Family History

Hall--Knapp

Redwood Falls, Minnesota,
1911

FAMILY RECORD OF BENJAMIN GREENE AND ESTHER TAYLOR HALL.

NAMES	BORN	MARRIED	DIED
Benjamin Green Hall	May 27, 1772, in state of R. I. on the mainland opposite island of R. I.	date unknown, probably in Deerfield, Oneida Co., N. Y. to Ester Taylor.	1852 in Wilna, N. Y.
Esther Taylor Hall	Oct. 26, 1781.	date unknown, to Benj. G. Hall.	Feb. 15, 1843 of putrid sore throat at Wilna, N. Y.
Azariah Hall	Nov. 24, 1805, in Deerfield, N. Y.	date unknown, to a Miss Sherward, Brockville, Canada.	Dec. 15, 1833 of erysipelas in Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Sylvester Hall	Aug. 23, 1807, in Deerfield, N. Y.	Sept. 7, 1833 to Rebecca Waterbury.	July 27, 1891 at Wood Lake, of dysentery.
Lydia Hall	Jan. 3, 1809, in Deerfield, N. Y.	About 1831 to David B. Kinney at Sacketts Harbor.	at Wilna, N. Y.
Hiram Hall	1811, in Wilna, N. Y.	to Charlotte Cowen at Wilna, N. Y.	At four years of age, Dec. 29, '18.
Solomon Hall	June 14, 1814, in Wilna, N. Y.	about 1840 to Ruth Williams at Wilna, N. Y.	about 1890. Was blind in his old age.
Luther P. Hall	1816, probably in Wilna.		
Nicholas G. Hall	Sept. 23, 1819, in Wilna, N. Y.	Unmarried.	April 12, 1844 of consumption at Wilna.
Eliza Ann Hall	Oct. 26, 1822, in Wilna, N. Y.	to Simeon Plantz, a worthless fellow.	

FAMILY RECORD OF SHADRACK AND ANNA LISCOMB WATERBURY.

NAMES	BORN	MARRIED	DIED
Shadrack Waterbury	May 2nd, 1780 in Stamford, Conn.	1809 at Massena, N. Y. to Anna Liscomb.	Sept. 17, 1837 at Massena, N. Y.
Anna Liscomb Waterbury	Oct. 3, 1790 in Hartland, Vermont.	to Shadrack Waterbury.	May 31, 1832 at Massena, N. Y.
Rebecca Waterbury	June 24, 1810 in Massena, N. Y.	Sept. 7, 1833 to Sylvester Hall at Massena.	March 3, 1878 at St. Paul, Minn. of erysipelas after a surgical operation.
John Darrow Waterbury	Feb. 6, 1812 in Massena.	Nov. 21, 1843 to Arnetta Mott at Whitewater.	Feb. 26, 1897 at Aztalan, Wis.
Andrew Waterbury	Jan. 3, 1816 at Massena.	1842 to Adelaide Fletcher, Aztalan, Wis.	Sept. 1847 at Lake Mills, Wis.
Levi E. Waterbury	Mar. 22, 1818 at Massena.	Caroline Colburn, at Massena, N. Y.	Mar. 1893 at Massena. mar. 9. 1907, Lake Mills
Maria Fannie Waterbury.	Aug. 16, 1820 at Massena.	Jehiel Stone at Massena, N. Y.	Aug. 1857 at Aztalan, Wis.
Louisa Waterbury	Feb. 13, 1822. Massena.	Alexander Earl at Massena. 1842 d. Aug. 20. 1888	Jan. 22, 1903 at Fountain Prairie, Wis. Aztalan Lake Mills
Sarah Ann Waterbury	June 8, 1825, Massena, N. Y.	Oct. 28, 1851 to L. S. Wright, at Aztalan, Wis.	Aug. 7, 1888 at ~~Jefferson~~, Wis. Fountain Prairie
Parker N. Waterbury	Nov. 24, 1827 at Massena.	1852 to Mary Reddington at Massena.	June 25, 1889 at ~~Agusta~~, Wis. Jefferson
Henry Waterbury	April 12, 1830, Massena, N. Y.	1856 to Avis White at Aztalan, Wis. Jan. 21. 1908	Augusta, June 25 1889
Solomon Schofield Waterbury	Dec. 7, 1833, Massena, N. Y.	Nov. 18, 1856 to Ann Willis at Aztalan, Wis.	Columbus. N. M. May 14, 1912
Electa A. Waterbury	July 27, 1835, Massena.	1853 to Smith Reddington in N. Y.	Jan. 1854-5 at Azton, Wis.
Prudence Waterbury	Feb. 6, 1814, Massena, N. Y.	to Benjamin Babcock. 1834	1892 at Fall River, Wis. August 8 buried

FAMILY RECORD OF SYLVESTER AND REBECCA WATERBURY HALL.

NAMES	BORN	MARRIED	DIED
Sylvester Hall son of Benj. G. and Esther Hall	Aug. 23, 1807, in Deerfield, N. Y., Jefferson Co.	Sept. 7, 1833 to Rebecca Waterbury at Massena by Rev. Azarriah Hall. Witnesses: John D. Waterbury and Park N. Waterbury.	July 27, 1891, at Wood Lake, Minn., Yellow Medicine Co.
Rebecca W. Hall, daughter of Shadrack Waterbury	June 24, 1810 in Massena.		March 3, 1878 at St. Paul, Minn., Ramsey Co.
Shadrack Azariah	July 15, 1835, in Wilna, N. Y.	Oct. 20, 1865 to Hattie Hough. Aug. 13, 1868, to Leona Knapp.	Hattie Hough died April 3, 1866, at Madison, Wis.
Anna Hall	August 9, 1837, in Wilna, N. Y., Jeff. Co.	Nov. 4, 1858 to H. N. Tibbils.	
Isabelle Louisa Hall	June 12, 1840, in Wilna, N. Y.	Aug. 1, 1867, to James A. Coghlan.	
Andelucia Hall	April 24, 1843, in Wilna, N. Y.	April 5, 1873 to Andrew C. Eastman.	Died Oct. 27, 1883 at Wood Lake, Minn.
Benjamin Green Hall	July 10, 1845, in Wilna, N. Y.	Sept. 3, 1893 to Lillian Wheeler.	
Rinaldo Edwin Hall	March 3, 1849, in Medina, Wis., Dane Co.	Jan. 23, 1884 to Annie E. Smith.	
Frank W. Hall	Feb. 4, 1853, in Medina, Wis., Dane Co.	Nov. 25, 1875 to Mary J. Tuttle.	

FAMILY RECORD OF CHARLES BUTLER KNAPP AND WIVES.

NAMES	BORN	MARRIED	DIED
Charles Butler Knapp	Aug. 24th, 1805.	1st. To Catherine McIntyre, Aug. 9th, 1832, at	June 30th, 1890 at Wood Lake, Minn. 84 yrs., 10 m., 6 days.
Catherine McIntyre Knapp	1806.	Parishville, N. Y. by Rev. Talbot, St. Lawrence Co.	Apr. 5th, 1844, at Bytown Canada, West.
Mary Ann Blake Walker Knapp (married Apr. 29th, 1838, to S. G. Walker.)	Oct. 8th, 1820 in North Enfield, N. Hampshire.	2. Mary Ann Walker at Enfield, N. Hampshire, Sept. 4th, 1845, by Rev. M. Smith.	Sept. 22nd, 1865 at Medina, Wis.
Aurelia Howe Knapp	July 10th, 1836.	3. Aurelia Howe at Waterloo, Wis. March 4th, 1869, by Rev. J. McCloud.	Nov. 4th, 1886 at Wood Lake, Minn. of cancer.
Chas. Mc. Knapp	Nov. 18th, 1834.		
Helen Margaret Knapp	Sept. 19th, 1836.	Not married.	Unknown. When last heard from at Galveston, Texas, on the point of leaving for S. America.
Francis Wright Knapp	April 17th, 1838.	Dec. 24th, 1859 to Hannah E. King, Waterloo, Wis.	Of consumption in Medina, Wis.
Albert Duncan Knapp	Feb. 23rd, 1840.	Not married.	
Henry Peter Knapp	Jan. 3rd, 1842.	Not married.	Hannah died in 1896.
Julia Alvira Knapp	May 27th, 1846 in Bytown Canada, West.	Feb. 22nd, 1868 to S. A. Squire, by Rev. S. S. Lang.	
Emma Leona Knapp	Jan. 17th, 1850 in Medina, Wis.	Aug. 13th, 1868 to Rev. S. A. Hall, by Rev. S. S. Lang at Waterloo, Wis.	April 17th, 1862 at Nashville, Tenn. of typhoid fever, while in the U. S. army, 3rd Regt. Minn. Vol.
Emeline Ermina Knapp	Oct. 19th, 1851, Medina, Wis.	Not married.	Aug. 14th, 1864, while in the service. Co. C., 11th Regt. Wis. Vet. Vol.
Delia Knapp	May 7th, 1848, Medina, Wis.	Not married.	June 21st, 1848 at Medina, Wis.

CHILDREN OF MARY A. B. WALKER AND SAMUEL G. WALKER.

NAMES	BORN	MARRIED	DIED
Francis Marion Walker	Nov. 20th, 1840.	To Frank Pattee at Enfield, N. H.	
Mary Ann Walker	March 8th, 1842.	To Will Colville, Columbus, Wis.	In the fall of 1874 at Columbus Co., Wis.

CHILDREN OF S. A. HALL AND WIFE LEONA.

NAMES	BORN	MARRIED
Chas. Francis Hall	Medina, Wis., Aug. 6th, 1869.	to Ruth Irene Fans at San Diego, Cal., June 25th, 1900.
Hattie Leona Hall	Jan. 9th, 1871, Wood Lake, Minn.	to Berger M. Hamre at Wood Lake, Minn., May 7th, 1898.
May Rebecca Hall	Nov. 28th, 1874, Wood Lake, Minn.	to Jesse I. Gates, Jan. 1st, 1903. Wood Lake, Minn.
Benjamin Frank Hall	July 31st, 1879, Wood Lake, Minn.	B. F. Hall married Dec. 27th, 1911.
Albert Henry	May 6th, 1881 at Wood Lake, Minn.	to Amanda S. Neuman at W. Lake, Jan. 1st, 1903.
Erwin Azariah Hall	Jan. 22nd, 1889, Wood Lake, Minn.	
Genevieve Blanche Risberg Hall, adopted June 16th, 1898.	June 22nd, 1886, Malma, Sweden.	
Gladys Leona Hall adopted in Hall family Feb. 1901.	Jan. 1st, 1898.	

GENEALOGY OF SHADRACK AZARIAH HALL.

Father
Sylvester
Benjamin Green Hall — Esther Taylor

Mother
Rebecca Waterbury
Anna Liscomb

Hall — Unknown
Taylor — Unknown
Shadrak Waterbury — Liscomb

Peter Waterbury — Mary Slawson

John Waterbury — Susanna Newkirk

David Waterbury — mother Not known

John Waterbury — Rose

JOHN WATERBURY.

Last John Waterbury mentioned. settled in Stamford, Conn., in 1646, having been in Watertown, Mass., before David, his son, was born, 1655—died on Nov. 20, 1706.

John, son of David. was born 1681, married in 1710.

Peter was born. Nov. 8, 1726; killed in a mill, 1818.

Mary Slawson died at Massena, N. Y., about 1835.

John & Rose Waterbury 1640
David b. 1655: m. Hannah Newman d. Nov. 2 170
John. b 1681-2. " Susannah Newkirk - 1710
John b 1718, m Mary Slawson 1750 d. 17[illegible]8
Peter b 1760 " Mary Slawson 1766 1757 1756 d. 1818
" " " 1835: about 8
S Shadrack May 2: 1780, m 1809 Anna Liscomb. d 18
Louisa Feb 13, 1822 " 1842 Alex A Earl. d. 1857
Daniel 9th Jan 14 1854. m 1881 F. Kinsch. d aug 27 19
Flossie C. Apr 6. 1884 " 1917 C F Wells

WATERBURY ANCESTORS OF SHADRACK AZARIAH HALL.

John Waterbury (wife—Rose)

Rachel
Parcett
Sarah
Jonathan
David
born 1655
died 1708

John W. (wife, Susanna Newkirk)

Ann
Sarah
Susanna
John
David
Peter—wife—Mary Isaac Slawson
Sylvanus
Hannah
Elizabeth
Mary

Peter Waterbury—(wife—Mary Slawson) born 1720, died 1818

Sylvanus
Shadrack
(wife—Anna Liscomb)
George
James
Solomon
Polly
Rhod
Nancy

Rebecca
John Darrow
Prudence
Andrew
Levi
Maria
Louisa
Sarah Ann
Parkus
Henry
(S. Schofield)
(Electa)

Shadrack Azariah
Anna
Isabella Louisa
Andelucia
Benjamin Green
Rinaldo Edwin
Frank W.
(father of above children was Sylvester Hall)
are children by second wife of Shadrack Waterbury.

My mother belonged to the Waterbury family, and I am indebted to Roza Waterbury Seeley, of Boulder, Colo., for the following record, which she had obtained from Wm. Ferris Waterbury, the compiler, who lived in Stamford, Conn.

S. A. HALL.

WATERBURY FAMILY.

American synoptical genealogical record of the Waterbury family of America amongst the oldest in this country, derives from England. Records show that two of this family were with the earliest settlers. Wm. Waterbury, who with his wife, Alice (Lincolnshire) came in the company of John Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts, when he brought the charter of that colony, A. D. 1630, and John Waterbury, the progenitor of the family in America, who was among the earliest settlers of Watertown, Mass.

The former, it is inferred, shortly afterward, returned to England, as no further record is found of them. An old work on the "preservation of English family names" includes this one as of the Saxon period, derived from the name of the family estate. According to the remnants of records and traditions, a branch of an old and noble family of Germany." Von Wasserburg, or Von Wazzerburg, very early domiciled in Essex, Eng. There were intermarriages with prominent Anglo Saxon and Norman families. The name became Anglicized, Waterbury, identical with Wasserburg.

Descendants were not numerous. During the period of the Reformation, they espoused that cause, and later some were identified with the Puritan element. The parents of John Waterbury were of this stock. He was born at the close of the 16th century, about A. D. 1599, or 1600." When a comparatively young man, impelled, doubtless as well by the spirit of adventure, as by Puritan influences and principles, he sought the New World. The records make his first settlement at Watertown, Mass.

Here he was a man of some property, and married, per-

haps with one or more children. He sold out from here, (house and lands, to Robt. Pierce, of Watertown) and removed with his family to Withersfield, and shortly after to Stamford, Conn., where he permanently settled, and became one of the prominent men of the locality and according to the assessment rolls of the period, one of the largest estate holders.

That he was active and zealous in the civil and religious affairs of the community is established by the records, and that he was esteemed as a man of character and ability, is evidenced by his position as representative to the General Court at New Haven, Conn.; this he also was to the year of his death, which occurred May 31, 1658. He was representative A. D. 1656-58. He was buried at Stamford. By his wife, Rose, he left issue, as follows:

Rachel Barcett, born in Watertown, Mass., A. D. 1639.
Sarah, born at Watertown, 1646.
John, born at Stamford, Conn., 1650.
Johnathan, born at Stamford, 1653.
David, born at Stamford, 1655.

This was the origin of the family in America. The foregoing are a few notes from the Waterbury genealogy, which I have been compiling for the last two years.

WM. FERRIS WATERBURY,
Stamford, Conn.

BIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN GREENE HALL.

By Shadrach A. Hall. (Grandson)

Benjamin Greene Hall, my grandfather, was born in the state of Rhode Island, A. D. 1772. His parents, whose Christian names, I am unable to give, were in comfortable circumstances, living on the shores of Narragansett Bay, over against the City of Newport. He was named Greene from the family name of his mother, who was a cousin of the celebrated General Nathaniel Green of Revolutionary fame.

When I was a small boy, Grandfather Hall often used

to tell me stories of the Revolutionary war, concerning which war he had a vivid remembrance. His father was an active Whig, too old for the army, but enrolled in the militia for home guard, in which he seems to have been an officer. Grandfather said that "meetings of the Whigs were often held at their house, and that special attempts were made by the Tories to capture his father and take him to Newport, as the worst rebel in that vicinity."

