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THE HASKELL JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine

Vol. 1. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JANUARY, 1898. No. 1 – 4

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THE

HASKELL JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1898.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

This JOURNAL is sent to you with the request that you forthwith send your subscription to it. The further request is made that you fill out the blanks found enclosed herewith giving in detail all of the facts that you can obtain concerning your genealogy. A still more urgent request is that you send to us the name of every Haskell within your acquaintanceship, either by birth, blood, or marriage, that we may send them a sample copy of this JOURNAL.

The reasons for this publication, its necessity, and its pertinency, will be found elsewhere stated.

In addressing you now, we have not to apologize for the appearance of the JOURNAL, but to merely state the reasons that in our opinion have made it a necessity.

Over one thousand years ago the first of our name of whom written history speaks, sailed in his frail undecked bark from Northland to England's shores. Not over bright blue waters, nor under soft and tender skies with purple sails and roses twining around his mast, did he go; but in his open boat with sails of skin, through icy seas, with sword on thigh, from land of ice, he fought his way to Britan's shore.

His descendants, Ironsides under Cromwell, following his example, came among the earliest, still westerly to America, and it remains for their successors here upon the verge of the uttermost West, close to the Orient, to say to the five thousand of our name in this splendid Republic that the time has come when the glories, the honors, the histories of forty generations of the Haskell family, embracing over a thousand years of recorded time, should be the common heritage of every one within whose veins flows a drop of that old Viking blood.

Not that by recording our family history and telling the deeds of our ancestors and breeding a pride of birth and of family, we are the less democrats and republicans. On the contrary, the pride of birth, the pride of home, the pride of family ought to and must join together in building up a love and adoration for the nation as a whole.

A mere dog, a horse, yes, even a cat is sold in the markets by its pedigree and it is absurd to say that human beings have not racial characteristics and hereditary impulses. For instance, so remarkable is the Haskell type that when in San Francisco twenty of us assembled together, never having met before personally, we could have passed for brothers although separated by generations of kindred.

It is a fact that the Haskell family, slow, stalwart, sober, silent, as it is and has been for centuries, can trace its ancestry, and can prove it in a court of law, for more than one thousand years. And this the Queen of England cannot do.

There have been no geniuses among us but there have been strong, faithful, and honest men and women, from the time when Oscytel the Saxon Bishop bearded his King in favor of the Wittegemote, from the time when Roget de Heiskell at the battle of Hastings, through a storm of arrows brought a refreshing apple to William the Norman, from the time Ordegar Haskell trained with Cromwell's Ironsides on the fens of Lincolnshire, from the time when Surrey Haskell flashed his sword for Prince Charles, from the time when William, Mark and Roger landed at Salem in 1632, from the time when George Washington in his personal letter complimented Prince Haskell for his courage in the Revolution, from that time to this there has been no blot upon our record, and no shame or disgrace attached to our name.

It is a name to be proud of, it is a name to cherish. Its history ought to be familiar to every Haskell and in every detail.

The five thousand of us in this country are brothers in blood and should stand or fall together. Every one of us who has a child should teach that child the splendid history of our race. It is not an ennobled race, although its blood has been allied with that of kings and princes in the past. But it is a race of brave, honest, simple, sturdy people; an intelligent race that knows and has preserved, its own history, and it is well for our children to know this.

So numerous now are our people, and so onerous the duty of responding to the thousands of inquiries addressed yearly to the editors upon family matters, that no way has seemed possible to satisfy what appears to be a general family demand except the publication of this JOURNAL. Every member of the Haskell family, and all who have with-

in them the Haskell blood should secure and keep every issue of this, their family record.

In the beginning of last century Masonry spread its network throughout the civilized world, and mightily assisted the struggle of mankind toward liberty. Today a thousand societies based upon a mere financial benefit bloom and flourish, binding together the members of a common race into a species of fraternity. But we here in this country, this magnificent Republic, numbering five thousand souls the grandchildren of those heroic old pioneers who braved the storn and faced the danger and pioneered their way when there was still a virgin forest around Plymouth rock, shall we, bound together by the veritable ties of blood, shall we, in whose veins still circulates the ichor of those men of iron, shall we, their descendants, not *now* rally beneath our own flag, and however widely we may be separated, from Salem to San Francisco, become one family, one blood, one society, one brotherhood, cousins, brothers, and friends?

The mission of this JOURNAL is to accomplish such an object and such a purpose.

We are powerless without *your* assistance.

And we need the assistance, the help, and the active support of every member of the Haskell family in the United States.

Send us the name and address of every person of the Haskell name and blood so that we may mail them copies of the JOURNAL.

It is urged that every person who receives a copy of this paper will immediately fill out with the utmost possible detail the blank enclosed and mail it to the editor of the JOURNAL. The sooner the scattered threads of the present generation are gathered and connected and placed in print and sooner it will be possible to construct a complete history of the family in America.

The editor of the JOURNAL invites from members of the Haskell family brief histories of their lives and adventures, and asks as well that all newspaper clippings whether good or ill be sent to him to be published as matters of current news. Correspondence upon all matters of interest to the family is respectfully solicited.

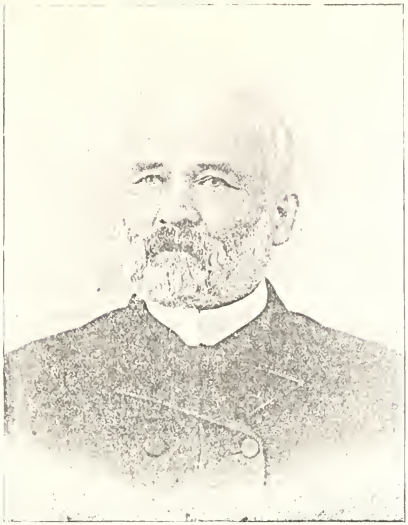
It is suggested that in the large places some one person of those who receive this JOURNAL should take it upon themselves to call a meeting of the Haskells in that vicinage and should thereupon organize a branch of the Haskell Club upon the lines laid down in this issue. A number of this paper goes to every Haskell named in the current directories of the cities of the Union so that the organization of the club will be but little trouble. You yourself have simply to consult your own directory and call a meeting of the people therein named. Will you do it, and do it at once? When such club is formed the JOURNAL would be pleased to have you select some one member as a special correspondent of the JOURNAL from your locality.

We are satisfied that the interest is so general in this matter that we ought to be able to announce in our next issue the formation of and the officers and membership of many of these suggested clubs.

The JOURNAL is preparing to print in colors and with proper heraldric embellishments with mantlings, supporters, and mottoes, a plate suitable for framing, of the arms and crest of the Haskell family. The one printed in this issue is merely a rough engraving in black of the arms and crest. The JOURNAL will also be prepared to furnish at cost to the members steel dies of arms and crest for stationary.

Among other things the JOURNAL will print views of the old homesteads of the family in America, of their habitat in France, and of Rowlstone Castle on Esceley Brook in Hereford, England, their ancient seat.

The last pages of this issue of the JOURNAL are designed to be detatched and bound, and will when completed form a *continuous* history of the family and every branch and person of it from the earliest day to the present time. Within its pages commencing with the February or March issue will be printed two old manuscript rolls dated 1590 and 1720 giving the ancient history of our race. They will be printed in fac simile of the ancient text with an appended translation, and the colors and illustrations of the original manuscript will be religiously observed. No Haskell can afford to be without every issue of the JOURNAL from number one until this history is complete. The work of publishing the history of the family and the expense attending it would be too enormous for any private individual to handle with any hope of a profitable return. The price of the matter if published as a single work at once would be beyond the means of most of us but through the medium of this JOURNAL and by publishing the matter in installments for a nominal price every member of our race can secure a copy. The price of the JOURNAL is placed at the lowest possible margin to pay expenses and it is urged upon you who receive this number, that you yourself remit your subscription price *at once* and induce every other Haskell that you know of to do the same.



HON. DUDLEY HAINES HASKELL.

(From the S. F. Daily *Examiner*, Dec. 8, 1897.)

"The formal announcement has been made of the wedding of John Charles Adams of Oakland and Miss Ernestine Shannon Haskell of San Francisco, to take place at St. Luke's Church, San Francisco, on Thursday evening, the 16th of December. The announcement, while not unexpected, has attracted no small amount of attention in the social set about the bay. John C. Adams is one of the heirs to the rich Adams estate in Oakland and a one-third owner in two banks, a large amount of wharfage and water-front property, incorporated under the name of the California Development Company, and a lot of real estate. He is a graduate of Yale and a member of the University Club of San Francisco. Miss Ernestine Shannon Haskell is the daughter Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Haines Haskell of San Francisco. She is a graduate of the Van Ness Seminary and the Hamelin School and is highly accomplished. Her father was formerly an attorney for the Southern Pacific Company and is now with the California Woolen Mills."

[From the S. F. *Call*, Dec. 17, 1897.]

St. Luke's was crowded with a large and fashionable audience last evening that had assembled to witness the nuptials of Miss Ernestine Shannon Haskell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Haines Hsskell, and John Charles Adams, the well-known Oakland banker.

The ceremony was celebrated at 8:30, o'clock, Rev. Dr. Moreland officiating.

The bride was attended by seven bridesmaids, the Misses Mary and Ethel Whitney of Oakland, the Misses Agnes and Fernald Bell, Miss Agnes Simpson and the Misses Bessie and Geraldine Scapham of Oakland.

Edsom Adams, brother of the groom, officiated as best man, and the ushers were Sam Bell McKee, Langdon Easton, George U. Hind, Albert Ayres, Sidney M. Van Wyck, Will Powning and M. Saton Ashe.

After the ceremony there was a reception for the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties at the residence of the bride's parents, at the corner of Geary and Webster streets.

The bride wore an elegant gown of white moire velours. The long-trained skirt was finished with a ruche of chiffon. The corsage was cut straight across the shoulders and finished with a flounce of deep old point. A veil and wreath of natural orange blossoms completed the elegant costume.

The bridesmaids were attired alike in white organdie over white silk and green silk. The Misses Ethel Whitney, Mary Whitney, Agnes Simpson and Fernald Bell wore the rose and white gowns, and the other young ladies were in green and white. The bridesmaids were all blondes, and in their dainty costumes made a most charming picture slowly preceding the lovely bride as she marched to the altar.

Each bridesmaid received from the bride a tiny diamond dagger stickpin as a souvenir of the happy event.

Mr. and Mrs Adams will leave today for an Eastern wedding tour, and may possibly taking a flying trip to Europe before their return.

THE HASKELL ARMS.

Some Interesting Letters Concerning Their Legendary Origin and a Bit of Verse Apropos Thereto.

The Editor of the JOURNAL has been engaged for nearly twenty-five years in collecting the data, which it was absolutely necessary to accumulate in order to make any publication of the Haskell history and genealogy a success. Among somewhere near ten thousand letters received, were the following ones from the Reverend William Garrison Haskell, Pastor of the Bates street Universalist Church, Lewiston, Maine.

These letters, together with the rhyme referred to, follow:

Lewiston, Maine, September 2, 1878.

Burnette G. Haskell, Esq., San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR SIR: Yours of 22nd ult., with accompanying blanks, was received on Saturday. I will gladly give my personal attention to the distribution of the blanks, and will try and place them "where they will do the most good."

I do not know if I told you in my former letter that much material was secured, some years ago, for a genealogical record of our family. I did a large amount of work for it, at the instance of an old gentleman—a resident of Boston—Charles Haskell by name. He had, I should think, 800 or 1000 pages of foolscap MSS., and was still pushing his investigations, as long as '61 or '62. During my absence in the army, he died, and my utmost endeavors to find trace of those MSS. were unavailing. Much of his matter had reference to such historical facts in relation to the family as could be obtained in England.

I seriously contemplated making a proposition to a few of our wealthy New England Haskells, to make a subscription and send some one of the family to England for the purpose of collating such matter as could be gathered. The one or two to whom I mentioned it were favorably impressed with the suggestion, and there was a disposition on their part to make me their representative for that purpose. But the failing health of my wife, and the necessarily constant devotion to her, absorbing my time and thought, the matter fell through, and no one has seemed to take up the responsibility.

I notice upon your envelope the Haskell crest. But it has besides the "apple tree fructiferous," which I have found in "Fairbairn" and one or two other Heraldric Cronicles, the displayed arms. Can you tell me the authority for this attachment? I know the legend, with which I suppose you are familiar, of the origin of the crest; and the arrow is certainly appropriately displayed, if the legend be true. Will you also tell me where you found the motto? It is not clearly impressed on your envelope; but as nearly as I can make it out it reads "Gragner honte, aymez loyaute."

"*Gragnez honte, aymez loyaute*" (Norman French.)

Is it ancient French or Norman? And where did you find it? You see I am at least a curious Haskell. I long ago thought of having the crest engraved; but I couldn't find the motto; and it seemed incomplete without it. Pardon my importunity in this regard but since you have taken so active an interest in the family history, a similar interest by me will, I fancy, be appreciated.

If in any way I can render you further assistance, I beg that you will command my services.

May I ask from what branch of the family you are descended? And whether my father's cousin, Major Leonidas Haskell, for some years a resident of San Francisco, was a relative.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM GARRISON HASKELL.

Lewiston, Maine, September 20, 1878.

Burnette G. Haskell, Esq., San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR SIR: Your most welcome favor of the 11th inst, came to hand last evening. If my last letter was in any degree acceptable to you—I almost feared it might not be, it was so inquisitive—yours is doubly so to me. Perhaps I do not unduly value the question of my ancestry; blood may deteriorate in quality, in process of time, and, too, I am a good deal "yankeeistical" in making that an inheriting "gentility." But I may freely confess that the same argument which I should most certainly apply in determining the purchase of a horse "of quality," ought to be worth something when applied to the genus "homo."

Your letter and especially the "arms" which you were so thoughtfully kind as to send to me, confirms in my own belief, at least, the tradition current in our family; that we are "well derived." I am but indifferently acquainted with heraldry. But there are a few points in connection with the "arms" which afford something in evidence of the quality of our "strain." I almost hesitate to name them, because you are doubtless already familiar with them. But I do so at a venture, inasmuch as we are both Haskells.

First, then, the escutcheon itself is Norman—"L'ancien ecu,"—as the French name it. It is perhaps a trifle—this matter of form of the shield—but it has a meaning well indicated by "L'ancien."

Second. Its field is *vair* or fur. If my memory serves me—I have no access as I write to any work on heraldry—vair is derived from the fur with which the robes of only nobles, or nobles and knights were lined.

Third. The colors—argent and sable—are those of such as had rendered the bearers noteworthy, the combination indicating unblemished reputation. (I have just bethought me of the Encyclopedia. I find its article "Heraldry" confirms what I have written.) With Gerald Leigh for authority, "Argent compounded with Sable, means the yielding up of pleasure." "Sable, the ancientest among colors, compounded with Argent it means famous."

Fourth. It is without charge or device. Anciently, we know it was the opinion that such were of highest honor; not as Leigh says of a "field" full of charge, but empty of honor.

Fifth. It bears the "fesse or." The fesse, or waist-belt of honor, was, as is well known, one of the insignia of knighthood; its being of gold, would certainly at least *imply* that the bearer was a knight of no mean power and wealth.

My impression is that the "shield in pretence, gules," was the Crespon arms, thus borne as warranted to "the husband of an heiress," carried on the rolls of 1590, but in the Surrey (1720) description, left out as not appertaining distinctly to the Haskell family.

This is the legend of the crest (I do not distinctly remember from whom I received it, but I think from the now deceased Charles Haskell of Boston). At the battle of Hastings, William the Conqueror, being faint from lack of food, saw in the distance, near the lines of Harold, an apple tree in fruit. Expressing his belief that one or two of the apples would revive him until the fortunes of the day should be decided, one of his attendants (probably a knight) Roger or Roget de Heiskel by name, dashed forward and amid a shower of the enemy's arrows secured and brought to his sovereign a scarf filled with the fruit, whereupon the Conqueror bade him bear as his crest, the fruit-bearing apple tree, crossed or pierced by a flying arrow. I do not recall whether the legend represents the knight as mortally wounded; yet I have a vague impression that so it ran. If so, the "Fidele a Mort" would seem appropriate. To be sure, one can build little upon these legends; but the season of the year when the Conqueror met and overcame Harold was certainly "apple-time," and there is no inherent improbability in the narrative.

Mr. Charles Haskell was, I know, a firm believer in the truth of the legend. I feel that he must have

had strong grounds for his belief, for, much like all the Haskels I have known, he wanted "a reason for the hope that was in him." I think he must have had a copy of the coat-of-arms, and only marvel that he never showed it to me, if he had.

I remember that I was conversing with him at one time, shortly after I had read an article on Heraldry in some magazine, the article mentioning particularly that many families in America had assumed the arms and crests of some noble or knight whose *name* they bore, but from whom they were *not* descended, and to which of course they were *not* entitled. The old gentleman replied to one of my questions, "Yes' but you see *every* Haskell has a right to this crest, (naturally also the arms) for there was but *one* Haskell (Heiskel, or possibly even Hascalle) to win it, and *I know* we are all from him."

So many years have passed since I set about gathering what facts I could, in relation to the family, and the most of my labor has been spent in correspondence and personal interviews with New England (and especially Massachusetts) Haskells, that the little I recall is mostly of local nature, and does not reach very far back. That and more you will doubtless gather from your blanks.

I am glad you mean to delay publication until you have as nearly a complete record as may be possible. And will you permit—I am sure you will—a suggestion or two. I do not know you—save by correspondence—and so of course know nothing of your means for carrying forward the work you have undertaken. It is not common, I know, for Haskells to "begin to build without counting the cost." But this I know—that the publication of anything like a complete genealogy cannot be undertaken except *at a very considerable expense.* Now, the Haskells of the East, though few of them as far as I know are wealthy, are rarely poor; and I feel sure that not a few of them would gladly bear a part of the expense of preparing and publishing the work you have in hand. Might it not be well then—you are of course the better judge,—to ask of those who can afford to do so, to forward you a sum proportionate to their estimate of the worth (to them) of the work?

Then—though this may be rather late—might it not be well to record what has become of female Haskells, i.e., into what families they have married?

I enter with no small degree of enthusiasm into your project, and I beg to assure that it will be regarded as a privilege if I may be permitted to assist you in any possible way in my power. My pastoral charge (for, as you perhaps know, I am a clergyman) does not so fully occupy my time that I cannot spare many hours or even days, for work of this sort. Were it possible for me to afford the expense, I should certainly visit in person, a number of Haskells in this State, and elsewhere in New England; for we are a long lived race, (I hear of one Haskell in Knox, this State, who is 95 years of age), and it can hardly be otherwise than that *some* among us are in possession of valuable information regarding the family. But I am doing what I may by correspondence. After I receive more of the blanks I shall probably be able to send you a goodly number of them, properly, filled, as I am almost daily hearing of some Haskells before unknown to me. * * *

Anything further that I may be able to do for you, I beg you will feel perfectly free to ask.

Yours very truly,

W. GARRISON HASKELL.

P. S. The Major Leonidas Haskell of whom I spoke in my last letter, as formerly of San Francisco, has been dead some six or more years.

W. G. H.

Lewiston, Maine, January 10, 1879.

Burnette G. Haskell, San Francisco, Cal.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours Dec. 29th was received on the 8th—just as I was leaving home for a day or two,—and I take great pleasure in replying at my earliest convenience.

So there is a poem, explaining the origin (?) of the arms. But I quite agree with you that the legend should be taken "cum grano salis" in fact, with several grains. As you suggest, no name is given the Crusading hero; and for aught we know, he may have been the original John Smith. A vague, but only a vague hint of his *time* seems to be contained in the line

"Through Godfrey and his royal train,"

locating it near the close of the 11th or early in the 12th century. But the

"Sweet silver bells on sable shield,"

though decidedly pretty in poetry, is a little wide of *truth*, and seems to indicate that the rhymester had devoted but little attention to heraldry. The arms are not bells at all. They are *vair*—fur—taking their shape from the glass vessel in which the furriers were used to whiten furs. At least, so says excellent heraldic authority. It's a pity to spoil a neat bit of romance; but I'm afraid we shall have to look elsewhere to discover the true origin of the emblazonment. Perhaps the apple tree origin of the crest may have to be remanded to some other age and circumstances that tradition gives it. Let's not do it. Let's keep a little romance in the history, somehow. "Our girls" will want it by and by.

Can you tell me why your engraver has crowned the shield, in the "arms" heading your letter-sheet, with an esquire's helmet? Doesn't "Carmel" say that the "noble sire" (possibly John Smith) "plied well his sword with *knightly* fire?" Surely an heraldic engraver or designer must know that the "helm with beaver closed" is that of a plain esquire or gentleman; that of a knight or baronet "with beaver *up*, my lord." I am reminded of something I saw in New York a few years ago. It was upon the panel of a carriage—a helmet *affronte, with six bars.* I was a little curious to know if here was a family of *royal* blood, as the helmet indicated. But upon inquiry, I discovered that the carriage had been ornamented by a very clever painter, who only knew that *a helmet* was painted, and he took as his model, the first picture of the article that he could find. Some New York newspaper man discovered the same thing and poked a little fun at it, and the helmet was changed for that of a "gentleman."

I hope, my dear sir, that this little stricture upon your engraver will not be misinterpreted. I beg to disavow any and all pretensions to a knowledge of heraldry, sufficient to warrant my criticisms. I did a few years ago devote a little time to the matter, having rather unusual facilities which I did not want to neglect. The engraver may be nearer right than I. I mean to have a die cut, as soon as I can reasonably determine *what to have cut.*

I really wish I had something of interest to write. But I feel assured from the thorough manner in which Mr. Albert R. Haskell and you are evidently performing your labors, that whatever is really trustworthy and valuable will be discovered by you. I think the family may congratulate itself that it possesses two members whose means—and far more than that, whose inclinations—enable and prompt them to perform such a work as you have imposed upon yourselves. Genealogies there are, by the score or hundred; but I very much question if any of them give greater evidence of pains-taking labor, than yours.

I greatly regret the lack of interest in the matter which is evident by the slowness of some to whom I have written to make return of their blanks. Perhaps some of them are afraid the family may prove like growing potatoes—the best of them under the ground. But I confess to a pardonable curiosity—to give no better name—to know whether the underground portion of the family were "small potatoes" or great. In fact, as I think I have said in a former letter, if I buy a good horse, I must have his pedigree; and I know of no argument, ancient or modern, which will disprove that if "blood will tell" in a horse, it will equally "tell" in a human being.

I thank you cordially for your very interesting

letters, and can only regret the paucity of information bearing upon the subject in which we are mutually interested, which mine contain.

Yours very truly,
W. GARRISON HASKELL.

P. S. I have cut the engraving from the letter before me, and shall send it to-day to my brother Frank A. Haskell, at Dexter, Kansas. He is a very good painter, and is to paint me, for framing, the "arms," crest and motto, as soon as I can feel pretty sure of them. Can I ask you at some future time for another copy of this engraving? By the way, I see you do not use the "Fidele a Mort,"—why?

W. G. H.

CARMEL.

"Vair Argent and Sable."

(The Legend of the Granting of the Haskell Arms.)

In ancient days, a noble Sire
With dauntless heart and spotless shield,
Swung high his sword with knightly fire
On many a bloody Paynim field.
From England's isle so sweet and dear,
He came to Syria's burning plain,
Content to die if he might hear
But once Mount Carmel's bells again.

For erst in years ere youth had fled–
A beardless knight with sword untried–
He charged o'er fields of Moslem dead
And kept his place by Tancred's side.
And in the night when summer stars
Shone strange upon his bloody steel,
He heard upon the weeping air,
The bells of fair Mount Carmel peal.

They spoke to him of honors 'way,
Of strange, high duty, blazing clear,
Of love they sang a solemn lay
Of tears, of sighs, of fire and fear.
And though on high, heroic field,
In castle halls or ladies bower,–
In mem'ry's crypt the bells still peal'd
As in that silent midnight hour.

His king, his friend, his lady fair,
He served in life with loyal zeal,–
For, ever in the trembling air
He heard the bells of Carmel peal.
The tale is drear, the tale is old,–
The king–forgot his servant's name,
The friend–he stole his land and gold,
The dame–she sold his love for shame.

For this he left fair England's realm,
And came to Syria's bloody plain,
There led the hosts with lofty helm
That he might hear the bells again.
The field was won–the leader lay
His blood enstaining Carmel's height,
The while from monkish pile above
The bells streamed soft upon the night.

And in the morn when hasty steeds
Brought Godfrey and his royal train
He knew too late the good knight's deeds,
And kneeling–wept beside the slain.

Then raised he high his kingly face,
And spoke to knight and lord around
"In all thy life; with all thy grace,
Thou shalt not find a king so crowned,"

As is this knight with honor's crest:
And since no arms blaze on his shield,
I grant his tomb, his spirit these:
Sweet silver bells on sable field.
And know ye gentles round about,
What though thy life hath sable spells
Yet keep heart pure and courage stout,
And life complete is Carmel's bells."

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

The Life History of a California Pioneer from 1819 to 1898.

A. D., 1880.

The personal and urgent solicitations and entreaties of my eldest son and the absolute impossibility of otherwise avoiding his importunities, are the only reasons that have induced me, at the advanced age of sixty years, to write these few incidents of my early life and that of my more immediate ancestors.

I am perfectly aware of the fact that my life contains but little worthy of note and less that is worthy of preservation; but my son insists that every event of my life will be of interest to those who shall come after me. Though I doubt his premises and reject his conclusions, yet as I feel that the humdrum record will interest and amuse him if none other, I have at last acceded to his request and the following hastily written recollections are the result.

I am supposed to have come into this sinful and wicked world on or about the 2d day of December, A. D., 1819, in the town of Barnard, Windsor County, and State of Vermont. Glorious old Green Mountain State! which three days since sent greeting through the civilized world, of thirty thousand majority in favor of liberty, law, justice, Republican Government and James A. Garfield. Ever since my recollection she has been true as the needle to the pole to those principles and policies which were calculated to best promote the happiness and prosperity of all the people, and now she gives us renewed assurances of steadfast devotion to those principles. May she always in the future keep so near the right that the shade of her mountains shall be reflected in the hearts of her sons and daughters. Baptised in the blood of the Revolution at Bennington, and giving freely of her blood and treasure in every emergency of her Country since that time, she would be worse than a parricide if she did not now uphold and maintain those principles of liberty which cost so dearly to acquire and maintain so long.

My parental grandfather was Prince Has-

kell, and my parental Grandmother Leah Wilder. Maternal grandfather and Mother Timothy Newton and Abigail Earle.

Both my grandfathers were captured by the Indians in the year at the time Royalton was burned, and taken prisoners to Canada. One—Timothy Newton—escaped from his captivity and returned home through the trackless wilderness and reached his home after great hardship and suffering in about —— months from the time of his captivity. The other, Prince Haskell, was exchanged after remaining a captive for ——.

My great, great grandfather was named Charles Edward Haskell. His wife was Eleanor of the same name. They had but one son, Nathaniel, who married Lydia Foster and had for issue Prince Haskell, my grandfather.

The picture hereto annexed (in the original manuscript) is that of my uncle, Nathaniel Haskell, son of Prince Haskell and my father's brother. He was a banker at Londonville, Ill. and died about 1871.

The issue of Prince Haskell and Leah Haskell, nee Wilder, were:

My father, Edward Wilder Haskell, Michael Haskell, Prince Haskell, Nathaniel Haskell, Harriet Haskell, Adeline Haskell, Maria Haskell.

The issue of Timothy and Abigail Newton were:

Earl Newton, Barnabas Newton, Josiah Newton, Ira Newton, Roxey Ann Newton, Elizabeth Newton and Elutheria Newton.

My mother, Roxey, married Lyman Stewart; Elizabeth married Clark Chamberlain; Earl married —— Dean, a sister of Amos Dean a celebrated lawyer of Albany, New York.

Barnabas Newton was an artist, and I recollect a very beautiful medallion picture of himself upon ivory, in possession of my mother when I last knew of it.

Josiah and Ira settled in the Western Reserve, State of N. Y. They each raised large families, and each became quite wealthy.

Josiah was a General, whether of milita or in the regular army I do not know.

My father was a farmer. The extent of his landed possessions I do not know, There were two orchards upon the place,—one back of the dwelling house and no great distance off, and the other upon the opposite side of the road and some distance beyond "Pond Brook," the name of the stream that ran through the place.

I recollect going to the latter orchard with my father. He asked me if I was tired. I have not seen the place since I was eight years of age.

My father also "kept tavern" as they called it in those days.

He also had a small factory for the manufacture of woolen goods; also for coloring and dressing the fabrics woven by the thrifty women of the surrounding country. I can recollect that about once each week the "big gate" of the mill-dam would be raised for the purpose of clearing the sediment from the dam. And when the gate was closed again leaving the stream below nearly dry, the rare sport the men used to have in gathering up the large fine speckled trout from the pools below the dam—some of them weighing two pounds each.

The house in which I was born was of two stories and attic—the lower story of brick. To the right of the house on the same side of the road was a row of tenement houses for the use of the "factory hands." Immediately in front of these last upon the opposite side of the road was the "factory."

In front of the "tavern" upon the opposite side of the road was a shed for the shelter and protection of the teams of travelers. Adjoining that was, on the left, a stable for horses. Still farther to the left was a barn for the hay and grain.

Father was not a robust or healthy man. His intelligence was very superior for that time and country. I have heard my mother say that as public speaker or in argument he had no superior in that region. My recollection is that he was about five feet eleven inches while my grandfather, Prince, was I think as much as six feet two inches. My own height is five feet eight inches. Brother Chauncey the same, and brother George five feet nine inches. The Haskell branch of the family were all tall while the Newtons were short. My son Burnette is five feet nine and a half inches.

My father was kind and affectionate in his family, and I have often heard my mother say that during the fifteen years of their married life not a cross or unkind word passed between them, He died at the early age of — of consumption or some kindred disease.

The children of the marriage were:

Elutheria Haskell, Edward Wilder Haskell, George Washington Haskell, Chauncey Haskell and William Cullen Haskell.

William Cullen died at the age of — years, and Elutheria at the age of thirteen. My sister as I can recollect her and as I have been informed was very beautiful.

Two or three years after father's death, my mother, was wedded to Joseph Blodgett of Randolph, Orange Co., Vermont.

He had heard of the smart, sprightly widow. He came and saw, and the next morning returned the same road whence he came. My mother wondered what it meant. After awhile he came again. And again returned the same road.

In due time, he came again and made his wishes known. Just how long a time was consumed in coming to an agreement I do not know. If I have been told I have for-

gotten. They lived happily together to the last. He died in the State of Wisconsin about —— years ago. My mother is still living in Wisconsin with some of her daughters by the second marriage. She has visited and spent three years with me here in California.

When she left me to return to Wisconsin she was considered remarkably smart and active for a woman of her age. She is now ninety years of age.

I was fortunate in having kind, affectionate and loving parents My stepfather was equally kind to me during the fifteen years that I lived with him and he with me. During all that time I never had cause to complain of him, and I hope and believe I never gave him occasion to find fault with me. He certainly never did.

But for my dear mother, who is living, I cannot find words sufficient to express all the love and veneration I feel for you. Your uniform kindness and love since I was old enough to know you, fill my heart with gratitude which can never be obliterated.

May the remainder of your life here upon earth be as peaceful, quiet and happy as it has always thus far been, and if it shall be my misfortune never to meet you again in this world, we each have the consolation of knowing that when we meet in the next there is nothing but the most kindly remembrances between us.

