

KINGMAN FAMILY HISTORY

Lewis Kingman



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS members and Sloan Foundation

LEWIS KINGMAN

TO HIS CHILDREN
WITH A

FAMILY HISTORY

THEIR SETTLEMENT IN
PLYMOUTH COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS

TOGETHER WITH
ALICE NEWMAN'S ANCESTRY

THE LIFE OF A CIVIL ENGINEER.
FORTY-FIVE YEARS AT THE FRONT

BOSTON TO CALIFORNIA
AND DENVER TO MEXICO

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS

IMPRENTA DE HULL, MEXICO, D. F.

1907

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my children and future generations who may look back to me as an ancestor in the chain connecting the past to the future. Hoping that it may prove helpful and encouraging to those toiling on their way, and that all of the future links may be strong and enduring, abounding in Hope, Faith and Love, I am, yours sincerely,

LEWIS KINGMAN.

QUOTATIONS.

Miss Caroline Hazard, President of Wellesley College, spoke at a Massachusetts Club meeting of the benefit of individuals interesting themselves in the history of their own families, in the past of their own section of the country, in gathering and recording the happenings of their own lives, in stories of pioneer life, struggles with the Indians, in the hard labor and stress which helped to win this great continent. It is a splendid work and needs commendation.

The great Daniel Webster, who was a leader of opinion in his day said, "those who do not look upon themselves as a link connecting the past with the future do not perform their duty to the world."

FROM SIMPLE LIFE.

"To give up the ancestral hearth, to let the family traditions be forgotten, to abandon the simple domestic customs, for whatever return, is to make a fool's bargain." "Destroy the assemblage of memories whence emanates from each home an atmosphere of its own and you dry up the sources of character and sap the strength of public spirit and patriotism."

CHAPTER I.
LETTER TO MY CHILDREN.

City of Mexico, December 25, 1907.

To My Children:

Greeting. It is with much interest that I have watched you slowly grow and develop from infancy to the present time. You looked to your mother for her tender care and loving attention. Your father has ever been on the alert to guard and protect you, and to provide the necessary food and clothing, and now that you are old enough to realize your surroundings he hopes you will find your places in the world and become true men and women, trusted and respected for your inherent worth and usefulness.

This world of ours is very much as we make it. Our eyes behold the light, and it is good. We breath the air, and life is ours. We enjoy all creation, we appreciate it, and give thanks to Omnipotence.

The world is ours, and the fullness thereof; yet we must share it with others. We must recognize the Golden rule. Society does not owe us a living, but offers every inducement to help us along. First class men and women are being sought out and looked for; the supply is limited; places are multiplying and the reward is sure. You must come forward and offer to help where you can do the most good. You must assert yourself and be somebody. Stand up and be men; let your light shine and your talents be seen. Where there is a determined effort one can accomplish almost anything. Everything comes to the man who waits and works. You can be whatever you undertake to be and for this reason you should have a high ideal and then never once give up or become discouraged; develop your

will power, watch and see it grow, Govern yourself; your appetite and passions; stick close to your calling; do not hesitate, but advance step by step, be thorough; climb; persevere and conquer, don't antagonize those around you but help them and they will help you; be kind and neighborly but always keep your eye on the main chance, don't let associates deter you, press forward resolutely and then success and the world will be yours. You should aspire to do and act in a way that will keep you good and pure. Try and rise above your fellows and be better than they.

Don't fret; don't pout or sulk; don't quarrel; don't waste your time but press steadily forward and become more and more worthy of confidence and esteem. You will have to learn to obey and respect those above you; give them loyal, zealous service, and work in earnest for the cause you enlist in.

All men may have been born equal; but zeal, perseverance, honesty of purpose, stability of character and truthfulness separate you from the crowd, and distinguish the men and women who are imbued with these qualities, life becomes worth living and the world is seen at its best, and you become marked men; you are successful as soon as your character is established.

Knowledge is desirable and all your talents should be made use of and improved. The mind must be active, the memory attentive and retentive, steady work is required intelligently directed, intellectual capacity needs the moral support of character, and when thus mated becomes effective. Character, and an abiding enduring faith in the Eternal Omnipotent Being whose laws are just and true, whose love has been taught us by Christ, leads us to work and trust the outcome to Him who doeth all things well. Educate and improve the heart as well as the head, and your character as well as your intellect, be a man, manly in all things, just and kind; a woman, womanly pure and lovely. Be strictly honest at all times; don't be tempted to deviate from this rule; be honest for the love of honesty, truth and uprightness.

Be careful of little things; be neat and tidy; keep clean and comfortable; clothes should fit well and be of good quality,

neat shoes and stockings are essential to man or woman; be scrupulously careful to keep your clothes and footwear in neat order and clean.

Guard well your purse and buy with care and discretion, remembering that cents make the dollars and little things make up the life. Make your labor count; get all it is worth if you can, but don't join any labor union or other body of men to hold up your employer; exercise your own tact and individual persuasiveness, and keep out of entanglements usual to the mobs of confederated labor.

Lay by something for a rainy day; when you are prosperous save for the day of adversity that you may rejoice. Life insurance is a good investment; better get small policies so that you do not have to surrender all in time of want. Waste not your substance on hoboes or tramps and other worthless people; at the same time remember that a little spent on the deserving poor has its reward. Don't give because other people do, but know that your money will be well spent before giving to anything or anybody. Learn well the value of money; size it up, see what it will do for you, see what it can earn in a thousand different ways; it is a good servant but may be a cruel master; your duty to yourself and your family should restrain you from throwing it away; it represents time and your life, while it is admissible for you to live for others yet you must be responsible for the life you live for them.

The average human being is hogish and would make away with your pearls as though they cost you no effort.

The finances of the world are manipulated so that the sheep are shorn at the will of the operator; it is always best not to invest in the other fellow's well laid game; he has figured it all out and has the inducements ready to take you in.

When you are ready to invest get into an honest crowd, if you have discernment enough to take you there.

You may always find good, safe investments sure to bring in a good income; the sooner you learn to form a reliable judgment as to the value of things, the better, even in small transactions.

Always make it a rule to get full value for the money you pay out, and when you sell make a profit if you can.

Work, earn and save, that you may invest and enjoy a competency; this is well and right. You enhance your power for doing good and increase your usefulness thereby.

Don't smoke! don't drink! don't gamble! don't loaf! don't lie or swear! Be good; be temperate; be honest; be saving, and let charity begin at home. Don't take short cuts to wealth; better take the sure way, although sometimes a little slow. Remember, that a little interest money coming in helps along wonderfully, and eases the burdens of a family; sometimes when it has to be paid it requires a persevering effort and the lopping off of some luxuries. Try and keep out of debt; live on less than your income, however small. Learn to be cheerful, agreeable and contented with your lot under all circumstances, and help those about you to be happy and appreciative. An agreement between brothers not to sign a note, bond or other surety without the other's consent in writing often deters one from hastily doing that he ought not to; saves sleepless nights, aids digestion, and sometimes avoids financial wreck and ruin.

It is by eternal vigilance that one saves his own; if your friends entice you tell them to go to the surety companies whose business it is to do such things. Don't put it in the power of any one to ruin you; stand by yourself on your own merits; keep faith with God and man; trust your own ability to bring you through to the final goal.

The crowd is poor, ignorant, selfish and lazy; sometimes sick and tired.

They are disposed to disregard the rights of others—they have nothing; they would absorb you and yours; they would kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Money earned by hard work is appreciated. You should not risk your life for liberal pay; it is better to keep one's health and earn less. Live in a healthy climate and among congenial, good people, if it is possible to do so, remembering that a man is judged by the company he keeps. The poverty of large cities should be avoided. Young men are apt to take too many hazardous chances; better be conservative and make sure investments.

The experiences of life are educators, and if properly considered may do you good. Mother used to tell me, "if at first you do not succeed, try, try, try again," and these words oft repeated have rung in my ears years afterwards when thousands of miles from the mother I loved. Don't be a coward; first be sure you are right; try diplomacy, moral suasion, personal tact and discernment, then when you have done all that is possible to avoid a quarrel, stand up to the racket, though you get the worst of it. A coward is a low-down despised creature and usually gets the tail end of everything going.

Leave a drunken man severly alone, have nothing to do with him, flee and run away as you would from a falling building.

Be patriotic! but don't worship brass buttons—they never made a statesman. Listen to the preachers, and take their precepts to heart, and note whether they practice what they preach; don't swallow all they say without carefully considering whether it is good..

Always be diplomatic and keep some common sense with you: it often becomes useful and is far superior to nonsense.

Don't talk until you have something to say worth saying. Consider well, let the mind work freely, but let the tongue be under full control at all times and places: it will save you much vexation and humiliation if you train yourselves to speak after the subject has been thought out and you know exactly what you want to say.

Keep good company or none at all. Don't pay much for a good time. Don't pay much to be in society. Don't pay much for seats in high places: remember that should you fall it is better for many reasons to be on the ground floor, then people do not have to waste any sympathy on you.

Be on earth what good people hope and desire to be in heaven. Seek pleasure in action and not in idleness. Expect no reward for goodness but in goodness itself. Expect present punishment for all errors committed; Hades is an unknown quantity.

Let your goodness be simple, the natural outcome of your

character. If you do a wrong, acknowledge it before the sun sets, that its effect may be checked.

Cling with all your might to your highest ideals and let your ideals grow. Associate with the best and noblest about you, read the best books, live with the best and truest, when you can, but learn to be happy by yourself. Learn to study character and discover great and noble men and heroes among those about you.

If others despise you keep on your even way but be sure you are right. Your worth consists in what you are, not in what you have. What you are will show in what you do.

Wear no placards in front or on your back, make no loud pretensions. Never be satisfied until you understand the aim of your life and the object in living. Then make the most of it.

A contented, cheerful, even appreciative, healthy spirit, with wholesome food, plenty of outdoor exercise, fresh air day and night, with cleanliness, satisfies the bodily wants, and these with a conscience void of offence. A constant regard for eternal truth and honesty of purpose will give you the very best results.

With these words I rest; I wish that you could benefit by my experiences, I can do no more than hope and leave you in His care Who doeth all things well.

CHAPTER II.

BRIDGEWATER—ITS SETTLEMENT—LIST OF ORIGINAL
PROPRIETORS—NEIGHBORHOOD—
OLD HOUSES—WIND-MILL—SAW-MILL—OCCUPATIONS—
INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

Bridgewater, previous to its settlement by the whites, was occupied by Indians; their trails ran all over the country used in hunting and fishing and going from one camp to another; they raised considerable corn and lived where they could take care of it and still go hunting and fishing. The first white people from Plymouth and Duxbury constructed a wear to catch herring that came up from the Taunton river at a place they called Satucket; they showed the Indians how to do a wholesale business; the fish were good and in demand.

Marshfield had been cut off from Duxbury in 1640 and many of the citizens felt that they had not been treated fairly and made their complaints heard at Plymouth and persisted in them until the Old Colony court in 1645 granted fifty-four of their citizens a tract of land at Satucket. Capt. Miles Standish, John Alden, George Soule, Constant Southworth, John Rogers and William Brett were made trustees until the land should be properly divided. They had to buy the land from the Indians, which they did on the 23rd of March, 1649. The deed called for seven miles each way from the fish wear at Satucket, and they paid the Indians seven coats, nine hatchets, eight hoes, twenty knives, four moose skins, and ten yards of cotton cloth. A fairly good trade. The deed was signed by Miles Standish, Samuel Nash and Constant Southworth for the Citizens and by Ousamequin, a sub chief, on the part of the Indians, and witnessed by John Bradford and William Otway.

The following is a list of the original Proprietors of Bridgewater, Mass.

1 John Alden *	13 William Collier	25 John Irish
2 John Ames *	14 Philip Delano	26 James Lendell
3 William Bradford	15 Samuel Eaton	27 Soloman Leonard
4 John Bradford	16 John Fobes *	28 Experience Mitchell*
5 William Brett *	17 William Ford	29 William Merrick
6 Love Brewster	18 Thomas Gannett	30 Samuel Nash
7 William Bassett	19 Thomas Hayward	31 John Paybody
8 John Brown	20 John Howard *	32 William Paybody
9 Thomas Bonney	21 Henry Howland	33 Ralph Partridge
10 John Cary *	22 Edmond Hunt	34 George Partridge *
11 William Clark	23 Arthur Harris	35 Abraham Pierce
12 Edmond Chandler	24 Edward Hall	36 John Rogers

37 Nicholas Robbins	43 Moses Simmons *	49 John Washburn Jr. *
38 Constant Southworth	44 John Starr	50 Christopher Wadsworth
39 Francis Sprague	45 Henry Sampson	51 John Willis *
40 Miles Standish	46 Samuel Tompkins	52 Nathaniel Willis
41 Abraham Sampson	47 William Tubbs	53 Francis West
42 George Soule	48 John Washburn *	54 Edmond Weston

To these fifty-four shares the proprietors, about twenty years later, or after the settlement of the Reverend James Keith, in 1664, as their Pastor; unanimously voted one share to him and one to Deacon Samuel Edson who had constructed a grist mill and saved them from long journeys to Taunton to get their grist ground.

These first settlers had six acre lots placed along Town river and built their houses and homes. In 1650 they erected a stockade on the south side of the river for protection against the Indians.

The people were a part of Duxbury until June, 1656, when the Old Colony Court set them off by themselves and named the place Bridgewater.

John Ames and Elizabeth Hayward were married in 1645 and lived in Duxbury until 1650, when they settled in Old Bridgewater. Their nephew John of Braintree, came to them with his family in 1672 and received most of the property of his uncle who had no children.

Samuel Packard and his family settled in Old Bridgewater previous to 1664, as that year he served as Constable for the Town.

Samuel Edson and his family are said by Historian Mitchell to have been among the first settlers in the Town but the year is not definitely stated.

John Kingman, his wife and six children, came from Weymouth and settled in old Bridgewater in 1685; he bought the Daniel Bacon Place and sixty years ago it was owned and known as the Caleb Kingman place. I do not know who owns it now. John Kingman's son Henry married Bethia Howard and they lived in the old town and probably inherited the

* Of the 56 Proprietors above named thirteen were my forefathers-Nos 1-2-5-10-16-20-28-34-43-48-51--James Keith and Samuel Edson.

property of John Kingman and reared a family of ten children. Their son Henry, born in 1701, concluded to leave the Ancestral home; he went north by east about four miles along a well used Indian trail where it kept east of and parallel to Salisbury brook. There were occasional openings where he could look down the slope, and across the beautiful valley there was some pretty good land, some fine oak timber and a first rate chance for hard work and a display of tact and perseverance. He located about a mile from the center of Brockton on what is now Summer Street; there was a small brook that crossed the road south of his house that drained the swamp a half mile east of his house where he watered his stock, and where I can remember they used to drive down their animals to water, and where grandfather when very old fell off his horse and was seriously hurt. Fifty years ago this was called the Seth Kingman place. Henry Kingman came here in 1725 and was splitting fence rails when he nearly cut off one leg; the doctor wanted to amputate it but he would not consent to that. He saved his leg in spite of the doctor; it knitted together and healed, so that he was afterwards an officer in the army against the French and Indians with two good legs. He finished his fencing and built his house ready to receive his wife: when he married Mary daughter of Samuel Allen in 1726.

They had four children: Mary, Jane, Matthew and Henry. Mary, his wife, died and he married Abigail, widow of Seth Copeland and daughter of Thomas White of Braintree, and they had five children: Abigail, Anne, Seth, Benjamin and Submit. The home was left to Seth and his family and later to Seth's son Benjamin, who owned the most of it in my younger days.

Henry Kingman's oldest son, Matthew, born in 1731, when he got to be of age, selected a home-site about a quarter of a mile north of his father's place on Summer Street, on the east or same side of the road as his father, and cleared and fenced a suitable piece of land and got his house in order and married Jane Packard in 1755: in this house they raised a family of eleven children: Simon, Mary, Eunice, Hannah, Harmony, Jane, Martha, Abel, Henry, Eliphilet, Keziah. The homestead

fell to my grandfather, with the stipulation that he should take care of aunt Hanna, a spinster who had some other resources.

Eliphalet Kingman raised a family of seven children: Lucius, Matthew, Adeline, Isaac, Davis, Lueia, and Eliphalet Jr., in the same old house.

When my father was married in 1844 he moved into the old house; grandfather had completed a new one for himself located a few hundred feet south of his old one, so I had the good fortune to have been born in the same old house in which my grandfather and father had been born in. Father, rather than to fix up the old house, built a new house, moving about six hundred feet north of the old house where I was born.

Abel Kingman, grandfather's brother, went over about three fourths of a mile northeast of grandfather's old house and built him one: he was married in 1792 and it is probable the house was built then. The house is still standing and occupied.

I have given these particulars in regard to the old places where the Kingmans resided for many years as they are interesting to me and may be to some of you. Father's new house was built on what was called windmill hill. I myself have seen one of the old mill-stones by the side of the road wall and inside the field when a boy. The house had a commanding view of all the country except to the east and southeast; the Salsbury valley was particularly fine, with its green meadows, the meandering brook, and the rising slope of the plain on the other side, where they told the story of grandfather yoking one of his rantankerous cows with an old steady ox and making her plow. They said grandfather could go over to the plain and call gently to one of his boys at the house and make him hear, though a mile away. I am inclined to think the boys had better ears then than now; I remember the meadow with its summer haying, the swimming and fishing, the ten o'clock lunches those long summer days, the old cedar rundlet, and all the good old times when youth was full of hope and enjoyment.

Matthew Kingman, born in 1732, married in 1755 and lived to be 77 years old; he died in 1809. In the prime of life he

associated himself with some of the enterprising neighbors and built a mill, since called Sprague's Factory. This mill at times was a saw-mill and a grist-mill combined; Grandfather Eli-phalet and his brother Abel owned the mill for quite a long time; grandfather did the sawing of ship timber; his brother was a wheel-wright. Grandfather bought oak logs from every direction, sawed them into ship timber and had his boys deliver to ship builders at Scituate, Duxbury, or along the south shore where there was any call for it. He sometimes got out knees to be used in the keel of ships; these brought an extra good price and the oak timber of Bridgewater was celebrated for its toughness.

Near where this mill was located there had been an Iron Furnace operated, many years, as we find in the records.

When the first church was built in the North Parish in 1739 those who contributed labor and material above what their assessment called for were to get the balance in charcoal iron at the furnace or forge the next fall, or furnish labor to square up their accounts. The forge or furnace was about the only institution that received any money and it was made a sort of clearing house for the town.

My great grandfather Matthew, and his father Henry, worked some bog iron deposits in the west shares. I went to the place once when a boy and I was very much surprised at the extent of the mine and the amount of stone moved.

In those days nearly every farmer's boy was a blacksmith and made nails; they got the iron at the forge and worked it up winter evenings and spare time when they could not work out doors; the people were poor and had not many ways to make ready money.

In 1727, the year after Henry Kingman was married, there was a succession of earthquakes that lasted several days, felt all over New England.

In 1748 crops were a failure, corn sold for thirty-two shillings a bushel, rye, wheat and flour in proportion.

In 1749, when Matthew Kingman was 17 years old, they

had a drought so bad that the last of May the pastures were all dried up; crops were a total failure. Hay had to be brought from England to save what little stock they had. Many of the streams, wells and springs went dry. The summer of 1755, the year grandfather Matthew Kingman was married, was very dry and hot and they had an earthquake again that year so hard as to throw down some of the chimneys in Boston. The year 1769 was remarkable for the number of wild pigeons that flew by. These flights were quite common in those days. I have seen them in Pennsylvania and in Missouri but never in New England.

CHAPTER III.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING AND EXPERIENCES

DEACON OF THE 1st. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF TOPEKA
FOR FOUR YEARS.

MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE UNION
CHURCH IN MEXICO FOR ABOUT 10 YEARS.

RELIGIONS TRAINING AND EXPERIENCE.

My father and mother, grandfather and grandmother Kingman, were members of the Porter Congregational Church, of North Bridgewater, Mass. They were firm believers in the bible and I was early taught the Westminister catechism and sent to Sunday school. In those days we went to hear the preacher at 10.30 A.M. and at 2.00 P.M., with Sunday school at 12 M., and an evening service at 7.00 P.M. Sermons lasted an hour or more; the elder, hard worked people had good, long comfortable naps; you could see the heads bobbing up and down and sometimes their mouths would fly open.

The preacher would divide his subjects into parts and when he came to seventh and lastly, the sleepy ones would revive and wake up and hear the last song in long meter and join in the Doxology. There was more thankfulness expressed in the upturned faces at the close than was usual at any other time. We lived more than a mile away from the Church and carried a lunch in our pockets and ate it after Sunday school as there was not time enough to go home and get back again.

We had supper about 4.00 o'clock in the afternoon; in winter, roast potatoes, bread and butter and cold meat; in summer, a cold lunch.

In summer, father unharnessed the horse in front of the house under the shade of a locust tree; we children would sit there in the carriage and play or read, and some of the neighbors said we were wicked children. We were brought up to reverence holy day, perhaps not as strictly as some of the neighbors. In 1861, while at Hunt's Academy, there was a quiet interest in religious matters, started in a circle of four or five boys and girls. It was spontaneous and had the effect to induce William Eddy and myself to join the Porter Church; we were the only ones at that time. I think it was in the latter

months of 1861. This church was as progressive and up to date as any in town. They always had a good pastor and a good choir, a good organ and good music. As I left home in June, 1863, I was away most of the time after that, and as you will see by the record I was at no time long in one place.

I joined the 1st Congregational Church at Topeka, Kansas, in 1886 by letter from the Porter Church. I did not see the letter but it served its purpose; I was admitted by the Topeka Brethren, I had been absent 23 years from my home church. In 1890 I was elected one of the Deacons of the first Church, Topeka, and held the office about four years.

I came to Mexico in 1894; we attended different congregations at first and in 1896 joined the Union Evangelical Church, and the following year I was elected one of the Executive Committee, to which place I have been re-elected every year for about 10 years.

The union Church is composed of English speaking people; it was organized by John W. Foster and a few others in 1871 and has prospered ever since.

I have said that father and grandfather were firm believers in the Bible. I think they accepted every word as true.

One of the first discussions on creation in our family was when I was five or six years old. Mother thought that as the Bible said the world was created in six days that settled the question and there was no use in discussing it any further; and then there was the Commandment, "six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work and rest on the seventh," even as the Lord had done after he had created the universe.

This controversy remains with us, although there are probably very few people who believe that version of the creation, and there are many who do not believe that the creator rested the seventh day; and that is not considered a very strong reason for the observance of the Sabbath. The Bible was written by men and they wrote the best they had in their day and generation. There are better reasons now for observing the Sabbath day.

My father did not like Milton; he thought he had given the world a wrong conception of heavenly things.

The New England people took especial delight in reading and referring to the old Testament and many named their children after the ancient historical characters.

The new Testament is good. Paul's writings are most excellent; Christ's teachings and precepts are the best we have, and they are safe and sure principals and conform with the truth in every respect. Obey them and aspire to be like him and you get nearer the great Omnipotent principal of all things than in any other way.

Faith is believing and trusting in the loving care of our Heavenly Father. Christ's teachings give us our only hope of a continued life hereafter. The Westminister Catechism has served its day. I do not think we need it any more; it was a cold, heartless invention—the product of a severe and exacting conglomeration of religious adherents.

The fear of fire and brimstone and the burning lake, the talk about the devil catching the bad boys, never made many appreciative Christians; it did not tend to encourage the better element in their character.

Good health, a liking for children and humanity, just dealing in all and little things, moral snasion, tact, talent and ability, cheerfulness, personal uprightness, perseverance and steadfastness of purpose, blended and rightly directed, are the best qualifications for a parent and teacher; with these attributes the best elements of character in the child and pupil are drawn out and developed; there is a mutual bond of good will and sympathy; good discipline becomes a habit and the duties of the child and teacher become pleasant and agreeable.

CHAPTER IV.
GENEOLOGY OF THE KINGMAN FAMILY.

We are very much indebted to Nahum Mitchell for his "History of Bridgewater and Family Register," published in 1840. He was well fitted for the work, being a graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1789 with John Quincy Adams He read law in the office of John Davis, and practiced in East Bridgewater as early as 1792. From 1811 to 1819 he was Justice of the Common Pleas Court, and from 1819 to 1821 was Chief Justice of the same Court. He was representative of Bridgewater to the Legislature at Boston for seven years, and was elected to Congress at Washington for two years, from 1803 to 1805. He was a member of the Governor's Council from 1814 to 1820 inclusive, and treasurer of the state of Massachusetts for five years, from 1822 to 1827. He was elected representative to the Legislature from Boston two years, 1839 and 1840; was for some years librarian and treasurer of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and for several years was President of the Plymouth County Bible Soeity.

Nahum Mitchell was a descendant of Experience Mitehell, four generations removed, and Governor William Bradford of Plymouth Colony was his grandfather, four generations removed. Edward Mitchell, who commanded the 3rd. Regiment of Plymouth County soldiers during the Revolutionary War, was his own grandfather.

Nahum Mitchell was born in 1769. He died on the 1st. of August, 1853, at Plymouth, Mass., aged 84 years, loved, honored and esteemed.

We are not directly related to Nahum Mitehell, but as we are descended from Experience and Constant Mitehell his ancestors, through three separate lines of our family, we may well be proud of so grand a man as Nahum Mitehell proved to be. Experience and his sister came over with the forefathers in the ship Ann in the year 1623.

Our ancestors came from England during the troublesome times preceding Cromwell's Protectorate. Events and circumstances were fomenting a change; the time was near at hand, there was a dark and threatening cloud; the Pilgrims

and their friends could see no ray of hope, and they chose to leave their native land and try to do better in the new country. There was a pressure beyond endurance which brought about changes sooner than they expected, and England vibrated from one extreme to the other several times before coming to rest. The events made Cromwell, and he helped conditions that revolutionized the Anglo-Saxon race.

Henry Kingman was born in 1592; he was probably married in 1617 to Joanna. He had Edward in 1619, Joanna in 1624 Anne in 1626, Thomas in 1628, John in 1633, and another daughter later, name not recorded. They sailed from Weymouth in Dorsetshire, England, on the 20th of March and landed at Boston, May 6th, 1635. They had a servant named John Ford, 30 years of age, who came with them to America.

We do not know whether Edward married or not. Thomas married a girl named Rebeca and had five children. John married Elizabeth, Joanna married Thomas Holbrook, Annie married Robert Davis of Barnstable, the other daughter married a Barnard. The Holbrook family are numerous in Randolph and the Davis family are prominent in Plymouth.

The Kingmans settled at Weymouth, a place thirteen miles from Boston and fifteen from Bridgewater, on a river wide and shallow at its mouth and subject to the ebb and flow of the tides. There were two or three miles of level or smooth country back from the shore, then some rounded grassy hills without timber or brush. There was a Church organized there and Reverend Thomas Thatcher was ordained Pastor January 2nd, 1645. He must have been a good pastor for he was called to the old south church in Boston February 16, 1670.

This grandfather Henry, built a commodious house and obtained a license to keep a tavern; then to facilitate travel he got a charter to operate a ferry on the road from Boston to Hingham, Scituate, Marshfield, Duxbury and Plymouth.

History does not record the quality of the pumpkin pies Grandmother Joanna made or the flavor of the mulled beer served at the tavern, neither do we know much about the ferry at night or early in the morning for belated or early people impatient to cross.

Henry Kingman was given the rights of citizenship in 1636, soon after he settled, and the place was called Weymouth, after old Weymouth in England. He was appointed a grand juror in 1637, and on a committee to lay out some highways in 1649. He was elected to the general court in 1638 and again in 1652. Joanna, his wife, died in 1659, and he died in 1666, aged 74 years; they were undoubtedly buried at or near Weymouth.

One of the most interesting events of my early days was a visit to Scituate to go a fishing; I was so much interested I could not sleep a wink all night. We started at three in the morning. Father, Jesse Paekard and his two sons and I, rode in our carriage; arriving at Scituate at about six we engaged a sail boat at the hotel and waited a little for a skipper and finally engaged one, who happened to be father's cousin James Edson, uncle Barny's son. We went out and fished but got no bites and then put in the time sailing; we went north to Minots Ledge Light House, opposite Weymouth, then South to Scituate, so that I saw the shore from outside from Boston Harbor to Duxbury. I enjoyed it immensely; it was fine. This was probably in the year 1854 or 1855.

I went to Weymouth in 1860 with sister Lucia; we went for a ride and to see the ocean; we climbed up one of the moraines, a hill in sight of the shore. We could see the ocean from Boston, south towards Scituate. Minots ledge light-house and all the shipping going in and coming out of Boston harbor. The white sails in the morning sunlight, the steamers with the clouds of black smoke trailing after, the smaller craft making up in numbers what they lacked in size, the improvements several miles inland, along the shore, a beautiful foreground: all made an impression I have never forgotten and one of the pleasantest recollections of my life.

On another occasion I went clamming with a neighbor to the Weymouth shore. We got about four bushels of clams. The shore is a little sandy, the hills are those rounded washed moraines with enough soil to grass them over and make them very pretty; there is a marked absence of trees and brush that we find a few miles further inland.

We are directly interested in John Kingman, 2, born in 1633, Henry's third son, who represents our line of the family.

He married a girl named Elizabeth, probably in 1662; they had seven children: John, born in 1664, Henry in 1668, Samuel in 1670, Elizabeth in 1673, Deliverance in 1676, Susanna in 1679, and a daughter whose name is not recorded. These children married as follows.

John married Desire, daughter of Isaac Harris.

Henry, 3, married Bethia, daughter of John Howard; (These are our direct line.) Samuel married Mary, daughter of Jacob Mitchell and Susanna Pope, who were killed by the Indians near Fairhaven in June 1675, at the first breaking out of King Philips war.

Elizabeth Kingman married Thomas Mitchell, brother of Mary Mitchell.

Deliverance Kingman married Jacob Mitchell, a brother of Mary Mitchell.

It is worthy of note that Mary Mitchell and her two brothers were married into the Kingman family on the same day early in 1696.

Susanna married Captain Chilton Latham in 1699.

The other daughter married Nathaniel Paekard.

The family lived in Weymouth until 1685, after the children were all born, they then moved to old or West Bridgewater and bought the Daniel Bacon place in a very pretty homelike locality, with fairly good soil, which paid for the labor expended upon it. John Kingman, the father of this family, died in 1690, aged 57 years.

Henry Kingman, born in 1668, son of John, the first in Bridgewater, married Bethia Howard, daughter of John Howard, the tavern keeper. They had ten children as follows: Bethia born in 1693, Elizabeth in 1695, Sarah in 1697, Martha in 1699, Henry in 1701, Keziah in 1703, Hannah in 1705, Jonathan in 1708, Anne in 1710, and Mary in 1713. We are interested in Henry of this family, as of the direct line.

Henry Kingman, 4, born in 1701, son of Henry Kingman and Bethia Howard, married Mary, daughter of Samuel Allen

in 1726, and had four children as follows. Mary born in 1727, Jane in 1729, Matthew in 1731, and Henry in 1735. Mary Allen, his wife, died in 1740; he then married Abigail Copeland, widow of Seth Copeland and daughter of Thomas White, of Braintree, Mass. By this marriage they had five children, as follows: Abigail in 1749, Annie in 1752, Seth in 1757, Benjamin in 1760, and Submit later. Henry Kingman, the father of this family, settled on the Seth Kingman place in 1725. This is on Summer street, Brockton, about one-half mile south of my father's house. He died in 1775 aged 74 years; he died the year my grandfather Eliphalet was born.

We are directly interested in Matthew, as direct in our line. He was my great-grandfather.

Henry Kingman born in 1735 was a brother of Mathew Kingman, my great-grandfather. He married Mary Keyser in 1761; they never had any children. He was a lieutenant in several military organizations and served in the Revolutionary war. He died March 30th, 1830, aged 96 years. His wife died May 3rd, 1811, aged 82 years. They owned a good farm near the Hezekiah Packard place, Brockton. They are buried in the Thompson cemetery and their graves and the stones are in good preservation.

Matthew Kingman, 5, born 1731, son of Henry Kingman and Mary Allen, married Jane, daughter of David Packard and Hannah Ames, daughter of John Ames, in 1755. They had eleven children, as follows: Simeon born in 1756, Mary in 1757, Eunice in 1760, Hannah in 1761, Harmony in 1762, Jane in 1764, Martha in 1766, Abel in 1768, Henry in 1770, Eliphalet in 1775, Keziah in 1777. The father of this family died in 1809, aged 79 years; the mother died Feb. 11, 1822 aged 88 years.

This family of children married as follows: Simeon married Rebecca Freeman in 1778, and settled on Cape Cod. Mary married Charles Snell April 16, 1778. Eunice married Perez Southworth Sept. 26th, 1780. Hannah, unmarried. Harmony married Joel Packard, of Fairhaven, a sea captain.

Jane married Micha Shaw, November 19, 1793.

Martha married Capt. Thomas Thomson in 1792. Abel married, first, Lucy Washburn, second, Betsy Manly, third,

Fanny Padleford. Henry married Anne Bryant January 16th, 1792. Eliphalet married Zilpha Edson. Keziah married Cyrus Packard February 1, 1822. We are directly interested in Eliphalet, my grandfather.

Eliphalet Kingman 6. born February 18th, 1775. Son of Matthew Kingman and Jane Packard, daughter of David Packard and Hannah Ames; married Zilpha Edson, daughter of Josiah Edson and Reliance Fuller, November 27th, 1801, on Thanksgiving day. They had seven children:

Lucius, born January 23, 1803.

Matthew, born February 24th, 1807.

Adeline, born October 2nd, 1809.

Isaac, born December 12th, 1811.

Davis, born February 27th, 1814.

Lucia, born September 14, 1816.

Eliphalet, born February 18th, 1821.

The mother died March 31, 1853, aged 75 years. The father died October 30th, 1856, aged 81 years.

Lucius, son of Eliphalet, married Lueia Holmes, daughter of Colonel Charles Holmes, of Kingston, Mass., November 17th, 1835. They had two children Lucius, born September 11th, 1839, and Eugene, born August 8th, 1843.

His wife died November 21, 1845, and he married Lucy, _____, and they had one child, a daughter, Lueia Maria. Lucius Kingman, the father, died 1880, the second wife died some years before.

Matthew Kingman, born Feb., 24, 1807, son of Eliphalet and Zilpha Edson, married Maria Norton, daughter of Noah Norton. They had one child who died young; the wife died Feb. 18th, 1851. He then married Catherine Phelps, daughter of deacon Roger Phelps, of Windsor, Connecticut, March 11, 1852. They had five children: Maria Norton, born Dec. 14th, 1852, Catherine Phelps, born October 14th, 1854, Sarah Norton, born October 5th, 1856 Roger Phelps, born April 19th, 1859, died in 1861, Morris Bird, born _____.

The father died in 189_____. The mother I think is still living.

Adeline, daughter of Eliphalet and Zilpha Edson, born October 2, 1809, married Isaac Harris, son of John Harris, May 18, 1834, and had three children, as follows: Lucia, born November 18, 1835, died March 11, 1842. Adeline, born August 8th, 1837. She married George Porter in December, 1867, and had seven children; two died young. The living are: John born December 19th, 1869, Lyman born November 1, 1871, Albert H., born October 10, 1873, Abby Maria, born October 17, 1875, Isaac H., born November 2, 1877. Adeline, the mother of these children, born Nov. 18, 1835, died January 16th, 1902.

Isaac Kingman Harris, son of Isaac Harris and Adeline Kingman, was born February 15th, 1840. He graduated at the Normal School at South Bridgewater, studied engineering at Boston in 1863-4. Went to Lynn, Mass., married a Miss Abbie Lane, a school teacher. He died May 21, 1906. They never had any children. Adeline Harris and Isaac Harris' mother Adeline, died in June, 1881, aged 72 years.

Isaac Kingman, born Dec. 12th, 1811, son of Eliphalet and Zilpha Edson, married Sibil, daughter of Thereon Ames and Patty Packard. They had six children, as follows:

Lewis, born February 26th, 1845.

Lucia Adeline, born December 8th, 1846.

Ellen, born July 30th, 1850, died of whooping cough April 6th, 1851.

Rosella, born August 29th, 1852.

Isaac Henry, born June 8th, 1854, and died June 20th, 1901, at Chirst's Hospital in Topeka, Kansas, where he had been operated on for apendicites.

Walter Franklin, born March 31, 1862.

Father died Nov. 30th, 1885.

Lewis Kingman, 8, Son of Isaac Kingman and Sibil Ames born Feb. 26, 1845, married Jennie E. Duncan of St. Louis Mo., January 20, 1875. A few days later we moved to Cimarron New Mexico, and commenced house-keeping. On the way out we went on a Pullman Car to Los Animas, Colorado, there I bought a team and took many of the house furnishings with us to Cimarron; the second day from Las Animas one of the horses suddenly died and we went into Hog-back stage station

with one horse and the next day I borrowed a mule and reached Cimarron without more loss.

For several years I had been United States Deputy Surveyor and this work commenced July 1st, each year. The time from February to July 5, was spent very pleasantly. We were together all the time. We went to Elizabethtown to a grand ball and celebration given by the miners and citizens on the 24th of June, St. John's day. I drove my own team. We left Cimarron at about 7 a. m. and got to Elizabethtown at 3 p. m. and stopped at the best hotel, and had the bridal chamber. The ball broke up at about 4 a. m. and everybody voted it a success. There was a picnic on the 4th of July, 1875, about 3 miles from Cimarron. We went and had a pleasant time. My work commenced the 6th of July, immediately after an Indian raid of the Cheyennes; they killed 26 people in Colfax Co., on July 4th and 5th.

I would follow the work closely for two and sometimes three weeks and then visit home.

The work was all finished by the end of October; just before completing it, the last week in October, I took my wife out to Temples place, 90 miles East of Cimarron. We enjoyed the ride and the visit. About the 7th of November I moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico, taking all my things with me. I worked in the surveyor general's office a few months and then formed a partnership with Maurice Trauer; during the twenty months we lived in Santa Fe I was home all the time and family life was pleasant; my wife had friends, a nice cosy home with piano and time to play and sing, and she was kind and companionable, an excellent housekeeper. We kept but one servant and it was easy caring for the house.

On the 11th of July, 1876, a little stranger, Samuel Edson, came to our house and I received him joyfully. I fondled him and rocked him to sleep many times, rolled him on the street in his baby carriage, his mother with me, and I was considered a proud father of a fine looking baby boy. I named him; gave him a family name, and I was proud of my wife and baby and treated them both kindly. Once when wheeling the baby with my wife along I got a stunning lecture from her for being so

careless with the baby, and it perhaps was the first glimmer, the first thought that it was perhaps some ones else place to fondle the child. Later I began to feel like the old hen with a brood of ducks around, her; he had peculiar eyes, complexion and features, and the longer I knew him the less I liked owning him. There had been a picnic party given at Hodding and Cluttens ranch in September, 1876. - Cimarron people went. Jane Crocker and Annie Croker, who afterwards married my brother Henry, went, a lot of people went; from that time Harry Hodding became very attentive to my wife. On the 7th of November, when we started on the road to Santa Fe, I had a nice four wheeled light spring wagon and one horse, not gaudy but quite comfortable. Hodding followed us and kept along for several miles when my wife asked to ride with Hodding. I was so surprised I could not realize the situation and I allowed her to go and she rode with him on his two wheeled trotting gear for many miles or until we got to Calhoun's stage station. I kept close up. I could not hear, but there was some lengthy conversation. Jennie and I ate dinner together at the station and Hodding returned to Cimarron, and Jennie and I were allowed to live in peace so long as we remained in Santa Fe, and life was worth living and we enjoyed each other's company, and if I had remained with her life would have proved much different than afterwards. Jennie sang as joyously as a meadow lark. She played nicely, her time was leisurely occupied.

My time was spent at the store. I was book-keeper and had regular hours. The business did not pay well. I found my partner was in debt to Spiegelberg Brothers and I closed him out and wound up the business. Some of our creditors were a little impatient. I paid out all monies to those who had treated us fairly and made those who placed their accounts in the hands of lawyers wait. The business was closed out the 20th of June, 1877. We sold all our household fixtures very well, pictures and piano brought much more than we gave for them. I sent my wife on the stage to Cimarron a few days before I went. I received an appointment in a locating party under Mr. W. R. Morley, by Mr. A. A. Robinson, chief engineer.

I commenced work July 1, 1877, at Pueblo, Colorado, for the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad leaving my wife boarding at Cimarron.

On the 4th of March, 1878, our baby Charles Duncan was born. I had been home a few days before but was not home at his birth. An engineer in a locating party has got to be on hand or give up his job. I needed the money to care for the wife and children; there was but one thing to do and that was to earn the money and keep things going. From July, 1877, to Jan, 1882, I was away a great deal. I sent the wife and children to her mother in Topeka, once more on Hodding's account, in January, 1882. I was chief engineer of the Atlantic and Pacific Ry., with headquarters at Albuquerque. I asked her to come and live with me. She came but when she met me and I helped her off the cars she expressed herself as not pleased with the prospects and I knew then I had a hard proposition ahead. She could not give me any love or consideration. She lived in Albuquerque from Feb. 1, 1882, until July 20, 1884. I went to Mexico, April 1, 1883, came back July 1, 1884. I had taken my wife and the two boys to the city of Mexico in May, 1884: this was my last attempt to please her. During the two years in Albuquerque she took up with Norman C. Raff, the cashier of the First National bank of Albuquerque, New Mexico. They kept up their liking for each other. She went to Chicago in July, 1884, with the evident intention of getting a divorce. I sent her money every month until I got notice of the proceedings, then I thought Raff might pay the bills, and I let him do so. It is with much genuine pleasure and gratitude that I now thank her for liberating me from the servitude and bondage that I labored under for so many years. My lawyer in Chicago was not proof against my wife and her sister; my wife gained everything. She proved desertion, etc., etc., the judge awarded her the two boys I did not object to her having the oldest boy but I disliked to give up Charlie. After a woman has once betrayed her husband, she can not treat him as before, and while she lived with me at Santa Fe she was good to me from the force of circumstances. She was a lovable woman. I can not ful-

ly express my appreciation for her lovable ways, her kind disposition, her sweet voice, her pleasant conversation and appearance in company, she had a fine figure, liked company and a little flattery. She could make a calico dress fit her like an expensive gown. She was an excellent house-keeper, neat as wax, had good discernment as to the food served. To sum it all up, when she was good she was very good; when she was bad she was awful bad. Looking back I am inclined to think Hodding was too much for her, but later he threw her over. Once at a party in Cimarron I saw him with Lemuel Edson in his arms; he evidently liked the boy and I ground my teeth and kept quiet. I might have gone gunning. I came home once from work on the Santa Fe, went into the back door of my own house with a 44 pistol cocked and expected to meet Hodding. I had been told he could be found there, but he was not and I was not hung and have no blood to account for.

With all said and done Jennie did more for me than I would have done for myself. I considered the marriage binding and should have waited indefinitely.

Again, I say, I am thankful for life and liberty, and acknowledge receiving it at her hand. On November 21, 1888, she was married to Norman C. Raff. I was not soured or bitter towards women. I had suffered and labored under the stings of jealous hatred. No one can come anywhere near telling the many varied experiences; had I not really loved the woman I should not have cared so much. When the divorcee was announced I believed I could make some woman happy. The laws of Kansas required that I wait six months before marrying again. I made up my mind to marry and raise a family and have children who would honor and respect me, and get a true lovable woman to share in lifes burdens and successes. The first girl I found that I thought would fill the requirements was Julia, but I found she was engaged, then I laid my case before Alice Newman and for two months paid her my respects. She threatened to keep me on probation for a year, to which I objected and threatened to find some other girl.

She concluded to make the best of it and in September

promised to become my wife and for more than twenty years has been good, kind and true, and we have never regretted marrying. I sometimes tease her about the red headed girl and what might have been. We have many things to be thankful for, and one thing in particular: we all thank Jennie Duncan for giving up her right, title and emoluments and making it possible for me to have married again and preside over a family, and we each and all extend a hearty sympathy to that son and brother, Charles Duncan Kingman, who has all of these many years felt the heavy hand and the longing desire to know and feel a father's love and care and may God's blessing be with him. For 19 years he has gone under the name and been known as Charles Duncan Raff. His mother has always been good, kind and affectionate to him and his stepfather paid his expenses until he was of age. On June 2, 1905, I received the first letter from him in 21 years. I had written once and his mother returned the letter and photographs.