Foraging expeditions often were sent over by the British and Tories from Newport, and the Whigs kept sentinels along the coast to alarm the people, that they might turn out and defend their property. One of these sentinels at the Hall farm one night shot a pony that had been given to grandfather by his father, mistaking it in the dim light for the enemy. Grandfather told me that in the morning he sat down on the dead pony and bawled.

The British and Tories finally burnt the house, and plundered the estate of the Hall family. Grandfather said he could remember being waked in the night with the cry, "that the Tories were coming," and that they ran away from their burning house, he sometimes stubbing his toe and bawling as he fell down. He said there were four of their slaves armed with guns, hidden in the orchard, but they did not dare to shoot.

At the close of the war, the desolated farm was sold for $2,800, the most of which went to pay debts, leaving the family almost entirely penniless.

When twelve years old, Grandfather was set to work for a Tory, who had kept his home untouched by the ravages of war, because he was loyal to the king. Grandfather told me one story of his work, of this time, that interested me much when I was a small boy.

He was sent to pick up apples with Caesar, a negro slave boy, of about his own age. Caesar, instead of working, spent his time in throwing apples at him, and when he threatened

to throw back said, "Two could work at that." Grandfather concluded that two could work at that, and so went in with all his might, and soon had Caesar hiding behind the trees. In the midst of the contest a young man, a son of the farmer, came down on them. Grandfather was very much frightened, but told the man how it all came about. The man immediately cut a good apple sprout, and had Caesar dancing in a much livelier way than he had danced in picking up apples, until Grandfather said, "he was very sorry fr the poor nigger."

Grandfather told me another story concerning himself, as follows. He was small for his age, when first enrolled with the militia, and required to train. At the roll call to his name Benjamin G. Hall, he answered, "Here he is among them all." This was considered a smart answer for a small boy.

Grandfather was always very proud of the record of his family in the revolutionary war, and in his old age, seemed to have a clear recollection of those days of trial and suffering. He told me that from the shore by his father's farm, they could hear the guns, while General Sullivan's army, deserted by the French fleet, was struggling with a superior British force, and making its escape from the island, he could remember seeing some of the women, who had sons or brothers in the fight, wringing their hands and crying.

If there was anything, that could thoroughly arouse his wrath, in his maturer years, it was to have some one call in question the loyalty of his father, who he said, "Took his gun as soon as any other man, to help resist the British tyrannical power.

Of the early manhood life of Benjamin Greene Hall, I can tell but little. He seems, while yet a young man to have done what many young men still do, "gone west;" for his oldest son, Azariah, was born, as shown by family record, in Deerfield, Oneida County, N. Y., A. D. 1805. His second son, my father, was born in the same town, as was his oldest daughter, in 1809, while his third son, Hiram, was born in Wilna, in

Jefferson Co. N. Y. in 1811. He seems to have married his wife, Esther Taylor, in Deerfield, about 1804, and removed to Wilna some time in 1810 with his family, including his aged father and mother, as they were both buried in Wilna soon after his settlement there.

That part of New York, then known as the Black river country, was an almost unbroken wilderness at that time. Schools were without public money, in those days, and parents must pay the teacher, for teaching their children. Grandfather Hall must have had a hard struggle to feed and clothe his little family in that wilderness; but he did it in some way, and even managed to do something in the way of giving his children an education. He himself taught school two or three terms, part of the winter, to help his own, and neighbors' children, and so contrived to earn a little money. Concerning his own education the following story is related.

"When Grandfather was a small boy, about four or five years old, his father was asked 'how many children he would send to school, during the winter.' They wished to have a school, to pay by the scholar, if a sufficient number of pupils could be enrolled. His father named the children he had of age to go. 'There is little Benny, he said, he is too small to go through' the snow, so I will not put his name down. Grandfather heard the talk, and shed tears at the idea that he could not go to the school. His father saw how he felt, and said. 'He should go if possible.' Grandfather said he was not able to go all of the winter, the snow was so deep, but he began to learn, and after that he would spell out the words from any scrap of paper, or old almanac that came in his way. By the time spring came, he could read quite well."

Azariah's loss of a leg, was a terrible misfortune to the family. Chloroform and anaesthetics were unknown in those days; Grandfather himself, was obliged to hold the boy,

while the surgeon took off his leg.

I remember hearing grandfather say, that he did not know what would become of them had it not been for his old shoe bench. While a young man he had learned to make shoes, and in winter, when the deep snow, and cold would make it impossible to earn anything in any other way, he could still stick to his lasts and awls, and thus earn a little to feed and clothe his family. I can remember him, as I saw him when I was a small boy, sitting between two candles, hung on either side, busily pulling the waxed ends, or driving the pegs. Grandfather had one bad habit, common to nearly all the men of his day. He must have a little liquor, generally whiskey, "to keep up his strength," "keep out the cold," or "the heat," or "to ward off disease." But it was his boast, "that no one ever saw him the worse for liquor.

Farming in the Black river county in those early days, was carried on in a primitive way. The first crops of corn they raised, were reduced to meal, by pounding in a mortar, dug out of a stump, near their door. Later they had a grist-mill some miles away; but it was sometimes a task to get a grist from it, as is shown by an account of a trip Grandfather made to mill one winter day, with a yoke of oxen hitched to a sled.

As he started for home it commenced to snow very fast, and the road was soon blocked, so that he was forced to leave his grist, and further on his sled, and at last to unyoke the oxen, and drive them tandem, he hanging on to the tail of the hinder ox, to get help through the snow. That same night, a man was frozen to death, being unable to make his way through the snow. I can remember, when I was a boy, that snow storm being spoken of as "the great snowstorm."

Grandfather lost his wife in February, 1843, and after that lived in turns with different ones of his children. He

visited my father's family, and the Kinney family in Wisconsin in 1848, stopping with us about a year. He died in Wilna, N. Y., at the home of his son, Luther P. Hall, A. D. 1852, being about eighty years old.

BIOGRAPHY OF SYLVESTER HALL.

Sylvester Hall, son of Benjamin G. and Esther Hall, was born August 23, 1807, in the town of Deerfield, Jeff. Co., N. Y. The settlement of the Black River country, as this part of New York was then called, had but just commenced, and the whole country was almost an unbroken wilderness, without roads, bridges, houses or anything pertaining to civilized life.

The family soon moved further into the forest and settled in the township of Wilna, where the first thirty-eight years of my father's life were spent.

The family was very poor as were all their neighbors, and the outlook for a living in that rough, wild land, far from any town or market, was a dark one.

An older son, Azariah, at eight years of age, lost a leg from a fever-sore. This left no one to help the father in his Herculean task of clearing away the woods, supporting the family and making a home, but 'Vester.

Father used to tell me that when a boy, he never attended school but one half day in summer, and as he was needed in the winter to help chop and log, his opportunity for an education was very limited. Grandfather Hall taught one or two terms of a few weeks each, in winter, for his own and his neighbors children, and father and Uncle Azariah had a little help at home. Azariah was finally sent away to study grammar for six months with a clergyman, and this was all the extra preparation he had to commence his work as a preacher.

Grandfather told me that he early learned to depend on 'Vester. He said, "When I rolled up a heavy log, I found

that 'Vester, at only four years old, could help by putting under another hand spike."

Azariah and Sylvester early fell under the influence of the first Methodist preachers who visited that region, and became ardent Methodists. Grandfather Hall was a Universalist and used to hold many discussions with his boys on the doctrine of future punishment, and other points of religious difference. My mother told me that he could continue the debate with father for hours and it would cause no ill feeling, but with Uncle Azariah it would soon wax hot and end in the anger of one or both parties.

Azariah became a preacher when only eighteen and soon proved himself a young man of marked ability. Some of the best appointments in that part were given him. He was a tall, fine looking man who made many friends. His leg had been taken off above the knee, and he used to walk with the aid of one crutch, and they used to tell me he would run races with the other boys when at school. He died of erysipelas at the early age of twenty-eight, on his last appointment, Potsdam, S. Lawrence Co.

Father always seemed to think he had a call to preach but he never found the small opportunity for preparation which his early misfortune gave to Azariah. He was sent away from home, at about fifteen years of age, to work out by the month in the neighboring town of Champion. His wages, except a very meagre allowance for clothes, went to the family at home.

He told me that his father had nothing but a home made wooden cart, with solid slabs of wood for wheels, until he worked out and bought a wagon.

He helped pay for his father's land continuing his efforts until he was some time past twenty-one. He then took up a piece of land, fifty acres, adjoining his father and commenc-

ed to make a home for himself. At twenty-six, he was married to Miss Rebecca Waterbury of Massena, St. Lawrence Co. She was attending the Potsdam academy and boarding with his brother, who was preacher in charge at Potsdam at the time. He invited Sylvester to visit him, introduced the parties and recommended them to each other and in fact, I think, made the match.

They were married September 7, 1833 and immediately settled on his farm in Wilna, Jefferson County. His new wife brought to father but little help pecuniarily, although her family were in good circumstances; but she did bring him better association and opportunity for improvement than he had before. She became his teacher in reading, English grammar, and many other things. I think this teaching was continued with much perseverance until I came on to take father's place as a pupil.

My parents lost their first child in infancy. I, the second born, was born July 15, 1835; Anna, August 9, 1837; and Isabelle Louisa, June 12, 1840. The care of his little family soon taxed father's energies to the utmost in that poor country. Yet he managed to clothe us in comfort and send me and my two older sisters to school, in the school house called "Sand-hill school house" about eighty rods from our house.

We were obliged to be very careful in the matter of expenses and to live almost entirely on what we produced ourselves. One small cookstove cooked the food and warmed the house, and one tallow candle generally furnished all the light, though there were two candle sticks so we could have two candles when there was company. Our bread was usually corn bread and the flavor of this was at times injured at school by seeing the children from some other families, richer, or more extravagant, than we, eating wheat bread.

Father had some financial trouble brought on him by his younger brothers, Luther and Nicholas. They were sent away from home to an academy at Gouverneur and obtained an education sufficient for teaching school, the standard of qualification not being very high at that time in that part of New York. Neither were teacher's wages high and the ambitious brothers soon found something that to their minds promised better returns. This was a magic lantern exhibition of which they could become the happy owners for the modest sum of $250. They did not have the money, a large sum for that part of the world at that time; but money was not needed if father would only be brotherly enough to sign his name on a little piece of paper which was an easy thing to do and could not possibly harm him in any way. When father hesitated they said he would not turn his hand over to help them, when he could as well as not. At last, stung by reproaches, he signed the note, enabling them to obtain the outfit. They were soon engaged in traveling with their show and took in some money, but their own wants used up most of it, so that little or nothing was at hand to pay the notes as they came due. As father was the only man on the notes who had any property, the holder immediately crowded him for payment and he was forced to sell property at a sacrifice, and to run here and there to borrow again to pay the first and so on for a long time before the affair was finally settled. Though the boys in the end paid quite a portion of the debt, mother used to say that it damaged and made father more trouble than it would to have paid it all, had he known from the first that he must pay it. This affair made some unpleasant feelings and strengthened the influence that was leading our family to the west.

Some of mother's relatives had gone to Wisconsin as early as 1838 and soon three of her sisters and two brothers

were there and encouraging father and mother to join them. But father was unwilling to give up his folks and leave the only home he had ever known. He even moved in with his father and tried working the old man's farm; thinking he could in this way help pay off some debts of his father's and so put him in a more comfortable situation financially. But this only created jealousy; the others talking that father was trying to get the old man's property. I think this was after grandmother's death in 1843. Father and mother soon moved back onto their farm and Uncle Luther moved in with grandfather. In the meantime another daughter was born to father and mother; Andelucia Eliza, April 24th, 1843. About this time father sent some money to Uncle Darrah Waterbury in Wisconsin to buy land, putting a morgage on his farm to do it.

The mortgage that father had put on his farm immediately began to cause him anxiety and he commenced to make plans for paying it off. He had a hard piece of land called the hog pasture that had never been fully subdued and was in the spring of 1844 still full of roots and some stumps. He determined to prepare this for a wheat field and commenced plowing it with what team he had—a yoke of young cattle and one horse. The horse was put ahead of the cattle and I being nine years old was put on to ride. I used to ply the whip quite freely at times and make the poor horse do nearly all the work. Sometimes the plow would fasten to a root or stump and everything come to a sudden stop, when I remember that I would have a strong tendency to go over the horse's head. We plowed that land twice and harrowed it two or three times, and though the field was small, possibly not over three acres, yet it was such slow, hard work that it appeared to me unending. In the fall, father sowed it and some other land to winter wheat, and he had hope that if a

good crop should result, he might be able to get money enough to pay the mortgage. But in the spring he sold the farm to a Mr. Townsend for five hundred dollars. Two hundred of this paid the mortgage and he took a new wagon at sixty ($60) dollars, so that he had a small sum to go to Wisconsin with and begin with his little family on a new farm, in a new land.

Upon selling his farm in the spring of 1845, instead of starting for Wisconsin immediately as he should have done, father rented a small house on Black Creek, about a mile from his old place with the intention of settling his business and waiting until fall before starting. He did this also on account of mother's poor health. The magnitude of the undertaking, his limited means, little family sick, and above all the talk of "croakers" about the "west," soon began to fill his mind with gloomy forebodings. He was sorry that he had sold his farm; concluded that he had given it away and talked of buying another in the neighborhood. The longer he stayed in the vicinity and the more he talked with the croakers, the worse he felt until it began to affect his health and he seemed almost crazy. As the time drew near to start, mother was in fear that he would lose his reason entirely and was almost ready to give up the move. To add to the gloom, two of the little girls, Belle and Lucia, were very sick, having worm fits. Mother was sick also and to my great joy, I learned one night, July 10, on reaching home from school, that I had a little brother who was soon named Benjaamin Greene, after his Grandfather Hall.

Father's indecision as to going west continued to the last He employed two men with teams to take our goods to Sacket Harbor where we were to take a steamboat. The goods were loaded in their wagons and they were just disappearing over a hill about one half mile away: another man with a spring

wagon being in waiting for the family, when one of the children called father's attention to the loads of things going out of sight. "Yes," he said, "I suppose they will go through but perhaps we will stay here yet." But once on the road, he seemed to recover his old vigor and cheerfulness. Mother used to say "it was because he no longer heard any bad stories about the west." All the people he fell in with, were going west and he seemed to gather new courage and hope from their conversation. His health improved so that he was able to commence work immediately on completing the journey. though I remember he was lame awhile from rheumatism in one knee. He was very seasick going up the lakes, but as he recovered seemed to feel much better than for weeks before We rode the length of Lake Ontario on the steamer, Niagara, passed around the falls on the new railroad then just being finished, in cars drawn a part of the way by horses and entered Buffalo drawn by a locomotive which was a grand and wonderful thing to me. Father had taken us, as we passed through the little village of Niagara, to look at the falls for an hour. Everything there at that time, was nearly as nature made it, and it made an impression on my mind never to be forgotten; so that when I visited the same spot forty-three years afterward, notwithstanding the changes from its natural state to a thronging city, it still seemed as I gazed upon the never ending rush of the mad waters and listened to the thunder of the cataract, a familiar spot to me. From Niagara we took the steamboat, Wisconsin for Milwaukee. We stopped at Cleveland and Detroit, about which I remember but little.

The last day of our voyage, a strong wind was blowing upon Lake Michigan, and the waves were high, and I remember standing on deck, looking at the tumbling billows, and white caps; when I saw a wave a little higher than usual.

coming straight towards me. I turned to run, but was not quick enough to avoid it and so got something of a bath of cool lake water. Upon going below in the evening, mother told me that many of the passengers, of whom there were a large number and among them many Norwegian immigrants, were afraid; and there was a report that the boat was an old one and that it had been spliced together in the middle, so that there was danger that it would break apart and leave us all to go to the bottom of the lake. This did not make me feel very cheerful as I crawled into my bunk and I lay for some time listening to the pounding of the waves upon the planks, just a few inches from my back, and to the groaning of the timbers of the vessel and the creaking of machinery.

After awhile the tumult ceased and I heard the anchor drop; and learned we were in the harbor of Milwaukee but would not land until morning.

Milwaukee in 1845, the time when I first saw it, was far from being the splendid city of the present time, 1906, but only, as I remember it, a rough straggling village, built along the shore of the lake and the Milwaukee river.