Au revoir, dearest and best of all mothers. Others may have as good but none better.

[To be Continued.]

[From the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute Vol. xxxii, 1896.]

A Short Account of the Descendants of Wm. Haskell of Gloucester, Mass.

BY ULYSSE* G. HASKELL, BEVERLY, MASS.

THE NAME.

The name Hascal, Hascall, Hascol, Hascoll, Haskal, Haskall, Haskel, Haskil, Haskill, Haskol, Haskoll, Haskul, Haskull, Haschal, Haschall, Heskell, Heiskell, spelled various other ways, but more generally spelled "Haskell," is stated in Arthur's "Etymological Dictionary of Family and Christian Names," to be of Welsh orgin, from "hasg," meaning a place of rushes, or a sedgy place, and "hall" or "hayle" a moor, or marsh, so that the name would appear to signify, "a place of rushes in the marsh" or "the sedgy place."

If it is true as often stated that individuals become known by the place of their habitation, it is probable that some of the name lived in a "sedgy place on the moor," which would not appear to have been a very healthy locality, or one where you would expect to find a strong, robust or prolific people, and therefore does not seem to accord with the history of the family.

"Asgall" in the Gælic signifies, a sheltered place, a retreat; and with the addition of the aspirated "H" might make the name.

THE HASKELL FAMILY IN AMERICA.

It would be difficult to find among the early settlers of New England a single family whose genealogy would interest more persons than that of the Haskell family, and as yet there has been but little attempt made to preserve any information relating thereto.

The first settlers of the name in America appear to have been the three brothers, Roger, William and Mark, the patriarchal heads of the family in this country.

Roger was the eldest and Mark the youngest of the trio who probably came to New England together from Bristol, England, as early as 1637, for they are all three found to have been very early settlers in that part of Salem which is now Beverly.

Roger was born in England in 1613 and died in Salem (now Beverly), in 1667, where he had permanently resided, and is the ancestor of most of the persons of the name now residing in Beverly and near vicinity, through his descendants are not very numerous.

He was a mariner, and engaged in the fishing business with a fish-house on Winter Island in Salem harbor. In his will he mentions his brothers William and Mark, and in 1679 William was appointed guardian of his son Samuel.

William was born in England in 1617, resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died in 1693, and will receive further attention in this article.

Mark was born in England, date unknown, and first settled in Salem (now Beverly), with his brother Roger, and is said to have removed to Plymouth where he left descendants, but nothing further is definitely known of him other than that he is mentioned in his brother's will as before stated.

It is stated, however, by Mr. Perley Derby of Salem, Mass., that this Mark settled in Beverly where he died in 1688–9, with an estate of 370 pounds, and that he was undoubtedly the youngest of the three brothers; was a mariner engaged in the fishing business, and left descendants who settled in Marblehead, Mass., and intermarried with the White and Coombs families.

The second brother, William Haskell, is the ancestor of most of the Haskells, in this country. His posterity is believed to be much more numerous than that of any other of the early settlers of Gloucester, where he permanently resided. A large number are

still to be found in that place and large numbers are scattered abroad over the country. From this prolific stock emigrants have gone forth, who whether they braved the dangers and hardships of pioneer life in the forests of Maine, or sought a kinder soil than their own more settled regions, or engaged in handicraft and trades in the marts of business, have generally sustained the character for usefulness and respectability which the family has always borne in its more ancient seat.

GENEALOGY.

WILLIAM HASKELL, the first of the name to settle in Gloucester, then called Cape Ann, was born in England in 1617, came to New England about 1637 with his brothers Roger and Mark with whom he at first settled in the part of Salem, now Beverly, then known as Cape Ann Side, and subsequently became a permanent resident of Gloucester, where he died August 20, 1693, leaving an estate valued at 548 pounds, 12s.

He first appears in Gloucester in 1643 and in 1645 mention is made of his land at Planter's Neck where he probably resided for a few years following the latter date, but the information obtained from the recorded births of his children affords grounds for the conjecture that he was not a permanent resident from that time.

If, however, he left town for a season he had returned in 1656 and settled on the westerly side of Annisquam river where he had several pieces of land, among which was a lot of ten acres with a house and barn thereon bought of Richard Window, situated on the westerly side of Walker's creek. His two sons took up land on both sides of this creek which is still occupied by his descendants.

He was a mariner, and was engaged in the fishing business, and was known as captain and lieutenant.

The public offices to which he was chosen afford sufficient proof that he was a prominent and useful citizen. He was selectman several years, and a representative to the general court six times in the course of twenty years. In 1661 he was appointed by the general court lieutenant of the "trayned band" of which he was afterwards captain:

It is stated that in 1688 "some feeble but magnanimous efforts of expiring freedom" were exhibited in the refusal of several towns to assess the taxes which the Governor, Sir Edmund Andros, and Council of New England had levied upon them. One of these towns was Gloucester, seven of whose citizens, namely: William Haskell, Sen., James Stevens, Thomas Riggs, Sen., Thomas Millett, Jeffrey Parsons, Timothy Somers and William Sargent, Sen., were fined at the Superior Court at Salem for the non-compliance of the town with a warrant for the assessment of those "odious taxes" in 1688. The first five were selectmen and Somers a constable. All but Somers were fined forty shillings with three pounds and a shilling added for fees. Somers was let off on payment of fees only.

In 1681 he was one of the petitioners to the King praying for the crown's interposition to prevent the disturbance of titles to real estate at Gloucester by Robert Mason who had made claims thereto.

At the general court in 1685 one Grace Dutch was appointed administrator of her husband Osmond Dutch "with the advice and assistance of Lieutenant William Haskell."

He was one of the first of two of whom we have any knowledge who were deacons of the first church at Gloucester.

He married November 16, 1643, Mary, daughter of Walter Tybbot, who died four days before her husband, by whom he had the following children:

2 i William, b. Aug. 26, 1644.
3 ii Joseph, b. June 2, 1646.
4 iii Benjamin, b. — —, 1648.
5 iv John, b. ———, 1649.
6 v Ruth, b. 1654; m. Nehemiah Grover, of Beverly, Dec. 2, 1673-4.
7 vi Mark, b. April 8, 1658.
8 vii Sarah, b. June 28, 1660.
9 viii Elinor, b. May 28, 1663; m. Jacob Grigs of Beverly, Nov. 12, 1692.
10 ix Mary, b. ———; m. ——— Dodge, ——.

SECOND GENERATION.

2 WILLIAM HASKELL, called junior, was born August 26, 1644, and died June 5, 1768, aged sixty-four years, in Gloucester, Mass., where he had always resided, leaving an estate valued at 666 pounds, consisting of land, buildings and farm stock.

He owned an extensive grist and saw mill which fell in the division of his estate to his son William.

This mill was probably situated in what is now the town of Rockport.

He married, July 3, 1667, Mary Walker, daughter of William and Mary Brown who took the name of her stepfather Henry Walker, and who died November 12, 1715, aged sixty-six years.

He had children born as follows:

11 i Mary, b. April 20, 1668; m. Jacob Davis, Sept. 14, 1687, and Ezekiel Woodward, April 15, 1719.
12 ii William, b. Nov. 6, 1670.
13 iii Joseph, b. April 26, 1673.
14 iv Abigail, b. March 2, 1675; m. Nathaniel Parsons, Dec. 27, 1697, and Isaac Eveleth, Dec. 20, 1722.
15 v Henry, b. April 2, 1678.
16 vi Andrew, b. July 27, 1680; d. Aug. 14, 1680.
17 vii Lydia, b. Sept. 4, 1681.
18 viii Sarah, b. Feb. 20, 1684; d. Feb. 29, 1691.
19 ix Elizabeth, b. April 5, 1686; m. Thomas Sargent, Sept. 27, 1711, and James Goodrey, June 4, 1717.
20 x Hannah b. Oct. 30, 1688; d. Feb. 15, 1691.
xi Jacob, b. Jan. 15, 1690.
xii Sarah, b. Sept. 11, 1692; m. her cousin Daniel Haskell, Dec. 31, 1716; d. July 10, 1753.

3 JOSEPH HASKELL, was born June 2, 1646, resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died November 12, 1727, aged eighty years.

He was a deacon of the first church; and upon its formation was chosen deacon of the second church in Gloucester. He was also a selectman for several years.

He married December 2, 1674, Mary Graves of Andover, Mass., who died April 8, 1733, aged eighty-one years, and by whom he had the following children, namely:

23 i Mary, b. April 29, 1676; m. —— Lord.
24 ii Walter, b. Nov. 18, 1677; d. Nov. 22, 1677.
25 iii Elizabeth, b. Oct. 24, 1679; d. Oct. 8, 1700.
26 iv Joseph, b. Nov. 27, 1681.
27 v Hannah, b. Oct. 30, 1683; m. a Davis, probably Aaron.
28 vi Dorcas, b. March 7, 1685; m. Eliezer Hubbard, of Salisbury, Mass., Dec. 16, 1712.
29 vii Daniel, b. Dec. 16, 1688.
30 viii Ebenezer, b. Feb. 22, 1690.
31 ix Dorothy, b. Nov. 15, 1694; m. Joseph Goodhue, of Ipswich, May 9, 1724.
32 x Naomi, b. Dec. 26, 1696; m. Isaac Frye, Oct. 13, 1725.

4 BENJAMIN HASKELL,[2] was born in 1648, resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died in 1740, aged about ninety-two years. His will was proved May 25, 1741.

He was a housewright by trade, was often one of the selectmen of the town, was a representative to the general court in 1706 and in 1707, and was a deacon of the first and second churches for many years.

He married November 21, 1677, Mary, daughter of Thomas Riggs, who died January 29, 1698, aged thirty-nine years, and by whom he had the following children:

33 i Elinor, b. Aug. 26, 1678; m. Daniel Ring, —; d. June 10, 1713.
34 ii Hannah, b. Dec. 7, 1679; d. Dec. 8, 1679.
35 iii Patience, b. June 1, 1681; m. John Roberts, March 17, 1703.
36 iv Benjamin, b. March 13, 1683.
37 v John, b. April 1, 1685; d. unm.
38 vi Sarah, b. —, 1686; m. a Pride, probably Peter.
39 vii Josiah, b. Sept. 25, 1687.
40 viii Thomas, b. Jan. 1, 1690.
41 ix William, b. April 6, 1695.

5 JOHN HASKELL,[2] was born in 1649, resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died February 2, 1718, at the age of sixty-nine years.

He was probably the John Haskell who served in the Indian war of 1675, with the sixteen men from Gloucester, being nearly one-fourth of all its male citizens capable of bearing arms. This large levy shows the exigency of the occasion.

A lot of land was granted him December 16, 1679, situated at Kettle Cove, for his services in this war.

In 1683 he was a deputy to the general court.

He married in May or November 20, 1685, Mary Baker, who died November 24, 1723, aged fifty-eight years, and by whom he had the following children:

42 i John, b. April 3, 1686; d. April 21, 1686.
43 ii Edith, b. May 22, 1687; d. unm., 1700.
44 iii Mary, b. Aug. 24, 1688; d. unm.
45 iv Sarah, } twins, } b. Dec. 21, 1690
46 v Hannah, } both d. young.
47 vi Ruth, b. Dec. 28, 1693; m. John Clark, Nov. 17, 1718, and removed to Windham Conn., where she died at the age of eighty-three years in 1776.
48 vii John, b. Oct. 8, 1695, and died Sept. 30, 1774, childless, if not a bachelor, though it has been stated that he probably married Grace Cummings, May 10, 1723, but he certainly died without offspring. The name therefore was not perpetuated in this branch of the family.

7 MARK HASKELL,[2] was born April 8, 1658, resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died September 8, 1691, aged thirty-three years.

He married December 16, 1685, Elizabeth Giddings, supposed to have been the daughter of Lieutenant John Giddings of Ipswich, Mass.

His widow married John Dennison of Ipswich. The probate records show that Mark and William Haskell, children of Mark, received January 16, 1725, of their "honoured father in-law Mr. John Dennison, and their honoured mother Mrs. Elizabeth Dennison' alias Haskell, both of Ipswick," certain money due from the estate of their grandfather William Haskell.

His children were as follows:

49 i George, b. Oct. 18, 1686; d. Nov. 10, 1686.
50 ii Mark, b. Sept. 17, 1687.
51 iii William, b. Jan. 1, 1689-90.

8 SARAH HASKELL, was born June 28, 1660, and from the probate papers of her father's estate appears to have married, February 5, 1684, Edward Haraden of Gloucester, Mass.

Rev. John Adams Vinton, however, in his memorial of the Vinton family states on authority of Mr. Ebenezer Poole of Rockport, Mass., who claimed to have been one of her descendants, that she married Richard Woodberry of Beverly, Mass., December 16, 1679, and makes no mention of the marriage to Haraden. Richard Woodberry was a son of Humphrey, who was born in Somersetshire, England, in 1609, and came to Cape Ann in 1624, and thence to Beverly.

After said Richard's death Sarah married John Poole, who was born in Taunton, England, in 1670, and came to Beverly in 1690, and thence to Rockport, Mass., in 1700.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The issues of this JOURNAL are not stereotyped and the editors have in reserve only two hundred and fifty extra copies. It is imperative to those who desire the JOURNAL and genealogy complete, or who desire extra copies, that they shall let us know within the next twenty days. We cannot guarantee to deliver back numbers at all. And the various issues will not again be printed.

THE

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JANUARY, 1898.

SALUTATORY.

We think that the reasons for the publication of this JOURNAL are obvious. We believe as well that the contents, the artistic appearance, and the typographical characteristics of the paper need no excuse. Yet good as they are they will be hereafter improved.

A wealth of material comprising thousands of genealogies, hundreds of interesting letters and biographies, and monographs embracing researches in every State of the Union and many countries of Europe,—the result of twenty-five years of labor,—can only be given to the family in this method and by this way.

There is capital enough secured to guarantee the success of the enterprise. But if every Haskell in the United States will come at once to the front with his subscription,—not only for himself but for each of the children of his family,—the next issue of the JOURNAL may be double the present size.

The editor invites detailed and friendly correspondence from every subscriber upon all matters connected with our name and with their own genealogy, adventures and history. He especially asks that the genealogical blank enclosed in this number be filled out and forwarded at once. He suggests also that in view of the great amount of interesting matter yet to be published that immediate response be made to the contents of this number.

A VISITOR FROM ABROAD.

Mrs. Helen M. Haskell Thomas, the wife of Seymour Thomas, the American artist sent by the legislature of the State of Texas to Paris, and herself of no mean ability, arrived with her husband in New York a month or so ago where they were the guests of some of our best people, including John Swinton of the New York *Sun*, and Joseph R. Buchanan of the "American Press Association." They are now on their way to Los Angeles, from thence to San Francisco, and from thence to New Orleans, in all of which places Mr. Thomas has portrait commissions.

Mr. Thomas is the painter of the celebrated picture which hundreds of our subscribers doubtless saw at the Chicago Exposition, and which has been engraved and re-engraved many times; it is called "A Chance Shot," and represents a dreary and desolate battle field in the Franco-Prussian war, with the Red Cross ambulance in the background, and in the foreground four striking figures, one a nun supporting a lovely sister novice whom a stray bullet has struck to death. At the foot of the innocent victim lies a man wounded to death but rising and gazing with pity in his face. A Red Cross officer and an assistant support the dying women.

Mrs. Haskell Thomas is herself an artist, as said before, of no mean ability. One of her pictures has been this year hung upon the line in the Paris Salon.

Their trip to America is merely to fill commissions that have been engaged during their residence in Paris.

The father of Mrs. Haskell Thomas is Edward Wilder Haskell, still living, and her three brothers are Burnette G., Ben B., and Edward Prince, all of California, though Ben B. was born in Ohio.

NOMENCLATURE CURIOSITIES.

In looking over the genealogies of one branch of the Haskell family in America descended from one of the Salem brothers, a Haskell cousin interested in our history has made the following summary of the various names found in that particular branch since the year 1632, and furnishes us for publication with the following summary showing how many times the names have been repeated in the same branch. The figures fol-

lowing each name show how many times it appears in the past two hundred and fifty years.

It is amusing to note that in dozens of cases where a child has died, that the parents have a racial habit of naming a second child with the same Christian name. There appear to be many occasions when there were twins born, although in this particular branch no triplets are observable. The list is as follows:

Aretas, Abraham 3, Abner, Alexander 2, Amos 4, Aaron 5, Abigail 14, Andrew 3, Adoniram 2, Anna 15, Abimelech, Amy, Asa 3, Almira 2, Abel, Agnes, Abby, Albert 2, Amelia, Alamson, Adela, Amanda, Allie, Arthur.

Betsey 3, Benjamin 18, Barnabas 2, Bildad, Branford, Broderick, Bertha 2.

Craig, Caleb 3, Comfort 2, Charles 7, Cyntha, Cyrus 2, Carl, Clarissa, Caroline, Calvin, Clarence 2, Clement, Cedric, Catherine.

Dorthy, Daisy 2, Daniel 11, Dorcas 2, Deliverance, David 4, Dolly, Dudley, Deborah, Daison.

Ellen, Eugene, Emery, Esther 3, Elfreda, Ezra 2, Eleanor, Enoch 5, Editha, Ebenezer 5, Elizabeth 23, Elinor 3, Experience, Elijah 5, Edward 7, Elias 4, Elmer, Eunice 2, Eliza 3, Eben, Eulalia, Ephram 2, Epes, Eudora, Eli, Emily 3, Emma, Edwin 6.

Francis, Frederick 2, Frank 6, Fannie, Forbes, Florence.

George 13, Grace, Gertrude, Gardner.

Henry 5, Hannah 8, Hitty, Humphrey, Horace, Hubbard 3, Holton, Hester, Helen 2, Harriet, Harry 4.

Isaac 7, Israel 2, Ignatius, Ida.

Joseph 15, John 31, Jacob 8, Josiah 5, Jemima 6, Jedediah, Jeremiah 3, Jonathan 12, Judith 6, Joel, Joshua 4, Jerusha, Jane 3, Job 3, Joanna, Jabez, Josephine 2, James 4, Jessie, Julia.

Keziah, Keturah.

Lizzie, Lydia 3, Lucy 10, Lucretia, Lemuel 2, Leonard, Levi 2, Loomis, Leonidas 2, Luther, Louisa, Lucien, Lucia, Laura 2, Lavina 2, Llewellyn, Louis, Lois.

Mark 5, Mary 25, Moses 7, Merry 4, Molly 2, Martha 5, Medapha, Mehitable 4, Murray, Micajah, Mana, Marrietta, Margaret.

Nellie, Naomi 2, Nehemiah 3, Nathaniel 9, Nathan 6, Nancy 2, Noah 4.

Orinda, Oliver 2, Ortega

Sarah 30, Samuel 5, Susanna 4, Solomon 3, Sybil, Susan 5, Simeon 2, Stephen 5, Sally 2, Sophia, Sewell 3, Serena.

Phineas 4, Patience 2, Prudence, Philemon, Peter, Pomroy, Phebe.

Robert, Roger, Ruth 9, Rachel 4, Reuben, Roxanna, Rebecca 4, Riley, Roy.

Thomas 8, Thankful 2.

Ulysses.

William 46, Walter 3, Ward, Willis, Wilson, Woldo.

Zebulon 2.

A SUGGESTION.

[The following is a hasty attempt on the part of MR. R. R. HASKELL, insisted upon by the Editor. Whoever can furnish further facts will please write to him.—Ed.]

Thomas Haskell, son of Mark and Ruthie Haskell, of Marblehead, was married to Mary Phillips, daughter of Joshua and Grace Prentis of Marblehead, on the 21st day of February, 1790.

CHILDREN.	BIRTH	DEATH
Grace Bubier Haskell	Nov. 10, 1790	Sept. 2, 1790
Grace Bubier Haskell	Oct. 4, 1792	Oct. 16, 1792
Mary Haskell	Oct. 1, 1793	July 17, 1796
William Haskell	June 2, 1798	Oct. 28, 1881
Thomas Coombs Haskell	June 2, [illegible]	Sept. 8, 1882
Mary Haskell	Feb. 21, 1802	Nov. [illegible], 1883
Ruthie Coombs Haskell	Mar. 4, 1804	Mar. 22, 1878
Michael Coombs Haskell	Feb. 28, 1806	Mar. 22, 18[illegible]
Mark Haskell, (my father)	.. ....	Aug. 28, 1841
Ruth Haskell (my mother)	.	Nov. 8, 1844
Joshua Prentiss, (my father-in-law)	. .	June 6, 1837
Grace B. White, (my sister)	.	July 4, 1836

Thomas Coombs Haskell, son of Thomas and Ruthie Haskell of Marblehead, was married to Mirriam F. Pitman, daughter of Thomas Pitman.

Children of Thomas Coombs and Mirriam F. Haskell:

CHILDREN.	BIRTH.	DEATH
Thomas C. Haskell, Jr.	Dec. 15, 1833	July 28, 1867
Wm. Ambrose Haskell	Aug. 4, 1836	[illegible]
Mary Elizabeth Haskell	Apr. [illegible], 1839	
Mark Haskell	Sept. [illegible], [illegible]	
Joshua Prentiss Haskell	Febr. 28, 1848	
John Henry Haskell	May 30, 1848	
Reuben Roberts Haskell	Mar. 12, 1850	
Frances Ellen Haskell } twins	Febr. 4, 1847	Mar. 9, 1848
Franklin Augustus Haskell } twins		

REUBEN R. HASKELL,
115 Kearney St.
San Francisco, Dec. 20, 1897.

AMERICAN PARISIANS.

Something of the Haskell's of Paris, Maine

From the History of Paris, Maine, from the settlement to 1880, with a history of the grants of 1736 and 1771, together with personal sketches, a copious Genealogical Register and an appendix, by Wm. B. Lapham and Silas T. Maxim, Paris, Maine. Printed for the authors.

Chapter IX.—CONTEST FOR INCORPORATION.—*Petitions and Remonstrances.*

Oct. 11, 1792.

The remonstrance, or rather the first one, is given below:

TO THE WHOLE COURT.

The memorial of a number of the inhabitants of township or plantation known by the name of number four, in the county of Cumberland and commonwealth of Massachusetts, hembly showeth that whereas your memorialists are apprehensive that some of the inhabitants of said township, without considering the inability of the inhabitants, about petitioning to the Honorable Court to incorporate said township into a town which, without some better information, might incline the Honorable Court to think that the inhabitants of said township in general, are wealthy and are able to bear the burdens of a tax, which your memoralists hereby presume to say is not the case with them, but quite the reverse, many of us being new beginners and laboring under many embarrassments, are hardly able to support ourselves and families, being yet involved in debt for our land and have no resource but the subduing of the rough and uncultivated wilderness, which will afford us no surplus after our real necessities are supplied; add to it our hard labor and uncomfortable cottages, the cost of transportation, being fifty miles from market and rough roads, the charge of which, to them that hire them transported, is nearly one-half the value of the produce; which puts it out of the power of many to procure clothing to screen themselves and families from the severity of the inland winters. While the greater part of the inhabitants labor under the aforesaid disadvantages, and the anditional burden of clearing and making roads in said township, any supplies drawn from them by taxes, would deprive them of some part of the scanty means of their substance, and to be incorporated into a town in our present condition, we conceive would not serve to relieve us from any of our present burdens nor assist us to avoid any future evils. We therefore accordingly wish that our present vigorous exertions to place ourselves in a situation equal with our fellow-citizens in wealth and ability, may not be interfered with by any burdens laid on us that our infant state cannot support, and that the Honorable Court will take our case into wise consideration, and let us remain in our present state, until the period of wealth may arrive, your memorialists as in duty bound will ever pray.

(Signed by)

Nathaniel Haskell, with forty-nine others.

* * * * *

[Page 79. THE FIRST TOWN MEETING.]

At a meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of the town of Paris, regularly assembled at the dwelling house of Mr. Reuben Hubbard of said town, on the 16th day of July 1793—etc.

* * * * *

Tythingmen elected, Jonathan Hall, Nathaniel Haskell, Wm. Swan, Benj. Hammond and Seth Carpenter.

* * * * *

The town declined to abate the taxes of Dennis Haskell and Mannasseh Powers.

* * * * *

(Page 313.)

The following table shows at a glance the extent of the organized temperance reform in Oxford county, in 1834. Albany, organized 1831, Asa Cummings, President; P. Haskell, Secretary. Ninety-one members (in the table there are twenty-six other organizations.)

* * * * *

(Page 355.)

Paris Lodge No. 94. By consent of Oxford Lodge, and on the petition of several masons who resided in Paris, a dispensation was granted in 1858, by Grand Master Hiram Chase, for a Masonic Lodge at South Paris.

* * * * *

A charter for the Lodge was issued May 5th, 1859.

* * * * *

In 1860 L. B. Weeks was elected master, and Merrill E. Haskell, secretary. Twelve persons were made Masons during the year.

1861. Wm. A. Rust, Master; Merrill E. Haskell, Secretary. Number of Masons made during the year, six.

1862. Wm. A. Rust Master; Merrill E. Haskell, Secretary. Number of Masons made, twelve. The first death in the Lodge was that of Robert Hall, who died March 11.

1863. Wm. A. Rust, Master; Mersill E. Haskell, Secretary. Number of Masons made, ten.

* * * * *

(Page 465.)

Abijah Hall bought the lot next to Dennett's and built what is now the residence of Mrs. Haskell. From the east end of his purchase he gave the lot on which the Congregational meeting house now stands.

* * * * *

(Page 625.)

HASKELL. EZEKIEL WHITMAN HASKELL was the son of Peter and Lucy (Pulsifer) Haskell of New Gloucester, born July 3, 1831, married April 5, 1855, Harriet, daughter of Nathaniel and Ruth (Lufkin), Rideout, born in New Gloucester, July 54, 1831, settled at South Paris village, 1858. Children:

Emma Whitman, born April 17, 1860; *Edwin Nelson*, born July 25, 1862; Hattie Lufkin, born December 23, 1864. The father died uly 5, 1871.

Subscribers are requested to complete this fragmentary record by dates and names.

VARIOUS GENEALOGIES.

Four Generations of Various Branches of the Haskell Family

The following tables are summaries of some of the thousand blanks in possession of the editor, collected within the past twenty-five years. They are largely defective in many particulars and cannot be corrected save by the assistance of the members of the family whose names are therein mentioned. It is hoped that every person will scan these and the enclosed blank published with the utmost attention, and endeavor to aid us in connecting the missing links.

Genealogy of Charles H. Haskell

JOEL HASKELL, his great grandfather. (No records.)

JOHNATHAN, his grandfather, married D. A. Arnold of Cape Ann, Mass., she was born January 19, 1761; she died January 19, 1863; he was born at Duxbury, Mass., 1766; he died at New Gloucester, Me., October 9, 1858.

CHARLES CURTIS, father; his children were Charles Henry; George W.; Deborah A.; Alfred E.; and Fannie S.

CHARLES H., married Mary E. Reynolds of Portland, Me., who was born March 4, 1825, died October 6, 1863; he was born at New Gloucester Me., May 12, 1824; married at Portland, May 10, 1849; had one child, Charles Oliver, born Plymouth, Mass., August 24, 1856.

Genealogy of Eli B. Haskell.

SAMUEL HASKELL, his grandfather, married Elizabeth Macomber; she was born October 14, 1737; she died September 3, 1825; he was born February 17, 1734; he died at North Brookfield, Mass., November 15, 1820; he had two sons and five daughters, Paul, Silas, Elizabeth, Olive, Ruth, Mary and Rebecca; all dead. Deacon William P. Haskell, only son living of Paul Haskell. Post Office address North Brookfield, Mass.

SILAS married Sarah Bond, who was born December 9, 1775, died January 8, 185-; he was born August 13, 1772, at North Brookfield, Mass.; married at North Brookfield, Mass., April 11, 1799; died at Perry Lake Co., Ohio, May 18, 1831; had nine children, seven sons and two daughters, Samuel, Silas, Ferdinand, Hiram, Eli B., Lucy, Chancy, Sarah B., and Harrison. Those living are Silas, Viroqua, Vernon Co., Wis.; Chancy, Sturgeon Bay, Door Co., Wis.; Ferdinand and Eli B., Perry, Lake Co., Ohio.

ELI B., married Elvira Smith, she was born May 15, 1809; he was born August 31, 1808, at North Brookfield, Mass.; married December 20, 1833, at Perry Lake Co., Ohio. Nine children, six sons and three daughters, Olinthus A., Gardner S., Olinthus H., Sarah A., Elizabeth E., Lucy E., Eli B., Jr., Herbert P., and Samuel A.—three of the sons living, Eli B. Jr., Herbert P. and Samuel A.—all of Perry, Lake Co., Ohio; daughters living are Mrs. Sarah A. Selkeld, Mrs. Lucy E. Manchester, Perry, Lake Co., Ohio.

Genealogy of Charles S. Haskell.

THOMAS HASKELL, his great-great-grandfather; he died at Deer Isle, Me.; had two children, Mark and Francis. The descendants of Francis Haskell are numerous in this place; too much so to give names in so small a space.

MARK, his great-grandfather, married Abigail Bray, she was born July 4, 1772; died at Deer Isle, Me., July 12, 1813; he was born at Cape Ann, Mass., October 20, 1723; died at Deer Isle, Me., January 1, 1810; had thirteen children, nine sons and four daughters.

IGNATIUS, his grandfather, married Mary Stickney; she was born in 1752; died at Newbury Port, Mass., September 8, 1827; he was born at Newbury Port, Mass., October 15, 1751; he was married at Newbury Port, Mass.; died at Deer Isle., Me., November 23, 1842; had eight children, four sons and four daughters.

SOLOMON, his father, married Joanna Carmon; she was born August 1794, at Deer Isle; he was born January 6, 1794, at Deer Isle; married November 25, 1814, at Deer Isle; died at Deer Isle, August 20, 1867; had nine children, four sons and five daughters.

CHARLES S., married Martha B. Haskell; she was born at Deer Isle, April 2, 1823; he was born at Deer Isle, October 23, 1821; married at Mechanic Falls, Me., November 9, 1857; had two children, one son and one daughter: name of son Judson Adams, born at Deer Isle, November 17, 1858.

THE ARMS.

There are a score of authorities regarding the Haskell arms and from time to time these will be given to our readers.

Two are given in this issue that may be of interest as follows:

From "General Armory of England, Scotland and Wales," 1878, London, by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, p. 465.

HASKELL.—Vaire *ar* (another *or*) and *sa*. CREST: on a mount an apple tree fruited ppr.

From the "Ordinary of Armorials," by J. W. Papworth, London, 1874, under title of "vair argent et sable," page 1120.

Cusacke, Farmer Co., Leicestershire. Delafield Sire Robert de La Warde, temp. Edward I. F. G. H. J. John De la Warde I. Austinian Priory at Fristoke, or Frithelstoke Co., Devon.—Ashmolean MSS. 763.

Sir William Haskell, V. Haskell, Hassell. * * * vairy or and sa. Haskell * * * V. Glovers Ordinary, Cotton M. S. Tiberius D. 10, Harl MSS. 1392 and 1459.

OUR ANCESTOR'S TRIALS.

An Interesting Account of the Royalton Raid by Savages in the Last Century.

From the History OF Eastern Vermont from its earliest settlement to the close of the eighteenth century, with a biographical chapter and appendixes, by Benjamin H. Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 348 Broadway. 1858.

