My dear cousin,

to test your keen flair for the family genealogy, it occurs to me that you will find the enclosed photo of more than ordinary interest. It came into my possession 3 or 4 years ago. The original was taken about 1856 or 1857 - at the time of my father's first return to England from S. Africa - and this is a reproduction of the original, taken when photography was in its infancy. You will of course return it to me.

The scene is the outside of the old coach house at Haywards End, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire. Still, by the way, in possession of the family in the person of the somewhat blurred baby in the picture, now Mrs. Jenner Davies. Her husband, who
died a few years ago, was a descendant of the illustrious Dr. Jenner.

Touching the prances personae in the middle. The old gentleman in the middle whose hat seems to have been driven down over his ears, is of course Joachim Hayward, around him are his four great-grandfather's brothers; around him are his sons and daughters, the daughter-in-law and two grandchildren.

Standing five feet to right:

*Seeius Peter (a doctor who never practised and spent some of his early years in S. Aus.)*

Madeleine

Joachim the priest

Theresa

Jacob

Elizabeth

Sitting:

J. Frederick (my father)

Mary Anna (the eldest)

Albert (died in Adelaide, 1889)

Miss Harri Hayward & two children

Charles Byelor Hayward
My sister sent it out to me from home, and the original is now in the Adelaide Public Library. Among some old papers I came across I find here my father paid a visit to your people—your father and brothers, I suppose—in the Victoria Goldfields in 1864. I think, or a year or two later.

"They were miners and gold workers," he wrote. He also recorded that one of them sold him some shares in (I think) a Stawell gold mine, but I don't know how it panned out.

Among some heirlooms expressly left me by my father is a very old silver tobacco box which his own done for the Martins. Peter惠民网球 Andre of your family tree. These initials are scratched inside but some Peter Hayward—I fancy my uncle Martin—had had M.P.H. engraved on the lid.

I am interested in Miss Hayward who owned the Yeo, Creek, the "Canoeers," somewhere beyond John." It must be a long way back, for John was named...
In 1764, obviously she knows something of the family history, but I never heard it. Scott Eadiecne before, and I know I know here if there has been anything it. Henry Scott Haywood, of Fencester, Gloucestershire, was the only son of Drakwater and his wife and ended with him. He left three daughters; the eldest, if been, Rachel, died a few months ago at 84. I can distinctly remember, as a boy, Cousin Henry, as we called him — of course he was my father's first cousin — sharing me a silver trinket and mentioning little bars of time of his ancestor Scott. But of Drakwater we, Drakwater Scott (where I didn't know) he could hardly have got by name through a grandmother who was a sister of Sir Walter, Sir Walter was only born in 1771, so it remains a puzzle to me. Nevertheless, as far as I can remember — whether these are Scotts — seems to have been regarded as worth commemorating in one or my own brothers, Earl of. He named Jacob Scott. I don't know who Godfroy you write of
The Bulletin.

214 George Street, Sydney.

was; her name never crops up, to my knowledge, in any of Joakin Haywood's descendants. Lettres, by the way, isn't an unknown Dutch name; it too is a Commandant. Lettres who made some name for himself in the Boer War. A younger brother of mine is Adrian Lettres Haywood, he grows wheat in the Northam Perth district of WA.

The brother impresses on our side of the family was the one who took between Isaac II and his relations in England was fostered, if not inspired, by the vessels, lawyers of Parnassius. In the letter now one that by chance brought up, Isaac II and John just the same as her one family.

Well, this writing is a bit of a weariness when you have so much to say. I must surely endure a hearing sooner, and it only very much for your offer. I only want to decide how I may
best and myself of it.

I think you know something of the Adelaide Haywards, my uncle Robert's son and daughters. I had never met them till you last wrote, but have seen them at intervals since. The eldest daughter named a Priscilla; Albert, the son, had a bad time in the Murray Bridge floods of two or three years ago.

All but one of my younger brothers served in the war; one, Arthur, was killed at Pozieres.

Yours very sincerely,

C. W. Andrew Hayward

P.S. Did you ever meet the late
P.H.C. "Texas" Green, formerly a student? We are very old acquaintances.