After landing, father hired a teamster to take the family along with a load of our goods, from Milwaukee to Aztalan, sixty miles, in a lumber wagon. It must have been a very trying, hard ride for poor mother. She had Ben, only six weeks old when we left N. Y., in her arms, and Lucia sick and very cross lying most of the time in a cradle. Anna, eight years old, could with myself, help her some; and father could assist when he had time from other duties. The road from Milwaukee to Aztalan, most of the way, ran through wooded country; and in places through swamps. We would pass over long strips of corduroy made of tamarack poles or logs.

Mother sat on the spring seat in front with the driver.

and so with her babe had to keep her place, for her, even danous, for hours without change or rest. The rest of us, except Lucia, could rest by jumping out and walking when the road was bad.

I think mother's joyful anticipation of again meeting, in a few hours, those sisters and brothers she had not seen for years, must have given her great help to endure the fatigue of that tiresome ride, continued for nearly three days.

Mother stopped in Aztalan village with her brother Parkus Waterbury, and the rest of us went on two miles further to Uncle Benjamin Babcock's place.

Mother had three sisters and three brothers, with their families, living in Aztalan village and vicinity at that time, viz: Prudence, Maria, Louisa, Darrow, Andrew and Parkus. They all received us pleasantly, and we enjoyed resting and visiting among them, while father went back to Milwaukee, to buy a yoke of oxen, and bring out the wagon and household goods left there.

Upon returning from his trip to Milwaukee, father soon prepared to visit his farm about twelve miles away, near the village of Waterloo, taking me with him. He had sent some money to Uncle Darrow in the spring, and had some breaking done on the eighty acre farm Uncle had previously located for him. Father and I made our way to the house of Stephen Fletcher, an old acquaintance of fathers, in York state, whom we found located on land adjoining fathers. Fletcher was a widower, but had living with him a family by the name of Cummings. We made arrangements to board with them awhile, and went to work preparing some of our breaking for a crop of winter wheat. Father fixed up a small figure A drag, to which we hitched the oxen by a chain, and I commenced to drive them around over the rough sod, among the burr oak trees, that were still standing at the rate of

about twenty trees per acre.

At first it was hard to tell where I had been along, but, after going over it several times, it began to look better, and in the course of the fall, six or eight acres were sown to wheat, and upon the following summer, the wheat was cut with the cradle; I, cutting some around the trees, and in the fence corners, with fathers old time hand sickle. The next winter, we threshed the wheat with a flail, or trod it out with the oxen, having about sixty bushels.

A part of the trees were cut off for wood, during the winter, and the rest were girdled in the spring, so they would not shade the grain, and afterwards cut down as we needed them. We found a family by the name of Lumm, living in a shanty standing about twenty rods from the corner of our land, and, as they were building a new house in another place, father bought their shanty for eight dollars, we to have it for a time to live in where it stood.

This shanty became our first home in Wisconsin, and we lived in it for near three years. I think the shanty was about 12x14 with a single roof, and a chimney built with stone at the bottom, for a fireplace, and topped out with sticks laid in clay. There was a small log stable a few rods away, and we built on a small addition onto the house in the spring, with tamarack poles, for a cook room, also a log addition to the stable. My sleeping place was, a kind of platform just large enough for a bed, on some poles run across the shanty at its highest end, about 7 feet up from the floor and hearth.

I climbed for my bed by means of some pegs driven into the logs, and fixed it myself on my knees, as there was not room enough to stand erect. I had the advantage of a fire almost under me, so there was not much trouble in keeping warm, summer or winter.

We were kept quite busy that fall, moving our goods

from Aztalan, corn for our oxen, and provisions for ourselves. We cut hay for our oxen, some on the place, and some two miles distant. We had our first experience of prairie fires, when we came near losing one of our haystacks in burning around it.

Our settlement in Wisconsin began in September 1845, and most of the following winter was spent by father and me, in making preparations to fence our land. While there was a considerable amount of timber, oak openings, on our land, father thought we would need it all for wood, and so we cut and drew tamarck poles from a swamp five miles away. This swamp was government land, and so was free plunder for all. Father bought about twenty acres of timber and swamp land of the government at $1.25 per acre, so we might have some timber after the government land was all cleared. It was cold, hard work to start in the morning, as we often did before daylight, then go five or six miles with an ox team, then chop through the day, eating a cold lunch for dinner, sometimes frozen solid, walking back home at night, or riding on top of a load of poles, reaching home usually after dark.

I can remember, how good the blazing fire in the stone fire place, and the hot bean soup mother would have ready for us, seemed, after such a day. One very cold day, I reached home sometime after dark, with my boots frozen on my feet, and my feet frosted, so that I felt the effects even some years afterwards.

We piled up the poles that we could not draw home each day, in the swamp; and then, in the spring, drew them out and piled them in a large pile on hard land, and later on drew them home. Some of this work I did alone, while father chopped, or built fence; as I, although not yet eleven years old, could drive the team very well; but could not chop half as fast as father.

I remember cutting a hundred poles one day, while he cut two hundred, but I picked the smaller trees.

We got together material enough to fence in thirty acres in the spring; and this required a good many loads, as we made worm fence, seven or eight poles for each length, and most of it strengthened with stakes and rider.

Cattle, horses and hogs, at that time ran at large, and we all fenced our fields. We wintered no stock the first winter, except the oxen; but in the spring bought a cow, and a sow, from which we raised a calf, and five pigs about this time. A man who had bought forty acres of land adjoining ours, came on in the spring, and camped on his land, and began to make preparations to build; but when father offered him $2.50 per acre for his land, he concluded to sell, and so our farm was increased to 120 acres.

We planted the most of the remainder of our fifteen acres to corn and potatoes, and though we lost some of the corn by gophers digging up the seed, we raised enough to supply us very well.

The most important event that happened that summer was the coming of the Kinney family to join us. David Kinney married father's sister, and he with his family reached us sometime about the last of July. There were, I think, nine in the family; the oldest child, a girl, Evaline, twelve years old. They reached us entirely out of money, and had another baby born almost immediately after their arrival. Our shanty was filled to overflowing, and it was soon a serious question what we were to do for food.

Mother, in poor health herself, concluded to go; so, taking all her children but me, sought refuge among her relatives at Aztalan. Mr. Kinney himself, was sick, or pretended to be, and for some time did nothing. Father and I slept in our log stable, and tried to go on with our farm work. I

milked the cow, and according to father's directions, helped myself each time I milked, to as much milk as I wanted. We had potatoes in the field and green corn, but were soon out of flour. As we had no money to buy flour, father went to Aztalan and worked out in haying or harvest, at one dollar per day, and bought some wheat, took it to the mill, at Lake Mills, and brought home the flour. But our twelve year old girl, was unable to make anything but sour bread from that flour. Father and I became very tired of our diet of green corn, and sour bread, and father finally went to our neighbors, and hired Susan Cummings, to bake us some bread. He and I ate our loaf in the stable, but he took a part of it in to his sister. Father used to say, "that Susan Cummings' bread, was the best he ever ate," and I was very much of the same mind.

After lying around nearly six weeks, Kinney worked at his trade, carpentering, for one of our neighbors, Mr. Miller, and then hired Miller to take his team, and move himself and family to Watertown, where he found work at his trade, kept his family, and even laid up a little money, so that he became owner in time of a little home, and forty acres of land in the Watertown woods.

It seemed good to see mother back again, and have something like a home once more. But there was more trouble in store for us. Sister Anna came home from Aztalan, sick with the fever and ague, and in a little while in October, before I quite finished dragging in the wheat, I came down too. Lucia was soon added to the number, having the shakes, and last, and worst of all, father also. We had a sorry time, with four of us sick at once, and no one to do anything but mother, and Isabelle, who was only six years old. Belle could bring us water, when we had the fever and also care for baby.

Mother was forced to call on our neighbors some when

father first came down, but I was soon able to get out, and do some chores every other day. Father was laid up for nearly four months, so we were not able to thresh our first crop of wheat until nearly spring. I think the ague came to us in the water we drank, that came from a brook, that ran through marshy ground.

We finished putting in our wheat in October, 1846, just as I was coming down with the ague. We had ten or twelve acres broken up in June of that year, and so were able in the fall to put in from fifteen to eighteen acres to winter wheat, and upon the following summer, we harvested nearly three hundred bushels of good wheat. This wheat, in the fall of 1847, was threshed with a machine, the first one brought into our neighborhood.

The crop of that year, gave father courage to commence the building of a new house on the public road, running along the north line of his farm. The shanty in which we lived first, being on the land of Mr. Lumm near father's southwest corner.

The new house was built of logs, cut on the place, 16x24 feet, a story and a half high, with two doors and two windows below, one or two above, and a stone chimney on the south end with a fire place and hearth below. It seemed to us children quite palatial, and we were very glad, when we were able to move in.

But the building and moving made us a great deal of work, as we immediately needed stable room for stock, and granary for grain. We were compelled to put up with very poor affairs for these needs, for some time. Another thing we very much needed was a well. We dug one on the side hill, where we built, as father feared to go on top of the hill, lest he would be forced to dig too deep for water. The well was forty-five feet deep, and required as many as fifty loads of

stone to stone it up. That well is still in use, the water being pumped and forced to the top of the hill by a windmill, and supplying a new house, and large barn, afterwards built by father.

Mother, who had taught school, three or four terms before her marriage, was always much interested in the education of her children. We had the advantage of a school near at hand in New York; but there was no school near by us in Wisconsin. Mother spent considerable of her time in teaching me, and I trying to pay back, used to teach the girls.

At seventeen, I went to Aztalan, and worked for my board, for Uncle Benjamin Babcock, and went to school to an eastern teacher by the name of Harvey for five months. He was a good instructor, and I had nearly five months of good training in his school. Anna went to the same school three months, and Belle taking turns with her, two months.

After teaching two terms, I commenced my course of study in the Wisconsin State University when about twenty years old. Belle went to the Milton Academy, afterward college, and took the first classical degree issued to a lady, by that college.

Father was always interested in having his children well educated, but he always believed that the Bible was the best book. Father and mother continued to live on the farm in Wisconsin for nearly thirty years; but finally, sometime in the winter of 1875, they sold the place to Mr. Burr, and followed their children who were all, except Lucia and Frank, settled, in Minnesota. They were both getting old, and mother quite feeble. They stayed most of the time at my place, while mother lived. Mother got a hurt while at the home of Sister Anna Tibbils, by striking her head on the corner of a coffee mill. A bunch seemed to start from the hurt, and continued to grow until we took her to St. Paul, where she submitted to

an operation to remove the bunch. Erysipelas set in immediately, and soon we had only a corpse to take back to Wood Lake.

Father lived some of the time with me, and afterwards with Ben, but in his latest years, most with his daughter, Belle. He was nearly 84 years old when he died with dysentery, at the house of Mr. Coghlan, July 27, 1891. His four sons, B. G. Hall, R. E. Hall, F. W. Hall, and myself were his bearers to the grave.

The next member of father's family, after mother, to depart this life. was Andelucia. She was married in Wisconsin, A. D. 1873, to Andrew Eastman, and moved to Wood Lake at the same time as father and mother. Her marriage was not a happy one. Eastman was a failure in almost every way. He was never satisfied to devote himself to manual labor, and had no ability to get a living in any other way. Lucia died about ten years after her marriage, I think, in part at least, from disappointment and a broken heart. Eastman, who said while she was dying "that he and she were running a race to the grave," is still alive, 23 years after her death.

BIOGRAPHY OF SHADRACH AZARIAH HALL AND FAMILY.

My personal biography, ought perhaps, to commence with my departure from the old paternal home in the fall of 186 when I went to Eau Claire Wisconsin to take charge of new school, to be called the Eau Claire Wesleyan Seminary.

The offer of this position came to me through the recommendation of my early friend and college roommate. at the present time, Bishop Samuel Fallows, of Chicago. I reached Eau Claire about the first of September and found it a new

lumbering town of about 2,000 inhabitants, built on both of the Chippewa River, at that time, crossed only by a ferry.

The Seminary only existed in the imagination, hardly on paper. There being nothing that I could find but a rented hall, in which they held church service, and a Board of Trustees full of hope that some great thing might grow up from a small beginning. I went to work.

The church hall in the third story of an unfinished store building was to be used for the school. A few old tables and some new ones, were put in and there were plenty of wooden chairs. We opened school with about twenty children as students, but soon a few came in who wished to pursue academic studies, and so in a short time, I was obliged to look for a young lady assistant, to take a part of the primary work. Miss Mary Barber became my first assistant, teaching a part of the time, and taking some studies as a student. We fixed up a small room in the story below as a recitation room.

My sister Isabelle taught school during the winter of 1861-2 in Jefferson County, Wisconsin, not far from Lake Mills, and joined me at Eau Claire in the spring of that year and became my assistant. We fitted up a room in the second story, and boarded ourselves and also took in a couple of students from the country to board with us, they doing a part of the work. Belle kept the accounts and made out that less than fifty cents each per week, covered all the expense for board and fuel.

We had quite a number of students come in from the country to join our school, so that we soon had all we could accommodate or teach. Our country students were mostly young men or women who wished to fit themselves for teaching. The third year we were in the school, we had as many as thirty students, who had already been teachers in country schools.

Although our seminary was a Methodist school, we had the pleasure of enrolling among our students, quite a number from the leading Congregational families in the town. The Congregational, was the strongest church in the city, and their minister at first, seemed to be doing all he could against us, but finally sent his own daughter to us; and we heard that when some one asked him "why," he answered, "Do you suppose I am going to bite off my own nose?"

During our second year at Eau Claire, the Methodist minister in charge of the two appointments, Mr. Springer, suddenly resigned his place, to go to the army, as a chaplain, to take the place of his brother who had been killed in battle. There was no one to take his place but me, and at the request of the Methodist people on both sides of the river, I tried to fill the appointments as best I could, but without giving up much of my work as a teacher. We employed one of our young lady students, Miss Lizzie Dennison, to help us by teaching a part of the time. I was paid something by each of the congregations, for my work as a minister, but the most enjoyable thing, was a complete surprise, in the shape of a Christmas tree, presented to Belle and me on Christmas Eve. Among other things was a nice dressing gown fashionable at that time, quite a little library of theological books, and twelve or fifteen dollars in money. There were many nice presents for Belle, principally articles of dress, and books.

At the close of the year, the Methodist annual conference of N. W. Wisconsin, held its session in West Eau Claire. It devolved on me to secure boarding places for the ministers and some of their wives. This I found something of a task, especially in the case of the wives. I learned, to my surprise, that most women prefer to entertain gentleman rather than ladies. Bishop Ames presided at that conference and by him, I was ordained Deacon in the M. E. Church. The Congrega-

tional people let us have their church for the conference, and helped us very much in entertaining the ministers and their wives. I found good quarters for Bishop Ames at the residence of Daniel Shaw, at that time one of the leading lumbermen of the Chippewa valley.

Sometime in the summer of 1862, the Board of Trustees having our Seminary in charge, proceeded to erect a building for the same, on the very site since occupied by the City high school. My old college mate, Bishop Samuel Fallows, of Chicago, was with us, to lay the corner stone. The building erected on this site, was a wooden one, 40x60, and two stories high, and was used as a seminary and church by the Methodists of West Eau Claire about seven years. I had charge of the Eau Claire Wesleyan Seminary, three years before going to the army, in 1864 and returned to it again for two years in 67 and 68. Sometime in the fall of 1863, I think, I was elected Superintendent of schools in Eau Claire County. My salary as Superintendent with what I was getting as superintendent of the seminary made me an income of nearly $1,000 per year; but I was not left long to enjoy it. A draft was ordered in the summer of '64, and it was probable that I would draw a prize if I did not volunteer. I obtained a recruiting Commission, and succeeded in recruiting fifty-four men during the summer vacation and so went to the army in September as a captain.

My company with six other new companies, was assigned to the 5th Wisconsin, the larger part of which had been mustered out, enough having reenlisted to form three veteran companies. Our regiment after stopping awhile at Camp Randall, Madison, and then doing guard duty near Alexandria, Va., was sent to join the three veteran companies, in General Sheridan's army, just after the battle of Cedar Creek. As we passed through Martinsburg on our way to the front, I visited

the different churches of the town, they having all been turned into hospitals for the wounded from the Cedar Creek battle. There were said to be as many as three thousand of these wounded. The confederate wounded were being visited and ministered to by women from the city, but the Union soldiers were cared for only by male army nurses. The rebel wounded however, lay on straw thrown on the floor, while the union men had cots, raising them from the floor.