Lemuel Edson is now known as Raff. He is married and in business in New York; he is one of 5,000,000 people; he is able now to take care of himself. The last time I saw him was in June 1885, on Michigan Avenue, where they were boarding.

I called and saw Jennie and went out on the vacant lot to see Lemuel and Charlie. They had a little white dog and they would hardly stop playing with the dog to talk with me. I left \$50.00 with Jennie; she insisted on its being for the boys. I received a cool, very cool, reception and it stood by me for a long time.

I have written fully about Jennie and her boys and my Charles so that you may all know about them and the reasons I left them and remarried and I sincerely hope none of my children will have to endure the pain and humiliation of giving up a partner with the love and attachment I had for Jennie.

On the first of January, 1887, being legally free from the first wife, I married Alice Newman on the 20th of January, 1887, which was the twelfth anniversary of my first wedding. There have been born to this union five children, as follows:

Ruth Carver Kingman, born November 22, 1887.

Winslow Ames Kingman, born April 20, 1889.

Robert Hills Kingman, born July 18, 1890.

Lewis Kingman, Jr., born March 13, 1898.

Seth Packard Kingman, born December 16th, 1900.

Lueia Adeline Kingman, daughter of Isaac and Sibil Ames, born December 8th, 1846, graduated at the Normal school at South Bridgewater. She is single and for many years book-keeper for shoe manufacturing firms in Brockton, Mass.

Rosella Kingman, daughter of Isaac and Sibil Ames, born August 29th, 1852, married Joseph Crosby Snow June 9th, 1885. They have one child, a daughter, Bertha Snow, born October 13th, 1886. She graduated from the high school in Brockton in June, 1904, and entered Radcliff College Sept. 28th, 1904. Her examinations were passed with credit and her progress is assured.

Isaac Henry Kingman, son of Isaac and Sibil Ames, born June 8, 1854. Married Annie E. Crocker October 16, 1878, at Cimarron, Calfox, Co., New Mexico. She was born July 16, 1860, at Linneus, Linn, Co., Mo.,

They had seven children:

Edna Kingman, born July 19, 1879.

Edward Henry Kingman, born July 2, 1881.

Berkley Chandler Kingman, born December 12, 1883.

Isaac Kingman, born November 17, 1886.

All the above born at Cimarron, New Mexico.

Mabel Kingman, born April 3, 1891.

Lucia Kingman, born July 20, 1894.

Hazel Rosella Kingman, born January 20, 1899.

The last three were born on the farm, five miles northwest of Topeka.

Isaac Henry's wife, Annie's parents, were William Abraham Crocker, married Jane Harpham, September 6, 1875, at Watertown, Wisconsin.

W. A. Crocker was born in England in 1823; he died at Cimarron, New Mexico, in 1881.

Jane Harpham was born at Stowe Park, Lincolnshire, England, April 10, 1839, died at Cimarron, New Mexico, January 4, 1897.

My brother, Isaac Henry, came west with me in February 1873.

He went out with me two or three times in surveying parties on government work in 1873, 74, and 75. In 1874, we took up a ranch at Whetstone Springs in the eastern part of Colfax Co., New Mexico; this was a very valuable place. The Indians got out and Henry got afraid and sold it. He afterwards acted as school teacher for a year or two, taught Pascoe's and Temple's children.

He drove a stage and mail line between Cimarron and Taos, via Elizabeth town; he liked this kind of work. He also acted as deputy sheriff for a while. He and Mr. Haut were taking a prisoner to Taos at one time. The prisoner got away; they were too tender-hearted to shoot him. In 1884 I gave Henry \$1,000 to invest for me in cattle in Calfox Co., New Mexico. He was employed by the Akron Cattle Co. at the time. The New Mexico cattle did not do very well, principally on account of the drop in price. Henry remained in New Mexico until November, 1887, when I bought a 200 acre farm five miles northwest of Topeka, and the family lived on the farm until December, 1903. The children had an opportunity to go to school at District No. 47, adjacent to the farm.

Henry died June 20, 1901.

I was in Topeka a few days in May before he died.

We rode over to Mr. Nickerson's farm one day and in coming back we visited Rochester cemetery; they had just platted an addition to it. I asked Henry if he had a lot anywhere and on his saying he had none, I bought two lots and gave him one; he was buried in his the fore part of the following month.

Henry followed me to New Mexico when he was 19 years old and I always felt that I was partly responsible for his be-

ing away from home. In 1875 he went to the centenial at Philadelphia and from there went home. He had a good time and spent the money he got for the Whet Stone ranch.

He died and is buried in Roehester Cemetery a mile or two from the farm, and three miles from Topeka. He lived and died in Kansas. They have their extremes, yet I like the Kansas people.

Many pleasant memories entwine about the life of Henry, my brother. I hope they will be a part of the hereafter.

Walter Franklin Kingman, son of Isaace Kingman and Sibil Ames, born March 31, 1862. Married May 7th, 1886 to Annie L. Jones; they have had two children:

Edith Lane Kingman, born March 4, 1889.

Leon Emery Kingman, born June 28, 1893. Walter has always lived in Brockton, Massachusetts; for many years he has worked for the city on streets and walks. He lives in a house that he built next south to mother's on Summer Street.

Davis Kingman, born February 27th, 1814, son of Eliphilet and Zilpha Edson, married Susannah French, daughter of Samuel French, of Campello. They had five children: two died young. Elvira, born March 30th, 1839, married John E. Spaulding, of Worcester, Mass., Sept. 1862, and had several children. Lueius French, born April 18, 1842. He enlisted in the army and died of fever at Newbern, N. C., Sept. 23, 1862. Zilpha, born Nov. 7th, 1844, married John Hall and lived at Quincy, Mass. The wife, Susanah French, died Feb. 10, 1860, when the father, Davis Kingman, married Lydia Baneroft June 12th, 1861. He died a few years later and his second wife lived several years longer.

Eliphilet Kingman, born February 18th, 1821, son of Eliphilet Kingman and Zilpha Edson, married Mary Francis Parker, daughter of Gould Parker, of Reading, Mass. They had six children and all are living at this time. All but Eliphilet live in Brockton and seem to be doing well.

Eliphilet Kingman, Jr., born January 12, 1858. He was the third to bear the name of Eliphilet. He married, first,

Rebecca Miller, June 15th, 1886. She died in Africa, where they had gone as missionaries, in 1890. He then married Isabel Johnson in 1892 and she died in 1894.

Ellen Maria Kingman, daughter of Eliphalet and Francis Parker, born November 18th, 1859, married Jariel Warren Pratt January 24th, 1884, and they have three children: Roger K. Pratt, born Nov. 2nd, 1891, Stanley W. Pratt, born May 28th, and Barbara Pratt, born April 1st, 1899.

Parker Kingman, son of Eliphalet and Francis Parker, born April 7th, 1862 married Lilian F. Ames, January 24th, 1886. They have one child, Ruth Lilian Kingman, born June 6th, 1900.

Horace Kingman, son of Eliphalet and Francis Parker, born April 17th, 1864, married Mary D. Ames Sept. 27th, 1891. They have five children: Mabel A., born January 12, 1889, Zilpha, born February 18th, 1896, Paul Francis, born January 21, 1900, Lawrence, born Sept. 10, 1891, Constance, born June 23, 1903.

Mary Zilpha Kingman, daughter of Eliphalet and Francis Parker, born May 1, 1869, is not married.

Davis Kingman, son of Eliphalet Kingman and Francis Parker, born Nov. 28th, 1866, married Grace Harlow May 17th, 1894, and they had three children: Elizabeth Francis, April 27th, 1896, Robert Davis, April 21, 1901, Richard Harlow, July 11, 1903.

Eliphalet, the second, the father of this family, died January 28th, 1886, aged 65 years, and was buried in the Union cemetery, Brockton, Mass. Francis Parker Kingman, the mother, is still living with Mary Zilpha in grandfather's old house, which looks about as it always did. Francis Parker Kingman's mother and Maria Parker, live in my mother's house. The mother is very old, bright and active.

Lucia Kingman, daughter of Eliphalet Kingman, the first, and Zilpha Edson, born September 14th, 1816, married James Otis Clapp, October 5th, 1840. They had five children, all but Otis F. Clapp died young. Otis was born Sept. 26, 1843. Otis graduated at Hunt's Academy in 1861, and on the 15th, of September, 1862, commenced engineering at Shedd and Edson's in Boston. The father died August 24th, 1849. The mother

married Henry Snell, on Oct. 8th, 1856. Mr. Snell died in 1865.
The mother died in Otis F.
Clapp married in and they
had one child, Frederick Clapp, who graduated at the Boston
school of Technology.

CHAPTER V.
THE EDSON FAMILY.

Deacon Samuel Edson was born in England in 1612. He married Susanna Orcutt in 1637. She was born in 1618. They came to Boston, Massachusetts, soon after their marriage and shortly after moved to Salem.

The first official record is made in Salem in 1639, when he was acknowledged to be an inhabitant and granted a half acre of ground for a house lot at Catt Cove and five acres more for planting. In 1642 Salem made him another grant of twenty-five acres of land at Mackerel Cove and two acres of meadow, to be laid out by the town. He was made a free man of Salem in 1639.

He is called an inhabitant of Bridgewater in a deed from William Brett to Samuel Edson, dated December 10th., 1652.

Bridgewater was settled in 1650 or 1651 by people from Duxbury, the old Colony Court having granted them lands in 1645. Deacon Samuel Edson was not an original shareholder in the lands of the town but he and James Keith, afterwards his son-in-law, were voted in by the town increasing the shareholders from 54 to 56. It is probable that he moved to Bridgewater in 1650 or 1651; he is spoken of as one of the first settlers of Bridgewater.

He built the first flour mill in 1662, on Town River, in Old Bridgewater, now known as west Bridgewater; previous to this, for ten years, the settlers had carried their grist to Taunton to be ground and for want of horses or other animals had carried it on their backs. (See Mitchell, p. 28.) (Hayward p. 6.)

His residence was on the south side of the river near his mill; the town was on both sides of the river. His mill and residence was 800 feet above or east of the bridge. In 1660 he was the possessor of three shares in the town lands.

He was appointed by the Old Colony Court a member of the council of war in 1666, and continued in that office to the end of King Philips war in 1676. It was the universal practice of Plymouth Colony, whenever a military expedition was contemplated, to appoint a civil commission of old men, distinguished for wise prudence, discretion and matured judgment, to accompany the officers and troops in their campaigns. There

was three appointed for Bridgewater: William Brett, Samuel Edson and Deacon John Willis. (Each my grandfather, seven generations removed.)

He was elected Deacon of the Bridgewater church soon after it was organized, Feb. 18, 1664.

He deeded his mill to his five daughters before he died; they did not record this deed until 1736, more than 44 years after it was executed.

He died July 20, 1692, aged 80 years.

Deacon Samuel Edson and his wife Susanna Oreutt married in England in 1637 and had five daughters and three sons.

1. Susanna, was born in England in 1638.
2. Sarah, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1640
3. Elizabeth, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1643.
4. Samuel, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1645.
5. Mary, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1647.
6. Joseph, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1649.
7. Josiah, was born in Bridgewater, Mass., 1651.
8. Bethia, was born in Bridgewater, Mass., in 1653.

Susanna married James Keith about 1664 and had six sons and three daughters, all strong, healthy men and women, the progenitors of a multitude bearing their names. She was a mature woman of 26 when married; he was 21 years old.

James Keith and Susanna Edson were my grandparents through grandfather Ames, six generations back.

Sarah, born in 1640, married John Dean, of Taunton, Nov. 7th, 1663. John Dean was a brother of Elizabeth Dean who married Josiah Edson.

Elizabeth, born in 1643, married Richard Philips, of Weymouth. They probably died young as there is no record of any children. They lived in the same town as the Kingmans.

Samuel, born in 1645, married Susanna, daughter of Nicholas Byram, in 1678. They had Susanna in 1679, Elizabeth in 1684, Samuel 1690. Susanna married John Hayward, Jr., and afterwards Elihu Brett, Jr. Elizabeth married Samuel Paekard in 1705.

Mary, born in 1647, married Nicholas Byram, Jr., brother

to Samuel's wife, in 1676. They had five sons and five daughters and lived in east Bridgewater and were the oldest members of the Church there. They both died in 1727. She was 80 years old when death called.

Joseph, born in 1649, married Experience Field, of Providence, Rhode Island, in 1678. They had two sons and one daughter: Joseph, born in 1679, Josiah, born in 1682, Experience, the daughter, died young. (this son Joseph is our direct line.) His wife Experience died in 1685, and he married Mary Turner in 1686, and had by her three sons and two daughters: Benjamin in 1686, Samuel in 1678, Timothy born in 1689, Mary and Susanna, the years of their birth not given. Mary married John Lathrop in 1716 and had three daughters.

Susanna married Salomon Johnson in 1723, and had three sons and two daughters. She died very old in 1779, probably past 90 years. We are descended from Joseph Edson and Experience Field.

Josiah Edson, born in 1651, Deacon Samuel Edson's seventh child, married Elizabeth Dean, daughter of John Dean of Taunton; they lived to be old and never had any children.

His first residence was in the original settlement now known as West Bridgewater on the south side of town river, east of his father's place, some four or five six-acre lots intervening; after the close of King Philips war he moved to his estate in the South Parish.

He was one of the 21 volunteers who went out to meet Capt. Church one Monday early in June, 1676, and met and fought the Indians before Captain Church came.

He was the first Sergeant in Captain Thomas Hayward's Company in 1694. He was a justice of the peace for a long time, to the close of his life, with the reputation of being an upright, popular magistrate. He was one of the selectmen of Bridgewater from 1715 to 1729—fourteen years.

He represented the town at the general court at Plymouth in 1691, ten years before his father died, and represented the town at the general court at Boston after the Old Colony Court had been absorbed by the General Court of Massachusetts, for the years 1692-98-99 and 1714.

For many years he was a Deacon in the Bridgewater church, having followed in his father's steps.

He owned a large estate; the most of it was deeded and willed to his nephew, Captain Josiah Edson, his brother Joseph's son.

He gave the town of Bridgewater three lots for the encouragement of a grammar school, deed dated Nov. 28, 1722.

It is said by Hayward, who had heard those say who had read Captain Edson's manuscript history, that his form was noble and commanding, his deportment easy and dignified, his voice deep, mellow and impressive, and that his wife was an accomplished lady.

He died in 1734, aged 83, and she died the same year, aged 84, they had no children to mourn their departure.

Bethia, Deacon Samuel's eighth child, born in 1653, married Ezra Dean, son of Walter Dean of Taunton, December 17th, 1676.

Susanna, born in England, was only a year old when they came to Salem. Five were born at Salem, at Catt cove or Mackerel cove. The six older children had ran on the beach and listened to the beating waves on the rocks.

The father probably worked his land and fished for a living: the beating waves may have reminded him and his wife of the old English home way over the other side and this may have been one reason for moving away inland.

Deacon Joseph Edson, son of Joseph and grandson of Samuel Edson the first, settled in old west Bridgewater: married Lydia Cary in 1704. She was the daughter of Francis Cary. They had eight children,

1. Hanna, born in 1709 married Micha Allen, afterwards Thomas Philips, in 1747, and died in 1768, aged 59 years.
2. Lydia, born in 1711.
3. Joseph, born in 1712.
4. Bethia, born in 1715, married Jonathan Whitman in 1753 and died 1805, aged 90 years.
5. John, born in 1717.
6. David, born in 1722, married Susanna Garnett in 1746

7. Jesse, born in 1724, married Lydia Packard in 1754.
8. James, born in 1726, married Ester Allen in 1749.

We are directly interested in James of this family.

James Edson, born in 1726, married Ester Allen in 1749. They had only two children and the mother died in 1794, aged 77 years.

1. Josiah, born in 1753, married Reliance Fuller in 1777.
2. Barnabas, born in 1757, died in the American Army during the revolutionary war when only a boy.

The father married Elizabeth Washburn in 1796; he died in 1808, aged 82 years.

Barnabas, the second child, was a private in Captain Josiah Hayden's Company, Colonel Bailey's regiment of minute men. Henry Kingman was sergeant and my great grandfather Timothy Ames, was corporal. They marched to Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775. (See Bradford Kingman's history of North Bridgewater, page 232.) I call particular attention to James Edson's sacrifice of one son in the cause of freedom; they left him but one child, who lived to raise a family of seven.

Josiah Edson, son of James, born in 1753, married Reliance Fuller, daughter of Isaac Fuller, in 1777, and had one son and six daughters.

1. Zilpha, born in 1778, married Eliphalet Kingman in 1881.
2. Susanna, born in 1780, married Israel Packard in 1801.
3. Sarah, born in 1783, married Ira Hayward in 1806.
4. Barnabas, born in 1786, married Betsy Gurney in 1815.
5. Esther, born in 1788, married Ambrose Kingman in 1810.
6. Reliance, born in 1792, married Joel Ames in 1818.
7. Olive, born in 1795, married Jacob Noyes in 1818.

This family probably lived in the old town of Bridgewater, now called West Bridgewater.

Zilpha Edson married my grandfather, Eliphalet Kingman; for this reason I have no especial reason for tracing the Edson family further.

There were three Edsons who occupied public places in

their time that deserve mention here, although not in my direct line.

Josiah or old Justice Edson, I have given full notice as the seventh son of Samuel the first; he was a prominent character.

Then there was Captain Josiah, a son of Joseph, and a grandson of Samuel the first; married Sarah, daughter of Zacheus Packard and Sarah Howard in 1694. Now Zacheus Packard and Sarah Howard are my grandparents through my grandmother Patty Packard Ames, in direct line, six generations back.

Their children, seven in number, were as follows:

1. Sarah, born in 1705, married Elisha Pierce, Jr.
2. Abiah, born in 1706, married Manuel Alden in 1728.
3. Josiah, born Jan. 24, 1709,
4. Huldah, born Jan. 24, 1713, married Hezekiah Hayward Nov. 18, 1738.
5. Abiezar, born Jan. 24, 1715.
6. Freelove, born Jan. 24, 1718, married Josiah Fobes in 1739.
7. Elijah, born Jan. 24, 1720, married Annie Packard in 1741.

Captain Josiah lived in South Bridgewater, on land given him by this uncle, Josiah. From early manhood almost to the close of life he was in some official position of trust and importance. His principal occupation was that of a farmer, having one of the largest and best farms in the town. He was for 30 years, a long time, captain of the Military Company, many years a justice of the Peace, a deacon of the Church and a representative to the General Court of Massachusetts for the years 1735-36-39-43 and 45.

Captain Edson, some years before he died, wrote and compiled a valuable work which it is supposed he left with other papers at the time of his death in 1762, containing a short biography and a genealogy of the several families of Bridgewater. Elijah Hayward on June 1, 1853, said he had often heard Reverend Perez Fobes, who had read the manuscript, talk about it and the persons therein described. Mr. Hayward

had also heard his Grandmother Hayward talk about her father's book, lament its loss and relate its contents.

Captain Josiah, born in 1682, died January 15, 1762, aged 79 years. His wife died in 1754, aged 72 years. Their son. Colonel Josiah, born Jan. 24, 1709, graduated at Harvard University in 1730. He married Ruth Bailey, daughter of Joseph Bailey of Scituate. They had four children.

1. Josiah, born in 1738, married Hannah Lawrence in 1760.

2. Caleb, born in 1740, died in 1754.

3. Ruth, born in 1741, died in 1756.

4. Calvin, born in 1742, died in 1743.

His wife, Ruth Bailey, died May 31, 1743, aged 34 years.

He then married Mary Parker from Barnstable in 1746. They had one son and one daughter.

1. Daniel, born in 1747, died in 1748.

2. Mary, born in 1749, married Dr. John Crane in 1770.

The mother died and he married Abigail Dean, his third wife, in 1755. She died in 1788.

Colonel Josiah devoted most of his time to his farm, having extensive properties; he occupied many town and parish offices and represented Bridgewater in the General Court at Boston for 12 years, between 1746 and 1773.

When the troubles preceding the Revolutionary war broke out he was with the government, and when Lord Hillsborough the minister for the Colonies ordered Governor Barnard of Massachusetts, as soon as the Court again assembled, to recind certain acts, Colonel Josiah Edson was one of 19 members out of a total of 83 who voted to recind and comply with the request of the crown; this was in 1668.

He was loyal to the Crown; he believed thoroughly and with his whole mind and soul in the stability of the English Government, and the opposition of his neighbors and members of the General Court only made him more determined to stand by his colors. In persuance of an act of the British Parliament, Governor Gage, in May, 1774, called to his council by a writ of mandamus 36 of the most prominent loyalists of the Colony,

and among them Josiah Edson was called from Bridgewater. This act of the British Parliament excited the people against the Crown and the Government, and against these councilors, so that eventually Josiah Edson had to leave home and seek protection in Boston with the British Army. He heard the battle of Bunker Hill and after the defeat of the English he went with them to Long Island where he died, Dec. 26 1778, aged 70 years.

The state of Massachusetts confiscated his property during the war and sold it in 1779. Abigail Dean, his third wife, died in 1788. She was helped by the town in her poverty before she died. Only two children outlived him. Mary died in 1783; the son died the year after his father, in 1779. The whole family lost heart, lost their hope and standing among their neighbors and friends; detested and avoided, death to them, was a welcome relief. Nahum Mitchell, in his history published in 1840 said of the three Josiah Edsons of whom I have given their history; "They were all distinguished men in church and state; they all represented the town in succession and sustained most of the public offices in the town and were deservedly highly esteemed and popular."

Colonel Josiah was an educated man, he was a loyal subject of the British Crown from principal and habit, he was a man of mature years, he had repeatedly taken the oath of allegiance, he could not conscientiously concur in any hostile measures, he could not go back on his record or his character. He could not rebell. Yet no one more sincerely lamented or more heartily disapproved the acts of the British Parliament as unjust and inexpedient; he had not been careful to weigh the forces stirred up in the colonies; he had a high opinion of the British officers and soldiers, with the result that he got between the upper and lower mill stones and was ground exceedingly fine.

Elijah Hayward, June, 1853, says:

"The state of Massachusetts, without notice, without any specification of crime, and without form of trial or opportunity for defence, by a public law, confiscated the property of 307 of the citizens and among these was Josiah Edson. The order for the sale of the confiscated property was dated September

23. 1779. He was made a victim to his loyalty and personal integrity, without having taken up arms against the colonies—a retribution repulsive to both justice and mercy, cruel in its effects; more in accord with crowned despotism than with the benign principals of a free Republican Government”

The name of Edson is probably a contraction of Edwardson, Edmondson, Edwinson or Addison. Previous to 1600 the name of Edson is not found in the English vocabulary of proper names. The fact that the name can be traced to Samuel Edson and no further strengthens the opinion that he abbreviated his name when he came to Massachusetts; in this he undoubtedly saved his posterity time, breath and patience. He believed in brevity and good common sense.

CHAPTER VI.
THE AMES FAMILY.
REMINISCENCES.

John and William Ames, brothers, sons of Richard Ames of Bruton, Somersetshire, England, came to America prior to 1640. John settled in old west Bridgewater and William settled in Braintree, Mass.

John Ames married Elizabeth Hayward in 1645. He became very wealthy for those times. They had no children. He was one of the original proprietors of Bridgewater, in 1697; he deeded to his nephew John and his sons large tracts of land and died the next year, 1698.

William Ames of Braintree, married Hanna; they had six children: Hannah in 1641, Rebecca in 1642, Lydia in 1645, John in 1647, Sarah in 1650 and Deliverence in 1653. Hannah was married to John Hayden by Governor Elliott in 1660. We have no more to record of this family except of John in whom we are descended.

John Ames born in 1647, came to Old Bridgewater some time before 1671. He married Sarah, daughter of Deacon John Willis of Bridgewater. They had eight children; John in 1672, William in 1673, Nathaniel in 1677, Elizabeth in 1680, Thomas in 1682, Sarah in 1685, David in 1688, then Hannah later. His estate settled in 1732. Elizabeth married Captain John Field in 1697. Sarah married Daniel Field in 1706. Hannah married David Packard in 1712.

This John Ames, born in 1647, is the one who with Nicholas Byram, distinguished themselves in a battle with the King Philip Indians on the 31st. of July, 1676, near the great river in the south part of town. At this time he was 29 years old and had a wife and two children—somebody to fight for.

John Ames, Jr., born in 1672, married Sarah, daughter of John Washburn, in 1697. They had nine children: Elizabeth in 1697, John in 1700, Sarah in 1702, Abigail in 1705, Jonathan in 1707, Debora in 1710, Daniel in 1712 (from this son we are descended), Benjamin in 1715, Joshua in 1718.

Elizabeth married Joseph Bassett in 1724. Sarah married Abiel Packard in 1723. Abigail married Thomas Wade, his second or third wife, in 1752.

The father died in 1755, aged 84 years.

Daniel Ames, in 1712, married Hannah, daughter of Timothy Keith and grand-daughter of Reverend James Keith—she was born in 1718.

They were married in 1742 and had eight children: John in 1742, Timothy in 1744, Noah in 1748, Daniel in 1751, Job in 1752, Sarah in 1754, Hannah in 1756, Phoebe in 1760. He died of the smallpox in 1778, aged 60 years.

John, married Martha Park in 1771; he was a physician. Sarah married Benjamin Fuller in 1777; Hannah married Israel Burr in 1779, Phoebe died single.

Timothy Ames, born in 1744, married Abigail, daughter of George Howard, in 1778. They had two children: Hannah in 1779, Seba in 1781; the mother died in 1784, and he then married Ruth Carver in 1786. They had four children: Abigail in 1787, Sibil in 1789, Theron in 1792, Phoebe in 1795. Abigail married Oliver Bryant, (this was my mother's aunt, who used to give me mine pie when I went there on errands for mother; she understood the boys.) Sibil married Captain Jeremiah Beals and lived in Stoughton. Theron, my grandfather, married Patty Packard, daughter of Captain Robert Packard, in 1816; she was a sister of Ruth, Hulda, Olive and half-sister to Robert, Isaac, Ebenezer, Sally, Silvia, Almira and Mary Packard.

Theron Ames and Patty Packard had five children;

Martha, born May 26, 1819, Francis, born April 18, 1818, Sibil, born April 20, 1822, Phoebe, born Jan. 5, 1826, Edwin C., born April 26, 1828.

Martha married Nelson Packard, Luke Packard's son, in 1840; they had six children: Charles, Eliza, Martha Jane, Luke and Josiah. Charles went to the war, spent three years, got through in good shape; he went into the shoe business and failed; died in 1876. He married an Ames. Martha Jane married a school teacher named Farrar. Eliza married a Mr.

Francis Ames remained single.

Sibil Ames married Isaac Kingman and had six children

Phoebe Ames married Welcome White and had:

Emma, Carrie, Annie and Austin.

Edwin married a Cordelia from Scituate. They had two or three children. Frank.....

Edwin Ames died in 1897.

Simeon Ames, son of Soloman, 14, married Experience Standish in 1765, and had Barzillar in 1766,* Alexander in 1767, Mehitabel in 1770, Soloman in 1773, Simeon in 1776, Susanna in 1780, Gothan in 1786, Mehitabel married Daniel Harvey in 1795, and afterwards Parmenas Ames in 1804, Soloman married Sally Harden in 1794 and went to New York. Simeon went to Ohio. Susanna died single. Gothan went to Easton.

Alexander married Susanna Cole of Middleborough in 1789, and had Aaron in 1791, Sarah in 1793, Bethia in 1794, Sampson in 1797, Priscilla Standish in 1799, Simeon in 1801,* Edwin in 1803, Sussanna in 1805, May in 1808. Sarah married Martin Swift in 1806, Bethia married Squire Fuller of Vermont in 1815. Sampson married Betsy Richmond of Taunton in 1819.

Joseph Ames, son of Joseph, 15, married Martha, daughter of Josiah Williams in 1770, and had Seth in 1771, Sethea in 1773, Zephiah in 1776, Joseph and Martha in 1778, Anne in 1781, Luey in 1784,* Jane in 1787, Waldo in 1789, Luey in 1795, Nathaniel Fisher in 1775. The father died in 1813. Seth married Elizabeth Bartlett in 1798 and had Horace in 1798, Virgil in 1804. Bethiah married Joseph Bates in 1796. Joseph married Hannah Shaw in 1812 and died in 1813. Martha married Eza Hyde in 1805. Anne married George W. Perkins in 1802. Jane married Ephriam Sprague Jr., in 1813, Luey married Benjamin Sprague in 1818.

Ebenezer Ames, son of Joseph, 15, married Jane, daughter of Dr. Abiel Howard, in 1763, and had Ambrose in 1765, Charles in 1767, Walter in 1773, William in 1777, and Eben. Ambrose moved to Greenfield, Mass., Charles married Rhoda, daughter of Deacon Elijah Snell, in 1789. Walter married Mehitabel Packard in 1706. Most of this family moved west.

Fisk Ames, son of Joseph, 15, married Betsey Corington in 1803 and had Betsey Corington in 1805, Cyrus in 1806,* George Robinson in 1808, William in 1810, Joseph in 1812,

Thomas in 1813. This wife died and he married Dinah, daughter of Benjamin Leach, in 1819 and had Elbridge, Mary and John.

David Ames, son of Captain John, 25, married Rebecca, daughter of Major Israel Johnson, in 1781, and had Lucinda, Mary, Rebecca, Susanna, David, Abigail, Galen, Charlotte and John.

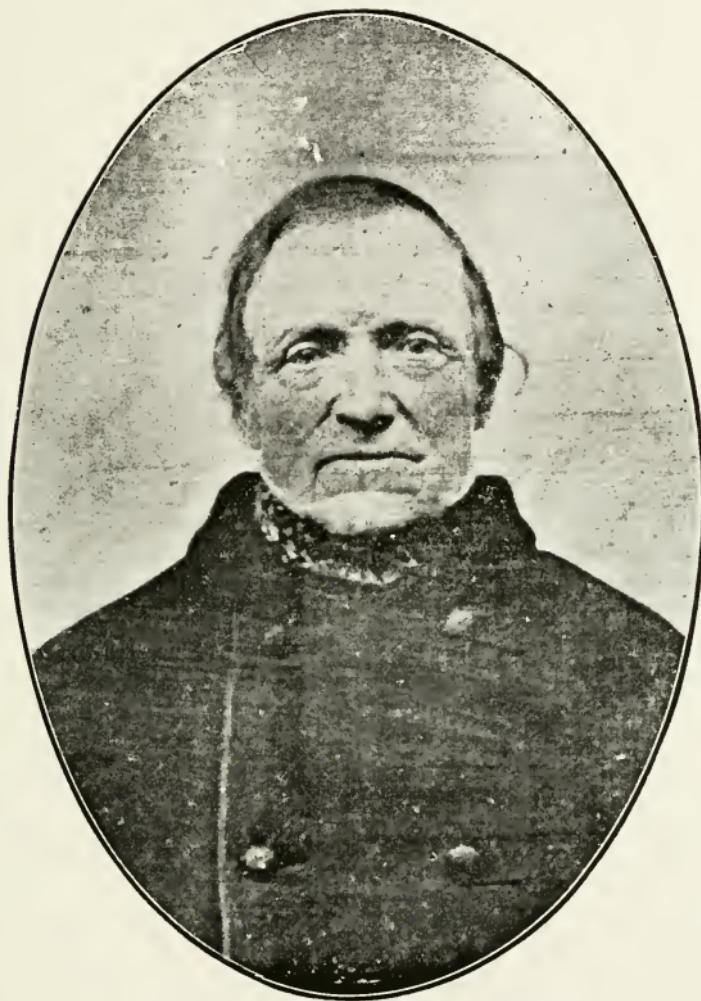
John Ames, son of Captain John, 25, married Deborah, daughter of the Reverend Dr. Sanger, in 1799, and removed to Ingersfield, New York, and had Caroline Sanger in 1800, Irene Freeman 1802, Christiana Sterling in 1803.

Oliver Ames, son of Captain John, 25, married Susanna, daughter of Oakes Angier, esquire, and went to Easton and had Horatio, Oaks, Angier,* Oliver and Sarah, William, Harriet and John. Oliver Ames commenced the shovel manufacturing business at Easton.

Oaks Ames, son of Oliver, 33, married and had; Oakes Angier Ames in April 15, 1829, and Oliver Ames, February 4, 1831.

Oliver Ames was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1886, and re-elected in 1888, serving 4 years.

Oakes A. Ames was President of the Oliver Ames and Sons Manufacturing Company of Easton, Massachusetts.



GRANDFATHER THERON AMES.

Born in 1792.

Married Patty Packard in 1816.

Died in 1867.

His Mother Was Ruth Carver.

REMINISCENCES.
— — —

Grandfather Ames trained with the State Militia until too old to do so. He kept his uniform and accoutrements until he was an old man. He kept a horse and carriage and went to town often. He lived a mile and a half northeast of the village of North Bridgewater, on what was known as Cary Hill, a high rounded piece of country so nearly level one hardly knew when one was at the summit, but it was several hundred feet above the village. There was quite a settlement and a number of fairly good farms on the hill. The school house was nearly opposite Deacon Elbridge Packard's. Here mother used to go to school. Grandfather had an old house and a new barn. The barn was painted red, at least all the trimmings were red; the sides were shingled, and the barn would accommodate his horse and a dozen or two cattle. He probably cut 40 tons of hay; raised 20 or 30 acres of corn, and an acre or two of garden truck. He had considerable woodland, and the oak sold for \$5 or \$6 per cord, which is more than wood is worth now.

Grandfather Ames always used to live well. Grandmother met with an accident once when going down a steep place in the road; the king-bolt broke or jarred out and dropped the front end of the carriage, and threw her out, and ever after it was difficult to get her to go in the carriage; for this reason she did not go away from home often. She was a kind, motherly woman, and when she died I realized her loss more than that of any of my grandparents. She had won my heart, and at the funeral I melted and shed irresistible tears. When mother was young she used to take me to grandmother's very often,

and we had great times. I was happy and mother was a girl again, and she used to go about the place and talk and sew with grandmother. The rare, ripe peaches in season, and the water and musk melons, were fine; and when it was suggested that we go to Grandmother Ames and make her a visit we children could hardly contain ourselves for joy. It was a ride of 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles from our house to Cary Hill, which was always enjoyable, as father kept a good horse and the roads were good and smooth, through the woods and timber a part of the way, making it a delightful drive.

Grandfather and Grandmother Ames were buried in a cemetery near the railroad a little way east and some south of Fords Cemetery. This cemetery was started and had some prospects of being cared for, but the town grew and crowded near, the people neglected it and others went to other places to bury their friends.

Timothy Ames and Ruth Carver, were buried many years before their son Theron, in Fords cemetery, their graves were kept and cared for, while Grandfather Ames and Grandmother's graves-stones are lying down in the grass. I have written once or twice to Brockton friends but without effect. Their gravestones are good white marble—the names and dates well cut.



GRANDMOTHER PATTY PACKARD AMES.
Daughter of Captain Robert Packard.
and Sally Perkins.
Married Theron Ames in 1816.
Born in 1793. Died Dec. 6, 1861.

CHAPTER VII.
THE PACKARD FAMILY

Samuel Packard, with his wife and child, came from Windham, near Hingham, in England, sailing in the ship *Dilligence* of Ipswich, John Martin, master. There were 133 passengers; he settled at Hingham, Mass., in 1638. He moved to old Bridgewater at an early date; he served there at one time as Constable in 1664,

He was licensed to keep a tavern in 1670.

He had twelve children:

Elizabeth, married Thomas Alger of Easton in 1666.

Samuel, married Elizabeth Lathrop.

Zacheus, married Sarah Howard, daughter of John Howard, the tavern keeper.

Thomas, no record of marriage

John, no record.

Nathaniel, married daughter of John Kingman.

Mary, married Richard Philips of Weymouth.

Hannah, married Thomas Randall.

Israel, was a trooper in 1671.

Joel, married John Smith.

Deborah, married Thomas Washburn.

We are interested in Zacheus Packard as directly in line.

Zacheus Packard married Sarah, daughter of John Howard, and they had nine children:

Israel, born 1680, married Hannah in 1703.

Sarah, born in 1682, married Capt. Josiah Edson in July 27, 1704.

Jonathan, born in 1684, married Susanna Hayward in 1719.

David, born in 1687, married Hannah Ames in 1712.

Soloman, born in 1689, married Sarah Lathrop in 1715.

James, born in 1691, married Jemima Keith in 1722.

Zacheus, born in 1693, married Mercy Alden in 1725.

John, born in 1695, married Lydia Thompson in 1726.

Abiel, born in 1699, married Sarah Ames in 1723.

The father died August 23, 1723.

David Packard, born in 1687, married Hannah Ames daughter of John Ames, and had nine children.

David Packard, born in 1713, married Mehitable Richards in 1736.

William, born in 1715, married Sarah Richards in 1740.

Hannah, born in 1718, married Samuel Brett in 1737.

Isaac, born in 1720, married Abigail Porter in 1745.

Mary, born in 1722, married Daniel Richards in 1740.

Ebenezer, born in 1724, married Sarah Perkins in 1746.
These are our line.

Abiah, born in 1727, married Phebe Pain in 1758.

Mehitable, born in 1730, married Samuel Brett in 1748.

Jane, born in 1734, married Matthew Kingman Nov. 6th, 1755. These again are in direct line to us.

The father died Nov. 3rd, aged 68 years. The mother died Jan. 10, 1767.

Solomon Packard, son of Zacheus and brother to David, born in 1689, married daughter of Samuel Lathrop in 1715. She died without children and he married Susanna, daughter of Samuel Kingman, and they had eleven children:

Sarah, born in 1719, married Isaac Fuller in 1737. These are my grandparents, four generations removed, and I trace direct relationship to Edward Fuller, a brother of Doctor Samuel Fuller. Edward came to Plymouth in 1640.

Jacob, born in 1720, married Dorothy Perkins in 1742.

Nathan, born in 1722, died.

Susanna, born in 1724, married Joseph Alden in 1742.

Joanna, born in 1725, married Isaac Alden in 1755, and married Israel Bailey in 1760.

Nathan, born in 1733, married Martha Perkins.

Benjamin, born in 1734, married Ruth Leach and went to Maine in 1763.

Zebulon, born in 1736, married Rebecca Richardson in 1764.

Micah, born in 1738, went to Maine.

The wife died and he married the widow of Mark Perkins in 1760; she died in 1782.

Ebenezar Packard, son of David, born in 1724, married Sarah, daughter of Mark Perkins, Feb. 25th, 1746. They had twelve children:

Alice, born in 1747, married Eliah Packard in 1769.

Ebenezar, born in 1749, married Mary Reynolds in 1774.

Eunice, born in 1750, married William Jameson in 1780.

Jonas, born in 1752, married Mehitable Brett in 1777.

Adin, born in 1754, married Keziah Phinney in 1780.

Matthew, born in 1756, married Keziah Perkins in 1781.

Eliphalet, born in 1758, married Lydia Barrell in 1782, and Sally Perkins in 1788.

Joel, born in 1762, married Harmony Kingman in 1785.

Lot, born in 1763, married Mary Nason of New Bedford in 1791.

Noah, born in 1765, married Polly Packard.

Joseph, born in , married Susanna Bates in 1794.

The father died in 1803, aged 79 years; the mother in 1810, aged 85 years.

Captain Robert Packard, born in 1760, first married Ruth, daughter of William Barrell, born in 1782; she died, and he then married Sally Perkins in 1788, and had:

Ruth, born in 1789, married to Martin Southworth in 1811.

Huldah, born in 1791, married Adam Capen in 1816.

Patty, born in 1793, married Theron Ames in 1816.

Olive, born in 1795, married Newton Shaw in 1818.

The mother died in 1797, and he then married Sarah, daughter of Joseph Hayward, in 1798, and they had seven children:

Robert, born in , married Besty Howard in 1822

Isaac, born in , married Jane B. Packard 1826.

Ebenezer, died in 1825, aged 22 years.

Sally, single.

Silvia, married Deacon Cary Howard in 1833.

Almira, died in 1822, aged nine years.

Mary, married Spencer Noyse of Abington.

The father died in 1844, aged 84 years; the mother died in 1856, aged 80 years.

I went to the funeral; she was buried in the Thompson Cemetery, Brockton.

This is as far as it is necessary to carry the Packard family, yet I must say a few words: Robert was only a half-brother of my grandmother, aunt Sally, Silvia and Mary were half-sisters to her, yet there was the very best of loving care and cordiality between them and grandmother and my mother. When a boy I used to like to go to uncle Robert's and deacon Howard's. Uncle Robert had a son named Robert Henry, he married Ellen A, Howard Oct. 20, 1856. He owns the farm and runs it, as his father did before him; it is good, rich, mellow soil, easily worked. Deacon Cary Howard had an only son named Embert who went to school at Hunts Academy when I did.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE HAYWARD, HOWARD,
KEITH, ALDEN,
MITCHEL, AND FULLER FAMILIES.

THE HAYWARD FAMILY.

Thomas Hayward came from England in the same vessel with John Ames, brother of William Ames. John Ames married a sister of Mr. Hayward in 1645. He first settled in Duxbury before 1638, was made a citizen or a free man in 1646, was an original proprietor and among the earliest settlers of Old Bridgewater. His wife's name is not recorded. They had seven children: Thomas, Nathaniel, John, Joseph, Elisha, Mary and Martha.

Thomas married a girl named Sarah; they had no children. He was one of the first military officers in the town. He was appointed a lieutenant in 1667, a captain in 1692. He served as a magistrate and one of the governor's assistants after 1690. He fell from his horse and was killed while on duty in 1698.

Nathaniel, married Hannah, daughter of Deacon John Willis.

John, of the plain, married Sarah, daughter of Experience Mitchell, sister to Elizabeth Mitchell, John Washburn, Jr.'s wife.

Joseph married, first, Alice, daughter of Samuel Brett the presiding elder, and had one child, Joseph, in 1673. The wife died and he married a second wife, name not recorded, and had one child, Alice, in 1683. The wife died and he married a third time, Hannah, daughter of Experience Mitchell and sister to Sarah, his brother John's wife, and had seven children:

Elisha was never married.

Mary, married Edward Mitchell, brother to Sarah and Hannah.

Martha, married John Howard, the first of that name, in old Bridgewater.

He was one of the original proprietors and first settlers in the town.

In these we are very much interested: they had seven children.

THE HOWARD FAMILY.

John Howard came from England when quite young; he lived with the family of Miles Standish for some time. He was able to bear arms as early as 1643. He was one of the original proprietors of Old Bridgewater and settled there about 1651. He was licensed to keep a tavern in 1670. He was a man of much influence and occupied several military positions. He was an ensign at the breaking out of King Philips war and probably lead the volunteers who went out to meet Captain Church in May, 1676, and met the Indians and whipped them before finding Capt. Church. There was twenty men besides himself; they captured seventeen Indians alive; how many they killed is not recorded. Of these 21 Indian fighters, seven were my grandfathers, seven and eight degrees removed; they were Ensign John Howard, Samuel Edson, the first Deacon, Joseph Edson, John Washburn, Samuel Allen, Jr., Samuel Allen, Sr., and John Ames.

These, our ancestors, had the right kind of nerve; they were fighting for their families and homes.

John Howard married Martha, daughter of Thomas Hayward: they had seven children:

John, married Sarah Latham and lived in east Bridgewater.

James, married Elizabeth, daughter of John Washburn.

Jonathan, married Sarah Dean.

Elizabeth, married Edward Fobes.

Sarah, married Zacheus Packard.

Bethia, married Henry Kingman about 1692.

Ephraim, married Mary, daughter of James Keith.

We are descended from Sarah and Bethia. The Kingman and Edson families both come in direct line from Zacheus Packard and Sarah Howard, and the Kingman from Bethia and Henry Kingman, Sr. My grandmother, Patty Packard, was also a direct descendent of Zacheus Packard and Sarah Howard. My grandfather Ames was a direct descent of Edward

Fobes and Elizabeth Howard. Their daughter Hannah married Timothy Keith, whose daughter in turn married Daniel Ames, whose son Timothy married Ruth Carver, and their son was Theron, my grandfather.