Considering the exposed situation of the northern frontier of Vermont, it had long been a matter of surprise and congratulation that the British and Indians had not more frequently improved the many opportunities which were open to them of attacking the settlers and pillaging their fields and dwellings. This apparent forbearance, so far from arising from any praiseworthy motive, was caused by the many difficulties which the enemy knew it would be necessary for them to encounter in reaching the settlements. But the intervention of steep mountains and pathless forests did not afford complete exemption from attack. On the 9th. of August, a party of twenty-one Indians visited the town of Barnard, and made prisoners of Thomas M. Wright, John Newton, and PRINCE HASKELL. These men were subsequently carried to Canada, whence the two former escaped in the spring following. The latter was exchanged after being for more than a year in captivity. While prisoners they suffered many hardships, which differed only in kind from those they endured during their return journey. David Stone of Bethel was also captured at the same time by the same party. When the settlement of Bethel was begun in the fall of —— the year, a small stockade fort had been built by the inhabitants of the town for their protection. It stood at the lower end of the west village, on the White river, and its garrison, which had been removed from Royalton, was commanded by Captain Safford. On the occasion of this incursion, it rendered no effectual service in behalf of the inhabitants. Immediately after the attack, the inhabitants of Barnard called a town-meeting, and resolved to build a fort. Benjamin Cox was chosen captain and a message was sent to the Governor for a commission. As soon as the fact of the inroad was known, several companies of soldiers from different parts of the state set out for Barnard, but before they arrived there, the enemy had departed, and the work of defence was almost completed. The fort was known as Fort Defiance, and at times was occupied by a garrison.

But the sorest trial was yet to come. In July, 1776, an American officer, a certain Lieut. Whitcomb, while out with a scouting party on the river Sorel, had mortally wounded Gen. Gorden, a British officer, as he was riding between Chambly and St. John, and had taken from him his sword and watch. The British had long desired to avenge this act, which they regarded as base and villanous, resulting wholly from a desire of plunder, and totally unworthy of an officer. To capture Whitcomb, was with them, a controling motive. Expecting, it is supposed, that they should find him at Newbury on Connecticut river, an expedition was planned against that town. Of the two hundred and ten men who were engaged in it, all were Indians with the exception of seven white men who were refugees and tories. In the beginning of October, the party, under the command of Horton, a British lieutenant, and one Le Mott, his assistant, started on their mission of plunder and revenge. Their guide whose name was Hamilton, had been made prisoner by the Americans at the surrender of Burgoyne, in 1777. He had been at Newbury and Royalton during the preceding summer, on parole of honor; and having left the latter place with several others, under pretence of going to survey lands in the northern part of Vermont, had gone directly to the enemy, to whom, no doubt, he communicated such information as served to assist them in executing their barbarous intentions. While proceeding up Onion or Winooski river, they fell in, near the spot where Montpelier now stands, with two white men engaged in hunting, who informed them that the people of Newbury had been expecting an assult from their enemies in Canada, and were well prepared for defense. The information, whether true or false, had the effect to divert them from the primary object of the expedition, and to turn their attention towards Royalton.

This town had formerly been defended by a small garrison, but unfortunately the soldiers had a little while before been removed seven or eight miles westward to Capt. Safford's fort in the town of Bethel, and the inhabitants were now entirely destitute of the means of defence. On reaching the mouth of Steven's branch, the enemy passed through the town of Barre to Jail branch, which empties into Steven's branch; and, after proceeding up this stream for some distance, crossed the mountains in Washington and Orange counties, and striking the first branch of White river, followed it down through Chelsea, and encamped at Timbridge, where they remained during Sunday, the 15th. of October, engaged, no doubt, in maturing their plan of attack. Leaving a strong guard at this place, they advanced the next morning before daybreak towards the more settled parts of Timbridge, and commenced depredations at the house of John Hutchinson, which was situated in Timbridge, but adjoined the line of Royalton. Having made Mr. Hutchinson and his

brother Abijah prisoners, they plundered the house, crossed the first branch of White river, and proceeded to the dwelling of Robert Havens in Royalton, which was not far distant. Mr. Havens, who had gone into his pasture, becoming aware of danger from the barking of dogs, and beholding at the same time, a party of Indians entering his house, lay down under a log and escaped their notice. His son, Daniel Havens, and another young man, Thomas Pember, who were in the house when the enemy approached, endeavored to escape by flight. Havens succeded in throwing himself over an adjacent hedge, and being protected by the bushes, crept down the bank of the stream and concealed himself beneath a log, over which the Indians passed a few minuets afterwards, as they pursued with impetuous haste their escaped prey. Coming up with Pember, one of aimed at him a spear, which; striking him inflicted a severe wound. He still continued running, but, becoming faint with the loss of blood, was soon overtaken, killed, and scalped.

Having selected Mr. Havens' house as a deposit for their baggage and a post of observation, a portion of the party were left there on guard, while the main body again set forth to complete the work of destruction. On their way they overtook, Elias Button, a young man, who endeavored to avoid them. But the Indians—fleet of foot, and savage by the scent of blood—rendered his attempts useless, and his body was left by the roadside in its gore. Advancing silently and with great caution, they next entered the dwelling of Joseph Kneeland, which was about a half mile distant from Havens'. Here they made prisoners of Kneeland and his aged father, also of Simeon Belknap, Giles Gibbs, and Jonathan Brown. Carrying devastation in their train, they finally reached the mouth of White river branch, where they made a stand, and dispatched small parties in different directions to plunder the dwellings and bring in prisoners. They had already stolen a number of horses, and, thinking to facilitate operations they now mounted them, and endeavored to control them by yells and shouts. The horses, unused to such riders, were rendered more and more unmanageable by the frenzied cries of the Indians, and served essentially to impede the execution of their plans. The alarm had now become general and the frightened inhabitants, flying in every direction, sought such places as might afford a refuge from the barbarity of their pursuers. As a detachment of the enemy were passing down the west bank of White river, they were perceived by one of the inhabitants, who immediately gave notice of their approach to Gen. Elias Stevens, who was working in a field about two miles distant from his house. Unyoking his oxen, he turned them out, and mounting his horse started up the river. He had gone about a mile in the direction of his dwelling, when he was met by Capt. John Parkhurst, who informed him that the Indians were in full pursuit down the river, and counselled him to turn back. Fearing for the safety of his wife and children, yet aware of the imminent danger which threatened himself, Stevens changed his course, and retraced his steps, in company with Parkhurst. On reaching the house of Deacon Daniel Rix, Stevens took Mrs. Rix and two or three children with him on his horse; Parkhurst performed the same kind of office for Mrs. Benton and a number of children, and, with all the care and attention of which the occasion allowed, the party rode off to the field where Stevens, had first received the alarm, being followed by Deacon Rix and several other persons on foot. On reaching this spot, the women and children were left in charge of a Mr. Burroughs, while Stevens, full of concern for his family, again set out for his home. He had gone about half a mile when he discerned the Indians approaching. As they were but a few rods distant, he instantly turned about, and coming up with the company he had left, entreated them to take to the woods; immediately following his advice they were soon concealed in the neighboring thicket where they remained undiscovered by the foe. Passing down the road a half mile further, Stevens came in sight of the house of his father-in-law, Tilly Parkhurst. Here he found his sister engaged in milking, and entirely unconscious of the approach of the foe. Telling her to "leave her cow immediately or the Indians would have her," he left her to secure her own retreat. By the time he had gained the house, the Indians were not more than eighty or a hundred rods in the rear. Fear had so taken possession of the half-crazed inhabitants that it was impossible to persuade or compel them to take refuge in the woods. Choosing the road, they kept it as well as their terrible fright and exhaustion would allow until they reached the house of Capt. E. Parkhurst in Sharon. Here they halted for a few moments, but their pursuers appearing in sight, they were compelled again to push forward in order to escape impending distruction. The few horses which the terrified inhabitants had succeeded in securing, could not carry but a small portion of those who had now assembled, and there was but little time for consultation or suggestion. Placing his mother and sister upon his own horse, and Mrs. Rix and her three children upon another, Stevens bade them ride on with all possible speed, while he should follow with

[Continued in next Issue.]

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1893

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THE
HASKELL JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1908.

REUBEN R. HASKELL.

REUBEN R. HASKELL.

Thomas Haskell, son of Mark and Ruthie Haskell of Marblehead, Mass., was married to Mary Phillips, daughter of Joshua and Grace Prentiss, upon the 21st day of February, 1790. Among their children was Thomas Coombs, born June 2, 1800; died September 5, 1866. He married Mirriam F. Pitman, and among their nine children was Reuben Roberts Haskell, the subject of this sketch, born on the 12th of March, 1840, who is one of the Board of Publication of the HASKELL JOURNAL, and whose portrait appears above. He is a member of one of the leading firms of of diamond jewelers in San Francisco and has been known to the Pacific Coast trade for twenty years.

Like a large proportion of the family he is of more than average height. He is well

built, lithe and active and full of physical energy. He was born in Swampscott, Mass., his father being a sea captain. He received his education in Marblehead, Mass., and began his life work in Salem in connection with the dry goods trade. Here he married Margaret S. Preston, daughter of John Preston, one of Salem's most esteemed citizens, but in 1863 removed to New York, there to take a position in the uptown house, in the silk department, of the celebrated firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. Here he remained for upwards of two years, when he accepted an advantageous offer in the wholesale woolen and cloak trade and traveled as commercial man through the Western States for two years more. Upon the termination of this engagement, he was induced to enter the newspaper business. In connection with C. H. Sweetzer he conducted the New York *Evening Mail*. While he wrote considerably for the paper his principal charge was the business end of it, and although this was an entirely new undertaking to him, he soon built up a fine advertising trade, and its display columns were filled with paying ads. He was ubiquitous in his work. No opportunity he let escape, and as a consequence the paper soon had a good income and was on a successful footing. While so engaged he attracted the attention of the Gorham Manufacturing Company people. Always upon the lookout for able, intelligent men, they made him a flattering offer to enter their service, and this he accepted.

For two years he was in the New York office and for ten years after that he traveled all over the United States in their interest.

In New York he joined Howard Lodge, F. & A. M. This was in 1867. Out here in San Francisco he has not had the time to attend to any orders or societies, however, but he still remains affiliated with his home lodge.

In 1879 when Mr. Haskell came to California, he had acquired a broad experience, his judgment was sound and practical, and he believed that he could do well upon his own account here in San Francisco. He believed, and justly, that he was able to make a business that would pay, and opened a manufacturing jewelry establishment here. His anticipations have been more than realized, and the house today is one of the most prosperous upon the coast. Mr. Muegge who became his partner in 1881 was brought out to California by Mr. Haskell. He had been engaged as a clerk in New York, and afterwards was with Mr. Haskell here until he became associated with the firm.

When Mr. Haskell began it was with the agency for the following leading New York houses: Enos, Richardson & Co., E. Ira Richards & Co., and Wood & Hughes. These he has retained down all the years, and since then he has accepted the agency for other jewelry and kindred houses, also representatve in their manufacture, not alone in this country, but in the world in fact.

Mr. Haskell is a man of the world in the best meaning of the term. He has a broad and varied experience and is familiar with nearly every section of the Union. For many years before coming to California he was prominent in commercial life, as stated, and was engaged for different periods in other branches of trade as well as in jewelry. He gained a practical experience indeed in several radically distinct businesses so that we have very few so thoroughly informed in business affairs generally as he is. Well educated, a man of liberal ideas, devoted to home life, thoroughly Californian, and taking an active interest upon the best side of political life, he is a credit to the family and the name.

It is largely due to the energy, the ability and push of Mr. Reuben R. Haskell that the existence of this Journal is due. When the days were dark and the rest of us doubted the success of the enterprise it was Reuben R. Haskell's vim and insistence that made the publication of the first number a surety and success. His taste and good judgment, drawn from his experience of the New York *Mail* induced the rest of the Board to put the JOURNAL into the artistic shape in which it now appears.

This tentative effort to merely outline his active, laborious, prudent and enterprising life, is a study which does not really do justice to the man. But Mr. Haskell has been so modest that all that the biographer could obtain was simply the bare facts of his life.

M. V. O.

GENEALOGY OF SAMUEL PHILLIPS HASKELL.

THOMAS HASKELL, his great-grandfather, married Anna Atwood; had five children, Thomas, Solomon, Benjamin, William and John.

BENJAMIN, his grandfather, married Lydia Freeman, married at Boston; died at Falmouth; had ten children, Thomas, Benjamin, William, Mercy, Nabby, Boni, Hannah, Sarah, Parsons and Polly.

PARSONS, his father, married Hannah Holt; she was born July 17, 1781; died December 25, 1850, he was born at Falmouth October 27, 1777; married at Albany, October 10, 1801; died at Albany July 6, 1829; had nine children, Parsons, Hannah, Uriah H., Samuel P., David H., Sarah A., Lydia P., Mary Ann and Hannah.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS, married Irene Cummings; she was born August 2 2, 1811; she died December 8, 1870; he was born in Albany June 6, 1808; married at Albany December 4, 1862; had two children Stephen P. and Nancy C.

Mr. Willabe Haskell, one of our people, is the librarian of the Yale University Reading room, New Haven, Conn., and is quite an authority upon genealogical matters.

JOHN LELAND HASKEL.

JOHN LELAND HASKELL.

The portrait found above is the portrait of John Leland Haskell of San Francisco, formerly one of the most extensive contractors and builders of the city who accumulated a fortune in his business, who is now retired and who resides at number 2219 Van Ness Avenue, in this city.

Mr. Haskell has been noted during his residence at his present home as an entertainer *par excellence*, and this was especially so during the time that his deceased wife was the hostess. Their musical, artistic and social entertainments were pronounced the finest and most enjoyable that their many friends had the privilege of attending. Their daughter, Blanche, was noted for her musical ability, and for the artistic fervor of her recitals.

Mr. John Leland Haskell's father was a distinguished and honorable citizen of his birth place. His word was his bond and it was never stained. During his life of seventy-six years, he was the superintendent of the Sabbath school of the First Congregational church of Peru, Mass., for many years. In the absence of the pastor, at a regular service, he would take his place, reading a sermon, selected from some able writer. On the death of Smith Phillips, who had been deacon in the church for forty years, Mr. Haskell's father Ebenezer was elected to that office and held it for near thirty years, and until he moved to an adjoining town, Hinsdale. His grandfather, Phillips, was the Rothschild of his native town, ready at all times to loan any amount of money required on good indorsed notes, or other security. His mother Lydia was the pride of the village, and the best mother that ever raised a family or presided over a house, to say nothing of her capacity for entertaining friends and supplying them with the good

things that keep body and soul together, a true Christian, always in her place at church, Sabbath school and societies connected with church work. She lived and died one of God's true children.

Mr. John Leland Haskell the subject of this sketch was born in Peru, Mass., January 12, 1827. He came of the good old Massachusetts stock, and is today although seventy years of age a typical representative of the family, youthful in figure, with sparkling eyes and a bright and expressive face. His manners are particularly those of the old school; courteous, low-voiced, and yet enthusiastic when upon subjects of interest.

For the first seventeen years of his life he luckily lived upon a farm and the training that he here received has been of valuable use to him in after years. At the age of seventeen he went into the country store and laid the foundation for his business education, staying in that particular place two years. He then removed to New Bedford, Mass., where his training secured him a better position in that town, but in the same line of business. William Bradford, the well-known merchant, then employed him as a traveling salesman for about two years longer, in which employment he gave such satisfaction that he was thereafter employed at Boston in one of the largest firms in Massachusetts. Meanwhile, however, he had managed stores at Natucket, Edgerton, Taunton, and Lynn, Mass.

In Boston he was engaged by the celebrated firm of George W. Warren & Co., which is now Jordan Marsh & Co. He remained there until he came to California. He arrived in San Francisco on the 26th day of July, 1850, thus being one of the earliest of our pioneers, having come by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, arriving there at a time when there was a congestion of traffic and being one of those adventurous spirits who refused to wait for the regular steamers, but took a sailing vessel instead. Of course he first visited the mines, but after a short experience which included a residence in Sacramento during the terrible cholera time where the dead were carried out by hundreds, he returned to San Francisco and began his successful work as a contractor and builder.

He married his first wife in San Francisco in 1851; she died in 1878. Scores of the best buildings in San Francisco have been constructed by him, and hardly an old resident of the city but knows him either personally or by reputation.

His second marriage was in 1884 to Mrs. Virginia B. Monahan, a widow with two children, William and Blanche. Blanche died in 1894, and William still lives with him.

Mrs. Virginia B. Haskell was a remarkably accomplished woman; a painter, a designer, and an artist. Mr. Haskell's home on Van Ness Avenue is filled with the evidences of her ability, and his only grief is her unfortunate death not a year ago. A landscape of Mount Hood painted by her was taken by me, through an excusable mistake for one of Bierstadt's, and her painting of figures and of still life, is remarkably able.

The grandson of Mr. Haskell and the joy of his life and the sunshine of his home, is little Blanchard. Son of his step-daughter, Blanche, born Sept. 24, 1894. A little fellow who just now wears pants upon holidays only, and who plays billiards with his grandpa in the billiard room and generally beats the old man.

When I was out there one evening he was introduced to me, and he sized me up and then he came to me with the air of a cavalier of Prince Charles time and said, "I am glad to see another Haskell."

Mr. John L. Haskell's father's christian name was Ebenezer. He was born in 1794. His grandfather's name was Roger Haskell, born either in Dorchester or Salem, Mass. Mr. Haskell has one surviving sister, Mrs. Sophronia Combs of Chester, Mass.

His grandfather died at the advanced age of ninety-eight years in Peru, Mass., and it seems to me after looking over the genealogy of thousands of Haskells that we have a very happy habit of living far beyond the Biblical age. I know that the old saw is that the good die young but we are a family where the exception proves the rule.

The mother of Mr. Haskell was a Phillips, daughter of Smith Phillips who died in 1841 at eighty-six years of age. More than one of the Haskells have married into the Phillips family. That is what make the Phillips family look so proud.

In a previous connection of Mr. Haskell's family they had alliances with the Lelands, who were uncles of Lydia Phillips of Amhurst, Mass., among whom are two professors of Amhurst College, and especially the celebrated Rev. John Leland, (after whom Mr. Haskell was named and who lived in Charleston, South Carolina, for many years and was a settled pastor of the First Congregational church of that city for twenty or thirty years, afterward moving to Savannah, where he died in the seventies), from whom, or his or their descendants the editor of this JOURNAL would esteem it a favor to hear in connection with this article, and in elucidation of the ancient history of this branch.

Mr. Haskell has been for years a man of affairs and devoted entirely to his business. Coming to California as early as he did he brought with him none of the family records; and the editor of this JOURNAL would esteem it a special favor to be assisted by any correspondent with any facts concerning births, deaths, dates or any other information concerning the earlier history of Mr. John Leland Haskell's branch.

THE

Haskell Journal

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the History, Genealogy, Biography and Current News of the Haskell Family in America and to Current and General Literature

A Genealogical Journal representing fifty different families, and devoted to general and current literature as well, to the early history of America and the science and art of genealogy and heraldry.

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FEBRUARY, 1898.

The delay in the issuance of this issue is largely due to complications with the Post Office department.

OUR NEW MEMBER.

The readers of the HASKELL JOURNAL will notice in this second issue the addition of a fourth name to its Board of Publication. It is with some considerable gratification that we editorially announce that John L. Haskell, one of the earliest and most successful of California pioneers has come in with us to insure the success of this enterprise.

His portrait and biography will be found upon another page.

GRANDMOTHER SOUP.

While I am not given at all to preaching, although I was six months at Oberlin College studying for ministry, (then dropped for irreverence), yet in my forty one years of life I have arrived at a number of conclusions. An omnivorous reader of novels, two particular books have struck my fancy and have set a moral, drawn from romance, that my life has verified. These books are "The Three Guardsmen" by Dumas, and "The Duchess of Langeais" of Balzac. Both of them enforce that divine truth in nature which is so finely exemplified in Swinburne's poem, "A Song in Time of Order," where he says that when three men hold together tyrrany and the kingdoms are less by three.

Now this is rather discursive for an editorial, but I mention all my provocatives to thought because I know that the Haskell crowd can appreciate them.

It is true, as said by Balzac, that if but three men would stand together they could run the whole of France. It is a thousandfold truer that if the five or ten *thousand* Haskells in the United States would stand together, would fight together, would work together, one for all and all for one, that before very long your son might be President of the United States and my son (when he grows up), might be usher to the private secretary of the consul at Samoa.

Truly, it seems to me that it is the bounden duty of every person of the Haskell name and blood in this broad, splendid Republic that stretches from ocean to ocean, from the Arctic almost to the Equator,—that it is his bounden duty to patronize his own race, his own blood and his own tribe. Why, three thousand years ago even when our ancestors set out from the plains of Central Asia on their Northern exodus, when grub was short and their stomachs were empty *they did not go outside their own family*,—their own family went inside—but (when they were hungry and the old lady could not keep up with the procession) grandmother soup was their weekly bill of fare.

Now I don't mean to say that Haskell's Wheat Flakes taste like our ancient ancestors, but nevertheless the Flakes are pretty good.

A SPECIAL NOTICE.

The expense of sending out the first number of the HASKELL JOURNAL to the five thousand of our name and blood in the United States has been nearly five hundred dollars. The expense of the second issue is about the same. This is an advance made by the promoters to the subscribers. They can reciprocate, can lighten our burdens, can ensure our success, can secure an enlarged and improved issue hereafter, by sending in their subscription AT ONCE. This is a matter that ought to admit of no delay. Subscribe not only for yourself but for all of your children who will each need and desire to preserve a copy.

If we do the work you ought to co-operate as far as lies in your power.

A subscription blank will be found issued herewith as a supplement. Please tear it out, fill it out and forward with a post office order as soon as possible.

Commencing with the next number no copies can be sent except to those who have paid up their subscription. This rule is imperative and has no exception. The amount is small, the benefits large, the work expensive, and you should do your share.

On account of the scarcity of January numbers after March 1, 1898, their price will be raised to fifty cents a copy.

TWO GREAT NOVELS.

In another portion of this paper reference has been made to two of the most celebrated novels written in this century. Every one of our readers has probably perused the books; but they should be read again; and there is an underlying lesson in each, outside of the swing, the swirl, the magnificient rush, and the splendid adventures of their respective heroes.

The French colonel who engaged in his behalf the old soldiers of Napoleon, and with them stormed the Island Convent, where the lovely Duchess de Langeais was imprisoned, was of the same type, enforced the same lessons of constancy, loyalty, friendship and unity that D'Artagnan did when he took the three musketeers into the Bastion of St Gervais at the siege of La Rochelle, and ate his pie while the muskets prophet.

There is a profound, nay, almost a solemn lesson to be learned from these two books, and that is this,—as I have said before and Swinburne has it,—that if but three men stand together the kingdoms are less by three.

How absurd it is to think of it, that when there are of us in this land, new born to modern history and yet pregnant with every possibility of success, of glory, of beauty, of joy and of delight,—how absurd it is to think that there should be of one tribe (who, bless their souls, look alike, think alike, and have not populated our jails,)—how absurb it is, I say, to think that five thousand of this crowd cannot STAND TOGETHER and work and fight for *each other!*

Don't you think so yourself.

Well then: if you think as I do *let us* stand together.

COMMON SENSE.

I do not know that outside the question of persistence of habit there is in nature, any law of evolution more certain than that of tribalgregariousness. I hope the crowd will not faint when they read this word, and so I will explain. I eat mush for breakfast and it costs me money and sometimes gives me indigestion, but since I have known of the Haskell wheat flakes I support whatever indigestion comes with an equanimity and a pride of family that Roget de Heiskell might have envied on the battle field of Hastings.

There is one of our Haskells that furnishes baby clothes.

> Lives there a Haskell with a soul so dead
> That never to himself hath said
> My baby shall be clothed from foot to head
> In Haskell clothes,—or bare instead?

There is an attorney in Beverly, Massachusetts. His name is Ulysses G. (Grant was named after him.) Whoever desires to collect a bill (from fellows whoare not Haskells) in the old mother state might do well to consult him.

There is a fellow in Kansas who can draw you plans for a Haskell castle like old Rowlstone on Escley Brook. It is true that his brother was a Congressman, but to the best of our knowledge the architect has never yet run for office; and his brother is dead.

And if any one of you think of getting a wife, the California woolen mills can give you a blanket which is equally as warm and never talks back. You can put diamonds on it, too, if you buy them of a Haskell; and then you can get them back when you get a divorce from the blanket.

But seriously, there seems to be no possibility ascertainable to common sense which would negative the proposition that five thousand of us here should not be able by standing together, fighting together, (and especially by together putting up two dollars apiece for the HASKELL JOURNAL,) making ourselves felt in the Republic that we have done so much to build.

The trouble with our crowd is this: we are too modest. I am the most modest man you ever saw.

THE" JOURNAL'S" PERSONAL.

The expense of publishing the HASKELL JOURNAL amounts to about five hundred dollars per month. This expense for a limited time has been guaranteed by the Board of Publication, but it cannot be kept up indefinitely unless every Haskell in the United States responds with his small proportion, our subscription price, two dollars Five thousand copies of the JOURNAL are being published and are sent to the various names who have already, directly or indirectly, signified their desire for the publication. From the additional names received in the past twenty days we are of the opinion that the next edition will require two or three thousand additional copies.

This number is sent to all whose names we have, whether they have subscribed and paid their money or not; but this drain upon our resources cannot longer continue.

You will find annexed and bound in as a supplement to this issue, and as a portion of this paper, a blank form of subscription which you are requested to fill out, and to accompany the same with a post office order, making the amount payable at Station B, San Francisco.

It takes money to print genealogies and if we do the work you ought to share the cost.

There will be no new editions of back numbers printed; the expense is too great.

And the price of back numbers of the JOURNAL, on account of the present scarcity, is now raised to fifty cents per copy, with this exception only: that subscriptions received before the March issue can probably be filled without extra charge.

AUNT HITTY HASKELL.

The more that I contrast the history of the plain, simple, common people that comprise the Haskell family, and their quiet devotion to principle, the more I am glad to bear our name. Of course, when I remember that the first of our name, of whom we have historical proof, killed an abbot at the altar I remember the adage that every family has a skeleton in in closet. But since that was done in the year 875, or thereabouts, probably the skeleton is now dust. I admire extremely the brave but idotic action of Roget de Haskell in rushing through a storm of arrows to an apple tree upon a mountain to get for William the Conqueror what afterwards became a New England pippin. I thought it a splendid proposition when an archbishop bearded a king and demanded the right to continue to take a tenth of his peoples' produce for the sake of the Lord. I have no objection to Surrey Haskell fighting for Prince Charlie, and I have a sincere admiration for William, Mark and Roger, who came over in a leaky ship to Massachusetts for the purpose of seeing witches burned at the stake in that locality.

But there is one thing that I am proud of, and that every Haskell in America ought to teach to his children, and that is the magnificent and splendid address of Wendell Phillips, (that John the Baptist of the freedom of humanity, that herald of Christ and the Millennium,) that address and requiem that he delivered over the body of Aunt Hitty Haskell in October, 1878.

George Washington, according to "Spark's Life and Letters," complimented Prince Haskell more than once for his distinguished services for our political independence, but this thing of Wendell Phillips upon Aunt Hitty Haskell, who is the aunt of every one of us, has the fire, the force and the pathos, that in my opinion not even Jefferson nor Henry could surpass.

It is long but it is good. It will be published in the future in the JOURNAL, and with it if possible a picture of the splendid woman who, as Phillips said in his address, was gifted with the rarest intellectuality; with a man's brain wedded to a woman's instinct.

This friend of Phillip's of Lincoln, of Garrison, of Emerson, of Thoreau, of Pillsbury,—this woman ennobles our race, and makes us glad that we are living men and women and bear her name.

PERILS OF GENEOLOGICAL RESEARCH.

Among the hundreds of letters that I have received have been quite a number asking the editor personally for his own genealogy. His modesty has prevented him thus far from giving it. But since the HASKELL JOURNAL is not published for profit, and since every Haskell in the United States is presumed to be upon the editorial staff, and their assistance is demanded in solving the various problems connected with the Haskell history, I have made up my mind to yield to the request noted above and to state something concerning my own origin.

I married a widow who had a stepdaughter. My father married the stepdaugter. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law and made my stepdaughter my stepmother, and thus my father became my stepson. Then my stepmother, stepdaughter of my wife, had a son; the boy was, of course, my brother because he was my father's son. But he was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter and therefore her grandson. And that made me the grandfather of my stepbrother. Then my wife had a son, his name is Astaroth; thus my mother-in-law, the stepsister of my son is also his grandmother because he is her stepson's child. My father-in-law is the brother-in-law of my child because his stepsister is his wife. I am therefore the brother of my own son who is also the child of my step-grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, her name is Maria Briggs Haskell and she is still living after this. My wife is her own child's aunt and I always thought there was something weak in her mental make-up or she would never have married me. But the peculiar and the most peculiar matter of the whole affair is this, that while my son is my father's nephew I am certainly, absolutely, and conclusively my own grandfather. And this can be demonstrated by all the rules of logic.

Of course there is not a word of truth in all this thing but it proves that Shoel itself has no terrors like those inflicted upon the editor in the attempt to connect the missing links in the Haskell family, without further information, and it enforces the lesson that every one of you people ought to be particular in filling out your blanks so as not to mix up the relations too much.

A mix-up is bad for the community.

I trust that this will satisfy those people who want to know where I came from, and especially that it will make you all careful concerning your dates and names, and induce you all to send $2 so you may know where you are at hereafter.

A REQUEST.

It will be a personal favor to the editors of the JOURNAL if every Haskell will send to us immediately the name of every Haskell by birth, blood or marriage that they know of, so that we can send them, before the editlon is exhausted, a copy of the JOURNAL. The country is so wide and our family so numerous that it is virtually impossible through the libraries or through the correspondence in hand to find more than fifty per cent of the

people who are interested in this publication.

This request is an urgent one, and it is suggested that you do not omit attending to it at once. Send us every possible name whether or not you think we have it. If we have already sent to them we will find the name upon our list; if not the person who receives it will be under obligation to you for furnishing us the name.

Please do not sleep upon this matter but make out a list of every person that you know of the Haskell birth or blood and send it to us at once.

A FINANCIAL WARNING.

A large number of the subscribers to the HASKELL JOURNAL, in payment of their subscriptions of two dollars, have forwarded us checks drawn in the eastern states upon their own local banks. Each check has been drawn for the sum of two dollars; and each check in order to be collected must be deposited here in our San Francisco banks for collection, and when collected the collection charges are deducted. These charges are from twenty to thirty per cent; and the delay which is of far more importance, is from two to three weeks. Now, the price of the HASKELL JOULNAL was placed at the lowest possible figure, to wit, $2. Please hereafter send by postal card.

SKIP THIS.

Skip this paragraph. We apologize. It is really unfit for publication. It got into this column by mistake; but was fortunately discovered just in time to be turned on the press.