The soldiers of my company learned something of soldiers fare on the trip from Washington to Cedar Creek. We left Washington each with "four days' rations" of hard tack. Some of the men could not believe that this was all they were to have to eat for four days, and as they had nothing else to do, while on the cars, kept munching hard tack both day and night; and as they did not think the stuff was fit for food, spent part of the time pelting each other with their hard bread. Many of them were without anything to eat before two days were gone, and upon reaching the end of the railroad, were required to march with empty stomachs. Some of them were so hungry before they got anything more to eat, that I saw them picking up pieces of hard tack out of the sand and mud, where they had been dropped by other soldiers, who knew better what "four days' rations" meant.

We joined the army of General Sheridan on the Cedar Creek battle field. The bodies of many dead horses killed in the fight were still rotting on the ground. The supplies for the army were being brought from Martinsburg, about forty miles away, by wagon train. A train was sent once in two or three weeks, I think, with a strong guard. Our brigade, third of the first division, sixth corps, was sent to Martinsburg just before Thanksgiving as train guard, or a part of the train guard. I remember that we left camp at Cedar Creek in the afternoon and reached Winchester ten miles march, after dark.

The ground was frozen, and a strong northwest wind was blowing. Our regiment was drawn up on a bare hill, and we were told to make ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night. We did this in various ways. The officers, who had money, going to the hotels in the city; the men taking refuge in houses, hencoops, barns, etc., while many very good boys slept on the frozen ground, picking up a little wood somewhere for a fire. I went along with some soldiers not of my company, who broke into a negro house, took possession of the lower story, built a fire in the fire place, and so we made ourselves comfortable for the night. In the morning we were all in place again, on the bare hill, and went on our march, reaching Martinsburg some time on the third day. We found we were to remain in the town a week, waiting for the train to be made up. As we had left our tents and some of our clothing behind, it was a hard lookout. But, in about an hour after reaching the city, our mail came in bringing me a letter from Eau Claire with some money from my sister, Isabelle. The money was very acceptable, as I had only a single dollar left, and we officers had to pay our own way, and trust Uncle Sam, who was a slow paymaster at that time. Before night some of my men from Augustta, came, saying they had made an agreement with a German, living not far away, to guard his house and property, and have in return a room in the back part of the house, with an old cook stove, and some wood. They invited me to share this with them, which I was very ready to do. The family invited me to occupy a lounge in their sitting room, for my bed, so I soon felt quite at home.

We stayed with them nearly a week. When there seemed to be any danger from passing soldiers, one of the men would put on his equipments, and go out and pace back and forth as on duty. Sometimes I would step out too, so the prowlers might see there was an officer around. We celebrated Thanks-

giving dinner with chicken pie there, some of the men saying in my hearing, "that they had learned from the family where the secessionists lived," so I suppose that the Secesh furnished the chickens, as I heard the boys say, "that we must not touch any of our old German's chickens." The chickens were good anyway, whether they were Secesh or Union.

The wagon train was made up at last, and we were off on our return to the army. Each company took a station beside certain wagons, and kept with them, but none of us were allowed to ride, or put a gun in a wagon. The companies on the march, were from one-fourth to one-half a mile from each other; artillery and cavalry went ahead, and they had some fighting to do, clearing the road. Some of the time while on the march, we could see the enemy's cavalry watching us from a distance of about a mile.

We halted a few minutes to get water and munch hardtack, at a little village about half way on the road from Martinsburg to Winchester. They told us at this village, that our train had been going by since early morning, and yet it was still coming on as if it had no end. As the train moved along the pike, two wagons abreast, and following each other as close as they well could; one can form some idea of the number of mules and wagons employed to feed and supply the army.

We reached Winchester, I think, about nine p. m. and rested on the stone side walk for a few minutes, and were then told to go on. I found two or three of my boys sleeping on the stone walk so soundly that I could not arouse them, and so left them there to come on next day. About three miles further on we stopped for the night, and all lay down on the frozen ground. I succeeded in piling up some stones, where there had once been a stone wall. These stones broke the wind from me as I lay behind them, but it was a cold bed.

At day break we went on and got into camp with the army about noon. This was our first real service, and about all the real service we had in two months in the Shenandoah valley.

On November ninth, 1864, our regiment moved from Middletown down the valley twelve miles to Camp Russell, where with the rest of the army we remained until December first, when with the whole sixth corps, we left the army of General Sheridan, marched to Winchester, and from there were sent by railroad and transport to the army of the Potomac at City Point.

I found myself sick on this trip, and going on board the transport steamer, in a cold rain, just as evening was coming on, while trying to find a little shelter and warmth behind a smokestack, learned that as captain, I was entitled to a state-room. I went to the steward, was assigned a room, and then going on deck I hunted up two of my men, as bad off as I, and took them down with me, stowing one in the lower berth and the other on the floor. We were so sick and tired that we did not leave our room until morning, when we found ourselves at City Point. So we had a ride on the ocean, but had not seen it.

As we were starting out to march that morning, I called the attention of our surgeon to my condition. He told me I had Jaundice, and must go to a hospital. Kneeling down in the road, he wrote me a pass on his knee. I was in the hospital ten days and had a very pleasant time, after three or four days, when I began to feel better. They dosed me with calomel and quinine and then kept me on a light diet until I was permitted to go to my regiment. I found the regiment had seen some fighting while I was away. This was a little mortifying to me, but as none of my boys had been hurt, I did not feel very bad about it. I think I never was so homesick and

discouraged in my life, as I was for a half hour in City Point, when I found myself so sick among entire strangers and not knowing for a time which way to go. But I soon found there was a home provided expressly for sick officers of the sixth corps, and there I enjoyed jolly company and plenty of fun as I became better. I found our regiment in camp on the Weldon railroad to the south of Petersburg. Some of the men having fitted up for themselves houses built of small logs to a height of about seven to eight feet at the ends for gables and usually six feet long with tent cloth stretched over for roof. But most of the men were living in the shelter tents. Lieutenant Day and I had log quarters about twelve feet long by six wide, on the inside, with chimney built of sticks laid in mud on one side, and going up a little higher than the cloth roof. We had two bunks, one above the other, at one end, and the flaps of the tent cloth at the other end for the door. We had some kind of a table and bench opposite the fire where two or three of us could sit to write or eat. A small amount of wood was furnished us. The lieutenant and I had a man by the name of Walter, detailed for our cook. He was a very good cook, but too weak and old to carry a gun. We lived in this house about three months until the campaign commenced, April second, 1865. Our bed was made of small poles, covered with pine bough or needles and our bedding consisted of two or three blankets. I remember that when it began to rain the water would come through the dry cloth, but after the cloth was saturated, it would turn water very well. We had a great deal of mud while in camp near Petersburgh. I was assigned duty as brigade officer of the camps. I would be required, in turn, with other captains, about once in two weeks, to inspect the camps of the five regiments of our brigade to see if everything was kept in good order and if guard duty was properly preformed. At midnight,

I must make grand rounds and learn if the sentries were alert. It was the duty of each sentrie of each regiment to learn of my approach before I reached their guard house and to halt me with the command "Who comes there." My answer would be "grand rounds." The sentinel would reply. "Advance grand rounds and give the counter sign." The guard having been turned out to salute, I would pass on to the next regiment, etc.

Our camp on the Weldon R. R. was named Warren station. We left camp February 5, 1865 and went seven miles to a part of our line occupied by the 5th corps. The 5th corps was trying to drive back the enemy, and to extend our lines still farther west so that we might have more advantage with our superior numbers. Our corps, or a part of it, was to act as a support of the 5th corps. The 5th seemed to have accomplished the task of driving back the extreme right of the enemy and so extending our line west to Hatchers Run, but the confederates, being doubtless reinforced, turned up on the 5th corps, pressing it back in places. We of the 6th corps, were stationed at points where it was supposed we might be needed and were exposed to artillery fire for hours. I saw one man struck by a cannon ball a few feet from where I stood. They picked him up and put him on a stretcher and took him to the rear. A part of his head seemed to have been shot away, but I afterwards heard that he recovered. Soon after this the 5th corps, in our front, began to give way. The men were coming back in a slow but increasing stream and bullets from the enemy began to sing by us. It was to us a wild scene, as we had never been fairly under fire before. In the midst of it the general commanding our brigade rode in among us. Colonel Bull run up to him and says, "General, we are waiting for orders." He was told to move the regiment to the left. I gave my men the order to shoulder

arms and fall in; but some of them seemed dazed and it was then that I saw the great advantage of having a few cool and experienced men in my company. They took hold of the dazed ones and put them in their places, as you might place men on a checker board, and we were soon off to take up our station some distance to the left. We were then out of the range of the enemy's fire, as the line of the 5th corps was still standing fast in front of our new position. We found some logs making a little protection so we stood waiting for the enemy to show up.

While we were waiting, our major came along saying "Boys, we must hold this position if the devil himself comes," but I do not think any of us wanted to see his satanic majesty just then. Our lieutenant, Colonel Bull, who was in command at the time, followed, only saying "Boys keep cool," which seemed to have a much better effect on our nerves. We learned afterwards that one regiment of our brigade that was left at the point where the 5th corps line broke, gave the enemy one volley as they came out of the woods in their front which soon cleared their scattered line out of sight and left our troops masters of the field at that point.

The enemy being driven back, we left the 5th corps to guard their position which we went to the rear and bivouacked near a plantation house that had been taken possession of by the 5th corps as a hospital. A cold rain had set in and very many (perhaps a thousand) were most of them lying on the ground with no protection but their soldier blanket. I helped carry some of those men into the house where the surgeons were at work. The large parlor in which were the amputating tables, looked like a slaughter house, while many legs and arms were thrown back on the side. On the outside, the wounded were suffering terriby from the cold rain. I tried to heat some stones in a fire to help some of them but could not

do much good that way, so I went back about eighty rods to where the men of our regiment were lying around the fires they had built. I remember that I hugged the fire so closely that night to keep warm that I burned one or two holes through my woolen blanket. The cold rain continued and we were exposed to it for the larger part of the next day. They moved us to another position behind the 5th corps. There was a fort in their front which the 5th corps tried to capture, but failed falling back upon our line. They finally passed through our line and left us in the front line. We were told by our officers that at twelve o'clock that night we were to storm the fort that the 5th corps had failed to take. They exhorted us to go about it in earnest and be sure to show ourselves better soldiers than any man of the 5th corps. Accordingly at 12 o'clock we were awakened from our luxurious couches, of logs and brush, and told to make no noise, to be careful that no tin cup or canteen should rattle and to step as careful as possible. We received the order in almost whispered tones to move forward by file right. This seemed strange to us, but we kept on by the file right route until we reached our camp at Warren station seven miles away. We had left the 5th corps which had been silently fortifying themselves just behind us to take care of the enemy. The battle in which we had participated for three days was called Hatchers Run. Our regiment lost, in the battle of Hatchers Run, one man, Sergeant Hall, not of my company, who was killed. We buried him on our return to Warren station with military honors.

CAPTURE OF FORT STEADMAN.

On the 25th of March, 1864, General Lee's Army made an attempt to capture Fort Steadman, situated on our line about three miles east of Warren Station, where our regiment was in camp. It was just as daybreak when the attack was made and from our camp we could see flashes of light look-

ing like a prairie fire, where the fight was going on. The enemy by a sudden dash, had broken through our lines and captured Fort Steadman.

We soon got orders to move and with other troops from our corps were hurried to the scene of conflict, but found on our arrival that the rebels had been driven back so there was nothing for us to do. We then went back, marching past our quarters two or three miles west making an attack on the confederate picket line, driving it back some distance and capturing some prisoners, until we drew the fire from their main line of works. Many of the shots from cannon in their forts passed beyond us. One man in my company, standing close to me, was hit by a minnie ball on the side of the face just missing his eye. The wound, not very serious, must have left a scar. We established a new picket line within rifle range of their main works where their's had been. I suppose this was done in preparation for the general attack which was made upon their lines a few days later.

During the last week of March, 1865 there were very clear indications in our camp at Warren Station, that the spring campaign was about to commence. General Sheridan came over from the Shennandoah valley with most of the troops that had been wintering, and passed on to the left of Hatchers Run. A whole division of colored troops, also passed us, going to the left. We were told to turn over to the commissary department every thing we could not carry and to be ready to march at once.

Finally on the evening of April first, the roar of cannon to the left told us that the fight was on; and a little after midnight, April 2nd, we were called from sleep and told to fall in taking everything with us. Ammunition was furnished the men, and we bade adieu to Warren Station, moving to the left.

We moved along a good road for about a mile, marching briskly, when one of my men fell down and upon halting and the surgeon's examining him, he was found to be dead. We left a couple of men to bury him and mark the grave, while the rest of us went on. There were about ninety men belonging to my company at that time. After moving about three miles, we drew near the main line of the enemy and were ordered to lie down, there being a thin picket line of our men still in front of us.

While we were taking up our position and lying on the ground, a brisk fulisade was going on between our pickets and those of the enemy, and bullets were singing over and around us. One officer of our regiment was severely wounded while we were thus lying on the ground. I learned afterward, that our whole division was drawn up at this point in wedge shape, with our regiment at the point of the wedge. After we were in position, the pickets ceased to fire and all was still and we waited some time for day light and the signal to charge.

As it began to grow light, the signal was given by the discharge of a cannon from some part of our line, telling us to go ahead. As soon as we began to advance, the enemy began to pour in their shots and many poor fellows were left behind us, bleeding on the ground. Among these was Captain Doughty, commanding one of the veteran companies. He had been in the old fifth for three years, and as some of his men told me, had been through thirty battles. Just before the charge commenced, he was standing near me, laughing, joking, evidently trying to keep up the courage of the men and make them forget their danger. It seemed to me, that a man who had gone through thirty battles must have a charmed life; but he was one of the first to fall almost at my side. It seemed hard that so brave a man, having passed through so many

dangers, should fall at last at the hour of our triumph.

The first obstacles met were sharpened stakes, Chivaux De-frize, leaning in a row towards us. These being passed with some difficulty, we came to the main line of their works, climbed over and were soon among their tents. They retreated rapidly. We kept on until we reached the south side railroad, which their line had been defending; and thus cut off General Lee's Army from any rail communication with the south, and so preventing him from forming a junction with Johnson or getting supplies from the South.

My company had five men wounded in this fight of April 2nd. One of these, Lyman Beman, lost an arm. None of my company were killed. After the battle, our corps moved to the east to aid in the capture of Petersburg. While on the march, by the rank, four battle lines going on side by side; General Grant and staff rode through between our lines, and I think the cheer that rose was heard for miles.

As we drew near Petersburg, some forts on the enemy's line, to our right, gave trouble; but were finally taken by our men, and we went on until we drew the fire of troops defending the city. As it was getting dark at this time, we protected ourselves by digging shallow trenches in which we lay down I remember that while we were lying on the ground, in battle line, a cannon shot passed over my company, striking the ground in our front, and throwing dirt over us, then bounding and throwing up dirt behind us. Not all cannon shots were so harmless that day. One, a piece of railroad iron, struck in the company ahead of mine, as we were marching by the flank and killed or wounded four men.

As it became dark, a call was made to form a picket line in our front. My brother, Ben, was one of those sent from my company on this duty. He told me that they used the one spade they had, in turn with much haste, to dig

holes to cover them from the shots of the enemy. We learned that the negro division were to charge the confederate line, in our front, at daybreak the next morning. So as it began to dawn in the East, we heard a big yell, as the colored division went forward. Soon after another cheer and then all was still and we learned that Petersburg was evacuated.

Then while the wires were carrying the tidings of great joy throughout the north, we with rather sober faces, were tighting up our belts, munching our hardtack and otherwise preparing for the race before us.

We learned that day what it was to march under a load, under a very hot sun. The army left behind that day enough overcoats and blankets to carpet the road for miles. Our march was kept up for three days, April 3rd, 4th, 5th and all night of the 5th when we were on duty as train guard, often having to put our shoulders to the wheels to help get the wagons out of the mud.