My grandfather, Eliphalet Kingman, was a direct descendant, five degrees removed.

My grandfather, Theron Ames, and my grandmother, Patty Packard, were each direct descendants, five generations removed.

We see that the Kingmans married into the Hayward and the Howard families at an early date.

Two generations later we find that Matthew Kingman, my great-grandfather, married Jane Packard, daughter of David Packard and Hannah Ames, and grand-daughter of Zacheus Packard and Sarah Howard.

We receive a double portion in the Hayward, Howard Packard and the Ames families through these early marriages.

John Howard and Martha Hayward are my grand parents, five times, twice by the Kingman line, six generations removed and once by each of my other grand-parents, the Edson, Ames and Packard families, seven generations removed.

THE KEITH FAMILY.

A Scotch man educated at Aberdeen

James Keith, born in 1644, was recommended to the good people of old Bridgewater by Increase Mather, minister of the old north church of Boston. Mr. Mather was the first man to receive the degree of Doctor by Harvard College in 1692. He was a graduate of Harvard and Dublin Colleges.

Mr. Keith was ordained in 1664 on the 1st of February, when nineteen years old. He married Susanna, daughter of Samuel Edson, one of his Deacons.

They had nine children:

James, married

Joseph, married Elizabeth Fobes.

Samuel, married Bethiah Fobes.

Timothy, married Hannah Fobes, February 1710.

John, married Hannah Washburn, April 18th, 1711.

Josiah, married Mary Lothrop.

Margaret, married a Hunt.

Mary, married Ephraham Howard.

Susanna, married Major Jonathan Howard.

The mother died and he married a widow, Mary Williams, of Taunton.

He died in Old Bridgewater on July 23, 1719, aged 76 years, and in the 56th year of his pastorate.

Timothy Keith married Hannah Fobes, daughter of Deacon Edward Fobes, of the Bridgewater church, over which the Rev. James Keith presided; the marriage took place on Feb. 1st, 1710. They had four children.

Timothy, born on the 27th of January, 1711, married Bethia Ames, June 2, 1737.

Abiah, born Oct. 11, 1712, married Mary Snell, Aug. 26, 1737.

Nathan, born Dec. 16, 1714, married Hannah Snell, Aug. 26, 1746.

Hannah, born April 16th, 1718, married Daniel Ames, Jan. 28th, 1742, and these are my grand-parents, four generations removed.

The Keith family became very numerous in Bridgewater in 1810; it was said there were 200 descendants of James Keith.

I visited the grave of Rev. Keith, in Old Bridgewater, on October 12, 1898. It was in a good state of preservation.

Mr. Keith's House is still standing and in use.

THE ALDEN FAMILY.

John Alden, born in 1699, sailed from England on the Mayflower and landed at Plymouth. He was the youngest man to sign the compact of civil government in the cabin of the Mayflower, at Provincetown, November 15th, 1620, before the landing at Plymouth.

He was the governor's assistant for many years; he settled in Duxbury and when that town asked for more land, in what they afterwards called Bridgewater, he became an original proprietor—one of fifty-four persons to whom the grant of land was made.

He married Priscilla, daughter of William Mullins, in 1623. The courtship of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins has been made famous by the Poet Longfellow. The marriage was a happy one and they had eight children.

John, married Elizabeth, she died, he then married widow Everill, daughter of Major William Philips in 1660. He was a sea captain and lived in Boston; they had six sons and several daughters. He died in 1702 and she in 1719.

Joseph, the second son, married Mary Simmons of Bridgewater.

David, lived in Duxbury and had a family; he was selectman and representative of Duxbury several years.

Jonathan, married Abigail Hallett, Dec. 10, 1672, and had children; he was a sea captain and died in 1697.

Elizabeth, married William Paybody of Duxbury, May 31, 1717.

Sarah, married Alexander Standish, son of Captain Miles Standish.

Ruth, married John Bass of Braintree.

Mary, married Thomas Delano and lived in Duxbury.

John Alden, the father, died in Duxbury, Sept. 12th, 1687, aged 68 years. His son John, the sea captain, living in Boston when at home, was accused of witchcraft; he must have been a smart man.

Joseph, the second son, was born in 1624, married Mary Simmons, daughter of Moses Simmons of Bridgewater; they had five children.

Isaac, married Mehitable Allen of Bridgewater, Dec. 2d, 1685.

Joseph, born in 1668, married Hannah Dunham of Plymouth.

John, married Hannah White of Weymouth.

Elizabeth, married Benjamin Snow in 1691.

Mary, married Samuel Allen in 1700. In these we are directly interested in Kingman line.

The father died February 8th, 1697, aged 73 years.

John Alden, son of Joseph, 2, had his father's homestead in old west Bridgewater and sold it in 1700 and moved to Titicut in Middleborough. Married Hannah, daughter of Captain Ebenezer White, of Weymouth. She was born in 1683. They had:

David, Married Judeth Paddleford

Priscilla, " Abraham Borden

Thankful, " Francis Eaton

Hannah, " Thomas Ward

Lidia, " Samuel Eddy and afterwards

John Fuller

Mary Married Noah Thomas

Ebruezer, " Nathan Thomas

John, " Hannah Hall

Joseph, " Lydia Lazell and then Rebeca Wenton

Abegail, " Anna Whetaker

Noah, " Joanna Vaughn; he was a Baptist minister; was a member of the convention for forming the constitution of the State of Massachusetts in 1780, and also of the convention for adopting the constitution of the United States in 1788.

We trace our relationship to John Alden. Henry Kingman married Mary Allen in 1726. Mary Allen's father was Samuel Allen, born in 1660, married Mary Alden in 1700, daughter of Joseph Alden and grand-daughter of John Alden of Duxbury and Bridgewater.

THE MITCHELL FAMILY.

Experience Mitchell was one of the forefathers who came in the ship Ann in 1623. He had a sister who married John Fobes.

He was an original proprietor of Old Bridgewater but sold to Thomas Hayward. He married Jane, daughter of Francis Cook; late in life he married Mary.

He had eight children: Thomas, John, Jacob, Edward, Elizabeth, Mary, Sarah and Hannah.

Elizabeth, married John Washburn; in these we are interested.

Jacob Mitchell, son of Experience, married Susanna Pope, daughter of Thomas Pope of Plymouth, in 1666. His father gave him a farm in Dartmouth, now Fairhaven; he was a carpenter by trade and an ensign in the military organization. They had three children: Jacob, Thomas and Mary. The war with King Philip broke out in June, 1775, the Mitchells received the news and sent their three children to the garrison at once, while they remained until the next morning to gather a load of corn to live on; when on their way to the post the Indians overtook them and wounded them both so badly that they died soon after they arrived at the garrison.

The three children were taken care of by their uncle, Edward Mitchell and his wife, Mary Hayward, who had no children during their married life of forty years duration. He afterwards married Alice Bradford and had three children.

His brother's three children found a good home and received loving care.

They were neighbors of John Kingman in Old Bridgewater and very much appreciated by them.

Elizabeth Kingman, born in 1673, married Thomas Mitchell.

Deliverence Kingman, born 1676, married Jacob Mitchell.

Mary Mitchell, married Samuel Kingman.

The three couples were married on the same day, early in 1696.

The Ames family descend through John Washburn and Elizabeth Mitchell and through John Fobes and Constant Mitchell, sister of Experience Mitchell.

The Edson Family descended through Samuel Kingman and Mary Mitchell.

When speaking of the Kingman, Edson, Ames or Packard families I refer to those families as represented by my grand-parents.

THE FULLER FAMILY.

Dr. Samuel and Edward Fuller, brothers, came from the Pilgrim colony at Lyden, Holland. Dr. Samuel was accompanied by a servant named William Butten, who died Nov. 6, on the way over, and was buried at sea. Edward Fuller was accompanied by his wife Ann and their son Samuel; he left a son Matthew in England. Edward and his wife Ann died from exposure during the first winter in Plymouth; their son Samuel lived with his uncle, Dr. Samuel and his wife Bridget Lee, and when his uncle died received a large share of the property and became executor of his will.

Dr. Samuel Fuller had three wives; his first wife, Elise Grascach, died in England; he married his second wife, Agnes Carpenter, in 1613, and after her death he married Bridget Lee, a sister of Governor Bradford's wife and of Mary Carpenter, a spinster who lived to be 90 years old, and died in Plymouth. It may be supposed that Bridget Lee was a sister to Dr. Fuller's second wife. The Pilgrims left Lyden about July 21, 1620 and sailed from Delph Haven on the 22nd, and reached Southampton a few days later, and remained there until the 5th of August. Sailing again they put in at Dartmouth August 13th, on account of the leaky condition of the smaller ship; on August 21 they started again, but had to put in at Plymouth, where they dismissed the smaller vessel and rearranged their passengers, taking as many as could be accommodated on the Mayflower, the others returning to London.

The Mayflower sailed from Plymouth, England, on the 6th of September, 1620. Governor Bradford says they were in great peril; obliged to beat about for days through the violence of the gale, unable to carry a single sail.

The Mayflower sighted land on Cape Cod, November 9th, and then spent 41 days exploring the coast trying to decide on a place for their colony.

Dr. Matthew Fuller, son of Edward and brother of Samuel, and nephew of Dr. Samuel, came from England about 1640; brought with him his wife, two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, and one son, Samuel, afterwards Lieutenant Samuel. There was born to them in Plymouth, Dr. John Fuller and Anna Fuller.

Dr. Samuel Fuller practised medicine, made surveys, was a Deacon of the Plymouth church. We do not know that he had any children. He was one of the oldest men who landed from the Mayflower Dec. 21, 1620, being 60 years of age.

Dr. Samuel Fuller was a physician, and in 1629 Governor Endicott of the Massachusetts Colony sent to Governor Bradford of Plymouth colony for the services of Dr. Fuller, on account of the sickness then prevailing at Salem. Governor Endicott wrote Governor Bradford as follows: I acknowledge myself most bound to you for your kind love and care in sending Mr. Fuller among us and rejoice much that I am by him satisfied touching your judgments of the outer form of God's workship.

Deacon Fuller also called Doctor, was a well educated man and thoroughly taught and grounded in Congregational usages, as practised and established in John Robinson's church at Lyden.

Reverend Samuel Fuller, of Plymouth, is supposed to have been the son of a nephew of Dr. Samuel. He married Elizabeth Brewster; for 16 years he preached to the people of Middleboro and became their first pastor and was settled there on December 26, 1694; he died on August 24, 1695. They had Isaac and John, and likely several more children, as the records are not clear.

Dr. Isaac, son of Rev. Samuel, married Mary Eddy and had four children: Micha, Samuel, Jabez and Isaac. John, son of Rev. Samuel, married Lydia Alden, daughter of John Alden,

son of Joseph Alden the second. She had previously married Samuel Eddy and was a widow when she married John Fuller.

Dr. Isaac, son of Dr. Isaac Fuller, married Sarah Packard in 1737, daughter of Solomon Packard and Susanna Kingman, daughter of Samuel Kingman and Mary Mitchell.

They had nine children: Isaac in 1738, Olive in 1740, Emanuel in 1742, Isaiah in 1744, Sarah in 1746, Susannah in 1748, Lois 1751, Benjamin in 1754 and Reliance in 1756.

The youngest, Reliance, married Josiah Edson in 1777, and they had eight children.

Zilpha, my grandmother, born in 1778, Susanna in 1780, a son born and died in 1782, Sarah in 1783, Barnabas in 1795. Esther in 1788, Reliance in 1792, Olive in 1795. Zilpha married Eliphalet Kingman, Nov. 27, 1801, on Thanksgiving day. Susannah married Israel Packard in 1801. Sarah married Ambros Kingman, Seth Kingman's son, in 1810. Reliance married Joel Ames in 1818. Barnabas married Betsy Guerney in 1815 and Olive married Jacob Noyes in 1818. All prospered and raised healthy families; they did not believe in race suicide; we enjoy their reward.

NOTE: -Reverend Samuel Fuller's family are not published. We are in some doubt about John. The Edson family claimed they were direct descendants of John Alden through the Fuller family. I am unable to make it clear unless we are descended from John Fuller and Lydia Alden, but the evidence seems rather against this and in favor of grand mother Edson's direct line coming through the two Doctors Isaac Fuller. Yet family tradition is irrepressible and strong. Mrs. Harriet Murdock who was father's uncle Barnabus Edson's daughter, died in 1904 aged 89 years, claimed she was a direct descendent of John Alden and it was so published in the news papers, and I have a clipping; she was a cousin of my father.

NOTE:—Jacob Noyes in his history of the Fuller Family, published in 1861, says Rev. Samuel Fuller, of Middleboro and his wife Elizabeth, had seven children, Samuel, John, Isaac, Mercy, Experience, Elizabeth and Hannah John; married and had a large family, Mercy, married a Cole, Experience, married a Wood, Elizabeth married an Eaton.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ALLEN, CARY, BRETT,
FOBES, CARVER,
PARTRIDGE, PERKINS, WILLIS,
WASHBURN AND BREWSTER
FAMILIES.

THE ALLEN FAMILY.

Samuel Allen had a wife named Ann; they settled in Braintree at an early date. His wife died in 1641 and he married a second time, Margaret.

He had five children, probably by his first wife.

Sarah, married Lieutenant Josiah Standish.

Mary, married Nathaniel Greenwood in 1655.

Abigail, married John Cary in 1670.

Samuel Allen, a Deacon, married Sarah Partridge in James Allen, no record.

Joseph Allen, no record.

Deacon Samuel Allen moved to East Bridgewater as early as 1660, was the second town clerk and kept full and complete records.

He married Sarah, daughter of George Partridge. She was born in 1639; they had ten children.

Samuel, born in 1660, married Rebecca, daughter of John Cary.

Essiel, born in 1663, no later record.

Mehitable, born in 1665, married Isaac Alden in 1685.

Sarah, born in 1667, married Jonathan Cary in

Bethiah, born in 1669, married John Pryor.

Nathaniel, born in 1672, married Bethia Conant.

Ebenezer, born in 1674, married Rebecca Seate in 1698.

Josiah, born in 1677, married Mary Read in 1707. Our direct line through the Edson family.

Elisha, born in 1679, married Mehitable, daughter of Nicholas Bryam, in 1701.

Nehemiah, born in 1681, married Sarah Wormel in 1707.

Samuel, son of Deacon Samuel, born in 1660, married Rebecca, daughter of John Cary, in 1685. They had Samuel, in 1686, Ephraim in 1689, Timothy in 1691, Joseph in 1693, and Mehitable in 1695. The mother died in 1697, and he then married Mary, daughter of Joseph Alden, in 1700, and they had:

Joseph, in 1701, went west, probably.

Benjamin, in 1702 went west, probably.

Mary Allen born in 1704, married Henry Kingman in 1726. In our direct line.

Rebecca, born in 1706, married John Kingman, a cousin of Henry Kingman, Mary's husband.

Matthew, born in 1708, married Sarah, daughter of Seth Brett, in 1735.

Seth, born in 1710, married Rebecca Richard in 1735. Made a Deacon.

Abigail, married Shubel Waldo of Windham in 1730.

Josiah, son of Deacon Samuel, born in 1677, married Mary Read, daughter of Micah Read, in 1707. They had Micah in 1708, Joseph, Mary, Esther, Sarah.

Nathan in 1722, Betty in 1724, William in 1726.

Esther married James Edson in 1749 and was grandmother to Zilpha Edson, my grand-mother Kingman, she died in 1794.

THE CARY FAMILY.

John Cary, from Somersetshire, England, settled in Duxbury in 1639. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Godfrey, in 1644. He was an original proprietor of old Bridgewater and among the first settlers, and the first town clerk. He died in 1681, and his wife died in 1680. They had twelve children:

John, born in Duxbury in 1645, Francis in 1647, Elizabeth in 1649, and James in 1652, born at Braintree, Mary, at Bridgewater, in 1653, Jonathan in 1656, David in 1658, Hannah in 1661, Joseph in 1663, Rebecca in 1665, Sarah in 1667, and Mitable in 1670.

Elizabeth, married Deacon William Brett, Jr. Rebecca, married Samuel Allen, Jr., in 1685. We are interested in Francis Cary, who married Hannah Brett.

FRANCIS COOK.

Francis Cook came over in the Mayflower, had a daughter named Jane, who married Experience Mitchell. I have no further record of Francis Cook's family.

THE BRETT FAMILY.

William Brett, from Kent, England, settled in Duxbury previous to 1645 and was one of the original proprietors of Old Bridgewater, and settled there in 1650. He was an Elder of the Church, a leading man in Church and town. He was often elected to represent the town at the Old Colony Court and often preached when Mr. James Keith, the Pastor, was sick or away. His wife Margaret and he had six children: William, Elihu, Nathaniel, Lydia, Alice and Hannah. Alice married Joseph Hayward. Hannah married Francis Cary. In these last two we are interested.

THE FOBES FAMILY.

John Fobes, from Duxbury, one of the original proprietors of Old Bridgewater and an early settler. He married Constant, a sister of Experience Mitchell. They had seven children: John, Edward, Mary, Caleb, William, Joshua and Elizabeth. John died in 1661. William married Elizabeth, daughter of Constant Southworth. He fought with Capt. Church in King Philips war. Joshua fell with Capt. Mitchell Pierce of Scituate in a fight with the Indians near Attleboro in 1676.

Deacon Edward Fobes, son of John, married Elizabeth, daughter of John Howard and Martha Hayward in 1677. They had eight children: John in 1679, Mary in 1681, Bethia in 1683, Hannah in 1686, Ephraim in 1688, Joshua in 1689, Benjamin in 1692 and William in 1698.

The father died in 1732. Elizabeth married Joseph Keith. Bethia married Samuel Keith in 1703, and Hannah married Timothy Keith in 1710. In the last two we are interested.

THE CARVER FAMILY.

Ruth Carver Ames, born in 1758, married to Timothy Ames in 1786; they had Abigail in 1787, Sibil in 1789, Theron 1792, Phebe in 1795. Abigail married Oliver Bryant. Sibil married Captain Jeremiah Beals, and Theron married Patty Packard, Captain Robert Packard's daughter, in 1816. Ruth Carver was a resolute, industrious woman and a good manager. She died on the 16th of October, 1846. I was less than two years old when she died; her grave-stone stands besides Timothy Ames; it is a dark colored stone about three and a half feet high, as good as when set up. I visited these graves on the 12th of October, 1898, in the Ford Cemetery, Brockton.

GEORGE PARTRIDGE.

George Partridge came to Duxbury in 1636 and was one of the original proprietors of Old Bridgewater. His wife's name is not recorded; his daughter Sarah married Samuel Allen in 1658, when she was nineteen years old. I have no further record of this family. He was a Pastor of the Duxbury Church and was given a share in Bridgewater, but never lived there.

THE PERKINS FAMILY.

Mark Perkins came from Ipswich in 1741, settled in North Bridgewater, and married Dorothy Whipple; they had nine children:

Josiah, married Abigail, daughter of Benjamin Edson, in 1755.

Jonathan, married Abigail, daughter of Jonathan Packard, in 1752.

Isaac, married Johannah, daughter of Benjamin Edson, in 1754.

Captain Jesse, married Susanna, daughter of Dr. Daniel Field, in 1769.

Dorothy, married Jacob Packard in 1742.

Sarah, married Ebenezer Packard in 1746.

Jemima, married Levi Keith in 1759.

Martha, married Nathan Packard in

Mary, married Simeon Packard in 1761.

We are interested in Sarah and Ebenezer Packard. My grandmother, Patty Packard's mother, was Sally Perkins, but there is no record as to what family she belonged, but her grandmother was this Sarah Perkins, daughter of Mark Perkins.

THE WILLIS FAMILY.

John Willis Deacon, married Elizabeth Hodgkins, widow of William Palmer, Jr. They both had settled in Duxbury previous to 1637. He was an original proprietor of Old Bridgewater and one of the first settlers. He was the first Deacon of the Bridgewater Church. He filled many town offices, both in Duxbury and after in Old Bridgewater. He represented Bridgewater in the Old Colony court twenty-five years. He was appointed to solemnize marriages and administer oaths to witnesses and others. He died in 1693.

They had John, who married Experience, daughter of Nicholas Bryam.

Nathaniel, married to Lydia.

Joseph, record not clear.

Comfort was a trooper in King Philips war; he married and had children:

Benjamin Willis married Susanna, daughter of Thomas Whitman.

Hannah Willis, married Nathaniel Hayward.

Elizabeth, married a Harryey.

Sarah, married John Ames in 1687. From these we are descended.

THE WASHBURN FAMILY.

John Washburn was an early settler at Duxbury; he had an action in court there in 1632. He bought a place called the Eagles Nest in 1634. He and his two sons, John and Philip, were enrolled in the military organizations as early as 1643.

John Washburn and his son John were original proprietors of Old Bridgewater. They and Philip became residents there as early as 1665.

John Washburn, son of John the first, married Elizabeth, daughter of Experience Mitchell, and had eleven children: John, Thomas, Joseph, Samuel, Jonathan, Benjamin, Mary, Elizabeth, Jane, James, in 1672, and Sarah.

Sarah, married John Ames in 1697, and we are directly interested in their history.

THE BREWSTER FAMILY.

William Brewster, born in Scrooby, England, in 1563. He was educated at Cambridge and became familiar with Latin and Greek in early life; he became attached to Mr. Davidson, Secretary of State, and lived for some time in his family and was esteemed more as a son than a servant. He remained with him until he was deposed, about the time of the death of Mary Queen of the Scots.

The records show William Brewster, Postmaster at Scrooby, as early as 1597, and he continued until September 30, 1607. While Postmaster he lived in the Manor, which had formerly been occupied by an archbishop; he kept relays of horses and gave travellers rest and refreshments.

NOTE: Scrooby was in Nottingham, near to the borders of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire; it was a mile and a half south of Bawtry and on the great mail and stage line from London to Berwick on the Scotch border. The Scrooby Church went to Amsterdam and spent one year and then removed to Leyden.

William Bradford was born at Austerfield, only a short distance from Scrooby.

A Separatist's Church was formed at Scrooby and met at Brewsters house as early as 1602, and Governor William Bradford became a member. This church drew the attention of the authorities in 1607, and Brewster, Jackson and Rochester were fined 20 pounds each in 1608. We do not know, but suppose, Brewster lost his office through his affiliation with these independent church people. Brewster was chosen elder of the Scrooby Church and they commenced to move towards Holland early in the year 1608. John Robinson became one of this church at Scrooby before they moved to Holland. We have here drawn together by the some deep interest three remarkable men who helped make history.

This church moved to Leyden in Holland and established themselves there in 1610. John Robinson, Pastor; William Brewster, presiding elder. John Carver, Edward Winslow and most all of the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth in 1620 were connected with this body of religious enthusiasts.

After arriving at Plymouth, William Brewster was chosen presiding Elder and continued in the office until old age; he died April 16, 1643; his wife died before 1627.

They had two sons, Love and Restling Brewster; the latter died young. Love Brewster married Sarah Collier. We are not informed in regard to their children. He died at Duxbury in 1650. He was at one time a member of the Duxbury Company which secured lands and settled in Bridgewater. The family record of the Brewsters seems to have been very poorly kept. We do not know how many children Love Brewster and Mary Collier had. Reverend Samuel Fuller, of Plymouth, married Elizabeth Brewster.

We do not know the date of the marriage. Elizabeth may have been the daughter of Love Brewster.

The Reverend Samuel Fuller preached in Middlebore 16 years before the people there settled him as their Pastor and he died one year later, August 24, 1695.

We know that we are descended from Elizabeth Brewster, but we do not know her connection with Love Brewster. We do not know of any other family named Brewster. The Plymouth colony were too poor to maintain themselves comfortably and I presume the Brewsters scattered. Many of the Plymouth people went to Boston, some settled on Cape Cod, and others went to Maine.

CHAPTER X.
THE HILLS FAMILY



William Hills was probably a native of Essex County, England; he was a passenger on the ship Lyon, William Pearce, master, which sailed from Bristol, June 24th and entered the harbor of Boston, Massachusetts, on the 16th of September, 1632. Eighty four days on the ocean. He became a resident of Roxbury and was admitted a freeman of that town on the 14th of May, 1634.

The Reverend John Eliot, in the church records of Roxborough, says William Hills, a manservant, came over in 1632, married Phillie Lyman, daughter of Richard Lyman: he did not give good satisfaction to the consciences of the saints and removed to Hartford with his wife and his father-in-law, Richard Lyman, October 15, 1635.

The harsh criticism of William Hills by his master and Pastor probably followed some disagreement as to service or religious belief. It was frequently the custom for young men to bind themselves to their more prosperous neighbors and emigrate with them to New England. Of the 70 passengers on the Mayflower nine can be identified as minors and servants.

Rev. John Eliot, in his record of Church Membership, says of Phyllis Lyman, the daughter of Richard Lyman; "She came to this land with her father in 1631, she grew deaf, which was a great affliction; she was married to William Hills and lived with him at Hartford, Connecticut." She was living when the will of her father, the first on record at Hartford, was probated in 1640. By this will Phyllis Lyman Hills received a legacy. It is probable that she died prior to 1648.

William Hills had three wives. After the death of Phyllis Lyman, he married Risley, widow of Richard Risley, who had three children, the oldest being less than eight years old when the inventory of Richard Risley's estate was made, October 17, 1648. William Hills agreed to bring them up and gave security to the court for their several portions of their fathers estate.

William Hills was married to Mary, widow of John Steele, and daughter of Andrew Warner of Hadley, Massachusetts. She had married John Steel January 22, 1646. It is not known

when she married William Hills. At the date of the settlement of the Steel Estate, January 25, 1669, Mary was referred to as Mary Hill, wife of William Hill. The Steel Estate may have been in the court several years.

The will of William Hills was dated February 21st, 1681, and provided for his wife Mary. William Hills bought a large tract of land at East Hartford and resided there for many years. The colonial records show that he and his sons, William and John, were freemen residing near Hartford in 1669.

William Hills, the first, had the following children: William, born at Hartford about 1646, buried at Hartford Aug. 15, 1693.

John, born at Hartford about 1648, buried at Harford April 5, 1692.

Joseph, baptized March 17, 1650, died at Glastonbury in 1713.

Benjamin, born at Hartford, died there 1726 to 1728.

Susannah, born at Hartford 1651, died there 1701.

Mary, born at Hartford 1654, died

Lt. Jonathan, born at Hartford 1665, died there Sept. 1727.

Hannah, born at Hartford

Sarah, born at Hartford

Who the mother of these children was does not seem to be recorded. Eliot says of the first wife, she grew deaf with disease; she had lived with William at least ten years and had no children; it is likely she died childless; for this reason it is likely that the mother of William, John and Joseph were the sons of his second wife, widow of Richard Risley. The inventory of the Risley Estate was made October 16, 1648, but this inventory may have been made several years after Risley's death. I think all his children born from 1646 to 1654 were by his second wife, widow of Richard Risley.

Lt. Jonathan and his two sisters, Hannah and Sarah, were probably by his third wife, Mary Warner Steel. (Note: My wife Alice Newman traces her descent through William, the second, born in 1846, at Hartford.)

William, the second, married Sarah.....and had the following children:

Mary, born in 1667; no record of her death.

Phillis, born in Hartford, 1669.

Hannah, born1672.

Ebenezer, born in East Hartford, 1676, died there Feb. 12, 1749-50

John, born in 1679.

Esther, born in East Hartford 1681,

Joseph, born in East Hartford 1638, and died there 1751.

William, bornno date.

(Note: My wife Alice traces her descent through Joseph, son of William, 2, William, 1.)

Joseph, son of William, 2, and William ,1, born in East Hartford, Connecticut, in 1683, and died at Farmington, Conn., April 29, 1751. He married Abigail Noyes about 1708. She died at Farmington, September 23, 1751; their children were: Joseph, born at Farmington, Jan. 16, 1709, died there Aug. 19, 1771

Abraham, born at Farmington, March 28, 1711,

James, " " " June 2, 1713.

Sarah, " " "

Gideon, " " " June 4, 1714.

Ebenezer, " " "

David, " " "

Esther, " " " Sept. 15, 1716.

Jonathan, born at Farmington, Feb. 19, 1721, died prior to 1790.

Captain Moses, born at Farmington, June 20, 1723, died about 1773.

Abigail, born at Farmington, July 19, 1725, died prior to Oct. 3, 1751.

Hannah, born at Farmington,

William, born at Farmington, Jan. 20, 1721.

(Note: My wife Alice traces her descent through David, son of Joseph, 3, William, 2, William, 1.)

David, son of Joseph, 3, William, 2, William, 1, born at

Farmington, Conn., Sept. 15, 1716. His wife's name not recorded. Their children were Amos, born Jan. 1745, died Sept. 9, 1813, aged 68 years.

Susannah, born , died Jan. 3, 1763.

(Note: My wife traces her descent through Amos.)

Amos Hills, son of David 4, Joseph 3, William 2, William 1. born Jan. 1745, died Sept. 9, 1813.

Married Rachel Lewis about 1773, she was the daughter of Ruben Lewis and Rachel Tryon, Rachel Lewis was born August 16th, 1750, died Oct. 14, 1818, their children were five sons and five daughters born in East Hartford and Farmington. I have not the names of any of these children except:

Dr. James Harvery Hills, son of Amos 5, David 4, Joseph 3, William 2, William 1, he was born March 8, 1782, and died Nov. 30, 1830. He married Sept., 1901, Beulah Andrews daughter of Moses Andrews Jr., she was born April 6, 1784 and died June 22, 1866. Their children were:

Ruben Elmer Hills son of Dr. James Hervey Hills 6, Amos 5, David 4, Joseph 3, William 2, William 1, born Sept. 27, 1812, and died March 1864. Married Mary Anderson Fisher daughter of Peter Fisher and Mary Anderson.

Ruben Elmer Hills and Mary Fisher had six children as follows:

Velorus Todd Hills, born April 28, 1836, married Jan. 16, 1862.

Chauncey Elmer Hills, born August 6, 1840, married Jan. 10, 1862, died Jan. 23, 1907.

Francis Eleanor Hills, born April 10, 1838, married April 28, 1859.

Ralph Howell Hills, born April 24, 1844, married Sept. 5, 1865.

Annie Mary Hills, born Sept. 20, 1849, married Sept. 17, 1874.

Ruben Edgar Hills, born May 18, 1853, married Jan. 21, 1885.

PRESENT GENERATION.

ALICE NEWMAN, DAUGHTER OF OMAR NEWMAN, FRANCIS ELEANOR HILLS

1ST GENERATION	2D. GENERATION	3D. GENERATION	4TH. GENERATION	5TH. GENERATION	6TH. GENERATION	7TH. GENERATION	8TH. GENERATION
FRANCIS ELEANOR HILLS OMAR NEWMAN	RUBEN ELMER HILLS MARY ANDERSON FISHER	DR. JAMES HENRY HILLS BEULAH ANDREWS	AMOS HILLS RACHEL LEWIS	DAVID HILLS NO NAME OF WIFE	JOSEPH HILLS ABIGAIL NOYES	WILLIAM HILLS JR SARAH	WILLIAM HILLS MARRIED 1ST, PHILLIS LYMAN 2D. WIDOW OF RICHARD RISLEY

PETER FISHER
MARY ANDERSON

MOSA ANDREWS, JR.
ELIZABETH CLARK

RUBEN LEWIS
RACHEL TRYON,

SARG MOSES
ANDREWS
LYDIA ROOT

JOHN CLARK
ELIZABETH
NEWEL

JOSEPH ROOT
HANNAH KELLOG

MATTHEW CLARK
FROM ENGLAND

ABEL TRYON
A HUNNEWELL

LT. JOHN ANDREWS
MARY GOFF

JOSEPH ROOT
HANNAH KELLOG

JACOB GOFF OF
WETHERFIELD

WILLIAM TRYON
SAINT

JOHN NIENNEWELL
ELIZABETH HARRIS

DANIEL ANDREWS
MARY

JOHN ANDREWS
MARY

DANIEL HARRIS
MARY WELD, DAUGHTER OF
JOS WELD OF ROXBURY

CHAPTER XI.
THE NEWMAN AND HOOVER FAMILIES

Andrew Hoover and Rudolph Waymire both emigrated from Germany, and settled in Pennsylvania.

Andrew Hoover married Margaret Fouts in Pennsylvania and moved to Maryland. They had children. One only is recorded, also named Andrew. He married Elizabeth Waymire, daughter of Rudolph Waymire, his father's old friend and companion. Soon after this marriage they moved to North Carolina. They moved to Miami County, Ohio, in 1806. The family settled on Middle Fork of Whitewater river a mile and a half northeast of where Richmond, Indiana, now stands. The children were:

Mary, born March 3, 1777, married Thomas Newman.

Elizabeth, born Dec. 25, 1778, married Wm. Bulla; died about May 18, 1806.

David Hoover, born in Randolph Co., N. C., April 14, 1781, married Catherine Count, March 31, 1807; died in 1866. He was a Quaker and County Clerk, State Senator, Judge, a man well liked and opposed to all wars and slavery.

Mary Hoover, daughter of Andrew Hoover, and Elizabeth Waymire, born March 3, 1777, married Thomas Newman about _____.

They had one child.

John S. Newman, born April 10, 1805, in Montgomery County, Ohio; his mother died May 18, 1806, he was then taken into the family of Grandfather Andrew Hoover. In 1827 he removed to Centerville, Indiana, and worked with his uncle, David Hoover, in the county clerk's office and studied law. In 1834, he was elected a representative to the legislature. In 1850, he was elected a delegate to the Constitutional convention of Indiana. In January, 1847, he was chosen President of the Whitewater Valley Canal Company and served five years; in 1851, he was elected President of the Indiana Central Railroad. He was elected President of the Merchants National Bank of Indianapolis, Ind. He moved from Centerville to Indianapolis in 1860.

He married Eliza J. Hannah, Oct. 1, 1829, she was a daughter of Samuel Hannah and they had six children:

Mary, married Dr. H. G. Cary.

Gertrude, married Ingram Fletcher, a banker of Indianapolis.

Omar, married Francis Eleanor Hills.

Walter, was a 1st Lieutenant in the U. S. army and died Jan. 1st, 1864, of disease contracted while in the army.

Two children died in infancy; John S. Newman, died March 1, 1882, and his wife died in 1889.

Omar Newman, son of John S. Newman, was born April 5, 1836, married Francis Eleanor Hills, April 28, 1859, died May 2, 1901. Had six children:

Alice Newman, Sept. 14, 1860.

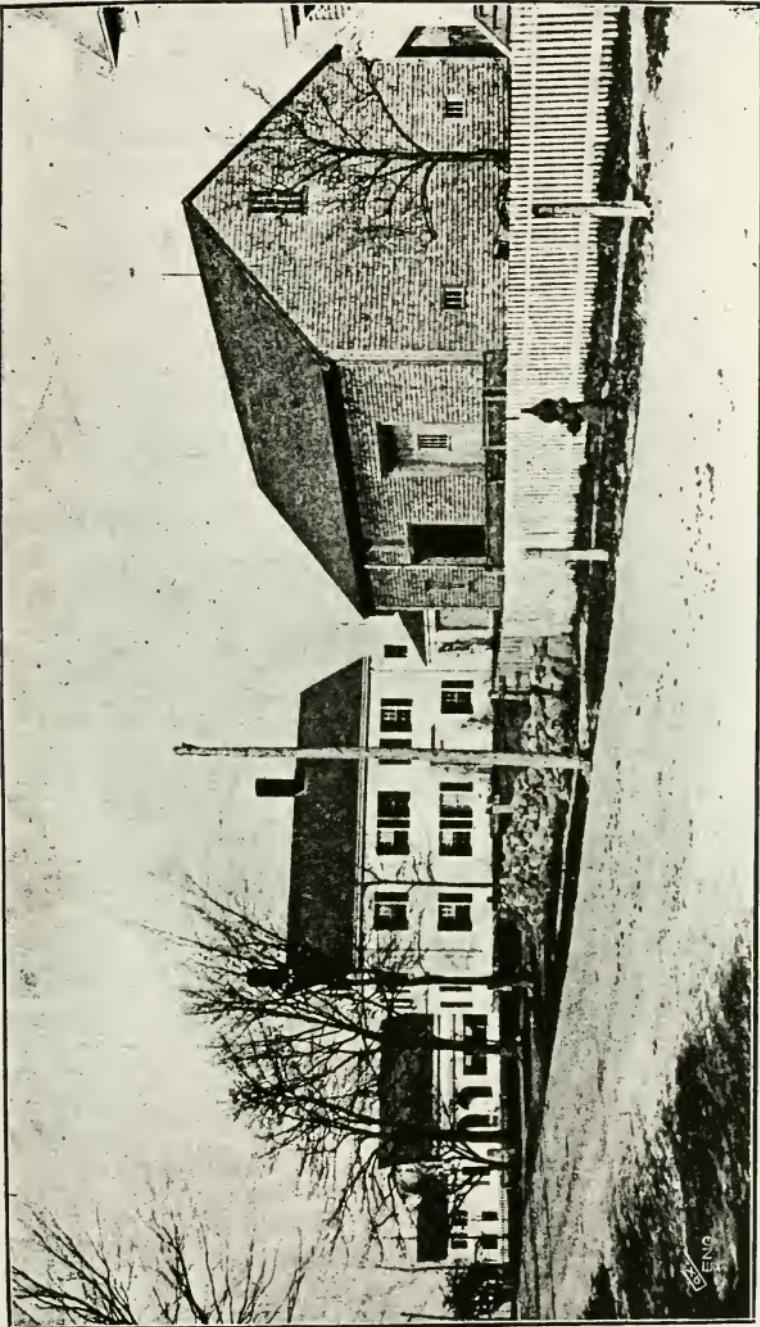
Walter Newman, Dec. 17, 1862, died Feb. 20, 1882.

Mary Carey Newman, August 21, 1865.

John Samuel Newman, August 11, 1868.

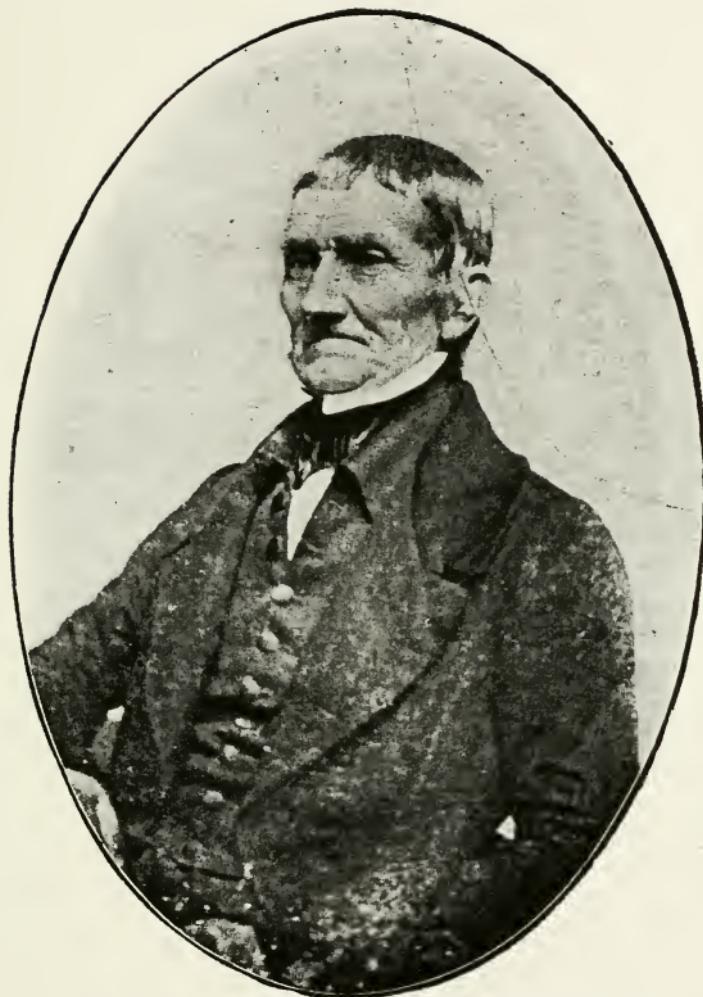
Eleanor Hills Newman, February 16, 1871.

Frederick Hills Newman, October 8, 1873.



Number 1.—MY OLD HOME.
128 SUMMER STREET, BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS.
The barn was first built in 1750 by Matthew Kingman. The house to the left of barn was finished in 1850
by Isaac Kingman and for 58 years has been my home.





Number 2.—GRANDFATHER ELIPHALET KINGMAN.

Born February 18, 1775.

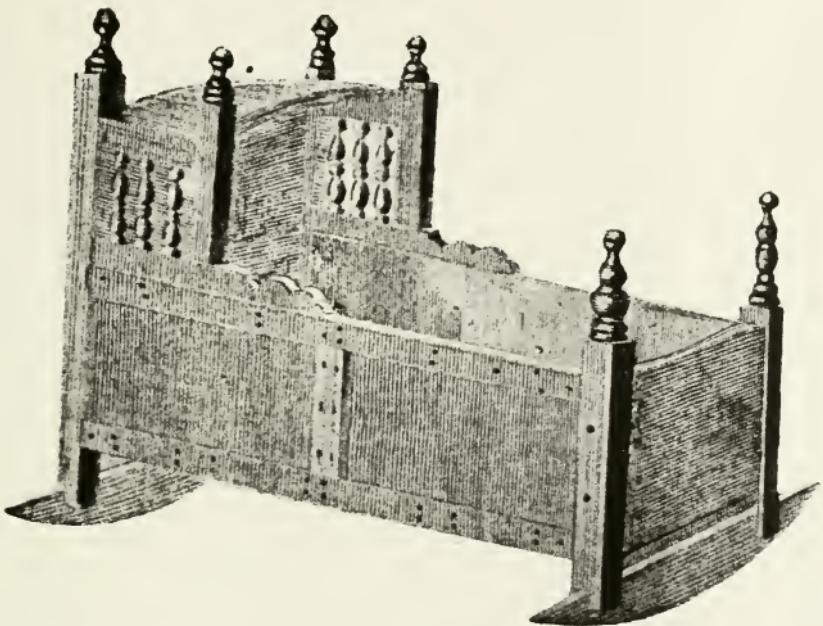
Married Nov. 27, 1801,

Thanksgiving Day.

Died October 30, 1856.

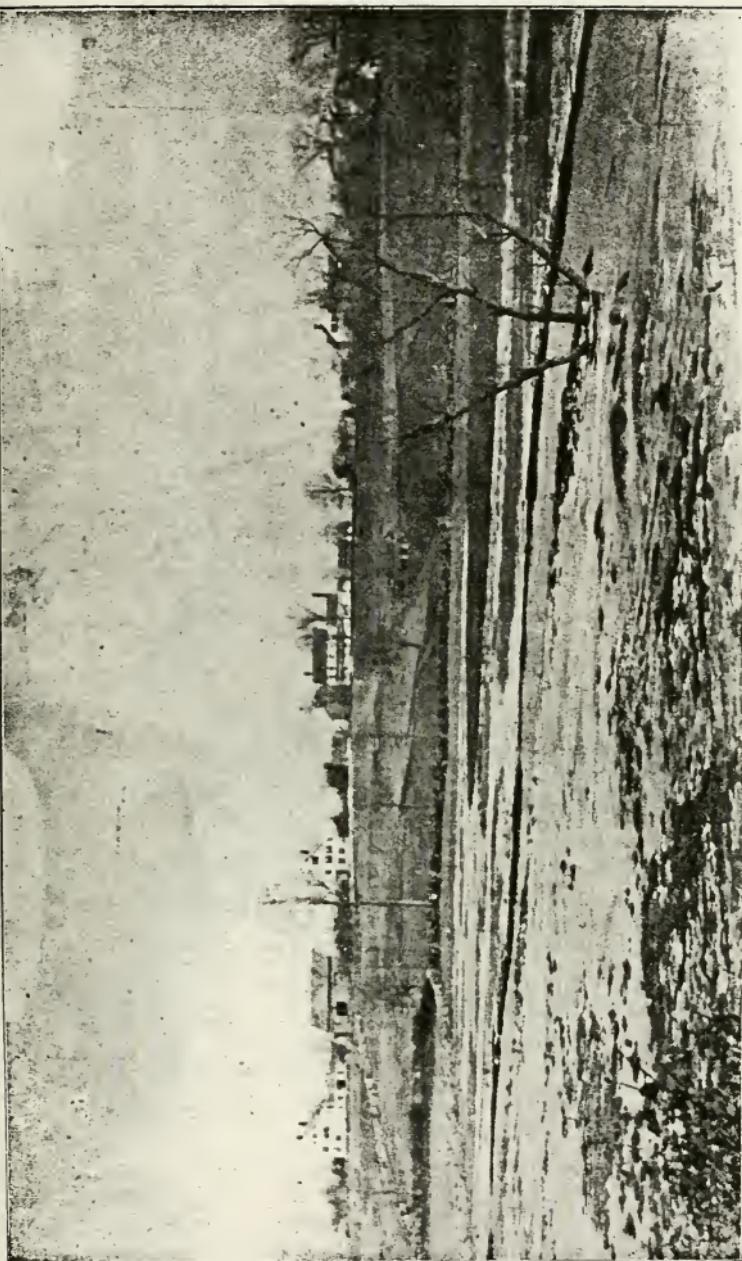


Number 3.—GRANDMOTHER ZILPHA EDSON KINGMAN.
Born March 2, 1778.
Married Elliphalet King-
man, November 27, 1801
Died March 31, 1853.



