



THE HASKELL JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine

Vol. 1. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1898. No. 2.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

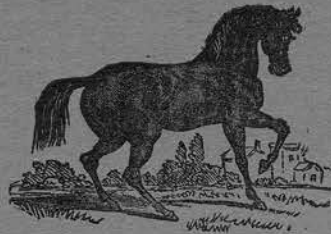
Biography of R. R. Haskell,	-	-	17
Genealogy of S. P. Haskell,	-	-	18
Biography of John Leland Haskell,	-	-	19
Editorials,	-	-	21
Aunt Hitty Haskell,	-	-	23
Our Ancestors' Trials,	-	-	24
Genealogy (William Haskell),	-	-	26
Genealogy of G. R. Haskell	-	-	27
Personal Narrative. E. W. H.,	-	-	28
Genealogy of P. F. Haskell,	-	-	29
Genealogy of John Leland Haskell,	-	-	29
Miscellaneous,	-	-	30
The History and Genealogy,	-	-	9 to 12



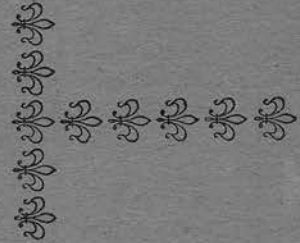
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THE HASKELL JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1898.



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 Rob-

erts 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 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 representative 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.

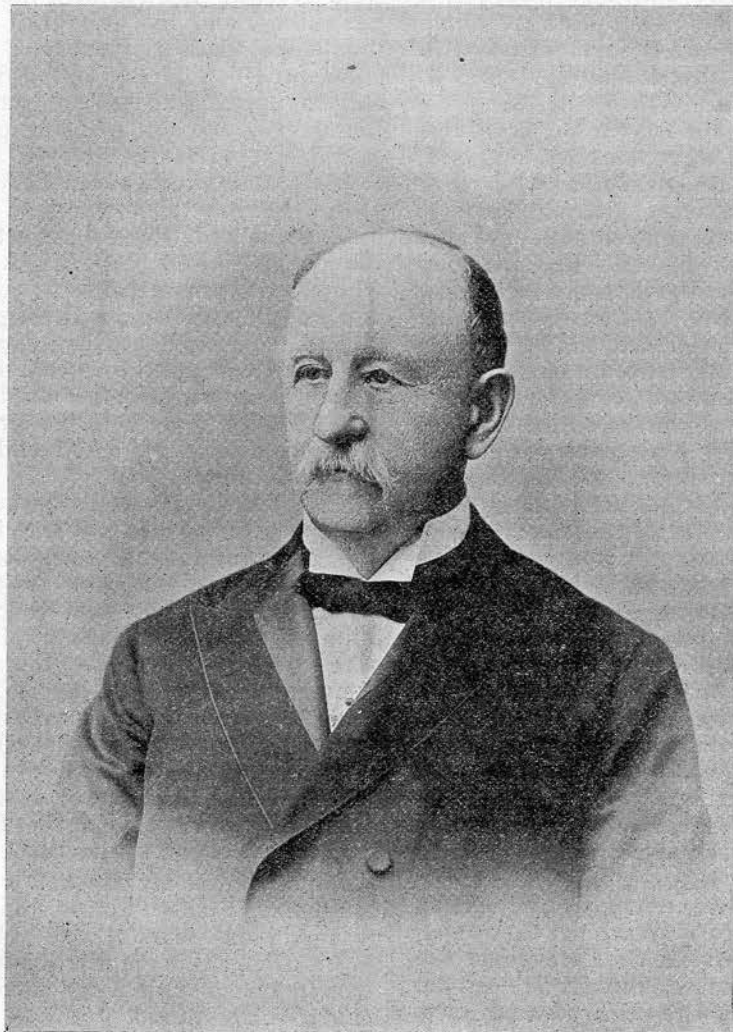
THOMAS HASKELL, his great-grandfather, married Anna Atwood; had five children, Thomas, Solomon, Benjamin, William and John.

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

PARSONS, his father, married Hannah Holt; she was born July 17, 1781; died December 25, 1856; 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 20, 1831; 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 Nantucket, 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

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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 tyranny 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 thousand-fold 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 magnificent 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 prophetic.

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 absurd 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 who are 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 Rowstone 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 its closet. But since that was done in the year 875, or thereabouts, probably the skeleton is now dust. I admire extremely the brave but idiotic 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 ennoble our race, and makes us glad that we are living men and women and bear her name.

PERILS OF GENELOGICAL 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 stepdaughter. 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 edition 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 JOURNAL 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.

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

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 Roylton 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 Roylton, 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, jumped 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 impetuous 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 Aut 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 Ellwell, 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 dismissed from 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,³ 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 3, 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, 1843, 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 29, 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, 1846, 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. I. 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 NARRATIVE.

The Life History of a California Pioneer From 1819 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, grammar, 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,—*z. 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.)

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 13, 1878; married Virginia B. Monahan June 12, 1884, who died June 15, 1897, aged 43 years.

Lydia Eliza Haskell, born March 14, 1832; died March 31, 1843.

Mary Haskell, born December 3, 1833; married Milo Stowell April 23, 1865, Hinsdale, Mass.; died August 22, 1889; 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 1754; 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 detached 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 Rowstone 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 attorneys is J. T. Haskell of Wellington, Ohio, 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 Antonio 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 F. 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 allotted 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 perseverance, 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 feasting 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 Nephewes 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 perpetrated 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 *Vikinges*, 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 it 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 *Berserks*, 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 much 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-

THE HASKELL JOURNAL

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 undoubt-

edly 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.

AL BOHM

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