On the morning of the sixth, we were allowed about one hour to rest and make coffee and then, as the enemy were reported in our vicinity some little time was spent in trying to locate them. Their trail having been struck, we were hurried on and at a place called Sailor's Creek, came up with their rear guard and baggage train. Our advance had been having some sharp skirmishing with their rear guard and we halted where quite a number of the killed and wounded were lymg on the ground. The enemy had crossed Sailor's Creek and were making a stand on the other side.

As I understood at the time, the battle of Sailor's Creek was fought by the infantry and artillery of the sixth corps; and some of General Sheridan's Cavalry, that attacked the enemy in the rear, while we were in his front. I could see nothing of the fight beyond the line of our brigade, but of that part, I saw considerable. Our brigade, of five regiments,

moved forward in perfect line, over open ground, down to Sailor's Creek, the line of Captains four paces in advance, being kept as perfect as though we were on parade. Our skirmishers had crossed the creek, and were lying down just beyond. We were ordered to go through. Sailor's Creek was a muddy run from four to six rods wide. Some of the tired men found this hard to ford as the mud and water, in the middle, was as much as three feet deep. One of my men was wounded slightly and lay down in the water. I went back to him, but his pluck was gone and I left him there.

Our line was reformed, and Massachusetts regiment on our left being armed with seven shooter rifles advanced first. As they opened fire, there seemed to be a constant crash and blaze where they were standing. The rest of the brigade was then ordered to advance and did so, in order, under heavy fire. Our regiment, the 5th Wisconsin, was on the extreme right of our line. We marched directly up the hill in front receiving a heavy fire from the enemy; when suddenly, we received the order to "right oblique" and "double quick" after which order we became a good deal scattered. Some of our men went a good distance to the right and some not so far commenced returning the enemy's fire.

My men soon sought such cover as they could find from stones and furrows in the ground. I got hold of the gun of a wounded man and did my best to make it unpleasant for the Johnnies who, from behind logs, and other protections were making it uncomfortable for us. We were at a disadvantage, as they had the best cover. While this rifle fight was going on, a Rhode Island Battery took position behind us, and commenced throwing shells over our heads into the woods where our enemy was concealed. We could see that these shells were more effective than our minnie rifle balls; as they tore limbs and slivers from the trees, and even knocked

in pieces some of the logs behind which their soldiers were lying. I must confess, that in the heat of that fight, those shells had an agreeable sound for me, as they went screaming over our heads and dropped in the woods among the enemy.

About this time some of our regiment that had gone fartherest to the right, began to asail the left flank of the enemy, and Sheridan's cavalry were coming up in their rear. It was too much for the bravest of men and they were soon putting up white flags to denote their surrender.

The first Lieutenant, Fleetwood, of my company and one of our Sergeants, Lowe, received the surrender of the General (commanding that part of their line) and brought in his horse, a very fine one, and presented it to our Colonel Thomas S. Allen. The Lieutenant got from the Colonel an old horse which he and I afterwards found very convenient to carry our baggage. My company lost in the Battle of Sailor's Creek, fifteen men wounded. Some two or three of these died. Among those of our Company wounded, was John O. Hoisington, who had his leg broken while bearing the colors of the regiment.

Our army captured at Sailor's Creek nearly seven thousand prisoners and all of General Lee's baggage train, making his case hopeless, and compelling his surrender at Appomattox three days later. It is said that more prisoners were taken in the battle at Sailor's Creek than in any other one battle during the whole war. When our corps reached the vicinity of General Lee's army, at Appomattox, we were marched into an old field of perhaps twenty acres surrounded by wood-land on all sides.

A road ran along one side of this field and over a hill beyond. Our cannon were parked in the corner of the field where the road passed over the hill; and the whole field was swarming with horses, men, and arms. We learned that Gen-

eral Grant and Lee were holding a conference, the immediate surrender of Lee's army being demanded. We waited with considerable anxiety for the result of this conference. Would Lee surrender or must we fight again? I do not think that any of us wanted to see any more fighting.

After we had waited two or three hours, a party of our officers came out of the woods down the road, waving flags and shouting, their horses on the gallop. We all knew what that meant. Lee's army had laid down their arms and we were going home. A cannon commenced firing a salute. Immediately there rose from the ten thousand men gathered in that field, the greatest shout I ever heard, a shout in which, I am sure, we all joined. Everywhere, I could see caps, hats, haversacks, canteens, blankets and other accoutrements going up in the air. The whole corps seemed to have gone crazy. After the shouting had died away, some of the brigades had thanksgiving services conducted by their chaplains. So ended the war of four years, and the next day we commenced to turn our footsteps towards home.

We did not go far towards home at first, or follow a direct route. Retracing our steps by a march of two or three days, we camped near Burke's Station, April 13th, in a fine open forest; and were furnished by our wagon train, with supplies of food, clothing, etc., of which we were in sore need. Soon after this time, news came to our camp, that Johnson had surrendered to Sherman. That same day, candles were issued to the men in our division, and they immediately concluded, we must celebrate our good fortune. So they built bonfires, and also lit their candles, and fastened them in the trees, and we had a merry time. That very night, I think, a report came to our camp, that Lincoln had been shot, a report we could not believe at that time.

The next day, I was ordered to go out with 125 men,

and relieve our Brigade picket line. I found the line out about three miles, and it seemed to me, as much as two miles long. I passed along the line just before night, relieving the pickets, and putting mine in their places; and then went back to the other end of the line, laid down, and slept a little.

At midnight, I went down the line again, and back, and laid down to try for more sleep, but was soon roused by an orderly, with directions to bring in my pickets. So I walked the length of the line again, and then back to our camp. From the time I left camp to my return, I must have walked from twelve to sixteen miles and got but little sleep.

Upon my return to camp that morning, April 25th, I found the tents all down, my own included, and learned that our whole corps were ordered to Danville, 100 miles from where we were, to aid Sherman in the capture of Johnson.

We were soon on the march, and hurried along all day, and sometime into the night, before halting. I think I never felt more tired than when I rolled up in my blanket, and lay down on the ground that night. We forded small streams but crossed one river, the Staunton, I think, on a pontoon bridge, put in by our pontoon train, and all ready for us when we reached it.

Men and horses, artillery and baggage wagons, were rushed across this bridge, and must have required hours in crossing.

When we reached Danville, the whole town seemed to be out to take a look at us. We passed through the city with the bands playing, "Massa run, Ha! Ha! Darkies stay Ho! Ho!" etc. The darkies seemed pleased, but Massa looked sour. The town had seen no federal troops before, except prisoners during the war.

We learned here, that Johnson had now surrendered to

Sherman; so our work was done. We remained in the vicinity of Danville a few days, and enjoyed its balmy air and beautiful spring flowers. My brother Ben and I took a walk one day, along the railroad to the south, until we thought we had reached the North Carolina line.

After this, our corps made its way slowly north, picking up Government property, and May 24th passing through Petersburg and Richmond, towns that seemed sadly demoralized, and on June 2nd, reached Hall's hill about seven miles to the south from Washington.

Here we learned that Sherman's army, and all of the army of the Potomac except our corps, had been mustered out, and were on their way home. Our corps had a review by itself in the City of Washington. The men were ordered to draw new caps and other new clothes if they were needed, and to put themselves in shape for the review. They growled a good deal about the caps; as most of them had traded their old ones with the darkies for straw hats. These trades were often effected without saying to the darky, "by your leave." Most of the company officers paid for white cotton gloves for their men. With shoes nicely blacked, clothes brushed, and arms burnished, we set out in the early morning, ten thousand strong, for the city, and reached it in good shape, just as the sun was beginning to pour down his increasingly hot rays. Then trouble commenced. They had sprinkled the streets, so that the men were splashing in mud, until you could not tell if the shoes had been blacked or what color was the white gloves. Then we were kept standing in the hot sun, waiting for two or three hours for those who were preparing to see our show.

Finally we marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, a division of two companies front, each division reaching nearly or quite across the street from curb to curb. We passed the

stand upon which was President Johnson, and many other of our leading men. Although I had the command of one division of our regiment, neither I nor any other company officer, or soldier, was expected to turn his eyes toward the stand as we passed. We were there to be looked at, not to look. The Colonel of each regiment saluted as he passed the stand, and commanders of Brigades and Divisions, halted at the stand, until their commands had gone by.

In the meantime, it had become intensly hot, and many of the men fell down in the streets, and were picked up by ambulances. After the parade was over, about fifty men, with two or three company officers, of our regiment and the colors, started back for camp. My company mustered in that little band when we reached camp, only myself, my brother, the Orderly Sergeant, and one other private. The remainder of the regiment was either still in Washington or strung along the road. As we neared camp, there were indications of rain, and soon after we reached the shelter of our tents, it commenced to pour, and those of us who were under shelter, had nothing more entertaining, than to watch the long line of stragglers, wading in covered with glory and mud.

Our regiment was mustered out of the U. S. service, at Halls Hill, Va., June 20th, 1865, and was soon on the way home. We had some little excitements, and tussels on the way, principally caused by whiskey. At the depot in Washington, while waiting for a train, a drunken Lieutenant of our regiment, got into a quarrel with some members of a New Jersey regiment, which quarrel came near ending in a general fight of the two regiments.

I was officer of the day on that day and was ordered by the Colonel to look after the boys, who seemed to be getting into trouble. As I passed to the other side of a warehouse, standing between the regiments, I found myself in the midst

of a struggling mob of men, about fifty of whom, Wisconsin men, were being pushed back by one or two hundred Jerseys. It was a cowardly fight on both sides, six to one. I expected for a few moments, to be run down too, but think my sash, (as officer of the day) saved me.

I soon met two or three officers of the Jerseys, and together, we succeeded in getting the belligerents apart, they driving their men one way, and I mine the other.

I was in another bit of fight, on a steamboat, while we were crossing Lake Erie. One of the soldiers who had charge of a horse, went to our quarter master, asking for some grain for the horse; the quartermaster being drunk, called the man, "a son of a bitch," upon which the soldier knocked him down. The quartermaster jumping up drew his saber, and made for the man; when the major and I, laid hold of him, and took the saber away. The quartermaster then drew a pistol, from his bootleg, the Major seizing him again. While I was twisting the pistol out of his hand, he fired it, and sent a bullet through the Major's picket, emptying out his knife and purse. After that, a crowd of angry soldiers proposed to hang him, and then the Major and I, had to defend Mr. Quarter-master, from the men.

I believe that whiskey caused the loss of many lives in the army. Doubtless it was a damage to the confederates as well as to us, but I think we suffered most. I believe we lost some battles through the incompetency of drinking officers.

We reached Madison, Wisconsin, about the first of July, and I was back in my father's house, twenty miles from Madison, to spend the fourth of July. But I soon found I had brought home with me, the germs of a malarial or Typhoid fever, which laid me up about two months.

We were paid only once while in the army. I received,

at that time, as I remember, about three hundred dollars. Soon after our discharge at Madison, I was paid off, receiving about $1,050.00. Eight hundred of this was in U. S. interest bearing bonds. I afterward lost what amounted to four of these bonds, by investing in a machine shop company. The loss, as much as $500.00 was quite a blow to me financially.

In the fall of 1865, I engaged in teaching again, taking charge of what was known, as the Waterloo Academy. My sisters, Isabelle and Lucia, were my assistants in the Academy, and we had a young woman by the name of Swift, teaching music. We had, some of the time, as many as one hundred pupils in attendance, but our building was small for that number.

In October, 1865, I was married to Miss Hattie Hough, of Madison, Wisconsin. We became acquainted with each other, while I was attending the University of Madison, and corresponded occasionally, while I was teaching at Eau Claire, and finally became engaged.

She wore herself out, teaching in the Madison Schools, and when I returned from the army, I was convinced, she had not long to live. But she had hope of getting better, and I found that she wished to be married, and I would not disappoint her. We were married Oct. 20th, 1865, and immediately went to keeping house, in rooms on the 2nd floor of the Academy building. I remember that she was grieved, that my school duties kept me from her so much.

She became worse as the winter passed, and towards spring, wished to be taken back to Madison, where she died very suddenly, April 3rd, 1866, I being in the Academy, at the time.

Hattie's father was a Surveyor, and did considerable nice work around Madison. He platted the Cemetery, in

which she was afterwards buried, it being laid out in circles with no straight lines in it. Her father died, before I became acquainted with Hattie.

She had a brother who went to the army from Madison, as Captain of a company, and was killed in the siege of Vicksburg. He left three children, girls. Two of whom are still living at Madison. Hattie once took first premium at the State Fair, at Madison, for a very beautiful drawing, entitled "The Voyage of Life."

I went on teaching in the Academy at Waterloo, A. D. 1866-67 and at the close of the year, my sister Isabella, being married to an Eau Claire man, and I having received an invitation, to take charge again of the Eau Claire Seminary; I left Waterloo, and went to Eau Claire, in September, 1867.

I taught in the Seminary, in the year 1867-68, three terms, of ten weeks each, being assisted by one of my former pupils, Miss Elizabeth Dennison, and by my sister Lucia. Mrs. Coghlan also came over one or two hours each day, and taught some small classes in German and Greek.

In our largest room, or chapel there were sittings for sixty pupils, and I took charge of that room myself, and kept those seats constantly filled, teaching all the larger classes. The Board of Trustees guaranteed my pay, at the rate of $80 per month of four weeks. This arrangement gave me $600 for thirty weeks' work.

I had entire charge, collected all bills, paid the assistant teachers, and turned over to the Board about $200 at the end of the second year.

August 13th, 1868, I was married to Miss Leona Knapp of Waterloo, one of my former pupils. She had been in my school at Waterloo, for some time, and I had never thought of her as a wife, though much pleased with her as a pupil, until, one morning, she presented me with a fine bouquet of

roses, blushing very prettily as she did so. I can bear her witness that since that time, she has scattered many roses along the pathway of my life. Mrs. Hall was not yet nineteen when we were married, while I was thirty-three years.

In a short time after our marriage, Mrs. Hall and I were on our way to Eau Claire, to be ready for the fall term of school in the Seminary. We took possession of three rooms in one corner of the building on the ground floor. These rooms, though small, accommodated us very well, as we had but few belongings at that time.

In going to Eau Claire from Waterloo, in those days, we went northwest by rail to La Crosse, thence up the Mississippi to Reads Landing, and thence by small steamer up the Chippewa to Eau Claire. The ride up the Chippewa was very pleasant, when the boat did not stick too long on the sand bars.

There was a very good congregation of Methodists worshiping at that time in the Seminary Chapel. By opening folding doors, we could accommodate one hundred and fifty people, but we had at that time, no one willing to play the organ for us, so Mrs. Hall was immediately called upon by her new brother-in-law, J. A. Coghlan, to play for us. I thought this a pretty hard trial for my young bride, among almost entire strangers, but she went through it all right, and from that time while she stayed in Eau Claire, was our organist.

My brother Frank was in attendance at the Seminary, during most or all of the year. He was fifteen years old at the time. He had as his seat mate, and especial friend, Byron Buffington. Byron's father was one of the leading lumbermen of the Chippewa Valley, and at his death, left all his business in Byron's hands. Byron carried on the business with greater success than his father. He told me, when I

visited him in 1903, that he had had two hundred men in his employ, summer and winter, for ten years. He is now one of Eau Claire's richest men, and a leading banker in the city. He and Frank with their wives took a trip to Europe together a few years since.

Mrs. Hall and I have had two or three very pleasant visits at Eau Claire with Mr. Buffington's people since we came to Minnesota.

I found my work in the Seminary becoming more and more tiresome during the second year. I lost my appetite and strength and finally came to the conclusion that it would be best for me to give up teaching, and go west, and get me a farm. My brother, B. G. Hall, and I had bought a city lot, and in the fall of 1868, put up a small frame house upon it. We had a Methodist man, by the name of Baldwin, working for us on this house. He told me about the fine opening for farms in Minnesota, at Yellow Medicine; where a son-in-law of his had located, and where he was going to make his home. So after my third term of school closed about the last of April, I started out to visit Minnesota.

Mrs. Hall, sister Lucia, and my brother Frank, started back to father and mother in Wisconsin. The women took the steamboat down the river; but Frank and I starting very early in the morning, in a small skiff we had bought for one dollar, kept ahead of the steamer until noon, they passing us, while we were resting on the shore, and eating dinner.