Number 4.- THE FULLER CRADLE

in which Grandmother Zilpha Edson was rocked when a baby. Her mother Reliance Fuller, Isaac Fuller's youngest child, received the Cradle. Then her youngest daughter Olive, who married Jacob Noyes, received it and gave it to Plymouth Memorial Society.



Number 5.—VIEW OF GRANDFATHER'S AND FATHER'S HOUSES.

Residence of Isaac Kingman on left.

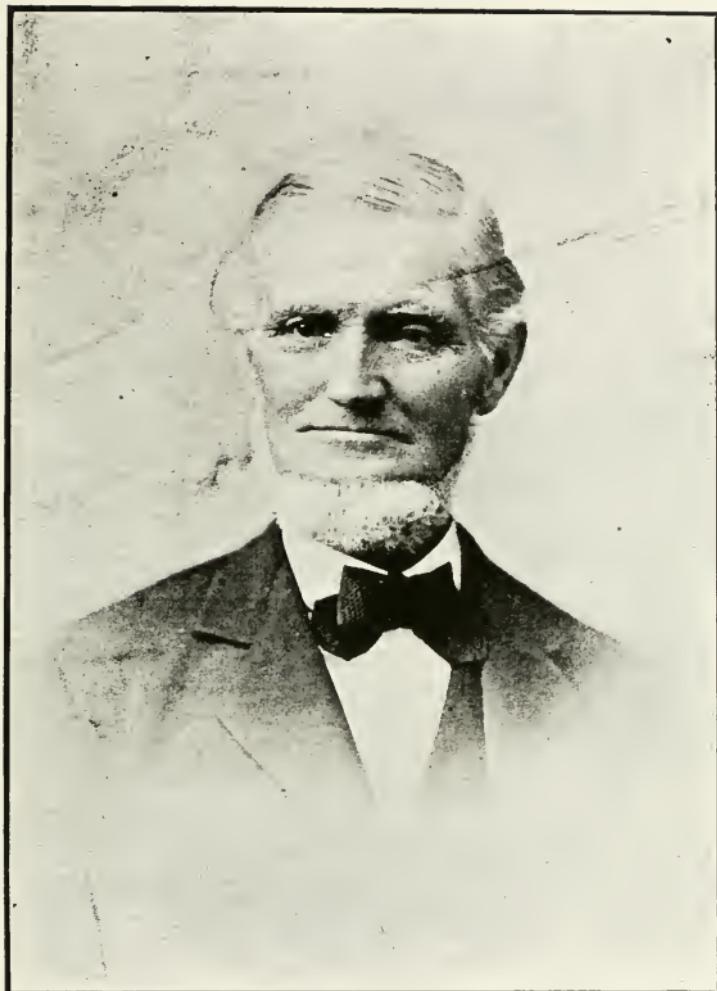
Second house from the left, Cousin Parker's,

Third " " " " Eliphilet Kingman,

Fourth " " " " Mr. Goldthwaite,

The brook in the foreground is where I went fishing.





Number 6.—**MY FATHER, ISAAC KINGMAN.**
Born December 12, 1811.
Married Sibil Ames,
June 2, 1844.
Died November 2, 1885.



Number 7.—MY MOTHER, SIBIL AMES KINGMAN.
Born April 22, 1822.
Married Isaac Kingman
June 2, 1844.



Number 8.—LEWIS KINGMAN.
My picture when 7 years old, taken in 1852.
by Howard.



Number 9. - LEWIS KINGMAN.

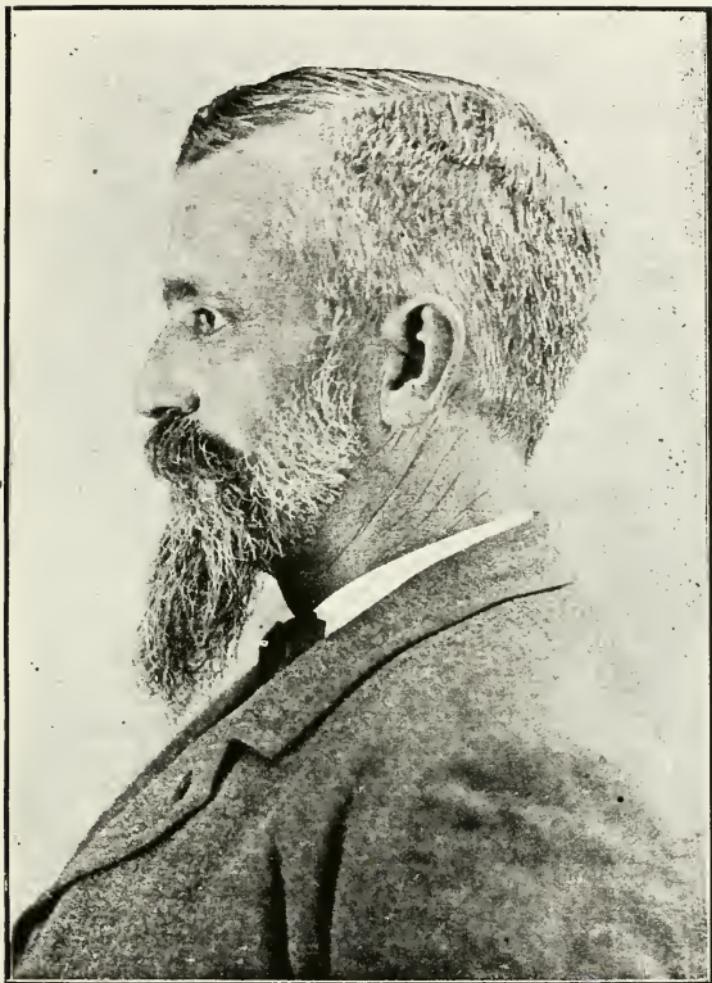
My picture when taken in 1900.

Born February 26, 1845.

Married 1st Jennie E.

Duncan, Jan. 20, 1875.

2d. Alice Newman, Jan. 20, 1887.



Number 10.—LEWIS KINGMAN.
My picture, taken in 1900.



Number 11.—ALICE NEWMAN KINGNMAN, MY WIFE.

Taken in 1904.

Born September 14, 1860.

Married January 20, 1887.



Number 12.—ALICE NEWMAN KINGMAN, MY WIFE.

Taken in 1885.

Born September 14, 1860.

Married Lewis Kingman

January 20, 1887.

ENG.





Number 13.—RUTH CARVER KINGMAN, MY DAUGHTER.
Taken in 1906.
Born November 22, 1887.
Entered Washburn Academy January, 1905.





Number 14.—RUTH CARVER KINGMAN, MY DAUGHTER
Taken in 1907
Born November 22, 1887.
Named after her Great Grandmother, Ruth Carver Ames.



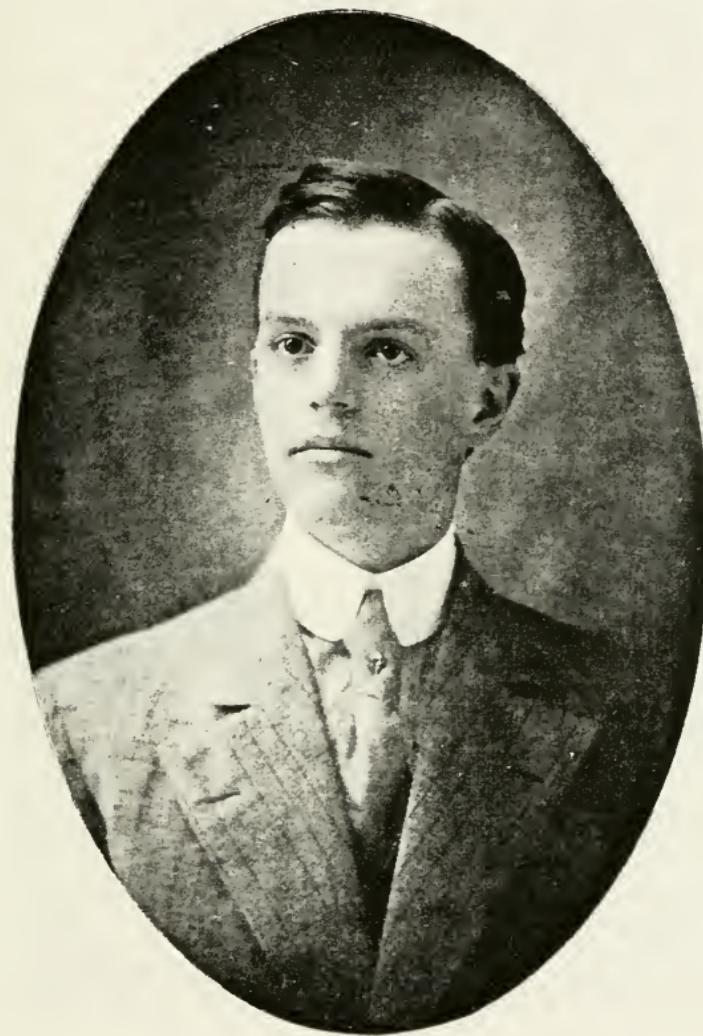


Number 15.—WINSLOW AMES KINGMAN, MY SECOND SON.

Taken in 1907.

Born April 20, 1889.

Entered Washburn Academy, Topeka, Kansas, January, 1905.



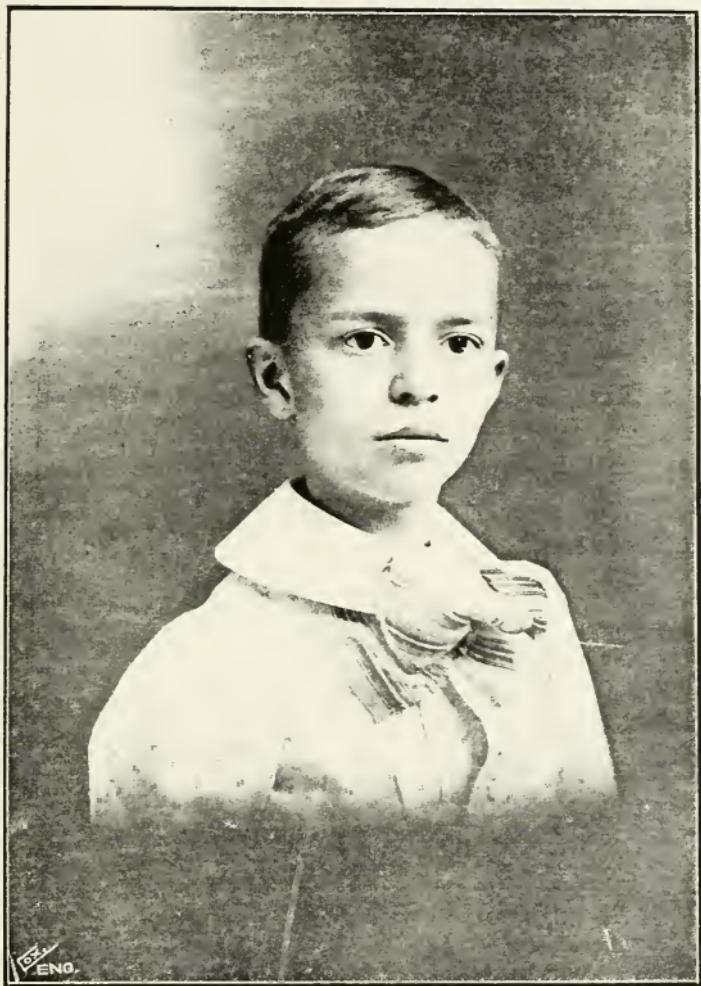
Number 16.--ROBERT HILLS KINGMAN, MY THIRD SON.

Taken in 1907.

Born July 18, 1890.

Entered Washburn Academy, January, 1905.





Number 17. - LEWIS KINGMAN, JR., MY FOURTH SON
Taken in 1907.
Born March 13, 1898.





Number 18.—SETH PACKARD KINGMAN, MY YOUNGEST SON.
THE FIFTH.
Taken in 1907.
Born December 16, 1900.





LUCIA ADELINE KINGMAN,
My Sister.
Born Dec. 8, 1846.



Number 22.—LUCIA ADELINE KINGMAN, MY SISTER.

Taken in 1871.

Born December 8, 1846. Unmarried.





Number 23.—ROSELLA KINGMAN SNOW, MY SISTER.

Born August 29, 1852.

Married Joseph Crosby

Snow, June 9, 1885.





Number 24.—BERTHA SNOW, MY NIECE.

Born October 13, 1886.

Entered Radcliff College, Sept. 28, 1904.



Number 25.—ISAAC HENRY KINGMAN, MY BROTHER.
Born June 8, 1854.
Married Annie Crocker, October 16, 1878.
Died June 20, 1901.





Number 26.—EDWARD HENRY KINGMAN, NEPHEW.
Born July 2, 1881.





Number 27.—WALTER FRANKLIN KINGMAN, MY BROTHER.
Born March 31, 1862.

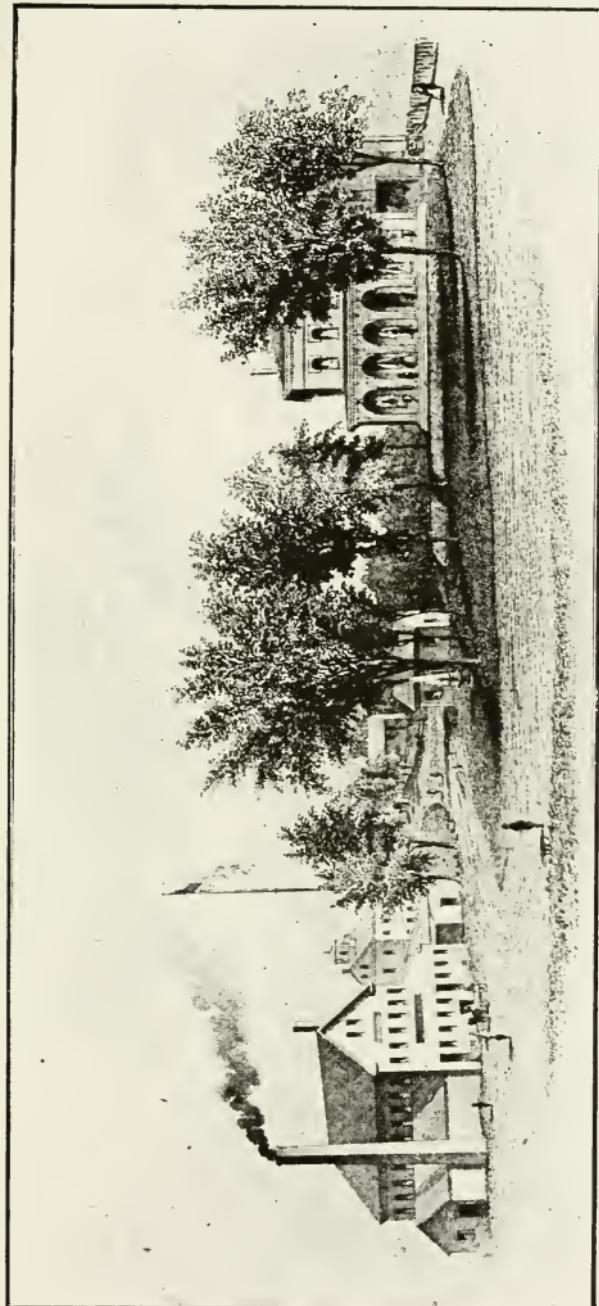


Number 28 —EDITH LANE KINGMAN, MY NIECE.
Born March 4, 1889





Number 29.—LEON EMERY KINGMAN, MY NEPHEW.
Born June 28, 1893.



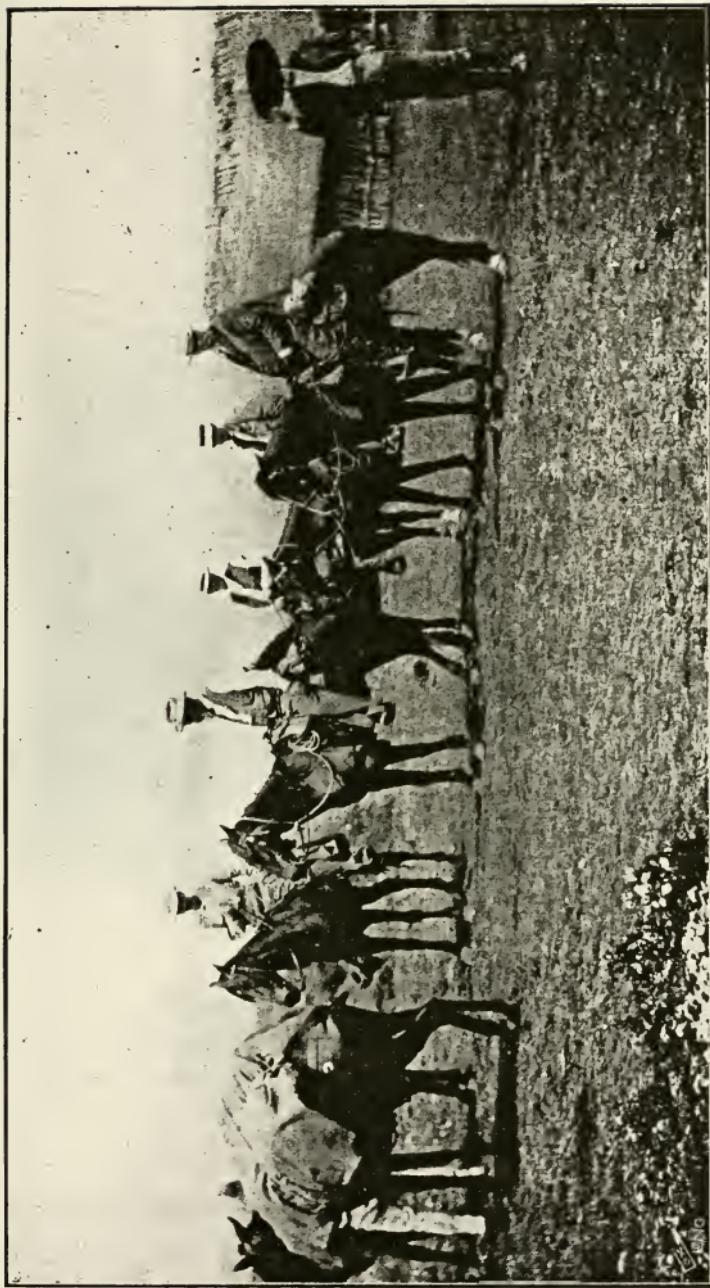
Number 30.—FACTORY, VILLAGE AND SCHOOL HOUSE.
My home was beyond the trees, one fourth mile from the School House.



Number 31.—GRANDFATHER AMES' HOUSE, CARY HILL.
Brockton, Massachusetts.

The house is very old; the barn to the right used to have red trimmings. Grandfather used to have a grind stone in the summer under the shade of the ash tree to the left of the house.





Number 32.—ON THE TRAIL TO COLIMA, 1906.
Mozo, D. B. Smith. L. Kingman. F. Blackford. Thompson. A. A. Robinson. W. M. Myers.



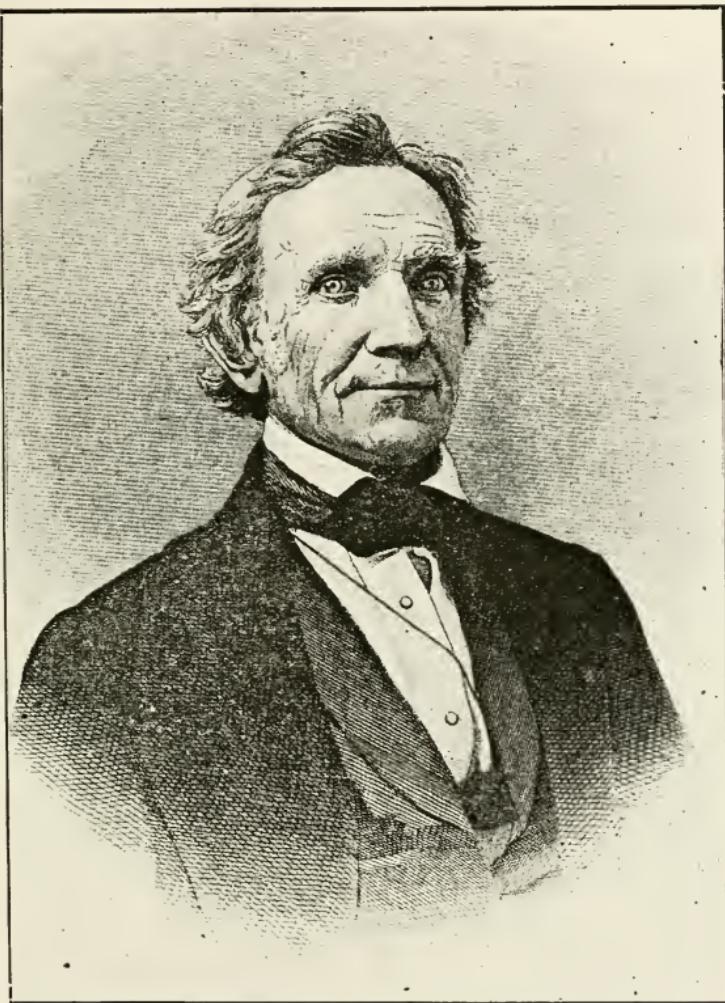
Number 33.—DAVID HOOVER, MARY HOOVER'S BROTHER.

Born in Randolph Co., N. C., April 14, 1781.

Married Catherine Yount, March 31, 1807.

Died September 12, 1866.

County Clerk, Wayne Co., Indiana, for 14 years. John S. Newman's Uncle



Number 34.—SAMUEL HANNAH. WAYNE CO., INDIANA.

Born December 1, 1789.

Married Eleanor Bishop

July 11, 1811.

School teacher, sheriff, county commissioner, postmaster, county clerk, member of the legislature. Ry. president, died September 8, 1869. Alice Newman's great grandfather and grandmother Newman's father.





Number 35.—ELEANOR BISHOP HANNAH
Married Samuel Hannah July 11, 1811.
Alice Newman's Great Grandmother
Mother to her Grandmother Jane Newman.



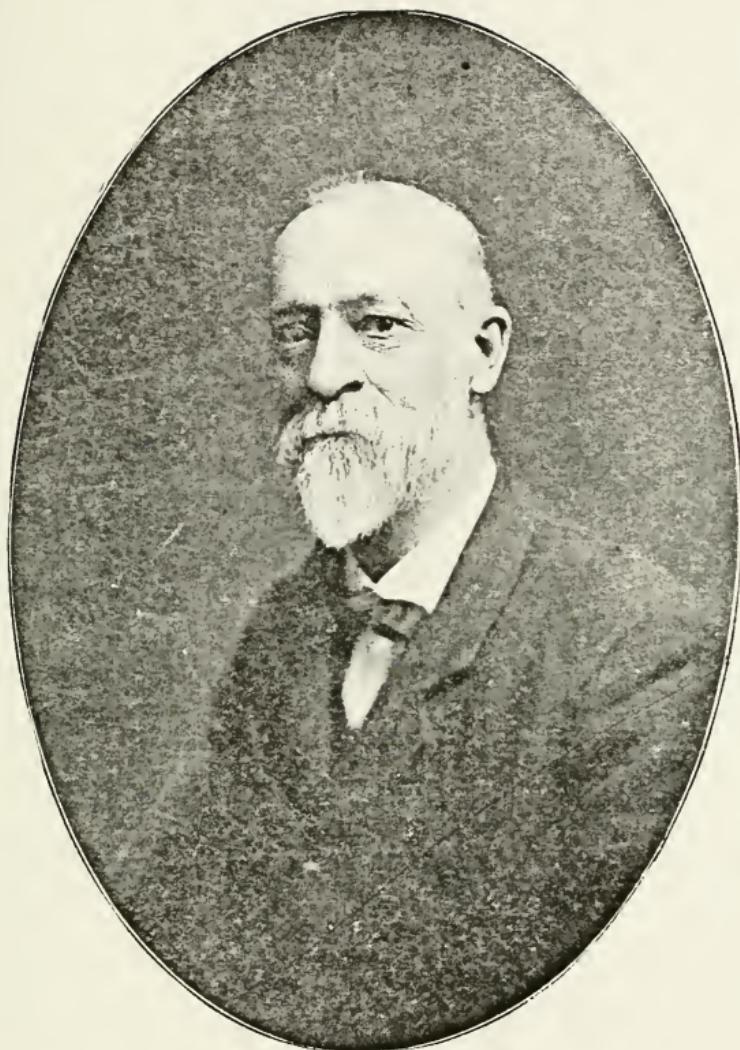
Number 36.—JOHN S. NEWMAN
Born April 10, 1805.
Married Eliza Jane
Hannah Oct. 1, 1829.
Grandfather of Alice Newman.





Number. 37—ELIZA JANE HANNAH NEWMAN.
Daughter of Samuel Hannah and Eleanor Bishop
Born October 1, 1813.
Married October 1, 1829.
Grandmother of Alice Newman.





Number 38.—OMAR NEWMAN.

Born April 5, 1836.

Married Frances Eleanor

Hills April 28, 1859.

Died May 2, 1901.

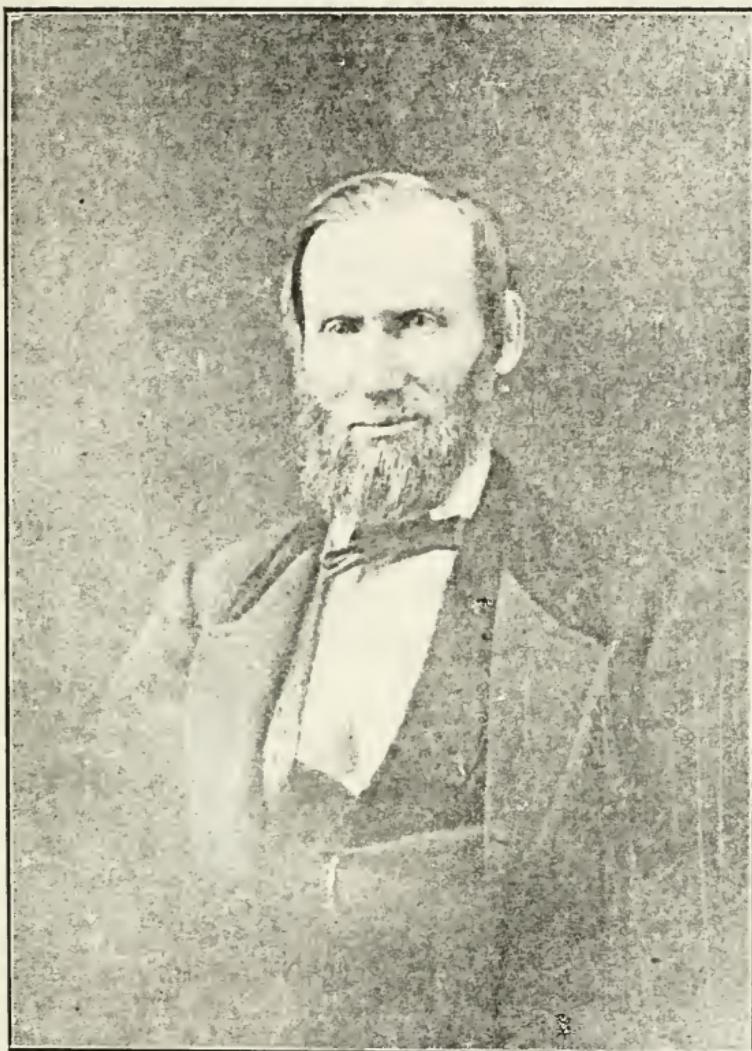
Father of Alice Newman.





Number 39.—FRANCES ELEANOR HILLS NEWMAN.
Born April 10, 1838.
Married Omar New-
man April 28, 1859.
Mother of Alice Newman.





Number 40.—RUBEN ELMER HILLS.

Born September 27, 1812.

Died March, 1864.

Married Mary Fisher, Daughter of Peter Fisher.
Grandfather of Alice Newman.





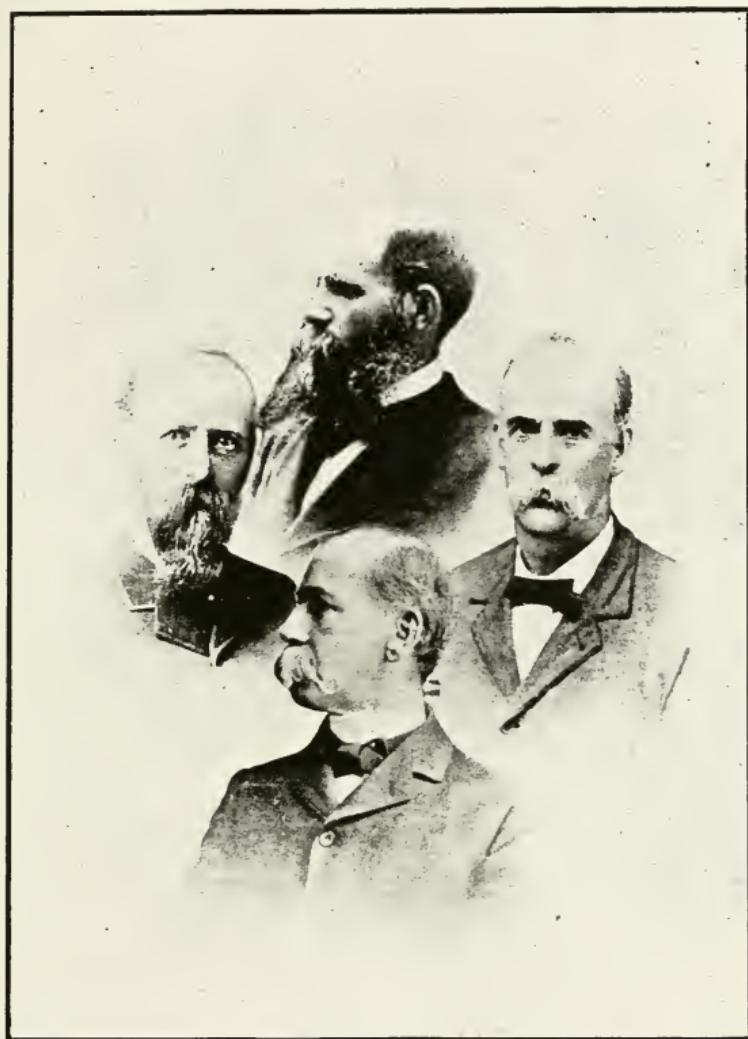
Number 41.—MARY ANDERSON FISHER HILLS.
Born January 29, 1816.
Married Ruben Elmer Hills, Sept. 30, 1834.
Died September 16, 1886.
Grandmother of Alice Newman.





Number 42.—ANNIE MARY HILLS BARKDULL.
Born September 20, 1849.
Married September 7, 1874,
To Harry Barkdull.
Aunt of Alice Newman.





Number 43.—THE FOUR HILLS BROTHERS.

V. T. Hills.

C. E. Hills.

R. H. Hills.

Ruben E. Hills.

Uncles of Alice Newman.





Number 44.—FOUR GENERATIONS.

1. Ruth Carver Kingman.
2. Alice Newman Kingman.
3. Francis Eleanor Hills Newman.
4. Eliza Jane Hannah Newman.





Number 45.—MARY CAREY NEWMAN HAGADORN.

Born August 27, 1865.

Married August, 1896.

Sister of Alice Newman.



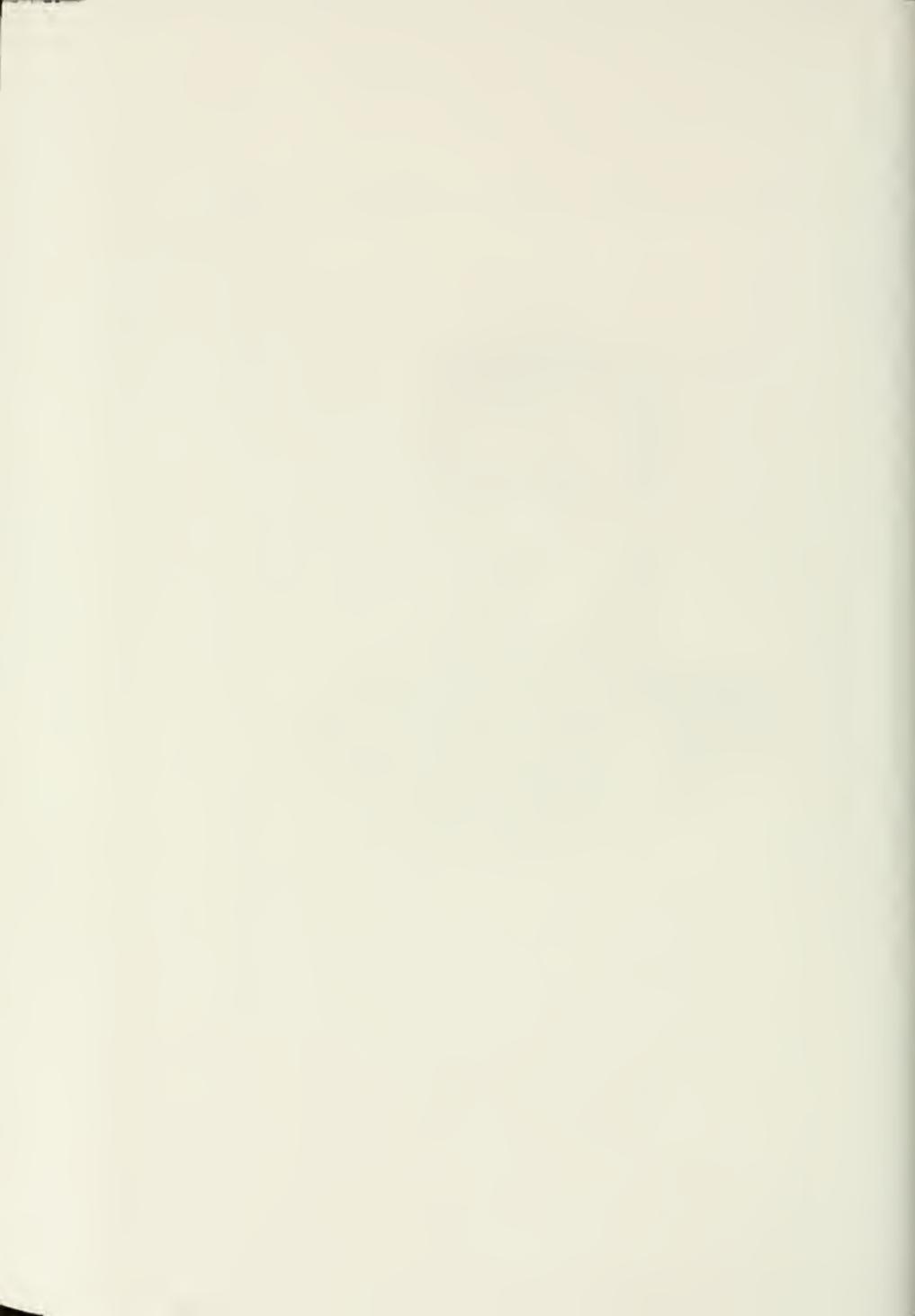


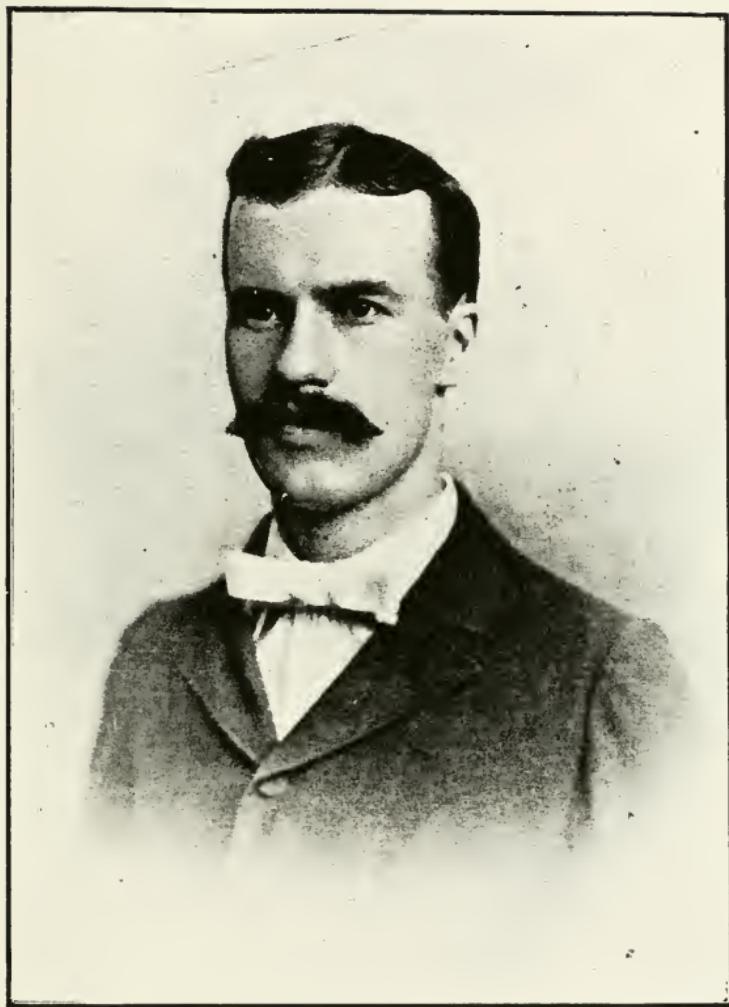
Number 46.—ELEANOR HILLS NEWMAN, EAKIN.

Born February 16, 1871.

Married April 25, 1900.

Sister of Alice Newman.





Number 47.—FREDRICK HILLS NEWMAN.
Born October 8, 1873.
Brother of Alice Newman.





Number 48.—LUCIUS KINGMAN.

Born September 11, 1839.

Served three years in the first Kansas Cavalry Regiment during
the civil war.

His grandson Lucius.





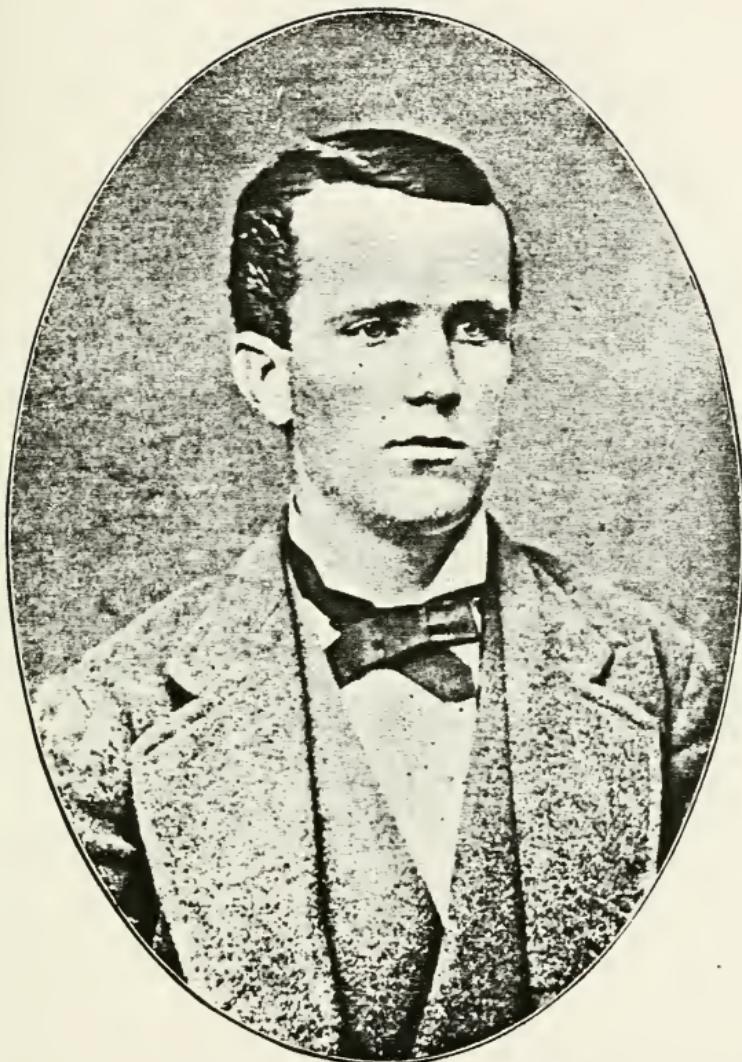
Number 49.—W. J. ECKLES.
Lucius Kingman's Son in Law.





Number 50.—NELLIE MARIE KINGMAN ECKLES.
Daughter of Lucius Kingman.



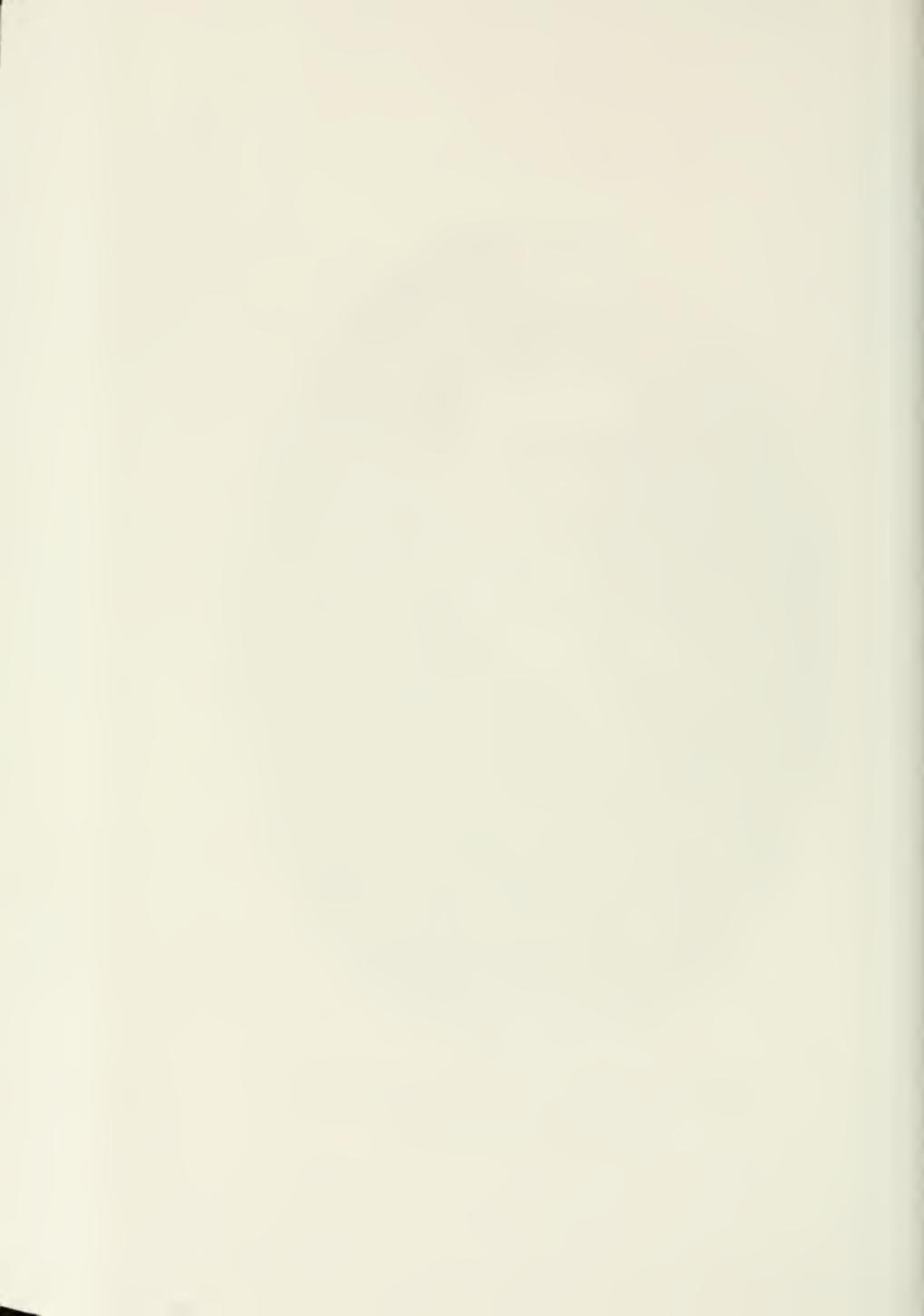


Number 51.—ISAAC HENRY KINGMAN.
Born June 8, 1854.





