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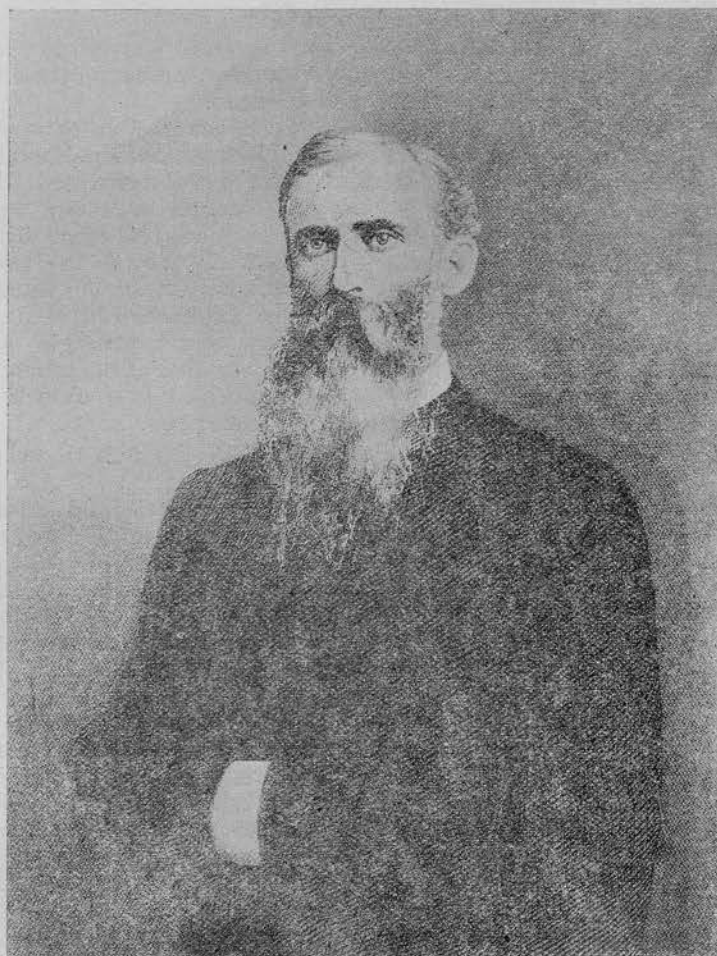
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THE
HASKELL JOURNAL

APRIL, 1898.



HON. DUDLEY C. HASKELL.

THE HASKELL JOURNAL

DUDLEY C. HASKELL.

From the "Memorial Addresses on the Life and Character of Dudley C. Haskell, a representative from Kansas, Delivered in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States, Forty-eighth Congress, First Session. Published by order of Congress. H. Mis. 36—1 Government Printing office. 1884."

Joint Resolution:—Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress Assembled, that there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Dudley C. Haskell, a Representative elect to the Forty-eighth Congress from the State of Kansas, twelve thousand five hundred copies. . . .

The first announcement of the death of Dudley C. Haskell was made in the House of Representatives upon December 17, 1883, by Mr. Anderson, who stated to his colleagues that Mr. Haskell had departed this life at his residence in Washington on the 16th day of December at twenty-eight minutes past four o'clock. Mr. Anderson said in effect in announcing the death of Mr. Haskell that through the last three Congresses his colleague had served "with ever increasing ability, fidelity and efficiency. . . . Of his never questioned purity of life and force of character, of his ripe legislative experience there can be no question."

On the 28th day of February, 1884, the speaker declared a special order to be the consideration of the resolutions concerning Mr. Haskell, Mr. Ryan offered the following resolutions which were thereafter unanimously carried by the Senate of the United States as well.

"Resolved, That the ordinary business of the House be laid aside in order that appropriate tribute may be paid to the memory of Dudley C. Haskell, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That in the untimely death of Mr. Haskell the House has lost a conspicuous and faithful member, his constituents a zealous and capable servant, and his country a citizen of exemplary life, patriotic devotion and rare promise.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect for his memory and sorrow for his loss, the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, shall adjourn."

After addresses by Mr. Ryan, Mr. Kelley, Mr. Tucker, Mr. Keifer, Mr. McKinley, Mr. Rice, Mr. Russell, Mr. Burnes, Mr. Brown of Indiana, Mr. Belford, Mr. Hanback, Mr. Pettibone, and Mr. Perkins, the resolutions were unanimously adopted and the House adjourned.

In the Senate of the United States, March 3, 1884.

Mr. John B. Clark, Jr., the Clerk of the House of Representatives, appeared at the bar of the Senate and said: "Mr. President, the House of Representatives has passed a series of resolutions as an appropriate tribute

to the memory of Dudley C. Haskell . . ."

The matter being considered by unanimous consent the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

By Mr. Plumb: "Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the honorable Dudley C. Haskell, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended that opportunity may be given for fitting tributes to the memory of the deceased and to his eminent public and private virtues, and that as a further mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of such remarks, shall adjourn."

After addresses by Senators Ingalls, Dawes, Cockrell, Morrill and Plumb the resolutions were unanimously adopted and the Senate adjourned.

Mr. Ryan of Kansas, in the House of Representatives, among other things said the following:

"Mr. Speaker: I enter upon this sad duty with a sorrow made poignant by the memory of years of uninterrupted friendship. Dudley C. Haskell was my associate and colleague in Congress from 1876 to the date of his death. . . . Our relations were always cordial, and were never interrupted by hasty word or unpleasant incident. . . . After a long and heroic struggle against resistless disease, he died at his rooms in this city at about half past four o'clock on the 16th day of December last. . . .

Mr. Haskell was born at Springfield, Vt., March 23, 1842. . . . He was the son of Franklin Haskell and Almira Chase. His father's family is traditionally traceable to Saxony. (Query? Ed.) They came to America from Scotland, (?) and were among the first to settle in the historic town of Salem. Subsequent settlements were made by some of them in Connecticut and Vermont. His mother belonged to an old and numerous New England family of that name, some of whom attained to considerable distinction. His parents moved to Massachusetts when he was but two years old, where they continued to reside until September, 1854, when his father went to Kansas, followed by his mother and himself the ensuing March. In 1857 he went back to Springfield, Vt., where he attended about a year, and then returned to his home and engaged in trade.

Soon, however, and at the early age of seventeen years, he was moved by the prevailing excitement resulting from gold discoveries in Colorado to go to "Pike's Peak." . . . Fickle fortune withholding her favor, he again sought his home in the fall of 1861. . . . He entered military service a lad of but nineteen years, and his superior

qualities did not long await recognition, for he was soon assigned to the important position of superintendent of transportation of his division.

In January, 1863, he retired from the military service, and in the following March entered school at East Hampton, Mass. Remaining there for a time he was admitted to Yale College and there took a special scientific course. . . .

In November, 1865, he married Miss Harriet M. Kelsey, of Berkshire county, Massachusetts. . . . Immediately after his marriage he returned to his Kansas home, in the city of Lawrence, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. . . . In 1871 he was elected to the Kansas legislature. . . . In 1875 he was again elected. . . . In 1875 he was chosen speaker of the House. . . . In 1876 he was elected to the lower House of the Forty-fifth Congress, and he was successively chosen to the Forty-six, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses. . . . He was vigilant and active respecting all matters of interest to Kansas, and there is little of Federal legislation affecting her development upon which he has not left his impress.

He was fond of his constituents and proud of his state. In conversation he delighted to dwell upon the early struggles and triumphs of the young Commonwealth. He indulged a just pride in having borne a part in all her vicissitudes. When but a lad of thirteen years he participated in the contests and shared in the privations of the period. Fresh from his New England home, imbued with a love of freedom and prompted by the zeal inspired by the passions of the time, he shouldered his rifle and with his command marched forth to battle for human liberty.

Mr. Haskell was gifted with a splendid physique, being considerably over six feet high and symmetrically proportioned. His bodily strength was great, and he was passionately fond of athletic sports.

In thought, speech and action he was vigorous and aggressive. It seemed impossible for him to be lukewarm or apathetic in the performance of any task or the discharge of any duty. . . .

Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, addressing the House spoke as follows:

"The premature death of so enlightened and courageous a legislator as Hon. Dudley C. Haskell was more than a bereavment to his family and friends. It was a national calamity. . . . Born in Vermont, he received his elementary education in his native town of Springfield, and emigrated with his mother to Lawrence, Kansas, when but thirteen years old. In less than two years from his settlement in Lawrence he enrolled himself in what was known as Stubb's militia, and bore his part in the labors and perils of those turbulent days of border life as heroically as did

the brawniest man in the corps. . . .

Mr. Haskell, with his herculean frame, his deep voice, and his sometimes sternly Puritan visage, was a genial companion and in all the honorable strifes of public life a generous foe. . . ."

Mr. Tucker of Virginia, among other things said the following:

"Decided in his convictions, he had the courage which they inspire in maintaining his opinions. . . . He spoke always with great earnestness and with abilities which were practical, direct and instructive. He was remarkable for great industry, and acquired with diligence all the information which in his judgment would reflect light upon the subject under discussion. . . .

Among the things said by Mr. Keifer of Ohio, are these:

"Though of New England parents and birth he was at thirteen years of age upon the plains of Kansas, and in an essential sense engaged at the beginning of a long and bloody battle for human freedom, and ended only after half a million of men were slain by the surrender of the insurgent armies in 1865. I have heard him speak of standing with his hand in his mother's, behind the rude parental habitation in Kansas, when but a youth, to avoid the bullets fired by those who sought to carry slavery into the fair territory west of Missouri. . . . He was a distinguished public educator. . . . He was temperate in his habits, and only intemperate in his ceaseless toil. . . . He fought for the rights and liberties of man, and went down in the fore front. His whole career blossomed with patriotism and love for his fellow-men. . . ."

Mr. McKinley of Ohio, now President of the United States, delivered the following address which we give in full:

Mr. Rice of Massachusetts, among other things spoke as follows:

"The father of Mr. Haskell was a strong, energetic, restless man of that peculiar New England type who have carried the principals and the institutions of the Puritans from Plymouth to Oregon. During the ten years he lived in Massachusetts he was a resident in half as many different towns, making his mark in all as a man of spirit and vigor but finding a settled home in none. At last in 1853 he came to North Brookfield. . . . His father invested all his resources in constructing from an abandoned church a four-tenement house. It was nearly finished for its new purpose when on the night of July 4, 1854, it was burned to the ground. The father was ruined financially by the calamity. . . .

Mr. Russell of Massachusetts delivered an address which was extremely eulogistic.

Mr. Burnes of Missouri, also delivered an

address, the whole of which ought to be published but for which we have not the space.

Some of his sentences ought, however, to be preserved. He said of Mr. Haskell these things:

"Self-reliant almost to rashness, he never hesitated in the line of duty to reach out for the possible. His investigation of a subject ended only in its mastery.

The trusts imposed in him were sacredly executed. His pledged word was inviolate. His political honor, equally with his personal honor, he kept sacred and spotless. True, brave and steadfast, his acquaintances became his friends and the latter were multiplied. His constituents followed him with pride. He was fit to lead."

Mr. Brown of Indiana, among a number of other things said this:

"When the House adjourned he became a learner; when it met he was a teacher. To me it seemed that he had mastered the minutest detail of the complex measure under consideration. The fullness of his information, the exactness of his knowledge of every branch of the subject, was a surprise to all who did not know his inflexible purpose and untiring energy."

Mr. Belford of Colorado, among other things spoke as follows:

"Dudley C. Haskell was great and noble-hearted; his thoughts and his deeds blended together like the notes that spring from the various strings of a harp. He was courageous and manly in debate, and wise and judicious in counsel. . ."

Address of Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, (now President:)

MR. SPEAKER: I cannot permit this occasion to pass without adding a word expressive of my appreciation of the character and qualities of our late associate, and of the deep sorrow I feel in common with many others at his early and premature death.

I knew Dudley C. Haskell well and intimately. We entered Congress at the same time, seven years ago, and early in our service here became friends. This friendship grew warmer, closer, and more confiding until the day of his death. During the last Congress it was my fortune to be a fellow-member of the same committee, and almost daily for months we sat side by side in the committee room. It was there I came to learn his virtues and appreciate his high qualities of head and heart. He was a valued friend, unselfish and always manly, and a steady ally in committee or on the floor of the House. He was a man of pure thought and lofty purposes, keen perception and clear judgment, whose life was helpful to all who came within the circle of his influence, and whose strong individuality impressed itself upon the affairs in which he took part.