The distance to Reeds Landing from Eau Claire is sixty miles by river and we had nothing but a paddle each to push us along; yet, as the river was high, the current probably carried us four miles an hour, when we did nothing. It was after dark when we reached the Mississippi, but guided by the lights of the town, we soon crossed the river and drew

up our little board boat on the shore, and leaving it there for who ever might wish it, joined Leona and Lucia at the hotel.

The next morning, I took a steamboat up the Mississippi, for St. Paul, while the rest of our party, went down the river to LaCrosse, and thence to our father's home in Wisconsin. From St. Paul, I made my way by rail, to Mankato; and thence by stage to Redwood Falls. At Redwood Falls I fell in with William and Katie Dibble, and some others of the Dibble family, on their way to Yellow Medicine. They kindly allowed me to join their party and after some trouble, in crossing the Redwood river; where we put the baggage across in a boat, swam the horses over, and then pulled the wagon through by a long rope; we went on to Yellow Medicine, reaching the place about sundown.

We found the Yellow Medicine river high, but ventured to ford it, being the first team that spring to cross. I think this was May 1st. There was plenty of snow at that time, still in sight, on the sides of the bluffs.

At Yellow Medicine, I stopped with Mrs. Saunders, an old lady, who settled there with her son Ben, and daughter Angie, in 1865, soon after the outbreak. Mrs. Saunders' house was a brick building used as a jail, in the time before the outbreak.

After visiting Mr. Baldwin near Granite Fall, and looking around some in the present towns of Echo, and Posen, I concluded to settled on a claim held by a Mr. Churchill, in the present town of Wood Lake. Churchill told me, "there was only five or ten acres of water on his claim, but said he could not find the corners without a surveyor. There were about twenty acres of timber, mostly brush, which looked much better to me, than bare prairie, and the soil as it seemed to me. as good as any that could be found on earth.

So I agreed to pay Mr. Churchill $500 for going to the land office at St. Peter, one hundred miles, giving up his filings, and getting filings for me. I paid him a part down, when he came back, and in the fall the remainder, minus fifty dollars, on account of his deceiving me about the water. I had three hundred more to pay to the Government at the end of the year. I afterwards bought more land adjoining until I had about four hundred acres; more than one hundred acres being lake or so wet, as to have no value in a wet time.

At one time, including an eighty, that I afterwards gave my son Charles, I owned nearly five hundred acres. I immediately commenced work on my new farm, boarding with the Churchill family.

The house in which they had wintered was a complex affair, built of small logs, taken from the Indian houses in the south grove, to a height of about eight feet. It was twenty feet long, by about 14 feet wide, having a ridge pole, running from end to end, propped up in the middle of the house, by a post. It had a board floor, and then a roof made partly of boards, and then of sods, then topped off with hay. This roof did very well as I afterwards learned, except when it rained, and then the rain would continue longer on the inside, than on the outside of the house. There was a stable, in which Mr. Churchill kept a pair of horses, and some hens. This was constructed with less architectural skill, consisting merely of crotches, set in the ground, backed with poles and brush, and covered with hay.

I lodged in this stable for awhile, before the Churchills vacated the house. I found there was about an acre of land, north of the house without much hard sod, or trees, that would do me for a garden. I thought this must have been an old Indian field. I engaged a man, John Weins, who lived at the agency, but had taken up a piece of land, a mile

northeast of me, now the farm of William Phinney, to plow this piece for me.

When I commenced to cultivate my garden, I found that my old field, had been preempted by an occupant, new to me, that proposed to harvest the crop before it had time to ripen. So I was obliged to get a trap or two and commence war upon the pocket gopher, a fight we have had to continue on my farm at Wood Lake from that time till the present. We raised thirty bushels of fine potatoes in the garden, but lost most of them from rot. We had some fine pumpkins, and parsnips that came good the following winter.

About June 1st, my brother Ben, having traded off our house and lot in Eau Claire, joined me at Wood Lake, bringing with him a span of horses, a wagon, a double buggy, and household goods, and some money. Ben then went to Redwood Falls, and bought a breaking plow, and joining with our neighbor Furguson, who had a pair of light mustangs, we got ten acres broken up for ourselves, and six for Furguson. Our plow, one of the old kind with standing coulter, was too heavy for the team, and the ground was dry and hard, so we had but a small amount of land ready for the 1870 crop.

Ben took out homestead filings on an eighty and a fraction about one mile south of mine, and we set out to work together, which we continued to do for some years.

After we were through breaking, Ben went to Wisconsin, working awhile there in the harvest, and then getting back, October 1st with two colts, a yoke of steers, and two or three cows or heifers, and a shepherd dog. He made the journey of four hundred miles, in about twenty days, using the two year old colt as a pack horse.

We spent the month of October preparing stabling for our stock, building a stable of good sized logs, 16x18. This

we chinked up, plastered with clay, and covered with hay for a horse stable. For the cattle, we set crotches in the ground, with poles on top and around the sides, and covered the whole with hay.

As our buildings were sheltered by a thick grove of about five acres, we had the stock nicely fixed for the hard winter of 1869-70. On the last day of October I drove to Redwood Falls with a lumber wagon to meet Mrs. Hall, and our first baby, Charles Francis, whom I had never seen, who was born August 6th, 1869.

On the day after his birth, while I was mowing hay, about a mile from home, occurred an eclipse, the nearest to a complete eclipse that I have ever seen.

"I well remember on that day, all were out looking at the eclipse, while I remained in bed looking at my little son, who eclipsed Old Sol." (Leona.)

As the weather was good, money short for the many things we must buy, I concluded, on arriving at Redwood Falls, to picket the horses on the west side of the river, leaving them there, I went up town, and stopped some time at the hotel, but as it was getting dark, and I was uneasy about the horses, I went back, and slept under my wagon until morning, when after feeding the horses, I went back and found Leona and Charlie waiting for me at the hotel, and seemingly not well satisfied with my arrangements, yet I had but little time to visit with them that morning, as I had to load my wagon with lumber, shingles, nails, etc., for house building at Wood Lake.

We started about nine o'clock, having a heavy load, and a strong Northwest wind to face. It was a long, cold ride on November 1st, and I have since wondered how Leona, and Charlie stood it as they did. We were stuck in a rut, after dark, while crossing the Phinney place, and I was obliged to

unload a part of the load, to get loose.

Soon after Leona reached Wood Lake, our neighbor, John Weins, went to Waseca, with a wagon and two yoke of oxen, to move his brother-in-law and family to Wood Lake, until his return. He gave us permission to use his house, thinking to be gone about two weeks. I moved Leona and baby over to the Wein's house, and we immediately tore off the sods, hay, and other roofing, from our house, and commenced to build it higher, so that we might not only stand erect, but have something of a chamber. We employed another neighbor, Mr. Barr, who had some tools, and was something of a carpenter, to help us, but were unable to get it done before Weins came back with the Hauprie's family.

We were pretty thick then, in the Wein's mansion, 14x16, a sod roof, No. 7 cook stove, and sixteen in the family at night, when I was present. We got along very well, however, as they insisted that we should occupy the one regular bed, while the rest were rolled up in blankets or on beds made up on the "foine" earthen floor.

Ben, during all the time we were at work on our house, slept in our new horse stable, and looked after the stock, cooking for himself. Finally, on Saturday night, we had the house plastered up with clay, the gables and windows in, and roof boards on, and then, Ben and I, having no other way to keep warm, laid shingles all day Sunday, finishing up one side. On Monday, we spread blankets and quilts on the roof boards on the other side, put up the stove, and moved in, having previously chinked between the logs, and plastered with clay. A day or two after, as I remember, we finished shingling the other side.

On Dec. 1st, I think, Mr. Tibbils and wife, my sister, reached Wood Lake and joined us, having sold their house, in Eau Claire. Mr. Tibbils had been out in June, and taken up a home-

stead claim about one mile from us. They spent the winter with us, getting ready to put up a 16x24 log house, in the spring, drawing the logs from the woods on the Minnesota river, six miles away.

He lived in that house thirty-eight years, and it is still standing, A. D. 1909.

The winter of 1869-70, was a hard one, with a good amount of snow lying on the ground in the spring to a depth of two or three feet. One of our neighbors, a Mr. Armitage lost his oxen, that he had turned out to drink in Sand Lake. A sudden blizzard coming from the Northwest, they went off before it to the east. When a party of us, who turned out to help him, found them three days later, they were looking like snow banks, and nearly dead. We had quite a task to dig them out, get the snow out of their hair, and get them limbered up so they could walk home. They were frozen some, but finally recovered.

We had team enough to do good work in the spring breaking. Tibbils and Ben run the breaking plow with their teams, turning over about thirty acres, ten acres for each of us. I planted mine to sod corn, the most of which the blackbirds harvested, I saving a little by cutting it up green. One acre, planted earlier, on ground broken the year before, the birds took every ear of.

I had about seven acres in wheat, yielding ten bushels per acre. Mr. Tyson living five miles south from me, came over with his reaper, drawn by a yoke of oxen, and finished cutting my wheat and oats, after I had cut a part with a cradle. I bound all by hand, self binders not having come into use at that time. Ben and Tibbils, with the horses and mules, had gone to the Eastern part of the state, near Plainview, to work in the harvest. They stayed until the ground froze, getting good wages for harvesting, and then for plow-

ing. A threshing machine from Redwood Falls came up late in the fall, and did my threshing with Mr. Tyson's and Millers, and some other small jobs.

We found the people living at the Agency, or Yellow Medicine, were having a Sunday School at the home of Mrs. Sanders, (the oldest woman settler, after the Indian outbreak, in Yellow Medicine.) Mrs. Hall and I commenced attending the Sunday School in the summer of '70. The people who met for S. S. finding that I had a license as a local preacher in the M. E. church, wished me to hold service for them, which I began to do, and continued to do, more or less, for some time.

As time went on, I was often called on to conduct funerals, and weddings, and these calls have been continued even until now, 1909. I have gone in answer to such calls from old friends, for such service, from Redwood Falls to Wood Lake, three or four times during the past year. For wedding fees, I usually had five, and sometimes ten dollars. For funerals, the thanks of friends, until I began to think my popularity along this line, was owing to the great grief, or frugal habits of my patrons.

I never have received any pay for preaching, excepting for one year at Eau Claire, and one at Wood Lake, in which cases, I gave up most of my time to the work, and had no reason to complain about pay.

Some time in the summer of '71, Ben, Tibbils and I, concluded to buy a threshing machine. Ben and Tibbils had some experience before, in threshing in Wabasha County. We had 40 acres of our own grain to thresh, and were sure of more among our neighbors. So we bought an eight horse power machine, costing, I think, $750.00. This, Ben and Tibbils were to run, while I looked after the farming. We run that machine for three seasons, and threshed all the grain

in four or five townships, during that time.

But we had a varied experience not all of which was pleasant. As we had but little money to pay down for our machine, we depended on earning it by threshing for others. But money was short among our neighbors, wheat low, and the market—at Wilmar—45 miles away. So we must pay twelve per cent on our notes and give time to our patrons.

We found most of the grain on new ground, full of gum weeds, which made it thresh hard, and the result was sometimes unsatisfactory to our patrons, when we failed to get good clean wheat out of gum weeds. We furnished four horses, and the men we threshed for four more. But their four were sometimes very weak from having nothing but grass with perhaps bundle oats to eat.

I remember two threshing jobs that caused us an unusual amount of trouble. We were threshing for Ole Homme, in the town of Sioux Agency; when a hard rain came on, wetting the grain, and soaking up the track. We attempted to start again before the track and grain were dry; and broke down, and sent to New Ulm for extra castings. We fixed up and tried again, and again broke down, and Tibbils went to Mankato for extras. We were seven or eight days in getting out of that one setting.

We had another experience of a different character, while threshing Lyle McRobert's in Sioux Agency. Ben and my brother, R. E. Hall, were running the machine at that time. We had done a good day's work on the 31st of Oct. '73, I think; but on the morning of Nov. 1st, found the ground covered with snow, and more coming, with a strong wind blowing. As we clearly could do nothing at threshing that day, we started for home, after breakfast, Ben stopping in the village with our horses, to get some shoes set, while I, and R. E. with a wagon and Tibbils' mules went on.

After going up out of the river valley, we found the snow drifted in places, but anticipated no trouble, as we could see where the wheels had crushed down the grass, showing where the road was. Going on a little farther, we could see no marks of the road, in the drifts; but were not alarmed, thinking we knew the direction well, and would soon strike the track again. We could see in the storm, from ten to twenty rods, I think, but could find no road, while we soon found ourselves running into sloughs filled with water. Our wagon track behind us was wiped out almost immediately by the drifting snow. We had no guide but the wind, which I knew was in the northwest, and so should blow on my right cheek, if I went southwest towards home. But when I would run into slough, I would find myself so confused after beating around it, that it would seem to me that the wind had changed, which idea I could with difficulty, get out of my mind. The wind was blowing very strong, so that it blew some things out of our wagon box, thereby losing them, and finally it took away my hat and sent it spinning across the prairie. I pursued the hat for awhile, but was obliged to give it up or lose the wagon. I was then bareheaded in the storm, with wet feet; and was forced to take off a light blouse to tie around my head, leaving my heavier one only, for my body, and go on foot to keep warm. My brother, R. E., having a buffalo coat, drove the mules.

He and I finally began to dispute about the course we were going; R. E. saying, "we were going too far west," I. "too far east!" We finally saw near us, a government corner stake, sticking up near a slough. We went to it, examining it carefully, hoping to find out where we were. All we could make out from it was "S" "4." and as Section 4 was west of Wood Lake some mile or two, I gave up that R. E. was right and I had been mistaken in the direction. That

stake was on the southeast corner of section 14, just three-fourths of a mile from my house and in plain sight of my grove on any ordinary day; but I had never seen it before, and so failed to understand its message.

We now turned the left cheek to the wind and started east, where we might have traveled upon the unbroken prairie fifteen or twenty miles, and never found a house or a human being. After going about a mile, we came to marks in the grass, evidently made by wheels going north and south, and we immediately concluded it was our best chance to go south on this trail. Anything like a road looked good to us then and must lead to shelter somewhere.

After going south, perhaps two miles, the track grew plainer and then seemed to divide up in a meadow, where hay had been cut. We stopped the team, and I followed, first one track, until it disappeared, and then another until that ran out, but the third trial led me to a hay stack on the bank of Sand Lake. I knew the stack, and the lake. We were to the south of my place only about two miles. We followed the shore of the lake, west, about one mile to the house of Mr. Cook, for whom the boys had threshed, not long before. He warmed and fed us, and I never was so glad of a shelter as then. I was not at all clad to endure such weather.

We reached home about nine the next forenoon, and found Ben and Leona, considerably troubled about us. Ben also was lost by taking the wrong road in the storm, but found a house, was set right, and reached home without much difficulty, and in time to help do the chores.

When I settled at Wood Lake, Yellow Medicine Co., was a part of Redwood county, but after two or three years, it was set off, and a Mr. White became our first County Superintendent of schools. In 1874, I think, I succeeded White as Co. Sup't, but having been elected to represent our district

in the State senate, in 1876, I resigned the superintendency to take my place in the State senate.

Our senatorial district at that time embraced the counties of Brown, Redwood, Lyon, Lincoln, Lac qui Parle, and Yellow Medicine. Brown Co., was by far the most populous, and New Ulm the most important city in the district, and Brown Co., succeeded in electing the next senator, when my term was finished.

I found my duties in the Senate very pleasant, though somewhat taxing to my health. The confinement in a warm room, often giving me a headache. I used to walk about the city a good deal, for exercise, and fresh air. I made some pleasant acquaintances, among them were Senator Pillsbury of Minneapolis and Senator Nelson, who was brought up in Wisconsin, in Deerfield, a town joining on the south of the one in which I lived. Senator Pillsbury invited me to his home in Minneapolis at one time, and entertained me over the Sabbath, and took me around the city in his carriage, in company with his wife and daughter.

I was very well acquainted also with Senator Donnelly, our best orator, who called me, "his friend Hall," and put in, in my name, his "school book bill" which I thought at that time was a good bill, but came to believe afterward that it was intended for the financial good of Donnelly & Co. We had practically three sessions of the senate while I belonged; the last one being for the "Judge Page impeachment trial" which lasted for forty days, and ended in a failure to impeach the Judge.