It we'd had to have stood on our head.
We'd have done it ourselves, being a Haskell,
This scribble you're already read.
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
There's no excuse whatever in waiting,
And not an excuse for delay.
And it ought to be sent right away.
The price of the JOURNAL is two dollars
If he gets the least kind of a show
And we'll bet he'll find it out somehow
It's something that he really should know,
If there is anything that worries a Haskell

A dispatch to the New York *Journal* from Minneapolis under date of February 8, devotes a half column to a threat of Samuel Hill, a Minnsapolis millionaire that "he would cut out the heart and eat it," of William E. Haskell, the editor and manager of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, if he lost a suit which he had pending against that newspaper. He did lose the suit. Mr. Haskell's heart is all right as yet, and he is not liable to furnish any banquets; he is a Harvard graduate and not only mentally but physically cultured.

Every Haskell by birth, blood or marriage who visits San Francisco is cordially invited to call at the office of the JOURNAL.

OUR ANCESTOR'S TRIALS.

An Interesting Account of the Royalton Raid by Savages in the Last Century.

[From the History of Eastern Vermont from its earliest settlement to the close of the Eighteenth Century, with a biographical chapter and appendix, by Benjamin H. Hall, New York: D. Appleton & Co., 348 Broadway. 1858.]

(Continued from last issue.)

several others on foot. Mrs. E. Parkhurst and her children who were left at the house, expected nothing but instant death from the hands of the enemy. On their approach, however, having taken her eldest son prisoner, they ordered her and her five children to leave the house. Obeying these commands, she fled to the woods and there remained in safety until the foe had left the place.

Soon after Stevens had started with those who were on foot, his dog coming in his way caused him to stumble, and so impeded his progress that he was obliged to take to the woods to save his life. The Indians pursuing with frightful yells, the unprotected pedestrians who had been so unfortunately deprived of their protector, soon overtook them. But the enemy were too intent on plunder to be impeded by a great number of captive women and children, and of this company Gardner Rix, a boy of fourteen years old, was alone made prisoner. Approaching the house of Mr. Benedict, and having noticed him on the opposite side of a small stream which owed near by, the Indians beckoned to him to come over to them. Instead of seconding their wishes, he quietly stole away and secreting himself under a log, remained in safety till the danger had passed. While in this situation, the enemy in pursuit of him were at one time standing on the very log which gave him concealment, and he learned by their conversation that they were resolved to tomahawk him should they find him. After going down the river about forty rods further, and capturing a young man named Avery, they concluded to return. Coming to the house of Tilly Parkhurst, situated about six miles from the place where they entered Royalton, they fired at his son, Phineas, who had just returned from the east side of the river, whither he had gone to warn the settlers.

The Indians who went down on the east side of the river, having gone as far as the house of Captain Gilbert, in Sharon, made captive his nephew, Nathaniel Gilbert, and set out on their return. As they retraced their steps, they fired every building within sight, devastated fields, destroyed cattle wasted the garnered crops, and spread desolation and destruction with unsparing hand.

Daniel Havens—whose escape has been already mentioned—as soon as the savages had gone, ventured from his hiding place, and coming to the house of General Stevens, gave notice that the Indians were "as thick as the devil," and left the family to their fate. A boy named Daniel Waller, who lived at the house, hearing that the Indians were coming, started immediately to bear the information to the General, but had proceeded a short distant only when he was met and captured by the foe. Mrs. Stevens, who had received the first intimation of their approach from the terrified Havens, had just arisen from bed with her infant in her arms, when the third party who had gone up the river entered the house. Having searched the dwelling for men, but without success, they carried the beds out of doors, and cutting them open, threw the feathers in the air and amused themselves by watching their eddying convolutions. After plundering the house, they bade Mrs. Stevens "be gone or they would burn." Glad of an opportunity to escape, she hastened with her child to the adjacent woods, where she remained until the enemy had left the town. After firing the dwelling and barn they passed up the river as far as Mr. Durker's, where they took two of his sons, Adam and Andrew prisoners. Attracted by a smoke, they directed their course towards it, and finding a young man, named PRINCE HASKELL, busily engaged in clearing land for a settlement they added him to the number of their captives.

At the house of Elias Curtis they took him and Peter Mason prisoners, and commenced the work of plunder. While thus engaged, John Kent rode up to the door, intending to get his horse shod, but had scarcely dismounted when he was seized by the hair of his head and pulled violently over backwards. A man named Chaffer who was approaching, seeing that Kent had been taken, junped from his horse, and by pursuing a course which enabled him to use a blacksmith's shop to cover his retreat, effected his escape. He immediately set out for the house of Mr. Hendee, where he lived, and on reaching it gave notice of the on coming danger. Hendee, having directed his wife to take her little boy about seven years old, and her daughter still younger, and hasten to the house of a neighbor, started to go to Bethel for the purpose of giving the alarm at the fort. Mrs. Hendee had not proceeded far when she was met by a party of Indians who deprived her of her son. Anxious for his fate she asked what they intended to do with him. They told her they should "make a soldier of him," and then hurried him away, while the weeping mother listened to his cries for help, as he vainly endeavored to free himself from the grasp of his savage masters. Having returned to the house of Mr. Havens with their prisoners and plunder they divided the latter between the different members of the party, and, having set fire to the house and barn, started for Canada, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Crossing the hills in Timbridge, lying west of the first branch of White river, they proceeded to Randolph, in which town they encamped on the banks of the second branch of White river, having gone a distance of ten miles.

As the attack had been so sudden and unexpected, the inhabitants had not only been unable to combine for resistance, but had in many cases, through terrible fear, failed to exert the ordinary means of self-preservation. So many hours had now passed since the first appearance of the Indians, that the alarm had spread far and near, and had caused the most intense agitation. As the news was borne through the villages that border the banks of the Connecticut, the bold father and the impetus son, the hired laborer and the flourishing farmer, all who could be spared with safety, left their firesides and homes without further warning, and marched directly to the scene of plunder and devastation. By evening several hundred of resolute men had collected at the place where the attack was first commenced, ready to adopt such measures as the emergency demanded.

Here a company was organized, and Col. John House, of Hanover, New Hampshire, who had served several campaigns in the continental army, was chosen commander. In the darkness of mid-night, through a waste of wilderness, "guided by a few marked trees amidst the logs, rocks, and hills, with which the country abounded," this undisciplined corps began their march in quest of the savage army. Continuing their pursuit with ardor, they reached the spot where the last houses had been destroyed, and, becoming aware that they were approaching the enemy, proceeded with more caution. The Indians had placed their sentries nearly half a mile in the rear of their encampment, at a spot situated a few rods from the river. Near this spot was a small hill, and by the side of the adjacent path stood a number of large trees behind which were posted the Indian guards. A large log was the only bridge provided for crossing the river, and this served for foot-passengers only. Some of House's men were mounted, others were on foot, and their precarious situation at the river rendered it necessary for them to observe the utmost circumspection. The front guard passed the log and the Indian sentries in safety. About one-third of the main body had crossed the stream, and the van had arrived within a few yards of the enemy's guards, when they were fired on from behind the trees and one man was wounded. The

fire was returned by the Americans. One of the Indians was killed and two were wounded. The sentries then left their ambush and ran off to the Indian camp, while House's men advanced a little further and then formed themselves within three hundred yards of the enemy's rendezvous and awaited the approach of day. "Great consternation," observes Williams, "now prevailed among the savages. Much fatigued, and in a profound slumber after one of their ravenous suppers, the alarm filled them with fear and confusion." But they were not deficient in stratagem, nor destitute of policy. Taking one of their prisoners named Kneeland, an aged man, they sent him to the Americans with the information that the Indians would instantly put all the captives to death, should an attack be made. To Giles Gibbs and Joseph Kneeland the rage of the savages had already proved fatal. The former, expecting that his friends would relieve him and his companions, had refused to march. He was afterwards found with a tomahawk buried deep in his head. The latter was killed and scalped to avenge the death of the Indian who had been shot by the Americans. As soon as the old man, Kneeland, had been sent to the camp of the pursuers, the Indians renewed their flight with the utmost expedition, leaving at their encampment a large quantity of the plunder, and nearly all the horses they had taken. Having placed their best warriors in the rear to cover their retreat, they crossed White river early on the morning of the 17th, proceeded up the west bank, and having made prisoner of Zadock Steele, who resided in the north part of Randolph, passed through the west part of Brookfield, and on reaching Berlin encamped on Dog river, not many miles from the place where the capital of the state is now located. To secure the captives more effectually at night, a rope was passed around their bodies as they lay upon the ground, and between each of them and upon the rope was placed an Indian. By this device no two of the prisoners were allowed to lie together, and attempt at escape was rendered useless. Continuing their course down Dog river the party struck Onion river, along which they passed until they reached Lake Champlain on the 20th. Here the Indians found the batteau in which they had come on their march to Royalton. Embarking in these they, with their captives, commenced their journey down the lake, and after stopping at Grand Isle and the Isle Ant Noix, reached St. John's on the 22nd, having been nearly seven days on the route. On the following day the captives were taken to Caughnawaga, where many of them were temporarily adopted by the Indian families, residents at that place. After remaining in this condition for a few weeks, they were taken to Montreal in the latter part of November, and were there sold to the British as prisoners of war "for a half Joe" each. Of the twenty-five who were carried away, one, Adam Durkee, died while in captivity. Twenty-three were exchanged or redeemed, and returned to their friends during the ensuing summer. The remaining prisoner, Zadock Steele, after enduring a long confinement and being subjected to many hardships, finally effected his escape and reached the home of his parents in Ellington, Connecticut, on the 17th of October, 1782, just two years from the day on which he was taken by the Indians at Randolph.

[From the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute Vol., xxxii, 1896.]

A Short Account of the Descendants of Wm. Haskell of Gloucester, Mass.

BY ULYSSES G. HASKELL, BEVERLY, MASS.

(Continued from last number.)

THIRD GENERATION

12 WILLIAM HASKELL,3 known as "Ensign Haskell," was born November 6, 1670, resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died January 17, 1731, leaving an estate of 2,565 pounds of which vessels, warehouse, salt and a negro man formed a part.

He settled on or near the ancestral property which being favorably situated for maritime pursuits, he engaged in both fishing and agricultural employments. He was one of those who in the first quarter of the eighteenth century engaged in a vigorous prosecution of the fishing business, but he appears to have been the only one who so carried it on in the section where he lived, and the settlement of his estate shows that he pursued it with success.

He was usually called "Ensign Haskell" from the office he held in a military company, and was deacon of the second church for a few years prior to his death; also a selectman at different times.

He married September 8, 1692, Abigail Davis, probably the daughter of Captain James Davis, who died December 30, 1730, at the age of fifty-eight years, and by whom he had the following children:

52 i William, b. ——— 1693.
53 ii Mark, b. August 10, 1695.
54 iii Elizabeth, b. Nov. 29, 1696; m. John Parsons, June 6, 1716.
55 iv Abigail, b. Aug. 16, 1699; m. John Tyler, February 22, 1722.
56 v Jemima, b. December 1, 1704; m. Joseph Davis, Sept. 21, 1732, and Lieut. Thomas Allen in 1758.
57 vi Jedediah, b. July 31, 1708; d. Aug. 17, 1708.
58 vii Keziah, b. Feb. 28, 1711; m. Samuel Herrick, Jan. 3, 1731.
59 viii James, b. Sept. 24, 1712; m. Anna Goodhue, in 1739, and was dismissed from the church in Gloucester, Mass., to the church in Harvard, Mass., in 1756.

13 JOSEPH HASKELL,[3] was born April 20, 1673, resided in Gloucester, Mass., and died there April 11, 1718, aged forty-three years. In his will he directed that his son Moses should "learn the trade and mystery of a cooper" which was his own trade.

He married March 19, 1696, Rachel Elwell, the date of whose death is not known, by whom he had the following children:

60 i Rachel, b. March 13, 1697; m. Jeremiah Riggs, Dec. 31, 1716.
61 ii Joseph, b. Dec. 16, 1698; m. May 17, 1720, Mary Woodward, and lived to be upwards of ninety years of age. He was dismissedfrom the church in Gloucester, Mass., to the church in Harvard, Mass., in 1735.
62 iii Abraham, b. March 8, 1701; m. Amy Stevens. He was dismissed from the church in Gloucester, Mass., to the church in Stratham, Mass., in 1732.
63 iv Hannah, b. June 28, 1703; m. James Godfrey, June 1, 1723.
64 v Moses, b. Dec. 25, 1705; d. probably before reaching manhood.
65 vi Stephen, b. July 7, 1708; d. probably before reaching manhood.
66 vii Andrew, b. Dec. 6, 1711; m. Elinor Haskell, October 3, 1737.
67 viii Jeremiah, b. October 23, 1714.

15 HENRY HASKELL,[4] was born April 2, 1678, and died in Harvard, Mass., date unknown, to which place he removed from Gloucester, Mass., in 1735.

He married, Ruth, probably York, Jan. 13, 1703, and was dismissed from the church in Gloucester, Mass,, to the church in Harvard, Mass., upon his removal thereto.

One of his daughters married a Mead, probably after the removal to Harvard.

His children were as follows:

68 i Ruth, b. Oct. 7, 1703; d. Oct. 15, 1703.
69 ii Mary, b. Nov. 13, 1704; m. Benjamin Ray, of Falmouth, now Portland, Me., May 12, 1726.
70 iii Henry, b. July 5, 1706; m. Huldah Smith in 1731; was dismissed from the church in Gloucester, Mass., to the church in Harvard, Mass., in 1737.
71 iv Ruth, b. August 27, 1709. She or her sister Lydia married a Mead.
72 v Sarah, b. August 19, 1713; m. Nathaniel Bray, November 22, 1733.
73 vi Samuel, b. September 8, 1715.
74 vii Lydia, b. June 28, 1718. She or her sister Ruth married a Mead.

(To be continued.)

GENEALOGY OF G. W. HASKELL.

Furnished by S. P. Haskell and Mrs. G. W. Haskell.

Joel Haskell, born June 8, 1797, Gorham, Maine; married December 17, 1817, at Camden; died May 2, 1852, at Liberty, Me.; married Sarah F. Brown who was born August 8, 1802, at Camden, Me., and who died December 29, 1877, at Liberty, Me.

CHILDREN OF THE ABOVE

Joab B. Haskell, born May 9, 1819, at Camden, Me.; died October 5, 1848, at Liberty Me.

Elizabeth C. Haskell, born August 27, 1820, at Camden, Me.; married December 15, 1844, by Daniel Lamson; died February 10, 1868, at Liberty Me.

William Haskell, born June 3, 1822, at Camden, Me., died April 11, 1890, at Rockland, Me.

Joel W. Haskell, born December 27, 1823, at Camden, Me.; died September 17, 1884, at Montville, Me.

Stephen P. Haskell, born August 20, 1825, at Liberty, Me.; still living at Liberty; and requested to write us and fill out missing dates in this list.

Mary A. Haskell, born May 10, 1827, at Liberty, Me.; died May 14, 1827, at Liberty, Me.

Samuel Haskell, born May 10, 1828, at Liberty, Me.

Gilbert W. Haskell, born January 15, 1830, at Liberty, Me.

[The editor would like to hear from these Haskells' or their children.]

Isaac L. Haskell, born February 24, 1832, at Liberty, Me.; died May 27, 1847, at Liberty, Me.

Sarah E. Haskell, born December 5, 1833, at Liberty, Me.; died August 26, 1848, at Liberty, Me.

Hill E. Haskell, born October 22, 1835 at Liberty, Me.; died March 18, 1873, at Redwood City, Cal.

Philip T. Haskell, born June 5, 1838, at Liberty, Me., died January 1, 1894, at Frankfort, Me.

George W. Haskell, born June 3, 1841, at Liberty, Me.; died July 10, 1841, at Liberty, Me.

Josiah A. Haskell, born March 19, 1819, at Liberty Me.; still living at Monroe, Me.

Tacoma, Wash., Jan. 17, 1898.

Mr. Burnette G. Haskell, 1346 Market St., San Francisco

DEAR SIR: I have this day been looking over the HASKELL JOURNAL, which I want to pronounce a good thing. The Haskells' are worthy of a Journal and the JOURNAL is worthy of the Haskells'. Enclose find check for subscription. Wishing you great success in this new undertaking. I am yours truly,

F. P. Haskell, Jr.

GENEALOGY OF G. R. HASKELL.

273 Ninth street, Oakland Cal.

I have two brothers living, one in Wyoming and one in Missouri, my birth place.

My father was a Vermonter. His name was Daniel Thomas Haskell. He once had a brother in Des Moines, Iowa, in the dry goods business. I have never seen nor heard of him since my father died when I was eight years of age. I am now thirty. Send to my brothers, R. E. Haskell, Laramie City, Wyoming, and D. L. Haskell, Gara, Gentry Co., Missouri, for further information.

One of the largest firms in the country is the Wolterstoff-Haskell Range and Furnace company of St. Paul, Minn. Samuel Chauncey Haskell is the acting member of the firm, his great-grandfather being Samuel of Rochester and North Brookfield, 1734-1820. There will latter appear in the JOURNAL an account of the experiences of one of his ancestors who was drawn as a juror in one of the celebrated witchcraft cases at Salem in 1692. He was utterly opposed to such proceedings and deemed them unjust and illegal. And at midnight preceding the trial, although drawn and summoned to appear, saddled his horse, packed his saddle-bags and rode from Salem to Boston and thence to Rochester. That was the proper style of a man.

There is another American artist in Paris who has recently been decorated with the grand cross of the Order of Nelusile of Prince Guy de Lusignan, her name is Miss Mabel Percy Haskell.

A PERSONAL NARATIVE.

The Life History of a California Pioneer From 1810 to 1898.

BY EDWARD W. HASKELL.

NOTE.—A correction in the last issue is necessary. On page 7, first column, through a printer's error, it is stated that my mother, Roxy, married Lyman Stewart. There is an ellipsis here. The sentence should read: "My mother married Edward Wilder Haskell; my Aunt Roxey married Lyman Stewart.

We removed from Barnard to Randolph when I was eight years of age. My stepfather was a large farmer. He also carried on the business of tanner and currier. The farm was one mile south of the village of Randolph Center.

After a few years my stepfather moved to the village to live and leased the farm. He owned three houses in the village and the family took possession of the best. Here my stepfather erected a large tannery, and entered extensively into the business, buying hides and sheep pelts wherever to be found, principally in Boston and New York; buying sheep and slaughtering them for their pelts and tallow and sending the fattest and best to Boston for food, and manufacturing the hides into leather, the sheep skins into morocco and kid, and both into boots and shoes for the Boston and New York market.

J. L. French was brought from Boston to superintend the boot and shoe making department. This business, which was susceptible of large profits or large losses, was carried on about three years and then closed up at a very considerable loss. I was employed in the various departments where my service were most needed. After the business was closed the family all returned to the farm to reside.

Here I will remark incidently that my stepfather had been substituted as guardian in place of Danforth of Barnard, and that the property to which the heirs were entitled was swallowed in the unfortunate speculation above referred to. How much it was I have never taken the trouble to inquire but it must have been considerable.

As soon as we returned to the farm my stepfather decided that the least he could do to compensate the heirs for the loss of their property through him was to give them each a liberal education. Accordingly in my sixteenth year I commenced school at the academy at Randolph Center.

Hitherto I had only been at school during one term in the year viz: in the winter, and during the last two years none at all. So you will perceive that my advantages had been very limited.

I commenced at the academy with Latin, Arithmetic, Philosophy, Chemistry, etc., etc. The first winter after commencing school, I taught school, two miles east of Randolph Center. I was well up in Arithmetic, grammer, geography, etc., etc., which was all that was necessary to be taught in the school in which I was engaged. I came out with flying colors,—*i. e.*, I gave excellent satisfaction.

I had one scholar twenty-one years. He gave me no trouble. I was compelled to punish one large strapping girl, fifteen years of age, which I have always regretted. But in those days, in that part of the country, it was not the practice to expell scholars for disobedience to authority. The teacher was required and expected to maintain authority and obedience.

One other instance I shall relate which I did not regret, because its effect upon the discipline of the school was so decisive that during the balance of the term my authority was respected. The scholars had become accustomed to lose time in returning from school by sliding upon the ice ponds. It was such jolly fun they could not resist the temptation.

On their return from school their services were required at home to milk the cows, feed the cattle and do the other usual chores pertaining to a farmer's household. The parents complained to me in the matter and wished me to see that their children went directly home from school without stopping to play upon the ice. I can perceive now that it was their business and not mine; that after the children left the school house they were no longer under my control. Nevertheless I gave the order,—and it was disobeyed. The parents of the very boy I was compelled to punish sent me word again in the matter. This boy was the ringleader, about fifteen years old and larger than myself. The next morning I was informed that my order had been disobeyed. I questioned the chief culprit. Yes, he had done so and should do so whenever he liked; he did not think I could have any control over him after he had left the school house. He was very independent and important. I told one of my scholars that I knew I could depend upon to go out and get me a half dozen good gads. He brought them into the school house—six feet long, beach. I took one of them, trimmed it very deliberately, reduced it to the length of about four feet put it through the flames of the fire to take out the frost, and then went to my desk and told John to walk out into the vacant space in the middle of the school room.

He refused to obey me. I stepped down from my desk and marched up to where he sat and commenced to slash him over the head and shoulders. A half dozen blows was sufficient to convince him that I meant business. He wilted and came out into the vacant space as I had ordered him to do. "Now sir," said I, "take off your coat."

(To be continued.)

Supplement to the Haskell Journal.

From

Address County State

Occupation

☞ Please return at once, filled out, to BURNETTE G. HASKELL Editor of the HASKELL JOURNAL, 1346 Market St, San Francisco, Cal.

☞ If this blank is not large enough fill it out by additional sheets.

Please give on this sheet the following information in relation to your great-grandfather, your grandfather, your father and yourself; name; name of wife and date of her birth and death; date and place of his birth; date and place of his death; date and place of his marriage number, names, sex and residence, births and deaths of his children; general remarks, etc.

JOHN LELAND HASKELL'S HISTORY.

FAMILY RECORD.

(Father) Ebenezer Haskell born July 15, 1804; died July 19, 1870; married Lydia Phillips April 13; 1823; Peru Mass.

(Mother) Lydia Phillips Haskell, born March 14, 1807; died July 16, 1885.

(Children) A daughter, born March 28, 1825; died.

Richard Baxter Haskell, born February 23, 1826; married Martha Frissel April 30, 1848, at Peru, Mass.; died January 14, 1870; left two children, Byron and Eliza.

John Leland Haskell, born June 12, 1827; married Eliza Ashton September 6, 1851, at San Francisco; Eliza died March 14, 1878; married Virginia B. Monnihan June 12, 1884, who died June 15, 1897, aged 43 years.

Lydia Eliza Haskell, born March 14, 1832; died March 31, 1833.

Mary Haskell, born December 3, 1833; married Milo Stowell April 23, 1865, Hinsdale, Mass.; died August 22, 1886; had four children; three, Marion, Myron, Melvin, now residing in Detroit, Mich.

S. Sophronia Haskell, born February 9, 1839; married Charles M. Combs of Middlefield, Mass., September 15, 1858; resident at present Chester, Mass.; has seven children, six married and now living in Springfield, Mass.; their names are Cora, Arthur, John, Willis, Charles, Ada and Mabel.

Grandfather Roger Haskell, born, at Dorchester, Mass., 1750; married in 1840; died 1836.

(Children) Roger Haskell, Zachariah, Simon, Hulda, Phineas, Ebenezer, Allen, Sarah, Lester and Lucy; Lucy married Dr. Hubbard, lived in New Bedford, Mass., came to California in 1849, made a large fortune, returned to Mass. in 1850, moved to Kansas where he was living at last accounts.

Grandmother's father, Smith Phillips, born near Boston, Mass., about 1753; died 1841. One son, Ebenezer, lived in Williamsburg, Mass., 1840.

Smith Phillips, married ——; one son lived in Williamsburg, Mass.

Smith Phillips, married M. A. Leland (second wife) children, Polly, born 1791; married A. Butts; died 1873.

Electa, born 1796; died 1871; married a Pierce.

Lydia, born 1797; died 1885; married a Haskell.

Levy, born 1799; died 1848; married; lived in Albany, N. Y.

Washington, born 1801; died 1875; married; lived in Albany, N. Y.

Anna L., born 1806; died 1890; married a Scovil; lived in Albany, N. Y.

Daughter, born ; died ; married a Richard; Hinsdale, Mass.

All of the Phillips raised large families of boys and girls who are filling high stations in these United States.

All of the children that Roger Haskell had, raised large families of boys and girls, who are living in many of the States of the Union, Massachusetts, Illinois, Minnesota, Kansas, California, etc.

GENEALOGY OF PLINY FISK HASKELL.

The Rev. T. N. Haskell of Denver, Col., will answer all questions concerning my ancestors better than I can do. Fitch Haskell is a Congregational minister. C. P. Haskell and wife are recently Seventh Day Adventists.

Anna Eliza Haskell was born December 30, 1847; married Franklin Solomon Fitch May 28, 1872. Charles Pliny, born April 15, 1851; married July 4, 1872, to Mary Wright, both born in Bloomfield, Ohio.

George Henry, born in Geneva, Ohio, March 11, 1856; married Lona E. Williams May 9, 1878.

Vinnella Marie, born March 10, 1860; married Franklin I. Hubbard, August 29, 1877. All were residents of Geneva and Ashtabula, Ohio.

My own name is Pliny Fisk Haskell; my wife's name Maria Anna Morgan; I was born July 25, 1823, at Mina, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.; I was married August 19, 1846, at Bloomfield, Trumbull, Co., Ohio; my children were four, two male and two female; Anna Eliza, Charles Pliny, George Henry, and Vinnella Marie; all temperate; all married tip top; I have always been a temperance anti slavery, loyal man; always well and happy.

Anna E. H. Fitch (Rev. F. S. Fitch) lives in Stratford, Conn. Charles Pliny, honest farmer, lives near Beaver City, Furnas Co., Neb. George H. is with me in the store, Geneva, Ohio. Vinnella M. Hubbard, who married F. I. Hubbard a farmer, lives in Geneva, Ohio.

FROM MRS. LEONIDAS HASKELL.

WAKEFIELD, MASS., Feb. 2, 1898.

MR. HASKELL: I was very much pleased to see the HASKELL JOURNAL a few days ago that was received by my son Harry Haskell of this town, and later my son Broderick Haskell of Grand Rapids, Mich., wrote that he had received a copy of the same JOURNAL and had subscribed for himself and for me also, that mine would be sent here. * * * I send by this mail an old Gloucester *Advertiser*, in it you will see a sketch of Aunt Hitty Haskell, her life and death. She was an aunt of my husband and known by a great many Haskells, both in this state and Maine.

* * * * *

I will send some items from time to time. My youngest brother lives in Alameda, Cal., his place of business is in San Francisco, (you may know him, Walter W. Haskell) in Mills Building.

MRS. LEONIDAS HASKELL.

(Inclosed in this letter was this item from a Gloucester paper of 1897.)

The old Haskell house on Concord street, West Gloucester, is being torn down. It was built in 1801 by Amos Haskell. Mrs. Lydia H. Bray is a daughter of Mr. Haskell, and, although she was not born until near eleven years after the house was built, she plainly recalls hearing her mother tell of how when the finish was being put on the house she placed a bean pot on one of the girders for a few moments, and when she looked for it she found a stupid carpenter had finished it in. She many times pointed out the exact place where her favorite bean pot was cemented, as she bemoaned the loss. So when the work of destruction was begun a few days ago Mrs. Bray told the men where to look for the utensil of a past century. And, lo! when the place was reached, there was the bean pot, apparently ready to do duty for another 100 years.

The last pages of each issue of the JOURNAL you will observe are numbered separately. They are designed to be detatched and finally bound in a volume by themselves. The first sixteen pages will be numbered consecutively and can be bound in the same style to accompany the general record of the family. At the conclusion of the year, or of the volume, the JOURNAL will make arrangements with its subscribers for the binding, not only of the files of the paper but of the History as well.

A SAMPLE LETTER.

MR. BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

DEAR SIR: I would like to thank you for the HASKELL JOURNAL which was received yesterday. * * The JOURNAL was very interesting to me as one of the 5,000, and will be also to my brother, Frederick A. Haskell, who resides at No. 5 Arlington Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., and has given considerable time in looking up the authentic records of our family. We descended from William Haskell of Gloucester, Mass., in the following order: Wm. Haskell settled in Beverly, 1632; settled in Gloucester 1643; married Mary Tibbets November 6, 1643, died in Gloucester August 16, 1693; their children, Joseph and William.

Wm. Haskell 2d, born in Gloucester August 26, 1644; married Mary Walker July 3, 1667; died June 5, 1708; had eleven children.

Joseph Haskell, son of Wm. Haskell 2d, born in Gloucester 1673; married Rachel Elwell 1696; died 1718.

Joseph Haskell 2d, son of Joseph Haskell 1st, born 1698; married Mary Woodward 1720; removed to Harvard, Mass., 1735; died August 7, 1791; Mary his wife died February 23, 1745.

Solomon Haskell, son of Joseph Haskell 2d, born in Harvard, Mass., 1740 or 41; married Betty Davis in Harvard April 21, 1774; their children, Betty, Hannah, Alice, Anna and Jonathan (our father).

I think it will be best to obtain from Frederick A. Haskell the record of our immediate family. My brother is city agent for the freight department of the New York Central & Hudson River R. R., and were it not for his modesty and dislike to prominence he would be equal to filling a high position, for while he is now yielding to age, he has been and still is a very handsome, dignified man, and noble and generous in character, one of whom we all as a race may be proud as representing nobility of soul, and a type physically of perfect manhood. Our grandfather, Solomon Haskell, served in the Revolutionary war; was at Ticonderoga, Lexington, Cambridge and Boston.

I am very much interested in the coat of arms and hope to see it in a coming Journal illustrated with color, etc. * * * I am also very anxious to see the picture of Rowlstone Castle, and to know the authority for claiming it as the ancient seat of the Haskell family.

LOUISE HASKELL SYLVESTER.

866 Beacon street, Newton Center, Mass.
February 7, 1898.

Among the many Haskell Alleys is J. T. Haskell of Wellington, Omo, who has been Justice and twice a member of the Ohio General Assembly.

Walter N. Haskell is the city attorney at Sterling, Ill., and a warm supporter of the JOURNAL.

Miss Arline Haskell of the Hotel Bristol, New York, is an enthusiastic supporter of the JOURNAL and has assisted us considerably.

The editor is not only pleased but is really astonished to find out how many of the name served with honor and glory in the war of the Rebellion.

The San Antonia daily *Express* of January 6th, and the New Orleans *Times Democrat* of December 26th last, contain articles of two and three columns in each issue commending the artistic work abroad of Mr. and Mrs. Haskell-Thomas. Excerpts therefrom may hereafter be published.

There are a number of Ten Eycks connected with the Haskell family and the editor would like to hear from them all. Mrs. Haskell Ten Eyck Robinson, wife of Captain Robinson of the Third Artillery, United States Army, is one. Martha Haskell Ten Eyck is another.

Music and law are rarely combined, but it is a proof of the versatility of the Haskell family that William S. Haskell, the able and successful New York attorney, graduate of Yale, is the organist as well in one of the largest churches of the third city of the world, and he is still a young man.

Ruth Coombs Haskell, a daughter of Captain William Haskell, is married to Samuel N. Brown, president of the Fairbanks Scale company in Boston. Both are enthusiastic supporters of the JOURNAL. A brother of Mrs. Haskell Brown was a captain in the Civil war and was drowned while conveying troops across the Rio Grande.