Number 52.—BERKLEY CHANDLER KINGMAN.
Born December 12, 1883.
Son of Isaac Henry Kingman.





Number 53.—HAZEL ROSELLA KINGMAN.
Born January 21, 1899.
Daughter of Isaac Henry Kingman.





Number 54.—MABLE KINGMAN
on left, born April 3, 1891.
LUCIA KINGMAN on Right.
Born July 20, 1894. Daughters of Isaac Henry Kingman.





Number 55.—OTIS FRANCES CLAPP,
born Sept. 26, 1843.

Graduated at Hunts Academy in 1861.
Commenced Engineering with Shedd and Edson, Sept. 15, 1862.
Now city Engineer of Providence, R. I.



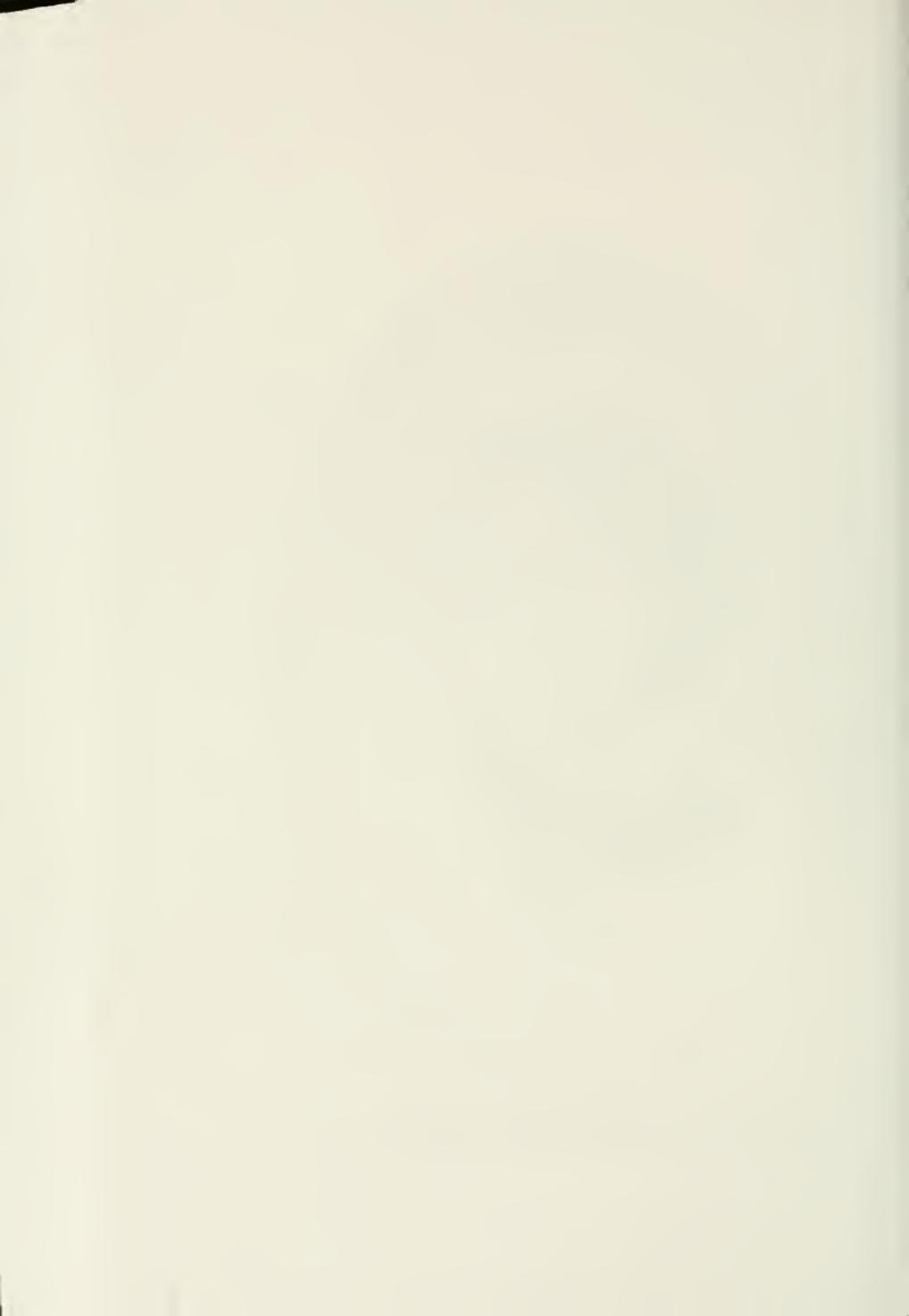


Number 56.—EUGENE KINGMAN,
born August 8, 1843, at Quincy, Illinois.
Son of Lucius Kingman and Lucia Holmes.





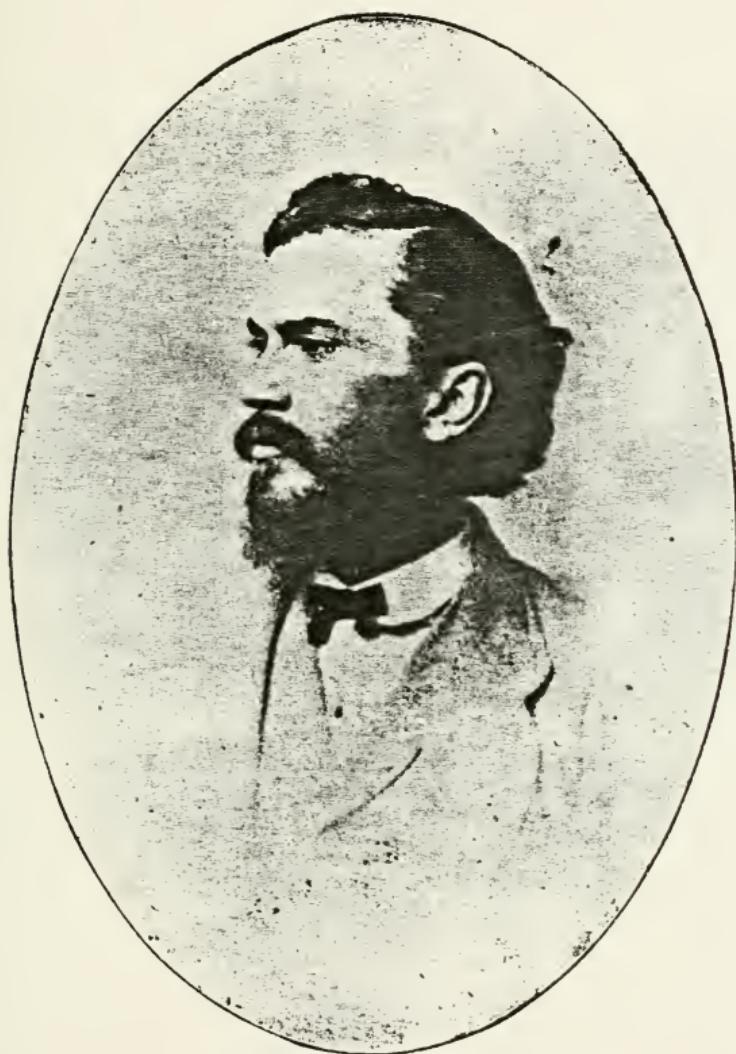
Number 57.—LUCIA MARIA KINGMAN,
daughter of Lucius Kingman. Born in Quincy, Illinois.





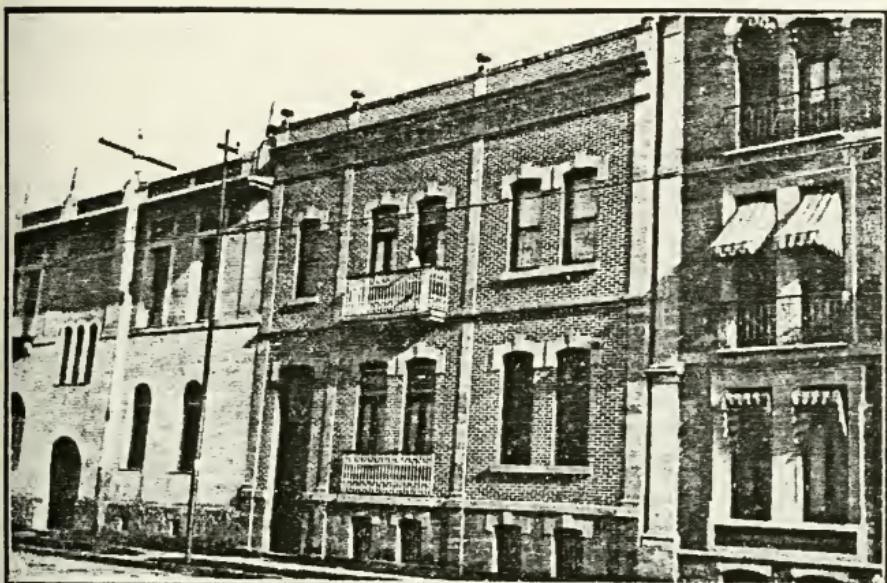
Number 58 —ROSELLA KINGMAN SNOW,
born August 29, 1852.
My Sister.





Number 59.—ISAAC KINGMAN HARRIS,
born February 15, 1840.
Son of Isaac Harris and Adeline Kingman.



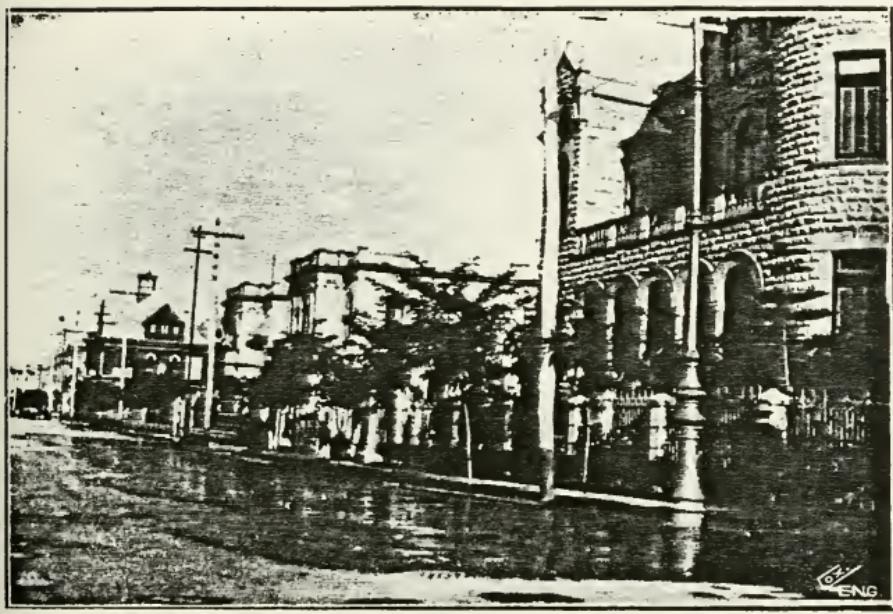


Number 60.—MY HOME IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.
Near the corner of Versalles and Liverpool Streets.

Completed April 15, 1903.

Lot cost \$3,630; with interest and taxes to time the house was finished
it cost \$4,126.36.
The house cost \$23,074.34.





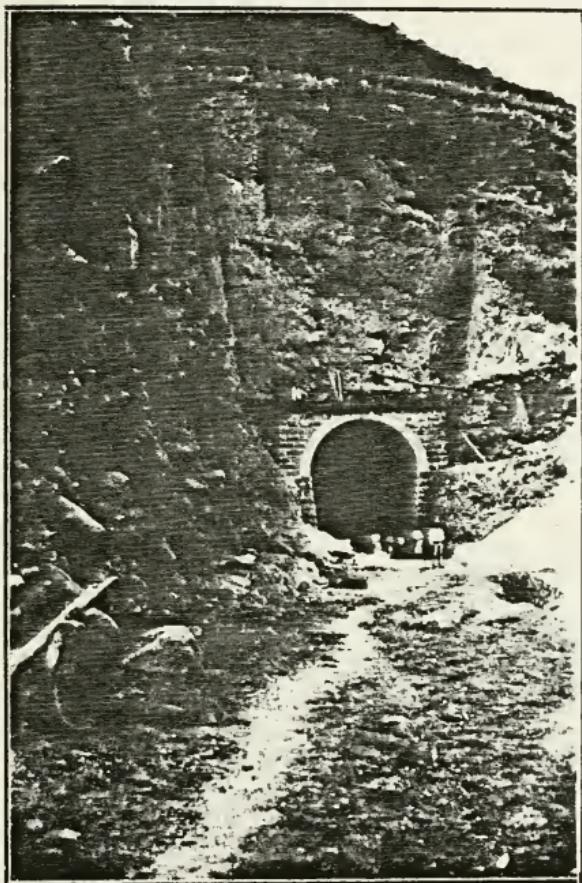
Number 61.—Liverpool Street
From the Corner near my house looking west





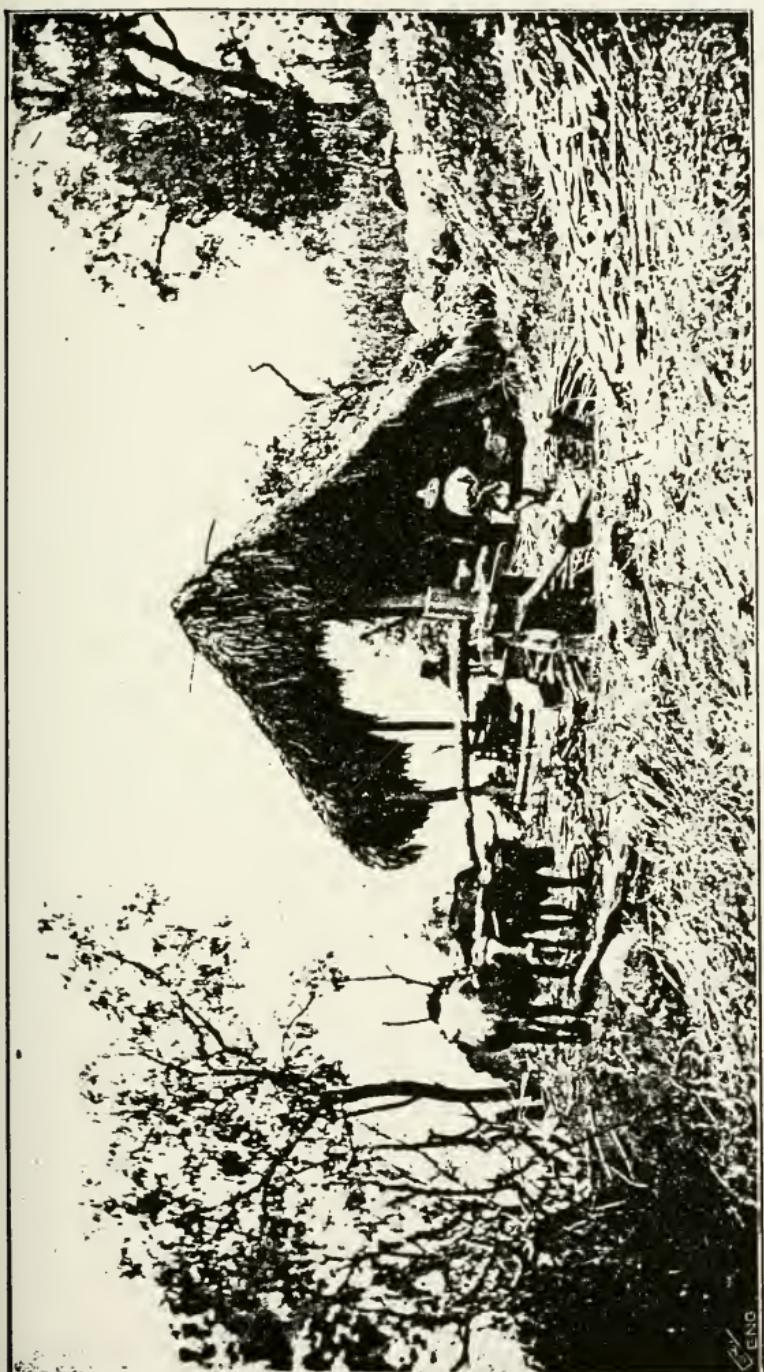
Number 62.—TUNNEL.
One of 15 on the Colima Line.





Number 63.—TUNNEL.
One of 15 on the Colima Line.





Number 84.—SUGAR MILL IN MEXICO.
"The old way."



CHAPTER XII.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD



I was born in North Bridgewater, Plymouth County, the ancestral home of my grandfathers, which had been built by my great grandfather Matthew Kingman, in 1755, at the time he married Jane Packard, daughter of David Packard and Hannah Ames.

The house had its large chimney with very large wide fireplaces, the front door was in the center fronting the street and led into a hall with a wide winding stairway to the rooms above, and doors to the sitting room and parlor, the windows were large with small panes of glass; the front door was nicely ornamented; the frame carved and decorated in the best style of those days. when time was not counted as ready cash.

Henry Kingman, four generations removed from me, had come from old Bridgewater and built on what is now Summer street about 600 yards south of my birthplace, in 1725, at the time he married Mary Allen; three succeeding generations built on the same side of the same street and within one-half mile of the original Henry Kingman home.

For more than one hundred years the place had been known as the Kingman neighborhood.

Grandfather Eliphalet had built 100 yards south of his old house in 1842, and when father was married in 1844 he let father have the old mansion.

Here grandfather, father and I were born; we had watched the changing sky; the light and shadows; the fleecy clouds the dark tempestous storms, the vivid flashes of lightning, the snow on the window pane and the drifts on the outside. We watched the morning light and the rising sun opening up a new morning full of hope and expectancy, the evening sun and twilight in the front rooms and parlor, that wonderfully beautiful long drawn out ending of day, as the ending of life should be. We had heard the wind moan through some partly open door or window, the raindrops pattering on the attic roof, the rustling of the wind in the hickory tree, the peals of thunder which shook the house, the hail on the windows, and the rushing of a mighty wind; all taught us our first lessons in the attributes of nature.

Grandfather, father and I had played on the same door-stone and ran in the same door-yard; we had ran up the same wide, yellow stairway and about the same dining room and kitchen. We three generations in turn had watched the preparations for our meals, the hand bellows to liven the coals, the cranes in the fire-place swinging the iron pots and kettles, the expanding steam from the iron tea kettle, with its low murmur of satisfaction, the oven, the hot biscuit, the savory pottage and viands: the announcement that supper was ready made our faces glow with pleasure and satisfaction. After supper, a little noise and full of fun and play, until mother came in from the kitchen, then quieting down we listened to our elders or watched the imaginary soldiers marching as to the war on the red hot coals or in the burning soot of the chimney, the fire-place glowing with light and heat, eclipsing the tallow candle on the mantle. We would listen to the eventful tales of the day, father's and mother's joys and pleasures; troubles, cares and trials, the news of the neighborhood, some of politics and a great deal about the farm, the stock, the crops and the weather, sometimes a little chiding or some childish stories, then weary, tired and sleepy we climbed up stairs to bed with mother following to tuck us in and bid us goodnight.

Under the windows, right and left of the front door, there were two small flower beds with flowers in season, a stone wall lined the west side of the road; opposite the house to the west a large hickory tree, three or four feet in diameter and seventy-feet high, cast a refreshing shade into the front yard after two or three o'clock in the afternoon and later shaded the house. South of the hickory tree there was a tanzy bed and further along an old apple tree that bore little red apples. The roadway was hard and smooth, of good gravel, the borders grown to grass, with a foot path on either side; north of the house a little way was the summit of the hill which in olden times had been called windmill hill and I remember seeing the old mill-stone here; inside of the wall. From this hill we could see the blue hills of Randolph and Quincey, the village with its church spires, a mile to the northwest, and Campello a mile to the

southwest, with Salisbury brook and meadow between; that dear old brook with its fish ells and wet feet, those swimming holes, the riffles and deep pools.

I knew every nook and crook, and how well I remember the first golden chiven I caught and brought home on the hook with the rod for mother to take off and cook; it was the best fish I have ever eaten.

In 1850 father built his new house on Windmill hill; it cost him about \$5,000 in those days of cheap labor and material; the house was finished in the cool weather in the fall and I remember sitting in front of the fire-place the first evening after moving in. The house was commodious and convenient. It was our home, where I and my brothers and sisters were matured and where we received our training. Many pleasant recollections are entwined about this our home.

When Matthew Kingman, in 1755, built his house he arranged to build a barn about 200 feet north of the house, about 100 feet back from the road; this was finished a year or two after the house; this continued in use until 1875 when father tore it down and built a new one.

In this old barn, which was 100 feet south of father's new house, the cattle, horses and chickens were cared for. The boy taught to work, to milk the cows night and morning, to feed the stock, water the horses and do all the chores; there was a carriage house on the north side of the barn that covered a good covered carriage and a democratic open four wheeled, light running, one-seated vehicle. Father always had a good buffalo robe over the seat: it fell to my lot to harness and unharness the horse and to act as stable boy. Summer haying, fall thrashing, with hand flails tied with eel skins, some of my catching, feeding the stock cold winter mornings, was all the boy's work and he was always irrepressible, always on hand to do something more. We had lots of fun in the old barn, running, jumping off the great beams onto the hay, and playing hide and seek. Then the pet rabbits, the chickens and the calves were a source of pleasure. The work had no terrors for me, I liked it most of

the time; it made me strong and healthy: in the summer I had to drive grandfather's, Uncle Eliphalet's and father's cows to pasture nearly a mile and a half away. They had three pastures, Shaws, Thayers and the Barrel pasture; as these were in different directions, I was fairly well acquainted with the neighbors. The cows had to go in the morning and come back at night; the old cows were pretty good, they would most always come to the pasture gate and wait for me at night. In these days I had an Irish spaniel dog named Trip; he always went along and kept me company. About a quarter of a mile east of the house there was a pine wood, or what we called the ridge hill, this hill was really a moraine and extended from Taunton to near Randolph, generally straight but serpentine in detail. Hichcock's geology describes it fully: it was rarely more than 300 feet wide and thirty or forty high and was deposited from an ice flow and may have been the shore line during the glacier period: the ridge was a mixture of rounded stone, sand and gravel, with but little soil on the surface: it had been allowed to grow up to pine timber: the trees were tall and straight, a smooth carpet of pine with now and then some checkerberry and wintergreen growing in patches, making it an ideal place for children to romp and play: further off there were a few partridges, cotton tail rabbits and some squirrels, but I never shot one of these in my early days. I used to practise on the crows, as they pulled the corn up in the spring and they always remembered to keep an eye on me, especially if I had the gun along.

There were several pond holes southeast of the house, on either side of the ridge hill, that were probably formed the same time the ridge was formed or deposited, these holes in the ground were undoubtedly formed by icebergs settling down and grounding: the gravel in the mass slid some distance away by the sloping sides, the berg preventing any deposits and the swaying of the berg kept the depression until the ice was melted sufficiently to float away.

We had a cranberry meadow east of the ridge in an opening and in the fall I picked from a half bushel to two bushels

of berries, I think rather less perhaps, but there would be a good lot of them and they would last all winter, I had to pick by hand and it was slow work with knees in the water. The pond holes that I have spoken of made excellent skating ponds in the winter. We most always went skating on Thanksgiving day and if the ice was not strong enough we got in and wet our feet, and sometimes got ducked, but as these ponds were not deep we were never in much danger of drowning; sometimes we got into the mud.

In most all of these ponds there would be an island in the center formed by the muskrats building their nests and then growing a tussock of meadow grass. These islands would be just right to sit on while putting on the skates.

The nearest of these ponds to our house was in the shape of a crookneck squash, the large end about 200 feet in diameter and the extreme length about 600 feet; the edge was grown up to swamp huckleberrys and I have picked many a pailful in season, and they were fine with milk or cream.

East of the house, before coming to the ridge hill, there was a stone wall between the cultivated field and the ridge pasture; this old wall was detested by father but there grew along in the wall and bushes some of the finest blackberry bushes that ever were seen; mother used to keep herself posted and when the berries were about ripe she would say "now Lewis if you will pick some blackberries we will have a short-cake"; we had the cake and it was always made just right. A little to the north of this, on an east and west wall, was a native grapevine which had large purple grapes, the vine covered 75 or 100 feet of wall and there was good grapes nearly every year. When I was 10 years old father gave me the use of a little more than a quarter of an acre of ground and I set it out to strawberrys. I raised 32 bushel and cleared \$70.00 net profit one year.

Grandfather Kingman lived near our home on the same street and about 300 yards south. Aunt Adeline kept house for him before grandmother Kingman died in 1853 and continued to do so until his death in 1856. She had Isaac and Adeline,

my cousins, both several years older than I. It was so near we could go there often, and we were there several times a day.

Grandfather Kingman was tall, straight, slim, and very active. He used to ride horseback a great deal, and once when old, was dumped into a brook alongside of the road, near Seth Kingman's or the old Henry Kingman Place, where he had gone to water his horse, and was rather seriously hurt. He would try and go to the annual musters although he had no desire to be a soldier and wear brass buttons and a uniform; but he would go to meet his old friends of bygone days. I went with him on several occasions. Grandfather was at his best at these reunions. He would drive the old horse in the thorough brace leather, rocker, family coach made by Ambrose Kingman; all his old cronies would gather about the coach and talk about everybody and everything. He would buy me a lunch and eat himself, and manage to get home before dark.

Grandfather had a good orchard and a variety of apples, and was very fond of sitting in front of the fireplace of an evening, eating apples. He and grandmother enjoyed the apples, and liked to have grandchldrn share with them. Rhode Island greenings were his favorite apple, and they were fine specimens.

Grandfather and grandmother Kingman rounded out their lives in good form. The horse and carriage was always ready to go, and they drove out nearly every pleasant day making calls on old people, their friends and relatives; and in return received visits and kept open house. He was not rich, but was forehanded. His brother, Abel Kingman, was the first wheelwright in the town. For some years grandfather and his Brother Abel were interested in a small waterpower sawmill at the factory village. Grandfather went into the business of sawing and getting out oak plank for ship lumber, and for many years employed his time at this, when not needed on the farm. He would buy suitable trees standing, cut them, haul them to the sawmill, and then haul the plank to Duxbury or other points where shipbuilding was carried on, 16 miles away, on the coast. Grandfather invested in Old Colony railway stock when that

road was first built in 1844 or 45. For many years he would go to Boston on a stockholder's pass, to attend the annual meeting.

Grandfather was congenial and kind; he had always been industrious and careful of his means, and could never get over being wronged or defrauded. He had quite a large farm, but there was considerable poor land. In his younger days he excelled in raising corn, and strange as it may seem now, their surplus was shipped to Taunton by wagon and from there in vessels to New York.

Grandfather Kingman was an expert mathematician for his day. He could figure any ordinary example in his head. In sawing logs into boards for shipbuilders they did not square the log, but made boards and plank of the whole log; and he would measure each irregular board, figure the contents in the board, slide it out of the mill, and then set down the total contents of the log from figures in his head; and he would do this all the time. I have an arithmetic that grandfather studied. It is "The Scholar's Guide to Arithmetic" by John Bonnycastle, second edition, printed in London, and reprinted in Boston by John West Folsom, corner of Ann Street, 1786; said to give a reason for every rule, demonstrated from the most simple and evident principles. Grandfather's brother, Henry, afterwards Captain Henry, first used the book. He married Dr. Philip Bryant's daughter, Ann Bryant, afterwards an aunt of William Cullen Bryant the poet. They moved to Pelham, Mass., and lived and died there.



CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY EFFORTS—SCHOOL DAYS.
SCHOOL SCRAPS, AND SNOWBALLING
GOOD AND BAD TEACHERS
SEWING SHOE VAMPS AT FOUR CENTS PER PAIR
1850 TO 1861.



I was started to school, taught by Lewis Noyes, when only four years old. My cousin Adeline Harris acted as my escort. I sat on the front row of seats without any desk before me; the blackboards on the walls were a source of much interest, there were two charts of the human body, one showing the veins, heart and arteries, and the other the lungs. I was inspired with awe and dislike for the sight of these pictures. The teacher's desk was on a slightly raised platform. There were all grades in this school, from the four year old boy on the front seat to the full grown man and woman of 18 at the back row of seats. The master had to be able to teach all, and I think Mr. Noyes did very well. He would go out at recess and play ball a few minutes with the larger boys, and be ready to call the school together and resume their studies at the appointed time.

In 1852 we had a new school building. The little yellow school house was sold, and a fine new building erected, with a cupolo and bell, and nice chairs and desks of the latest design. There was a room for the primary grade, and a larger room for the advanced scholars. The walls had a hard white finish; the ceilings were high and the rooms well lighted, and in winter the stoves heated the rooms nicely. Our school house was the best in town, mainly due to Chandler Sprague, whose four daughters were of school age. Mr. Sprague manufactured lasts, and employed ten or fifteen men at the factory near the village. Father lived a quarter of a mile from the factory village, and the school house was between our house and the village. The post-office and town were nearly a mile from our house beyond the factory village. In those days it was North Bridgewater, but now it is known as Brockton. It has always been a shoe manufacturing place, and when I was five or six years old mother used to bind the edges of the vamps and quarters with stripped sheep skin and I had to stitch them together. For all this work we got four cents per pair. I had to do some of this work before and after school, and mother used to sew twelve pairs a day besides other work.

The winter term of our school was usually kept by a man and the summer term by a lady, who usually selected one of

the older boys to ring the bell and open the school room. The bellringer was of considerable consequence to the younger scholars and usually stood well with the teacher, so when I was selected for this position I was very much elated and took the first opportunity to practice on the bell, but it was sometime before I could ring it with a full turn. We took the clapper off so as not to disturb everybody and it was not long before I could give the bell a full turn and became an expert bellringer.

The view from the front of the schoolhouse was across the Salisbury brook and valley. My teachers, as I remember them, were Lewis Noyes, Rebecea Copeland, Mr. Tucker, Mr. Mayhew, Lucy Atherton, Miss Monk, Miss Packard, Deborah Thayer and Sarah Kingman. These teachers all had some good traits. Lucy Atherton was one of the best. She was studious, persevering and patient, and accomplished much. Debora Thayer was an Amazon. She did not like the scholars; she was not successful; she could thrash the boys and intimidate the girls, but she had no tact or moral suasion. She was a good Methodist, and in after years she used to call on my mother and was quite friendly. Mr. Mayhew was a good teacher, considerate and kind. He liked the boys, and had a way of getting along with all the scholars. Mr. Tucker was as opposite Mr. Mayhew as could be. He used to carry a heavy two foot ruler under his arm most of the time, and if he saw two boys inattentive, whispering or playing he would throw the ruler across the school room at them. He was a pretty good shot. One day in front of my desk there was an outline map of the two hemispheres on the wall, and three or four boys stood studying it. Thomas B. Kingman got tired of standing, so sat down upon my desk. This was interfering with my rights, and I gave him a shove that sent him on to the floor. Tucker came along and whacked me with his big ruler square over the shoulder. It hit hard and made me wince. At recess soon after I called Thomas out and told him that he had sat on my desk and got me punished by the teacher, and that it was then his turn to take a licking. We were soon separated by Isaac Harris, and that

afternoon after school my father heard of it and walked me over to grandfather's, and he gave me a lecture about fighting. Needless to say father or grandfather did not inquire into the merits of the case, nor did I dare stand up and explain matters as I should have done.

Mr. Tucker was a despot and ruled with arbitrary power from which there was no appeal. I do not know whether we ever learned anything of any value from him or not. There was a boy named Fred Churchill who objected to being whacked with his rule. He and the teacher had a few rounds, after which Churchill left school with the reputation of being an unruly boy. This teacher was well fitted to make anarchists of the worst kind. It is 54 years now since we parted and I detest his memory as much as I did the day we separated.

The district school was not a success as a whole; it did not average well, the school committee were at fault in not using judgment in selecting teachers, and they in turn were hired servants who did not care.

At the commencement of the fall term of the S. D. Hunt Academy in Sept., 1858, father concluded to take me from the district school and send me to the academy. He had to pay my tuition, but it was the best move he ever made on my behalf. I become interested in my studies. Mr. Hunt was a college graduate, and he liked the work of teaching. He liked young people and had an insight into character, and made good selections for his assistants who in turn made a success of the academy. At this school we enjoyed life; there was a quiet peaceful influence; everything was regular, and those who tried made great progress. We had a little world all to ourselves preparatory to entering into the wider field of practical life, and as such it was a fitting prelude. I continued to attend the academy until the winter term of 1861, altogether about three years and a half. I had enjoyed my studies, and was getting self-assurance and training after realizing the value of knowledge, so that my last year was the best.

While I was at the academy the nomination of Abraham Lincoln occurred, and the commencement of the war of the

rebellion. There were zealous partisans on each side. We had a Philomathian Society of which Mr. Hunt was President, and nearly all of the scholars were enrolled. John Goddard perhaps was the most able on the Democratic side, and there were Republicans enough to make it interesting for him.

The day appointed for the execution of John Brown, Dec. 2, 1859, was a very much talked of event. Some eight or ten of us boys carried our lunch to school, and on that day we calculated the difference in time and appointed one of our number to drop a handkerchief at the precise moment that the hanging was to occur. Our sympathies were very much in favor of Brown, and we believed him a martyr and patriot.

The first political excitement I remember to have taken any interest in was when Freemont and Dayton were nominated in 1856. I was strongly in favor of Freemont, thinking he was all right then. Later years changed my estimate of the man. He always put the wrong foot forward and was always getting into hot water. He lacked good judgment and tact, and was a man to let severely alone.

While attending Hunt's Academy some of the Northenders, as we called them, would try and annoy some of the academy boys going to and from school. This continued for some time; finally one noon, when the snow was melting freely, about ten of their number came into the academy grounds and commenced pelting us with snow balls. Bill Packard led the gang and selected me as his opponent. I was a country boy used to all kinds of exercise, could shy a stone and hit a cow's horn and make her shake her head; I could throw straight and hard, so when these fellows undertook to drive us to cover I stood my ground and made balls of snow and icy slush that were as hard as rocks, and I put them where they did the most execution. Bill Packard was a bully and lead the Northenders, but he went home and bandaged his eye and was seen with the bandage on for more than a week. The academy boys never had any more trouble from that quarter. It was a victory for the academy.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.
WITH SHEDD AND EDSON, BOSTON
THREE MONTHS WITH MARTIN CORYELL,
THREE YEARS IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA
TO ST. LOUIS, MO.,
APRIL, 1861, TO JULY, 1868.



The war commenced in April, 1861. I was 16 years old at the time. I hardly knew what to do; I had been taught to work on the farm, and I had worked with my father in the shop and factory. I could make shoes in detail, so when the first contracts were let by the Government for sewed shoes for the soldiers I turned to and learned to make sewed shoes, and worked at this from six to nine months. I made four pair per day and received one dollar per pair. Father usually helped me on the knife work, but the sixteen long threads were laboriously drawn and it was hard work. I would usually finish the four pair and make my threads in the evening for the next day. I did not like shop work, it was too confining, and I longed to be out of doors, so in the spring of 1862 I quit making shoes and helped father on the farm. In August of that year my cousin, Otis F. Clapp, and I planned to try engineering. He had been with me at Hunt's Academy nearly all the time. Father took me to Boston early in September and made arrangements for me to study with Shedd and Edson, Civil Engineers, at 42 Court Street, and on the 15th of September my cousin and I commenced, with the understanding that we were to study three years, and that we were to pay Shedd and Edson \$100 per year, they in their turn paying us for any work we might do. I boarded at home and bought annual tickets of the Old Colony Ry. Co. I think we paid about \$52 a year for these tickets, which were issued to students at a low rate. I rode 40 miles per day for a year and a half.

I was engaged in several interesting undertakings. We surveyed the Springfield Armory and Water shops, and later on the Watertown Arsenal grounds, all under an Act of Congress. I performed my first railroad work under Mr. Edson on the Stoneham Branch of the Lowell Railroad. The charter expired April 1, 1863, and we shoveled snow in banks four feet deep to do the grading; and we laid the track and run an engine over the rails into Stoneham before the time had expired. We ran over a bog in a large tanyard, which bore up very well at first but later broke its crust, and we were several weeks getting it filled to grade. We brought water in sewer

pipe laid in cement a distance of about two miles, to supply the engines at Stoneham.

Blockade running during the war was very frequent, and one of my jobs was measuring a blockade runner that had been captured by the Government. This vessel was called the "General Banks." I made the details as far as possible. The steamer was sold at auction by the Government; bought by blockade runners, and again put into that service.

I was detailed to do considerable work at Mount Auburn Cemetery. Jacob Bigelow, the celebrated surgeon, was president of the Cemetery Association and laid out a large addition to the cemetery, and our office was employed on landscape and sub-division work.

There was another interesting work over in East Boston. Parties there had designed shipways for hauling ships out for repairs, and they employed our office to work out some of the details. I became acquainted with several young engineers while in Shedd and Edson's office. My cousins Otis F. Clapp and Isaac Harris both served about three years there. Then there were A. J. Tolman, Fred. Hatch, Bailey, Job Abbott, C. A. Morse, J. H. Curtis, Foss, Haskell.

My friend Morse left in the spring of 1864 and went to Wilkesbarre, Penna., on railroad work, and about the 1st of June that year he wrote me asking me to come and work for Martin Coryell, M. Am. Soc. C. E. I got released from Shedd & Edson, and started to Pennsylvania on the 25th of June. I was given charge of Mr. Coryell's office and of some borings at or near Kingston for the Feeder Dam Coal Co. I went to Kingston about once a week and occasionally to Scranton, Pa. During the hot weather some of the boys on the Nanticoke Ry. surveys and I would go into the Susquehanna River bathing. My friend Morse was taken with the typhoid fever about the first week in September, and the doctor told us that we had probably all been in miasma and exposed to fever, as several of us were threatened with it. I nursed Mr. Morse at Mr. Corryell's house until his father arrived from New Bedford, Mass., when I left for home, arriving there the last days of September. I was badly used up; had an attack

of slow fever, or dumb ague with fever. I remained at home until Jan. 20, 1865, when I received an offer from my friend Curtis to go and work for Hamilton E. Towle & Co., New York. Mr. Towle's office was at 79 Cedar Street, diagonally opposite from the old Dutch Church, corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets, where the New York postoffice was housed for many years. I got a room in partnership with Fred. Hatch at 442 Broadway, at the Continental Hotel, opposite D. Appleton's Publishing House. I remained in New York about two months, working at 79 Cedar Street during the day, taking my dinner at some of the near-by restaurants, and getting supper and breakfast at the Continental Restaurant. During this time Fred Hatch and I visited almost all of the theatres and places of amusement. Barnum's was open, opposite the City Hall, and another place on Union Square, that burned down that winter. I saw Edwin Booth several times at the Winter Garden. I went over to Brooklyn, and heard Henry Ward Beecher, and was not very well pleased.

The two months spent in New York helped me to get acquainted with the ins and outs of a large city and to learn to look out for myself. I was very saving of my money. I had given up a good place on account of sickness, and I had resolved not to give up another place or get stranded or be obliged to ask father for money; but Hatch and I together contrived to see almost everything that was worth seeing and enjoyed it in a very conservative manner.

We left New York about the 13th of March and landed in Oil City, Pa., March 15th, just in time to be caught in the floods of the 25th of March of that year. We boarded at Arbuthnot's, opposite the south end of the bridge on Oil Creek, We paid \$13 a week for table board, and a few days after we arrived this boarding palace was under water. Our office was on the side hill, high and dry, but we could not cross the street without a boat, and a boat cost \$1.00 to take you over. The bridge washed out and one could not get much of anything to eat for three or four days. I had plenty of engineering work for a while. I located a street railway line up to Plummer; and staked out an addition to the leased lots on the McClintonck Farm for Johny Steele, the celebrated oil magnate. I was returning on foot from one of these surveys on the 15th

of April, carrying a transit on my shoulder, when four miles from Oil City, about 11 A. M., I met a man on horseback who stopped and told me of Abraham Lincoln's assassination and death. The roads were very muddy. Lincoln's death was a sad blow to me; I had seen Wilkes Booth near Oil City a short time before, while he was out riding horseback with several New York men looking over the oil fields. I had liked Edwin Booth's playing when in New York and so when Wilkes Booth was pointed out to me in company with these New York gentlemen, all mounted on the best horses they could find, I took note of him, and when a short time after I heard the story of Lincoln's death the circumstances were strongly impressed on my memory.

On the 4th of July, 1866, I went to Meadville and spent the day there. Allegheny College is located near there, and the McHenry House, where I registered, was celebrated as one of the best hotels in the country at that time. I enjoyed the day; I was entirely alone, did not know a soul there, but I saw the balloon ascension; and at about 5 P. M. took the train for Oil City, fairly well pleased with Meadville and my day's recreation.

In May, 1865, engineering work had got slack, and Mr. Towle had become interested in the New York & Newark Petroleum Co. He induced me to work for his company who paid me \$4.00 per day. I was to run an engine for a while, and learn to drill. The wells were located about two miles below Oil City just a little way below the Corn Planter's Hotel on the right bank of the Allegheny river.

The work on the wells was continuous, night and day. The derricks were 16 feet square at the base and 48 feet high. The first section was boarded in and roofed, with a hole in the roof for the tool and sand pump ropes; the roof shed rain in bad weather, and also shed the water from the sand pump rope. The sand pump was drawn out by a friction pulley at the rate of ten feet per second, and sometimes it would fly up towards the top of the derrick unexpectedly. We had a large round globe stove, that would hold a half bushel of coal that was very agreeable at nights when glowing red with heat. The driller had a stool three or four feet high, and he had to sit there and

turn and twist and untwist the tool rope; then give the handle of his set screw a whack with his billy; let out the temper screw; lower the tool just enough to let the jars click; and when run out to hoist the tools and send the sand pump down to clean out the hole. To keep this up night and day for three long months. The day shift was all right, but to get up at 11.45 P. M., eat a lunch, relieve the other fellows, and keep the work going until 12 A. M. next day, was not so nice. We usually worked this way two weeks and then changed shifts so that each gang would have an equal chance.

In 1866 I invested in several wells. I had saved \$500, and was ready to invest it. I was offered a one sixteenth interest in a well, and \$4.00 a day to help put it down. We got a lease of two acres of ground about four miles above Oil City on the Aleorn farm on the left bank of the Allegheny river. My friend, John B. Benton, was President of the Company; and Hamilton E. Towle was interested in it. We bought the engine and rig, tools and derrick, of the New York & Newark Petroleum Co., they having gone out of business, and started work about the first of June. On the 15th of September we struck a flowing well. This was not expected. Oil was plentiful, in fact we could not take care of it. We bought material for three 250-barrel tanks, and had carpenters to set them up as fast as they could. Oil sold at \$4.10 per barrel from the 15th of September until about the 1st of December, when the river froze up and we had to store it until the following spring when it was worth only 90 cents per barrel.

