

**WHITTET: A FAMILY
RECORD. 1657-1900**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649749256

Whittet: A Family Record. 1657-1900 by William Whittet & Robert Whittet

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

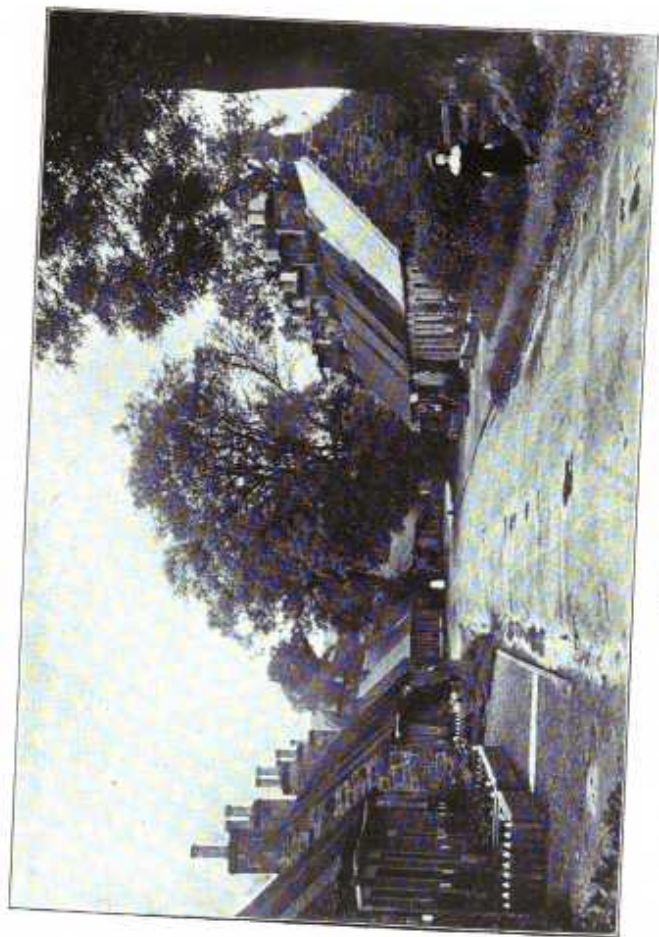
www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM WHITTET & ROBERT WHITTET

**WHITTET: A FAMILY
RECORD. 1657-1900**

WHITTET:

A FAMILY RECORD.



VILLAGE OF KINTILLO.

WHITTET:

A Family Record.

1657-1900.

COMPILED BY

WILLIAM WHITTET,
DUNDEE, SCOTLAND,

ROBERT WHITTET,
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

Printed for Family Circulation only.

RICHMOND, VA.:
WHITTET & SHEPPERSON, PRINTERS.

1900.

JAN

MAY 28 1920

Inv. 3467

26

71

23

100

TO THE MEMORY OF

James Weittet, of Kintillo,

OUR FIRST RECORDED ANCESTOR;

TO

Our Kith and Kin,

WHO, HAVING FINISHED LIFE'S COURSE, HAVE ENTERED
INTO THEIR EVERLASTING REST;