Mrs. Helen M. Haskell Thomas is not the only person of the Haskell blood who has developed artistic capacities sufficient to justify residence and work in Paris. Samuel Stephen Haskell is at the school des Beaux Arts, in that center of civilization. He is the son of Samuel C. and Mary E. Haskell of St. Paul, Minn.

From the letters received since the first issue it is certain that a large number of our people belong to the very best classes in the Southern States. Jennie Haskell Rose of Baltimore contributes, with authorities from history, some other modifications of our name derived from her investigations in the Congressional Library, such as Askel, Fitzjaskalle, etc.

lord abbot Osketel, and under his predecessor, abbot Godric, pastor of the monastery.

From the "Story of the Nations—Story of early Britons," by Alfred J. Church, M. A., N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons, London T. Fisher Unwin, MDCCCXC. Page 203.

"In 876 this was followed by a more formidable attack by the main body of the Danes in England. The three Kings, Guthrum, OSKYTEL and Amund who had wintered at Cambridge, took ship, and sailing westward, seized the town of Wareham in Dorsetshire. Alfred (the Great) made a treaty with them, paying at the same time according to one account, a sum of money and they vowed in the most solemn manner that they would leave his kingdom. This promise was at once broken, for some of their horsemen made their way into Devonshire, and surprised the stronghold of Exeter."

From the "Origins of the English People and of the English Language," by Jean Roemer, L.L. D., professor of the French Language and Literature, and Vice-President of the College of the City of New York. London, Keegan, Paul, Trench & Co., 1 Paternoster Row, 1888.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DANES IN ENGLAND.

For more than a century and a half nearly the whole of South Britian had borne the name of England, and the nation was deeply suffering from the effects of a long succession of miserable contests, sometimes between one state and another, sometimes between adverse fractions in the same state, having in either case the rancorous character of civil strife, when suddenly they were attacked by a foreign foe whose civilization was as far below their own as theirs had been from centuries previously, below that of the conquered Britons; and whose successful invasions not only checked their progress as a nation, but nearly replunged them into their original barbarism. These piratical hordes, called Danes or Norsemen by the English, and Normans by the French, were not merely natives of Denmark, properly so called, but belonged also to Norway, Sweden, and other countries spread around the Baltic sea. They were off-shoots of the great Scandinavian branch of Tentons who, under different names, conquered and recomposed most of the states of Europe on the downfall of the Roman empire. Such of the Scandinavian tribes as did not move to the south to establish themselves permanently in fertile provinces, but remained on the barren soil and bleak regions of the north, devoted themselves to piracy as a profitable and honorable profession. The Saxons themselves had done this in the fourth and fifth centuries, and now in the ninth century they were becoming the victims of their old system, carried into practice by their kindred, the Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, and others. All these people were of the same race as the Saxons, being an after-torrent of the same fountain-head; and though time, and a change of country, religion, and general mode of life on the part of the English, had made some difference between them, the common resemblance in physical appearance, and even of language and other essentials was still strong.

The piratical associations of the Northmen, though similar to those of the various Saxon tribes of former times, partook in the ninth century rather of the nature of our privateering companies in time of war, and still more closely resembled the associations of the Corsairs of the Barbary Coast, who, up to the early part of this century, crossing the Mediterranean as the Danes and Norwegians did the German ocean and the British channel, for many ages plundered every Christian ship and country they could approach. The Scandinavian governments at home, such as they were, licensed the depredations and shared the spoils, having a regularly fixed portion alloted them after every successful expedition. On certain occasions, when their highest numerical force was required, these governments themselves took active part, and were known to make very extensive leagues. As the Saxons of old, so the Danes, the Norwegians, and all the Scandinavians were familiar with the sea and its dangers, and the art of war was cultivated among them far more extensively than by any other nation at that time. The astonishing success of these people in England and France, and later in Italy and Sicily, not only proves their physical vigor, their valor and preseverance, but also their military skill and a remarkable degree of intellect, which contrasted strangely with their savage instinct and their innate brutality. Their religion and their literature, some of which date back as far as the eighth century, were subservient to their ruling passions for war and plunder; or, more properly speaking, they were both cast in the mould of these passions, and stamped with the impress of the national character. The blood of their enemies in war, and a rude hospitality, with a barbarous excess in drinking, were held to be the incense most acceptable to their god, Woden, who himself had been, perhaps, nothing more than a mighty slayer and drinker. War and feastings were the constant themes of their skalds and bards; and what they called their history recorded little else than piracy and bloodshed. Torture and carnage, greed of danger, fury of destruction, the obstinate and frenzied bravery of an overstrung temperament, and the unchaining of butchery instinct, meet us at every page in the old Sagas. Even their ideal woman is a cold, heartless, blood-thirsty wretch. Thus the daughter of a Danish earl, seeing Egil taking his seat

near her, repels him with scorn, reproaching him with "seldom having provided the wolves with hot meat, with never having seen for a whole autumn, a raven croaking over the carnage." But Egil seized her and pacified her by singing, "I have marched with my bloody sword, and the raven has followed me. Furiously we fought, the fire passed over the dwellings of men; we slept in the blood of those who kept the gates." From such table talk, and such maid's fancies, one may judge of the rest.

Like their brothers, the Saxons, the Danes were not at one time very bigoted or very intolerant to other modes of faith; but when they came to England they were embittered by recent persecutions. The remorseless cruelties practiced by Charlemagne from the year 772 to 803 upon the pagan Saxons, settled on the Rhine and in Westphalia, to whom he left no other alternative but death or a Christian baptism, and whom he massacred by thousands, even after they had laid down their arms, were the cause of their fearful reaction and the confirmed idolatry of that people. Those that could escape had fled to Jutland, Seeland, Fremen, and the islets of the Cattegat, where the people, still unconverted, gave a friendly reception to brethren suffering in the cause of Woden. All these joined largely in the expeditions against England, and they treated as renegades the English who had forsaken the faith of their common ancestors, to embrace that of their deadly enemies. A sort of religious and patriotic fanaticism was thus combined in the Scandinavians with the fiery impulsiveness of their character, and an insatiable thirst for blood of priests and monks; they especially delighted at pillaging the churches, and stabled their horses in the chapels of the palaces. When they had devastated and burned some district of the Christian territory; "We have sung them the mass of the lances," said they mockingly; "it commenced in the morning, and lasted until night."

In three days, with an east wind, the fleet of Denmark and Norway, consisting of two-sailed vessels, could reach the south of Britain. The soldiers of each fleet obeyed in general one chief, whose vessel was distinguished from the rest by some particular ornament. The same chief commanded when the pirates, having landed, marched in troops on foot or on such horses as they could capture. His title was that of *king;* but he was king only on the seas and on the battle field; for in the hour of the banquet the whole troop sat in a circle, and the horns, filled with beer, passed from hand to hand without any distinction of first man or last. The sea-king was everywhere faithfully followed and zealously obeyed, because he was always renowned as the bravest of the brave, as "one who had never slept under a smoke-dried roof, who had never emptied a cup seated in the chimney-corner." He could guide his vessel as the good horseman his steed, and to the prestige of carnage and skill were added, for him, the influence created by superstition, for he knew the mystic characters which, engraven upon swords, secured the victory, and those which, inscribed on the poop and on the oars, preserved vessels from shipwreck. Under such a chief the men bore lightly their voluntary submission and the weight of their mailed armor and they laughed at the wind and waves that failed to do them harm. "The strength of the tempest," they sang, "arms the arm of the rower; the storm is our servant; it throws us where we want to go." Thus the name of *sea king* was only a military title, and had nothing in common with that of "*Koenig*" meaning "chief," and borne by the numerous petty kings that ruled in the various Scandinavian Kingdoms.

In speaking of king and kingdoms we use words of swelling sound and magnificent import. Splendor, extensive dominion, pomp and power are the majestic images which arise in our minds when we hear of thrones. But we must dismiss from our thoughts the fascinating appendages of modern royalty, and rather think of our Indian chiefs, when we contemplate these petty sovereigns of the North. Some of their kingdoms may have equaled an American county in extent, but many would have been rivaled by our towns. Having neither cities nor fortified posts, and only surrounded by a small band of followers, they often became the prey of each other; some times even the victim to some *coup de main* of other pirates who assailed them. This early state of things continued until the latter part of the ninth century, when Eric in Sweden, Gormo in Denmark, and Harald Harfager in Norway, subdued all these petty kings in their respective countries and united them into three separate monarchies.

The second class of these high-titled individuals were sovereigns who neither possessed country nor ruled over regular subjects, and yet filled the regions adjacent with misery and terror. They were a race of beings whom all Europe beheld with horror. Without a square yard of territorial property, without any towns or visible people, with no wealth but their ships, no force but their crews, and no hope but from their swords, the sea-kings of the North swarmed on the boisterous ocean and plundered in every district they could approach, sometimes amassing so much booty and enlisting so many followers as to be able to assault even whole provinces for permanent conquest. They were generally the younger sons of the kings in question, the elder remaining at home to inherit the government. The former were left to seek their fortune on the ocean and to wield their scepters amid the turbulent waters. The consent of the northern

people entitled all men of royal descent who assumed piracy as a profession to enjoy the name of kings, though they possessed no property ashore. Hence the sea-kings were the kinsmen of the land-sovereigns, and while the eldest son succeeded to his father, the rest of the family hastened like petty Neptunes to establish their kingdom on the waves; and if any of the former were expelled from their inheritance by others, then they also sought a continuance of their dignity upon the ocean. Their rank, and especially their successes, always secured to them abundant crews, and the mischief they perpertrated was immense.

But while these sea-kings operated under a high-sounding title, there was another set of northern pirates on the ocean, far more ferocious, and much less disciplined, though to the victims it made very little difference. Not only the children of kings, but every man that could afford it equipped ships, and roamed the seas to acquire property by force. At the age of ten or twelve their sons were trained under military tutors in all that could make them distinguished pirates. Piracy among them was not only considered the most honorable occupation, but the best field for the harvest of wealth; nor was it confined to the emulation of the illustrious who pursued it; no one was respected who did not engage in it, and did not return from sea with ships laden with booty. It was therefore well said of the Northmen, by one of their contemporaries, that they sought their food by their sails and inhabited the seas. The name by which this class of pirates was known was *Vikinge*, which originally meant "kings of the bays" for it was in the bays that they ambushed to dart upon the passing voyager. The recesses of the shores afforded them a station of safety from the perils of the ocean, and of advantage in their pursuit. Our bolder navigation, which selects in preference the open sea, was then unusual. In those days merchant vessels coasted where ever t was possible and therefore generally came in sight of those bays, which often were full of this class of pirates, ready to dart upon their prey.

The ferocity and useless cruelty of this race of beings almost transcends belief. The piracy of the Vikings was an exhibition of every species of barbarity. Some of them cultivated paroxysms of brutal insanity. These were the *Bersekir*, whom many authors describe. When a conflict was impending, or a great undertaking was about to be commenced, they abandoned all nationality upon system; they studied to resemble wolves or mad dogs, bit their shields, howled like wild beasts, stirred themselves up to the utmost frenzy, and then rushed to every crime and horror which the most frantic enthusiasm could perpetrate. Their fury was an artifice of battle like the war whoops of the Indians, and in this, as in their barbarous daring and cruelty, they much resembled the latter; for the rest, their leading characteristics were n uch the same as those of the Saxons three centuries previous.

It was in the latter part of the eighth century that these people commenced to plague the English coasts. This they kept up at intervals for nearly a century, until at last, seeing the country was not in a condition to resist them, they fitted out large expeditions which, in course of time, over-ran almost the entire island, carrying with them death and destruction, and leaving nothing but ruin and misery in their trail. Priest, monk, nun, youth, old age, nothing was sacred to them. What they looked for was gold and silver, and they sought it especially in the monasteries and churches. Northumbria became a waste. What could not be removed was set on fire, and, with but rare exceptions, the whole Anglian literature perished in the flames. All that could, fled before the fury of the Danes, and those who remained reverted almost all to their old heathen customs and practices. Civilization went back three centuries; men forgot every art of peace, and what little learning and culture there was among the people became extinguished, even in those parts which hitherto had been the most enlightened.

This is the way it began. One day in 787, a body of men of unknown race entered, in three vessels, a part on the eastern coast where now is Portland. They probably came in the guise of traders, as they were wont on such occasions. In order to learn whence they came, and what they wanted, the Saxon magistrate of the place proceeded to the shore where they had landed. The strangers let them quietly approach; then surrounding him and his escort, they fell suddenly upon them, and, after plundering the town, returned with their booty to their ships, and immediately set sail. Six years after a similar robbery took place on the Northumbrian coast, but on a much larger scale Then the pirates were not further heard of for many years, until in 832 and the year following, when they were seen hovering along the southern and eastern coasts in large numbers, making descents here and there, and doing considerable mischief. It was, however, only in the year 835 that the first great army of Danish corsairs directed their course toward England, and landed on the coast of Cornwall. The ancient inhabitants of that country, reduced by the English to the hard condition of tributaries, joined the enemies of their conquerors, either in the hope of regaining some small portion of their liberty, or simply to gratify the passion of national revenge. The northern invaders were repulsed, and the Britons of Cornwall remained

under the Saxon yoke; but, shortly afterwards, other fleets brought the Danes to the eastern coast in such numbers that no force could prevent them from penetrating into the heart of England. They ascended the great rivers until they found a commodious station, then they quitted their barks, and moored them or drew them aground; then, scattering themselves over the neighboring country, they carried off all the beasts of burden, and, as the chronicles of that day express it, from mariners they became horsemen. They at first confined themselves to plundering and retired immediately, leaving only some military posts and small intrenched camps on the coast to cover their speedy return; but soon, changing their policy, they fixed their residence in the country, and became masters of the soil and of the inhabitants, driving the English population of the northeast toward the southwestern part of the island, as the Saxons had formerly driven the British population from the British channel to the opposite sea, A. D. 838 to 865.

In the year 866, the most numerous fleet that had ever sailed from Denmark on a distant expedition left for England, under the command of eight kings and twenty jarls, who landed their troops on the southern part of the coast appertaining to East Anglia. Unable to repel so formidable an armament the people of that country received the Danes in a pacific manner. The latter profited thereby in acquiring supplies of provisions, collecting horses, and awaited reinforcements from beyond the sea; afterward, when they felt assured of success, they marched upon York, the capital of Northumbria, totally defeating the Saxons, and devastating with fire and sword the country they traversed (867). Having made themselves masters of a district north of the Humber, and being assured by messengers of the submission of the rest of the Northumbrians they resolved on maintaining their conquest. They garrisoned York and the principal towns, apportioned estates to their companions, without any regard to the rights of the native population, and offered an asylum to men of all ranks who should arrive from the Scandinavian countries to join the new colony. Thus Northumberland ceased to be a Saxon kingdom; it became the rallying point of the Danes, who contemplated the conquest of the southern portion of England. After three years spent in their preparations the invading army set out. Under the conduct of their eight kings, they descended the Humber as far as Lindesey, where, having disembarked, they marched from north to south, plundered cities, massacred the inhabitants, and, with their national fanaticism, they destroyed by fire the Christian churches and monasteries, and all books and manuscripts they found in them. East Anglia, being in turn completely subjected, became, like Northumbria, a Danish kingdom, and a point of destination for all emigrant adventurers from the north. The Saxon king was replaced by a sea king, and the Saxon population, reduced to a state of demi-servitude, lost all property in their territory, and thenceforth tilled the land for the Danish conquerors. The country was now overrun by the latter, and of the eight kingdoms first founded by the Saxons and the Angles there remained but one, that of Wessex, which extended from the mouth of the Thames to the British channel.

In the year 871 Ethelred, king of Wessex, died of wounds received in a combat fought with the Danes who had passed the Thames, and invaded his territory. He left several children; but the choice of the nation fell on his brother Alfred, a young prince twenty-two years old, whose courage and military skill inspired the Saxons with the greatest hopes. Twice already he had succeeded, either by arms or negotiation, in relieving his kingdom from the presence of the Danes; he repulsed several attempts to invade his southern provinces by sea, and for seven years maintained the boundary lines of the Thames. It is probable that no other army of the Danes would ever have overpassed that boundary, had the king of Wessex and his people been united; but there existed between them germs of discord of a peculiar nature.

King Alfred was more learned than any of his subjects. While yet young he had visited the southern countries of Europe, and closely observed their manners, customs, and institutions; he was conversant with their languages, and with most of the writings of antiquity. This superiority of knowledge created in the Saxon king a certain degree of contempt for the nation he governed. He had small respect for the information or intelligence of the great national council, which were called "The Assembly of Wise Men." Full of the ideas of absolute power which he had so often read of in Roman writers, he was bent on political reforms, and framed many plans better in themselves, perhaps, than the ancient Anglo Saxon practices they were intended to replace, but wanting in that essential requisite, the sanction of the people, who neither understood nor desired these changes. Tradition has vaguely preserved some severe features of Alfred's government; and long after his death men used to speak of the excessive rigor he applied to the punishment of prevaricators and dishonest judges. Although this severity had for its object the good of the nation, it was far from agreeable to a people who, at that time, valued freedom of existence more than regularity in the administration of public affairs.

Thus when, seven years after his election, this learned king, unconsciously odious, hav-

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ing to repel a formidable invasion of Danes, summoned his people to defend the land, he was terrified at finding his subjects but little disposed to obey him, and even careless about the common danger. In vain did Alfred send through the towns and hamlets his messengers of war; few men came, and the king was left almost alone with a small number of faithful followers and friends whom he enchanted with his learning. Favored by this indifference of the nation for their chief, the enemy made a rapid progress. Alfred then, feeling that he was deserted by his people, deserted them in his turn, and the Danish army entered the kingdom nearly unopposed, many of the inhabitants embarked on the western coast to seek refuge either in Gaul or on the island of Erin, which the Saxons called Ireland; the rest submitted to pay tribute and to labor for the Danes. But it was not long before they found the evils of the conquest a thousand times worse than the severity of Alfred's reign, which alone could have saved them. Thus they regretted their former condition, and even the despotism of a king who ruled them with an iron hand, but who was born among themselves

Alfred, too, reflected on his misfortunes and meditated on the means of saving his people, if it were possible, and of regaining their favor. Having collected a few friends about him, he intrenched himself on a small island near the confluence of the rivers Thone and Parret. There he led the hard and rugged life reserved, in every conquered country, for such of the vanquished as are too proud for slavery—that of a freebooter in the woods, morasses, and mountain defiles. Such as were tired of the foreign yoke, or had been guilty of high treason, in defending their family and property against the conquerors, came and put themselves under the command of the unknown chief, who disdained to share the general servitude. After six months of a warfare of stratagems, surprises, and of night combats, the partisan leader resolved to declare himself, to call on the people of the whole western country, and to make an open attack, under the Anglo-Saxon standard, on the principal camp of the Danes. Before giving the decided signal, Alfred wished to observe in person the position of the foreigners. He entered their camp in the dress of a harper, and diverted the Danish army with his Saxon songs, the language of which differed but little from their own. He went from tent to tent, and on his return, changing his character and occupation, he sent messengers through all the surrounding country, and assigned as a place of meeting for all Saxons who would arm and fight, a spot a few miles distant from the enemy's camp. During three successive days armed men arrived from every quarter, one by one, or in small bands at the place appointed. Some rumors of this agitation reached the camp of the Danes, but as there was not a single traitor among the Saxons, their information was uncertain. It was not long, however, before they saw the banner of Wessex bearing down on them. Alfred attacked their redoubts at their weakest sides, drove out all the Danes, and as the Saxon Chronicle expresses it, "remained master of the field of carnage."

Once dispersed the Danes did not again rally, and Guthrum, their king, did what those of his nation often did when in peril—he promised that, if the victors would relinquish their pursuit of him, he and his men would be baptised, and would retire to their territory of East Anglia to dwell there in peace. The Saxon king, who was not strong enough to carry on the war to the utmost, accepted these proposals for peace (879). Guthrum and the other pagan captains swore first on a bracelet consecrated to their gods and then on the cross, that they would in all good faith receive baptism. King Alfred officiated as spiritual father to the Danish chief, who, putting the neophytical white robe over his armor, departed with the wreck of his army for the land whence he had come, and where he engaged for the future to remain. The limits of the two populations were fixed by a definite treaty sworn to, as the preamble set forth, by Alfred, King; Guthrum, King; all the Anglo-Saxon wise men, and all the Danish people. These limits were, on the south, the course of the Thames as far as the Lea, which discharges its waters into the main stream not far from London; on the northeast, the Onse and the great high road constructed by the Britons and rebuilt by the Romans, which the Saxons called Weathlingastreet, "the road of the sons Waethla." All those portions of England which were not occupied by the Danes thenceforth formed one single state, carrying out practically the original plan of Egbert; and thus disappeared forever the ancient division of the English people into various peoples, corresponding in number to the bands of armed emigrants which had incessantly came from the islands and coasts of Continental Europe, and dispossessed the Britons.

And now in turn the same bad faith was shown them by the Danes, who, at the first appearance as a fleet of pirates on the coast, broke their oath without hesitation, and saluted the new-comers as brothers, with whom they entered at once upon new expeditions against the Southern English, and kept doing so ever after on every chance or pretext. Such were the people who, for well nigh two centuries, made England the object of their incessant depredations, hovering first on the coasts as mere pirates, making descents

now at one point, then at another, throughout the whole circuit, and finally establishing themselves permanently in the heart of the kingdom, and sweeping it in all directions with fire and sword, until at last they even succeeded in placing their own king upon the English throne. Such a state of things was necessarily fatal to the progress of civilization and with it too the language; for though the Danes of the tenth century were no longer the low pirates of a century previous, and though even during the twenty years of the reign of Canute the country enjoyed in every way more of the advantages of good government than it had done in any previous period of the same length, yet this very state of peace and relative prosperity was again prejudicial to the vernacular English by favoring a further admixture of words and phrases from the dialect of the Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and other Scandinavian tribes then settled permanently and in great numbers on the island.

As the life of Ragnar Lodbrog had disturbed the peace of many regions of Europe, his death became the source of peculiar evil to England. When his sons heard of his death, in the prison in Northumbria, they determined on revenge.

Their transient hostilities as sea-kings were laid aside for the gratification of this passion; and as their father's fame was the conversation and pride of the north, they found that wherever they spread news of his fate, and their own resolution to avenge it, their feelings were applauded, and auxiliaries procured to join them, from every part. Bands of warriors confederated from every region for this vindictive object. Jutes, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Rusians, and others; all the fury and all the valor of the north assembled for the expedition, while none of the Anglo-Saxon kings suspected the preparations.

Eight kings and twenty earls, the children, relatives, and associates of Ragnar were its leaders. The kings were Baiseg, Halfdene, Ingnar, Ubba, Guthrams, Oskitel, Amund and Eowls. (Al. Bev. 93.) Simeon adds to the kings, Sidea, with a jail of that name. (Frena and Herald, p. 14.)

Their armament assembled without molestation, and when it had become numerous enough to promise success to this adventure, Halfdene, Inguar, and Hubba, three of Ragnar's sons, assumed the command, sailed out of the Baltic, and conducted it safely to the English coasts.

By some error in the pilotage, or accident of weather, or actual policy, it passed Northumbria, and anchored off the shores of East Anglia.

Ethelred was scarcely seated on his brother's throne, before the great confederacy began to arrive. It found the country in a state auspicious to an invasion.

Four distinct governments divided its natural force, whose narrow policy saw nothing but triumph and safety in the destruction of each other. One of these, the peculiar object of the hostility of the north, was plunged in a civil warfare.

Of the Anglo-Saxon governments, the kingdom of Northumbria had been always the most perturbed.

Usurper murdering usurper, is the prevading accident. A record of ghastly monarchs pass swiftly along the page of history as we gaze; and scarcely was the sword of the assassin sheathed before it was drawn against its master, and he was carried to the sepulchre which he had just closed upon another.

In this manner, during the last century and a half, no fewer than seventeen chiefs hurled each other from this joyless throne, and the deaths of the greatest number were accompanied by hetacombs of their friends.

When the northern fleet suddenly appeared off East Anglia, such sanguinary events were still disturbing Northumbria. Osbert had been four years expelled by Ella from the throne which he had usurped from another, and at this juncture was formidable enough to dare his rival again to the ambitious field.

The Danish chieftains who first landed, did not at once rush to their destined prey. Whether accident or policy had occasioned them to disembark in East Anglia, they made it a beneficial event. Awing the country by a force which the hinds had never rafted from Denmark before, they quietly passed the winter in their camp, collecting provisions and inviting their friends. They demanded a supply of horses from the king, who complied to their request, and mounted the greatest part of their army. He attempted no enmity; he suffered them to enjoy their wintry feasts unmolested; no alliance with the other Saxon kingdoms was made during the interval; each state looked on with hope, that the collected temptest was to burst upon another; and as the menaced government was a rival, nothing but advantage was foreseen from its destruction.

The northern kings must have contemplated this behavior with all the satisfaction and contempt of meditative mischief and conscious superiority. The Northumbrian usurpers at last sheathed, though tardily, the swords of contending ambition; and, on the advice of their nobles, united for their mutual defence and the general safety.

The invaders, though in many lands, like the Grecian host before Troy, yet submitted to the predominance of Ingwar and Ubba, two of the sons of Ragnar. Of these two,

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(To Be Continued.)

Many valuable suggestions have been received from E. B. Haskell of the Boston *Herald*, and from George B. Haskell of the same city. George B. Haskell informs us that the late William O. Haskell who published the genealogical tree, said that the first William came over in the ship Arabella or Arbella, but he says that he has worked hours on lists of early immigrants, early voyages, etc., with such facilities as the Boston libraries afford, without establishing the point to his satisfaction. He hopes that the publication of the JOURNAL may lead to the recovery of the MSS., of family history compiled by the late Charles Haskell as mentioned by William Garrison Haskell in our last issue. Mr. George B. Haskell has read the will of the first William and will undoubtedly send a copy of it to the JOURNAL for future publication.

He makes a suggestion which seems to be extremely pertinent, that the JOURNAL should hereafter have a department of births, marriages and deaths as they hereafter occur, confined to the family name or blood; he also makes some other suggestions of extreme interest which will be dealt with later. The Board of Direction of the JOURNAL have decided that with the March issue they will establish a department of births, marriages and deaths, and each of our subscribers should take due notice thereof.

Helen M. Haskell-Thomas, mentioned in our last issue, is now in San Francisco with her husband.

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THE HASKELL JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine

Vol. 1. *SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH, 1898.* *No. 3.*

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THE
HASKELL JOURNAL

MARCH 1898.

EDWIN BRADBURY HASKELL.

Edwin Bradbury Haskell.

One of the most pleasing personalities in the Haskell family, one of the most successful of all our people, probably the richest of our race, not alone in money but in intellect, is Edwin Bradbury Haskell, the editor and owner of the Boston *Herald* and connected financially and literarily with half a dozen other leading journals of the United States. It was his son, as mentioned in the February number, whom the western millionaire failed to eat alive.

Mr. John Swinton, for years the chief editor of the New York *Sun* under Mr. Dana's direction, has more than once said that Mr. Haskell's graceful diction and genial style, as exemplified in his letters from abroad, were more than worthy of admiration; Mr.

Parker Pillsbury, one of the Old Guard of the abolitionist people, has also said concerning him privately that his sterling moral worth was equal to his shining mentality.

I do not know Mr. Haskell personally, but I have followed his career for a number of years and have read the *Herald* with exceeding pleasure. And in 1877 and '78 I remember that I clipped out and put in my scrap book a series of articles from him called the "Adventures of the Scribbler Family Abroad," which have since then been to me a source of continual pleasure. Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and his "Tramp Abroad," and his new book, so much as I have seen of it, have not given me more pleasure than I still derive from my scrap book where I read about the "Scribbler Family."

As I said before I do not know Mr. Haskell personally, but the editor of the JOURNAL has requested me, without consultation with him, to write this little article upon his career, and from the material in the hands of the editor, and from such other data as I gather from the libraries and current journals, I believe that I can say something that will enable the rest of our people to understand what manner of man he is. As near as I can ascertain Mr. Haskell was born August 24, 1837, at Livermore, Maine, his father being Moses Greenleaf Haskell, and his mother the beautiful and accomplished Rosilla, daughter of Captain Peter Haines. Every person familiar with the history of Maine knows that Captain Haines emigrated from New Hampshire to the latter state at the end of last century; to be exact in 1795. The Haines family have intermarried more than once with the Haskells and that is good, both for them and us.

At even the early age of seventeen Mr. Haskell began to devote himself to a literary life. Up to this time he had no particular education except an Academic one at Kent's Hill Seminary where he put in considerable time in industriously preparing for college. But circumstances made it impossible for him to pursue the plans outlined and he entered the office of the Portland *Advertiser* edited then by one of the brightest men in American journalism, Henry Carter.

Here he learned to be a first-class journeyman printer and went the rounds of the country as people did in those days; journeying from Maine to Baton Rouge and New Orleans; he finally returned to Boston and accepted a situation upon the *Saturday Evening Gazette*.

In the spring of 1857 he went to work upon the Boston *Herald*, and so effective and careful was his work that in 1860 he was added to the editorial staff.

The Herald was then owned and managed by Col. E. C. Bailey, a man of quick and fine perception and exceedingly acute newspaper judgment. He quickly discovered that peculiar characteristic of Mr. Haskell's which all newspaper people understand, "the sense for news, the ability to know what is news and what is not." Mr. Haskell remained in this position upon the editorial staff until 1865, conducting the paper throughout the war with signal and splendid ability. At that time himself and some others bought the paper of Col. Bailey, and Mr. Haskell was then installed as editor-in chief, a position which he held uninterruptedly until October, 1887.

The journalistic people of the United States appreciate the great ability with which the *Herald* has been and still is conducted under Mr. Haskell's direction. It is not a yellow journal. It is not a partisan sheet. It is calm, careful, conservative and pure. When you see it in the *Herald* you know that it is so. The *Herald* has been always an independent publication, speaking for the great mass of the intelligent people of New England, and not partisan in any sense of the word. It is a conservative authority and power in the State of Massachusetts.

Mr. Haskell's style is terse, is forcible, is direct and his use of the English language reminds one largely of the beautiful English of Charles Reade, that finest writer of pure Saxon. And as noted before, in his "Scribbler" papers there was a sense of humor that cheered and enlivened.

His business and professional career is not better perhaps, than his social and domestic life He married in 1861 Celia, daughter of Jonas Hill of Fayette, Maine. The details of his genealogy will be hereafter published.

His "Round the World Letters" written in 1893-4 and published in the Sunday *Herald* deserve special mention and we hope some time in the near future to see them, with the "adventure of the scribbler formally aboard" published in book form.

A good man ought to have good surroundings. Generally they do not have; but Mr. Haskell is the exception that proves the rule. He has a magnificent, a splendid and a sumptuous home in Auburndale, Newton, overlooking the valley of the Charles river.

We have officers in the army and in the navy. We have officials of states and territories. We have attorneys, physicians, and merchants; and now we can say that the HASKELL JOURNAL brings to the attention of five thousand of our people that we have a journalist that does credit to our name.

M. V. O.

The Pittsburgh, Ohio, Post of February 13th contained an exceedingly interesting article concerning the work of one of our people, Miss Helen Gowan Haskell, who is an artist of that city devoting especial attention to the question of historic ornament.

FROM E. B. HASKELL.

Some Letters and Memoranda

BOSTON, Jan. 29, 1898.