I invested in four other wells, all producing some oil, but did not pay very much. In February of 1868 I began to see the beginning of the end. I told my friend Benton that I was going to pull out, that if he could ever get anything for my five-sixteenths I should be very appreciative of a little. Benton stuck to the wells for another year longer, then sold out the machinery of some of them to keep going, and finally wound up with enough money to pay first class fare and expenses to New York.

John B. Benton was a Mason, and through him I joined the Masons in the winter of 1867-8, Petroleum Lodge 363, of Oil City, Pa. Benton had a wife and two daughters, the oldest, Fanny, about 5 years, and the youngest 3 years old. I boarded

with the Bentons some of the time. Our wells were near the river, so I bought a well made, easy running boat, and became quite skilled with the oars. Mrs. Benton's sister came to visit the family, and when she started back to Elmira, N. Y., I was delegated to take Mrs. Benton, her sister and the two children in my boat to Oil City, four miles down the river. The river was low, and there was a riffle where the water was very swift. We went through all right, but I did not offer my services again as I felt the danger more than they did. Had they been frightened and stood up, the chances were that some of the party would have been drowned.

Fishing in the river was great fun. I used to anchor a line out a few hundred feet and catch black bass and several other kinds of fish; sometimes a species of alligator, a reptile about two feet long, a repulsive ugly looking thing. I always cut the line and let them go, hook and all.

While here I enjoyed the sensation of being an oil producer. When we started to put down our first well oil was worth \$7 per barrel, June 1st, 1886. We struck oil Sept. 15th, the anniversary of the day I commenced engineering with Shedd & Edson in Boston. Our well produced about 50 barrels of oil per day for the first two weeks, and then we commenced pumping. We sold several thousand barrels of oil at the well at \$4.00 per barrel. We cased the well, and had nearly gas enough to run the engine and do the pumping. The first well was pumped continuously for about three years, and the money I got for the oil out of it paid for four other one-sixteenth interests in four other wells. All produced some oil, but not as much as the first well. My investments amounted to about \$2,500.00 and about three years' time, and when I left the oil region I had \$250 in my pocket and nothing more to show for my three years' hard work. I could have sold my interest Sept. 30, 1886, for \$2,500.00, but I figured that it was bringing me in \$10 per day clear profit and that that, with my earnings of \$4 per day, would soon make the \$2,500.00. This taught me a lesson, i. e., that you should give the other fellow a chance to make a little and accept offers when near the true value. I wound up my affairs early in March, and on the 16th I got Peter Schefler with his mule team to take me up the river opposite a railroad

station. I was ferried over the river, and that night took supper at the McHenry House at Meadville, one of the finest Hotels in the country at that time. The next day there were some delays owing to heavy rains and washouts in eastern Ohio. I laid over one day at Kent and Akron, Ohio, and the third day reached Cincinnati, where I looked for engineering work at several offices without any encouragement, so concluded to take steamer for Saint Louis, Mo. I boarded a new stern wheel steamer bound for Fort Benton on the Missouri river. The captain told me he had a full complement of passengers, but said if I was anxious to go he would give me the upper berth in his stateroom. I thanked him and accepted his offer; made myself agreeable, and got well acquainted with many of the passengers. On reaching St. Louis the captain gave me a letter to a German friend of his who kept a small hotel on Fifth Street known as the Merchants' Hotel. I landed one Monday morning, took dinner at the hotel, and about 2 o'clock my newly made friend, the proprietor of the hotel, took me around to Mr. Cozzen's office, where I made an engagement with him to go to work at rather moderate pay. The next morning, Tuesday, I set to work to compile a map from a stock of maps, plants and pamphlets. This lasted about two weeks, when I was given a field job making surveys. Mr. Cozzens, I soon found, had the reputation of not paying his help. One day, about the 25th June, he came out to help me finish a survey he was anxious to complete and get the money for. He lost his temper and swore at me and gave everybody blue fits. I tried to get the job done and finally closed it up. He wanted to leave St. Louis and go to New York to attend the Democratic Convention. He got into good humor before going and was pleased with my work. He got his money all right and felt so well pleased that he laid out other work, and told Featherson, his principal assistant, to pay me what money I needed. So as soon as Mr. Cozzens was well off I told Featherson I wanted to quit and that he was authorized to pay me. Featherson hesitated, but finally consented, and paid me in full; and I had the name of being the only one who worked for Cozzens who quit and got the money due him for work performed.



CHAPTER XV.

COMMENCEMENT OF WORK FOR THE
SOUTHWEST BRANCH
OF MISSOURI
THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC
JULY 13, 1868, TO THE 9TH OF OCTOBER, 1871,
DIVISION ENGINEER
ON TWO DIVISIONS IN MISSOURI
QUARTERMASTER OF A PARTY IN NEW MEXICO.



I applied to Clinton B. Fisk, who had gained considerable notoriety as the head of the Freedmen's Bureau during the latter part of the war, for work on the Atlantic & Pacific Railway. He referred me to Thomas McKissock who had just been appointed Chief Engineer. McKissock opened an office in St. Louis at Seventh and Walnut Streets, and I called on him about 10 o'clock July 10th. Mr. H. R. Holbrook was there and I waited till he came out from the inner office, when Mr. McKissock called me in. He wore glasses and had a peculiar way of looking at one. He evidently sized me up mentally, looked me in the eye, asked me where I was from and my engineering experience. I was neatly dressed in a clean linen suit adapted for hot weather in St. Louis. *McKissock told me that if I would join the party under George B. Parcell, chief of the party, and Mr. Holbrook as transitman, that in a few weeks he could arrange a better place for me. This was all the encouragement I needed. I went out with the party to Arlington on the Gasconade river July 13, 1868, and from there went up that river and then up the Piney river, and then over on to the Ozark Ridge where the 'Frieso Railroad' is now located. The object of our investigations was to determine whether to build the ridge line or to follow the drainage as far as possible to Lebanon. Freemont and his associates had built the line from Rolla to Arlington, and then had done some \$30,000 worth of work on two lines, and had been closed out by the State of Missouri for not complying with their charter and not paying their debts. The road was seized and sold by the State to a new company formed in Boston, headed by Francis B. Hayes as President. It was for this new company when first formed that I commenced work, and it succeeded to the ownership of the southwest branch and the Southern Pacific of Missouri. My first work was for the latter named company. It was several months before the Atlantic & Pacific Company was fully organized and ready to do business in their own name.

*NOTE:—Mr. McKissock became one of my best friends and continued so until his death.

After Mr. Parcell's party had been out about two weeks, Mr. Holbrook was taken sick with the intermittent fever. The Gasconade river in those days was noted for its malaria. I took Mr. Holbrook's place, and in about two weeks more was taken to the Company's house across the river from Arlington. This house had been built for Mr. Freemont while in charge of the railway. It was a nice house, painted white but left without being plastered, after having been lathed. The floors, doors and windows were good. I was fairly well taken care of. I had to walk about 300 yards to my meals or else have them brought to me. I went down one morning to breakfast, and learned that no less than three persons had died the previous night. I was hardly able to walk, but I made up my mind to get away from the river and up into the hills in a higher altitude. I crossed the bridge to Arlington, went to Attaway's Hotel, hired a horse, and starting about 9 o'clock in the morning, and by 5 o'clock had reached our engineering camp where the little town of Dixon now is. I was sick for a week after getting there; so sick that I fell on the floor one night, unable to get up until I had called assistance. Holbrook was with me in the same room and we were taken care of by a family named La Rue. Holbrook got out before I did, and the camp prepared to move ahead to a town named Humboldt near the present station of Crocker. When they had got loaded up I told one of the teamsters that I was going too, that I wanted to get higher up and further away from the river; so I crawled out and got on one of the wagons with my blankets and bed. About 11 o'clock the teams stopped at old man Helm's place and he had invited the boys into his orchard to eat peaches. I saw the old man and was favorably impressed with his kindly ways. They brought me a dozen or two peaches to the wagon, and I ate four or five in spite of the fact that I was told they would kill me.

We went into camp about three miles east of Humboldt, and the next day they sent me into town to board at McDonald's Hotel, where I remained off and on for about a year. Ten days after arriving at Humboldt I was much better, and

Mr. McKissock gave me a division of 12 miles, from Dixon to or near Crocker. The work was heavy, and our contractors employed nearly 600 men for a year. It only lacked three or four days of a year when I pulled out for my next division. A part of the time I boarded with Jos. Fibleman, a Jew who kept the only country store in the place. He was a very intelligent, broadminded man, and was liked by everybody. He had a young clerk named Joseph Howard who was popular with the young people and a young man of good habits. I had Richard Yost, John Wentworth and George Tappan, as my rodmen, on this my first division. Then I had an axeman named Robert Gordon, a Seotech-Irishman. This man was recommended by Mr. Parcell and sent out from Kirkwood, Mo. About the time I was taken sick Parcell's party was joined by Mr. James Dunn* and John Franklin Hincley;† and as soon as divisions were formed Del. Kelton, Fred Hatch, Charles Miller James Dunn and J. F. Hinckley were put on construction. Lawrence Kellet was given the location and construction work from Springfield to the State line; and Indian Territory and he had several engineers under him. Mr. Holbrook recovered in time to locate the line from Dixon to Springfield, Mr. Parcell taking charge of construction as resident engineer over the division engineers.

In going over my division I passed the Helm place and became very well acquainted with the old gentleman, and always stopped a few minutes to rest and chat with him. Once my rodman was sick and I had one of Murphy's boys as substitute. He went home and told his father that I was very friendly with the old man Helm, an old Rebel and his father got angry and said he would not board me any longer, that I could not associate with old man Helm and board with him. I had to use considerable diplomacy to get Mr. Murphy to board me. His house was the only one near and convenient to the line.

*NOTE: Mr Dunn was afterwards chief engineer of the Frisco and then of the Santa Fe Railroad.

† Mr. Hinkley was chief engineer of several Railroads and now chief engineer of the Frisco.

My father and mother came out to Missouri from Massachusetts in 1869 to visit me. We stopped one night at the Murphys and then went on to the Humboldt, where we stopped several days. I hired Col. Shuman's democratic wagon and drove them over to Waynesville and saw the big spring which forms the Roubidoux river at that place. Father and mother both enjoyed themselves on this visit to Missouri and when they went back they visited Uncle Lucius at Quiney; then took steamboat up the river to St. Paul, and then via Chicago home to Massachusetts. They always remembered this journey, and both were delighted to talk about it for years afterwards.

I finished my first division to Humboldt in October, 1869, and moved to Section 83. Mr. John E. York was tie contractor, and owned a pair of buckskin Texas Indian ponies that were good travelers. We started from Humboldt at 7.30 one morning and got to Lebanon at about 5.30 that night; stopped at the Hotel; went to Lake's Circus that night, and to Section 83 the next morning. I had a tie house constructed here, about 90 feet long, 15 feet wide, with four rooms. One room I used as an office, one as a reception room and an other for my rod-men, the fourth room was used as a store room. Schuman & Coffin, contractors, had their office on the other side of the railway cut about 300 yards away. These people on the railway and through the country were fond of entertainments. They would give out word that they were going to have a dance, and in two hours everybody who cared to dance would be on hand, and usually they had good music and a good time. It was here that I learned to dance. On being invited to dance by some of the young men I told them I could not. There was a young lady with beautiful red hair and with-all a nice looking girl. She offered to show me and took me in hand, so that I soon kept time with the music and made the required movements without being an object of criticism, all due to Mary Donavan the comely, clear complexioned, nice, red headed girl. She has given me a life long subject to talk about and my wife and

some lady friends know how much I admired the red headed Irish beauty of 1869.

I remained at Section 83 about nine months, and before moving to Marshfield I had an entertainment at my office. Dr. Monahan and his wife were there. They had visiting them at that time Miss Jennie Duncan, whose father and mother were residing at Section 88, three miles from Marshfield. All the railroad people for ten or fifteen miles up and down the line came to the party, a hundred or more people. We had a little Irishman who entertained us with an Irish jig dance. Our music was good, and everybody was well pleased. I moved to Marshfield in June, 1870, finishing the work between Section 83 and 90, and taking Fred. Hatch's division west of Marshfield to finish. Marshfield was located on the very divide between the Osage and White rivers; it was the county seat, and the drainage was both ways from the Court House. The population was about 1,200 people, and it was a very good town. The place has since been blown down several times; it is on the summit of the Ozark Hills and catches all the wind there is in the country. I had an office in the Heckart House, and boarded with Mrs. Duncan. At this time I was 25 years of age, and took quite a liking for Mrs. Duncan's eldest daughter Jennie, who was intelligent, lively, and a good looking young lady.

In the early fall of this year I went to St. Louis and located some railway line with A. E. Buchanan between Franklin or Pacific station and St. Louis. After this I made a location between Kirkwood and St. Louis.

The Atlantic and Pacific railroad commenced making surveys through the Indian Territory in 1870. They sent F. S. Hodges, a young man from Boston, and who had been a rodman on the Union Pacific Railroad in 1867. His father was president of the Washington National Bank of Boston, and I presume was a good banker, but the son was far from being a good engineer. We had two four mule teams and two four ox teams, with a saddle horse. The wagons were made by Espenshield of St. Louis. Everything was of the best that

money could buy; the groceries were selected with care; and we took 16 men from St. Louis, as hearty and strong as we could pick. F. S. Hodges was engineer in charge; I ran the transit; and a nephew of Jacob Blickensderfer ran the level. Hodges had been on the Union Pacific Railroad on the plains where the air is dry and free from malaria; while I had spent two years in the fever districts on the Gasconade river and other Missouri streams and had become acclimated. Hodges started out rash and headstrong: he would not put up any tents and dissuaded the men from doing so. We had showers at night on several occasions, and within two or three weeks after starting Hodges and some of the men were down with malarial fevers, while I escaped. Hodges started for Boston and was gone a month or six weeks, leaving the party with me; and so many of them were sick that I did not get more than four or five out to work. The cook, an Englishman, stood the climate very well. After cold weather came the party were much better.

I ran the line from Seneca, Mo., to the mouth of the Red Fork then down to Fort Gibson, when I received instructions to return to Neosho for further orders. The day before reaching Fort Gibson we had some experience. I had to run the transit myself, usually getting up about daylight and riding ahead four or five miles, then back to eat breakfast and see that camp was in order to move. This day I had instructed the teamsters to cross the Grand river and camp at the Fort. They were a little late in getting there, and so concluded to camp on the opposite side and not go into the reservation. The line party did not get into camp that night until after 8 o'clock and much to my disgust I found they had not crossed the ferry. That night we had a severe thunder storm which must have extended many miles up the river, as the water rose and swept away the ferry boat and line. The boys had to turn in and help the ferryman for two days to repair an old boat, much to their dislike. I could afford to be patient with them as I knew they had no one else to thank but themselves.

We passed through Tahlequah, the principal town of the

Cherokee Nation, and the next place was Maysville in the very northwest corner of Arkansas, a very tough town full of desperados, who moved from Arkansas into Missouri, then into the Indian Territory and back, as occasion and the representatives of law and order might make it seem desirable. John Williams lost a horse here the night we stopped, in spite of our night guard, but he got the horse back a few days afterwards, so we concluded it was the horse's perverse disposition rather than the cussedness of the people.

I got the party back to Neosho, wired the St. Louis office, and was directed to prepare the outfit for another trip to the front. This time it was given out that we were to go through to Albuquerque, N. M. While waiting for supplies one of my men got gloriously drunk one afternoon; he got wild and pushed a man against a wagon wheel, cutting his head wide open. I had the drunken man staked out in the form of a spread eagle, and kept him there on his back for about two hours until he was thoroughly sober and promised to behave himself.

We started the second time from Neosho the latter part of October, with a fine assortment of provisions and all the feed we could haul. We reached Gano's ford on the Arkansas, with F. S. Hodges in charge, when a messenger from the end of the track reached us, stopped over night, and went back next day. That night another messenger arrived with orders, making it quite important to overtake the first messenger who had left that morning. I was delegated to overtake the man. Fortunately I had heard him say that he was going by Judge Perryman's, a Creek Indian chief who lived about 40 miles distant. I mounted an indifferent horse about 9 o'clock at night, and started. There was a good moon, and fleecy light clouds occasionally darkened the pathway. As long as it was in my direction I would follow a trail, I would never take to the brush, and kept the pony going. About an hour after sunrise next morning I rode up to a large frame house that seemed to have been dropped down by itself. It seemed out of place, and there was nothing but the house that looked as though man had prepared; no cultivated fields or garden. I found our mes-

senger just ready to eat breakfast in one of the large bare rooms; there was a large dry-goods box in the middle of the room, over which they had spread a towel for a table cloth, and had served some fried eggs, coffee and hard bread. I was not inclined to find fault, but ate with a relish, and about 9 o'clock that same morning, after getting my horse shod, I started back and reached Gano's ford between 8 and 9 o'clock that night, to find that Hodges had moved camp to the other side of the Arkansas. I could see the lights a quarter of a mile away I had never crossed here, and was afraid; but an appetite for supper and the loss of the previous night's rest soon brought me to time, and I started to cross. The bottom was all rock and as safe as the road I had come over that day, with the exception of a few chuck holes; but the anticipation of danger had made it rather hard to face and required some nerve to accomplish. The country was occupied by Creek Indians to the mouth of Red Fork, and the Osage Indians claimed the country from there to the edge of the plains. They did not care to have a railroad built in their country and were not friendly.

During the winter of 1870 we had two snow storms of about six inches each time. The grass rotted under the snow so that there was no nourishment in it and our stock soon ate up their supply of grain. We cut cotton wood trees and let the stock browse on the limbs. The ground got soft, making it hard to move camp, and we had to build corduroy roads across the flats and valleys where branch streams came in from the south. The country was full of game, antelope, deer and turkey. Turkeys were fat and heavy, and we had all we cared for. Owing to my running the transit I could not hunt, but one day, during a snow storm, I went out and shot a red deer and brought it into camp. It was my first deer, and I was very much elated; I killed it at the first shot, the deer jumping in the air fell down dead. On my way to camp I fired at a turkey on a limb of a tree and missed it entirely at short range. The boys in the party were included to tease me a little about not being able to get a turkey.

Winter time passed along slowly. We used to have prairie fires and it was my custom to go out and take a look before bedtime to see what I could and to judge of the prospects. One night our watchman woke us up at about 10.30 P. M. and we fought fire with fire for three or four hours and then went to bed again. Next morning we saw that everything was burnt over for ten miles on all sides except the few acres about the camp, which we had saved. One night while we were in the edge of the timber country I went out to see a distant fire, and from a hill looking towards the fire I discovered a turkey roost with plenty of turkeys. I had not killed a turkey on the trip, and I resolved to do so now, so I went back to camp and quietly got my rifle and spoke to Tom Jones our rear flagman who always carried a No. 10 shotgun loaded with buck shot. Tom was young and pleased to be called. We tried to get out of camp without being noticed, but some of the boys saw us and surmised that there was something unusual to pay. Tom and I got to the roost and I arranged for him to take one side and I the other. We opened up and got four fine turkeys and started for camp, when much to our surprise we heard a dozen or more shots in rapid succession at camp. We hastened there and everybody congratulated us on our four turkeys, but were not inclined to say why they had been shooting. But after holding out a while, they went to the cook tent and brought out six turkeys they had shot. It seems they had all been on the alert when we quietly left camp, and when we shot, the turkeys flew and lit on the cotton wood trees directly by the camp and the boys all took a hand in shooting at them. Ten turkeys for one evening after supper was a fairly good haul. Hodges liked to hunt, and he would get quail and turkey, and we had turkey all winter until we left the timber. One rainy day in winter we were all cleaning firearms; Hodges made the remark that if the Indians jumped us he would light out on horseback. I told him he would never do anything of the kind, if he started he would be the first man shot, and that if the Indians attacked us we were going to stand together about the wagons and fight. All the party took

turn about guarding camp at night, except Hodges, who would lay abed and sleep soundly. He knew how to live well, having been on the Union Pacific surveys, and he wanted things in style. Hodges, Blickensderfer and I had a tent by ourselves. We had a table and our meals served by ourselves. For breakfast, which we had early, there were baked beans, hot from the hot coals, sweet potatoes baked, coffee, bacon, tongue, ham, bread, hot biscuits, butter, jellies, and canned goods in endless variety, but the large tent did not share in the variety. However, they were well fed and sheltered.

I well remember the first buffalo I ever saw. We had been watching for them; it was on the Red Fork of the Arkansas river. Our line was on the south bank, and I was at the transit, but when I saw the chairman gesticulating and signalling me that there was something, I could not tell what, but when I came up near the point I saw a lone buffalo and I stopped and had a good look at him. With the glass I could see his eyes and head; he was only about 200 yards away. We saw thousands of them a few days later, but this first one was carefully watched. Afterwards I fired at the buffalo at close range but my rifle was a 38 Ballard and the ball was not heavy enough to kill; I could hear the ball hit as though against a stone wall. Blickensderfer got one, about which the boys teased him, saying it was so old it could not run and keep out of the way. The hide was bare of hair and he was very old. Hodges got one also, and I was the only witness. We had quit the line and were going to Fort Reno for supplies. The wagons and party had gone on ahead and I had climbed a little hill that overlooked the whole country, when I discovered Hodges about half a mile away attack an old buffalo bull that was there alone. He had a Winchester rifle and plenty of ammunition, and was mounted on our only horse. He would ride up close and pump two or three shots into the buffalo, which would lunge about and take after horse and rider, the horse easily keeping out of the way. After several bouts Hodges got a ball into the buffalo's foot so that he could not run, when Hodges squared around and got a vital shot. But I took it all in and

spent ten or fifteen minutes almost bursting my sides with laughter. One day I came suddenly upon six or eight buffalos in an arroyo. I fired at them and of course they ran away. My bullets would make them raise their tails with a switeh. They were evidently amused at the sting but did not mind it much.

We ate up nearly all of our supplies before we got to Reno, and for four or five days went without bread and meat, the buffalo and game having disappeared, and we moved as fast as our teams could on the trails. We had what the boys called "shadow soup" consisting of tomatoes, corn, and Lima beans, and little of that. We got to the divide, eight miles from Fort Reno, one Sunday noon, but we were all too tired to go that last eight miles that day. Monday we started early and got in at 10 o'clock, where we found two freight wagons loaded with supplies for our party. Hodges gave me my discharge and a letter to Andrew Pierree our General Manager, and sent me back to the end of track at Seneca with the freight wagons. I was treated nicely and had a good time. On arriving at St. Louis I presented my letter to Mr. Pierree and watched him read it with a twinkle in his eye. When he got through he said "What are you going to do? I replied that I did not know, but that I would go and see my friend McKissock. He said "Don't go away, we want you. You may consider yourself under pay, and we will send you out in charge of a party." The company was somewhat divided, Mr. Pierree had appointed A. P. Robinson chief engineer but the Boston directors did not confirm him, but appointed Jacob Bliekinsderfer chief, and they had their way. I was not sent out in charge of a party. I went as transitman for McCabe's party. We went overland to Santa Fe, N. M., taking the Kansas Pacific Railroad to Kit Carson and then Barlow & Sanderson's stage from there via Trinidad, Cimarron, and Las Vegas to Santa Fe, which we reached on the 4th of July, 1871, at noon, just as they fired the salute at Fort Marcy celebrating the Fourth. Our company had not provided tents, but had got an order from the secretary of War, directing

General Gordon to supply them. We found they were not at Santa Fé but at Fort Union, where I was then sent with an order for twelve tents with poles and flies. Major McGonagle the Quartermaster would not accept a New York draft and refused to let me have the tents without the cash, so I wired to Santa Fé and got matters arranged. The officers told me I could not get the tents on the south bound coach which reached there about 3 P. M., but I had posted the north bound messenger, and when the south bound coach came in the messenger was prepared. He lashed the poles and fitted the front and rear boots, so that when we pulled out it was a compact, neat load. At this time I got acquainted with General Grant's brother-in-law Dent, who was sutler at Fort Union. He offered to cash the company paper for ten per cent discount, but I did not give him the chance. We remained in Santa Fé about ten days after getting the tents, and then proceeded to Albuquerque, where we commenced our survey. I joined McCabe's party and went through the Tejares Cañon, Cañon Blanco, Anton Chico, Whitemore's Gallinas Spring, and Fort Bascom, to Adobe Wells in the Indian Territory. This was the point where Kit Carson had his fight with the Indians. He said "There were more Indians than he had over seen in all his born days" While near Fort Baseom I was sent into Las Vegas for money and a load of supplies.

I went on mule back and the teamster looked after his team; I had a draft on the company at St. Louis, Mo., for \$1,500. On arriving at Las Vegas I could not find any one who would cash my paper, I went to Frank Chapman, to Dold & Co. and finally to Dr. Knauer, a German gentleman, who was the only man who displayed any friendship to the Railroad. He said that if he had the money he would gladly cash the draft; Ben Schuster, who was travelling for Z. Stabb of Santa Fe, spoke up and said he would get Dr. Knauer the money by express if I would pay for the express and telegram.

The stage got in at 10 P. M. and the money came. I got on my mule and went out of town in a roundabout way, coming into the road a few miles out. I was very much afraid, as I

had been compelled to ask for money in every store in town, and there were some mean Mexicans there. I rode all night and stopped at Gallinas Springs, Whitmores ranch, for breakfast, and the next night I stopped at a ranch, and the second day went into the Fort at Bascom. We ran a line through by the Pajarito Arroyo, and came into Las Vegas to disband. We were there on the 9th of Oct., 1871, the day of the great Chicago fire.



CHAPTER XVI.

WORK FOR THE

MAXWELL LAND GRANT CO. OF NEW MEXICO, 1871 TO 1873—

CONTRACTS WITH THE

UNITED STATES SURVEYOR GENERAL 1873, TO 1876—

COMMENCED WORK

FOR THE A. T. S. F. RAILROAD, ON JULY 1, 1877—

THIS CHAPTER CLOSES IN MAY, 1878.



I left Las Vegas on the 11th and arrived at Kit Carson, Colo., on the 13th. A circumstance happened to me during this ride. We drove into Bent Station, where I got out to stretch my legs. I walked into the stage barn and noticed a letter sticking in a crack between two boards nailed on horizontally. I pulled the letter out. It was duly stamped, and addressed to myself. I was surprised. It contained an offer of a position and a request that I take charge of a party at Kit Carson and locate south into New Mexico. On arriving at Kit Carson I accepted the position, telegraphed Jacob Blickensderfer at St. Louis and got his consent to quit. I afterwards found out how the letter came there. W. R. Morley was opposite there with a locating party, and my friend H. R. Holbrook had written him about me. Morley wanted me and he had written the letter addressed to me at Kit Carson and had sent it over to the stage station to be forwarded; and I came along and through curiosity examined it.

I worked on the line from Kit Carson, Colorado, from Oct. 13th, 1871 to May, 1872. General Palmer of the Kansas Pacific Ry. negotiated with the Maxwell Land Grant Co. of New Mexico for the work. During the winter the Maxwell Company got short of funds, and I advanced \$1,100.00 of my own money to keep the party going. I became a little uneasy about it, and frankly told them I wanted my money. They had no money to spare, but sold me 640 acres of land on Cimarron river, 5 miles below the town of that name. I paid \$250 down and went about my work, which I finished in May. I then sold the land for \$500 more than I gave for it. Then took a contract of Wilson Wadingham to survey the Montoya grant at Fort Baseom in New Mexico. W. R. Morley was interested with me in this survey. I finished it in November and went back to Cimarron. In February 1873, Eugene A. Warner and I made en excursion east of Cimarron. We started for a journey of nine days, taking blankets, dried buffalo meat, bread and crackers on our horses, and sugar, coffee and a little salt and flour. We went nearly to Fort Bascom, then turned east, keeping north of the Canadian river until we got a little east of the

Rabbit Ear Mountains, when we went north, swinging west along the north side of the Rabbit Ear Mountains and back along the Sierra Grande. We got to Cheyenne Spring one morning about 9 o'clock. We had not eaten any supper the previous evening, so made coffee and put our last sugar with it, we had no bread or meat. We got to Skinner's Ranch at 4 P. M. This ranch afterwards belonged to H. M. Arms of Springfield, Vermont. Mr. Skinner took in the situation at once, and we were made royally welcome. Mr. Skinner's house was built of logs, and after supper he made a large fire that lit the large room and we sat back and told of our journey; about the lucky entertainment we had received at the hands of a sheepherder who roasted venison on sticks and made us comfortable with a hearty supper and breakfast. The poor sheepherder was generous, and we appreciated it. Our friend Skinner had a variety, a fine house and comfortable beds, and the evening was long to be remembered for the unusual entertainment. We easily rode into Cimarron next day. The object of this journey was to look over the country preparatory to taking a contract from the Government through the Surveyor General of New Mexico. I spent the time from February to July 1st getting ready for my Government contract. Under the law at that time work commenced on the 1st of July, 1873, at which time we started out. My brother, I. H. Kingman, Dr. J. M. Cunningham, E. A. Warner, G. A. Bushnell, P. M. Davenport, John Caton and five or six others made up the party. I took about four months to do the field work, and then I took the notes to Santa Fé and spent a month or more there. I continued these contracts for three years, making Cimarron, Colfax Co., N. M. my headquarters. A year or two previous to this the Maxwell Company had built several nice cottages, one of which I took, and had a Mexican cook and ran a mess for the boys who worked for me. I kept this up for about two years. In the fall of 1874, after cleaning up contract work, I went to St. Louis, and was married in the chapel of the Second Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Mo., to Miss Jennie E. Duncan, daughter of James Duncan, who lived on Olive Street at that

time. We were married by Dr. Dickey, on Jan. 20, 1875. We started west on the Missouri Pacific and Kansas Pacific Railroads. We had a Pullman to Las Animas, where we stopped about 30 hours. I had bought some furniture, carpets, and household utensils at St. Louis, and they were at Las Animas when we got there. I bought a team and wagon and started south to Cimarron with my own conveyance. I was very well known all through the country, and we were made very comfortable at most places. One day one of my horses dropped dead, and I offered a Mexican \$5.00 to pull my wagon into the next stage station. He refused, so I rigged up one horse out at the end of the pole and rode it into the station which I reached at dark. The stage boys were very kind, giving me a room, supper and breakfast. The next forenoon a friend came along with a spare mule and I pressed it into service. The mule was lazy, but I worked my passage and we made good time. We stopped one night on the Purgatory river and the next day passed through Trinidad and at night got to Uncle Dick Whootons, near the north line of New Mexico, who gave us his parlor and moved a bed into it. Uncle Dick was hospitable, and we enjoyed ourselves. The next night we stopped at Tony Meloches, a stage station on the Vermejo river. I had known Tony and his wife for several years. The year before I had ridden over to his house with the doctor, when Melton Chase was shot by the Indians. Tony had had his back hair clipped off within a half inch of his neck by a rifle ball from an Indian. Twenty-six people were killed by the Indians at Colfax County at that time. Mr. Irmingher, wife and child, were living on the Crow Meadows, a few miles northeast of Vermijo at the time of the raid. About 20 mounted Indians passed within half a mile of his house. He was at home and the Indians fired at him in front of the house. They had Springfield rifles and ounce balls, and could kick up the dust at his feet; but he could not reach them with his Winchester rifle and they were careful to keep out of range. Tony Meloch and Melton Chase were surprised, thinking the Cheyennes to be friendly Utes and Apaches who were constantly roaming about the country. He

did not know the Cheyennes were in the county on the war path. General Miles started out to punish them, and effectually suppressed them during the latter part of 1875 and early in 1876.

Tony and his wife were glad to see my wife and I. Mrs. Meloche had a woman's curiosity to see my wife's things, and evinced much pleasure in being shown them. We had eleven miles to go next morning, and started about 7.30 A. M. and drove into Cimarron by 10 A. M. My mule thought he was home about three miles before we got to town, and it took constant lashing to get him there. I drove directly home. The house was ready for us and we were soon quite comfortable. I remained about home most of the time until the following July. Cimarron was a frontier town, but there were some good people living there. We had social gatherings, dances and church meetings. The Rev. Mr. Tolby of the Methodist persuasion held services every other Sunday for a while. There were Mrs. Morley and her mother, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Swenk and daughter, Mrs. Chase, and many others whom I have forgotten now. There were Indians of the Ute and Apache tribes who drew rations there.

One night we had a dance in the printing office. The boys cleaned out the office and had the floor scrubbed. It was on the ground floor, about 50 feet long by 16 feet wide, with a small room at one end, which we made into a cloak room. There had been some trouble with drunken Mexicans, and every man had his gun along, stacked up in the ante room. While everyone was dancing some one threw a large flat rock through the window. Mrs. Chase raised a cry "Where is my baby?" The men all rushed for their guns. It was as bad as a theatre fire. We got into the anteroom two deep and all we wanted was a gun. When we got outside we had no ammunition to fit. Fortunately there was no one to shoot, and so we all came back, and the music struck up and we danced till midnight. Mrs. Chase found that her baby was home six miles away and never a hair hurt.

I started out in July, 1875, on my Government contract.

leaving my wife in Cimarron. I was gone two or three weeks at a time and completed the field work in October, and in November I moved to Santa Fé, at the request of the Surveyor General. I leased rooms in the Gallardo Building and lived there eight or nine months, and then moved to a house on the east side of the Santa Fé river. Early in 1876 I went into business with Mr. Trauer under the firm name of Trauer & Co I had nothing in sight to do, and I thought I might make a living, so I put in \$6,000.00. I was bookkeeper and kept the accounts. Trauer was a good salesman. After about six months I found that things were not going right, and I stopped ordering goods. We ran out of an assortment and I found we could not get out even. Among other things I found out that Trauer owed some old scores, so I got up one morning at 3 a. m. and told him he must sell me his interest, for which I gave him \$150 and I had the documents signed at 7 and acknowledged before the County Clerk. I did this to avoid getting into a worse tangle. At 8 a. m. a representative of Speigleberg Bros. came over and wanted me to pay Trauer's debts I told him it was too late, and that Trauer would have to settle his own affairs. I then put up everything at auction and sold dirt cheap, and had some lawyers hounding me to settle accounts. I paid out everything as fast as it came in; paying those who treated me fairly, and left the lawyers last, much to their disgust. I closed out owing \$1,100.00, and it took me two years to earn enough to settle this, but I did it and received some nice letters which are still in my possession wishing me success and expressing a desire to see me again in business.

I closed in June, 1877, and sent my wife to Cimarron where she boarded with the family of John Turner. I was obliged to hustle for a living. My friend Morley wrote me that A. A. Robinson, Chief Engineer of the Santa Fé Ry., wanted me to go with him (Morley), and later to take a party of my own. I arrived at Puebla on the 3rd of July, 1877. We were

delayed a few days and then went to Cañon City over the Denver & Rio Grande Ry., a narrow gauge with its terminus at that point. We stopped at the Cañon City Hotel, a great resort for miners, speculators and everybody else. The Stages of Barlow & Sanderson started from here for Leadville, which at that time was booming. One engineering party, under H. R. Holbrook, was in the field before we started, and had run their line up the Arkansas Valley. Morley's party, of which I was a member, started from the Arkansas Valley and ran up through the Poncho Pass, then over through the St. Louis Valley to the Cochetopa Pass, thence to the Temiche Pass and over into the Gunnison Valley. I was transitman, topographer and general rustler; we had only nine men in the party. The colored cook had to drive one of the mule teams, cut his fire wood and serve the table. This was the day of close, careful work on the Santa Fé Ry.

I remember we had a snow storm one night about the 10th of Setember a few miles north of Los Pinos Indian Agency.

We went from there through the Temiche Cañon down to the Gunnison river, and got to the junction of the Temiche and Gunnison rivers about the 15th of September, Sunday about 10 a. m. We were about tired out from cutting brush to let our pack mules and horses through. We had sent our wagons back to South Park. Jack Caton performed the duties of packer and cook. Morley took his shot-gun, saying he was going to have fresh meat for dinner. I was too tired to do much, but I carried a fish hook and line in my pocket, and as soon as Morley got off I told Caton I wanted fresh fish for dinner. I got a short pole and sat about 20 feet from Jack's fire. I used a grasshopper for bait, and it was exactly to the taste of the speckled beauties, for within a few minutes I threw out a fine fish in the direction of the cook. I said to Jack "Please take this off, and I will have his mate" and sure enough, in a few minutes out it came, and I told Jack I would

quit, as we had enough. The pair were about fifteen inches long or a little more. They were about the finest pair I ever caught.

Monday, the 18th of September, we started for Alpine Pass, going up Quartz Creek. We reached the Pass about 11 a. m. It was still pleasant and we could see the whole country. We spent an hour or more at the summit and went up to the top of a nearby mountain, about 13,000 feet high, taking observations. During this time a little fog appeared, then some fleeey clouds and then a few flakes of snow commenced to drop. We concluded to get under way and go down to Alpine, a little town on the east side of the mountain. Before we had gone a mile it snowed hard, and before we got to Alpine there was a foot of snow on the ground and it was difficult to see the trail. From Alpine we went across the country to South Park; then we examined the Platt Cañon, and went on to the Ute Pass and down to Colorado Springs, the people of which place had asked the Santa Fé Ry. to survey a line down the Ute Pass to their town. Morley was called to New Mexico, leaving the party in my charge. I made a preliminary location from the Ute Pass to the town of Colorado Springs; and when completed I received orders to go to Trinidad and New Mexico.

From Trimidad I ran a line over the Raton Mountains, the first line ever run by the Santa Fé Ry. where the railroad now lies. After making a preliminary location from the summit to where Raton now is, I received orders to go south on a survey as far as Albuquerque. Mr. Morley joined me soon after and we went on together. We did not survey a line all the way. We went to Cañon Blanco summit, northeast of Galisteo, thinking that would be our best way. We made a careful examination of the summit and then went to Tajares Cañon, east of Albuquerque and ran a line through that cañon. I had run a line through the same cañon six years before, for the Atlantic & Pacific Ry. We went to Albuquerque for supplies

and then returned to Cimarron, where we arrived on the 12th of December and I had a good long visit home. Cimarron was quiet. Morley and his family were living there. We had about the same number in the town as formerly, but there was not so much money in circulation. We spent a quiet, pleasant winter, with but few social events.

On the 28th of February, 1878, I was called by wire to the Raton Pass. The Santa Fé and the Denver & Rio Grande Ry. were having a contest over the right-of-way leading to the Pass. I secured passage with my party on a Government telegraph repair wagon: and by paying the driver a few dollars he rushed me through in the night, so that by 8 o'clock next morning we had made about 50 miles, and at 5 o'clock that same evening I took my party and about 20 Mexicans and went from the Pass four or five miles toward Trinidad, to a tragic point, and camped over night. At daylight the next morning, March 2nd., after carefully locating the line without instruments, I put my Mexicans to work grading. We found Deremer, Mr. McMutrie's right hand man, camped 100 yards below our new work: but it was too late for the D. & R. G. Ry. to regain possession. We held the fort and they turned and located up Chicken Creek and then told stories about their having the shortest and best line. These stories of course annoyed the Santa Fé officials, so I started over their stake numbers and bench marks, and came back and plotted a profile; and the next time they boasted of a short line and low summit, we smiled at them an innocent bland-like smile, and they subsided. They finally gave up the pass and spent their money elsewhere.

I earned at this time \$150.00 per month, most of which went to my wife.

Finding that I was likely to stay with the A. T. S. F. Ry., in May, 1878, I moved my family to Topeka, where her father and mother lived.

The headquarters of the railway were there at that time and I was moved to Wichita. I thought that I could visit my wife occasionally, but it was otherwise planned that I was to

go back to New Mexico. I had had all the wild west that I wanted. I had to brace up and face the situation and earn a living for myself and family.

I had a great many friends in New Mexico, but they were badly scattered. The climate was fine and there is no better country to camp in than New Mexico and Arizona. It does not do for a man to leave his wife, as I was forced to do.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SANTA FE AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD WAR—
SANTA FE LOCATION—
THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC LOCATION—
1879 TO 1882.

The Santa Fé Company commenced to build the line up the Arkansas river above Cañon City, early in 1879. I was sent up on the hill above Osgood's Camp to establish a signal station. The troubles between the Santa Fé and the Denver & Rio Grande assumed a very aggravated form. It was known as the Cañon war. Each company very foolishly spent a half million dollars or more trying to defeat the purpose of the other company. After spending March and a part of April about Cañon City, I was ordered to Wichita, Kansas, to locate the line from Wichita to Arkansas City and Wellington, Kansas. I had got the line well under way when W. B. Strong sent me a letter ordering me to turn over the party to T. W. Sterrit and go at once to New Mexico and report to A. A. Robinson. I very reluctantly left Wichita at this time as I had become interested in the location. Wichita was a booming town. There were three elevators there, and often 100 teams in line waiting to unload their wheat. I liked the Kansas way of doing things, and there seemed something for a railroad to do.

I was well acquainted in New Mexico, and for this reason the Railroad Company wanted me there.

I reached New Mexico several weeks before my party. The day before the party arrived I got a telegram from Mr. Robinson, who received word from Sterrit that some of my party had committed a petty theft at Wellington, Kansas, and among other things had stolen a compass. I was quite indignant; the party had come by rail to the end of the track, so I was on hand to meet them at early day light and pilot them to a corral on the east side of the plaza, in Old Las Vegas. As we came into the plaza we saw two men hanging to the frame of the windmill; they had been hung there during the night. The wagons drove into the corral, the teamsters started to unhitch the mules. I called the boys to attention and related to them the charge and told them they must show their personal baggage, all complied when William F. Anderson owned up to having the stolen goods. We then found that he had stolen many articles from the other members of the party.

His father had been a captain in the regular army; he had a mother and two sisters. The girls were 20, and 22 years old, well educated and of good family. I gave the young man a lecture, gave him his time and sent him off; much to his surprise for he expected to go to jail.

The latter part of June I commenced to locate south from Las Vegas toward Albuquerque, N. M. We had orders to locate as cheap a line as possible, and these orders were often repeated. The country from Las Vegas to the Apache Cañon was an ideal one to work in; the piñon timber gave shade and fuel but made the location somewhat slow and tedious. There was good water, and fine camping places, and having a good party the work went along smoothly and we all enjoyed life. In my party at this time were Eugene A. Warner, transitman; John Ehrehart, leveler; William Steel, rodman; Ed. Burdick and Charles Robinson, chainmen; John Caton and Juan Lucero, a half breed Navajo Mexican, axemen; and Pablo Torres, night herder. We got a fairly good line but used more curvature than we should have done. After reaching the Rio Grande valley I was ordered to push on with my preliminary to Albuquerque. In September, 1879, I received orders from A. A. Robinson, Chief Engineer, to make a survey through from Albuquerque to Tucson, Arizona. I arranged for W. A. Drake to take charge of one party and start the line from Albuquerque, and I started E. Miller with another party to Tucson to survey from there north towards Camp Apache; while I myself took eight mounted men and 17 burros to pack our tents and supplies, and went across country via Old Fort Wingate, Zuña, St. John's, Camp Apache, San Carlos, and Old Camp Grant, to Tucson. Miller ran his line to the cañon below San Carlos, and my mounted men ran from the cañon to San Carlos, then over to McMillan near Globe City, and then on up Salt river. Drake by this time had run his line to a point near Camp Apache and also for a certain distance below on White river. My party ran as far as it was practicable up Salt river Cañon, and I finally gave up the line as being impracticable. I therefore

quit and joined Drake's party and we all went to St. John's, where I formed a small party to follow a pack outfit through to the Colorado river. W. A. Drake, Horace Ropes, William Steel, John Caton, and Hamilton Anderson, went with me; Drake as assistant, and the other men as an escort. We left St. John's on the 16th of December, 1879, and arrived in Prescott the 20th., and went to Skull Valley on the 22nd, where I left all the men and pack animals, and taking Drake with me went into the San Francisco Mountains. There was only one house occupied in all the mountain district at that time, and that was near the Snyder prairie, owned by Gray and Dowe. The first night out of Skull Valley we got to Banghart's, in Chino Valley; next night we reached McCullom's on the south slope of the Bill Williams Mountain. McCullom had gone to Prescott to spend Christmas, and as there was no other house within twenty miles, we occupied it, made a grand fire in the fire place, found his dishes, and got a first rate supper. I made biscuits. There was a deer hanging in the summer kitchen, and we had venison steaks, hot biscuits and sundry other things. We reached here in a hard snow storm, and we were very fortunate indeed to find shelter and supplies. The next day we started on, but the weather did not improve much. It snowed quite steadily during the afternoon and harder towards night. About 5 o'clock we met a horseman, to whom we told our errand, and he tried to dissuade us from going on but we would not turn back, and went with him to his ranch. He claimed he was short of feed, but finally consented to our staying with him over night. I helped him to get supper, which was a good and generous one, and the snow storm had made us hungry as wolves. After supper I helped wash the dishes and clean up, and by this time I had got Mr. Dowe, our host, into a good humour. We got breakfast next morning, had our horses well fed, and turned back; traveled all day and got to McCullom's house a little before dark, where we invited ourselves in, got a good supper of hot biscuits and venison steaks: got feed for our horses, breakfast next morning, and good start for Chino Valley. We met McCullom

on the road, and paid him for our entertainment and got acquainted with him, and for two years afterwards I bought potatoes and vegetables from him while we were constructing the railroad, and always had a kindly feeling for him, which was reciprocated. The snow storm had been so severe that we had been unable to see much of the country, and we returned to Skull Valley, which we reached New Year's Day, 1880.