AND TO

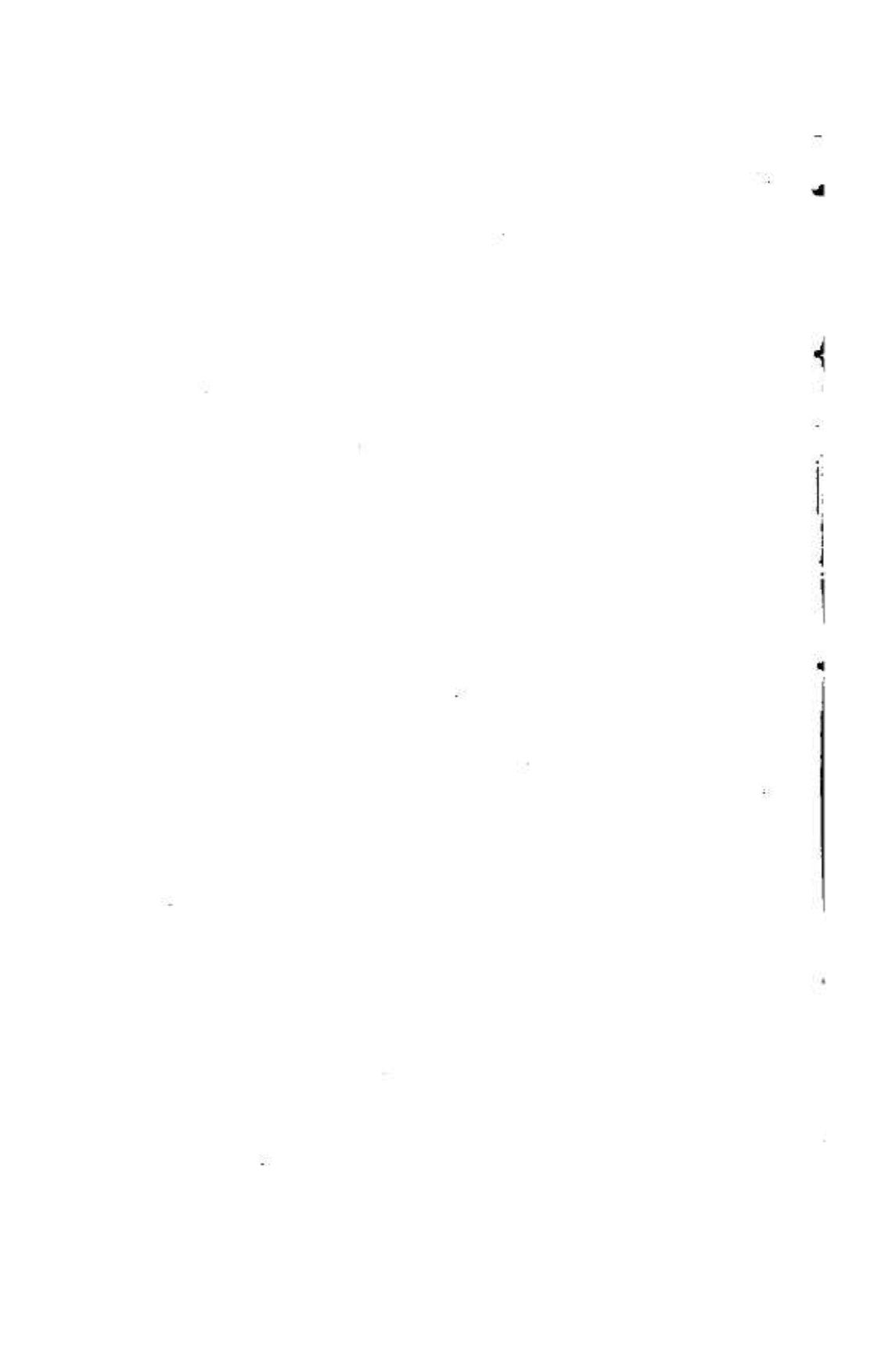
Their Descendants,

WHOSE NAMES ARE ENUMERATED IN THE FOLLOWING
PAGES,

THIS RECORD

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

THE COMPILERS.



Behind us lie the long-forgotten dead !
No record have they left of word or deed ;
We know they lived, and must have loved—did plead
Their urgent quest—they smiled and laughed, and shed
The tears of sorrow ere their line was sped,
Just as we each to-day fulfill our need
Of duty, though unchronicled the need
That every hour demands, until the head,
Silvered with years, is lowly laid ; yet theirs
Were dauntless hearts, that met the toil of life,
And battles for evolving good, 'mid cares
And fears ; and we're th' inheritors of strife
They have bequeathed, which, though all unawares
We take, 'tis ours to add to and make rife.

R. W.