



THE HASKELL JOURNAL

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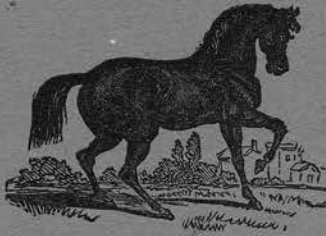
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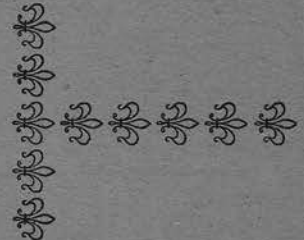
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THE HASKELL JOURNAL

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 descendants 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 geneological 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 be 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 portrait 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 home 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 Hasskells 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 Var. Weddelstaedt, Mar. 1887. Harvard 1884.

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

Margarel, 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 126 pages, entitled as follows: "The Narrative 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 HITT Y HASKELL.

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

Few Gloucester families have been more remarkable for general intelligence, 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 Mehitabel 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 content 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 Advister, 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 HASKELL³ 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 HASKELL³ 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 HASKELL³ 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 HASKELL³ 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 HASKELL³ 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, } both d. Nov. 8, 1719.
- 121 viii Patience, b. July 29, 1722.
- 122 ix Elizabeth, b. Nov. 8, 1727.

39 JOSIAH HASKELL³ 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. 20, 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 HASKELL³ 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 HASKELL³ 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 HASKELL³ 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, 1723.
 153 viii Jemima, b. Sept. 27, 1724; d. Oct. 15, 1724.
 154 ix George, b. Aug. 3, 1726; d. Aug. 15, 1726.
 51 WILLIAM HASKELL³ 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 HASKELL⁴ 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 HASKELL⁴ 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 NARRATIVE.

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 occurred 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 pretentious 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 Haskell.

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 Claffin of Pautucket, 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—infinately 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 indefinite 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 immigrants 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, Massachusetts. 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 descendants 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 illustrate 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 known 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 " §.
6th " 6.	14th " ‡.
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:

I. Frank W. Haskell,	b. 1861.	} 1st generation
II. Benjamin Haskell,	" 1835.	
12. Harriet Ells Steele,	" 1840.	} 2nd "
III. Samuel Spring Haskell,	b. 1808.	
112. Eliza Brown,	" 1813.	} 3d generation
121. Perez Simmons Steele,	" 1808.	
122. Polly Ells,	" 1810.	
III. Hubbard Haskell,	b. 1771.	} 4th generation
112. Anna Bullock,	" 1775.	
1121. James Brown,	"	
1122. Mary Danforth,	"	
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; 26, 28, 35.
Brown; 16, 18, 25, 37.
Jones; 23, 24, 28, 32, 37, 42.
Smith; 18, 19, 21, 23, 24, 36. etc., etc.

Summary of the number of persons located in this record:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
1st. Generation.	3	0	3
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.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The HASKELL JOURNAL has made special arrangements with one of the best steel die cutters and engravers in the United States, and as well with a designer, and is prepared to furnish members of the Haskell family anything in that line that may be desired. Special prices are made as follows:

For a steel die of the crest for stationary; "on a mount an apple tree fructed, with a crest motto 'fructus' and the arrow," eight dollars.

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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 Haskell Journal

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MARCH, 1898.

THE DELAY.

The delay in the issuance of the March number of the HATLELL 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 picturesque 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 propaganda 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 millionaires, 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 socialistic 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 held 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 Hasskells 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. 3 mos. 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, 1803, 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 crackers. 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 splitting 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 concerning it.

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 come 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, Russians, 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, Ingvar, 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, Ingvar, 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 prevailing 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 tempest 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 Ingvar and Ubba, two of the sons of Ragnar. Of these two,

(To Be Continued.)

THE HASKELL JOURNAL.

SOME REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS.

Account of the Haskells who were officers in the Revolutionary War, from historical register of the Continental Army from April 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 candidate 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.

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