our past. Rather, it is to come to see ourselves as unique and powerful and creative, whatever we choose to be on Shakespeare's stage of life. However, the family is the first context in which our life makes sense. I was the first child in my extended family to go to university. Francis and Elizabeth Pascoe were the first people in my family tree to pack up their whole family and take them overseas to Australia, arriving in Adelaide on 3 August 1848.

The past does not need to confine us, but we are defined in relation to it. We can become something other than all the people in our past have ever been, but we always stand in relation to it.

When you have charted the scope and the detail of your family's history, you have set the context for your own life and everything that you have done and everything that has happened in your life has that perspective. It is richer and more complete. As Susan Griffin said, "The history of our family is part of us, and when we hear any secret revealed, our lives are made suddenly clearer to us."¹

The other family history books

I have written a number of books on family history:

- *A Modest Quest* was about the quest itself, how it started, how it proceeded, the difficulties I faced, and the knowledge that started to open up about my parents' forebears. Most of what I found had not been known to me, and voyaging on, I felt that some things I was finding were not known to anyone still alive.
- *They Went To Australia* was a 'gathering together' book on a particular theme. I got interested in the question about which of my ancestors were the ones who came to Australia, and in what circumstances. I had enough

¹ Susan Griffin, *A Chorus of Stones*, Anchor, New York, 1992.

information to tackle it – there were eleven voyages over 23 years consisting of single people, couples and entire family groups. I brought it all together as a family-friendly presentation, initially in hard-back. It was visual, and contained a short narrative about each person, couple or family.

- *The Search for Edward Lewis* focused on just two people: Edward Lewis, and Sarah Crosby, the woman he married. I had enough broad context for the ‘big family’ by now, and I wanted to dive into questions that were more problematic. Edward and Sarah had both been convicts, but there were lots of things I didn’t know about Edward. It took me twelve months and over 400 pages to find and tell their tale.
- *No Gold in Melbourne* was another particular story, about a young Scotsman who got a job as a carpenter working in a goldmine in Collingwood in Melbourne in 1863. He was killed, leaving a wife and five children behind. I wondered what the long-term effects on the family were, for example, what the sons did when they grew up, and I explored that.

Even one of my other books has a strong thread of family history: *The Quilt Approach – A Tasmanian Patchwork*. I was in Tasmania looking for traces of Edward and Sarah – which I did find in a general sense. Also, I was curious about a branch of the Archer family that my mother told me we were related to – they were prominent colonialists – and I did visit two Archer properties, both now protected by the National Trust, and met someone from the current generation.

The structure of this book

There are over forty stories in this book. They come from right across my family tree, and from my own lifetime back to the great great grandparents’ generation of the early 1800s. I thought it would make sense to divide the stories into groups, but there were many

different ways of doing that. Eventually, I decided on ten sections. The divisions are to some extent arbitrary, but it is some kind of order.

Each section contains three to six stories. The sections are as follows.

Section 1: Self and parents

Self: 1950 onwards. Parents: Sydney James Martin (1913-1967), Alma Helen Archer (1923-2017)

Stories: My intent was not to be comprehensive (that's a job for someone else, in a future generation), but to highlight some people and events I thought were significant in the light of the family's history.

Section 2: Grandparents

Father's side: William Thomas Martin (1883-1955), Elizabeth Eaglestone (1882-1957)

Mother's side: Thomas Richard Archer (1886-1936) and Margaret Florence Mackie (1887-1941)

Stories: Again, my aim was not to be comprehensive, but to offer a view into the lives of my grandparents on both my father's side and my mother's side.

Section 3: Great grandparents, paternal (1)

Thomas Martin (1856-1945) and Philippa Dower (1857-1931)

Stories: The great grandparents were the ones who came to Australia, so the stories in sections 3 to 6 contain the perspective that traverses the distance from homes in the British Isles to new homes in Australia. The Martin family came from Cornwall and went to South Australia, and mining was the common occupation.

Section 4: Great grandparents, paternal (2)

Edwin Eaglestone (1858-1916) and Ellen Elizabeth Lewis (1857-1937)

Stories: The Eaglestone family were stonemasons from England, but Ellen Lewis was born of convicts, and it was that difficult period when colonial society was trying to paint over its unpalatable past.

Section 5: Great grandparents, maternal (1)

James Archer (1857-1917) and Alice Neil (1862-1903)

Stories: There was a convict on my mother's side, too, an Archer, and his children were attempting to build up a new life in Australia. Alice, in contrast, had come from northern Irish blood.