He was a man of great integrity. There were no dark corners in his character to be hid from sight; his life was an open book of rare worth, without blur or defect. His politics, like his religion, were born of genuine conviction. He loved liberty, and hated oppression and proscription in every form. He would become eloquent and his words glowed with rare fervor in his recital of the early struggles of his State for liberty and free government. He had convictions and they pierced and possessed his soul. They were a part of him, and he never lacked the courage to utter them. He was a man of stern will and unremitting industry. He never spared himself or shirked duty, responsibility or labor. He was an indefatigable worker, often touching the extreme limit of physical possibilities. He was not not only a student but he was a scholar; however, most of his intellectual equipment was self-acquired and earned outside of college walls. He never stopped until he had mastered the subject in hand. He built from the bottom, digging deep, and he always builded well.

He was a strong debater, with a voice which could penetrate every part of this hall; with great readiness, a commanding presence, and a well-stored mind, he stood in the front rank of the ablest and best of his fellow-members.

In the Forty-seventh Congress he took a high place among his associates, and had he been permitted to take his seat in this Congress he would have stood abreast of those to whom we gladly accord the rank of leadership.

Death claimed at the very threshold of a great career—at the moment when he seemed best prepared for wider usefulness and for the achievement of higher triumphs, when he appeared best fitted to serve his State and country. But he is gone. Dudley C. Haskell is no longer among us, called by a wise Providence from this presence. We bow to this decree, pausing only a little while today, not to question the inscrutable mysteries of that Providence or to challenge His ordering, but to pay our last tribute, give our heart offerings to one who in life we loved and honored, and who, though removed from these scenes forever, leaves behind naught but memories most pleasing and reflections most instructive, and the record of a life the study of which cannot fail to make us better citizens, wiser and more faithful representatives of the people. His family have lost the devoted husband and the affectionate and generous father, his district and State a strong representative on this floor, the country at large a wise and patriotic public servant, and all of us a faithful friend and valuable associate.

In 1854 Kansas was a wilderness. The tide of emigration had reached the great rivers;

all along its path the struggle had been waged, with varying fortune, between the spirit of freedom and of slavery. On the borders of the new territory the rival forces mustered for desperate conflict—should Kansas be slave or free? It seemed as if on the answer to that question hung the mighty issue whether freedom or slavery should forever rule the Republic. Far away on the Atlantic coast, Massachusetts watched the conflict and essayed her best endeavors that Kansas should be free. An emigrant aid association was organized; Eli Thayer of Worcester was its projector, Amos Lawrence of Boston its banker, Charles Robinson of Fitchburg its pioneer. A surveying party was sent out in the spring of 1854 who selected a site for a city and named it Lawrence. In August, 1854, the second party of emigrants left Worcester under the lead of Charles Robinson; they were tall men and strong; they were inspired by that fierce instinct, that love of adventure mingled with devotion to a cause, which has impelled the Saxon race westward from the center of Northern Europe over ocean and continent, planting everywhere the pillars of a civilization higher and stronger than the world had known before.

In this company of emigrants was Mr. Haskell, senior. The month before, all his worldly wealth had vanished in smoke and ashes. With undaunted heart he turned his back upon his past, his face set toward an unknown and perilous future. I saw him that summer afternoon as he commenced his journey for a new home and a free one. In one hand he carried his blanket, in the other his Sharps rifle.

He did not return; but, in the following March, Dudley and his mother, with another company, joined the early settlers, and found their home in Lawrence.

The father survived but three years. An elder brother stepped into the vacant place, and was to Dudley both brother and father. He urged and helped him to study, and thereby fitted him for the useful and conspicuous life—all too brief—for which he was destined. At the age of thirty-four he was the honored Representative in Congress of the great state with nearly a million of people which was an unpopulated wilderness when, a boy of fifteen, he first set foot upon its soil.

First elected to Forty-fifth Congress, he was prevented by sickness from taking the oath on the first day of the session. Many days later he made his appearance, and we saw for the first time his tall, erect, stalwart figure on this floor.

I can see his face as I saw it then, fixed, earnest, resolved, and as I recall it I fancy that I discern that absent, far-away dreamy expression his comrades saw on it when he

was a boy.

From his entrance here he was a marked man. His commanding figure and powerful voice enabled him to force his way to the front in the stormy debates in which he so often took part. Sometimes in the early part of his service we might think that he spoke too often and with too little forethought, but we soon learned that he was sincere and earnest; that he never spoke without an honest purpose, and that his very vehemence was but the effort of his strong but not thoroughly disciplined intellect to force its thoughts into proper and consistent phrase. No man grew more rapidly than he in confidence, esteem, and influence. He soon ceased to be a scout, a skirmisher, a sharp-shooter, and became a leader of the center columns. About him were men, veterans in service, who had made party issues, questions of political economy, their study for scores of years; others trained and disciplined by the tough contests of professional life, and others polished and refined by the highest culture of this most cultured age; but among them all none were more conspicuous in the great debates of the last Congress than this young man of Kansas, who, through an unsettled childhood, a destitute orphanage, a hand-to-hand struggle for bread and a place among his fellows, at forty years seemed to have reached the beginning of his development.

Six brief, bright years of public service, and, "weary with the march of life," he fell—and perished? No, he lives yet—we may not say in what other sphere—he lives here, in the memory of what he did, teacher, example, guide to the young men of the land.

Mr. Hanback of Kansas, among other things "His heart was spotless and void of offense toward his fellow-men. . . .

Mr. Pettibone of Tennessee, among other things spoke as follows:

"He was a most manly man. . . . He was always ready to spend and to be spent in the cause of truth, justice and humanity. . . .

Mr. Perkins of Kansas, delivered a eulogy upon Mr. Haskell as well.

Mr. Ingals of Kansas, epigrammatically said in his address that while conscience makes cowards of us all it made no coward of Dudley C. Haskell. That it made him courageous rather, and daringly aggressive and defiant intellectually in his support of principles which he believed essential to the well-being of the people. . . .

Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts, also adds his tribute to the history of Mr. Haskell. His address is a masterpiece of direct, patriotic and forcible English, but too long to publish. Only a few sentences can be given. Among other things he says:

"I valued his counsel and relied upon his judgment. He had a heart as big as

his native hills, ever responsive to the appeal of the lowly. . . . He uttered thoughts, not words, and they seemed to come up from a deep well, always full. He had convictions, and he dwelt in nothing else. . . . The whole biography of this man is written in a single word—fidelity, the noblest word, after all, in the English language. . . . He was a product of our institutions all too rare in this day. . . . He was not born to politics or place, but to poverty and privation. . . . Such men lay the foundations and build the walls of our Republic. . . ."

Mr. Cockerell of Missouri, also paid his tribute. His eloquent address, giving extracts from the newspapers of 1883 is too long to be now reprinted.

Mr. Morrill of Vermont, insisted upon speaking because Mr. Haskell had been a native of that state, and in an eloquent address he bore testimony to his distinguished services.

Mr. Plumb of Kansas, closed the tributes given in the House by an address which scintillates with epigram. Among other things he said:

"His courtesy was as sincere and cordial as it was plain and artless. He cultivated no grace at the expense of sincerity, nor simulated a pleasure that he did not feel. . . ."

Columbus Barracks, Columbus, Ohio, April 13, 1898.

Burnette G. Haskell,

DEAR SIR:—I heard of our JOURNAL about ten days ago and wrote immediately for a copy. My son, Roland D. Haskell of San Pedro, Cal., sent me your address and now I enclose money-order for the JOURNAL. I want without fail the first number and from that on; and would like to have them mailed, rolled tight, so that they will not mash in carriage. Of course we will all want our JOURNALS bound and put in shape for future generations to enjoy.

When the war is over or the President finds that we can get along without it, I shall take pleasure in writing you again and telling you something of my father's family, but just at present I am very busy getting ready for a move with my regiment. With best wishes for your success and hoping that the whole Haskell tribe will join in all efforts to help your worthy endeavors. I remain very sincerely yours.

J. S. HASKELL,
Lieut.-Col., 17 Infy U. S. A.

New York, March 3, 1898.

Burnette G. Haskell, Esq., Ed. Mgr., 1346 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find my check for \$6 amount 3 subscriptions to the HASKELL JOURNAL. Please send them to 162 W 86 St. New York. Yours very truly, J. Amory Haskell.

338 Exchange Building, No. 53 State Street.
Boston, Mass., Feby. 5th, 1898.

Burnette G. Haskell, Esq., Dear Sir:—I have received and read with much pleasure the first number of the HASKELL JOURNAL, and enclose \$2.00 for a year's subscription.

I did not find the "blank" enclosed, to which you refer, and pending the receipt of it, I will give you my ancestry back to the "first William."

George B. Haskell, the writer of this,	born 1853.
William E. P. (Father)	" 1817.
William F. Haskell (Grandfather)	" 1784.
Josiah Haskell (Great Grandfather)	" 1754.
John Haskell (Gr't, Great Grandfather)	" 1716.
Josiah Haskell (Gr't, Gr't, Gr't. ")	" 1687.
Benjamin Haskell (Gr't, Gr't, Gr't, Gr't, Gdf. bn.)	1648.
William Haskell (Gr't, Gr't, Gr't, Gr't, Gdf. bn.)	1617.

Does this give me a standing among the "cousins?"

The late William O. Haskell of Boston, (who published a genealogical chart of the family) told me he had accumulated a lot of material for a history of the family. I wish it could be placed at your disposal. Some of his sons are living.

The publication of your JOURNAL may also, I hope, lead to the recovery of the MSS of family history compiled by the late Chas. Haskell, as told by William Garrison Haskell in his published letter.

Of course the history now in progress will tell us in due course just where the "first William" came from. The William O. Haskell before referred to said he came in the ship Arabella (or Arbella.)

I have worked hours on lists of early emigrants, early voyages, etc., with such facilities as the Boston Libraries afford, without establishing this point to my satisfaction.

A perusal of the first William's will sheds no light upon it.

Allow me to suggest that the JOURNAL should have departments of Births, Marriages and Deaths (confined to the family of course,) and also a department of Books and Pamphlets wherein the doings of the family ancient or modern are referred to, with brief reference to chapters, pages, etc., of special interest.

The History of Gloucester, Mass., for instance, is well worth reading by any Haskell, especially descendants of the first William. Our ancestors seem to have been foremost in the stirring events of colonial days.

Please send sample copies of the JOURNAL to Edward and Frank Haskell, (Haskell Silk Co.) Saccarappa, Maine; also to Paul Haskell, Ashland, Kentucky. With the last named I have had some correspondence on family genealogy.

Wishing you every success in your enterprise, I am

Very truly yours,
GEORGE B. HASKELL.

Continued from page 14, March number.

Ingwar was distinguished for a commanding genius and Ebba for his fortitude; both were highly courageous and inordinately cruel.

The country was affected by a great dearth this year, which the presence of such enemies must have enhanced. Alfred had now reached his nineteenth year; he was arised by his brother to an inferior participation of the regal dignity, and he married Calsmithia, the daughter of a Mercian nobleman.

The earnestness with which Alfred in his Boetius speaks of conjugal affection, implies that this union contributed greatly to his felicity.

The Northmen having resolved on their plans of occupation and conquest, began to separate into divisions.

One body rebuilt York, cultivated the country round it, and continued to colonize it. It may be presumed that Ingwar headed these. Other bands denoted themselves to promote the ambition of those chieftains who also aspired to royal settlements.

This army passed the Humber into Mercia, and established themselves at Nottingham, where they wintered. Alarmed by their approach, Burhred, the king, and his nobles, sent an urgent embassy to West Saxony for assistance. Ethelred, with judicious policy, hastened to his wishes. He joined the Mercian with Alferd and the whole force of his dominions: and their united armies marched towards the frontier through which the invaders had penetrated.

They found the Northmen in possession of Nottingham; the Danes discerned the great superiority of the allied armies, and remained within the strong walls and castle of the town. The Anglo Saxons were incapable of breaking through these fortifications, and their mutual respect, after an ineffectual struggle, occasioned a pacification, advantageous only to the Danes. The invaders were to retreat to York, and the kings of Essex, satisfied with having delivered Mercia, and not discerning the danger of suffering the Northmen to remain in any part of the island, returned home.

The Northmen retired to York with great booty. In this year two of the most terrible calamities to mankind occurred, a great famine, and its inevitable attendant, a mortality of cattle, and of the human race. The general misery presented no temptations to the rapacity of the Northmen, and they remained a year in their Yorkshire stations.