We then traveled west on the old freight road towards Eherinberg on the Colorado river; and when we reached a point 20 miles from there we turned south, and went to Fort Yuma. On this old freight road there were three or four deep wells, 250 to 300 feet deep, from which they drew very good water, but it was so warm one could hardly drink it until it had cooled off, showing that the earth's crust was rather thin and the internal heat near the surface. This country was a dreary waste. We could travel half a day at a time and not find a spear of grass to camp on for our stock. At Old Camp Date Creek I first saw yucca trees. About 10 miles from here there was a ranch where I bought corn for the horses at eight cents per pound.

We reached Fort Yuuna on the 13th of January, 1880, where I spent a part of three days writing my reports and resting. The glory of Fort Yuma had departed. The Fort was on the California side and the town on the Arizona side, and the Territorial Penitentiary was north of the Gila river and east of the Colorado river. There was quite a population of Mexicans living in the town, a number of American gamblers, and a few people stranded, but the town was quiet. There was a fairly good hotel where we got very good meals. The people of the town got their wood from the Yuma Indians. Two Indians would go up the river with their axes eight or ten miles; cut up dead cotton wood trees; make a raft, float the wood down to the town, pack it on their backs, and deliver it in front of the houses and cut it up ready to use in the fire places. One peculiar feature about the Colorado valley is that there are no cotton wood trees larger than six inches in diameter anywhere along this valley. It is supposed that the lit-

the trees do nicely until their roots reach the salt, three or four feet below the surface, when they die.

I left Yuma on the 16th of January, 1880. We traveled east along the Southern Pacific Railroad, passing Gila Bend, and on to Picacho, where we found the Southern Pacific people laying track towards Tucson. We reached the latter town on the 5th of February, spent one night there, and arrived at Tombstone at 8 o'clock on February 8th. It commenced to rain before we got supper, and in an hour or so it turned to sleet and then snow. We woke next morning with two inches of snow frozen hard, our packs and ropes were all wet and frozen, and it was about as disagreeable as it could be. The weather still threatening, I got packed up and moved the outfit into a corral in town, and went to a hotel. The next day it cleared off, and I went on to Silver City, where I put the animals in charge of John Caton, then Drake and I took stage for Santa Fé where Mr. A. A. Robinson, Chief Engineer, had his headquarters for the Engineering Department of the Santa Fé Railroad.

After arranging matters, I went to Albuquerque and started surveys from there west on the 35 parallel Railroad known as the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. I first located three lines as far as the Rio Puerco, one via Isleta and two over the Mesa directly towards the west. The Isleta line was finally decided the best, and was built. After locating to the town of Laguna I received orders to push forward as fast as possible and make a preliminary location, get through to the sunset crossing of the Little Colorado, and make a permanent location from there on. I had good mule teams and a saddle horse, was well supplied with provisions, had tents, a cook stove and water barrels. I kept a good cook, and served good meals. My rule was to have breakfast at sunrise, reach the end of line as soon as we could, work until 12 o'clock, give the boys an hour for dinner, usually make hot coffee and have a good basket of cold lunch and a few canned goods for relish; then work in the afternoon until 5 or 5.30 p. m. quitting in time to reach camp

just before sundown. The boys always enjoyed eating supper before dark and then assemble round a good camp fire. In a crowd of 15 men there are always three or four good story tellers; one or two with a little more wit than the others, and usually a majority who are inclined to enjoy life and make the others comfortable. Then there is always one, sometimes two, who think themselves most miserable and are inclined to find fault with every body and every thing; these always get what they deserve and find the world is just about what they make it.

Mr. T. W. Sterritt had been sent with a party to the San Francisco Mountain country before I got there. He had got a line between Walnut Creek and Flagstaff. I located a line from the Sunset crossing to Cañon Diablo, and then went around by the wagon road to Flagstaff. Mr Sterritt had orders to report to me, but after discussing the line he decided he had the best there was to be had crossing Walnut Creek east of Flagstaff. He had managed to cross Walnut Creek with 75 to 80 foot fill. I told him there was a better line, and suggested that he go back and run it; this he declined to do, and returned to Albuquerque with his party. I kept at work locating the line, and got a low grade about 24 feet above Walnut Creek, with easy work. The crossing of Cañon Diablo was not easily avoided. The bridge is 541 feet long, and 222 feet high. I got the line located to Flagstaff when I received orders to go to the Colorado river and locate from there east. Our company was very anxious to get some more information about that part of the line.

I left Flagstaff on the 10th of May, 1880. On the 18th. at Beal Springs, I ordered the teams to go on the road direct to Fort Mojave while Drake and I went down by Railroad Spring, near where the town of Kingman is now located, and followed the Sacramento wash to the river, reaching there at 11 a. m. on the 20th of May. Here we found it 120 degrees in the shade of the mesquite trees, and the wind excessively hot. We lay in the shade near the river, which was high and muddy and drank and perspired freely, and waited two days

for our teams. The heat was all the more noticeable from the change. We had left snow banks on the north side of the hills near Bill Williams Mountain on the 10th of May, and ten days later got to this torrid heat. On arrival of the teams and party from Fort Mojave I commenced a line across the Colorado river. I located one line where the cantilever bridge now is, then I located another two miles above there. Later our company had a line located, at the request of the Southern Pacific Railroad nine miles above the present bridge. This line had nothing at all to recommend it, but the Southern Pacific people. It was located by me under protest. The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company built the upper line and maintained it a few years, but were finally compelled to move the line to its present location at the Needles, or Red Rock.

The location to Railroad Springs was 46 miles up the Sacramento wash. I located the line seven miles out from the river, then moved camp ten miles out, and put on a four-mule team hauling water from the river every night. We had from 16 to 20 barrels. As soon as the line was 16 miles out from the river I moved camp to a point 22 miles from the river and put on two four-mule teams. As the line was located I moved camp to a point 32 miles from the river and located the line four or five miles beyond. Up to this time everything had moved smoothly. Our mules had been well fed and watered from the water hauled from the river. It now became necessary to bring up the rear which I did and got them to the 32 mile camp after a drive all night and all day in the hot sun. At 6 or 7 o'clock at night we threw off the harness, let the mules roll and rest, harnessed them up at 8 o'clock, gave each mule two buckets of water, and started the same night with one light wagon, leaving one man and two heavy wagons with a half barrel of water behind. We travelled all night till 4 a. m., when the boys begged me to rest, so we threw the harness off the mules and rested a half hour. When I gave the order to go on; the mules did not care to go on, and by 7 a. m. eight or ten had laid down and refused to

get up. I had a man behind each loose mule to drive them. The freshest, best mules were trying to haul the light wagon containing tents and our bedding and a little food. We finally concluded to abandon the played out mules and go on to Railroad Springs and haul a little water back to water them. We reached the spring at 11 a. m. I rode over to Beal Spring and tried to hire a team from Adobe Johnson but could not do so, for less than \$25, which I would not pay. I therefore returned, and concluded to take the best team I had and go back myself with water and feed. I bought oats at Beal Springs and started back at 3 p. m., thinking I could get the mules back there before supper time. But it was dark by the time I found the lost mules some of whom had gone crazy and started back to the Colorado river. I finally got them all watered, and next morning at about 9 a. m. got them into Railroad Springs. Now this may seem to have been a very easy piece of work and not as hard as it was. From our 32 mile camp to Railroad Springs it was only 14 miles, but four of my mules had been pulling a heavy wagon for 24 hours with but little rest, all the way from the river, and they were tired, as tired could be. At 8 p. m. of the second day the sand was six and eight inches deep. It would crust over a little so that a man, if he was careful, could walk over it, but a mule's feet and the wagon wheels would cut through. Then there was no trail, and I had to pick out a way through the bushes. I went ahead and had the whole party in single file, lined out some 200 feet ahead of the first wagon, so as to keep the teams out of bad washes. It seemed as though we traveled 25 miles that night instead of six or eight miles. One man named Couch gave out, and I had to put him on my horse. I think he gave out in sympathy with the mules. He had not much "sand" and but very little nerve. The boys thinking they would get to the Springs early in the morning did not save much water in their canteens, so suffered a little before they got in. At this time I saw quail with little wee bits of young quail just able to run, apparently as happy as though there was oceans of water near by; it seemed very strange in that dry country. I was well

pleased to have reached the springs and got the whole outfit in.

On this location I had to exercise a severe rule in regard to water. I allowed each man half a pint of water to wash in every morning, and dealt it out myself. Men, when out as we were, are very unreasonable and are not much inclined to be stinted in the use of water. After we got in order after our long dry spell, we made short work locating to Hackberry, on through Truxton Cañon, Peach Spring, the Yavapai divide and the Aubrey Valley. When we reached the point of the red mesa at the east end of the Aubrey Valley we moved our camp to Kerlin's well, where there was a tank of good water in a large basin of black lava or Syenite rock. The day we reached this water, one of my teamsters, John Scott, who had been shooting jack rabbits, had laid his Winchester on the front spring seat. After a while he stopped his team to rest and stepped on to the near or left front wheel to get down to the ground, and as he did so he backed up to the muzzle of his rifle, which went off and the bullet went entirely through his body. The boys sent word to me and I got into the camp before dark and found Scott resting easily. We kept him very quiet and he passed the night quite comfortably. At daylight next morning I sent one team and nearly all the men to cut a wagonload full of sage brush, over which I spread a tent and then put Scott's bed on top. I sent my best team and driver, and he made the 90 miles to Prescott before stopping. The sisters of Charity had a hospital there, and they took Scott in. He had a good doctor, and within three weeks he was well and out again. It was about six months before he could use his right arm again freely. I got acquainted with the Mother Superior there, and they took up a collection along the Railroad construction for two years, and saved the lives of many a poor fellow, often when they had no money or friends.

The country between Aubrey Valley and Bill Williams' Mountain was a very difficult country to locate in. I used to take a mounted man, a burro to carry our beds and provisions, and be out prospecting four or five days at a time. I would

frequently leave the man and burro while I went off alone looking up some pass or trail. I kept this up for several weeks, leaving W. A. Drake with the party, but going back often enough to give him directions where to locate the line.

While locating east, and camped at Young's Spring, one Sunday night at supper time, the Supi Indians sneaked in to our mule herd and stole three burros and ran off with them. I had a Laguna Indian whose home was at Laguna, sixty five miles west of Albuquerque, herding for me at the time; I had loaned him my pistol. At daylight Monday morning he got onto the trail and followed it some five miles to where the Supis went down a trail into the Colorado Cañon; he was afraid to follow them further so came back to camp, reaching there Tuesday A. M. He told his experience and I told him not to worry over it, that the burros would come back.

About ten days after this, one evening while eating supper, an old Indian and a little boy came to camp. I told the boys that the burros had come. After we had finished supper I went out to interview them. They could not talk any English or Spanish. I finally asked them to bring the burros. I offered them five silver dollars, when the old man said by signs, ten dollars, which I refused; finally he accepted my offer, with some food which I gave. He said that it woul take three days to get the burros; the third day he came back with the little boy and the burros and after supper I went out to settle with him. I noticed a large number of Indians up on the sides of the cañon watching the performance. I paid the old Indian the five dollars and gave him and the little boy a good supper and was glad to get rid of the watchers on the side of the cañon. Time was no object to them; the whole gang had come 15 to 20 miles to see that their companion got his money and was not mistreated.

After about two months hard work we reached the Bill William's Mountain with our line, and got to Flagstaff about November 1st, after we had several snow storms.

After this time contracts were let west of Winslow. John W. Young had the first contract. Price and King had a long

stretch from Cañon Diablo to Bill William's Mountain, and they in turn sublet a great deal. Wm. Garland had about 10 miles of their work; and Wm. Simms had the tunnel at Johnson's Cañon. Later on Wm. Garland had the work near Chino Valley, where Seligman now is. I had charge of the contract work from Winslow to Beal Spring, and we had a large force of teams and men working for more than a year. I built an office at Bill Williams' Mountain along the right of way, and made this my headquarters for more than a year while construction was going on. This work was agreeable and I liked the climate, I had a good lot of men about me, and everything in the engineering department ran smoothly. I was in full charge of construction, reporting to H. R. Holbrook, Chief Engineer. The A. T. & S. F. Railroad had sent me out on the line in 1879. I reported to A. A. Robinson, Chief Engineer, until sometime about July, 1880, when the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad went into a joint ownership, the Santa Fé taking one-half interest and the St. Louis & San Francisco the other. H. C. Nutt was elected president, succeeding Thos. Nickerson, and F. W. Smith became General Superintendent. Colonel Nutt held some stock, which gave him the balance of power. F. W. Smith was appointed through Seligman's influence, aided by Winslow, the president of the Frisco. It was a peculiar combination. Holbrook and I were there representing the Santa Fé interests. Holbrook did not like the mixed interest that controlled and resigned December 31, 1881.

CHAPTER XVIII

APPOINTED CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ATLANTIC
AND PACIFIC RAILROAD JANUARY 1, 1882—
NOTES ON THE CONSTRUCTION—
RESIGNED MARCH 31, 1883.
TO GO TO THE MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The Engineering work on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway through New Mexico and Arizona was very interesting. The climate is the healthiest in the world without any question; at times the location was a very simple matter, then there were alternate lines to run, some deep canons to cross, mountain divides to climb where grade had to be developed. Our camps were moved often when we could get water; fuel was plentiful and of the finest kind for out door camp fires, and the engineer parties became accustomed to make evening fires and set around them telling stories and camp yarns for an hour or two every night.

The country around Flagstaff was interesting; when we first went there there were no settlements to speak of, one or two sheep camps was all. The pine timber as nature left it, the luxurious bunch grass that was the best that grows for cattle and sheep, the beef, mutton, black tailed deer, were fat the year round which enabled us to provide the best. We became attached to the San Francisco Mountain country, nearly always dry and pleasant, the showers in summer lasting an hour or so.

The snow storms in winter, while they lasted, made a contrast with the pleasant weather; the snow did not blow or drift much in the mountains neither did it get very cold; it was simply bracing and healthy all of the time. It was a great place for little sharp tempests with lightning all about. It sometimes seemed that you were above the storm, I have seen it storm over an area of a half mile square; hail so thick as to whiten the ground; sunshine all around; not a drop where we were, but the lightning striking the ground in many places and once within 300 feet of us; a continuous succession of lighting and thunder for ten minutes; the whole party laying on their faces and hugging mother earth as close as possible; all in a dry air, and outside the cloud limit. At another time, in the same locality, we had a span of mules killed and the driver stunned and burned so badly he was six months recovering.

The whole country from Cañon Diablo to Beal Spring was at one time thickly settled, the remains of old house

foundations can be seen very frequently. There is one place a few miles east of Flagstaff, by the side of an old river channel, that was very interesting. The upheaval of the country has dried up the old river, which was 50 or 60 feet wide, but you can see where the water ran over a bed of lava rock and smoothed and polished the rock, showing that the water was three feet or a little more deep for ages; after going a little further there was a fall of 45 or 50 feet, and just opposite the foot of the fall was the ruins of a house, about 75 feet above the river bed, and a worn foot path in the lava rocks, where the Indian women packed water to their house. There are any amount of mills and mill-stones together with an endless variety of broken pottery: the only thing lacking is water, and I think this disappeared when the volcanoes were upheaved in this vicinity. The old river channel now dips the other way from what it did in ancient times.

This house, though in ruins, the worn pathway on the hard lava rock, the smooth and polished rocks that had been worn by 10,000 years of flood, the flow of summer showers and melting snows, recalls my imagination to the time when the house was occupied by some of those Indians, who likely went to Mexico. They were undoubtedly Pueblos who tilled the soil and lived semi-civilized lives. I see the children playing on the flat in front of the house, the mother packing a tenaja of water up the hill, some of the children bathing in the stream, the father rubbing off the hair and preparing a deers skin for tanning in the shade near the house, while two or three of the sons are on their way to the fields to cultivate the corn with wooden implements; one or two women grinding the corn for tortillas, same as we see it done every day now; and this may have all been thousands of years ago. Surely life is but a fleeting dream. These people were human and had all our likes and dislikes: they lived, loved and labored for an existence, they were under natures rule of the survival of the fittest. Pride, valor and discretion, tact and diplomacy, industry and perseverance, shaped their lives and controlled their being as it does ours to-day. Their little world was small compared to ours, but it was a large one to them.

There was an Indian house known as Cosninos Cave; this was also a few miles east of Flagstaff: there was an entrance 10 or 15 feet above the arroyo, you stooped to enter, as it was not more than four feet to the top of the arched doorway; there was a level platform eight or ten feet wide in front of the door, slightly rising to the entrance; the reception room was, as I remember it, about 12 feet square, with a dome like ceiling; from this reception room there were three sleeping apartments, their floors two or three feet below the reception room, the door-ways not more than three feet high. All the rooms had been excavated in the volcanic cinder which was cemented together sufficiently to make it hard and lasting: the walls of all rooms had been plastered over and smoothed by a good coating of adobe mud. The family could sit around the fire in the reception room, and without moving, could look down into the three bed rooms and see the children without much effort. I found some charred corn cobs in this plaster. It is the tradition that Cosnino was a Supi Indian and that he occupied this house in recent years, but that it was built or excavated long years before by a race of Indians now gone or extinct.

The contractors in grading the roadbed between Padre Cañon and Walnut creek uncovered the bones of a human beings, two feet below the surface; the bones crumbled to pieces soon after being exposed.

Arizona was a thinly populated country at best when we located the line. I remember having to make a journey from Williams to Truxton Canon: it was two days horseback ride at best. I started from Bill Williams mountain one morning before 7 o'clock. The trail is a slow one and I had some matters to attend to. I had planned to stop at a pool of water a few miles west of Crookton, where I had passed a week before and seen water. I got there at 7 P. M., just twilight, and there was not a drop of water, nothing but mud. I had to go to the nearest water, which was at Chino valley; I got there at one o'clock the next morning, tired and dusty. I estimated that I had ridden 80 miles. I frequently made long trips when the solitude of the country would be very pronounced. entirely alone with the horse, no birds no living thing, in long

stretches of the county. I would ride till noon, then eat a lunch and often at night cook my supper, tie my horse and lay down and sleep until daylight the next day. It was a country of magnificent distances and we had to go and come and make trips into Prescott, Arizona, where we bought our supplies.

We camped a long time at Kerlins well, north of Seligman station; there was a deep, long pool of water in the blue volcanic rock. We rigged up a barrel, filled it with fine sand and ran a filter; the water was very good until it was most all used; we had to hurry the work and get away. I had a young man working, a Jew and a very decent fellow; he came to me one night and said, "I can not stand this water any longer." I said, "very well, none of us like the water, but we have got to stay until the line is located, when we will move on. He did not want to stay. I finally told him that I would give him a burro and he could pack his blankets and quit. He then figured as to how he could reach Albuquerque and get water along the road. He finally gave up the idea of leaving and remained to the end. We boiled the drinking water and had no cause to complain, no one got sick. One of my cooks bought an Indian pony, gave me ten days notice that he wold quit. I had to let the boys take turns cooking until I could go to Prescott and hire another. All of these things gave the engineer in charge of the party all that he needed to do to keep things running smoothly. In all my work in Arizona I enjoyed every detail; it was hard and strenuous, but I liked it, and the solitude of that large country was no hardship to me. It was a part of creation and I had no reason to think that it was anything but good. I tried to adapt myself to circumstances surrounding me and make the best of them. Looking back, the four years spent on this line was full of interest. It was a part of my education and experience in locating, construction and handling men and contractors and building of a railway.

In December, 1881, F. W. Smith wired me to come in as soon as possible as Holbrook had resigned and that I had been appointed Acting Chief Engineer. I arrived in Albuquerque,

N. M., on the 29th and took the office on the 1st of January, 1882, and became Chief Engineer in fact as well as by consent. I was given full charge of construction and things in my department ran smoothly. I appointed W. A. Drake Resident Engineer, in charge of construction at the front, the place I had occupied for a year and a half. F. W. Smith had given his brother-in-law, J. M. Latta, a contract for ties. This contract called for immediate action as soon as I came in charge, as I suspected there were ties enough out to tie the road to the Colorado river. Latta's contract was indefinite; he could go on getting out ties until he was stopped, and I had the privilege of giving him 30 days notice to quit. As soon as I could count up the ties in the woods I found there were many more than we needed, so I gave Latta notice to quit; told him to quit at once, and that if he would not do so I would not receive any ties after the 30 days notice expired. He agreed to stop cutting at once, and I consented to give him all the time necessary to get out the ties. Col. Nutt, the President, directed me to investigate the contract with Latta and the amounts paid to him from the beginning; which I did, and found that he had been overpaid \$48,650.00, and had the use of this sum a year and a half. This meddling with Latta's contract made a little coolness between F. W. Smith and myself, which was further developed by Col. Nutt directing me to investigate a certain coal contract with McMillan & Co., which Smith denied having made. I had found out that McMillan & Co. had borrowed money on this contract. I went to the Second National Bank and asked to see the contract. they did not want to show it to me, but they did not dare to keep it from me; so I copied it, had a notary certify to its being a true copy, and sent it to Col. Nutt, the President, at Boston.

About this time the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad was somewhat behind in its payments, which F. W. Smith turned to his profit, telling some of the contractors that he would get their money for ten per cent of their claim; and he settled with several on these terms. All these things made it more and more difficult for Smith and I to get along together. I had finished the Cañon Diablo, Padre Cañon, Johson Cañon and the Chino

Cañon bridges, and got the track to Kingman, opposite Beal Springs, when Mr. Thomas Nickerson made me an offer and strongly urged me to the Mexican Central Railway. My friend Morley had been accidentally shot on Jan. 3, 1883, near La Cruz on the proposed line of the Mexican Central Railway. Mr. Nickerson had written to me several times about going there, and I had at first declined, but things went from bad to worse on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, so that I finally concluded to accept Mr. Nickerson's offer, and went to the Mexican Central Railroad April 1, 1883.

CHAPTER XIX.
APPOINTED CHIEF ENGINEER
OF THE
MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY
AND
ASSUMED THE DUTIES APRIL 1, 1883.

I went to the Mexican Central Railroad April 1, 1883, and made Chihuahua my headquarters.

D. B. Robinson was General Superintendent with headquarters at C. Juarez; John E. Early was engineer in charge from the time Morley was shot until I took charge, April 1st. C. S. Carpenter, J. D. Wirt, C. D. Moore, Philip Smith, B. H. Eldridge and E. A. Warner were locating engineers; there were quite a number of division engineers. R. B. Burns was transitman in Eldridge's party, and afterwards became Chief Engineer of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad.

The end of the track was about opposite La Cruz when I first came to Mexico, and the contract opposite Santa Rosalia under the bluffs was under way, J. S. Willey, contractor.

The Mexican Central Railroad paid me \$416.67 per month, or \$5,000 per annum, gold. I kept all the engineers I found. I made John E. Early principal assistant engineer, and sent him down to look over the location and special work that I could not attend to myself. J. B. Buckner was Superintendent of tracklaying, and had a well organized force of foremen and men. I had charge of the maintenance of way from El Paso to the front. I had three roadmasters and a liberal force of men. The material trains were long and ran fast and the new banks settled badly, and it needed constant work to keep the track in good order.

The routine work at my headquarters kept me about one week at the end of the month and first of the next, contractors' estimates, pay rolls, reports, etc.

Mr. D. B. Robinson went to the City of Mexico in April to hold a consultation with Mr. Nickerson and the Mexican Government. I had by this time received reports from Carpenter and Wirt in regard to the line via Durango. These reports were not as complete as they might have been. I received a telegram from Mr. Robinson asking me to give full information in regard to the Durango line as compared with the Picardias-Cañitas line. I strongly recommended the Picardias line, where we got three-tenths of one per cent grades from Zavalaza to Jimulco, then one per cent grades to

La Mancha, then five-tenths per cent grades to Calera; while on the other line we had several stretches of two per cent grade and an expensive line costing several million dollars more than the east line.

The governor of the State of Durango had gone to the City of Mexico to meet our people and the Government officials, and he had them all strongly in favor of the Durango line. With Mr. Nickerson the case was a simple one; the Railroad Company was on its last legs, he could not easily raise the extra \$5,000,000 or more to build the Durango line, and he was compelled to build the cheaper line or none at all and he convinced the Government that it was the only thing he could do, so they reluctantly consented, while the governor of the State of Durango went home to his people and was accused of selling out to the Railroad Company, which was far from the fact. He had worked and had done his utmost to influence the government to compel us to go by way of Durango. His explanations to his people were not listened to, nor would they believe his story in regard to the matter.

I had recommended the east line with a branch to Parral and Durango, stating that the main line and two branches could be built very much cheaper than the main line via Durango. My advise was taken, and the road built, and I think the Railroad Company has never had cause to regret the decision. One strong point I made at this time was that the Laguna country in good years produced 30,000 bales of cotton, 300 pounds to the bale, most of which was shipped by mule carts to the City of Mexico. When the line was first located across the Nazas river to Torreon I went to the river crossing and to the south side where Torreon now is, and where at that time there was only a goat herder's jacal or hut, and nothing else but brush and mesquite trees. When the Mexican International Railroad built their line in 1887 a town soon sprung up there, supported by the Laguna district, in which the land-owners made easy money raising cotton.

D. B. Robinson left El Paso about the middle of April, 1883, to meet Mr. Thos. Nickerson in the City of Mexico. He

planned to come back overland and agreed to meet me at Los Nieves on the 20th of May. I reached this little town on that date at 3 P. M. and ordered supper for five, and the meson keeper commenced early. He killed a pig and some chickens, and started in for a feast, and I tried to get supper by 6 P. M. Mr. Robinson came in at 6.30 P. M. with Mr. R. E. Briggs Chief Engineer of the south end of the line, and a friend who wanted to go through to El Paso. We did not get supper till after 9 at night, and as I had taken only a light lunch at noon and had eaten breakfast at an early daylight, I was ravenously hungry. The meson was kept by a blind man under the direction of a very pretty daughter and her mother. The meson was a large one, with clean and commodious rooms, and we had a pleasant evening at supper, taking nearly two hours to eat it and talk of our business and experiences on the road. Next morning Mr. Briggs took his Concord coach and five-mule team and returned to Aguascalientes; while I with my four large Kentucky mules, with Eliza Jane in the near lead, took D. B. Robinson and his friend to the end of the track near Santa Rosalia.

In July or August of 1883 Mr. Rudolph Fink, who for several years had charge of the south end, resigned, and D. B. Robinson was appointed General Superintendent of the whole road. He took Mr. Frank Nelson with him to the City of Mexico, leaving me in charge of construction department of the north end. I had J. B. Buckner tracklaying, with about 400 men under him, and things moved along nicely. The contractors kept out of our way pretty well. J. H. Hampson had a large cut in the Picardias Cañon which held us some time. John Curran had some light rock cuts near Gonzalez. He said he could get out of the way but a week or ten days before the track get there; I saw that he would not, and I told Buckner to go for him and not slack up a minute but just lay the track as fast as he could. I gave it out that we were going to catch Curran, so when Buckner went sailing by with his track and work train all the contractors commenced teasing Curran and called him "Shoo Fly John" which made him very angry, and

he was never able to part company from his new name. Pat Brick was another contractor whom I found behind with his work. I told him we would charge up the whole cost of the tracklaying outfit, something like \$1,000 per day, to him for the delay if he held us. I finally got him to work 18 hours a day and he hired some of the other contractors to help him out. Things moved along together, and we completed the line to Fresnillo on the 8th March, 1884. D. B. Robinson was there from the City of Mexico with somé friends and Government officials. We were short about one mile of rail and fastenings, but it was on the road from El Paso and we hurried it up. They ran the train 40 miles an hour and got the rail to us at 4 P. M. and a few minutes after 5 P. M. we had it all laid and the last spike driven. I personally took a photograph of the crowd, and I have it now.

I remained with the Mexican Central until June 30, 1884, when I returned to the States. I came to the Mexican Central first in March, 1883, at which time the track was nearly opposite La Cruz, where Morley was shot. I took charge as Chief Engineer on the 1st of April, 1883, and on the 8th of March the following year I had the line connected at Fresnillo. This was steady, persevering work, and I was much indebted to the loyal support of J. B. Buckner, Superintendent of Tracklaying, and to Mr. Wm. Davis, Supterintendent of all trains at the front, south of Lerdo and Jimuleo. Davis was a tireless, energetic man who tried his best to move material promptly as needed. He had many things to contend with; we had no reliable water supply, and he had to haul all the water; then there were no accommodations for the trainmen except in the cabooses. Mr. Davis was under D. McKenzie, and as long as McKenzie would stay in El Paso things went smoothly, but when he came south of the operated line and undertook to interfer with Davis then things were tangled up. McKenzie and McCuen, the master mechanic, although both of Scotch descent, were always scrapping. McCuen was master mechanic, and he contended that McKenzie was always meddling with his men. I was much annoyed by these

troubles. I got so desperate over them that I suggested that the two men scrap it out between themselves and not allow their men to take part in it. McKenzie was a vulgar, a low-lived mean man, he would swear at everybody and at almost everything; nothing ever went well while he was around. I was in charge of construction, and Wm. Davis had been appointed without any title to take charge of train service at the front. I soon sized him up as being exactly the man for the place, and he and I immediately got together and worked with the very best concert of action. If I were short of material Davis would work his men 20 hours per day to get it to us; if Buckner was short of water or any class of supplies, Davis would do his level best to get it there as promptly as possible. Buckner was in charge of tracklaying, and was loyal and true to me, and everything went smoothly, and my instructions were carried out to the letter. Buckner had the capacity to handle a thousand men and keep every man fully occupied. We three, Buckner, Davis and I formed a triangular compact that no one was able to break or interrupt and divert from our steady purpose to accomplish as easily and as cheaply as possible the great object in view, i. e. the building of the line. We three were the controlling power. We worked together and pulled together, and we accomplished more than it was expected we could. I located and decided on the lines, traveled much of the time back and forth on the different lines until the location was decided. We laid 452 miles of track from the middle of March, 1883, when I first visited the line and gave directions about the work, to the 8th of March, 1884. If anyone thinks that we three did not work together they are mistaken. McKenzie was inclined to make Davis trouble at times, but he could not stay long, and things went well as soon as he left.

Our steel came over the Texas & Pacific from New Orleans, and the Company employed Gen. Thomas as Special Agent to travel back and forth over the road to see that it was not sidetracked. Thomas was a good man for the work.

We had all sorts of experiences. The local authorities

would give Buckner authority to stop the natives peddling tequila or mescal by breaking their bottles or tinajas but in no case to do them other harm. Once Buckner got into trouble with a drunken Mexican who came to his office and wanted something unreasonable and was somewhat abusive. Buckner put him out of the car twice, and the man came a third time, when Buckner got exasperated and put the man out forcibly and with emphasis. The Mexican traveled 30 miles, to Fresnillo, swore out a warrant, and got a company of Federal cavalry under a Captain to come up and arrest Buckner. I think the Captain must have sent word that he was coming for we got the information while we were eating dinner. I was with Buckner at the time; we did not want him arrested as we had about 80 Americans, some of whom were desperate fellows, who would have sooner fought than not. We did not want any trouble with the Government, so I arranged for Buckner to take his engine and go back to work as soon as he could after dinner, and as soon as the engine got to the front to send it back to the boarding train. I figured that the Captain would reach the boarding train at 2 P. M., which he did. I stipulated with Buckner that at precisely 4 o'clock I would blow the whistle of the engine, either one long blast, or two long blasts or three blasts. The first was to indicate that I had settled with the officer and that everything was all right; if the whistle was blown twice Buckner was to jump on a horse and ride to Fresnillo and give himself up to the authorities; and the three blasts were to indicate that no settlement was made and that it was best for him to come back to the boarding train and give himself up. As soon as Buckner had gone to work I got hold of the Mexican who had made the complaint. I tried every way to coax and entreat him to withdraw the charge. As it happened, I had given him a pass to Chihuahua some two or three weeks before this; I made the most of my friendly act, but it was of no avail. I then offered him money, and soon found that I had the man under its potent influence. The Captain and about 25 cavalrymen came to the boarding train.

They showed me their papers, and I talked with the Captain, who was a very pleasant fellow and disposed to render us any favors he could so long as he performed his duty. He told me that if the man would withdraw his charge it would be all right, so I brought the Mexican before the officer and paid him \$50 and he withdrew the charge; and at 4 o'clock P. M. I had one long blast of the engine whistle blown and Buckner was very much pleased to think that he had gotten out of his scrape.

Our road was the first to be built in Northern Mexico, and there were some laws hardly adapted to railway building. They had one law making the mayordomo responsible for the acts of his men. They arrested Buckner once for stealing sheep. Some of Buckner's 400 men had, as their custom was, spread out their serapes, built little fires and formed numerous gambling parties, and would keep it up until midnight. Some sheepherders on the slope of the hills a few miles away would leave their herds with the little boys while they came in and gambled with the Mexican Central Railroad men; and as it took money to gamble with they commenced to sell sheep in order to keep up their revenue, and finally the owners got on to the fact that the sheep were going, and their only resource under the law was to have Buckner arrested, and it required all the legal talent of the Railroad Company to settle the matter. There was another law in regard to the burial of dead bodies. Two Mexicans were gambling one night as usual, and one was getting away with the pot, when the other got angered, drew his knife and stabbed his rival, and left for parts unknown. We sent to Lerdo for a doctor, who came, but the Alcalde would not let the doctor touch the wounded man although he said a few stitches would save his life. A week afterwards I came along and saw the dead body lying on a cot at the station. I gave orders to an Irish section foremen to bury the body, which he said he would do if I would stand by him and see him out of trouble. So the next day he took his gang and dug the grave, and had buried the body, when out of the bushes came the Alcalde and six State soldiers. The Alcalde

at once arrested the foreman. He wired me that he was under arrest and that the Alcalde had said that he would arrest me at the first opportunity. I wired back to the foreman to say to the Alealde that we were under Federal protection, and that if he did not let him go I would call on the Federal Government for protection. The Alcalde considered the matter a few hours, and compromised by telling the foreman that if he would dig up the body he would let him go; so they raised the body and packed it off on a burro 15 miles to the nearest town. Their old laws were brutal and not fit for yellow dogs, much less human beings. Another law used to put me to a great deal of trouble, a law making a mayordomo personally responsible for the pay of his men. A peon would fall out with his foreman, they would go to the nearest alcalde and swear out a charge and claim pay, and the alcalde would put our section foreman in jail. Then he would wire me that he was in jail, and "Please pay my men." This was happening almost every week, and our section men were badly demoralized thereby. As I had charge of maintenance of way from El Paso to the front, there were several thousand section men employed, and they were constantly giving trouble. Our custom was to pay every month, and the peons could not accustom themselves to this. They wanted their money every Saturday night, and they would quit and put the foreman in jail, and the Railroad Company would have to come to his rescue by paying off the debt.

I made the City of Chihuahua my headquarters for fifteen months, from April 1st, 1883, to July 1st, 1884. The people treated us very well. A railway was something new to them, and they used to tell us in a compassionate way that we were Peoned to the Railroad Company. At the Chihuahua office the rule was to open up at 4.30 A. M. and my operator Miles, would get in touch with Buckner's operator, Jos. Fean, at the front. We would talk over the material situation. Buckner would make his wants known, and I would give instructions. We had an hour and a half, or until Buckner got his breakfast and pulled out on his train for the front. After

6 o'clock we closed up, got breakfast, and took two hours to ourselves to prepare for the day's work. Office opened up at 8 A. M. and was open until 12 A. M. Our regular clerks occupied these hours on payrolls, inventories and material accounts. At 12 o'clock the office closed until 3 P. M. during which time we took dinner and a siesta, and at 3 P. M. the office opened again until 6 P. M. for the regular clerks. My office was kept open until 6 P. M., then an hour and a half for supper, and was then open again from 7.30 to 9 P. M. during which we were in full communication with Buckner and the front, receiving reports of the day's work from the Division engineers and everything of interest connected with the work from everybody along the line from El Paso to the front. I was in Chihuahua about one half the time. After 9 P. M., in warm weather, everybody assembled in the Plaza, where two nights in the week we had music. All strangers in town could always be found on the Plaza, and here I met the contractors and railroad people, and often got news in regard to the progress of the work.

Chihuahua had one enterprise that I very much appreciated. There was a large garden and baths, where for a small fee one could have hot or cold baths, and the garden of ten acres or more was free for any gentleman or lady to go and cut any flowers they liked, and the lady at the gate would assess payment according to the amount or quality of the flowers gathered, usually from 3 cents to a real.



CHAPTER XX.

REMINISCENCES. APRIL, 1883 TO JULY 1, 1884

COST OF TRACK LAYING, ETC.

BOARDING TRAIN.



While in Chihuahua in May and June, 1884, Peralta with a Mexican Opera troupe came there and sang in the theatre. On several occasions Peralta sang "Home Sweet Home" in English; the applause was deafening. Mrs. Dr. Paschal sang in the Opera house on the Fourth of July that year. I named the first station south of Jimulco after Peralta.

Peralta and her troupe left Chihuahua and went to Sonora and thirty, including Peralta, out of the 38, people belonging to her troupe died of the yellow fever at Hermosillo that year. Peralta resembled Ben Butler in that she was cross eyed. She was not a beauty; she was fat and strong; her voice was cultivated and she sang with feeling and pathos that captured the crowd. I have heard other good singers but none equalled Peralta. The Railway Company furnished me with a private car; it had an office at one end, a bed room, with a spring cot in the middle, and a bath room in the rear end; there was no way of cooking but I carried a box of canned goods, crackers and jellies, so that I could set out a fairly good lunch when occasion required. At the front I kept four large American mules and a four wheeled, covered spring hack, with which I made frequent and long journeys across the desert country; sometimes driving 80 miles in a day, being forced to do so on account of the scarcity of water. Santa Rosalia, Jimenez, Mapimi, Villa Lerdo, Jimulco, San Juan de Guadalupe and Las Nieves being frequent stopping places.

These long desert rides were not without interest: I had in mind the location of a railway line and I was always weighing the advantages of the several routes and had several parties running lines and trying to obtain more facts in regard to them.

We were never molested or interfered with; we were told of Americans being waylaid and murdered south of Villa Lerdo and shown their graves, and told about Americans at San Juan de Guadalupe being attacked and getting away with the crowd and then helped to escape through to El Paso, Texas.

Myself and driver always went armed and always ready for any kind of emergency.

At the boarding train, when at La Mancha station, a man named Burns got to drinking and after a week or two got to imagining that everybody was after him; he shot and killed an inoffensive man named Fitzgerald and threatened several others until the whole crowd of Americans got afraid and hung him to the side of a box car. The authorities would not let him be taken down for three or four days and when finally cut down he was buried along side the man he had murdered, about 300 yards north of La Mancha station, where two crosses are seen to this day.

Considering the number of men and the wild desolate country we were in there was not much lawlessness.

The country was healthy, the nights were cool and the days hot.

While laying track north of villa Lerdo Mr. Buckner asked permission to see how much track he could lay in one day; he was careful to get all the material he needed the day before. He commenced early, all his men entering into the spirit of the work, everybody helped. At that time we had teams to haul ties and men to distribute them; there were no bridges in the way, they laid four miles and a quarter and quit at dark. Everybody was satisfied.

The record of tracklaying on the Mexican Central was as follows:

		Miles	Cost		Total
1883,	March	laid	43.12	512.67 per M.	Total \$22,108.64
..	April	"	26.1	817.53	21,337.60
..	May	"	24.1	840.01	20,496.25
..	June	"	20.1	833.82	16,759.78
..	July	"	55.15	453.18	24,992.00
..	August	"	66.49	421.74	28,041.82
..	Sept.	"	11.34	1145.72	15,254.84

	Miles.	Cost	Total
1883, October laid	18.16	1017.37 per M.	\$ 18,475.52
" Nov.	20.24	756.36 "	15,308.36
" Dec.	53.11	473.59 "	25,152.64
" Jaunary	49.54	507.82 "	25,157.58
" February	70.56	549.24 "	44,747.26
" March	10.91	549.24 "	5,992.08

A total of 469.22 miles at a cost of \$283,824.37

The average cost of track laying and surfacing was \$605 Mexican silver per mile. I may be allowed to make a few remarks about this work. The men we paid \$2 per day and charged \$1.00 per day for board; this contract was made March 1, 1883, before I came to the road. Peter Werner was the figure-head in this contract.

He performed poor service and finally it got so bad that I gave him due and timely notice that he would have to vacate if he would not promise to do better; he promised forthwith and I had no further trouble with him, for he knew that I would set him out at the least provocation; after that it was only necessary to speak of any neglect and it was corrected at once.

The grade caused some delay; the contractors would hold us more or less; in November I gave the contractors notice that I was going to push the track work and that I should charge them up with the cost of the whole tracklaying force, something like \$1,000, per day, for any delays.

When we were short of material the cost of the work increased rapidly. We had an iron gang, spikers and bolters and a large surfacing gang. When we were short of material the iron gang, spikers and bolters did not like being sent back to surface track; in spite of all we could do they would "soldier" on us. We could not afford to disband the men, as we expected material daily, and the company wanted us to push the work.

The track was connected with the south end at Fresnillo, on the 8th day of March, 1884. D. B. Robinson, Frank E. Nelson and a party of officials came up in a special train

from Mexico to see the connection. They broke some champagne on the pilots of the engines; after that was over they invited Buckner and others to the observation end of Mr. Robinson's train and there presented Mr. Buckner with a gold watch and chain. I had followed along and as soon as the presentation speeches were made I found that Mr. Robinson was trying to create the impression that Buckner was deserving all the credit of the work done on the Chihuahua Division. This was soon over and did not cause any feeling between Buckner and myself. I got 30 days notice to quit on June 1, stating that my pay would be continued to the end of the month. I made a visit to the City of Mexico about the first of May and remained there until the 8th.

I found that D. B. Robinson had taken offence at my treatment of Peter Werner of the boarding train.

After I left the road they put Buckner in charge of a Bell car, they called it. Werner, Buckner and Robinson were interested. Buckner got into trouble with the state authorities and they wound his business up and made him pay some heavy penalties; his partners let him lose all he had.

I got between two mill stones when I read the riot act to Peter Werner, but was not aware of it at the time. I never had any words with D. B. Robinson. I met him quite often years after while he was on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, and afterwards on the Santa Fe; he died in 1901. While on the Santa Fe, he was comparatively poor, caused principally by his infatuation for gambling. He had a nice family, wife and two boys; he always tried to live and appear well and go in what he called the best of society, and they gambled. The man or woman infatuated with this weakness is lost; they will do anything to get money for this purpose.

We averaged about 400 men in the track laying gang, of whom 85 were Americans and 315 Mexicans. All the Mexicans would have been glad to have boarded themselves, and they could have been hired at \$1.00 per day including their board; the American foremen and men could not be boarded for less than \$1.00 per day.

When D. B. Robinson was appointed General Manager in the place of Rudolph Fink, about the 1st, of July, 1883, and moved his headquarters to the City of Mexico, taking Frank E. Nelson with him, I appreciated this more than anything Mr. Robinson could have done. While Nelson was under my direction he was constantly doing things to suit himself and contrary to my instructions and when checked up he would appeal to Mr. Robinson; one instance was the Zavalza well. I instructed him to dig an eight foot well and go down and see if we could find water, and if so to enlarge it afterwards. I came along and found a 24 foot well, and as it turned out the eight foot well would have answered the same purpose, as the water was bad and the Company abandoned the well. Nelson was a fairly good hustler; he was not honest and was kept to rake in the chestnuts.