March 3rd, 1878, while I was in the legislature my dear mother died in St. Paul, in the house where I was boarding. She was hurt in the home of Mr. Tibbils, by striking her head against the corner of the coffee mill. A bunch began to grow where she was hurt and we consulted Dr. Flynn of Red-

wood Falls, who advised "to let it alone," but as it continued to grow, my sister Belle and I took her to my boarding place, in St. Paul, where she was operated on by Dr. Murphy, who was considered the best surgeon in the city. A large piece of the skull was eaten away by what appeared to be a cancer. Erysipelas set in, and she lived but a short time.

She was taken home in her coffin, and was the first one to be buried in the new cemetery at Wood Lake. The ground for the cemetery having been given to the public by my father. She was bitterly mourned for by my brother, B. G. Hall, who was intending to make a home for her and father, with himself, and had already commenced the work of building a house which she had planned.

I made out better, financially, in the legislature than most politicians do. As it cost me nothing but a little time to get there and nothing for tobacco or drink, and as I boarded in a private family for a dollar a day, instead of going to a two or three dollar a day public house, I had quite a little money to take home with me. This with the income of my farm enabled me to get up farm buildings on my place, very good for that time; so we began to feel much more comfortable in our new home.

Father, after mother's death, lived for awhile with me, but as we had a large family, and Leona's health not good, it was arranged that he should make his home with his daughter, Mrs. Coghlan, but he left all of his business affairs, and property (he had about $5,000.00, part of which he had invested in land) in my charge. He sometimes asked me for a statement, which I readily made out for him, and with which he was always satisfied. He died July 27th, 1891, nearly 84 years old. His four sons, and two sons-in-law, acted as his bearers at his funeral. By brother Frank, at that time practicing law in Madison, Wisconsin, looked after the settle-

ment of his estate, and remarked, "that he had settled several estates within the last few years, but had never found one that made him so little trouble as father's." I took the most of his land, and paid the other heirs in money. After the settlement, I found myself owning about five hundred acres of land.

LUCIA AND EASTMAN.

On April 5th, 1873, my youngest sister, Andelucia, was married to a distant relative, Andrew Eastman, who sprang from the Waterbury side of our family line. Eastman was educated for a preacher, and did some work as such; but, not succeeding as he had hoped, he tried to teach singing, in which calling he met but poor success.

He tried farming on my father's farm, after his marriage, but he and father did not seem to get along together at this, and so brother Ben went to Wisconsin, sold the farm, and moved both families to Minnesota, settling Lucia on eighty acres of his land—Lucia paying for the new farm, it being at that time partially improved.

But Eastman was not satisfied to work on a farm, and through the help of Lucia's relatives, tried preaching for us awhile at Wood Lake. After this, he went to South Dakota, and took up some land, under the homestead law, and in this move as I remember, he made some advance financially, as in a short time he sold his homestead entry, and so obtained a little money.

In the meantime Lucia had been failing in health, as, I think, being discouraged by Eastman's failures to accomplish anything, financially or otherwise; and October 27th, 1883, she died at her home near the Village of Wood Lake. While she was dying, Eastman said, "that he and she were running a

race to the grave, and that it was uncertain which should die first, "yet he out-lived her about twenty-five years.

In her will, she bequeathed the use of her property, a farm of eighty acres, near the Village of Wood Lake, to Eastman, while he lived, but provided, that after his death, the farm should go to her brothers and sisters, in equal shares.

Among my first acquaintances, when I went to Eau Claire, Wisconsin in the fall of 1861, to take charge of the Wesleyan Seminary, was James A. Coghlan, a member of the Board of Trustees, a Methodist, an energetic man in whatever he undertook, a firm friend to me, and a little later, the husband of my sister Belle. Coghlan was one of our very best church workers at Eau Claire. In fact, James A. Coghlan, was the most active and efficient member of the west side M. E. church, at Eau Claire, during the five years, that I was teaching there, and was, as I learned after I left the place, the leading manager, and financier in building a new M. E. Church which was, when finished, the finest church at that time in the city.

Mr. Coghlan sold his property in Eau Claire, and moved with his family to Wood Lake, Minnesota, reaching our place August 18th, 1871. He came through with his family in a covered buggy, with two good horses, and settled on land lying southwest of his brother-in-law, H. N. Tibbils.

He put up the first frame house in our township; 16x24, with twelve foot posts drawing his lumber from Willmar, as also his household goods, forty-five miles over poor roads. He built his house just across the line from Mr. Tibbils, making it very nice for the women, who were sisters, Mr. Tibbils being in poor health.

As Mr. Coghlan had fifteen acres broken on his place in 1871, he raised his first crop in 1872. Mr. Coghlan's family when they came to Wood Lake, consisted of Mr. and Mrs.

Coghlan, his son Fred, and daughter Maud, and his sister Mary. Mary died, December 8th, 1872. Two additional children were born to them at Wood Lake, Edwin R., and Lulu. Mr. Coghlan fared rather hard in the worst blizzard Minnesota ever saw, which commenced, Jan. 8th, 1873, and continued with great fury for more than forty hours. It was said "that as many as one hundred persons perished in that storm." At the time that the blizzard struck us, I was teaching school, in a small board school house, across the road, east from Coghlan's distant about twenty or thirty rods. I had about thirty pupils as I remember, several of them being young men. The forenoon had been very pleasant, and my pupils, as I called school for the afternon, came in from snow-balling, but I noticed, as I rang my hand bell that the wind was coming up from the Northwest and was commencing to make the snow fly. We went on with our school work, but it grew cold rapidly, and the storm roared frightfully around our frail building. It stood however, as I had banked it up with snow. A little before four o'clock Mr. Coghlan came over to the school house, and we all started for his place, about twenty or thirty rods away. We could hardly see, as the storm was in our faces, but by dragging along the children, and girls, we succeeded in reaching Coghlan's home.

A part of the school went with me to Tibbil's, so filling both houses pretty full. The next morning, I went down to Coghlan's, where they were still at the breakfast table. I asked them, "if they had been down to their stable, to look after their stock. One of the young men answered, "That he would not try to go to that stable for all the stock there." I learned afterwards, that they had fastened a rope to the house, and tried to reach the stable, while hanging to the rope; but as the rope was not long enough, they had given up, and followed the rope back to the house.

I told them, "I would go to the stable, about twelve rods away, and did so, finding it more than half full of snow, and some of the stock with nothing but the tails in sight. In going back to the house, I was obliged to feel for the trodden path with my feet, and sometimes to wait for the most violent gusts to pass. Mr. Coghlan, and some of the young men then followed me to the stable, and we went to work, digging out the stock, and banking up on the north side where the wind was driving the snow through the frail wall of poles and straw. As the wind was very strong, and the temperature twenty below, we could endure it only for an hour or two, and must then go to the house and warm.

Several times that day, I ran up against the house, and was forced to hunt to find the door. We carried in hay, and fed the horses and cattle; but Mr. Coghlan's chickens were not dug out until the storm abated on the following day.

OUR EASTERN TRIP.

About the first of July, 1888, the G. A. R. men held their National Encampment at Gettysburg. Mrs. Hall, my brother Frank's wife, and I concluded to go to the celebration, taking with us, our third son, Albert, seven years old. We stopped for dinner at Harpers Ferry, seeing the old arsenal, the place in which John Brown fought the State of Virginia. We stayed over night at Hagerstown, reaching Gettysburg a little late for the celebration; but I very much enjoyed walking over the battle ground.

Following the line where our men had stood for hours, exposed to the destructive fire, and repeated attacks of the confederate line. Many markers have been put on the lines, showing where different regiments stood, and giving an account of their losses in the battle. Many fine monuments to the memory of officers who fell in the battle have been erected on the field, and among these, the one of Major General

Reynolds, who commanded the first corps is especially conspicuous.

From Gettysburgh, we went to Washington, stopping only one day, giving Leona and Albert, a chance to see the capitol, and the presidents house and grounds. Leona and I were much interested in the hot house and statuary, whispering gallery in the capitol, fountains, monuments and etc. Albert in a broken rubber ball, and the gold fish.

From Washington, we went to New York City, stopping for four days with Leona's cousin, Ed. Knapp. From there by rail, along the banks of the Hudson to Albany. From Albany to visit some friends in Herkimer Co., the Wilmots who had lived with us at Wood Lake nearly two years. From there we went to Carthage, and Natural Bridge in Wilna, the town where I was born, and lived until I was ten years old, then to Potsdam where Leona's father lived for some time, and where he was first married, then to Massena, my mother's birth place.

After this, we visited Ogdensburg, and from thence we went by river (St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands, to Oswego, and from there by rail to Niagara Falls.

I had visited Niagara Falls, once before when a boy, but after forty-three years, it seemed like a very different place. Anno Domini, 1845, a straggling village in the woods, Anno Domini, 1888, a thronging city, with nothing I could remember excepting the spot on the American side, below the Falls, where standing on the shore, I could see the water pouring down into the mighty chasm, and the 165 feet below me, some few men and women, who looked to me like small children walking. We spent about half a day at Niagara Falls, visiting several points of interest, and then left for home going by another road further south than the one we went east on.

ANCESTORS OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

Mary Wright Knapp. (Written by her granddaughter, E. Leona Knapp Hall.

Ten generations before my grandmother, Mary Wright Knapp's time, a chart, belonging to my brother Frank, gives the beginning of the "Wright" line of descent, as coming from "John Wright, who married Olive, daughter of "Lord of Kelvedon manor, Co. Essex, England," who died in 1551. In the seventh generation the chart shows my great great grandfather, Rev. Ebenezer Wright, born at Wethersfield, Conn., Oct., 2nd, 1706. Graduated at Yale College, 1724, took degree of A. M.; ordained, May 1732. Preached at Stamford, Conn. "Said to have been a powerful preacher." Died in Stamford, Conn., May 5th, 1746.

His sons, Ebenezer and Thomas, married sisters, Grace and Martha Butler, daughters of Benjamin Butler of Wethersfield, Conn. Ebenezer Wright was a Lieutenant in the Continental service in the Revolutionary war, was also one of four, who formed the first church in Rome, N. Y. in 1800; Died Sept. 2nd, 1800.

His wife Grace, died July 14th, 1821. His brother, Thomas, my great grandfather, died in 1822 aged 74 years; his wife Martha, died in 1831. To them were born ten children Mary Wright, my grandmother, Thomas W.; Moses, John, Ebenezer and Allan her brothers, and Martha. Patty, Hannah and Chloe sisters. Nearly all Bible names so I think they must have been a religious family.

About six generations, before my grandmothers time, Nathaniel Wright, a London merchant (who married Lydia James) is spoken of in American histories, of the American colonies, as a very active member, or director of Winthrop Colonies. He is said to have intended to emigrate to America, but did not do so, remaining in England, always an

energetic assistant or director in the affairs of the colony. He owned one-eighth share in ship or ships which brought the colonists to America. He is supposed to have influenced his half brother, Samuel, (claimed as the ancestor of the Springfield, Mass. branch of the American Wrights, and other members of his family to emigrate to America.

THE KNAPP FAMILY.

Asa Knapp, my grandfather, was the son of Peter Knapp, and grandson of Peter Knapp. He married Mary Wright, daughter of Thomas Wright, March 9th, 1791. I have a certificate in my possession, given by the pastor, to my grandfather, and grandmother Knapp, reading thus: "State of New York, Stuben, Sept. 9th, 1793. This certifies that Asa Knapp and Mary, his wife, entered into covenant with God, and took their baptismal obligations upon themselves and had their child baptized by the name of Asa," by me, Samuel Sells, Pastor of the second Church of Christ, in Brougord, State of Conn." Also, "A bond given by Asa Knapp of Rome, in the County of Oueida, State of New York. "Am held and firmly bound to John Clark of Greenfield, in the County of Hampshire, State of Mass., in the sum of six hundred and twenty dollars, current money of New York to be paid to the said John Clark, or his certain attorneys, his executors, administrators, etc. Sealed with my seal, and dated this 24th day of Sept, 1802. I did not copy more than one third of the bond. It was quite lengthy.

Asa Knapp, and Mary his wife took a yoke of steers, hitched on to a sled, and with some tin plates and one kettle, made the first settlement in what is now Potsdam, N. Y. He being the first one to strike a blow with his axe. He lived on a public road, and kept a tavern. He was engaged in building a large barn and had a good many men to help him raise it. when he suddenly took sick and died.

To them were born six children, Asa, Jr., born April 13th, 1792—died July 30th, 1796; Amanda C. Knapp, born Jan. 30, 1796; Martha Knapp, born Nov. 21, 1797; Maria Knapp, born Nov. 4th, 1799; Henry W. Knapp, born Feb. 22nd, 1802; Charles Butler Knapp, born Aug. 24th, 1805. My father, Asa Knapp, Sr., died aged 40, Sept. 29, 1807. Mary W. Knapp, married again in 1810 to David Raynesford. To them was born one daughter, Mary, Jan. 18th, 1811. My grandmother, Mary W. K. Raynesford, was born in 1775, and died in 1845. My grandfather, Asa Knapp died when my father was two years old.

Grandmother, being unable to support the family, bound out my father when he was but eight years of age to Benjamin Raymond, an uncle by marriage, who lived in Canada, and was by trade a cabinet maker. My father remained with him, until he was 21 years of age, becoming proficient in that line of work as his children can bear testimony.

When he was 21 years of age, he received $100 which was considered a munificent sum in those days. He shortly set up in business for himself, and in the year 1832, Aug. 9th, he was married to Miss Catherine McIntyre at Parishville, St. Lawrence Co., New York, by Rev. Dr. Talbot. Five children were born to them.

Chas. McIntyre Knapp, born Nov. 18th, 1834.
Helen Margaret Knapp, born Sept. 18th, 1836.
Francis Wrnght Knapp, born Apr. 17th, 1838.
Albert Duncan Knapp, born Feb. 3rd, 1840.
Henry Peter Knapp, born Jan. 3rd, 1842.

His wife Catherine, died Apr. 6, 1844 at Bytown Canada, West.

My father was in business with Horace Merrill, and after his wife's death, had a great deal of trouble with the servant problem. He employed a "nurse maid to look after

the children." A regular house-keeper, and an assistant." They naturally got in a jangle. The houskeeper tried to assert her authority, which caused quite a ferment in his household affairs, so that he was obliged to remain at home one day on account of the disturbance.

On making his appearance in the shop the next day, Merrill inquired the cause of his absence. My father related his trouble. Mr. Merrill told him of a half sister of his, who had lost her husband, and was left with two little girls. Mr. Merrill wrote an introductory letter to his half sister, and got my father to write one also. They became acquainted through correspondence, and he then visited her at her home in Enfield, N. Hampshire from whence, they were shortly married by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Sept. 4th, 1845.

On May 27th, 1846, their first child was born, Julia Alvira, in Bytown Canada, West. In about a year my father and wife and seven children left Canada for Wisconsin, leaving my mother's eldest girl, Marion, with her mother, grand mother of Marion, in N. H., as five step children in addition to her own three little girls, were too great a burden for the little mother.

In height, mother was about five feet tall, and weighed but little over or under one hundred pounds. Marion told me in 1904," that she did not know why her mother cried so on leaving her with Grandpa and Grandma Blake. That mother had her daguereotype taken and gave to her at parting. Marion liked to visit Grandpa and Grandma Blake, but she little realized it would be eight or nine long years before she saw her mother again." When Mr. Hall and I visited Marion, in 1904, in San Francisco, she gave me the daguereotype, mother gave her at parting, as her daughter Leonie's eyesight had been injured while a little girl from scarlet fever, and she could not see it clearly, or she would never part with it.

It has a sacredness to me, knowing its history. My mother's heart must have been well nigh broken to leave forever her first born baby girl, and in her place take five little strangers to her heart. That she nobly took them to her heart and made herself a real mother to the motherless children, is testified to by one of them. Frank said, "If ever there was an angel on earth, it was your mother" and he feels his debt of gratitude to her, to this day.

I have heard my father say, "If my mother favored any of the children, it was his, rather than hers." My father was accompanied to Wisconsin with his sister Maria Adsit, and family and half sister Mary Brown and family, there being nine members in each of the three families or twenty-seven total. He expected his brother-in-law, Josiah Adsit, to put him up a house, as he had sent him the necessary means. The lumber was hauled, I think, but no house built, and the 27 in number occupied Adsits log house. One room below, and one above.