When spring arrived, they threw off all disguise, and signalized this fourth year of their residence in England by a series of hostilities the most fatal, and of ravages the most cruel. They embarked on the Humber, and sailing to Lincolnshire, landed at Humbertson in Lindesey. From this period lan-

guage cannot describe their devastations. It can only repeat the words plunder, murder, rape, famine and distress. It can only enumerate towns, villages, churches and monasteries, harvests and libraries, ransacked and burnt. But by the incessant repetition the horrors are diminished; and we read without emotion, the narrative of deeds which rent the hearts of thousands with anguish, and inflicted wounds on human happiness and human improvement, which ages with difficulty healed. Instead, therefore, of general statements, which glide as unimpressively over the mind as the arrow upon the ice, it may be preferable to select a few incidents, to imply those scene sof desolation, which, when stated in the aggregate, only confuse and overwhelm the sensibility of our perception.

After destroying the monastery, and slaying all the monks of the then much admired abbey of Bardeney, they employed the summer in desolating the country around with sword and fire. About Michaelmas they passed the Witham, and entered the district of Kesteren, with the same dismal ministers of fate. The sovereign of the country made no effort of defence; but a patriotic few attempted to procure for themselves and the rest, that protection which their government did not impart.

The brave Earl of Algar, in September, drew out all the youth of Hoiland; his two seneschals, Wibert and Lefric, whose names the aged rustics that survives, attached, with grateful memory, to their possessions, which they robbed Wiberton and Lefrinkton, assembled from Deeping, Langtoft, and Boston 300 valiant and well appointed men; 200 more joined him from the Croyland monastery. They were composed chiefly of fugitives and were led by Tolius, who had assumed the cowl; but who, previous to his entering the sacred profession, had been celebrated for his military character. Morehard, lord of Brunne, added his family, who were undaunted and numerous. Orgot, the Sheriff of Lincoln, a courageous and formidable veteran, collected 500 more from the inhabitants of the county. These generous patriots united in Kesteren, with the daring hope of sherking by their valour, the progress of the ferocious invaders.

On the feast of St. Maurice, they attacked the advanced bands of the Northmen with such auspicious bravery, that they slew three of their kings and many of the soldiers. They chased the rest to the gates of their intrenchments, and, notwithstanding a fierce resistance, they assailed these, till the advance of the night compelled the valiant earl to call off his noble army.

With an unpropitious velocity, the other kings of the Northmen, who had spread themselves over the country to plunder it,

Godrun, Balseg, Oskitul, Halfdem and Amond, together with Frena, Engwar, Ubbo, and the two Sidross, hastened during the night to reunite their bands in the camp. An immense booty, and a numerous multitude of women and children, their spoil accompanied them.

The Northmen, in the first dawn of light, halted their three kings in the spot then called Trekyngham, with four jarls, to guard their camp and captives, they moved forward with four kings and eight jarls, burning with fury for the disgrace of their friends on the preceeding day.

The English, from their small number, contracted themselves into a hedge; against the impetus of the Northmen darts, they presented an impenetrable arch of shields, and they repelled the violence of the hordes by a dense arrangement of their spears. Lessoned by their intelligent commanders, they maintained their stations immovable the whole day.

Evening advanced, and their unconquered valour had kept off enemies, whose numbers had menaced them with inevitable ruin. The Northmen, had spent their darts in vain. Their horsemen were wearied with the ineffectual toil of the day; and their whole army, despairing of success, in feigned confusion withdrew. Elated at the sight of the retreating foe, the English, quitting their array, sprang forwards to complete their conquest. In vain their hoary leaders expostulated, in vain proclaimed ruin if they separated. Intoxicated with the prospect of unhopd success, they forgot that it was the skill of their commanders, which, more than their own bravery had protected them. They forgot the fewness of their numbers, and the yet immense superiority of their foes. They saw flight and thought only of victory. Dispersed in their eager pursuit, they displayed to the Northern chiefs a certain means of conquest. Suddenly the Pagans rallied in every part, and rushing upon the scattered English surrounded them on every side. It was then they saw what fatal rashness had involved in equal ruin their country and themselves. They had almost rescued England from destruction by their valour and conduct; and now, by a moment's folly, all their advantages were lost. For a while, Algar, the undaunted earl, and the self-devoting Toliuss, with the other chiefs, discreet even in the midst of approaching ruin, by gaining a little eminence, protracted their fate. But as the dispersed English could not be reunited, as the dissolved arrangement could not be recomposed, the valour and skill of the magnanimous leader, honor exalted and excelled, could only serve to multiply the victims of the day. The possibility of victory was vanished. The six chiefs beheld their followers falling fast

around; death approached themselves. Mounting upon the bodies of their friends, they returned blow for blow, till fainting under innumerable wounds, they expired upon the bodies of their too impetuous companions.

A few youths of Sullon and Gidenly threw their arms into the neighboring wood, and escaping with difficulty in the following night, they communicated the fatal catastrophe to the monastery of Croyland, while its abbot and the society were performing matins. The dismal tidings threw terror into every breast; all foreboded that the next calamity would fall on them. The abbot, retaining with him the aged monks and a few infants, sent away the youthful and the strong, with their relics, jewels and charters, to hide themselves in the nearest marshes till the demons of slaughter had passed by. With anxious haste they loaded a boat with their treasures. They threw their domestic property into the waters, but as a part of the table of the great altar, plated with gold, rose above the waves, they drew it out and replaced it in the abbey.

The flames of the villages in Kesteren now gradually spread toward them, and the clamors of the fierce pagans drew nearer. Alarmed, they resumed their boat, and reached the wood of Ancarig, near the south of the island. Here, with Toretus, the anchorite, and his fraternity, they remained four days.

The abbot and they who were too young or too old, put on their sacred vestments and assembled in the choir, performing their mass and singing all the psalter with the faint hope, that unresisting age and harmless childhood would disarm ferocity of its cruelty. Soon a furious torrent of howling barbarians poured in, exulting to find Christian priests to massacre. The venerable abbot was hewed down at the altar by the cruel Oskitul, and the attendant monks were beheaded after him. The old men and children, who ran afrighted from the choir, were seized and tortured, to discover the treasure of the place. The prior suffered in the vestry, the superior in the refectory; every part of the sacred edifice was stained with blood. One child only, of ten years of age, whose beautiful countenance happened to interest the younger Sidros, was permitted to survive. The spoilers brake down all the tombs and monuments with the avaricious hope of discovering treasures; and, on the third day, they committed the superb edifice to the flames.

With a great plunder of cattle the insatiate barbarians marched the next day to Peterborough. There stood a monastery, the glory of the architecture of the age, and whose library was a large repository of books which the anxious laborers of two centuries had collected. But arts and science were toys

not worth even to amuse their women in the estimation of these invaders. They assailed the gates and fastenings, and with their archers and machines attacked the walls. The monks resisted with all their means of annoyance. A brother of Ubbo was carried off to his tent wounded by the blow of a stone. This incident added a new incentive to the cruel fury of the Northmen. They burst in at the second assault under Ubbo. He slew the hoary abbot and all the monks with his own weapon. Every other inhabitant was slaughtered without mercy by his followers. One man only had a gleam of humanity. Sidroc cautioned the little boy, whom he had saved from Croyland, to keep out of the way of Ubbo. The immense booty which they were gorged with did not mitigate their lust for ruin. The much admired monastery, and its valuable and scarcely reparable literary treasures were soon rapt in fire. For fifteen days the conflagration continued.

The Northmen, turning to the south, advanced to Huntingdon. The two earls Sigeoc, were appointed to guard the seas and the luggage over the rivers. As they were passing the men, after the rest of the army, two cars, laden with vast wealth and property, with all the cattle drawing them, were overturned at the left of the stone bridge into a depthless whirlpool. While all the attendants of the younger Sidroc were employed in recovering what was possible of the loss, the child of Croyland ran into the nearest wood, and, walking all night, he beheld the smoking ruins of his monastery at the dawn.

He found that the monks had returned from Incarig the day before, and were laboriously toiling to extinguish the flames, which yet raged in various divisions of the monastery. When they heard from the infant the fate of their superior and elder brethren, unconquerable sorrow suspended their exertions, till wearied nature compelled a remission of their grief. They collected such as they could find of the mutilated and half-consumed bodies and buried them with sympathetic reverence. Having repaired part of the ruins, they chose another abbot; when the hermits of Incarig came to implore their charitable care for the bodies at Peterborough, which the animals of prey were violating. A deputation of monks was sent, who found the corpses and interred them in one large grave, with the abbot at the summit. A stoney pyramid covered his remains, round which were afterwards engraved their images, in memorial of the catastrophe.

Spreading devastation and murder around them as they marched, the Northmen proceeded into Cambridgeshire. Ely and its first Christian church and monastery, with the heroic nuns, who mutilated their faces to preserve their honor, were destroyed by the

ruthless enemy; and many other places were desolated. The Sanguinary invaders went afterwards into East Anglia. The throne of this kingdom was occupied by Edmund, a man praised for his affability, his gentleness, and humility. He may have merited all the lavished encomiums which he has received for the milder virtues; but he was deficient in that manly energies whose vigorous activity would have met the storm in its fury, and might have disarmed it of its terrors.

Ingwar, separating from Ubbo, proceeded to the place where Edmund resided. The picture answered to his route represents a burning country, the highways strewn with the victims of massacre, violated women, the husband expiring on his own threshold near his wife, and the infant torn from its mother's bosom, and slain before her eyes to increase her screams. Ingwar had heard a favorable account of Edward's warlike abilities, and by a rapid movement endeavored, according to the usual plan of the Northmen, to surprise the king, before he could present an armed country to repel him. Edmund, though horrors had for sometime been raging round his frontiers, was roused to no preparations, had meditated no warfare. He was dwelling quietly in a village near Hagilsdan; when the active Dane appeared near him, and he was taken completely unawares.

His earl Ulfkutel, had made one effort to save East Anglia, but it failed. This army was derisively beaten at Thatford with profuse slaughter; and this calamity deeply wounded the mind of Edmund, who did not reflect, to resist the Danes with energy, was not merely to uphold his own domination, but to protect his people from the most fatal ruin.

As Ingwar drew nigh to the royal residence, he sent one of his countrymen to the king, with a haughty command, to divide his treasures, submit to his religion, and reign in subjection to his will. "And who are you that should dare to withstand our power; the storm of the ocean deters not our proposed enterprise, but serves us instead of oars. Neither the loud roarings of the sky, nor its darting lightnings have ever injured us. Submit, then, with your subjects, to a master whom even the elements respect." On reviewing this imperious message, Edmund held counsel with one of his confidence. The ecclesiastic, apprehensive of the king's safety, exhorted his compliance. A dialogue ensued, in which Edmund displayed the sensibility of an amiable mind, but not those active talents which would have given safety to his people. He pitied his unhappy subjects, groaning under every evil which a barbarous enemy could inflict, and wished his death could restore them. When the bishop represented to him the ravages which the Northmen had perpetrated, and the

danger which impanded on himself, and advised his flight, the mild-hearted king exclaimed, "I desire not to survive my dear and faithful subjects. Why do you suggest to me the shame of abandoning my fellow soldiers? I have always showed the disgrace of reproach, and especially of cowardly abandoning my rights; because I feel it noble to die for my country then to forsake it; and shall I now be a voluntary recreant, when the loss of those I loved makes even the light of heaven tedious to me." The Danish envoy was then called in, and Edmund addressed him with an energy that ought to have anticipated such a crisis, and to have influenced his actions. "Stained as you are with the blood of my people, you deserve death; but I will imitate the example of him I venerate, and not pollute my hands with your blood. Tell your commander, I am neither terrified by his threats, nor deluded by his promises. Let his boundless cupidity, which no plunder can satiate, take and consume my treasures. You may destroy this poor and falling body, like a despised vessel; but know, that the freedom of my mind shall never, for an instant, bow before him. It is more honourable to defend our liberties with our lives than to beg mercy with our tears. Death is preferable to servility. Hence! my spirit shall fly to heaven from its prison, contaminated by no degrading submission. How can you allure me by the hope of retained power, as if I could desire a kingdom, where its population has been so destroyed; or a few subjects robbed of everything, that makes life valuable!"

This passive fortitude, and these irritating reproaches only goaded the resentment of the Dane, whose rapid hostilities had now made active warfare useless. The king was taken without further contest. He was bound with close fetters, and severely beaten. He was then dragged to a tree, tied to its trunk and lacerated with whips. Even these sufferings could not appease the tigers of the Baltic. They aimed their arrows at his body with contending dexterity. At length Ingwar, enraged at his firmness and piety, closed the cruel scene by the amputation of his head.