BURNETTE G. HASKELL.—DEAR SIR: A copy of the first number of the HASKELL JOURNAL received. I think you have hit upon a very happy scheme to collect and preserve the records of our large family, and I herewith remit a check for a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

Dudley H. Haskell, who is associated with you is my double cousin. Our fathers were brothers and our mothers sisters. He can furnish all needed information in regard to our special branch, the desendants of William Haskell, who emigrated from Gloucester, Mass., soon after the Revolutionary war to a township in Maine, which became New Gloucester, though he finally settled in the adjoining town, Poland. I have visited the graves of my grandfather's grandfather and grandmother in Gloucester, Mass., headstones in good condition. I send you a family tree of the descendants of the first William, immigrant, which I think is accurate as far as it goes, though many branches are not carried out. This tree was the work of William O. Haskell of Boston, who died five or six years ago. He had collected a large amount of genealogical material about the family, which he was nearly ready to publish when he died. I had agreed to be his financial sponsor in the enterprise. I do not know what became of his collected materials, and the family he left is so scattered I should not know how to go to work to find out. I question if I know of any Haskells you have not reached. I will give you the name of Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose mother was a Haskell, and Col. Alexander C. Haskell, Columbia, S. C., one of the best and ablest men of the name. His grandfather or great-grandfather, Elnathan Haskell, settled in South Carolina at the close of the Revolutionary war. He was a gallant officer in that war, and his portrait may been seen in the Surrender of Burgoyne, in the Rotunda of the national capitol, by Trumbull. He was a fine specimen of physical manhood.

Yours truly,
E. B. HASKELL.

BOSTON, Feb. 14, 1898.

BURNETTE G. HASKELL.—DEAR SIR: I sent you a (lithograph) family tree, which contains all that I know about my immediate ancestry. You will see by that that I am a son of Moses Greenleaf, and so on. I know of no way to get hold of the collection of Wm. O. Haskell deceased. A notice in the JOURNAL might be seen by some one who knows. My letter or any other form would answer. My esteemed friend, Judge, Hon. and Col. Alexander C. Haskell of Columbia, South Carolina, is a great grandson of Major Elnathan Haskell, whose pertrait is in the picture in the national capitol. The picture is easily found. There is only one "Surrender of Burgoyne" in the Rotunda. If there is a print of it Col. A. C. Haskell would know. They have a key at the capitol which shows who the pictures represent. Major Elnathan settled in South Carolina after the war, and married into one of the best families. Col. A. C. could undoubtedly furnish a sketch of his life. He was raised in Old Gloucester, Mass. His descendants have always stood high in South Carolina. Seven of his great-grandsons were officers in the rebel army.

Yours truly, E. B. HASKELL.

BOSTON, Feb. 15, 1898.

BURNETTE G. HASKELL.—DEAR SIR: Since I wrote you yesterday I have received from a relative in Maine the following facts about the family of my grandfather, William Haskell. His father Job, must have moved from Gloucester, Mass., the old hive of the family, where I have seen the headstones of my great great-grandfather William and his wife.

My grandfather was born at Hampton Falls, N. H., July 30, 1755. He married Rebecca Bradbury (born Mar. 19, 1760) at Salisbury, Mass., (presumably her home) May 19, 1778. She died March 11, 1820. He, after having two other wives, died July 3, 1832.

On or soon after their marriage, they moved to New Gloucester, Maine, where they lived until about 1790, when they settled in Poland, the adjoining town. Their children were as follows: Benjamin, born in New Gloucester, Jan. 4, 1779; William, born in New Gloucester, Nov. 1780; Jemima, New Gloucester July 6, 1782; Thomas, New Gloucester, Feb. 28, 1784; Rebecca, April 1, 1786; Mercy, Nov. 30, 1787, Comfort, New Gloucester, Aug. 14, 1789; Joseph, born in Poland, June 20, 1791; Job, in Poland, July 18, 1793; Nathaniel, in Poland, May 22, 1795; John Cotton, Poland, Mar. 28, 1797; Moses Greenleaf, Poland, Feb. 28, 1799; Jabez, Poland, July 13, 1801; Hannah, Poland, Oct. 15, 1803.

My grandfather William, was married again June 2 1821, to Rebecca Lane of Poland. Their children were: Hannah, born in Poland, Feb. 22, 1823; Mary, Poland, May 2, 1824; Rebecca, Nov. 30, 1825; Mary Ann, Poland, Mar. 14, 1827; Ethan Murray, Poland, Dec. 23, 1828.

I have no record of my grandfather's third marriage. All my grandfather's children, except possibly one, Ethan Murray by his second wife, are deceased. My father died in February, 1885, aged 86.

If my grandfather's family was a fair sample for size the geneology of the Haskells will be a voluminous work.

Yours truly,
EDWIN BRADBURY HASKELL.

I have seen the graves of my great-great-grandfather, William and his wife in the first cemetery of the West Parish of Gloucester, Mass. Headstones are in good condition. They lived and died there. My great-grandfather, Job, born and lived in Gloucester. I think he went to Maine with my grandfather in his old age. My grandfather William, born in Gloucester, Mass., emigrated to New Gloucester, Maine, soon after the Revolutionary war with other Gloucester people. Settled in Poland, adjoining New Gloucester, lived and died there. My father, born in Poland, Feb. 28, 1799, married Rosilla Haines, daughter of Capt. Peter Haines of Livermore, Me., 1821, settled lived and died there in 1885, aged 86. I was born in Livermore, Me., Aug. 24, 1837, married Celia Hill, daughter of Jonas Hill of Fayette, Maine, Aug. 29, 1861. Settled in Boston in Aug. 1856. Reporter on *Journal and Herald*, 1857 to 1861; editor 1862 to 1888; one of the proprietors from 1865 to present time.

Have four children living:– William Edwin, manager of Minneapolis *Times*, born June 18, 1862; married Annie C Mason Nov. 1, 1884. She died Feb. 1886. Married again Olga Van Weddelstaedt, Mar. 1887. Harvard 1884.

Henry Hill, born Jan. 6, 1869; Oculist, Boston; married April 1896; Harvard 1890.

Margaret, born Sept. 18, 1865. Still unmarried.

Clarence Greenleaf, born Nov. 30, 1879. Now freshman at Harvard.

Three children died in infancy: Helen, Elizabeth and Walter Bret.

Among other most interesting books and pamphlets received in connection with the history is a bound volume of 120 pages, entitled as follows: "The Narrattve of the Life, Experience and Work of an American Citizen." By George Haskell, Ipswich, Massachusetts. Chronicle Publishing Company, 1896. It is published by the Hon. George Haskell, a four-time Councilman, Town Commissioner, Member of the Legislature and successful attorney, and now nearly ninety years of age. It is worth reading indeed, and excerpts from it will hereafter be published in the JOURNAL.

The editor of the JOURNAL is compelled to say that the wealth of material on hand and received since the publication of the JOURNAL is such that he must beg our people to have patience.

AUNT HITTY HASKELL.

(From the "Cape Ann Weekly Advertiser," of November 1st, 1878.)

Few Gloucester families have been more remarkable for general intelligeace, originality of views, and strength of character, and few have been more widely known, than the line of Aaron Haskell of West Gloucester, who died in 1834, at the age of eighty-three years. Of his nine children seven lived beyond the age of fourscore years, as did very many of their ancestors and kindred, and no family, probably, in the country, can point to so many instances of longevity. His daughter, Sarah, wife and widow of James Riggs, died a year and a half ago, having attained the age of ninety six years, with faculties of mind and body comparatively unimpaired. Like all the family she was marked by strong good sense and earnest fidelity to principle. These qualities, inherent in all the family, were most marked in Mr. Thomas Haskell, familiarly known as "Uncle Tommy," who died in 1873, at the age of eighty-two years, and Miss Mehitable Haskell, the last survivor of the family, who passed away last Saturday, in her ninetieth year. Both gave to the great reforms of the day a loyal adhesion, and their homes were ever open to the great advocates of abolition, universal peace, unrestricted suffrage, and advanced thought in any direction. Aunt Hitty, as she was generally called, without taking offence, was a woman of more than ordinary force of character, a woman of sound judgment, having views of her own on all the exciting questions of the day, and always ready to utter and defend them. In her younger days, long before the era of women preachers and women lecturers, she traveled to some extent, and proclaimed her views from pulpit and rostrum. For several months she had been a sufferer from dropsy, but her mind remained unclouded and serene. To her, even before her illness, death had no terrors, but was looked upon in the light of a friend who would bring release from the growing infirmities of old age and open to her a life of renewed usefulness. "There are more on the other side than on this," she was accustomed to say, and while willing to await the Master's call, she yet longed for a reunion with those gone before. And now that longing has been satisfied. She has entered the portals of the haven of rest.

Miss Haskell's funeral took place from her cottage home on Tuesday forenoon. There was a large attendance of neighbors and friends, from near and far. According to her request, the services were simple in their character, consisting only of short addresses by her old-time friends, Wendell Phillips and Lucy Stone. We give Mr. Phillips address in full.

WENDELL PHILLIPS' ADDRESS.

"*Friends:*—You all know well that the dear friend who has left us was singular; I do not mean in the sense of odd, but that she was individually peculiar in all her views of life and duty and in regard to the services that should be rendered to the dust of those who had passed away, and in the meaning that she put on the great problems of life. It will not surprise you therefore that she called only on her friend Lucy Stone and myself, not on the ordinary ministry, for any words to be tendered at such a gathering as this, when we reverently lay her dust away with her kindred. It could hardly be a fitting close to a life full of such testimony against ceremony, against routine, full of such loyalty to essentials, to the real and realities of life, it would hardly be a fitting close if she had not borne her testimony even in this last possible word that was uttered over her grave, against what all her life had been an effort to change; for if there was anything peculiarly characteristic of the friend that has gone, it was her individual independence.

Mr. Emerson said, and she loved to quote many of his sayings, "Be yourself; do not imitate others; do not lose yourself in the forms and mockery of life." She was peculiarly herself. She let her own nature flower out. She deemed nothing bad that God had planted in her soul. I remember one of the last remarks she made to me some ten days ago when I saw her, that she thought if we would let our nature grow, if we would let our powers naturally evolve, if we were not afraid of our own peculiarities, that we should do better service to God; that if we would not put our thoughts under confinement, shaping them after some other model, obeying anybody else's maxims, we were sufficient for ourselves. I well remember the earnestness with which she insisted upon this sufficiency of man's self to himself. That seemed to be the key to her life. I never knew a more independent working in any intelligent being than in her case. She seemed, not defiant, not to lack appreciation of what others could suggest to her; for she was humble, she was generous in her appreciation of the gifts of others; but in the last resort, in the last analysis, she was willing to rely on herself.

This is one of the great lessons Americans need to learn, to overcome this deference to public opinion, this submission to fashion, this running in a groove, this being contented for one man to be made in another's model, this longing to know what other men think, what the general judgment will be, this unwillingness to listen to the voice of God in our own souls. I always thought that this was one of the finest characteristics of the friend we mourn today—or rather we do not mourn her; like a ripe fruit, full of years, having faithfully met her duties, she throws off the burden of dust and broadens to higher duties, a broader outlook even than she had here. There is hardly a change in this change of death to her. We can hardly conceive of any more earnestness in the glorified spirit than she had in her daily walk, for she was above ordinary men and women earnest. So many men are drowned in petty cares, there is no high-hearted serious move in life. We confound ourselves with the necessity of being amused, of getting rid of the passing hours. It is so rare to meet persons whose walk is full of earnestness; who live on a high level.

It is said of Charles Sumner that hardly a line in his works stirs a smile; his life was one every moment of which was crowded with an earnest desire to use it to the best advantage. And she had that same motive. She was crowned by an earnestness of purpose. She was never found idle. She was willing to work, calling nothing drudgery that would minister to another's comfort or her own necessity. She still made time, out of what we should have thought perhaps a narrow life, to consider the broadest problems, and think upon all the disputed questions of the age. And although deeply interested, profoundly interested, in such questions, I never saw in her the slightest intolerance. Earnest in her convictions, decided in her opinions, she always felt the perfect right of another human being to differ from her.

Narrowness is afraid of dispute and discussion, because in its superficial examination it distrusts the soundness of its opinions. I remember Aunt Hitty was constantly willing the winds of doctrine should blow from every quarter, that everything should be stated on the other side. She had no fear that the truth would suffer. She had full courage of soul, that felt she had tried as far as God had enabled her to probe down to the very bottom of existence, and if she had not found the truth she wanted to be told. I do not think anybody ever heard her conten another man's opinion, if she thought he had honestly endeavored to reach sound conclusions.

She set herself on a high level. Hers was no common life, not bound in by ordinary views, by the mere circle of daily duties. These she did not neglect. She was a practical woman. Her favorite Emerson says again, "Always keep your feet close to the earth; do not be a dreamer." She kept her feet close to the earth, practically. Every duty was done, every sacrifice that she could be called upon for was made. When she had earned intellectual leisure, then she gave consideration to the profound problems of the age, with rare intellectuality, with a man's brain wedded to a woman's instinct, the finest instrument God ever gives us for the solution of delicate problems.

You might have said, had you looked at her life in a country village, with not over lavish means, that she had no great responsibility, and never would have any widely extended interests. But this earnest life, this intellectually able and morally active intellect ranged itself alongside of the grandest minds of the age. It shows how naturally sympathy marries intellect and conduct, that she could not be kept either within the locality of her dwelling or village, but was associated in intimate, constant and confidential intercourse with men and women who have shaped their times; and it may be said of her under this roof, that her hand rested on the helm of many of the great movements of the age. She had her share of counsel and suggestion that stirred the intellect of those whose voices, heard in the Valley of the Mississippi and on the banks of the Potomac, in the grandest struggles of the age, have made an epoch or contributed to make an epoch which history will immortalize, when this generation passes into historic record. Some of you know how intimate and familiar she was with those men and women to whom I allude. How often, reverently they sat at her feet learning from her independent judgment and wiser counsel, nurtured in solitude.

The great historian of the Roman Empire said once, "Learning is useful, but solitude is the school of genius." And under this roof, given up to her own meditation, even not seeing a human face for days, she sat in the sacredness of her own meditation on deep problems, and God showed her clearer light; so that when we gather around this dust of ninety years it is not that of a person who has mistered merely to the comfort of kindred, or the local life of a small community, it is of one whose active brain has been by the blessing of God a strength and a help to break the chains of four millions of people, and remove the deeper prejudice even than that, which curbs the sphere of woman; and we add our testimony to her widely spread influence on the great questions that stir and interest forty millions of people.

This little stream, it is almost perhaps a few drops of water in comparison with the millions of the country. You can almost hide it with your hand, men would say. So you can hide the fountains of the Mississippi, over which I once stepped. As it develops, it gathers tributes of friendship and associations and companionship and co-operation, till it bears up the navies of the nation, and pouring into the gulf feeds the ocean itself. So of this life, which has not ended. This hamlet will long tell of the curious, independent, original, influential, intellectual woman, human being. Your children will remember, and it will be borne down, how long God granted her life, how erroneously men judged her; perhaps how lonely ordinary neighbors thought her existence, not comprehending the invisible ties, the intellectual bonds, that linked her with the great world of thought, to the great wave of progress. You come to pay the last tribute of respect not merely to an old neighbor, associated with historic name on these plains and these hills; you come not to pay your respect to the last representative of a prior generation that reminds you of the hardness and austerity and sterile nature of her early girlhood; but you come to pay your last tribute of respect to the dust of one who rose above these limitations by force of rare intellectual vigor and unconquerable will; who created her own life, drawing to itself minds of wide influence; who never failed at the stern command of duty, who, as you remember, some of you, faced your contempt, faced unpopularity and trod it under her feet, and waited till you grew wiser and the world came round to her opinion, mellowed into the fruits that God had shown as the results of great reforms.

It seems as if this roof must bless us; as if the spirit that so long dwelt here, making it a fountain of strength and a source of light, were still here; as if you would bring your children in time to come to this little dwelling and make it historical. I stood at the door of John Brown's house, of a winter afternoon, and looked out on just such a gathering of a hundred of his neighbors. He that lived there has passed into history. That spot, consecrated by the martyrdom of the most heroic American of his age, is now a Mecca for Pilgrims to seek. His was a martyrdom that was lifted up in the sight of men to gather courage over every conflict. These ninety years that are ended were a martyrdom almost as real; over burning ploughshares her early feet walked, for you remember the scorn, rebuke and dislike with which her opinions were received; how she walked among you often despised. Now, the world all changed, and millions converted to her ideas, she is passing ahead in front of us, ever fresh, and beckoning us onward in her intellectual progress. She goes down to her grave having made the world better than she found it, having made it wiser, having contributed to make it freer.

And this broken body has dropped. God calls her to a higher sphere. She had more on the other side with whom she had labored than on this. I can see that band ready to welcome her to that heaven of duty and effort, of successful effort, stronger, more united and with more visible results. She died with the testimony on her lips. "All ready, all bright, I have a deeper faith in the love of God than ever." Love of humanity showed her in the last hours the love of God. Rounded into perfection, her sun set in no clouds. Surviving many of her co-workers, she goes up to join them. The record is sealed. Long

intimate in her household life, I saw no defects. Ever industrious, full of labor, earnest, tolerant, intellectual, living for a high purpose, on the level of the grandest effort, with the highest devotion to duty, what more can you ask? No matter that she did not accept the routine of church service; everything good and perfect cometh down from God. And this life, so useful, so consecrated, full of such grand results, it could not have been anything but from the hand of the good and the great Creator. The spirit that filled her life must have been acceptable to the Great Father, for she lived for her kind and consecrated herself to their service. She lived for her neighbor and sought his good. She knew no selfish aim to garner up into her own hands useless accumulations. Everything she spread out for service, and "inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren," the Great Master will say, she did it unto me. If the spirit of Christianity be, as I am inclined to think it is, all gathered in these pregnant words of the apostle, "Bear ye one another's burdens," then this life touched as nearly as any life can, perfection. For she sought to bear all burdens, to sympathize in sorrow, to do her full share to relieve all woes, and to give the world a nobler, higher light than that into which she was baptized. The blessing of God rest upon her example. The gratitude of every true man is due to her great model, and I thank God for that life, rounded and perfected for the instruction of those who come after her."

After a few moments of silent prayer, Mrs. Lucy Stone spoke feelingly of the character and example of the deceased, indulging in reminiscences of her life and characteristics, and the services were brought to a close by the singing of the hymn, "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day." The body was followed to its last resting place in the old cemetery by a long cortege of family connections and friends.

(From the "Cape Ann Weekly Adviser, of November 1, 1878.)

Obituary.—Mr. Francis C. Haskell, of Essex, died at the residence of Mr. David Butler in this town on the 2d ult., at the age of twenty four years. He was loved and respected by all who knew him, as was proved by the kind attention of his friends through his long and trying illness, which he bore patiently and submissively, though welcoming the summons, "To depart and be with Christ, which is better." The funeral services at the aboved named place on the following day, were conducted by Rev. Geo. L. Gleason, who spoke from Rev. 14:13, paying a warm tribute to the excellent character sustained by the deceased. The singing by members of the choir of the Baptist church added to the interest and solemnity.

A Short Account of the Descendants of Wm. Haskell of Gloucester, Mass.

BY ULYSSES G. HASKELL, BEVERLY, MASS.

(Continued from last number.)

17 LYDIA HASKELL[7] was born September 4, 1681, and probably married Ebenezer Parsons, February 3, 1704, and became the mother of Moses Parsons, the minister of Byfield, whose son Theophilus was the learned lawyer and chief justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, from 1806 to his death in 1813.

21 JACOB HASKELL[7] was born January 15, 1691; resided in Gloucester, Mass. where he died August 6, 1756.

He was a deacon of the second church in Gloucester. He was married December 31, 1716, Abigail Marcy, who died April 10, 1778, aged eighty-three years, and by whom he had the following children, all of whom, except Abner, married in Gloucester:

75 i Jacob, b. Oct. 27, 1718; m. Tabitha Day, Nov. 29, 1739.
76 ii Abner, b. Dec. 5, 1721.
77 iii Abigail, b. Jan. 27, 1724; m. Thomas Lufkin, 3d, of Ipswich, Mass.
78 iv Alexander, b. March 4, 1726; m. April 27, 1749, Lucy Haskell, and m Oct. 7, 1762, Rachel Stanwood He and his wife Lucy were dismissed from the church in Gloucester, Mass, to the church in Attleboro, Mass, in 1756
79 v Israel, } twins, } b. Oct. 30, 1729.
80 vi Amos, }
81 vii Esther, baptized Jan. 23, 1732; m. Samuel Stone, of Manchester, Mass.
82 viii Zebulon, b. Oct. 17, 1734.

26 JOSEPH HASKELL[7] was born November 27, 1681, resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died December 13, 1768, aged eighty-seven years. He married, January 13, 1705, Sarah Davis, probably daughter of Jacob Davis, who died March 25, 1725, aged forty years, and by whom he had the following children:

83 i Elizabeth, b. Oct. 21, 1706; d. Dec. 23, 1706.
84 ii Sarah, b. Dec. 19, 1707; d. Feb. 17, 1708.
85 iii Mercy, b. April 21, 1709; d. July 1, 1717.
86 iv Jonathan, b. Oct. 25, 1710; m. Jan. 6, 1736, Mary Sawyer and was lost at sea on a fishing voyage in 1738.
87 v Susannah, b. Feb. 20, 1712.
88 vi Dorcas, b. Aug. 26, 1713.
89 vii David, b. April 9, 1715.
90 viii Isaac, b. June 30, 1716.
91 ix Aaron, b. Aug. 16, 1717; d. Nov. 30, 1717.
92 x Ruth, b. Jan. 25, 1719.
93 xi Joseph, b. Aug. 19, 1720; m. Anna Steele, Jan. 3, 1750.
94 xii Sarah, b. Feb. 26, 1723.

29 DANIEL HASKELL[7] was born December 16, 1688, resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died December 4 or 14, 1768.

He married his cousin Sarah Haskell (22), daughter of William Haskell (2), December 31, 1716, who died July 10, 1773, aged eighty years, and by whom he had the following children:

95 i Daniel, b. ——, 1717.
96 ii Daniel, b. Oct. 2, 1718; d. Dec. 12, 1718.
97 iii Mary, b. Oct. 30, 1719.
98 iv Aaron, b. Aug. 26, 1721.
99 v Caleb, b. July 24, 1723; m. Dec. 11, 1750, Elizabeth Haskell ( ), and settled in Newbury, Mass.
100 vi Daniel, b. April 27, 1725.
101 vii Nehemiah, b. March 23, 1727.
102 viii Judith, b. Feb. 1, 1730.
103 ix Sarah, b. Dec. 22, 1731.
104 x Joel, b. July 9, 1733.
105 xi Moses, b. May 15, 1736.

30 EBENEZER HASKELL was born February 22, 1690. He had a wife Elizabeth and several children, one of whom Elijah, is said to have settled in Salem, Mass.

He resided in Gloucester, Mass., and is probably the Ebenezer who is said to have died there at the age of eighty years

If, however, he was the father of Zachariah, as claimed by William H. Haskell of Albany, N. Y., and as shown on William O. Haskell's genealogical tree, he probably removed to Granville, Mass.

His children were born as follows:

106 i Ezra, b. Jan. 27, 1725, and probably died young.
107 ii Ebenezer, b. May 28, 1726.
108 iii Elizabeth, b. Feb. 10, 1728.
109 iv Enoch, b. July 1, 1730.
110 v Phineas [or Zachariah], b. Sept. 18, 1732.
111 vi Elijah, b. Oct. 20, 1734.
112 vii Stephen, b. Dec. 1, 1736.
113 viii Sarah, b. ——; bapt. March 11, 1739.

36 BENJAMIN HASKELL[3] was born March 13, 1683, resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died Feb. 9, 1764, aged seventy-nine years, leaving no male issue.

He married in 1708 Elizabeth Allen, who died September 3, 1724, aged thirty-five years, and August 24, 1725, he married for his second wife Elizabeth Bennet, who died December 23, 1744, probably eighty-four years of age.

His children were born as follows:

114 i Deliverance, b. Nov. 1, 1709; d. Nov. 1, 1709.
115 ii Experience, b. Dec. 13, 1711.
116 iii Prudence, b. Aug. 8, 1713.
117 iv Elinor, b. Aug. 14, 1715.
118 v Benjamin, b. March 22, 1718; d. Aug. 4, 1722.
119 vi Mary, } twins, } b. Nov. 8, 1719.
120 vii Thankful, } twins, } both d. Nov. 8, 1719.
121 viii Patience, b. July 29, 1722.
122 ix Elizabeth, b. Nov. 8, 1727.

39 JOSIAH HASKELL[3] was born September 25, 1687, resided in Gloucester, Mass., and is supposed to have settled in the harbor parish about 1738, where he died prior to 1762, his son Josiah having been appointed administrator of his estate in that year.

He married Dec. 7, 1715, Mary Collins, by whom he had the following children, the last two of whom are said to have been lost at sea together in 1764:

123 i John, b. Oct. 12, 1716.
124 ii Joshua, b. Aug. 29 1718.
125 iii Eunice, b. April 30, 1722.
126 iv Sarah, b. Oct. 10, 1726.
127 v Josiah, b. Sept. 17, 1730; probably m. Elizabeth Choate in 1757, and was lost at sea in 1764, with his brother Adoniram.
128 vi Adoniram, b. Jan. 14, 1738; was lost at sea in 1764 with his brother Josiah.

40 THOMAS HASKELL[3] was born January 1, 1690; resided in Gloucester, Mass., and Falmouth, now Portland, Maine, and died in the latter place February 10, 1785, aged ninety-five years.

In Gloucester he was known as a "sober sort of a man;" he removed from thence with his family to said Falmouth in 1726, which was at that time being resettled after its almost entire destruction by the Indians, and he was there a long and respectable inhabitant. He had a house lot granted him in 1726 on the corner of Fore and King streets where he probably made his home.

He was one of those who were embodied in the first church in Falmouth on the settlement of Rev. Thomas Smith in 1727, and was one of the committee appointed to lay out lands in 1732.

More distinguished was he in another way, for he had ten children, seventy-nine grandchildren, and fifty-eight great grandchildren, and left a numerous posterity, and is supposed to be the ancestor of most of the Haskells in Maine.

He first married Hannah Freez of Newbury, Mass., in 1717, by whom he had one child Thomas. She died February 10, 1718, at the age of twenty years.

He next married Mary Parsons, November 25, 1719. Of his children, Thomas, Hannah, Mary, Solomon and Benjamin were born in Gloucester, the others in Falmouth, as follows:

129 i Thomas, b. Jan. 27, 1718.
130 ii Hannah, b. Oct. 26, 1720.
131 iii Mary, b. April 21, 1722.
132 iv Solomon, b. Feb. 5, 1724.
133 v Benjamin, b. May 3, 1726.
134 vi William, } twins } b. June 25, 1728.
135 vii Sarah, }
136 viii Sarah, b. Nov. 27, 1732.
137 ix John, b. Aug. 25, 1735.
138 x Anna, b. April 22, 1737.

41 WILLIAM HASKELL[3] was born April 6, 1695, in Gloucester, Mass., where he always resided and where he died July 21, 1778, aged eighty-four years.

He married Jerusha Bennett January 1, 1729, and had by her the following children:

139 i Benjamin, b. Oct. 28, 1730; supposed to have m. Abigail Babson, March 15, 1770.
140 ii Keturah, b. May 2, 1732.
141 iii Abimelech, b. May 9, 1733.
142 iv Jerusha, b. Dec. 25, 1737.
143 v Sarah, b. Sept. 11, 1739.
144 vi Lucy, b. May 31, 1742.
145 vii Judith, b. July 29, 1746.

50 MARK HASKELL[3] was born September 16, 1687, in Gloucester, Mass., and in 1710 married Martha Tuthill of Ipswich, Mass., where he resided in 1729, and where he probably died in 1775 or 6.

His children were born as follows:

146 i Elizabeth, b. Dec. 23, 1710.
147 ii Martha, b. Feb. 18, 1712.
148 iii Mark, b. Aug. 19, 1713.
149 iv Lucy, b. May 21, 1715.

150 v Priscilla, b. Oct. 8, 1718.
151 vi Jane, b. Jan 22, 1722; d. July 2, 1722.
152 vii Jane, b. May 31, 1723; d. June 9, 1724.
153 viii Jemima, b. Sept. 27, 1724; d. Oct. 15, 1724.
154 ix George, b. Aug. 3, 1726; d. Aug. 15, 1726.

51 WILLIAM HASKELL[3] was born January 1, 1690, and resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died December 10, 1766, aged seventy-seven years.

He was a selectman of the town, a deacon of the second church for many years, and in 1736 a representative to the general court.

He was an eminently pious man. His last broken accents were heard to express his lamentations and supplications for the church of Christ.

He married Jemima Hubbard, who died in 1762, at the age of seventy-seven years, and by whom he had the following children.

155 i Jemima, b. March 2, 1713; d. March 2, 1735.
156 ii Job, b. April 27, 1716.
157 iii Comfort, b. May 28, 1717; m. Parker Sawyer, Nov. 10, 1742, and d. Sept. 5, 1809, aged ninety-two years.
158 iv Nathaniel, b. Jan. 16, 1719.
159 v Hubbard, b. May 3, 1720.
160 vi Elizabeth, b. Nov. 8 1723; d. Dec. 8, 1723.
161 vii William, b. Jan. 17, 1726.
162 viii George, b. Feb. 10, 1729; d. Feb. 19, 1729.

FOURTH GENERATION.

52 WILLIAM HASKELL[4] was born in 1693, and resided in Gloucester, Mass., where he died in 1752.

He married, first, a wife Abigail, who died February 2, 1737, and next Susannah, probably the widow of Daniel Parsons, September 12, 1739.

After his death his widow removed from the second parish to the harbor and for several years kept a boarding house on Middle street.

His children were born as follows:

163 i William, b. Dec. 10, 1719.
164 ii Abigail, b. ——, 1721; d. y.
165 iii Abigail, b. ——, 1724; d. y.
166 iv Ward, b. ——, 1734; d. y.
167 v Susannah, b. 1736.
168 vi Lucretia, b. 1740.
169 vii Ward, b. 1740.
170 viii Anna, b. 1743; m. Rev. Thomas Pierce of Scarborough, Me., Nov. 29, 1762, who was employed sometime in Gloucester as a schoolmaster before he entered the ministry, and was probably a boarder in Anna's mother's house.
171 ix Philemon, b. 1745.
172 x Nathaniel, b. 1747.
173 xi Abigail, b. 1748.

53 MARK HASKELL[4] was born August 10, 1695, resided in Gloucester, Mass., and subsequently in Attleboro, Mass., and was probably the Captain Mark Haskell who died at the age of eighty years.

He had a wife Jemima with whom he was dismissed from the second church in Gloucester to the church in Attleboro, Mass.

A schooner belonging to Gloucester commanded by Captain Mark Haskell was taken by pirates in 1723.

He had a son.

174 i Mark, b. 1723.

A PERSONAL NARATIVE.

The Life History of a California Pioneer From 1819 to 1898.

BY EDWARD W. HASKELL.

(Continued.)

The great burly lubber commenced to cry, but he took off his coat. I had no occasion to strike him again. He was conquered. He promised to obey the rules of the school and during the balance of the term I had no more obedient scholar in school. I had no more trouble during the winter. My supremacy as master was thoroughly established.