Twenty-one children in one house, the eldest not over twelve years I believe. My father had laid in for supplies of groceries, to last through the winter as Milwaukee was sixty miles away. He ordered a barrel of sugar, sack of coffee, chest of tea, and other things in like proportion. Soon he found it disappearing at a tremendous rate. The family of twenty-seven lived high. As soon as possible, work was begun on the new house, and mother said, "they moved in, when at night the stars could be seen shining through the roof." It did not stop the draught on supplies however, as the need of our relatives for groceries did not cease. Father and mother, made their move to the town of Medina, Dane Co. and on June, 21, 1848, Delia Knapp was born, but only lived six weeks, and three days. In 1850, Jan. 17th, Emma Leona was born, and on Oct. 19th, 1851, Emeline Ermina first saw the light.

I have heard my father say "that he moved west on account of his four boys." But on looking at the results now, it seems to me to have been a bad blunder. My father was never cut out for a farmer by his build, or education, and the farm selected by his brother-in-law, was anything but encouraging to an amateur. Boys need a skillful farmer to train them so as to make a success along agricultural lines. I doubt if we begin to realize the difficulties that beset my father in his venture. It doubtless was expensive. I think he became discouraged, and thoughts of selling flitted through his mind, as I see by some old letters.

My half sister Helen had contracted consumption, and was a source of anxiety to my father. He sent her to Elgin, Ill., to friends, in hopes she would improve. In 1855, I think, she went to the "water cure" at Madison, and her letters home, tell the pathetic story of a consumptive. Sometimes, "feeling much better and stronger then again having chills" she finally came home, (I do not know the time.) In Dec., I think, 1855, or Jan. 1856. I well remember her death bed. I was just past six years old and did not realize what death meant. Dr. Rood was in attendance on her, and as he prepared to leave the house, Helen said, "Goodbye Dr." He answered, "Goodbye Helen." Mother was standing at the head of her couch, her tears falling on Helens face. She looked up at her and said "Don't cry mother." She must have passed away very shortly, as my father said, "Children don't forget Helen." She died Jan. 29th, 1856, and had lived nineteen beautiful years. Little we thought that in less than ten years, four out of that weeping group would have followed her.

Brother Charlie was away from home, considerable. Had been to Nebraska and taken up some land. He was home when Helen died. Left soon after intending to go to south

America. The last letter we had from him, was written from "Galveston, Texas, "written to sister Julia. A ship sailed about that time for South America and was wrecked in the passage. Father felt sure he had taken passage on it, as we never heard from him again. My father had written many letters to see if he could learn something of him, but all of no avail.

Brother Frank had been teaching school a mile or two to the southwest of home, and fell in love with one of his scholars, Hannah King. Their wedding day was set for Dec. 25th, 1859. They lived with us that winter, and sometime in the following year, they started for Minnesota, Albert going with them to get him a farm in the new country. They took up some land in Wabasha Co., near Plainview. In 1860, in August, I think, my mother and her only sister made a trip to New Hampshire to surprise the daughter, mother had left behind when but six years old. Also her father and mother. and several brothers. Marion was now near seventeen years, perhaps, and had been married since she was fifteen, and was now the mother of a beautiful baby boy. They surprised them all right, and everybody was overjoyed. They got there in the early morning, and notwithstanding their weariness (though they lay down awhile) they could not sleep. At the ringing of the bell in the Shaker settlement, they were up. and looking out of the window at the dear old Shaker pond or "Mascoma Lake" now it has become. Marion had married a well to do merchant, Mr. J. F. Pattee, some time in 1855. They lived in Enfield until Mr. Pattee died in 1871 sometime. His death was very sudden. Marion remained at Enfield about six months, then moved to Concord and in Oct. 30. 1873 was married to Nathan Flint.

Some time later, they moved to San Francisco, California, where they lived till after the great earthquake of Apr. 18th,

1905, then moved to Hayward, Alameda Co., where they still reside, at the present time. Marion's second boy, Frank, went to the Philippine war, and came home sick with malarial fever from which he died, leaving a wife and little girl, Marion, named for her Grandma.

Sister Marion has one daughter, Leonie, who lives with her yet. A beautiful and lovable girl, but is almost blind from sickness in childhood. She has a typewriter, and is a fine performer on it, writing splendid, long letters on the "home life, and the current events of the day. They are staunch, enthusiastic Republicans, and keep well posted in the political life of the day. Mr. Flint, is a quiet man, an engineer, who made our stay with them very pleasant, when we visited them in 1904.

In 1861, the Civil war broke out; my brothers Albert, and Henry enlisting about the same time, not knowing the other was to enlist. Albert enlisted in 3rd Minn. reg't. Co. G. volunteer infantry. Henry in the 11th, Wisconsin volunteer Co. C. Albert died Apr. 17th, 1862 in Nashville Tenn. Henry was in the Siege of Vicksburg, and died at Brashear City La., of typhoid fever on August 14th, 1864. The following notice was sent to my father. "A recent death in the Eleventh." Death by typhoid fever in the regimental hospital at Brashear City in the 14th of Aug. Orderly Seargeant, H. P. Knapp, Co. C. 11th Reg't. He was buried with military honors on the 15th in the soldiers burial ground on the north side of the city. The burial services were attended by Chaplain Wells. Sergeant Knapp is spoken of as one of the best soldiers in the regiment. By his brave and gallant conduct on the field of battle and kindness in the quiet camp, he had won the highest esteem of all who knew him, and has many friends in the regiment, as well as at home, who will deeply mourn his loss. Much sympathy is expressed for his parents

and friends in the loss of one who had proved himself a patriot, and thanks are due to Surgeon Everett, Hos. Steward Trussel, and the nurses for their kindness to the deceased while in hospital.

Albert enlisted Oct. 3, 1861, but his constitution could not stand the southern climate, and he died in less than a year. Henry served three years, and reenlisted for three years more or during the war. He came home in June on furlough for a month, returned in July, and died in Aug. Sad indeed were those days in our home.

In the meantime brother Frank had enlisted and leaving his young wife and baby in the little cabin on the frontier in Minn., went to the army. He was wounded, losing two fingers on his right hand, the third finger being stiff, so he has always been a cripple.

Our mother, who had not been well for ten years, seemed to be failing quite fast during the years 1864, and '65, and on Sept. 22, 1865, though but 45 years of age, gave up the struggle of life, and closed her eyes forever on all earthly scenes. We were indeed desolate. Brother Frank's wife Hannah, and little girl, Grace, were visiting us at the time of mother's death. Our home had lost the magnet that bound us to it, and in the spring of 1866, my father sold the dear old farm which had been the scene of so many joys and sorrows, and with his three girls, and mother's one, moved to the Village of Waterloo two miles away.

On Feb. 22nd, 1868, sister Julia was married to Samuel A. Squire, and she and her husband left to make a home for themselves. Mary Ann married a Mr. Colville in 1872, and left home to reside near Columbus, Wisconsin. Mary Ann died in 1874, leaving a baby girl, who soon followed its mother. Sister Emma and myself were all that were left to keep house for our father. We attended school in Waterloo, to

Prof. Hall in the winter of 1866 and 1867, and the housework sister Julia had charge of till she married, then Emma and I were in charge.

Prof. Hall taught in Eau Claire the year of 1867-68, so Emma and I, went to Amos Squire, (who taught in the Baptist church,) to school. However, in that year, Prof. Hall, and myself completed arrangements wherein I was to continue my schooling under his instructions the rest of my life, and we were married Aug. 13th, 1868, and left almost immediately for Eau Claire, where he taught that year.

My father and Emma were now alone. His eldest sister, who was single, stayed with them part of that winter. My father and Bro. Frank, visited me that winter in Eau Claire, but my father had decided to marry again, and in March 1869 was married to Aurelia Howe. They continued to live in Waterloo, she keeping a millinery shop, and he working in the machine shop. While we were on the farm, my father had made a dovetailing machine, which he used in making window blinds, with sister Emeline and myself for motive power. He perfected the machine, and got it patented in 1869, I think. The machine was a decided success. But like most inventors he realized but a little to what he should have had.

At the Vienna Exposition in 1873 "The medal of Progress" the "First medal of Rank" was awarded to the "Knapp machine" the only dovetailing machine for which this medal was given. At both the great Industrial Expositions, held in Cincinnati, in 1871 and 1872, the first premiums, "and the silver medals were awarded the Knapp machine over all competitors. Many testimonials were received, "recommending its work or beauty, strength and rapidity, doing the work of a dozen or fifteen men per day. It is far superior to hand work which can't be said of any dovetailing machine we have seen." "Samples of work by this machine, may be obtained

by addressing Knapp Dovetailing Machine Company, Northampton, Mass.

My father was no financier. If he had sold his patent, retaining a royalty, he would have had a good income the rest of his life. But he has left a lasting monument to his name, none can deprive him of. My stepmother had been injured by a pet cow, causing a cancer in her right side. Dr. Bennett of Waterloo cut it out twice, I think. They then sold their place in Waterloo, and moved to Wood Lake, Minn. She dying of the cancer at our home, Nov. 4th, 1885. Sister Emeline came from Jamestown, N. D., arriving the day before she died, also Bro. Frank's daughter, Hannah, who taught our school that winter.

After the funeral, my father and Emeline settled in the new town of Wood Lake, till June 30, 1890, when he died of pneumonia, and was buried in the Wood Lake Cemetery. I had been thrown from a buggy, and was unconscious of my father's death, two weeks from the time I was hurt, and of my brother Frank's visit at the time of the funeral. Brother Frank lost his wife Hannah in 1896, and after two years or more married Margaret Livingstone. He moved to St. Charles in 1909, and in July, 1910, moved to La Mesa, California, where he and Margaret, (Lillian, Carrie and Dallas, adopted children,) are at the present time, 1911, enjoying lemons and oranges from his own orchard, and several other kinds of fruits, also a fine garden of vegetables raised by himself since July."

Sister Julia and husband lived in Hanley Falls, Minn., several years, where he died of heart disease. He and several of the boys had taken claims in N. D., where Julia is at present (1911), with her two children, Leona, and Homer. Her P. O. address is Skermo, N. D.

DESCENDANTS OF THOMAS WRIGHT, MY GREAT GRANDFATHER.

He was born Dec. 25th, 1737, and married Martha Butler, Nov. 4th, 1767. Their children were Mary Wright, (my grandmother) born Aug. 3rd, 1768. Thomas Wright, junior, Aug. 26th, 1769. Moses W. born, Nov. 9th, 1770, John W May 23rd, 1779; Joseph, Mar. 31, 1774, Martha, Jan. 20th, 1776, Ebenezer, Oct. 31st, 1777; Hannah, Mar. 14, 1780, Chloe, Feb. 21st, 1782. Allen, Feb. 1784.

DESCENDANTS OF THE KNAPP'S.

Asa Knapp was born Sept. 29, 1767; died in 1807. Asa Knapp my grandfather was the son of Peter Knapp, and grandson of Peter Knapp (1791). Asa Knapp was married to Mary Wright, Mar. 9th, 1791. Mary W. Knapp, born in 1775, and died in 1845. Their children were, Asa K., Jr., born Apr. 17, 1792 and lived four years. Amanda K., born Jan. 30, 1796. Martha, Nov. 21st, 1797. Maria, Nov. 4th, 1799. Henry W. K. Feb. 22nd, 1802. Chas. Butler, K. Aug. 24th, 1805. Mary W. Knapp's second husband was David Raynesford. Their one daughter, Mary, was born Jan. 18 in 1811.

Chas. Butler Knapp and first wife, Catherine McIntyre's children were; Charles McI K., born Nov. 18th, 1834; Helen Margaret K. Sept. 18th, 1836; Francis W. K. Apr. 17th, 1838, Albert Duncan, Feb. 23rd, 1840; Henry Peter, Jan. 3, 1842; Chas. B. Knapp and second wife, Mary B. Walker Knapp's children were Julia Alvira May 27, 1846, Delia K., May 7th, 1848. Emma Leona, Jan. 17th, 1850, Emeline Ermina, Oct. 19th, 1851.

My mother, Mary Blake Walker K., and first husband Gardiner Walker's children were: Francis Marion, Nov. 20, 1840; Mary Ann., Mar. 8th, 1842; Fancis Marion had three children, Charlie; who died while a baby; Frank, who came

home from the Philippine war, and died, and daughter, Leonie.

The children of Frank W. and wife Hannah Knapp are Grace Martin Livingstone, Hannah Ellen Pfefferkorn; Albert Knapp, brother Frank's eldest son, died Aug. 24th, 1911. Catherine Hunt; Chas. Francis Knapp. Bro. Frank has eleven grand children or great grand children of Chas. B. Knapp. Frank has three adopted children: Lillian, Carrie and Dallas. Frank's second wife is Margaret Livingstone Knapp.

Julia A. Knapp was married to Samuel A. Squire Feb. 22nd, 1868.

Julia and husband were the parents of eleven children Harland Austin, born Feb. 15th, 1869; died at 6 months and two weeks.

Helen Irene, born, July 11, 1870.

Chas. Austin, born Jan. 16th, 1872.

Mary Genevieve, Dec. 24th, 1873.

Francis Howard, born Nov. 2nd, 1875.

Royal Adee, born Oct. 2nd, 1877.

Samuel Barnum, Aug. 24th, 1879.

Ernest Porter, Sept. 2nd, 1881.

Leona Elaine, was born May 21st, 1884.

Homer Squire was born July 13th, 1886.

Florence Percy was born May 8th, 1890.

Mr. and Mrs. Squire have five grand children.

THE WILLIAMS FAMILY.

My father, Chas. B. Knapp had a sister, Martha that was called "Aunt Patty." She was quite a small woman. Was carried quite a distance by the wind at one time.

I have been well acquainted with two of her children. Edward and family lived twelve miles from my father's, and the greatest treat we children could have would be to make a visit at their home once or twice a year; Cousin Lucia was a

lovely character. They had three children, Whitman, Erwin and Helen. Edward's brother, William, lived in Oriska, North Dakota in 1904, when Mr. Hall and I visited them, on our home trip from St. Louis fair, his wife had been buried but two days when we reached there some time in August. He and his daughter, Amie were alone. A son, Irá, was married and was living elsewhere; Cousin William, gave me the following account of his ancestors.

His great grandfather, was David Williams, and great grandmother, Amia Whitman Williams; his grandfather was John Williams, and grandmother's name was Sarah Stark. W. daughter of Obediah and Mahetable Stark. Mametable being a daughter of John Starks, of Revolutionary fame; His grandfather, John W. was born Mar. 12, 1859. His grandmother, Sarah S. W. Sept. 8, 1760. They were married Dec. 1st, 1779,

Their children were:

Amie, born Sept. 24th, 1784.

Sarah born Sept 9th, 1787.

Caroline born Nov. 15th, 1790.

Polly born July 30th, 1792.

John Whitman, (my cousin's father), was born Aug. 17th, 1795.

Lucinda, born Nov. 1st, 1799.

Henry born Jan. 11th, 1802.

John Williams, (the grand father), was one of Gen. Washington's body guard, during the Revolutionary war, and cousin Williams, Grand Uncle Solomon, was a lieutenant in the army; another grand uncle was a common soldier in the war of '76, and one of the three soldiers, that captured Major Andre.

Cousin Wm. remembers seeing his grandfather, and two grand uncles, David and Solomon, the last time he visited at his grandfather's house in Rome, Onieda Co., N. Y. Also

remembers, while they lived in Norfolk, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., his father being an officer in a military Co. (that met quite often for practice) that when on parade his father wore the officer's suit, that his grandfather wore while in the army, as Washington's body guard—the suit was blue trimmed with yellow. Frock coat, with epaulettes on the shoulders, coat sleeves, and pants legs trimmed with yellow braid.

Cap with stiff brim, and a plume of different colors. Fine sash and sword, "and the children were taught that these accoutrements belonged to and was worn by their grandfather, John Williams, while in the army under Geo. Washington."

John Whitman Williams died Aug. 13th, 1847. and is buried in the Orangeville cemetery, Barry Co., Mich.

Martha Knapp Williams, died Apr. 22nd, 1872. and is buried beside her husband, Rev. John W. Williams.

Cousin Wm. has given me a number of items and dates, in regard to our family history that I could not get elsewhere.

LEONA HALL.