After some weeks Godrun, to whom the conditions were acceptable, went with thirty of his chiefs to Aurle

17 Asser, 35. Mr. Walker thinks it was the modern Aurle, a small town near Ethelney. Wedmor was not less than twelve miles from it. At Wedmor, the white garments and mystic veil, then appropriated to baptism, were given. Vit. Oelf. 35.

18. Asser, 55. MSS. Vesp. D 14. Flor. 318. Sat. Chron, 85.

The delay of the JOURNAL is one that probably will not again occur.

WILLIAM O. HASSELL.

Some Letters Written by him Thirteen Years Ago.

Mason, N. H. Nov. 1, 1885.

Rec'd last night your letter addressed to Wm. O. Jr. and judged it was meant for me. Wm. O. Jr. don't live here. He never did, and I wish I never had.

I have no positive proof that my eldest name sake (Wm. of 1617) had ancestors (consult Darwin). Some say the name first appeared Roger DeLascell, but some crank spelled wrong. I have found in early records Hascall, kill, kal, kall and now your kell. Careless mortals makes trouble for descendants. Roger and Mark are where the woodbine twineth.

I think the name was once Asgl, and the aspirate made Hasgl and eventually it became Haskell. My reasons are strong but too much to go into at this time. My sands are most run out, going on to 100 years, only short about 22 years of it. If you are in fear of falling off the Tree, stick in tusk and hold fast, and then if you fall, root or die.

Yours Haskell,

Wm. O. Haskell.

P. S. The crest is a tree, either oak or apple, optional. It has been adopted as apple fruited. Motto "truth triumphe." Vincit Veritas.

I have found them (the Hassells in general) good jolly set and at times geniuses and intelligent, but sometime cranky and negligent. Your great grandfather Hubbard's family were as a general thing a very even tempered and easy going sort of people.

Mason, N. H., Nov. 16, 1883.

Frank Walsh Haskell, Dear Sir:--Your highly interesting condimental epistle of 4th. inst. containing photo and stamps is at hand. A large budget of mail matter came in at dinner time, on Monday.

You ask if any ancestors have distinguish themselves by deeds? *I have* by deeds and mortgages to my sorrow shame and disgust, consequently trying to live on rocks in drowthy summers and frosty falls. Old William of 1617 Patriarchal head of the line was a noted doer in his day. Representative to Gen. Court 18 or 20 years, selectman, Deacon, Captain of trainband, Merchant, Tanner and Mariner. I note an act of daring for public good. Gov. Andrus ordered the towns of Mass. taxed for revenue, your ninefold Great grandparent refused to levy the tax, and was fined 40 pounds for refusing and 4 pound 10 shillings for the "shot at the tavern" where the com. met and did the same the second time, all of which was highly approved by the public voice. Mark, vessel owner run the first saw-mill and grist ever in town.

William, merchant, selectman, rep., deacon 39 years. Hubbard, tailor, very pious deacon. Hubbard, sailmaker, pious. Samuel S., bag dealer, pious. If it is any credit to be a church deacon you ought to be satisfied with the record as most all held that position for many years as well as places of public trust where money, rum and ward bummer did not rule the roost.

My family consists of Self, 1808, Sept. 17th wife Sarah Spiller, of Concord, 1813, Mar. 4. married Oct. 30, 1836, in Concord; William O. born in Chelsea, Mass., May 24, 1844; Frank Hubbard, born in Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 25, 1846; Harry Hudson, born in Chelsea, Mass., July 8, 1852; Edward Andrew, born in Chelsea, Mass., June 19, 1854.

Harry died Mar. 11, 1885, in New York; Will lives in Clarendon Hills, Frank and Ed. are here with me for lack of anything better to do, all smart and active and bright but no capital to do business with.

My health is poor and wives is worse, but both keep about doing the best we can, all of us imbued with optimism. Brother A. L. Unitarian deacon 1st. Unit. church, Chelsea; Sister Anna D. Brooklyn, N. Y. monopolizes piety of family. Sister Mary Jane free thinking orthodox, Roxbury. Sister Lucy Dromme free thinking orthodox, Dorchester; Geo. W. eclectic, ditto, Boston.

It would be a funny sight to see your grandparent SS, tracing out the tree with tissue paper, when the tree all completed could be had for \$1 post paid. It has been my desire that families could have a copy and add such as come along with name and date, so that the record might be kept up by each family and some one in the future might gather them and produce a new tree with addition, and improvements with much less trouble than this one will cost.

Speaking of oddities excentric cranks it puts me in mind of Noah D. son of your great grand by his first wife and he had two sons Jonathan Stickney and Noah of the same wife. Noah D. commanded a vessel in fruit trade at one time he had orders to land cargo of oranges at N. Y. or Boston, but thought of fame and not of self in drawing interest to himself, so he let his orders go and landed in Newburyport the first cargo of oranges ever landed there, lost all profits. Fame, the last I heard of him while living was at Missouri trying the Darius Green racket with flying machine hermited in a shanty at work alone, never heard of success. He died two years ago 94 years of age.

Jonathan was school-teacher, preacher and play actor, sleight of hand, and circus man, etc. etc., he came to Boston as a sensational Methodist star and took the town, the next I knew of him was as "Prof. Houdan" in legerdemain, his wife walking on nothing in the air and his daughter turning strips of

paper into live canary birds, that also took the town, then settled in Nebraska as preacher philanthropist etc. etc., the next I knew I was walking up Chatham St. N. Y. some gamin had knocked down a diagram of whale ox chop shop bill of fare and price list. A man rushed out bare headed in shirt sleeves with joining hand volley of man or war vocabulary when he saw me cooled down called me cousin invited me to smile, next and last I heard, a friend of mine told me he saw my brother in New Orleans running a circus that was Jonathan S.

"Cranks and excentrics every man must be,
Few in the extreme all in a degree
The rogue and fool at times are fair and wise
And even the best at times what they despise."
—Pope *impd.*

From a Newspaper of the time:

SAM JONES IN MINNESOTA.

The Rev. Sam Jones is at Red Rock; and many thousands of people from Minneapolis and St. Paul are crowding the excursion trains to the camp grounds. Do they go out into the wilderness to hear a prophet, or a mountebank? There is a difference of opinion on this subject. A preacher of the gospel who indulges in the quirks and oddities and vulgarisms which continually flow from the lips of Sam Jones is certain to be called a sensation-monger and mountebank. He must inevitably be confounded with such revivalists as that venerably reprobate and oily-tongued fraud the "Rev" Johnathan Haskell, who for many years preformed the role of a circus clown in the summer, and that of a Methodist revivalist during the months when his circus was in winter quarters. Old Johnathan had a rattling, irreverent, auctioneer-like style of preaching that drew amazingly, was always in demand, and paid even better if anything than the circus. When Sam Jones tells his auditors not to "sit still like a lot of brass monkeys, but shout when they hear something good," he is very amusing indeed, and his congregations grow rapidly. But this is the Johnathan Haskell method of drawing crowds, and it prejudices the conservative while it makes the judicious grieve. It is a fault and a blemish. It does not give real influence or strength to the discourse. Buffoonery makes a bad sugar-coating for the gospel medicine.

Mason, N. H. Nov. 24, 1885.

Respected Newfound Kinsman:—Your esteemed favor of 19th inst. is before me and contents noted with interest. You say you have been told that you are "a little queer at times." Well who ain't, that is anybody? Yes it is undoubtedly an element of Atavism once in a family is never entirely eradicated. (Darwin) I know my father and most of his offsprings abound in it. Of my Uncle Hubbard and your Gr't Grand sire I know but little about he died in my younger days pro

bably in the third decade of the glorious nineteenth century. My record of him and family is from S. S. who didn't give his demise I recollect he was a very mild inoffensive appearing man of pious melancholly aspect of straight Hosskensionism, I don't think his family were very queer or cranky excepting Capt. Noah and perhaps S. S. a title so occasionally of him you know more than I. When I was a boy Noah D. was master bound to Newburyport had one of his maiden half sister, I think Anna, as a passenger on board, being overtaken by a gale he conceived a notion of cutting away the mast in order to ride out the storm and when about to dismast the vessel urged his sister, who was sick below, to come on deck and witness the scene for her special benefit, here's Romance, which *queer* coolness lost him his employment. Once more—my brother, A. L., told me years ago that he advised Capt. Noah to look after his boys and do something to straighten them out, he replied that there must be so many roughs in the world, and they may as well be my boys as anybody's.—Resignation. Well, he went to Missouri, engaged in flying machine: "Birds can fly, why not I?" I don't know the result of his close cabin labor—a few years ago some one sent me a newspaper clipping, "Capt. Noah D. Haskell, aged 90, died, formerly of Newburyport, Mass."

Whether his uncommon equanimity had a tendency to his longevity, as he was never known to get off his base or lose his temper, if he had any to lose, I know not but I have heard of several cases in our race to militate that idea. There was old Aunt Hitty of Gloucester who died a short time ago at nearly a hundred years. She was a strong-minded queerist of free-thought, of whom Wendell Phillips, in his address at her funeral, said, "she was one of the most vigorous-minded persons he ever knew." Preacher, lecturer and disputant, when she was 96 she shut me up twice in ten minutes. One thing she said to me, "I don't care how much a man swears if he don't cheat and lie." Slavery and intemperance kept her at white heat for several years. Still she lived and thrived for 98 years. She had a sister Sarah the very opposite, calm, mild, and lovely, conformable, peaceful and happy, she lived one year longer,—score 1 for conformity, daughters of Aaron, 1751; of Joseph and Sarah, 1780; of Mehitabel, 1782; here I am drifting off,—when I get the pen in ink I can't leave off. Perag.

I remember one queerism in S. S., as told me by his eldest brother, Hubbard, he met Samuel who asked him to his boarding place that night and be sure and bring his slippers. He did so and it was S. S. wedding (Sachaea-tuenss). The family were principally of Sweedenborgian faith. Noah, Jonathan, you

know about Noah Jr., and Samuel Jr., I don't know about.

By the way, I would like to have the record of S. S.'s children's children, I have only what you gave me, Benjamin, (Robert and S. S., Jr., I have not.) I am rejoiced to know that a Haskell of my kith and kin can bear to be disowned, disinterested, debared and still keep his equanimity, not dismayed, discouraged or disgraced, keep right side up, noble hero! God helps those who help themselves. (?)

Who's B. F. Haskell? I'd rather drive a team than have a team drive me.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise, Act well your part there all the honor lies."

I can't imagine where Edwin B., got the Dudley idea, I have never seen the names connected, excepting the Dudley C. Haskell, Congressman from Iowa, who would have stood a good chance to be President of the United States had he lived long enough. Send to your Congressmen and get a copy of the D. C. Haskell memorial.

If the descent had have been claimed to Earl Heneward I should not be surprised as it is not the first time that it has been claimed. No Leicester or Dudley in relation thereto can be shown. The earliest I know of the name is Lascell, Lascele, Lascall, then Asgal, Asgale, (aspirete) Hasjal, Haskell and finally Haskell.

If Heneward, the father of old Cedric in Ivanhoe, is in the chain the link is broken.

"In nature, chain whatever link you strike Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.

Wherever from, here we are, a queer, cranky set, and for one I don't propose to dodge it—good as the average of the human race and no better. I never knew one hung but one ought to have been, he descended from the first Mark to Massachusetts State's prison and worked in my gang when I had a contract of sixty men there. He was from Norfolk county where some of Mark's sons settled in the seventeenth century. I have a good history of that family. But of Roger the mascot of the trio, I have but little. Settled at Salem the children scattered to New Hampshire, Vermont, Northern New York, whence, the orthography Hascall, hence Rev. Jefferson, Squire B., and Homer Hascall and my niece Lizzy's husband Bailey of Brooklyn, who send me the *Thunderer* or *London Times*, no crank about him.

Disordered imaginations is usually the trouble with the race when they get two and threppene, put on frills and think to stand any racket, and, no matter how they got it, look down on those not supposed to be as smart as they. But I never knew one cruel, hard-hearted, unfeeling, except the one disowning his son for marrying a nice lady against *his* WILL.

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AN EXPLANATION.

Last December I conceived the idea of the HASKELL JOURNAL. I had no money myself to speak of, but I went to see Hon. Dudley H. Haskell, John L. Haskell and R. R. Haskell in this city and laid my plans before them.