The next winter I taught in the adjoining district, one mile from the Center. No trouble. The big girls were jolly. Some of them were seventeen or eighteen years of age, and I was quite a man. Parties were the rage and the schoolmaster was the central figure.

The next winter I taught in the northern part of the Township about four miles from the Center.

Nothing occured worthy of note, except perhaps that I became a little sweet with one of my eldest and handsomest pupils. You may know that it was nothing very permanent as I have already forgotten her name. (It was Mary Jane Andrews.)

My cousin who afterwards found it out and who was "sweet" on me about that time called her "Sorrel Top" in derision. Well what foolishness have I been writing?

This brings me down to the summer of 1840. And before proceeding further allow me my dear boy, to digress for a moment to place upon record the names of a few of the choicest friends of the halcyon period of my schoolboy days.

In obedience to a natural feeling of gallantry and devotion to the fair sex which I inherited from my forefathers, I shall present first the female portion thereof.

Ellen Moulton, ward of Judge Dudley Chase, Member of Congress, Governor of the State, U. S. Senator, and finally laid upon the shelf as U. S. Dist. Judge. She was smart witty and intellectual. Altogether superior — married Nate Pennock. A pearl gobbled up by a biped.

Mary B. Smith—red haired Mary—daughter of John Smith, came near allowing me to kick the bucket" at the age of fifteen years. Dr. Carpenter of East Randolph was the means of perpetuating my unworthy existence upon this mundane sphere. He bled me in a case of lung fever after all the other doctors had given me up.

But to return to Mary B. Smith. She was a really fine girl—married Nat. Pennock, brother of Nate P. who scooped up Ellen Moulton.

Catherine Granger married Edward Eastman.—Fair meath.

Jane Granger. Oh dear!!!

Mary Granger—married to Dudley Chase Blodgett, nephew of Judge Chase,—Blodgett was afterward District Judge in Wisconsin, residing at Oskosh.

Angelin Granger married a schoolmate named G. A. Arnold.—No connection with the fellow across the way—Benedict A.

Augusta Maxine married my cousin E. D. Blodgett.

Adeline Reed married Azariah Hyde, (Anna says she would hide with such a name) Principal of the Academy, afterward Minister of the Gospel.

Mary Jane Reed—Don't know.

Mary Riddle Blodgett married my chum D. F. Weymouth.—Dead. Farewell Mary.

Then there was Martha Story, married to William F. Edson, N. O. Pilot on the Mississippi at three hundred per month. I boarded with them in St. Louis. She is now living in Oakland, Cal.—Husband dead.

Fanny Story married her cousin, and nearly squelched Ben Granger who was badly in love with her.

Lavinia Hebbard, sister of Alf. Hebbard, Merchant, and niece of William Hebbard, Member of Congress from Vt.

She was a friend and companion of my mother and helper in the household duties. Sixteen years old, she lived with us two or three years.

Dudley Chase Blodgett, Ben Granger, E. D. Blodgett, S. S. French, Justus French, D. K. Smith, D. B. Alvord, W. H. Smith, Lawrence Brainard, B. T. Blodgett etc.

The Grangers whose father failed as a merchant finally all emigrated to Oskosh, Wis. Their residence in Randolph was the largest and most pretentous in the village. Separate parlors for each of the four girls to do their sparking in. The remembrance of those happy joyous youthful days can never be effaced.

There is a Haskell Peak in Sierra County, California, the highest mountain in that county, the elevation of which is over eight thousand feet. It was named after the author of the "Personal Narrative" now appearing in the JOURNAL. From its crest flow the richest gold bearing rivers the world has ever seen; the Feather river rises upon the north slope, and the Yuba river upon the south. It is a superstition among old California miners that the interior of Haskell's Peak is solid gold. The mountain has never yet been thoroughly prospected.

There is said to be four or five towns in the United States named Haskell. The JOURNAL would like the details of each one of them and how they came so to be named.

A SAMPLE LETTER.

Something About the New Bedford Haskells.

NEW BEDFORD, Feb. 18, 1898.

MR. BURNETTE G. HASKELL—DEAR SIR: As I am only a member of the Haskell family by marriage I cannot give you much information regarding them. I was very glad to receive a copy of the Journal and shall wish to be a subscriber to its pages, as I am interested in any information pertaining to the family name, on account of my children. My husband (Edward Haskell) who died in the year 18-- was the son of Calvin and Ann Hersey Haskell. He was one of several children, three of whom, I think, are now living. His mother died when he was quite young, but his father I have met several times at his home in Stillwater, Mass. He died several years before my husband. My husband's youngest sister (Helen) lives in San Francisco, Mrs. William H. Barnes, fraternal editor 61-62 St. Anns Building, residence 1903 Devisadero; possibly you may have met her. The elder sister (Sarah Haskell) lives in Boston, Mass., and can be found, I think, at 9 Willington St. William the only brother living I think is in Cambridge or some suburb of Boston. He is the only one living who has a son—living in New York—Walter Haskell by name, whose address I can get for you if you wish. Another brother (Alfred Haskell) had several children four of whom I think are living. Probably Mrs. Barnes can give you more correct information than I. My husband had a son by his first wife who was Sarah Claflin of Pantucket, R. I. His name is George Edward, and he is at present visiting with me as his family (wife and three children) are in Dresden, educating the two girls—one eleven the other seven. There is a son just a year old the last of January, born in Dresden—George Starkweather Haskell. I have two daughters, both married. The eldest Mary Haskell married a Hersey, living in St. Paul Minn. and the younger Helen Haskell married a Mr. Andrew G. Price, Jr., and lives in New Bedford quite near myself. Now, I may have told you more or not all you wish to know. I can copy from the Bristol county book an article about my husband which will give you some idea of his ability as a business man and his general characteristics. If I have wearied you pray pardon me. You will find enclosed $2 for subscription of 1898. If this is not its first year I would like to know and subscribe for 1897, so I can have the whole thing for my children.

Cordially yours,

L. B. HASKELL

345 Union St., New Bedford, Mass.

[Enclosure—evidently copied from the Bristol County Book, but page and date not given.]

Anything written of the mercantile history of New Bedford would be incomplete without something more than a mere mention of Edward Haskell, one for so many years identified with its business interests. He was the son of Deacon Calvin and Ann (Hersey) Haskell and was born in Stillriver, Mass., about 1828, and passed his early life in school, but on account of the business reverses of his father was compelled to go to work early, and finally was in the employ of a Boston firm, for whom he came to New Bedford as a young man to dispose of a stock of goods, intending only to remain a short time, but meeting with success his employers concluded to keep him in trade here, especially as he liked the place and found warm friends. In 1849 he began business for himself in a small way as a dry goods merchant. He was successful, full of energy and very popular, and after a year or so moved across the street to the middle store of the number lately occupied by him. Here his business rapidly increased and he showed remarkable business capacity in securing the class of goods most saleable and introduced many departments not strictly classed as dry goods. For more than thirty years Mr. Haskell continued in trade on the same site and was compelled to enlarge the capacity of his premises frequently and finally at the time of his death—Dec. 11th, 1882—the firm of Haskell & Co. formed in 1876 occupied four stores consolidated into one large emporium of trade. In spite of close competition Mr. Haskell had a steady advance in his business from his very first day of trade and stood for years as the leading representative merchant of New Bedford. He married, first, Sarah Clafflin of Pautucket, R. I., by whom he had one child George Edward. He married, second, Louisa B. only daughter of Alexander H. and Louisa (Crandell) Seabury of New Bedford. They had two children—Mary Crandell and Helen Parker. Mr. Haskell was for many years a prominent and active member of the North Congregational Church and was one of its deacons, and for eleven years superintendent of its flourishing Sunday school in which he was greatly interested. He was a man of fine taste in art, was a rare judge of paintings, statuary and other kindred works. He was very fond of pets. Had a great fancy for fine horses, pigeons, etc., and raised many of them. He was an enthusiastic lover of flowers and engaged with all the ardor of his nature in horticulture. Among the lovers of and cultivators of flowers he took a high rank. He was a man of positive character carrying nearly everything he undertook to completion.

A Suggestion as to the Genealogical Records of the Haskell Family.

BY F. W. HASKELL.

INTRODUCTION.

Second only, possibly to the awful mystery of life itself, nothing is more impossible of comprehension than the bewildering facts, but partially revealed, by the study of the origin and history of families.

The student of genealogy who attempts an exhaustive research into the history of his past generations, soon stands appalled at the impossibility of ever being able to say "it is finished;" but even this feeling soon gives place to a deeper awe as he traces life through generations and centuries, and finds himself ever asking these unanswerable questions "What is life? What am I? Whence came I? Whither am I going?"

It is easy to say "I am the direct descendant of kings or nobles." Yes, but that is not all. From whom else are you descended?

The mathematics of genealogy are oppressive in their magnitude. Every human being is the child of two parents. Each of these parents also had two parents. Every human being has had four grand-parents, and eight great grand-parents. Tracing the generations into the past centuries, it will be found that every human being had, in the 10th generation back, 512 ancestors; in the 15th generation, over sixteen thousand ancestors; in the 21st generation, over one million; while still further back, the numbers increase so marvelous a rapidity that it can be shown that not far back of the Christian era, every human being now living, had, at that time, more ancestors than ever lived on this entire globe at one time.

The explanation of this seeming paradox is one which should temper the boastings of the most aristocratic scion of the proudest family.

No man has the right to classify himself as exclusively the son of his father, nor of his mother. Every human being has in his body, and in his mind, some trace—infinitely attenuated though it may be—of all the ancestors who have gone before him. As the race goes on, the inheritance from the more recent ancestors suppresses, overshadows, diminishes, but never eradicates, the influences of the remoter parents.

Going back to that point where the calculated number of a man's ancestors exceeded that of the earth's entire population, it is manifest that the people then living were the common ancestors of a very large proportion of all the people existing at the present time. And, conversely, of course,

it is manifest that a very large proportion of all the people now living are descended from common ancestors. To illustrate:—A man may have three brothers—children of a common father and mother. If his father and mother each had three brothers who each had four sons, he would have 24 cousins, who, with himself and brothers, would make 28 persons descended from two pairs of grand-parents. But, in addition to this, each set of cousins would, through their mothers, be descended, with still other cousins from common maternal grand-parents. And so the skein of life is woven and interwoven, far more intricately than are the threads in the finest lace; until it may be stated as an axiom, that somewhere, perhaps only a few generations, perhaps ages ago; perhaps once; perhaps many times; the ancestral thread of every human being has crossed that of every other human being; and, obnoxious as it may seem to us, the most exalted monarch and the meanest beggar have had, somewhere, a common source of life.

A brief contemplation of the thoughts here suggested, will show the utter futility of any living being attempting to make a complete, or even reasonably complete, record of his ancestry back into the indefinate past of the middle ages; and of the equal futility of attempting to name locate and classify all, or a respectable proportion of all the descendants of an ancestor who lived a thousand years ago.

Those Americans who are the descendants of the imigrants of the 17th. century, find, in the transplanting of the family from the Old to the New world, a natural and convenient dividing point between the search for ancestry and the classification of posterity.

For unknown centuries the transmission of life had gone on which finally resulted in the birth of him who was first called by the name which, through natural changes in philology, has now become HASKELL. Though the family Life did not originate with him, the family name began there; and the beginning of the name is the practical genesis of the family history.

This first of the name married. His children married. Their sons, marrying, constantly blended new blood with their own, and handed the name down through their sons. This constant converging of life streams eventually resulted in the birth, at ———, of———Haskell, in the year, A. D. 16——.

This———Haskell had three sons, Roger, William and Mark, who crossed the Atlantic in 1632, and made a first settlement in Beverly, Essex County, Massachussetts. From these three brothers are descended all Americans bearing the name Haskell.

The recording of the family history, as here suggested, naturally divides itself into two epochs. First, the recording and classification, through the male line, of all the descendents of these three brothers; thus giving a record, as complete as may be, of all the Haskells born in America. And, secondly, starting with the father of these three brothers, and tracing back to the earliest possible date, his ancestry; following the paternal line with most particular care; but showing also, as far as possible, the maternal lines, from which, as truly as from the Haskells, the race has come.

The objects to be obtained, and the reasons for desiring them having been shown; a readier comprehension of the records and scheme of classification will be had by a study of the following:—

EXPLANATION OF GENEALOGICAL TABLES.

The American genealogy commences with the three brothers, Roger, William and Mark as the first generation, and works forward to the present time.

The Pre-American records commence with the father of these three brothers, as the first generation, and works back into the shadows of the remote past.

A simple diagram will illustrates this division of the family records; showing how the rays of the family life in the Old world are focused down to a common point; and, from that point, crossed the Atlantic, and diffused themselves over the American Continent:—

For convenience, and as being of more immediate interest, the American genealogy is made the first section of the family history in this article.

There are several distinct methods of classifying and designating the members of a large family descending from a common ancestor; and it may be stated that no know system of numeration will exactly suit the individual requirements or tastes of every member of the family. Broadly speaking, there are two principal methods of genealogical record. One is in the direct line of eldest male descent. Beginning with the founder of the family, showing his children then showing the children of the eldest son; then the children of the eldest grand son; and so on in this way until the present time is reached; and then going back again to the founder, and following the line of descent from the second son. To those who happen to be descended from an unbroken line of eldest sons, this method is very attractive; but, to the great majority, the handling of their ancestral skein in this manner, results in a tangle rather than in the desired unraveling.

The other principal method of arrangement, and the one which is used in this article, is the classification by generations.

The original three brothers, Roger, William and Mark, are first shown as the first

generation. Then all of their children, commencing with Roger's eldest, and ending with Mark's youngest, are shown as the second generation. The grand-children compose the third generation, and so on. The majority of the Haskells now living (1898) in middle life, are members of the 9th and 10th generations of American Haskells.

This system of numeration and designation here used, may be called Digital and Decimal. The members of the first generation are designated by units. Those in the second generation, by tens. Those in the third generation, by hundreds, etc. Starting with the first generation, the designations are: 1. Roger Haskell, 2. William Haskell, 3. Mark Haskell. Following, for illustration, the descendents of William Haskell, we find that he had nine children. These children are numbered, as children of their father, with the Roman numerals I to IX, in order of their birth. But as the record follows only the male line, the sons only are given a permanent genealogical number. Of these nine children, five were sons. The general genealogical number of each of these sons is formed by adding the number denoting the order of his birth, as a son, in his father's family, to his father's genealogical number.

William Haskell's number, as before shown, was 2. He had five sons, born in the following order: 1. William; 2. Joseph; 3. Benjamin; 4 John; 5. Mark. Adding these numbers to the number of their father we have the following designations for the sons of William Haskell, viz: 21, William; 22, Joseph; 23, Benjamin; 24, John; 25, Mark.

Following up this last named Mark, we find that he had three sons; whose designations we obtain by simply adding 1, 2 or 3, as the case may be, to their father's number 25, giving the numbers 251, 252 and 253, as the genealogical designations of these members of the third generation.

Summarized:—Each digit in a genealogical designation represents a generation. The digit at the extreme left of the number represents one of the original brothers. The digit at the extreme right of the number represents the order of male birth in his father's family, of the person represented by the entire number. Cutting off the right-hand digit of any subject's number, leaves his father's number.

Take, for example, Samuel Spring Haskell, born 1808. His genealogical number is 2,533,214. There are seven digits in this number, which shows he is of the seventh generation. Commencing at the right-hand digit, and reading to the left, it is seen that he is the fourth son, of the first son, of the second son, of the third son, of the third son, of the fifth son, of the original number 2, who was William Haskell of the first generation.

To preserve the decimal system, and provide for the few cases where there were more than the ten sons who could be cared for by the ten digits; arbitrary signs have been adopted to designate numbers higher than ten. Thus, sons are represented in each generation as follows:

1st	son, 1.	9th	son, 9.
2nd	" 2.	10th	" 0.
3rd	" 3.	11th	" ⅄.
4th	" 4.	12th	" ⅄.
5th	" 5.	13th	" 8.
6th	" 6.	14th	" ¼.
7th	" 7.	15th	" ⅄.
8th	" 8.	16th	" &.

Reference to this table will, of course, be necessary to distinguish the significance of the arbitrary signs used for the numbers above ten; but the cases in which there were more than ten sons in a family are so rare that annoyance from this source can hardly be of frequent occurrence.

In the records, the figures in the extreme left-hand column indicate the page on which the record of the father of the subject may be found, and the numbers in the next column give the page on which will be found the record of the children of the subject.

FOR PART 2. THE PRE-AMERICAN FAMILY.

The system used is the same in principle, though differing slightly in detail. The generations are designated, as before, by digits. The record starts with ——— Haskell, the father of the three American pioneers. He, with his wife, comprises the first generation of European Haskells. He is numbered 1, his wife 2. For each additional generation —going backward from son to father, and father to grand-father, it must be remembered—another digit must be added to the designation of the later generation. As each subject can, however, have but two parents, but two digits are used in this entire record. The digit 1, always represents a male; and the digit 2, always represents a female ancestor.

For illustration:—If the author of this system of numeration were arranging his own ancestry, commencing with himself; his record, for four generations, would be as follows:

1. Frank W. Haskell,	b. 1861.	1st generation
11. Benjamin Haskell,	" 1835.	2nd "
12. Harriet Ells Steele,	" 1840.	
111. Samuel Spring Haskell,	b. 1808.	
112. Eliza Brown,	" 1813.	3d generation
121. Perez Simmons Steele,	" 1808.	
122. Polly Ells,	" 1810.	
1111. Hubbard Haskell,	b. 1771.	
1112. Anna Bullock,	" 1775.	
1121. James Brown,	"	
1122. Mary Danforth,	"	4th generation
1211. Aaron Steele,	" 1783.	
1212. Betsy Ives,	" 1780.	
1221. James Ellis,	" 1778.	
1222. Polly Harper,	" 1780.	

The system is exceedingly simple. The number of digits represents the number of generations, counting backwards. 1, always means a male and a father. 2, always means

a female and a mother. An unbroken line of male Haskells, carrying the name, would be represented by an unbroken line of 1's. The designation 11212, for instance, would mean that the subject so designated was the mother of the father of the mother of the father of the original subject, or starting point of the line.

INDEX. FIRST PART.

1. *By Generations.*—
1st. Generation: Commences with Roger Haskell, 1613; ends with Mark Haskell, 1620. 2nd. Generation: Commences with —— Haskell, 16—; ends with —— Haskell, 16—. And so on, through the generations.

2. *By Christian names.*— (Small Romans denote generations, ordinary figures denote pages.)
Aaron. II; 26. IV; 49, 53, 57. VII; 89, 91.
Benjamin. I; 15, 17. II; 21, 22, 24. etc., etc.

3. *Names of Families intermarried with the Haskells.*
Adams; 20, 28, 35.
Brown; 16, 18, 25, 37.
Jones; 23, 24, 28, 32, 37, 42.
Smith; 18, 19, 21, 23, 24, 30. etc., etc.

Summary of the number of persons located in this record·

	Males.	*Females.*	*Total.*
	3	0	3
1st. Generation.			
2nd. Generation.			
3rd. Generation.	etc., etc.		

INDEX. SECOND PART

Showing the total number in each complete generation; the number shown by this record, and the surnames of those here shown.

	Total number in generation.	*Total number here shown.*
1st Generation	2	2
2nd. "	4	4
3rd. "	8	6
4th. "	16	8
etc., etc.		

In this second part, in tracing back, it will be almost certain that cases will be found where cousins of some degree have married with each other. This will decrease the calculated number in the remoter generations; and would duplicate the records if fully carried out. A brief note to the effect that No. 1211 is the same person as the previously noted 1111, and will hereafter be designated as 1111, and his ancestors built up on the 1111 designation would clear the air in that respect.

Among other interesting documents that we have received is the diary of Caleb Haskell from May 5, 1775, until May 30, 1776, being a Revolutionary soldier's record before Boston and with Arnold's Quebec expedition, edited with notes by Lothrop Withington and published at Newburyport by Wm. H. Huse & Co., in 1881. The whole diary which is of extreme interest and of historical importance will be published hereafter in the JOURNAL in installments. It presents a graphic picture of the times, the manners and the men of those days, and the notes of Mr. Withington show that Caleb Haskell did his share in those two historic expeditions.

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THE HASKELL COMPANY·

Although absolutely unannounced by circular or otherwise, the January number of the JOURNAL met with an astonishing success, and a cordial support and appreciation. The returns arriving from the February number show a great and growing and increasing interest. From the suggestions gathered from the hundreds of correspondents, the editor of the JOURNAL feels that there is a general demand within our name race and blood for an organization which shall knit us together in closer bonds.

Some thought has been given to this matter and the suggestion is thrown out now to the effect that an organization be formed of all of us of this tribe upon this rolling earth who are willing to stand together, and work together, to support each other, to patronize each other and to consolidate this particular branch of human race. It is aptly suggested by one correspondent that there is no reason why we should longer be one of the lost tribes of Israel. The editor of the JOURNAL would be pleased to hear personally from each of you upon this matter and will note the conclusions arrived at in our next issue.

It is said that there is a Haskell Island on Casco Bay, near Orr's Island, Maine. Who knows anything about it and can give us descriptions and photographs?

THE

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MARCH, 1898.

THE DELAY.

The delay in the issuance of the March number of the HASKELL JOURNAL which will put it over until the middle of April is a matter which the editor regrets but which he could not obviate. So much matter has been received, so much careful selection has to be made, so much work had to be done, so much careful revision of copy and proofs had to be attended to that the work has been absolutely beyond the power of our present force to get out upon time. In addition to that there has been some trouble with the typographical trades of San Francisco which has assisted the delay. If the various correspondents of the JOURNAL will promptly and at once attend to the suggestions sent to them in the personal letter written to them by the editor we may hope to catch up with the calendar by next month. Meanwhile every subscriber is assured that the JOURNAL is a success and is going to go ahead.

AUNT HITTY HASKELL.

The magnificent address of Wendell Phillips, published concerning Aunt Hitty Haskell, which was referred to on page 23 of the February number of the JOURNAL, is published in full in this issue. It is worthy of careful reading, of preservation and deep and serious thought.

When such splendid and magnificent words are written by so great a man concerning one of us, we should be glad indeed.

Col. E. E. Haskell, U. S. Engineer Officer at Detroit, Mich., is one of the most earnest supporters of the JOURNAL.

THE "MAINE."

Thomas Haskell, who was born in 1690 in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and who lived in what is now known as Portland, Maine, and who died there in 1785, aged ninety-five years, was, as shown upon another page, distinguished in having, so far as we know, ten children, seventy-eight grandchildren, fifty-eight great grandchildren and a numerous and increasing other list of descendants. The intermarriages of the Haskells of Maine were numerous, and out of a list of the brave and heroic seamen and officers, who lately perished through treachery upon that magnificent battle-ship, named after their native state, I note dozens of names connected with us collaterally.

It goes without saying that not only his but all other descendants stand ready to do their duty in the present threatening state of affairs.

The announcement was made in the February number by the editor to the effect that after this present issue of March, no further JOURNALS can be sent to those who have not forwarded their subscription. This rule will be rigidly enforced. The accession of new subscribers from the hundreds and hundreds of letters received has been such that we can no longer afford to keep upon the dead-head list any people who have not responded. It is a further notice that unless the subscription price of the JOURNAL is remitted immediately upon the receipt of this number that the name will be stricken from our list.

While we feel that every Haskell in the United States ought to have a copy of the JOURNAL yet we do not feel that we can bear the whole burden.

A fair warning is now given that after the April number it will be impossible to supply either the January or February numbers, except by personal correspondence with people who have already secured extra copies.

The JOURNAL calls especial attention to the artistic portrait and the biography of Edwin Bradbury Haskell, which appears as our leading feature in this issue. We have reason to be proud of our name in every occupation whether they are officers of the U. S. army ready to defend our honor, attorneys ready to secure justice, journalists capable of speaking the truth or ministers of the gospel showing us the road to the better land.

A number of the Haskell people are considering the advisability of buying in bulk a certain amount of unimproved San Francisco property for homes for themselves, believing that they can thus reduce the cost one hundred or two hundred per cent. This move is a good move and the JOURNAL wishes it success. All Haskells should cooperate.

A SKETCH.

JOHN P. COSGROVE for long years editor of the Stockton *Mail* and since then connected with the leading metropolitan dailies, special Commissioner of the *Call* of San Francisco to the last National Convention and who shares with Ambrose Bierce and Arthur McEwen the honor of being one of our most forceful writers,—in the news columns of the Daily San Francisco *Call* of May 11, 1896, two years ago, had this to say, which may be of some interest to some of our readers, and which is published on account of repeated insistence.

(Sacramento Correspondence from the S. F. *Call* May 11, 1896.)

"One of the leading features of the Populist convention is the galaxy of reformers who will be in attendance, many of whom have pleturesque histories. Foremost among these is Burnette G. Haskell, soldier, lawyer, orator, revolutionist and socialist. This man has a history. He is past 30 and is of medium height and dresses neatly. There is nothing particular about his appearance to attract the attention of the observer, save his large blue eyes, which stand prominently forward. His enunciation is clear and distinct, his language well chosen, his sentences rounded and at times gilded with eloquence.

This man has not only a history, but an eventful one. Much that is ill has been reported about him by his enemies; they have accused him of insincerity, of demagogery and of a desire to turn the progaganda of reform to his own aggrandizement. His friends as vehemently deny these accusations. They point to sacrifices made in behalf of what they believe to be the cause of humanity; they tell of days and nights of labor organizing socialistic sections, labor unions and trade federations without salary and even without the hope of reward; for the cause in which he spoke and toiled had neither wealth nor influence at its back, and was looked upon as one rather to be kept under surveillance by the police.

He was a socialist when socialists were as scarce as tramps and millionaries, more than a decade and a half ago. He was a Nationalist long before Edward Bellamy wrote 'Looking Backward.'. He was a populist long before the 'party of a hundred planks' had begun to sprout among the palmettoes of the south and the corn shocked prairies of the west. But Nationalism had grown to be a lanky, loose jointed boy, with the down on his upper lip feebly palpable to the fostering finger before Burnette G. Haskell, revolutionist and socialist sickened to the task of casting pearls before swine, threw down the red flag at Kaweah, and admitted what some of his less fiery associates had discovered before—that the socialist temple could not be built with selfish, thriftless, shiftless men and women, and that it would require perhaps centuries of intellectual and moral evolution before the world would be ready for the realization of the day-dream of Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle.

He had given socialism, or compulsory co-operation, a fugitive test in the mountains of Tulare, and had found that churches did not make religion and that lecture-halls did not make philosophers. He had told in burning words how in the beautiful days to come man should cease to be master of man; how poverty should no longer rack the wearied limbs with pain, or tear the tatters off the drudge's back and blue him with the icy gale. He had told how men and women should be as one family of brothers and sisters, as God designed, and live in peace and happiness in the age of gold, when sorrow and want should be no more. And having told all these things, he awoke to find all on his lips the salt ashes of disappointment and of wasted opportunity.

He found that socialistic sisters would gossip and backbite as well as the followers of mammon; that socialistic men would evade their common duties and shirk their common work, and that, like wolves, when one of their number is hurt or sick unto death he is fallen upon by the whole pack and torn to pieces. So the discontented, the cranky, the pessimistic, turned upon Haskell and every one else connected with their colony, and the uproar of their contention was so great that the outer world heard it and scoffed at the reformers.

Sick at heart with the outcome of the co-operative experiment, following so closely upon the failure of the Topolobampo scheme, Haskell turned his steps toward the electric lights of the great city by the ocean and resumed the practice of law. But his old love would not be shaken off and he joined the populists. Their platform was not as socialstic as he would have wished, but there was the Governmental ownership and control of railroads, the currency question, the referendum and direct legislation, all true-blue socialistic doctrines.

In the meantime, many of his former associates, now with the populists, have their knives bared for him should he attempt to take a prominent part in the convention, as he will undoubtedly try to do. Haskell has the trick of eloquence and has often carried hostile legions off their feet by the torrent of forceful words, but his prestige has waned, and it will be an uphill fight for him to get up to the head of the class again, as even the Coast Seamen's Union, the socialistic constitution of which Haskell had a large share in making, contains many of his bitterest foes.

The Haskell episode will be one of the hot features of the convention."

It might be interesting to state that Has-

kell did take a prominent part in the convention, was a leading spirit on the platform committee and did succeed in every fight that year to which he was pledged or in which he engaged.

JOSEPH THEODORE HASKELL.

The HASKELL JOURNAL has received a number of books in connection with the Haskell history which are of exceeding interest and a large proportion of which will be hereafter more fully investigated and commented upon. Among them is a manual of the General Assembly of the Ohio Legislature for 1894-95. This contains a brief biography of one of our people which is of some interest, and we therefore quote it in full:

Joseph Theodore Haskell, Representative from Lorain county, was born at North Anson, Maine, on the 13th day of November, 1845. He moved with his parents to Carlisle, Lorain county, Ohio, when he was three years of age. He lived in Oberlin and Huntington, Lorain county until he enlisted in the United States Army, Co. H., 2d O. V. V. C., in February, 1864, being at that time eighteen years of age, and was mustered out with his company and regiment at Benton Barracks, Missouri in September, 1865. He taught school for ten years after his return from the army, and was engaged in the business of dairy farming in Huntington until his removal with his family to Wellington, in 1884. While in Huntington he he'd the offices of township clerk, township trustee, and justice of the peace, being elected to the latter office three successive terms. In March, 1885, he was admitted to the bar as an attorney, and has been in the practice of law at Wellington, Ohio, since that time. Was elected to the 70th General Assembly as a Republican, and reelected to the 71st General Assembly by an increased majority.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

Golden Gate Park in San Francisco stretches in a mile wide strip from Stanyan street to the ocean beach; it is thick with trees; banked with flowers; gemmed with lakes and rivulets, dotted with conservatories, museum, playgrounds, statues and other attractions, and in extent and beauty probably surpasses any other park in the United States.

Directly south of, and adjoining, this magnificent pleasure ground of the people, rises an upland covered with trees, grass and foliage so dense as to make it resemble a primeval forest. This broad section is sheltered on its western boundary by hills from the ocean winds, and its climate is the most superb that can be found in San Francisco, or for that matter in the state of California. From this location a most magnificent view imaginable can be had: to the west the Golden Gate and the rolling Pacific; to the north the bay and its islands and the Marin County shore; to the east Oakland and the white sailed vessels within our landlocked harbor, the purple haze of Berkely hills in the distance; to the south the long stretch of the bay and the populous and teeming city and the green and verdant hills.

An option has been secured upon a number of acres of this tract which belongs to the Sutro estate and the indication is that the Haskells of San Francisco and elsewhere will combine and purchase the same for residence purposes. By such combination a home can be secured at one quarter the ordinary cost. By such combination the home thus secured will be for each person who takes a lot one of the finest sites in San Francisco.

To those who are interested in a matter of this character and who desire to move at once in relation thereto it is suggested that they address H. J. Colvin in the care of the HASKELL JOURNAL.

DEATH NOTICES.

HASKELL—In West Somerville, Mass., March 26, Barnabus Dodge Haskell, 52 yrs. 3mos. 9 days. Funeral Tuesday, March 29, at 2 p. m., from 19 Chester Street. Relatives and friends invited to attend.