Section 6: Great grandparents, maternal (2)

George Briggs Mackie (1863-1926) and Frances Emily Bulling (1865-1934)

Stories: George's father died when George was six months old. His grandparents had brought the whole family from Scotland to Melbourne. And Frances was English. Among a host of siblings and cousins, George had to work out how he was going to live.

Section 7: Great great grandparents, paternal (1)

Thomas Martins (1834-1904) and Mary Ann Williams (1832-1860)

William Dower (1825-1907) and Elizabeth Pascoe (1826-1920)

Stories: The Martin and Dower families were both Cornish, and initially went to South Australia. For miners, the lure of gold was strong, but it would be pursued in a Cornish manner. The dates here tell you that Mary Ann died young. (Martins in Cornwall became Martin in Australia.)

Section 8: Great great grandparents, paternal (2)

Charles Eaglestone (1819-1911) and Hannah Palmer (1830-1890)

Edward Lewis (1829-1897) and Sarah Crosby (1833-1897)

Stories: The lives of the Eaglestone and Lewis families were very different, but for structural reasons they ended up in Section 8 together! But you could say that the lives of both couples contained love and sadness, and I think the former prevailed. Charles Eaglestone was a stonemason from Oxfordshire; Edward and Sarah met as convicts in Hobart Town.

Section 9: Great great grandparents, maternal (1)

William Archer (1813-1894) and Ellen Welch (1822-1912)

John Neill (1825-1891) and Alice Wetherell (1821-1867)

Stories: William had his own story as a convict; Ellen had her own story as an assisted migrant. William and Ellen had an adventurous life together. John and Alice Neil were also assisted migrants, from the north of Ireland, and they made their life in Sydney.

Section 10: Great great grandparents, maternal (2)

Robert Mackie (1832-1863) and Catherine Hood (1832-1900)

Thomas Bulling (1834-1909) and Frances Maria Jones (1832-1890)

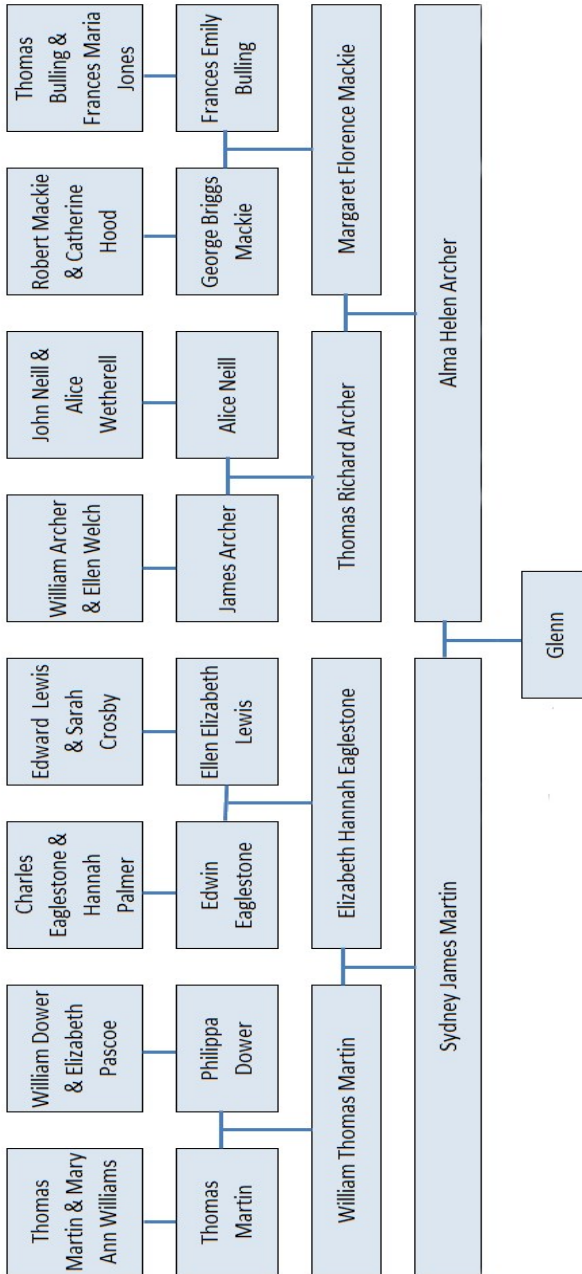
Stories: Robert and Catherine met as Scots in Melbourne; Robert was the one who got killed. Thomas and Frances migrated to Melbourne after getting married in London. In the circumstances they encountered, both families established themselves in the colony.

The end matter

At the end of this book there are several items:

- A poem
- A family tree chart of five generations
- A set of profiles for the ancestors in this book
- Other books by Glenn Martin

Family tree chart - five generations



BOOKS

To purchase Glenn Martin's books, go to:

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