For twenty years I had been investigating our genealogy. I had fully five thousand Haskell names resident of the United States. I believed, and I convinced my associates, that if we would only publish a family journal, at least two thousand Haskells would pay two paltry dollars a year in order to know who their grandparents were.

I started the JOURNAL, and it cost money to print it, bound up with ribbon and with heavy cover paper, thirty-two pages an issue.

And I sent in January, February and March a full five thousand copies to each of the Haskells of these States.

I received twenty-two hundred and four letters giving genealogical dates. But only one hundred and ninety-seven sent two dollars for our book.

Mr. R. R. Haskell, Mr. John L. Haskell

and Hon. D. H. Haskell had to pay the balance due.

The cost of the JOURNAL, up to date has been nearly two thousand dollars. The subscribers have paid about four hundred. The rest has been advanced by the gentlemen named above.

It is now October, and this is but the April number.

Now, I am the person responsible; yet I could not get the paper out; I did not have the money to do it. I deal with you all with the utmost frankness, but I think some of you need a little blame. You ought to have sent your subscription in order to help the work along and keep the paper going.

As I said before, to the hundred and ninety-seven there is a consideration due. To every one of those who wants his money back I will send it when he lets me know which will cost but a two-cent stamp. But if he prefers to wait till I am able to attend to the matter I will send him enough copies of the JOURNAL to fill out his year's subscription, or else a copy of our genealogy complete, which will some time yet be issued.

I want to say right here that R. R. Haskell, Hon. D. H. Haskell and John L. Haskell have done everything in their power to make the JOURNAL win. They have paid their money and desire still to keep it up at their own expense. This, in all due honor, I cannot permit. Either it must be self-supporting or it must go down.

It is a shame that we cannot make the paper a success. Out of five thousand if but one thousand would stand together its success would be a surety.

I am grieved at this; but I cannot alter conditions.

This Haskell family has the finest genealogy, the most romantic history and is the squarest race that I know of—and yet, the JOURNAL fails.

I would like to continue this publication. Do you feel enough interest to assist me?

Will each of you write to your *own* people and ask them what they can suggest or do?

Why, there was General Haskell who just came back from Cuba the other day. He died on parade. Don't we want to see his picture? Don't we want to know his life? Don't we want to hand his history down to our children and our children's children?

But if we cannot go ahead—if we cannot keep the JOURNAL up—I want to thank those Hasskells who did the best they could. I have not the money myself and cannot in reason ask those gentlemen who have done so much already to contribute more. And I want to say that letters cost but little, and I wish you all would write to the HASKELL JOURNAL whatever you want to say. I will do the best I can. Let me know what plans you have.

Outside of the letters received this year, I have datum which should be printed—and which every Haskell ought to have—which goes back a thousand years. There are pictures, deeds and patents; there are warrants of honest work. The history of this family ought to be preserved in print.

But meanwhile let me say, that in order to be fair to the two hundred who have paid their subscription, and at the same time to give a hint to forty-eight hundred who have not, that this last number of the JOURNAL contains a brief summary of our family history for a thousand years. Of course it is not complete; of course the verifications are not there: of course it is full of errors—legends and traditions that yet remain to be verified. But, such as it is, it is given, and I think the two hundred who have paid will agree that if the January, February, March and April numbers are bound together, that the hundred-and-twenty-page book thence resulting will be worth to them more than they have paid.

And if we *now* work together there may be something else yet come in the future of this project.

All communications may hereafter be addressed to R. R. HASKELL, 115 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.

BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

OUR MAILING EXPENSES.

Under the United States statute—as an attorney having had nineteen years' experience in the Federal Courts and with the Federal statutes—I was of the opinion (and am still) that this JOURNAL was entitled to admission to the United States mail as "second class matter" at pound rates, being a paper of "general circulation."

When the paper was started I made the proper application at the San Francisco post-office. I filed my affidavit and statement and pending decision was compelled to pay at the rate of two cents for every copy sent out. This I paid under protest. Pending decision by the Postoffice Department at Washington I should have been given a temporary permit. But an underling in the San Francisco postoffice, with his brief authority, said:

"I never saw anything like this journal before. You will have to pay in advance the full two-cent rate."

HASKELL: "But why? You have trade journals; you have scientific magazines; you have the 'New England Genealogical Magazine;' all admitted at pound rates. Why not this? At pound rates the postage would cost me but ten or twelve dollars; at your rates at least a hundred. Why the discrimination?"

UNDERLING: "Well, I never saw anything like that before."

HASKELL: "Well, I am sorry. If you remember what Mark Twain said to Paul Blouet you will recognize that I must forgive you for your density on genealogical affairs."

UNDERLING: "You have got to pay two cents a copy."

Well, I paid it, but wrote meanwhile to Senator George C. Perkins, Congressman James G. Maguire and Congressman C. A. Barlow.

As a result, the next issue was admitted at pound rates.

But other things apparently intervened, and to my surprise and astonishment the Postoffice Department at Washington finally decided that every copy of the JOURNAL must bear a two cent stamp.

You can figure up for yourself how much this has increased our expenses.

I have seen patent medicine, trade and advertising circulars admitted at pound rates.

Even the lubrications of the intellectual Postmaster-General go through our mails and they go free.

But, we cannot send to our 5,000 Hasskells their own history unless we pay an extra two-cent tax.

Perhaps the Postmaster-General has an ancestry. Perhaps upon that account he does not desire to encourage genealogical research.

So prudent an intellect ought to be remembered by all of us.

SUDDEN DEATH OF GENERAL HASKELL.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 16, 1898—Brig. Gen. Haskell died suddenly at his home at the Columbus post at about 4.30 this afternoon. He was stricken with apoplexy, the excitement through which he had passed during the day being the immediate cause of the attack.

Gen. Haskell commanded the 17th United States Regular infantry at the battle of El Caney and was wounded in the left shoulder and knee. He came home about a month ago and was rapidly recovering. The wound in his shoulder, however, had paralyzed his left arm.

This morning the 17th regiment returned home and Gen. Haskell went to the depot in a carriage to welcome his men. He rode at the head of the regiment through the city to the post, and the cheers of the immense crowds that lined the streets were directed almost as much to him as to the regiment.

At the reviewing stand, the crowd surrounded the carriage and flowers were fairly showered into the vehicle from every side.

At 4.30 this afternoon Capt. Clay called at Gen. Haskell's residence to pay his respects. The general was resting at the time but came down stairs. They had been engaged in conversation about five minutes, when Gen. Haskell suddenly started to his feet clasped his hands to his head and then fell to the floor. The only exclamation he made was "Oh, Oh." Capt. Clay sprang to his assistance and was surprised to find that his pulse had ceased to beat. Post Surgeon Pilcher was called and stated that death was caused by apoplexy. Mrs. Haskell was prostrated by her husband's death.

Another Suggestion.

The Editor has published some advertisements of the various businesses of the Haskell, which publication has been done without authority but in the hope that this courtesy extended might induce a permanent advertisement. Those who have received this courtesy well might understand these facts:

FIRST: That if 5000 Haskell *would* stand together they could come pretty near running this country.

SECOND: That out of the 5000 at least 3000 are in business.

THIRD: That every Haskell ought to patronize every other Haskell, and the friend of every Haskell.

FOURTH: That if but 1000 of the "business" Haskell would guarantee an advertisement of one inch for one year at say \$4.00 per year that it would bring him more business than any other form of advertising, would alone enable the JOURNAL to continue

and would be an investment that he never would regret.

FIFTH: That those Haskell whose business has been gratuitously advertised ought to be the first to respond to this suggestion.

Verbum sap.

Special Notice.

There are on hand about 250 copies yet left of the four issues of the JOURNAL.

You may know some Haskell who may want either single copies or a full set.

They will be sold to whoever first applies.

They have been placed in the hands of R. R. Haskell of Haskell & Muegge, 115 Kearney street, San Francisco, who has kindly consented that his clerk shall fill all orders received.

That this issue is gotten out at all is due to the advances of Hon. D. H. Haskell, R. R. Haskell and John L. Haskell.

A REMINISCENCE.

Comes to America Paul Blouet, a Frenchman, who criticises us, and among other things amuses himself by saying that we, like all parvenues, are now apparently engaged in an industrious genealogical search to find out who our great-great-grandfathers were.

Answers him Mark Twain to this effect: "That that was all right; but the average Frenchman has pretty hard work to find out who his father was."

LOST REMITTANCES.

I am informed by letter and through the postoffice that there have been several remittances lost through the mails, remittances that I have never received and know nothing of. It was my careful custom to acknowledge by letter every remittance. If *you* have sent any not so acknowledged please write me and I will do what I can to trace the matter.

In this issue you will see what PRESIDENT MCKINLEY has said of one of our people.

If he were aware of what his Post-master General had done towards preventing the history of his dead personal friend HON. DUDLEY C. HASKELL from reaching his family and connections, he might raise a breeze in the Cabinet.

If you have not paid for the JOURNAL and have received all four issues it would not be a bad idea for you to pay for them now, would it?

In the cut published of Miss Haskell the name in the cut should read "Ernestine," instead of "Earnestine."

Note.

Personal letters will always reach me when addressed simply Burnette G. Haskell, San Francisco, Cal.

A SUCCINCT HISTORY.

Of the Haskell Family From the Year 860 to the Present Day.

NOTE:—The first plan of the HASKELL JOURNAL was that it should exist at least five years. That during that time it should publish not only the portraits and biographies of the living Haskells, but as well, on the last pages, detachable for binding and preservation, the full history of the family, giving dates, names, numbers, records, and as well, reproductions of our patents, of the various homes of our people, of the trophies they have won—of all that in future might be of any possible interest. As I have elsewhere said, if but one thousand out of five had showed one-half my own interest and the interest of the men who helped me out in this matter, to-day we would have had a journal of a hundred pages and something of greater interest than we now have to give to our descendants. But they did not. I explain this in believing that procrastination is a family characteristic and that my associates, by exception, have proved the rule. The Haskells are a conservative crowd and want to "wait to see how things turn out." Meanwhile the JOURNAL dies. It cannot be carried on unless all join in and help.

Yet, still there are a gallant two hundred who have done whatever they could.

It is due to them to give them for their money, not a mere fragment uncompleted, but a set of four journals which will help them to a general idea of what we were, what we are and what we ought to be.

And so, here and now, much against my will (because I do not want these things incomplete), follows a mere general, hasty, incomplete, unedited account made up of rumors, legends, histories and old MSS. of the general synopsis of our family story.

I wish it could all be put in detail. I wish the proof could be annexed to every statement. I wish we could make this history so perfect that every item could be proved in a court of law.

But this is, at *this* moment, impossible. Let us hope we may be able to do something toward it later on.

There are millionaires among the Haskells. Some I have not heard from at all. Some of my direct family have been silent.

I firmly believe that every Haskell who receives this number in final payment for his two dollars will consider that his debt is squared. But, if not, I stand as ready as I can to do all that they think is right to satisfy them.

This long introductory note seems to be necessary, to explain the condensation that follows and to breed in your minds a mere understanding of what the work, the worry and the expense of this paper has been to us; of how our hopes have failed and our worriments increased, and how finally at the end I have done the best I could to give you value for your kind and helpful aid.

BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

In the January number of the JOURNAL an attempt was made to give in detail the genealogy and history of the Bec-Crespon-Osborn-Haskell family from the year 800 to the year 1898. First, there came something about the origin of one name. Then an extract from the MSS. roll of Surrey; then various authorities, including the Bible, Bede, Ethelwerd, Assus, Geoffrey, Gildas, Mennen, Richard of Monmouth, Fabius, Ethelred, St. Davids, Ferguson, Barckley, Henry of Huntington, Matthew of Westminster, Ingulph and others.

In the February number this proved and

authentic record was continued by extract from the histories of Church and Roemer which last continued through March and is now finished in April.

This brings the family history down to the year A. D. 870. Our people can understand what might be the details just from this. If we could only publish what is said about us in the Old Chronicles from then till now what a wealth of curious detail there would be.

But we cannot.

After the death of the ravaging Oskitel it appears that his sons embraced the church.

One was an abbot, "well beloved of his people." Another became Archbishop of Canterbury. Another owned half of Hereford. Another went over to France about the year 1050, at the time of the trouble between Harold and William I, and returned with the invader in 1066. His name can be found in the Battle Abbey Roll as "Roget de Beaumont of Haskell, LX naves," which means sixty ships, though where he got them I don't know.