GOODELL—In Salem, Mass., March 27, 1898, Abner Cheney Goodell, Sr. Mr. Goodell was born in North Orange, Franklin Co., Mass., Feb. 9, 1805, and was the husband of Sally Dodge Haskell, of Ipswich, Mass., whom he married Sept. 1, 1829. She died Nov. 26, 1891. He leaves five children: Abner C. Goodell, Jr., for many years commissioner of provinces laws in Boston, Oliver D. Goodell of Detroit, Mich., Zina Goodell, Annie Goodell and Mrs. Mary G. Ward of Salem, Mass. Mr. Goodell was of an inventive and ingenious turn of mind and perfected the design of the first printing press which printed on both sides of a paper at once. He also invented a machine for making lozenges which is now in universal use for cutting cracers. He discovered the process for preparing steel and copper plates for engravers. He helped to build the first locomotive run on the Boston and Lowell R. R. In Salem in 1837 he engaged in the machinist business and there worked on the first electric locomotive ever constructed, which was the invention of the late Dr. Chas. Grafton Page. The engine was run on the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. He (Mr. Goodell) invented machines for cutting and spliting shoe pegs for rolling tin tubes, besides tubes for boring pipes and aqueduct logs.

The HASKELL JOURNAL modestly says that it publishes, prints and sends every month not less than five thousand copies to members of its name, race and blood in the United States, and that this subscription list embraces every state in the Union, and almost every county.

There are said to be a Haskell county in Texas. The JOURNAL would like the details accerning it.

SOME REVOLUTIONARY OFFICESR.

Account of the Haskells who were officers in the Revolutionary War, from historica, register of the Continental Army from Aprill 1775 to Dec. 1783, prepared by F. B. Heitman, Washington, 1893:

Andrew Haskell, Mass.: Capt. Whitcomb's Mass. Reg't., May, 1775.

Benjamin Haskell, Conn.: Serg. 6th Conn., 8 May to Dec. 10, 1775. Ensign 10th Continental Infantry, Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1776.

Elnathan Haskell, Mass.: 2d Lieut., 10th Cont. Inf., July 5 to Dec. 31, 1777; 1st Lieut. and Adj't. 14th Mass., Jan. 1, 1777; Capt. April 1, 1778; Brig. Major May 12, 1778; Transferred to 4th Mass., Jan. 1, 1781; Aide de Camp to Gen. Howe, 2 Sept., 1782, to 3 Nov., 1783; Bt.-Major, Sept. 30, 1783; retained in Jackson's Cont. Reg't., Nov., 1783 and served to June 30, 1784.

Henry Haskell, Mass.: Lieut. Col. 15th Mass., Jan. 1, 1777; omitted July 1, 1779.

Jonathan Haskell, Mass.: Ensign 14th Mass., Jan., 13, 1777; Lieut. and Adj't., Feb. 4, 1779; transferred to 7th Mass., Jan., 1781; transferred to 2nd Mass., June 12, 1783; retained in Jackson's Cont. Reg't., Nov. 3, 1783, and served to June 20, 1784; Capt. 2nd U. S. Infantry, March 4, 1791; assigned to 2nd Sub. Legion Sept. 4, 1792; resigned Dec. 5, 1793; Major 4th Sub. Legion March 20, 1794; Adj't. Gen'l. and Inspector to the Army, Feb. 27 to Aug. 1, 1796; honorably discharged Nov. 1, 1796. (Died Dec. 13, 1814.)

[In the painting of Burgoyne's surrender now at the Capitol in Washington there is a Major Haskell. Is this the aforementioned Elnathan? Will some of the Haskells give a further account of him?] [Yes. Ed. JOURNAL.]

GEO. B. HASKELL.

Boston, March 30, 1898.

W. H. Haskell of Gaylord, Kansas appears to be a coming candiate for Congress in that district. He is a stockman and a miller and of course he ought to be elected.

A number of most interesting letters written by the late William O. Haskell, the designer of the family tree of William Haskell, have sent to us for inspection through the kindness of Mr. F. W. Haskell of Pittsburgh, Penn. They will all be published in due course of time.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The HASKELL JOURNAL calls attention to the fact that readers of the JOURNAL are requested to pay particular attention when they propose to buy, or when corporations which they represent, buy or supply any lubricating oils, greases, or boiler compounds, and to remember that George C. Haskell is President and Treasurer of the Atlantic Refining Co., is able to give them the lowest rates and the best material. Is located at Cleveland, Ohio, and that his office and Works are 130, 132 and 134 River street.

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THE HASKELL JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine

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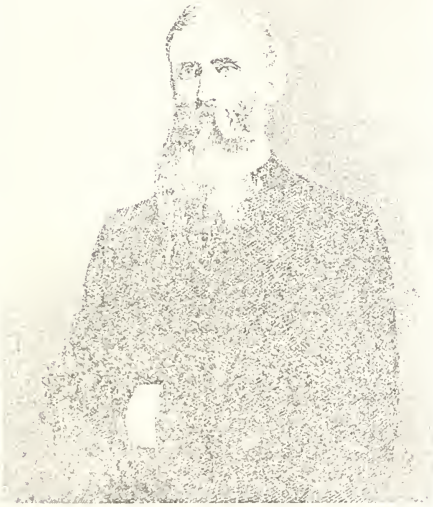
APRIL, 1898.



HON. DUDLEY C. HASKELL.

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 and 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, 1853, 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 atheletic 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 year 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 elogistic.

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-memders.

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 inscrutible 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 is 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 projecter, 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 Tennesee, 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, epigramtically 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 judgement. . . . . 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 Infty 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., Febv. 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 E. Haskell (Grandfather)	"	1781
Josiah Haskell (Great Grandfather)	"	1751.
John Haskell (Gr't, Great Grandfather)	"	1,16.
Josiah Haskell (Gr't, Gr't, Gr't.")	"	1087.
Benjamin Haskell (Gr't, Gr't, Gr't, Gr't, Gdf. bn. 1048.		
William Haskell (Gr't, Gr't, Gr't, Gr't, Gr't, Gdf. bn. 1641.		

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 (confind 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 participa ion 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, Burrhed, 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 language 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 prot ction which their government did not impart.

The brave Earl of Algar, in September, drew out all the youth of Holland; 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 monastry. 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, Ubba, 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 unhoped 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 Tolius, 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 fall 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 Gideuly 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 children and children, who ran affrighted 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 broke 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 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 Sidroc were appointed to guard the leas 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 raninto 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 brethern, 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 mutilaed 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 strewed 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 quitely in a village near Hagilsdan; when the active Dane appeard near him, and he was taken completely unawares.

His earl Ulfkutel, had made one effort to save East Angelia, 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 lightenings 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. HASKELL.

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 DeLaseell, but some crank spelled wrong. I have found in early records Haseall, 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 Haskells 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 1885.

Frank Walsh Haskell, Dear Sir:—Your highly interesting condiment (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 my 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 publi 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, second owner run the first saw mill and grist over in town.

William, merchant, selectman, rep., deacon 30 years. Hubbard, tailor, very pious deacon. Hubbard, sailmaker, pious. Samuel S., b g 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, 1841; 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 wifes 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, Roxburry. Sister Lucy Dromne 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 improvments 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 load 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 order go and landed in Newbnryport 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 excentries 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 montebank. He must inevitably be confonuded 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 Nicehound 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 did'nt 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 perphaps S. S. a title so occasionally of him you know more than I. When I was a boy Noah D. was master bound to Newburryport had one of his maiden half sister, I think Anna, as a passenger on board, being overtaken by a gale he concieved 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 anybodies.—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 Mehitable, 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 (Sacreatuenss). 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, (aspirate) Hasjal, Haskall 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 dont 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 threppence, 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 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 Haskells 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 [illegible] 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 *were* work together there may be something else yet come in the future of this project.

All communications may hereafter be addressed to K. R. HASKELL [illegible] Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

BURTON G. HASKELL.

OUR MAILING EXPENSES

Under the United States statute—second at forty-five hundred [illegible] years' experience in the Postal Courts and with the Postal Executive—I was of the opinion and am still that the JOURNAL is entitled to admission to the United States mail as "second class matter" at pound rates, being a paper on "general scientific."

When the paper [illegible] 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 position, 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 'Nineteenth Century,' '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?"

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

HASKELL: "Well, I am sorry. If you remember what Mark Twain said to Paul Bleiner you will recognize that I must begin to [illegible] your density on genealogical topics."

PUBLISHING: "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 our surprise and astonishment the Postoffice Department at Washington [illegible] that every copy of the JOURNAL must bear a two cent stamp.

You can figure up for yourself how much this has since cost our expense.

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

Even the publications of the Intellectual Postmaster General go through our mails at the same.

But, we cannot send to our 5000 Haskells their own history unless we pay an extra two cent tax.

Perhaps the Postmaster General has an anecdote. I [illegible] upon this account he does not deem it encouraging genealogical research.

So problem 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 took 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 Haskells, which publication has been done without authority but in the hope that the courtesy extended might induce a permanent advertisement. Those who have received this courtesy well might understand these facts:

FIRST: That if 5000 Haskells (and I shall) 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" Haskells would guarantee an advertisement of one inch for one year at only $4.00 per year that it would bring just 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 Haskells whose business has been [illegible] should begin to be the first to [illegible] this suggestion.

Editor.

Special Notice.

There are on hand about [illegible] copies left of the [illegible] issues of the JOURNAL.

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

They will be sold to subscribers only.

They have been placed in the hands of R. R. Haskell of Haskell's Message, 115 Kearney street, San Francisco, who kindly consented that his address should fill all orders received.

That this course is better for all is due to the addresses of Hon. D. H. Haskell, R. R. Haskell and John L. Haskell.

A REMINISCENCE.

Comes to Alpena: Paul Revere, a Boston man, who criticises us, and among other things says: "All boys seem not so, this all proximate, [illegible] appropriately [illegible] in mind: [illegible] genealogy [illegible] to find out who our [illegible] were."

Answer: Rev. Mark Twain, this [illegible] "That what [illegible] Revere Friendship [illegible] find out who his father [illegible]."

LOST REMITTANCES.

I am informed by letters and through the post-office that there have been several remittances lost through the mails, remittances that I have never received and [illegible] of. It was my custom to acknowledge by letter every remittance. I am [illegible] any one who should please [illegible] and I will do what I can to trace the matter.

In this connection I see that Fred Mc Kinney has sold of one of my papers.

It has been a matter of what the Postmaster General had done towards preserving the history of his dead personal friend Hon. Dudley C. Haskell from [illegible] his family and connections he might have a breeze in the Cabinet.

If you have not paid for the JOURNAL and have received all our issues it would not be a bad idea for you to pay for them, don't you would it?

In the old public school Mrs. Haskell the teacher in the old [illegible] road. I am [illegible] instead of Farmington.

Note

Persons [illegible] address [illegible] when address [illegible] Benjamin C. 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, and during that time it should [illegible] the portraits and biographies of the living Haskells [illegible] [illegible]

FORREST A. HASKELL.

In the January number of the JOURNAL an attempt was made to give in detail the genealogy and history of the [illegible] Haskell family from the year [illegible] to the year [illegible]. First, there came something about the origin of one name. Then an extract from the MSS. roll of [illegible] authorities including the [illegible], Bede, [illegible], Asser, Geoffrey, Gildas, Nennius, Richard of Monmouth, [illegible], [illegible], Peterson, Barclay, Henry of Huntingdon, Matthew of Westminster, Ingulph and others.

In the February number this proceeded [illegible] authentic record was continued by extracts from the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible], which had continued [illegible] and is now [illegible].

This brings the family history down to the year A. D. [illegible]. [illegible] from [illegible] about as in [illegible] Chronicles from then till [illegible] there [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] Conqueror [illegible] Haskell [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] with the [illegible] found in the [illegible] Abbey [illegible] de [illegible] of Haskell [illegible] which means [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Norman [illegible] and got the [illegible]

Richard [illegible] he [illegible] in [illegible]

Robert succeeded him [illegible] in [illegible]. He married [illegible] de Clugny [illegible] whose [illegible]

[illegible] also [illegible] de [illegible] the [illegible] of his [illegible] in [illegible]

Lord Edward [illegible] [illegible]

Lord [illegible] died [illegible]. Married [illegible] whose [illegible]

The Lord of [illegible] Edward [illegible] died [illegible] married [illegible] Geoffrey, whose arms were [illegible] quarterly [illegible] point [illegible]

He [illegible] de Hainault [illegible] Isabella [illegible] de [illegible] Alfred [illegible] Countess [illegible] de [illegible]

eries, the Lord of Commegynes, Sir Michael de Ligne and many others. The [illegible] landed at the city of Orwell or [illegible], and to them came and joined Henry of Lancaster. [illegible] And he got [illegible] golden florins [illegible] And [illegible] to the Crusade [illegible] (And [illegible] promoted).

Stephen le Pou son of Roger. Henriette de Villier, whose arms were "Or a cross sable." Born [illegible] married [illegible] died [illegible].

There are [illegible] of the [illegible] about him but space forbids [illegible].

Oudegar, born [illegible] married [illegible] la Mate whose arms were "[illegible] azure."

Oudegar, born [illegible] married [illegible] and died in [illegible]. He [illegible] to England and bought Roxstone Castle.

There were:

- Oudegar.
- Osborn.
- Robert.
- Stephen.
- Geoffrey.
- Sarah.

Of whom we treat of:

- Edward.
- Edward.
- Edward.
- Charles Edward [illegible] Haskell.

Of whom more anon:

- Then Nathaniel.
- Prince [illegible].
- Edward Wilder [illegible].
- Then Edward Wilder, who still lives.
- Then the author of This Journal and Henriette G.
- Then his son [illegible].

This is a summary of the direct line.

There are three branch lines that of the Osborn Bec Crespon line [illegible] settled at [illegible] [illegible] Southern branch. [illegible]

The Bec Crespon Osborn Genealogy

GEOFFREY of [illegible] also called [illegible] Bec-Crespon [illegible] seschal of Normandy.

He married [illegible] Anjou [illegible] daughter of [illegible] dolph being [illegible] Agustine and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] William [illegible] she was [illegible] lety who in the [illegible] who took [illegible] royal Richard himself.

Gilbert aided his brother Herluin or Herluin [illegible] 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 protector. After the death of Duke Robert of Normandy, and during the youth of William, [illegible] the "Conqueror," a [illegible] 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 instantly opposed by Osborn and [illegible] who, without arms and bare hands, opposed themselves against the [illegible] steel until William had time to escape. It is said that not until Gilbert was pierced with [illegible] 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. [illegible], [illegible] mother of Pierre de Crespon. 5. [illegible] du Bec, married to Robert [illegible].

(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 Crespon, Seneschal of Normandy, [illegible] Marshal, Count de Breteuil and [illegible], Baron of Normandy, Earl of Hereford, [illegible] of England; Duke of [illegible] Constable of Flanders [illegible] etc.

Arms: "Gu. a bend [illegible] Or."

The history of the life of William [illegible] Osborn [illegible] of the Seneschal and the [illegible] of the Conqueror is too [illegible] than [illegible] the councils at Lillebone, [illegible] against the [illegible] his Regentship of England, [illegible] battle for a crown in Flanders [illegible] part and parcel of every history of the Conquest.

He married Eve de Montfort, daughter of Simon Seigneur de Montfort l'Amaury, [illegible] William, whose [illegible] Gisilbert du Bec, who became a monk in the Abbey of Bec, where [illegible] Abbe of Westminster, in England.

Besides the above, William had several illegitimate children, among [illegible] daughter, whose marriage to [illegible] caused [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] lopas.

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

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

William is found at the siege of the Château de l'Aigle in 1112. 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 Montemer 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 Montmerey. 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 Montemer in 1189. 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 Lyarod, who married Robert de Neufbourg, Baron de Asnebec.

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

He was one of the nobles summoned to St. Germain en Laye in 1303 to render service to Charles IV. He married Alix de Sancerre, Dame de Marly, daughter of Etienne, Seigneur de Sancerre, Comte de Sancerre; by whom he had:

1. William, who succeeded to Boves.

2. Jean, Seigneur du Bec Crespin, Sire de Chaumont et de Gisors, Chevalier, Chamberlain to the King, who married Jeanne, Dame de Lisores, daughter of Guillaume, Seigneur de Lisores, and by her had issue: 1. William, Seigneur de Argueneuy; 2. Etienne, who died without issue.

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

William, Seigneur du Bec Crespin, d'Estrapagny de Dangu et de Marcy, Maréchal of France, etc.

He was appointed one of the Marshals of France by a decree of the Parliament of Paris, Feast of Saints in 1303, having served in the Wars of St. Louis and his successors in Navarre.

He married first the Countess of Aumale, daughter of William, Baron de Varenne, Seigneur de la Lutherne, etc. He was Constable of Normandy, which he brought the title and her estates to her husband. There were among the other material estates of the Abbey of Gonerville.

His wife died in 1371, 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, Varenne, Lutherne, de Dangu, et de Marcy, etc.

He appears among the Chevaliers Bannerets summoned by King Philippe 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 Flemmings.

He married Mahaut 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 Roucy, who had married the eldest daughter, the issue of Thibaud's first wife.

He was dead in the year 1372, when his widow obtained her dower out of his lands in Normandy.

He left but two daughters: first, Jeanne, Dame de Varenne-Bec, d'Estrapagny, etc., who married in 1373 Jean de Melun, second of the name, Count of Tancarville, Grand Master of France, etc., and who died January 29, 1374. Second, Marie du Bec Crespin, Dame de Lorges de Montfaucon 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 his estate of Bec Crespin to William, Seigneur de Bouqui.

Jean du Bec Crespin, Seigneur de Dangu de Melun, and de Lorges.

The younger brother of the preceding. He made several gifts to the Abbey of Gonerville in 1365 and he was with his brother William, summoned to the Assembly of Lisieux in 1318.

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

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

2. Jeanne, who married Guy, Seigneur de Tourneville, bringing to him several estates which with his own, gave him the Barony de la Motte Crevon, etc., in Normandy.

3. Jean du Bec Crespin, Seigneur du Dangu, who married Agnes de Tilly, and died some time before the year 1400, 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 Picquigny and who was living in the year 1427, though the time of her death is not known.

William du Bec-Crespin, Seigneur de Manny.

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 Scots had claimed from his estates.

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

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

2. Jeanne, married in March, 1350, to Raoul, surnamed Harpin, Seigneur de Saint Saulieu and upon his death she married Jean, Seigneur de Crevecœur and de Thois. It is recorded that she was again a widow in 1380.

William du Bec-Crespin, eighth of the name, Seigneur de Manny, and afterwards of Bec-Crespin, which estate he redeemed from the hands of those to whom the Comte d'Auxerre had sold 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 years; and he was also called from his estate in Normandy, in 1378, 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 Cossa.

He married the heiress of the de Coll[illegible] (her Christian name is unknown), who brought him the estates and [illegible] with the dignity of "Dame des terres vicomte de Saint Denys en la forêt de Louvois." By her he had:

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

2. Ide, married to Louis de Tiercy, dit Chevalier of whom she was the [illegible] in 1419.

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

Attached himself to the king in the war against the English, and on this account the English sovereign seized his estates and gave them to Sir John Falcoff in 1419; yet he, however, did not retain them long.

He married Jeanne de Saint Aubin, by whom he had:

1. Jean, whose history follows.

2. Robert, Bish[illegible] of Laon, who succeeded his eldest brother, Jean, to the [illegible] which he did homage in 1461. He died Archbishop of Narbonne in [illegible].

3. Jeanne du Bec-Crespin, who [illegible] the heiress of her [illegible] brothers and married Peter Pierre de [illegible], Seigneur de Malayriet, Grand Sen[illegible] of Anjou, Poitou and Normandy, etc. She was under King Louis XI. appointed chatelaine of the Castle of Rouen, to which place she retired, at the Duc d' Bourbon, who followed the party of the Duke of [illegible]. The [illegible] reduced to [illegible] by the [illegible] appears that Jeanne died [illegible] in 1468.

4. Une du Bec-Crespin, Dame de Saint Denys and Saint Amand, took one of the Saint Denys estates to her husband, Olivier d'Ascelin, Seigneur de Villeneuve, Comte de Conversan.

Paris Ordonnances [illegible] Olivier d'Ascelin [illegible] Sarpe's [illegible] is from the [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible].

The New England American Branch.

[illegible]

In England, Surrey, Osborne Haskell, author of the MSS. Roll of 1500. Born [illegible], married [illegible], died [illegible]. Married Sarah Ingoldsby, [illegible] arms were: "Argent barry [illegible] three cross crosslets [illegible] chevron [illegible]."

1. Only one son, Edward (see the main line).

Edward Haskell, born [illegible], died [illegible]. Married Vida [illegible]. Had five sons:

Edward (see main line).

Bernard [illegible].

William, born [illegible].

Roger, born [illegible].

Mark, born [illegible].

All these came to America [illegible] in the [illegible] published.

The further genealogy of this American branch can be found on page [illegible] of Haskell's genealogy, and on page 57: M[illegible], and not part of the [illegible] printed in this issue.

Edward [illegible] married Christian [illegible], Surrey, [illegible] some time [illegible] the Southern branch of the Haskell [illegible].

The Southern Heiskell Branch.

Surrey Osborne de Heiskell, [illegible] Charles I. and II., was [illegible] in the King's Life Guards, married [illegible] Countess of Argyle, died [illegible]. He had four sons, [illegible] is known.

Sir [illegible] Heiskell, born [illegible], married [illegible] land in plantation on the James [illegible]. His wife was [illegible]. He was prominent in the Revolution. He was [illegible] Royalists. He died [illegible].

[illegible] Heiskell [illegible]. He married [illegible]

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 1886 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 Osborn 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 29, 1818 at Barnard.

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

11. Marcia Powers Haskell—Born in Barnard June 14, 1806; 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 1, 1848.

Edward Wilder Haskell was born September 29, 1788; married in 1818, and died in 1826. He was a resident of Vermont, married Eluthetia Newton and had five children.

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

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

2. Edward—Born Deccecember 2, 1816.

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

4. Eluthetia—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 Marcia A. Bingy 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 complete as [illegible] Land [illegible] Vol. [illegible]]

175 [illegible] Samuel, b. 1730.

176 ii Joseph, b. [illegible]

177 iii Oliver, b. [illegible]

178 iv William, b. [illegible]

179 v Lemuel, b. [illegible]

180 vi Elizabeth, b. [illegible] m. [illegible] Wilkins

181 vii Sarah, b. [illegible] m. [illegible]

182 viii Amos, b. [illegible] m. [illegible]

183 i Abigail, b. [illegible] m. [illegible] Dec. 12, 1796.

184 ii Hannah, b. [illegible] m. Mary Pitman [illegible] Ebenezer Richard, Jr.

185 iii Israel, b. [illegible] m. Judith Wilkins

186 iv Jacob, b. [illegible] m. Mary [illegible] 1793.

187 v Esther, b. [illegible] m. Joseph Dyer [illegible] 1793.

188 vi Phebe, b. [illegible] m. Samuel [illegible]

189 vii Asa, b. [illegible] m. Jemima [illegible]

190 viii Elizabeth, b. [illegible] m. Daniel [illegible] 15, 1796.

191 ix Mary, b. [illegible] m. Nehemiah [illegible]

[Note: Thomas Merrill of Topsfield, Mass., married Abel and Elizabeth (Hale) Merrill, [illegible] 1775 to Mary Haskell, Nov. 27, 1800, and died [illegible] 1862, leaving [illegible]

Harriet, daughter of Abel [illegible] married Thomas [illegible] in Auburn, Me.]

192 i Anna, b. [illegible]

193 iii Molly, b. 1754
194 iv Jonathan, b. 1757
195 v Zebulon, b. 1[illegible]

196 i Esther, b. 1756
197 ii Susannah, b. 1758
198 iii Abner, b. [illegible]
199 iv Zebulon, b. 1761
200 v Winnifred, b. 1763
201 vi Lydia, b. [illegible]
202 vii Joseph, b. [illegible]
203 viii Ruby, b. [illegible]
204 ix Isaac, b. [illegible]

205 i David, b. 1741
206 ii Elizabeth, b. 1743
207 iii Jonathan, b. 1746
208 iv Aaron, b. 1748
209 v Joseph, b. 1751
210 vi Ruth, b. 1756
211 vii Hiram, b. 1759
212 viii Naomi, b. [illegible]

213 i Adoniram, b. 1750
214 ii Delia, b. [illegible]
215 iii Thomas, b. [illegible]
216 iv Molly, b. [illegible]
217 v Isaac, b. [illegible]
218 vi Thankful, b. [illegible]

(NOTE. An 1840 [illegible] Lee in 1849, Rowe's Company at the [illegible] Hill.)

219 Daniel, b.
220 i Aaron, b. 1756
221 ii Jeremiah, b. 1757
222 iii Moses, b.
223 iv Nehemiah, b.
224 v Elizabeth, b. [illegible]
225 vi Lucy, b. [illegible]
226 vii Hannah, b. [illegible]

227 i Susan, b.
228 ii Anna, b.
229 iii Sarah, b.
230 iv Jonathan, b.

231 i Polly, b. [illegible]
232 ii Benjamin, b.
233 iii John, b.
234 iv Jonathan, b. [illegible] m. Martha Pinkham
235 v Thomas, b. [illegible] m. [illegible]
236 vi Abigail, b. [illegible] m. Daniel Lawrence
237 vii Reuben, b. [illegible] m. [illegible]
238 viii Samuel, b. [illegible] m. Lydia Pinkham
239 ix Rachel, b. [illegible] m. [illegible] Gould m. Mathew Dyer, d. [illegible]

240 i Mark, b. 1744, m. [illegible] Sarah at [illegible] Mass. [illegible] Mary [illegible]
241 ii Nehemiah, b.
242 iii Edward, b.
243 iv Lydia, b.
244 v [illegible], b.
245 vi William, b.
246 ii ——, b.
247 iii ——, b.
248 iv ——, b.
249 v ——, b.
250 vi ——, b.
251 vii ——, b.
252 i Thomas, b.
253 ii Hosea, b.

254 Stephen, b. 1758

255 i Thomas, b. 1771
256 ii Joseph, b.
257 iii Jeremiah, b. 1773
258 iv Lydia, b. Married [illegible]
259 v Rebecca, b.

260 i Abraham, b. [illegible]
261 ii Sarah, b.
262 iii Lydia, b.
263 iv Sarah, b.

264 i Joseph, b.
265 ii Lydia, b.

266 i Hannah, b. [illegible] m. [illegible]
267 ii Lydia, b.
268 iii [illegible], b.

Some Letters.

Augusta, Kentucky, March [illegible], 1889.

My Dear Mr. Haskell: Being [illegible] a week some days 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 it, to furnish you and your Journal with some interesting information on this general 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, 1889.

Hezekiah G. Haskell, Esq., My dear Cousin:—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 statement 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 place of supplies. If such a term can be used in a chronological sense. I reign of course your first visit Essex County, Massachusetts, where we all originated, and the delightful little contents you are doing the India of a continent away from valuable reminiscences.

I enclose $2 toward another subscription to the Journal. [illegible] be handed down, and I can well send me your advertising terms. I will send you a [illegible] of my business to be inserted in your [illegible] column.

I regret that I can not do more, but I have a conviction that if we can only get [illegible] of [illegible] it will be [illegible]

[illegible]

I assume [illegible] the Haskell [illegible]

There are three Haskells 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 foot ball 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 old 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 Haskells. 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. F. 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 Colonell 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 200 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, RUTH 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 forehanded 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 5,000 Haskells 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 Haskells 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. Paine, 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 commissarat. The stars and stripes from about 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 Lamoile 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 it 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 retered 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 Chase Blodgett.

Our candidate, Gov. Paine, was nominated and triumphantly elected at the coming election. Hip, hip, hooral Scleb!

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 particularly to some who were attending school at the Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary. Mary, with whom I held most affectionate correspondence for years thereafter.

Although one day, two weeks before the close of the term, my Father entered my apartment. He was on his route to the town Bacton. Immediately a vehement 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 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 l'crem of that quaint little town.

And here for the first time I saw the "bustle," a little lump 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 portion 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 hair or [illegible]
And sticks out [illegible]
And looks first rate. By Hen[illegible]

Farewell Cooperstown [illegible] lake upon which it rests. [illegible] moselles Cooper with [illegible] rived from New York [illegible]

Still westward, [illegible] I reached the manufacturing village of [illegible] extreme southwestern county [illegible] county. Here I found upon [illegible] an elephant had trodden [illegible] sources were exhausted [illegible] had here. I had not money enough to [illegible] my stage fare to the next town, I [illegible] walk for I had considered [illegible] Mind thus far I had traveled, and put [illegible] a gentleman. What [illegible] tat from home to coquet [illegible] ing too much time; [illegible] and self-reliant to send [illegible]

After supper I chatted [illegible] who was young, pretty [illegible] sheeps' eyes at the [illegible] was also pretty and [illegible] that the hostelry would [illegible] place to sojourn for a time.

In the morning I crossed the [illegible] store immediately opposite [illegible] made the acquaintance [illegible] rival of the clerk of the [illegible] jolly devil as ever lived. [illegible] Van Rauscher, one of the patriarchs [illegible] the store—perhaps [illegible] proud as Lucifer and [illegible] the barbarians of that place.

However he treated me very [illegible] invited me to his house and [illegible] champion pew at the church [illegible] I accepted. All of [illegible] I was well dressed, well [illegible] sume, not bad looking, and [illegible] the time honored institution [illegible] mouth.

I said above that [illegible] over to the store [illegible] with the clerk. I strolled [illegible] I rather liked the place. [illegible] clerk, the landlady [illegible] saucy, giggling [illegible] to remain for a time, mostly [illegible] enable to leave. I was [illegible] able penman. I then [illegible] writing school, went over [illegible] tory and obtained twenty [illegible] girls at one dollar each [illegible] lessons six each week. The [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] HASKELL

[illegible]

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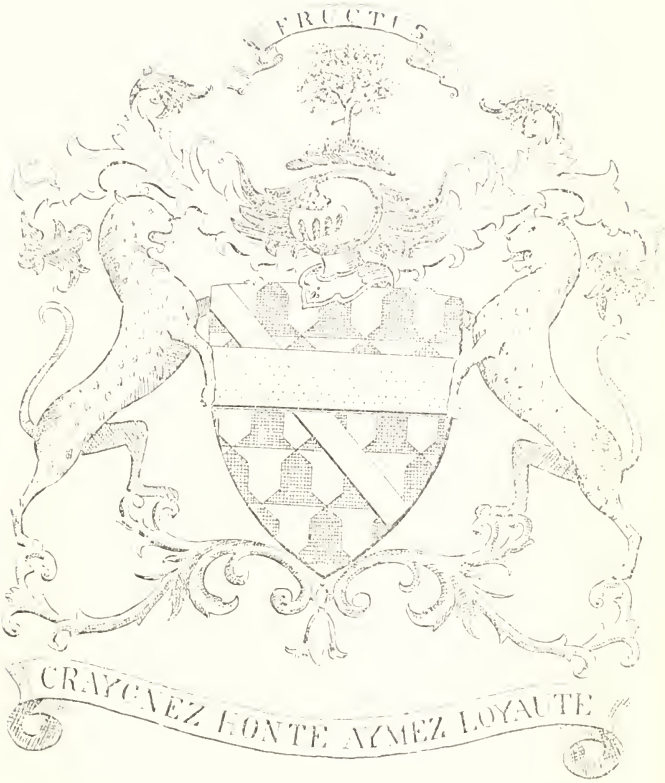
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That I propose to give help to its continuance as I can.

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

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

3RD—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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