From him followed Stephen, born about 1080 and died about 1160. He returned to Normandy and there married a Montgomery, and got the estate of St. Michael.

Richard was his successor. Born in 1128, he married Constance de Seagrave, and died in 1180.

Roget succeeded him. Born in 1167, died in 1202. He married Marguerite, Dame de Crepigny, who brought him her estate and whose arms were, "Purpure, a fesse or."

Thomas came after Roget. He was the Seigneur de Ste. Michael et de Crepigny; also Seigneur de Beaumont. He went to Essex county, England, where, upon the estate of L'Estrange, he married the lady Estrange, named Osmia Damaris. The arms of his wife were: "Gules, two lions passant; in pale argent within a bordure engrailed."

Lord Edward followed. Born 1230, died 1290. Married Amelie Le Mareschal. After marriage he returned to France.

Lord Edward succeeded him. Born 1250, died 1304. Married Helene de Couci 1280, whose arms: "Barry of six vair and gules."

The Lord of Beaujeau, Edward, born 1284, died 1350; married Lucia Fitz-Geoffrey, whose arms were: "Within a bordure vaire, quarterly or et gules, over all a labell of iii points sable."

He was one of the party under Sir John de Hainault who went with Queen Isabella to regain the Kingdom of England in 1326. There were Sir John de Hainault, Sir Henry d'Antoing, Sir Oulphard de Guistelle, le Sire de Sermuel, the Seigneur d'Albret, and the Counts de Sars, de Boisiers, de Hein, de Villiers, de Vertaing, de Pocelles, de Mauny, du Fay, de Cormicy; Sir Saxesin de Boissoit, Sir Robert de Baillemil, Sir Percival de Sem-

eries, the Lord of Commeguines, Sir Michael de Ligne and many others. The company landed at the city of Orwell, in Suffolk, and to them came and joined Henry of Lancaster. * * * And he got 3,000 golden florins. * * * And in 1327 went to the Crusade. * * * (And a whole page more).

Stephen le Bon, son of Roget m. Henriette de Villiers, whose arms were a "Or, a cross sable." Born 1308, married 1329, died 1373.

There are pages of the Ancient Chronicles about him, but space forbids even a summary.

Ordegar, born in 1330, married Marie de la Mare, whose arms were: "Argent a fesse azure."

Ordegar, born 1376, married in 1427 and died in 1467. He went to England and bought Rowstone Castle.

There was ;

Ordegar,

Ordegar,

Roger,

Stephen,

Godfrey,

Surrey.

Of whom more anon.

Edward,

Edward,

Edward.

Charles Edward, who married Eleanor Haskell.

Of whom more anon.

Then Nathaniel.

Prince followed.

Edward Wilder next.

Then Edward Wilder, who still lives.

Then the author of this JOURNAL, Burnette G.

Then his son Astaroth.

This is a summary of the main line.

There are three branch lines—that of the Osborn-Bec-Crespon line and the line that settled at Salem in 1628. There is also the Southern branch. These follow:

The Bec-Crespon-Osborn Genealogy.

GILBERT DE BRIONNE, surnamed Crespin; also called Osbern the Seneschal, Baron of Bec-Crespin, Captain of Tillieres and Seneschal of Normandy.

He married Gonnor, sister of Foulques of Anjou (*Foulques d'Aunau*), who was the daughter of Rodolph, Count of Ivry, Rodolph being a son of Asperling and Sprotta, and Sprotta was the mother of Richard the Fearless (grandfather of Duke Robert) by William Longsword, whose morganatic wife she was. It was also said that Rodolph of Ivry was in truth not the son of Asperling, who took Sprotta at second hand, but of the royal Richard himself.

Gilbert aided his brother Helloin, or Herluin, first Abbe du Bec in Normandy, to found the abbey of that name in 1034.

The death of the Seneschal Gilbert was that of a loyal gentleman and faithful servant. After the death of Duke Robert of Normandy, and during the youth of William, afterward the "Conqueror," a period of the wildest anarchy ensued, and it was during this time that Gilbert fell, a victim to his devotion and a sacrifice for the life of his monarch. Assassins burst into the room where the young Duke slept, but were discovered and opposed by Osbern and an humble tutor who, without arms and bare hands, opposed themselves against the ruffianly steel until William had time to escape. It is said that not until Gilbert was pierced with twenty wounds did he fall dying to the floor.

Another account of the Seneschal gives him the dignity of Count de Breteuil.

By his wife Gonnor he had the following issue: 1. William, whose genealogy follows. 2. Gilbert, Seigneur de Tillieres. 3. Robert, who died unmarried. 4. Emme, Emma or Emily, mother of Pierre de Conde. 5. Elise du Bec, married to Robert Mallet.

(We have not space to give such full details of those that follow, but they are in hand and should be printed.)

William, first of the name, Baron du Bec-Crespin, Seneschal of Normandy, Duke's Marshal, Count de Breteuil et d'Aile, Baron of Normandy, Earl of Hereford, Co-Regent of England; Duke of Antwerp and King Consort of Flanders: surnamed Fitz-Osbern, etc.

Arms: "Gu. a bend Ar.; over all a fesse Or."

The history of the life of William Fitz-Osbern, the son of the Seneschal and the most intimate and valued friend of the Conqueror, is too well known to need more than a passing notice. His counsels at Lillebone, his charge at Hastings, his war against the Saxon in Hereford, his Regentship of England, and his wild battle for a crown in Flanders, are part and parcel of every history of the Conquest.

He married Eve de Montfort, daughter of Simon, Seigneur de Montfort-l'Amaury, and by her he had William, whose genealogy follows, and Gislebert du Bec, who became a monk in the Abbey of Bec, whence he afterwards rose to be Abbe of Westminster, in England.

Besides the above, William had several illegitimate children, among whom the chroniclers name the following: Emma, a daughter, whose marriage to Ralph de Gauder caused the fall of so many; Roger of Breteuil, whose rise and fall were so extraordinary and so overwhelming that they seemed to justify his motto, "I do not bend; I break."

William, second of the name, Baron of Bec-Crespin.

His wife was the heiress D'Estrapagny (her Christian name not being known) and he had an only son, Gosselin, whose genealogy follows:

William is found at the defense of the Chateau de l'Aigle in 1118. In 1119 he took the part of William, son of Robert III, Duke of Normandy, against Henry I., King of England, and assisted at the siege of Gisors in 1124.

Gosselin, Baron du Bec-Crespin and d'Estrapagny, etc.

He was the restorer of the Abbey of Mortemer and was present at the confirmation of the privileges of the Priory of Notre Dame du Pre, made by Henry II., King of England.

He espoused Isabeau du Plessis, Dame de Dangu, by whom he had: 1. William, whose genealogy follows. 2. Robert, who made many donations to the Abbey of Mortemar. 3. Marcella du Bec, who first married a Baron de Tancarville (Christian name unknown) and afterwards espoused Jean de Gisors.

William, Seigneur du Bec-Crespin, d'Estrapagny et de Dangu.

He endowed the Abbey of Mortemer in 1180. His wife was Eve d'Harcourt, Dame de Lisores, daughter of William, Sire d'Harcourt; by her he had: 1. William, whose genealogy follows. 2. Isabeau, Dame de Livarot, who married Robert de Neufbourg, Baron de Asnebec.

William, Seigneur du Bec-Crespin, d'Estrapagny, de Dangu et de Lisores, etc.

He was one of the nobles summoned to St. Germain-en-Laye in the year 1236 to render service to Chinon. He married Alix de Sancerre, Dame de Mauny, eldest daughter of Etienne, Seigneur de Chatillon-sur-Loing, by whom he had:

1. William, whose genealogy follows:

2. Jean, Seigneur de Lisores et de Saint-Clair-sur-Epte, which came to him from his wife, Amicie de Ferriers, who died in 1316, leaving him the following children: (1) Jean, Seigneur de Lisores; (2) William d'Arguency; (3) Etienne, who died in 1326 without issue.

3. Hugues, who founded the branch of the Seigneurs de Bourri, which branch will be found farther on.

William, Seigneur du Bec-Crespin, d'Estrapagny, de Dangu et de Mauny; Marshal of France, etc.

He was qualified as a Marshal of France by a decree of the Parliament of the Tournai in 1283, having gone with the King, St. Louis, on his voyage to Africa in 1260.

He married Jeanne de Mortemer, only daughter of William, Baron de Varanguebec, Seigneur de la Luthumiere, etc.; Hereditary Constable of Normandy, who brought that

title and her estates to her husband. There were among these several estates of the Abbey of Gomerfontaine.

His wife died in 1271, when William instituted proceedings to obtain the possession of the title of Constable of Normandy, which he pretended to be entitled to during the minority of his children, and to have the enjoyment of all the rights which depended thereon, which was refused him.

His children were: 1. William, whose genealogy follows. 2. Jean, who succeeded his brother and continued the lineal descent of the family, William having died without male issue.

William, Seigneur du Bec-Crespin, d'Estrapagny, Varanguebec, Luthumiere, de Dangu, et de Mauny, etc.

He appears among the Chevaliers Bannerets supported by King Phillippe le Bel and was summoned to Paris at the Octaves de la Chandeleur on the 12th day of November, 1317, to take part in the expedition against the Flemings.

He married Mahaud de Bomez, daughter of Thibaud, Seigneur de Bomez and of Marguerite de Villebeon, his second wife, and for the succession of the estates of whom Bec-Crespin sued the Comte de Roncey, who had married the eldest daughter, the issue of Thibaud's first wife.

He was dead in the year 1330, when his widow obtained her dower out of his lands in Normandy.

He left but two daughters: first, Jeanne, Dame de Varanguebec, d'Estrapagny, etc., who married in 1334 Jean de Melun, second of the name, Count of Tancarville, Grand Master of France, etc., and who died January 30, 1374; second, Marie du Bec-Crespin, Dame de Louves, de Bontavant et du Bec-Crespin, who married Jean de Chalon, third of the name, Comte d'Auxerre et de Tonnerre, Grand Bouteiller de France, etc., who sold the estate of Bec-Crespin to William, Seigneur des Bordes.

Jean du Bec-Crespin, Seigneur de Dangu, de Mauny and de Lisores.

The younger brother of the preceding. He made several gifts to the Abbey of Gomerfontaine in 1315 and he was, with his brother William, summoned to the Assembly of Lisieux in 1318.

He married Jeanne Tresson, Dame de Thury, by whom he had:

1. William, seventh of the name, whose genealogy follows:

2. Jeanne, who married Ouy, Seigneur de Tournebu, bringing to him several estates which, with his own, afterwards formed the Barony de la Motte-Cesny and de Grainbosi.

3. Jean du Bec-Crespin, Seigneur du Dangu, who married Agnes de Trie, but died some time before the year 1353 without children.

4. Blanche du Bec-Crespin, Dame de Thury, who was first married to Louis, Seigneur de Ferrieres, and next to Pierre, Sire de Preaux; and who was living in the year 1367, though the time of her death is not known.

William du Bec-Crespin, Seigneur de Mauny.

It appears that at the session of the Parliament in February, 1323, William du Bec-Crespin was sentenced to pay a fine, though for what does not appear.

And in the following year the king gave him the right or service which the state had claimed from his estates.

He married Jeanne de Moy (who after his death took for a second husband Jean de Mericourt), who bore him:

1. William, eighth of the name, whose genealogy follows.

2. Jeanne, married in March, 1351, to Raoui, surnamed Herpin, Seigneur de Saint-Saulieu and upon his death she married Jean, Seigneur de Crevecoeur and de Thoie. It is recorded that she was again a widow in 1380.

William du Bec-Crespin, eighth of the name, Seigneur de Mauny, and afterwards of Bec-Crespin, which estate he redeemed from the hands of those to whom the Comte d'Auxerre had sold it, and by purchase of the estate of Saint-Amand.

He was with the Marechal de Sancerre at the siege and recovery of Limoges in 1370, and continued to render his services to the king in the succeeding wars; and he was also called from his estate in November, 1838, to attend the expedition that the king was about to make over the frontiers of Germany, and which was placed under the command of the Constable de Clisson.

He married the heiress of the de Calletot's (her Christian name is unrecorded) who brought him the estates and bore herself the dignity of "Dame des trois villes de Saint-Denys-en-la-foret-de-Lyons. By her he had:

1. William, ninth of the name, whose history follows:

2. Ide, married to Louis de Thibonville, Chevalier, of whom she was the widow in 1419.

William, Seigneur du Crespin, de Mauny et de Saint-Denys, Saint-Amand, etc.

Attached himself to the king in the wars against the English, and on this account the English sovereign seized his estates and gave them to Sir John Falcoff in 1418, who, however, did not retain them long.

He married Jacqueline d'Auvriches, by whom he had:

1. Jean, whose history follows.

2. Robert, Bish of Laon, who succeeded his eldest brother, Jean, to the estates, for which he did homage in 1453. He died Archbishop of Narbonne in —.

3. Jeanne du Bec-Crespin, who became

the heiress of her two brothers and married Peter (Pierre) de Breze, Baron of Maulevrier, Grand Seneschal of Anjou, Poitou and Normandy, etc. She was, under King Louis XI, appointed chatelaine of the Castle at Rouen, to which place she introduced the Duc de Bourbon, who followed the party of the Duke of Berry. The city was, however, reduced to obedience by the king, and it appears that Jeanne obtained her pardon in 1465.

4. Una du Bec-Crespin, Dame de Saint-Denys and Saint-Amand; took one of the Saint-Denys estates to her husband, Ordegar d'Ascelle, Seigneur d'Aile et de Crepigney.

[This Ordegar is identified with Ordegar Osbern d'Ascelle in "Surrey's Roll," and it is from this couple that the Haskells of the present day are descended.]

The New England American Branch.

DETAILS CONCERNING ITS HISTORY.

IN ENGLAND.—Surrey Osbern Haskell, author of the MSS. Roll of 1590. Born 1541, married 1580, died 1612. Married Sarah Finnerne, whose arms were: "Argent between three crosses pattes fitches, a chevron sable."

Left one son, Edward (see the main line).

Edward Haskell, born 1581, married 1605, died 1620. Married Viola Patterson. Had five sons:

Edward (see main line).

Enguerrard (fate unknown).

William, born 1907.

Roger, born 1608.

Mark, born 1609.

All these last came to America in 1637 or thereabouts (probably 1628.)

The further genealogy of this American branch can be found on page 9, January number, page 26; February number, page 37; March number, and but partially completed in this issue.

Eleanor of this branch married Charles Edward of Virginia in about 1720, his younger brother, Surrey, being at the same time the founder of the Southern branch of Heiskells. His genealogy follows:

The Southern Heiskell Branch.

Surrey Osbern de Heiskell, brother of Charles Edward, was born in Paris in 1692 in the Rue des Surveilliers; married in 1763 Eva Custis in Virginia; died in 1763. He left but one son so far as known.

Surrey Heiskell, born 1724, married 1754, died 1784, had a plantation on the James river. His wife was Lillian Peyton. He was prominent in the Revolution. His estate was named Rowstone. He left five or six children, fate unknown.

Peyton Heiskell, born 1755, married 1782, died 1810. He married Eleanor Lee of historic memory and left two sons: Francis,

whose history is entirely unknown, but who is supposed to have perished on a pearl hunt in the South seas, and Albert Heiskell, born 1786, married 1826, died 1856. He married Mary Edwards and had but one son.

Albert E. Haskell of Chicago, born 1823, died 1880 at Chicago, was the editor's informant as to these facts. He changed his name from Heiskell to Haskell and gave the editor valuable MSS.; also, being unmarried, gave him some money which was to be, and has been, expended in reference to the Haskell and Heiskell genealogy.

He was the joint author with the editor of our first preliminary pamphlet.

Details of the New England Branch.

Nathaniel Osbern Haskell—Born February 26, 1731; married 1757; died 1823, at Hardwick, Mass. He was a resident of Hardwick, married Lydia Foster and left five children—Prince, Nathaniel, George, Jessa and Lydia, whose future history is unknown.

Lydia Foster, born 1725; died 1776.

Prince Haskell—Born April 26, 1758, at Rochester, Mass.; married October 4, 1781, at Hingham, Mass., and died March 3, 1841, at Peru, Ohio. He was a resident of Rochester, Mass., and Peru, O. He married Leah Wilder and had eleven children, as follows:

1. Edward Wilder Haskell—Born in Hardwick, Mass., June 5, 1872; died January 1, 1785 at Hardwick; no issue.

2. Deborah Haskell—Born in Hardwick March 18, 1784, and died April 16, 1822, at Barnard, Vt.

3. Harriet Haskell—Born in Barnard, Vt., June 9, 1786; died July 23, 1854, at Peru, O.; no issue.

4. Prince Haskell—Born in Barnard May 2, 1789; died January 16, 1849, at Bronson, O.; had five children.

5. Edward Wilder Haskell—Born in Barnard September 29, 1788; died February 21, 1826, at Barnard; had four children.

6. Nathaniel Haskell—Born in Barnard October 30, 1791; died September 30, 1871, at Londonville, O.; no issue.

7. Michael Haskell—Born in Barnard November 30, 1793; lives in Jefferson, Wis.; had six children.

8. Lewis Foster Haskell—Born in Barnard August 15, 1796; died April 23, 1797 at Barnard.

9. Polly Haskell—Born in Barnard February 6, 1798; died August 20, 1818 at Barnard.

10. Adeline Haskell—Born in Barnard August 29, 1801; died March 1, 1872, at Galesburg, Ill.; no issue.

11. Mariah Powers Haskell—Born in Barnard June 14, 1805; lives in Peru, O.; had four children.

Prince Haskell and wife (Leah Wilder) settled in Barnard, Vt., February, 1785, and moved to Peru, O., in June, 1835.

Leah Wilder was born in Hingham, Mass., June 13, 1762, and died at Peru, O., May 3, 1848.

Edward Wilder Haskell was born September 29, 1788; married in 1815, and died in 1826. He was a resident of Vermont, married Elutheria Newton and had five children.

Mrs Nye's record of the children gives their dates as follow:

1. George—Born November 11, 1822; died in 1863, leaving three children.

2. Edward—Born December 2, 1819.

3. Chauncey Orlando—Born November 1, 1824; still living; no issue.

4. Elutheria—Died at Randolph, Vt., April 10, 1830, aged 13 years, 7 months and 11 days.

5. Wilder—Born in Barnard, Vt., January 28 1826; died August 8, 1828.

Edward Wilder Haskell was born December 2, 1819, in Vermont. He came to California in 1849 and married Maria A. Briggs in 1856. His children were:

Burnette G., born June 11, 1857.

Helen M., born March 2, 1860.

Edward Prince, born March 11, 1865.

Benjamin B., born February 4, 1867.

ASTAROTH HASKELL follows in the next generation, and is now the head of the Haskell family.

WILLIAM HASKELL.

A Short Account of the Descendants of William Haskell of Gloucester, Mass., by Ulysses G. Haskell of Beverly.

[Not completed on account of want of space, but to be found in full in the Historical Collection of the Essex Institute Volume 32—1896.]

175 Samuel, b. 1746.

176 ii Joseph, b. - -.

177 iii Oliver, b. - -.

178 iv William, b. - -.

179 v Lemuel, b. - -.

180 vi Elizabeth, b. - -; m. a Willard.

181 vii Sybil, b. - -; m. a Kingman.

182 viii Amy, b. - -; m. a Stone.

183 i Abigail, b. - -; m. Rinhard Phillips, Jr.,

Dec. 12, 1796.

184 ii Hannah, b. - -; m. Abner Phillips brother of Richard, Jr.

185 iii Israel, b. - -; m. Juda Wellman.

186 iv Jacob, b. - -; m. Mary Johnson, Mar. 15,

1793.

187 v Esther, b. - -; m. Joseph Tyler, Mar. 12

1793.

188 vi Phebe, b. - -; m. Samuel Tyler.

189 vii Asa, b. - -; m. Jemima Bray.

190 viii Elizabeth, b. - -; m. Daniel Bray. Jan.

15, 1794.

191 ix Mary, b. - -; m. Nehemiah Sawtelle.

[NOTE. Thomas Merrill of Turner, Me., son of Abel and Elizabeth (Page) Merrill, b. August 19,

1774; m. Mary Haskell Nov. 32, 1801, and d. March 30, 1862, leaving no issue.

Harriet, daughter of Abel, Jr., brother of said Thomas, m. Washington Haskell, who in 1872 lived in Auburn, Me.]

192 i Amos, b. 1752.

- 193 ii Molly, b. 1754.
 194 iii Jonathan, b. 1756.
 195 iv Zebulon, b. 1757.
 196 i Esther, b. 1765.
 197 ii Susannah, b. 1768.
 198 iii Abigail, b. - -.
 199 iv Zebulon, b. 1770.
 200 v William D., b. 1775.
 201 vi Jacob, b. - -.
 202 vii Josiah, b. - -.
 203 viii John, b. - -.
 204 ix Isaac, b. - -.

- 205 i David, b. 1741.
 206 ii Elizabeth, b. 1744.
 207 iii Jonathan, b. 1748.
 208 iv Aaron, b. 1751.
 209 v Joseph, b. 1754.
 210 vi Ruth, b. 1757.
 211 vii Hitty, b. 1772.
 212 viii Naomi, b. - -.
 213 i Adoniram, b. 1761.
 214 ii Dolly, b. - -.
 215 iii Thomas, b. - -.
 216 iv Molly, b. - -.
 217 v Isaac, b. - -.
 218 vi Thankful, b. - -.

[NOTE. An Isaac Haskell was a fifer in Capt. Rowe's Company at the battle of Bunker Hill.]

- 219 Daniel, b. - -.
 220 i Aaron, b. 1779.
 221 ii Jeremiah, b. 1771.
 222 iii Moses, b. - -.
 223 iv Nehemiah, b. - -.
 224 v Elizabeth, b. - -; m. a Tucker.
 225 vi Lucy, b. - -.
 226 vii Hannah, b. - -; m. a Tucker.

- 227 i Susan, b. - -.
 228 ii Annie, b. - -.
 229 iii Sally, b. - -.
 230 iv Jonathan, b. - -.
 254 i Polly, b. - -; m. a Young.
 255 ii Benjamin, b. - -.
 256 iii John, b. - -.
 257 iv Jonathan, b. - -; m. Martha Phinney.
 258 v Thomas, h. - -; m. Lucretia Whiting.
 259 vi Abigail, b. - -; m. David Plummer.
 260 vii Reuben, b. - -; Elizabeth Seal.
 261 viii Samuel, b. - -; Lydia Plummer.
 262 ix Rachel, b. - -; m. 1st, David Grant; 2d, Michael Dyer: d. 1885.

- 263 i Mark, b. 1744; was deacon in the church at Ipswich, Mass., where he died March 15, 1828.

- 264 ii Solomon, b. - -.
 265 iii Edward, b. - -.
 266 iv Joshua, b. - -.
 267 v Ignatius, b. - -.

- 231 i William, b. - -.
 232 ii ———, b. - -.
 233 iii ———, b. - -.
 234 iv ———, b. - -.
 235 v ———, b. - -.
 236 vi ———, b. - -.

- 237 i Ebenezer, b. - -.
 237 ii Moody, b. - -.

- 239 Simeon, b. 1758.

- 249 i Thomas, b. 1748.
 250 ii Joseph, b. - -.
 251 iii Josiah, b. 1754.
 252 iv John, b. March 19, 1764.
 253 v Edward, b. 1780.

- 243 i Abraham, b. 1772.
 244 ii Stephen, b. - -.
 245 iii James, b. - -.
 246 iv Sarah, b. - -.

- 247 v Judith, b. - -.
 248 vi Enoch, b. - -.

- 240 i Joanna, b. - -; m. a Pettingill.
 241 ii Ebenezer, b. - -.
 242 iii Elijah, b. - -.

Some Letters.

ASHLAND, Kentucky, March 10, '98.

My Dear Mr. Haskell:—Being fortunate enough some time ago to have brought to my notice a copy of your excellent publication, "THE HASKELL JOURNAL," I have become greatly interested in the same.

Please send me back numbers of the same and I will use all my influence that I can exert for the success of the paper in this locality, for I am personally interested in its success.

I might be able, in case you should desire the same, to furnish you and your JOURNAL with some interesting information on this mutual subject.

Wishing you the greatest of success in your admirable undertaking, and hoping that you will command me if I can be of any service to you in the work, I am,

Very truly yours,

PAUL B. HASKELL.

BOSTON, April 1st, 1898.

BURNETTE G. HASKELL, Esq., *My dear kinsman:*—Your favor of the 12th Feb. received. I have deferred a reply for the reason that I hope to give you some information as to the material compiled by the late William O. Haskell. Two of his sons are dead. I have nothing definite about the other son. I will try to get some trace of the MSS. for you.

I fully realize the public spirit of yourself and associates on the board of publication, and your efforts are all the more to be commended on account of your distance from the "base of supplies," if such a term can be used in a genealogical sense. I mean of course your distance from Essex County, Massachusetts, where we all originated; and the difficulty that confronts you in being the width of a continent away from valuable records.

I enclose \$2.00 for another subscription to the JOURNAL to be "handed down," and if you will send me your advertising terms, I will send you a modest card of my business, to be inserted in your advertising column.

I regret that I can not do more now; but I have a conviction that if we can only get hold of most of the Haskell's you will be able from subscriptions and advertisements to at least pay the expenses of publication. To that end I will aid to the best of my ability.

I assume that you have taken the directories of the larger cities and gone through the Haskells mentioned therein.

There are three Haskell's in Ipswich, Mass., at the present. Don't know their given names. One — Haskell, Attorney at Law, Lowell, Mass. Another — Haskell, Deputy Sheriff, Pittsfield, Mass. Another — Haskell, Medical Student Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass. He is also a football player on the Varsity Eleven, playing "right guard."

I find in the obituary of Goodell sent you that Albert C. Goodell's mother was a Haskell. As he edited the re-publication of the o'd Province laws, I have written him for co-operation to the JOURNAL.

Very truly yours,
GEO. B. HASKELL.

The New Generation.

In this issue there is published the portraits of four of the new generation of Haskell's. I wish that we could publish the pictures of our whole five thousand. In these days of cheap process work from photographs it does not cost so very much; about seven or eight dollars would cover the cost of each picture.

The first picture is that of Asteroth Haskell, now, so far as we know, the eldest son of the eldest son.

The next is that of Blanchard Haskell Cronise, the grandson of John L. Haskell.

The next is that of Ernestine Haskell, the daughter of the Hon. Dudley H. Haskell, the account of whose marriage you have seen in the JOURNAL.

The last is Bessie K. Haskell, the niece of Reuben R. Haskell, and her face speaks for itself.

If, by good luck, and hard work, the JOURNAL should continue, there are a thousand as good looking faces that ought to be put in print.

From Mrs. General Haskell.

COLUMBUS BARRACKS, June 27, 1898.

Mr. Burnette G. Haskell—DEAR SIR: Your letter to my husband, Colonel J. T. Haskell, was received this morning. Although your letter is a receipt for \$2 subscription for the HASKELL JOURNAL none of the JOURNALS have been received. They can be sent here to Columbus, same address.

As soon as war was declared Colonel Haskell was ordered to Tampa, Fla., where he assumed command of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, which regiment was one of the first loaded on the transports and one of the first to disembark at Cuba.

He is at this time in command of the regiment in front of Santiago, in General Lawton's division—the evening paper says "not 209 yards from the entrenchments, where the Spaniards propose to combat the advance on Santiago de Cuba."

You can imagine that I feel very much worried.

I will enclose you one of the Colonel's photographs taken just before he left for Tampa. Please let me hear from you.

Sincerely,
RIDA B. HASKELL.

A FUNNY THING.

I have a cousin, a Haskell. She has money. I sent her the JOURNAL, asking her to subscribe. Instead of sending us two dollars she wrote asking me to spend, say a week, in preparing and sending her proof that she was of revolutionary ancestry and entitled to join the "Daughters of the Revolution," etc. Well, I never answered. She wanted fifty dollars of labor at once, and she never even sent her two great American dollars for subscription. She will never speak to me again after this publication, but—that two dollars (needed to pay the printer) might have spurred me on to give her the facts she wanted.

No less than seven others have asked of me this veritable thing. We are a fore-handed race—some of us.

In order to furnish evidence receivable in a court of law of this character a full week's work is necessary.

Understand, with 5000 Haskell's at least now living, were I the greatest genealogical expert in the world, I could not attempt to find out your absolute connections, much less to furnish you copies, affidavits and sworn evidence of how you stand without labor that would take all of my time.

Then don't ask it, even if you want to pay for it.

If you had supported the JOURNAL as you should have done, in time all of these facts would have been gathered, collected and put in plain print, from which you could have drawn your own conclusions.

But you didn't; though I hope henceforth may.

That you may all understand, I want to say here and now that three months' free, unpaid for, unremitting services, without a cent of compensation, have been rendered in this matter by our staff and myself. No one of this JOURNAL has been on salary.

We have no time, therefore, to hunt through the hundreds of lists and find out who you are and what particular limb or twig you came from.

With 5,000 present Haskell's each proceeding generation doubles the number of names that must be looked at in order to make an authentic search.

Therefore, I will not engage in furnishing proof for any one hereafter. It costs too much in time and money.

My records will be preserved. Any Haskell can see them, copy them and can print them if he wants to; but I draw the line, as I have said above, so far as my personal labor and service is concerned.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

The Life History of a California Pioneer.

In the summer of 1840 myself and Father were invited by Gov. Pains, of Northfield, to join him in an excursion to the Whig State Convention at Burlington in a "Log Cabin." We took along with us my particular friend and schoolmate, D. F. Weymouth.

Northfield is twenty miles north from Randolph. We reached Northfield in the night following our departure. The "Cabin" was drawn by twelve superb grey horses richly caparisoned, and carried fifty persons, a barrel of hard cider and an ample commissariat. The stars and stripes from aloft floated to the breeze; a small howitzer protruded from the stern; there was a wooden latch to the door and the latch-string "always out." A coonskin was stretched upon the outside of the front door.

The trip lasted three weeks; we passed through Montpelier, the capital of the State, thence along the beautiful and picturesque Lamoille River, singing "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and other campaign songs amidst the plaudits and huzzas of the people, the waving of banners and handkerchiefs.

Imagine if you can, my dear boy, the astonishment, the delight, the enthusiasm which such a demonstration would create in staid old Vermont forty years ago.

Crowds met us miles before we reached the various towns and villages and rode with us and followed us as we left, eat and drinking, singing and shouting amid all the demonstrations above referred to.

In due time we reached Burlington, Beautiful City, gently sloping toward the lovely Lake Champlain; upon which it rested. Here I visited the University and met a large number of old friends and acquaintances, among others Dudley Chace Blodgett.

Our candidate, Gov. Paine, was nominated and triumphantly elected at the ensuing election. Hip, hip, hooray! Selah!

The following year, 1841, I entered Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. My roommate was William Arnold Hutchinson of Pepperill, Mass., Democrat. Although of different political opinions we never allowed politics to disturb the harmony of our personal relations.

He was a very nice clean, sweet-scented, well-behaved young man about my own age. We slept in the same bed, ate at the same boarding-house, conned our lessons by the light of the one astral lamp, walked, rode, fished, stole fruit and melons and visited the girls together for three months and never had a cross or angry word between us. Is not such a record good evidence of the amiability of my disposition? He introduced me by letter to his female friends at home and particularly to some who were attending

school at the Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, Mass., with whom I held most delightful correspondence for years thereafter.

At length one day, two weeks before the close of the term, my Father entered my apartment. He was on his route home from Boston. Immediately a yearning desire to see my mother and all my old friends and schoolmates took possession of me and I could not resist the temptation to return with him. I went to consult with the President; he consulted with my tutors; they said I had better remain. I then asked my Father, who gave me leave to go. I packed all and left, well knowing that I should not be permitted to return again to that institution.

Thus ended my ambitious project of a liberal education. Well it is all right; I did not like study and I never should have accomplished anything in that line of business. And now after a period of more than forty years. I am more than ever convinced that the time spent in learning Greek and Latin is thrown away, or at least could be more profitably employed.

I returned home in time to cast my maiden ballot for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

Just previous to leaving Hanover I had received a letter from an old friend and schoolmate, D. B. Alvord, who had charge of an Academy in Otsego county, New York, and who was sick, asking me to come and take his place during the winter.

As soon as I could conclude my visit at home I started hence via Rutland, Albany, Fort Plain, etc. Arrived at destination, I was too late. I had not written positively that I would come and another teacher had been engaged and installed.

Well here I was without a school and with very little money for I had calculated upon the place. What should I do?

I decided to try for some common school for the winter, I went west, enquiring at every town I went through, but I was too late. Teachers had all been engaged and in most cases schools commenced.

I arrived at Cooperstown in my course of travel. Here I met an old friend. There was some kind of a Fair at the time. I was introduced to the Misses Cooper—two of them, daughters of the Novelist—J. Fenimore Cooper. They were the ton, the *crem de la creme* of that beautiful little town.

And here for the first time I saw the "bustle," a little hump around the posterior portion of the waist immediately under the belt and underneath the dress. It looked very queer to me at the time. Since that date the styles of the article have changed so often and so much that a person of your age can have but a faint idea of how it looked. Some native "poet" of the time has described it:

"The Bustle is all a fleeting show

For man's delusion given,
Its filled with bran or stuffed with tow
And sticks out 'bout a foot or so,
And looks first rate; By Heaven! "

Farewell Cooperstown and the beautiful lake upon which it rests. Farewell Made-moiselles Cooper with your bustles just arrived from New York City.

Still westward, ho! until I reached the manufacturing village of Butternuts in the extreme southwestern corner of Otsego county. Here I found upon inspection that an elephant had trodden on my purse, my resources were exhausted and no school to be had here. I had not money enough to pay my stage fare to the next town, I could not walk for I had considerable baggage. Mind thus far I had traveled and put on airs like a gentleman. What was to be done? Too far from home to communicate without wasting too much time; beside I felt too proud and self-reliant to send home for supplies.

After supper I chaffed with the landlady, who was young, pretty and jolly; cast sheeps' eyes at the Dutch chambermaid who was also pretty and decided then and there that the hostelry would be a very agreeable place to sojourn for a time.

In the morning I crossed the street to the store immediately opposite the hotel. I had made the acquaintance the night of my arrival of the clerk of the store. He was a jolly devil as ever lived. His uncle, Van Ranseller, one of the patriarch family, owned the store—perhaps rich—I don't know, but proud as Lucifer and very exclusive among the barbarians of that place.

However he treated me very nicely, invited me to his house and to a seat in his champion pew at the church, both of which I accepted. All of these attentions because I was well dressed, well behaved, I presume, not bad-looking and a student from the time-honored institution of old Dartmouth.

I said above that after breakfast I went over to the store and had a cigar and chat with the clerk. I strolled through the town. I rather liked the place, I liked the young clerk, the landlady of the hotel and the saucy, giggling chambermaid. I determined to remain for a time, mostly because I was unable to leave. I was at this time a tolerable penman. I drew up a prospectus for a writing school, went over to the cotton factory and obtained twenty-five signatures (all girls) at one dollar each in advance; twelve lessons, six each week. The trustees of the school gave me the use of the schoolhouse free.

School was a success and I was induced to give a second course to the same scholars upon the same terms. Thus passed away very pleasantly four weeks for which I re-

ceived fifty dollars. Better than teaching at that time at twenty-five dollars per month. Pluck, brass and perseverance will accomplish wonders sometimes.

EDWARD WILDER HASKELL.

(Now 79 years of age, willing to continue this story if the JOURNAL goes ahead and if he lives.)

Procrastination is the thief of time.



These cuts executed in steel will be furnished by the JOURNAL for \$8.00 each.



MR. GEORGE B. HASKELL

Conducts a Real Estate and Insurance business, negotiates mortgages and attends to general business of that kind and character. His location is in Boston, Mass.; his address, 338 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, at that place.

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Astaroth Haskell,

The present eldest son of the eldest son, of the eldest son, etc., the head of the Haskell Family. Residence, Callahans Ranch, Siskiyou Co., California.



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.....1898.

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That I propose to give help to its continuance as I can.

That I pledge myself, if the publication is continued, as follows:

1ST—Commencing January, 1889, to pay for one year's subscription at a rate not to exceed Two Dollars.

2ND—That I will send my advertisement to the JOURNAL if within my means, to do so and try to obtain others.

8RD—That I will do whatever else I can to help out the JOURNAL's success.

4TH—I have the following other suggestions to make:

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(SIGNED)

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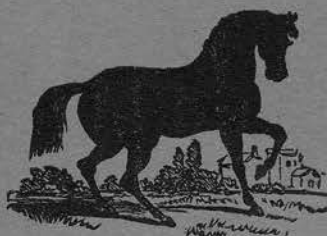
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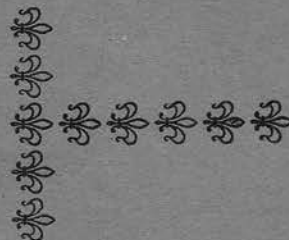
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