On the 27th of June, 1884, I arrived at El Paso, having finished all my work on the Mexican Central Railroad.

I found D. B. Robinson and D. McKenzie at the Rio Grande; owing to high water the pile bridge had washed away and the company had a small flat boat loaded with coal which they would ferry across the river to keep their trains going.

Foreman of Bridges Brotherton was at the river with a pile driver. McKenzie was swearing and tearing around as usual; for this reason I did not care to stay. I heard that soon after I left McKenzie got to swearing at Brotherton and ordered him to go on driving piles. Brotherton expostulated with him, McKenzie told him to go ahead and drive some more piles. So Brotherton ordered the driver forward when it turned over into the river and remains there to this day. It may be several miles down stream or in the Gulf of Mexico by this time.

I crossed the river to El Paso and went to the Grand Central Hotel; after dinner on the 27th, of June I was called up to one of the rooms and found five gentlemen; there they pulled out a fine gold watch and chain and presented it to me; this came as a surprise. I had not anticipated any thing of the

kind. All of the contractors had been treated honestly and fairly and wished to show me their appreciation and regards, the more so as Buckner had been given a watch and chain and the impression made that he was deserving all the credit for the success on the north end. I appreciated Buckner and did not think any the less of him for getting the watch, but it amused me to see what D. B. Robinson and Nelson would do to try and underate my efforts.

Nelson had a faculty of making money; he got one of my roadmasters named Capers to sell watches to the section men. I got onto it and told Capers that if he sold any more watches that way I would fire him. Capers concluded to quit but he came back onto the road soon after I left.

D. B. Robinson kept Nelson for several years; he had him on the Aransas Pass Railroad, them on the Colorado Midland, where D. B. had to part company with him, as he was constantly getting him into trouble.

CHAPTER XXI.

WORK FOR THE A. T. S. F. RAILROAD—
CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY 1, 1885. TO JUNE 30, 1885—
APPOINTED ASSISTANT CHIEF ENGINEER
OF THE A. T. AND S. F. RAILROAD
IN CHARGE OF CONSTRUCTION FEB. 1, 1886.—
DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE—
SOME OF THE DETAILS OF OUR WORK
ON CONSTRUCTION—
SIDE TRACKED BY THE SANTA FE DEC. 31, 1888—
LIVED ON THE FARM
THREE AND A HALF MONTHS—
APPOINTED CITY ENGINEER OF TOPEKA, KANSAS,
APRIL 15, 1889,—
RETAINED THAT POSITION UNTIL OCTOBER 12, 1894.

I went on to Albuquerque, New Mexico, the last of June. On my way there I met Mr. A. A. Robinson, chief engineer of the Santa Fé; he engaged me at once to take charge of the changes of line between Rincon and El Paso. There had been about ten miles washed out and they were having a great deal of trouble along the Rio Grande to keep the line open. I was engaged about four months on this work and then went to Topeka. D. H. Rhodes was then assistant to the chief engineer. I was sent back to the Rio Grande at Limitar, above Socoro to make a survey of that river preparatory to a law suit on account of a new channel the company had made during construction which damaged some irrigating ditches; this work kept me employed until the last day of Junuary, 1885.

February 1st I received instructions to go to California and represent the Santa Fé Company. The California Southern had got into embarrassed circumstances and the Santa Fe Company had arranged to furnish the money to finish the road from Colton to Barstow, and through the Cajon Pass. I was sent there to report progress of construction and engineering matters. I had nothing to say about the location or construction. I sometimes gave advice when asked to do so by Mr. Ferris, chief engineer.

March 18th Mr. A. A. Robinson came and we went over the line with Mr. Perris to Bostow, and back to San Bernardino.

I went to Topeka with Mr. Robinson, arriving there March 28th, and remained until April 2d, when I returned to California, where I remained until June 3, when I received a telegram from mother that father was very sick. I got permission to go home and started that night and reached home June 12th, stopping on the way at Topeka and in Chicago, where I called on the woman who had been my wife, which was the last time I ever saw her and her boys. I gave the boys \$50.00. They were not sure as to who was their father and did not recognize me.

I found father able to up and around; he had had a stroke of paralysis and it was painful to see him. At times he was

able to talk about any subject, but he would take up matters that had happened 40 or 50 years before and speak of them as happening at the time.

There was a deed to a piece of land that Uncle Eliphalet had had something to do with, that he could not get over talking about. It made me feel sorry for Uncle Eliphalet. Father's days were numbered; he died the 30th of November, 1885. I was much pleased that I went home and made him a good visit. My father was a great strong boy in his early youth. Grandfather had sent Uncle Lucius to Brown University at Providence; had aided Uncle Matthew in his studies for the ministry; Uncle Davis had learned the trade of a cabinet maker, by which in 20 years he earned money enough to enable him to go to Northborough and buy a fine farm about the year 1860.

Grandfather always liked his son Isaac, and when he came home from Quincy, Illinois, in 1843, he gave him a piece of land north of his own house, on Summer street. I am not sure whether he gave this out and out or whether there was a consideration attached, but it was mutually agreeable for them to reside near each other.

Father had but little schooling; he was always kept at work. Uncle Lucius induced father and Uncle Eliphalet to go west and each spent more than a year at Quincy, Ill. Father did some clerical work in Uncle Lucius' office and became an excellent penman. This visit west; his journey to Pennsylvania by coach and then by D. Leache's canal boat line over the Pennsylvania canal and his travelling down the Ohio river by flat boat, all gave him some experience and helped to give him broader views of life and the country. Father and mother were married in June, 1844. Mother had a fairly good education and had taught school a short time and it was due to mother that father became quite a scholar, so that he became a man of affairs. He was one of the select men, or in other official positions, for the town of North Bridgewater from 1852 most of the time until his death in 1885.

It was due to mother that I got my education. Father

believed in education but thought one could educate himself. Father was an industrious, persevering, hard working man; he was honest, and expected everybody else to be; no was generous and always ready to do his part in everything that came up. He was a good farmer and studied all the new ways of manipulating his crops.

Grandfather Kingman had been a great corn raiser and father prided himself in knowing how.

Father and mother went with the Porter church when that was organized and father continued with it to his death, while mother in later years went to the Methodist church.

Father, I think, paid the Porter church about \$100 per year for many years, which I think was a burden to him, as father's income could not have been more than \$500 to \$600 per year. It is true father had a small farm that helped to support the family in many ways; for years he kept from one to three cows and sold the milk at the door at a fairly good price; the surplus milk was made into butter and mother's butter was always in demand. Father usually cut about 40 tons of hay; he had meadow hay, timothy, straight and mixed with clover; then he had the second crop clover, which was always kept for the cows to feed in winter time.

The corn crop was considerable; then there was barley, rye and vegetables; all helped out. All required hard work and good judgment. The chickens contributed their share to the general fund, as most always when groceries were bought, a basket of eggs would go with the order.

Father used to enjoy his work; he never got tired looking after details; things were done to a finish when he was around; he always got up early.

He used to keep a shot gun and a fish pole and line; they were always ready, I have known him to get quail and pigeons; and known him to go fishing, when he always got some fish. Father liked to go to the sea shore, but it took too much time; he never took me but once, that was to Scituate. We had a fine sail but no fish; the day was not favorable. A squall came up and we had to run for port.

Father, in his younger days, learned the shoemaker's trade and employed his time during the winters in making shoes. For some reasons this was pleasant: they had good, warm shops to work in and could earn from two to three dollars per day making shoes, and when spring time came they were \$400 ahead of what they would have been without this work, and this ready cash helped wonderfully in the maintenance of a family. Father always kept a horse and carriage, and for pleasant weather a four wheeled democratic open wagon; a one seated rig with plenty of room back of the seat to carry most anything. He used most always to have a buffalo robe on the seat. In 1873, I took home a very fine robe, tanned by the Apache Indians of Cimarron, New Mexico, which he appreciated highly.

Father, as select man, probably earned \$250 per year. Some years perhaps a little less. I think he got about \$3.00 per day when he worked, so that between the farm, the town business and the shop, he always had something to do: always earned a living and had something to show for his money.

I reached Topeka on June 30th, 1885, and reported for duty. I spent the month of July in Kansas.

I made a trip to Medicine Lodge and across, via Greensberg to Ford City and Dodge, went to Kiowa and made an excursion southwest of there to Camp Supply. On this trip I went hungry 26 hours, got back to Kiowa on July 22, and then returned to Topeka and made my report to Mr. Robinson.

July 30, 1885, I started for California to look over the work between Colton and Barstow again and report; this done I started for Topeka August 18th, and arrived there August 22d. I was then sent out to make the location of the Hutchison and Kinsley cut-off for the Santa Fe. W. C. Ells acted as transit-man. Active operations were commenced about this time in many parts of Kansas and Indian Territory, and I attended to the location of the several lines.

On February 1st I was appointed assistant engineer of the construction department, with headquarters at Topeka.

My pay was \$350 per month and I earned every cent of it; during the year 1886 I located, graded and constructed 508 miles of railway; during 1887, I located, graded and constructed 845 miles of railway, and in 1888 I located and built the Superior, Nebraska, extension of the Strong City branch, 32.8 miles. This was strenuous, active work; often I had five or six locating parties out at a time; during 1887, I had four track-laying gangs at work laying track at one time, one of which was handled by my old friend, J. B. Buchner. I had 52 engineer pay rolls and over 350 men on them. We had to construct many of these lines to earn bonds, which were voted by several counties and cities. We never lost any by default; at Ashland, Clark county, we got into some trouble. I sent Houser there to locate the line; he got a certified copy of the town plat and located his line in accordance with the act granting the company bonds. A week or so before the time was up we heard that there was some hitch, that they did not intend paying the bonds; upon investigation we found that after the bonds were voted they had platted a half section between the town and our location and that while the plat of the town they had given Mr. Houser was correct at the time they gave it we had not complied with the original act, requiring us to be within certain limits. On this discovery, the location was changed and we built a new depot within the proper limits and had it changed before the time was up. Even then the county had a law suit which was finally taken to the Supreme Court of Kansas and decided in the company's favor.

Some time in December, 1888, I got notice from Mr. A. A. Robinson, chief engineer and Vice-President of the Santa Fe Railroad, that my services would not be needed after the first of January, 1889. The wild boom had burst and the Railways of the west were in bad shape; they had spent millions of dollars for lines that were not needed and the city and county bonds were the cause of many of their misfortunes.

The construction of all these lines for the Santa Fe was administered honestly; there was no stealing or fraudulent,

underhauded work going on anywhere. The contractors were treated fairly and estimated for the work performed. There was no law suits with any of the contractors during these three years of strenuous work; this is saying a great deal, when it is considered that we must have spent something like \$8,000,000, for grading and bridging. We never had any scandal about time checks, pay due the men, or in the engineer parties. Supplies were sent out and money furnished the several locating parties and not a dollar misused, all was accounted for and accounts closed correctly.

I now have to record a painful part of my life; it is best that you know all about it. I was married on the 20th of January, 1875, to Miss Jennie E. Duncan, then living on Olive Street, in St. Louis, Mo. I can not say too much for her, as I knew her then; she was affable, vivacious and kind. I liked and loved the girl. She was good looking, a good singer and a good house keeper. After our marriage we moved to New Mexico to live. I was employed on Government surveys for two years before and after our marriage, with headquarters at Cimarron, my work commenced the first of July each year and lasted four or five months; during this time I was away from home most of the time, only going home, once or twice a month. I moved to Santa Fe in 1876, after completing my field work for that year. During my absence in the field my wife had betrayed me and there was a widening gulf separating us; while living in Santa Fe in 1876 and 77, we got along fairly well. In July, 1877, I went to work for the A. T. and S. F. Railroad and sent my wife to Topeka to live with her mother. I need not tell you all of the troubles that I passed through; all things come to an end and my troubles did. She went to Chicago in 1884, with the evident intention of getting divorced, and obtained it in July, 1886, I offering no objections. Her oldest boy should have been named Hodding and not Kingman; the other boy, Charles D., was my boy and properly named. She married Norman C. Raff a year or two after being divorced; his home was at Canton, Ohio.

I made up my mind to try again, and on the 20th of Jan-

uary, after waiting the legal time required by the laws of Kansas, I was married to Miss Alice Newman. The wedding was celebrated on the 12th anniversary of my marriage to my first wife. We went to house-keeping in Topeka, and remained there until December 31, 1888, when we moved out to the farm and lived there in the same house with my brother and his family. We lived there until the 15th of April, 1889, when I was appointed City Engineer of Topeka. We enjoyed living at the farm. I worked hard trying to put the place in order. I trimmed trees, fixed the fences and did many things to improve the place. I bought the farm in April, 1887, and my brother moved on to it in November of that year and lived there until he died, June 20, 1901. His family ran the farm until the end of 1903, when they all moved to town.

I continued as City Engineer until October 12, 1894, nearly five years and a half. I found the work interesting and varied; there was always complaints and people who wanted things done their way. I was well treated by the majority of the people, and formed many acquaintances and friendships, and looking back I realize that I had more solid enjoyment out of life than ever before. I bought a horse and surry for my wife and she and the children made good use of it, we used to go to the farm frequently and drove all about Topeka; I used the horse and surry some about the city in connection with my work.

Mr. A. A. Robinson commenced work for the Santa Fe in 1871, and I met him first in 1874, at Cimarron, New Mexico; he had come down on a reconnaissance trip to look over the country. As I had made a journey as far south as Fort Craig and the north end of the jornada the year before he was interested in my information. Mr. Robinson came out to our camp in Colorado in 1877. This was the first time. I got acquainted with him in 1878; he came to our camp at Canon Blanco Summit in New Mexico. Our cook was short of meat and served jack rabbits for dinner, much to Mr. Robinson's disgust; we folded our camp the next day and moved towards Albuquerque. We reached Tojaras Canon about 11 P.M.,

tired, dusty and hungry, and in no pleasant humor. We got to Albuquerque the second day, and replenished our stock of groceries. Mr. A. A. Robinson was a good engineer, a man of education, a man of tact and reason, one who appreciated good, loyal, service. He was always honest himself and expected other people to be.

I have worked many years with him. I never knew him to mistreat an employee who tried to do right, and every body had a good word for Mr. Robinson. I realize that he has been my friend for years, that he gave me the opportunity to work for him and his company, and I have endeavored to serve him with zeal and fidelity. Mr. Robinson lived n Pueblo, Colorado, in 1877; his wife and daughter used to come to the office; later, in 1881, he lived in Las Vegas, where his first wife died in 1883. Shortly after he moved to Topeka, where he has maintained his home ever since.

Mr. Robinson was elected president of the Mexican Central Railway Company, Limited, at the annual meeting in May, 1893, and continued as president until the 15th of November, 1906.

I was appointed chief engineer May 1, 1895, and served 11 years with him on the Mexican Central Railway.

CHAPTER XXII

NOVEMBER, 1894, EMPLOYED TO MAKE A REPORT
FOR THE MEXICAN CENTRAL—
MAY 1, 1895, APPOINTED CHIEF ENGINEER
OF THE MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILROAD—
CONSTRUCTION WORK NOV., 1894, TO JUNE, 1904.

In 1894 the city council cut my wages and got very poor and threatened to make further reductions; I got tired of this and concluded to go. I got two weeks leave of absence and started for Roswell, New Mexico, to survey a line from Roswell to Panhadle City, Texas, for Mr. Hagerman. I sent my resignation to the City Council from Trinidad, Colorado; while making this survey, I received a letter from Mr. A. A. Robinson, who had been appointed President of the Mexican Central Railway in 1894, to go to Mexico and make a report on some timber lands. I made this special report in November, 1894. I commenced work for the Central Railway Company, February 1st, 1895. Mr. Robinson requested that I go out west of Jimenez, via Parral, Santa Barbara, Rueda Sestin, El Oro, Inde and Guanicevi, and study that region and report as to its capacity to support a branch line. I started from Jimenez February 12th and got back March 27th, having spent 43 days. We had two days snow storm while at Parral so this was a very interesting journey. I could write pages of experience. On April 12th I started on a reconnaissance trip to Zapotlan, taking two mozos and a pack outfit. We went via Flores, Santa Ana, Atoyac, Zacoaleo and Sayula to Zapotlan; returning I got back to Guadalajara April 30. At Atoyac, on this trip, we went to a fonda to get supper; the dining room was about 20 feet long, with three tables and cotton spreads; we had chile con carne, beans and tortillas, and when we came to pay the bill it was 16 cents for all three. We ordered breakfast for the next morning, with eggs and coffee added to the articles presented for supper and our bill was 24 cents for all three. I mention this to show conditions in the interior of Mexico at that time; there was no profit in this for the women. On the 7th of May I went out to the Laguna country from San Pedro to Gomez Palacio and made reports, and on the 10th of May I went to Durango and took stage to Santiago, Paspasco and returning to Durango, I hired a team and went via Nombre de Dios and Sombrerete to Gutierrez, and got back May 25.

These several trips were very entertaining and helped round out my knowledge of Northern Mexico.

I was duly appointed chief engineer of the Mexican Central Railway Company, Limited on May 1, 1895, by my friend President A. A. Robinson, at the munificent salary of \$500.00 Mexican money per month. The company had 1876 miles of railway. After a little more than ten years absence I came back to see the Central grow. That fall we commenced surveys for the Ameca Extension. I appointed Mr. W. L. Thurston locating engineer. The contract for this extension was let to Hamson & Smith December 18th, 1895. I spent Chirstmas Eve., 1895, with Mr. Thurston at Refugio, near the Hacienda. Frank Merrit took the first division of 30 kilometers, December 1, 1895, and finished September 30, 1896. A. S. Robinson had the second division, kilometers 31, to 55; he commenced December 10, 1895, and turned the division over to F. Merritt, June 1, 1896, and Robinson went to Tampico to take charge of the Custom House and wharf that was then started for Government account by the Railway Company, under my direction. James Reid had the third division, kilometer 56 to 89 at Ameca; he commenced March 1st, 1896, and completed February 7th, 1897, being kept a long time on depots. Mr. Reid was afterwards chief engineer of construction on the National Railroad.

Mr. James B. Buckner laid the track on the Ameca branch; he commenced March 13, 1896 and finished September 28, 1896. The first regular train was run through to Ameca October 1st, 1896. It was very wet and muddy during the months of September, October and November and the contractors did not finish the Ameca and La Vega roads until the last of the year. We commenced locating the Laguna Extension December 4th, 1895. John McCurdy, locating engineer.

The contract for this line was let to Hamson & Smith July 10, 1896. E. A. Correa made some changes in location in May, 1896. The division engineers on this work were J. R. Malaby and David Fleming. Malaby had charge of track-laying, assisted by Monterubio. The work was done very

economically and completed to San Pedro December 30, 1896. June 1, 1896, the Central Railroad Company, undertook to build a wharf and custom house for the Mexican Government; the plans were made by the Railroad Company at the City of Mexico in my office.

I appointed A. S. Robinson to take charge of the work at Tampico. I went there nearly every month for three years to look after and inspect the work; the custom house cost \$1,500,-000, Mexican dollars; in the foundation we used 6,500 piles and 33,000, barrels of cement.

After the wharf and sheds were finished and before the custom house was done the wharf burned down to the water.

This caused a great deal of work. As the wharf and material had been insured, it was several months before we could adjust this with the insurance company. We lost material that had to be reordered from the United States.

The Parral branch was commenced by W. L. Thurston, locating engineer, on the 6th day of April, 1896.

The contract was let to Hampson & Smith for the first 89 kilometers. E. Greig had the first division, kilometer 1 to 38.5; he commenced work October 22, 1897, and finished April 30, 1898. J. F. Dannecker had the second division, kilometer 38.5 to 54, inclusive. W. C. Hammatt had the third division kilometer 55 to 70 inclusive. E. A. Correa commenced the fourth division Sept. 20, 1897; his assistant, E. G. Robinson, finished it; kilometer 71 to 89, at Parral, June 6, 1898. Work on this line was discontinued until September, 1889. E. A. Correa had fifth division, kilometer 92 to 134. Mr. Correa died on the work in 1900, from diseases brought from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Mr. Esterbrook and J. V. Key completed Correa's division. Mr. W. C. Harris had the last division, 135 to 155, ending at Rosario; he commenced December 22, 1899, and finished October 23, 1901, being 22 months on the division J. B. Buckner laid most of the track on the Parral branch; it was finished into Rosario, kilometer 155, October 23, 1901. The line has

proved to be a paying investment. The branch into Santa Barbara was completed May 1st, 1901.

The San Marcos line was commenced Jun. 26, 1896, by W. L. Thurston, locating engineer; he finished the location to Orendain and located a line to Tequila. The San Marcos line rested until September, 1899. Hampson & Smith took the contract, dated Sept. 2, 1899, for grading the San Marcos line. Track was laid by J. B. Buckner and R. A. Chanis, and completed to San Marcos June 11, 1900.

R. E. Greig and C. W. E. Reichel were division engineers on this work.

The Zapotlan Extension from Guadalajara to Tuxpan was first commenced by H. Lee Dort, an English engineer, who made a preliminary location from La Junta, seven kilometers east of Guadalajara, to Sayula.

R. H. Gresham, a Texas engineer, E. G. Wagner and O. G. Bunsen all took part in the location: Bunsen gave this line its finishings touches. J. W. Anderson located the three per cent grade line on the Sayula hill.

The contract for grading was let to Hampson & Smith, dated Nov. 20, 1899.

Edward Stalter had the first 25 kilometers out of Guadalajara. We constructed a double roadway for the first seven kilometers out. Stalter commenced Nov. 1st, 1899, and had the first 25 kilometers. Charles E. Small had the second division, kilometer 26 to 40. W. T. Carley had the third division, kilometer 41, to 55. Edward Stalter had the fourth division, kilometer 56 to 80. W. O. Galbreith had the fifth division, kilometer 81 to 105. James E. Kelley had the six division, kilometer 106 to 135, ending at Sayula.

C. W. E. Reichel had the seventh division, kilometer 136 to 156. W. O. Galbreith had the eighth division, kilometer 157 to 176. O. G. Bunsen had the ninth division, kilometer 157 to 192, when the grading was done west of Tuxpan.

Edward Wright had charge of the grading, tunnel work and bridging, from 192 to the Rio Tuxpan, 8 kilometers.

Track laying was commenced at La Junta, March 13, 1900, and finished into Tuxpan October 24, 1901.

James B. Buckner laid most of this track.

The division engineers on this line were C. W. E. Reichel by Philip Smith, locating engineer.

The contract for grading was let to Hampson & Smith March 27, 1899, from Yurecuaro to Chavinda, with privilege to extend it to Tinguindin.

This line was interfered with by wet weather and mud.

Philip Smith located one line through to Tinguindin.

W. C. Harris made some improvements between Moreno and Tarequattro. E. G. Robinson made some changes between kilometer 109 and Tinguindin.

Mr. Robinson afterwards located a 1.5 per cent line from Tinguindin to Los Reyes.

Mr. W. F. Waters, locating engineer, commenced near Tinguindin Dec. 3, 1900, and located a 3 per cent line to Los Reyes and completed the work February 9th, 1901, and this line was adopted. Waters insisted in using a six degree curve at one place, the only one on the line. Division Engineer W. O. Galbreith, at my suggestion, put a four degree curve in its place without increasing the work but a very little.

Track was laid to Zamora June 9th, 1899.

Track was laid to Chavinda Dec. 15, 1899.

Track was laid to Tinguindin Feb. 19, 1900. After this no track laying was done until March 19, 1902, and was laid into Los Reyes June 9, 1902, and the line opened.

The division engineers on this line were C. W. E. Reichel and W. O. Titus; they had charge of the first 42 kilometers of work. John Devine and Titus's brother helped.

Edward Stalter had the division, kilometer 43, to 61.

E. A. Warner had the division, 62 to 73 inclusive.

W. F. Waters had the division, 74 to 89 inclusive.

Guy V. McClure had the division, kilometer 90 to 119, inclusive, and W. O. Galbreith had the division 120 to 139,

at Los Reyes. The Rio Verde Extension was commenced Sept. 26, 1899, by E. G. Robinson, locating engineer.

The contract for grading was let to Gonsen & Hapner; work was commenced June 26, 1901. This contract was finished March 19, 1902.

The company did the work on the bridge foundations at the Rio Verde, drove piles and erected cement concrete abutments; the track laying was commenced at San Bartolo July 11, 1901, and finished to the river in November 27, 1901.

The bridge was finished May 15, 1902, and the track laid to the Rio Verde station May 20, 1902.

The San Pedro Extension to Paredon on the Monterey and Gulf Railroad was commenced November 7, 1901, at which time C. W. Curry, assistant engineer, started on a reconnaissance and Edward Stalter started from San Pedro on what we called the north line. E. G. Robinson started a location at Treviño on the International Railroad Nov. 24, with instructions to meet Stalter on the north line.

A. H. Long commenced at San Pedro December 23, 1901, with instructions to locate a line directly across the lake to Jarral and Sauceda Pass; he finally obtained a tangent 114 kilometers long; before he reached Sauceda Pass E. G. Robinson had located from there to Paredon. Mr. Robinson had used curvature too freely and when Mr. Long reached the divide at the pass, now called Arispe, I gave him instructions to revise the line as far as Paredon. Mr. Long made a careful location and I was very much pleased with his work. The track was laid from San Pedro to Hipolito by Mr. Geo. Munsenberg. He went to Paredon and laid 23 kilometers west of that station.

Mr. H. D. Myers laid the track from kilometer 265, to near Hipolito, kilometer 225, forty kilometers. All of this line was finished and turned over to the operating department Oct. 31, 1903. Surveys were commenced on the Tampico Short Line Dec. 16, 1901. E. G. Wagner started at Tamos and ran line up the Panuco river as far as Tempoal, then he under-

took to get a direct line from Tamos across the country to Tempoal; in doing this he divided his party and gave J. A. Card instructions to run some preliminary lines.

Surveys were commenced at Apulco in April, 1902. E. C. Torence started on preliminary survey. On the 12th of June I appointed W. C. Curry assistant chief engineer, with headquarters at Zocalpan, to take charge of these surveys. I had made a trip over this line with Mr. Curry. Starting from Mexico on the 9th of March, 1902, we arrived at Apulco at 12.30, took mules and reached Zocalpan at 8.00 P. M., riding the last two hours in a heavy thunder storm. On the next day, the 10th, we went to Tesca, where we had to stay over two nights and one day on account of the heavy, constant rain. We interviewed the judge and the school teacher and secured shelter in the school house. They treated us very kindly and we appreciated it. We returned to Zocalpan on the 12th. On the 13th we left Zocalpan at 7.15 A. M. and reached Tlachichileo at 8.00 P. M. that night. We had stopped for lunch and rested our stock; we had put in 10 hours of steady travel on the road. On the 14th of March we left Tlachichileo at 7.45 a. m. and reached C. E. Torrence's camp that Saturday noon; he was camped on the right side of the Tuxpan river, three or four kilometers above Jarbonera. At noon, in his tent under a fly, on a clear bright day, the thermometer was 86 degrees, Farenheit. It seemed much warmer. The camp was well provisioned; they could not buy much beef or mutton, but turkeys were very plentiful; the Indians sold them for 75 c. to one dollar each. There were a great many oranges brought in and sold very cheap. The insect pests here were almost unbearable; the ticks being the most in evidence; there were some chiggers; the mosquitos and sand flies were not troublesome. Sunday, the 15th, I rode out with Curry onto a hight point to look over the country. We were gone six hours from camp on this excursion. We passed the little town of Zicatlan; they had a small church and an open church yard full of newly made graves. The small pox the

previous winter had taken most of the young people, leaving the old shriveled up people to lament their sad lonesomeness.

On Monday we rode into Chicontepec and were about seven hours on the road. From Zacualpan to Chicontepec the country is settled with Huestaca Indians; from what I saw of them they are a pure race, free from leprosy and other afflictions. They are strong, well built and are industrious people. They are not very ambitious; they usually have small herds of cows, oxen, sheep, goats, turkeys and chickens. Usually a girl or woman herds the mixed bunch. While the men folks do the planting and gather the crops.

At this season of the year their fields were green with peas, a little later, after the peas ripen, they plant corn, beans and barley. I saw the women weaving blankets in front of their houses under the shade of the trees.

The women all wore white skirts with colored embroidered figures on them. These gave the women rather a neat appearance and showed them to be diligent and tasteful in their appearance. Their little houses seemed comfortable. Their yards were kept clean, and their stock was cared for and fed, the turkeys and chickens getting shelled corn.

Chicontepec was laid out on the slope of a high mesa where numerous springs break out. There is a bench wide enough for the main street and some buildings. The Plaza is on the widest part; there are some very good dwellings; several large stores and some extra good schools. The cattle men owning ranches below send their families here to reside and being well fixed they have the best of schooling.

You can stand near the Plaza and look off towards the north, northeast and east and see the flat low country for many miles. It is a fine view and makes one believe that Chicontepec has a grand future. There are several fountains supplied from the springs and there is plenty of water for a much larger town. I was much pleased with Chicontepec. We were housed well at the only meson in the place and served with excellent meals. March 17th we went to E.

G. Wagner's Camp, which was three hours ride, in an easterly direction, we found him occupying a very comfortable ranch house with good floors; the rooms, light and clean, surrounded by a fine rich country. They keep a great many bees here. We spent the afternoon about the ranch and in looking over Wagner's profiles and maps.

On the 18th we started at 7.00 a. m. and reached Tantoyuca at 3.30 p. m.—eight and a half hours on the road. Mr. Wagner accompanied us an hour or two from his camp.

Tantoyuca is on a high piece of ground; they have a larger town than at Chicontepec, but water is very scarce. Our mozos had to take the stock a mile and a half away to get water to drink. We obtained a well furnished room and got our meals at a restaurant, and were well pleased with our entertainment.

On the 19th we started at 8.05 and reached Puente at 4.00 P. M. we found a few farm houses here and a store; the proprietor had built a one-room house off by itself for the accommodation of travellers. It was well finished, had a good floor of pine boards, and was furnished with two bedsteads, chairs and a table, and was clean and tidy. There was no bridge here. We had to ford the stream. There had been a bridge years before. On the 20th we left Puente at 6.45 a. m. and travelled over a very good road, much used for driving cattle to Pueblo Viejo; it was cleared of brush and trees nearly one hundred and fifty feet wide; it had been kept clear so long that the grass had taken possession on both sides of the trail, making it very agreeable to one travelling. We reached Ozuloama at 11.00 a. m. and found the town celebrating a feast. We got a very good dinner in a tent on the Plaza. At 12.45 we continued on our way to J. A. Card's camp and did not find it until 8.30 P. M. Mr. Card was locating a line from Pueblo Veajo towards Puente.

We found the party all well; they had a good cook and plenty of supplies. They were much annoyed with ticks, and wet weather.

On the 21st, 1902, we left Card's Camp at 9.00 A. M., having spent several hours in looking over maps and profiles and hoping it would stop raining. We reached Pueblo Viejo at 4.10 P. M., hired a canoe and reached Tampico at 5.15 P. M. We sent our stock back to Zacualpam by the mozos and Mr. Curry and I took the train that night for the City of Mexico. I have narrated somewhat in detail this journey over this line, as the location is perhaps the most important of any I have ever made. The company have spent nearly \$300,000. on the location, from La Cumbre Pass. We have 90 kilometers of 2.5 per cent grade and a maximum curvature of eight degrees with 20 meter chords, 478 kilometers from the City of Mexico to Tampico, estimated to cost \$14,000,000 gold.*

While the country from the Plateau breaks off rapidly there are cañons and valleys breaking into the mass of the table lands. These separated and divided by long ridges, extending for miles out into the lower regions without much level ground on top, and after hardly room for a trail; the slopes from the top on both sides being so steep that a mule if crowded off, goes down several hundred feet before he can recover his footing. Our engineers lost four or five mules, killed in falling down the slopes, and several engineers had very narrow escapes.

Nearly all the valleys and mountain sides are cultivated by the Indians. Peas are a winter crop. Corn is planted in the spring. If the country was accessible it would be an ideal country to live in, if one could keep away from the insects.

*Note:—This estimate was made before the location was finished in 1903; it was afterwards largely increased.

THE TAMPICO SHORT LINE.

When Mr. Thomas Nickerson came to Mexico and interested himself in Mexican Railways he studied the question and then taking a map of Mexico he drew a line from Tampico to San Blas and said "This is the line I want." A transcontinental line was his hobby; he did not carefully consider the population or the wealth and business of the country. After the line from Tampico, via San Luis Potosí to Aguascalientes was finished, the company began to realize that 1254 kilometers from Mexico City to Tampico was a long distance to haul freight, and while Mr. Levi Wade was president of the Central he gave orders to try some lines from the Tula Pachuca line down the Amajaque river to some point on the San Luis division; he spent \$54,189.37 in 1891 and 1892, and found the line loaded down with negative values. The long distance to Tampico, via San Luis, 1254 kilometers, compared to the Mexico and Veracruz line of 425 kilometers and 478 kilometers of the Interoceanic Railway, has kept this question constantly before the Central Officials.

In 1896 I sent E. A. Correa to Zacualtipan to report on a line from that town down the plateau towards Tampico. Later I sent Frank Merritt to make an instrumental survey of the most difficult portions that Correa had reported on. Later we found that Zacualtipan was out of the question; we had to go over several divides before starting down the hill and concluded the La Cumbre pass was the best to start from, and that line has been run to completion. December 1, 1905, we concluded to try a line from Honey, the plateau being 102 meters lower than at La Cumbre. The Honey line has been located and we find that line is 489.4 kilometers long between the City of Mexico and Tampico. While the La Cumbre line is only 466.3 kilometers long between the same terminals.

The cost of these surveys is as follows:

Amajaque River Line, ran in 1891—1892	\$ 54,189.37
The Zaqualtipan Line „ „ 1896—1902,	13,049.30
The La Cumbre Line, ran in 1902—1907,	332,142.00
The Honey Line, run in..... 1906—1907,	137,202.68
Sept. 1. 1907, Total	\$536,583.35

We have estimated the two lines with the following results:

The La Cumbre Line	\$ 44,230,586.00
The Honey Line	39,932,431.00
Difference in favor of the Honey Line	\$ 4,298,155.00

Owing to the difference of 23.1 kilometers in length in favor of the La Cumbre Line and the Central desiring the shortest possible line into Tampico, the La Cumbre Line is in favor on account of the Passenger business.

The Honey Line, as a freight road, has some advantages; the long light five tenths grades to the foot of the mountains, 228.2 kilometers long, as against 193.4 kilometres of the same grade on the La Cumbre line, cheapens freight haul.

The 171.6 kilometers of two and a half per cent grade line on the Honey Line, as against 183.3 kilometers, two and a half per cent grade on the La Cumbre line, shows the Honey Line the most economical for handling freight.

The contract for the first 50 kilometers south from Aries on the San Luis—Tampico line was let to Semmes Bell and Company, May 9, 1907, and the work commenced at once.

THE ATOTONILCO EXTENSION 35.76 KILOMETERS.

This line has been under consideration for eight or ten years; most of the officials of the Central have made visits to Atotonilco. I went there three times before the line was determined upon.

E. A. Warner located lines from La Barca and Limón. I had a long line located, keeping near the town of Jototlán

and expecting to draw business from Tepatitlán. Early in 1896, I sent G. H. Sharp to revise the location and keep the line out of some large reservoirs that had been built since the line was first located at the request of the owners; we decided to build the short line. The contract was let to Bell and Semmes March 15, 1906, and work commenced at once.

Track laying commenced October 14, 1906, and was laid to Atotonileo June 30, 1907, and trains commenced running July 1, 1907. The construction train worked ballasting from the 1st of July until August 17, leaving 14 kilometers of soft black mud banks well covered with stone and the ballast tamped under the ties.

This line has cost about \$691,000 Mexican silver. The accounts are not all in yet. It is laid with old 56 pound rail from the main line. Material for a \$10,000 depot at Atotonileo is ordered but not commenced. On June 30th, 1907, the Auditor had \$648,118.64 charged to this line; there are two months of the construction gang with train yet to be charged and this with the depot will probably bring the cost up to the amount above stated. My original estimate of the cost of this line, as made December 7, 1905, was \$691,036.07 Mexican silver.

THE RINCON DE ROMOS LINE.

Surveys were commenced in 1898. E. G. Wagner, locating engineer, worked during the months of July and August.

Construction was commenced in 1900; the contract was let to Messrs. Bell and Semmes. W. C. Hammatt was appointed division engineer. There were several switch backs put up at El Cobre, near the mine. I considered this a good location; unfortunately it is in an out of the way place and no one ever sees it.

Mr. Hammatt and Monterubio, a Mexican foreman, had charge of tracklaying: there was 18.45 kilometers of line and the labor cost 332.31 per kilometer, including the cost of material, yard estimated at \$75.00 per kilometer. We paid 50 cents per day for common labor. This line was laid with 60 pound new steel rail.

We built the line under contract with the Guggenheim Smelter people of Aguascalientes. The Central Railway Co. did not own it and I never learned just what the cost was. The final estimate was \$94,751.29 for grading and masonry.

The Dynamite spur Kilometer 1163 was built in 1902 and cost \$178,060.21; it is 10 kilometers long.

The sulphur spur at kilometer 1228, is 6.4 kilometers long, built in 1902, and cost \$48,412.47.

THE SALTILLO EXTENSION.

Edward Stalter, locating engineer, located this line in 1902. This line was 72 kilometers long and the location cost \$123.20 per kilometer.

His pay rolls were \$6,045.39; expense vouchers \$1872.30; groceries \$874.30; stationery \$78.35; Total cost \$8,740.34 for location.

I wrote to Stalter October 30, 1902: "I want you to bear in mind that while we do not pay large salaries, the expenses of location are considerable and that I expect every man to do the best he can and make his time and expenses count, and return a careful location at minimum expense, Book 26, page 238."

The contract for this line was let to Hampson and Smith, contract dated April 14, 1905. Work was commenced in June, 1905, and the contract was finished in September, 1906. Track-laying was commenced the first of December, and finished into Saltillo September 2, 1906, and regular trains made their daily trips on that date from Saltillo via Paredon to Monterey. W. R. King, Th. Schedrick, J. R. Malaby, H. L. Rollins and W. O. Galbreath were division engineers.

The line has cost to August 6, 1907, \$2,070,961 Mexican currency. There is an unfinished depot at Saltillo which will increase the cost somewhat.

THE COLIMA AND MANZANILLO EXTENSION.

The Mexican Central had kept an eye on a west coast line for many years. Wellington had spent \$87,000 on surveys to San Blas in 1882—83, for the Central Railway Company.

I was sent as far as Zapotlán in 1895. President Robinson, D. B. Smith and I started horse back from Guadalajara on the 24th of February, 1899, went through to Colima and Manzanillo, stopped a day or two in Colima, then returning we got to Guadalajara March 7, 1899. Philip Smith had made an examination of the west coast from Banderas bay north to Mazatlán and the line from Zapotlán to Colima previous to our visit to Colima.

W. C. Curry commenced locating at Zapotlán March 1, 1899; he continued until December, 1900, when he turned his party over to W. C. Simmonds, on account of sickness, and Simmonds finished the line into Colima on the 8th of February. This party under Curry and Simmonds worked 23 months and ten days and located from Zapotlán, kilometer 164, to Colima, kilometer 260, by the final location 96 kilometers. The pay rolls amounted to \$26,661.61; the expense vouchers \$7,166.00. and the groceries \$2,626.42; making a total cost of \$379.62, per kilometer.

Mr. E. G. Wagner, locating engineer, was sent to Colima about the 20th of January, 1900, with instructions to locate an independent line from Colima to Manzanillo. He was about four months on this work; his pay rolls were \$5,584.12 and vouchers \$1,439.71; a total of \$7,023.83; his maps and profiles showed that the Mexican National Railway company had a very bad line located in the low valley subject to overflow and that the Armeria river was a very dangerous neighbor.

Mr. O. G. Bunsen, who had the division under construction from Zapotlán to Tuxpan and completed it September 30, 1901, was instructed to organize a locating party and revise Curry's line all through from Tuxpan to Colima; he worked continuously to December 31, 1903, twenty-seven months. His pay rolls amounted to \$28,086.59 and his vouchers expense of his party \$7,210.80; together \$35,297.39. This was expended

on 68 kilometers of line, an average of \$519.02 per kilometer. This with what Carry had expended, makes the total cost of location \$898.64 per kilometer.

Mr. Bunsen was ordered back in September, 1905, to make a change in the Mexican National line below Colima; he worked until March on these changes; his pay rolls amounted to \$6,417.07 and his expense vouchers to \$1,762.53; together \$8,179.60.

The contract for the Colima extension, Tuxpan to Colima, was let to Hampson and Smith on the 6th day of September, 1902. They graded the first eight kilometers and built the first tunnel, when they received orders to quit, on account of the closeness of the money market. The contract was modified on the 17th of June, 1905, and the work allowed to proceed. The contractors have done \$4,620,480.04 worth of work up to August 1, 1907, and it is estimated that there is \$612,010.87 yet to be done and that it will take them until December 1, 1907, to finish their contract between Tuxpan and Colima.

It is estimated that the line between Tuxpan and Colima will cost, when finished, \$7,500,000.00 Mexican Currency.

MANZANILLO EXTENSION.

Hampson and Smith entered into a contract to do the grading and masonry change of line between Colima and Manzanillo, dated November 12, 1906. On the first of August they had done \$308,097.21 worth of grading and masonry. It is estimated that their contract will amount to \$1,927,697.65, it will probably take them until July 1st, 1908, to finish.

It is estimated that the completed line between Colima and Manzanillo will cost \$4,115,658.11 Mexican Currency. The entire line from Tuxpan to Manzanillo will cost \$11,615,658.00 Mexican Currency.

A severe storm occurred October 3, 1906, which caused a great loss to the railway, necessitating the change of location between Tuxpan and Manzanillo in several places; a slide on the mountain and the rush of water in the river made tunnel number three inaccessible, so that we had to throw away 120

meters of tunnel and construct one 415 meters long in the place of it, between Colima and Manzanillo; the changes in line necessitated by the flood will cost \$1,300,000 more than we estimated before the high water of October 3.

THE SAN PEDRO EXTENSION.

San Pedro to Paredón, a distance of 222.6 kilometers, or 138.54 miles. The Mexican Government granted a concession for this line January 30, 1902.

C. W. Curry made a reconnaissance, starting November 7, 1901; he went from San Pedro to Cuatro Cieneguillas and then on to the Rio Grande and got back March 31, 1902. Edward Staller, E. G. Robinson and A. H. Long helped locate the line. Long secured a tangent from San Pedro, 114 kilometers out across the lagune, and to a point near the Sombrerete mountain Mr. Long proved to be the best locating engineer we had in the service at that time.

The cost of locating these two 222.6 kilometers was \$105.00 per kilometer, which included many side lines run to find out what we wanted to do. We held the grade line down to three tenths per cent, going east from San Pedro to Paredon. Going west from Paredon there was a one per cent. grade to Hipólito, and then a three tenths per cent from there to San Pedro: the curvature was kept down to a degree maximum in the open country and 4 degrees in the broken country.

The following division engineers had the work in the order named from San Pedro towards Paredón: S. B. Mosby, C. P. Webber, Wm. M. Myers, M. R. Ebbert, E. E. King and Lyman E. Bacon.

D. L. Bartlett was material agent at Paredón and Santiago Arroyo at San Pedro.

George Munsenberg was in charge of tracklaying on the San Pedro end and commenced June 24, 1902, and laid 204.65 kilometers. Harry D. Myers laid the balance of the track to Paredon. Munsenberer's labor account for tracklaying was \$438.98 per kilometer and Myers labor account was 774.62 per kilometer.

The train service while laying track on this line cost \$439.56 per kilometer; this included the cost of the engineer, fireman, fuel, conductor and breakman; this was about twice as much as the train service on other lines. On the San Pedro end we had six locomotives, old worn out machines, leaky boilers, dirty flues and bad water. A good engine driver would not stay on the line; it was a bad country, bad water and poor accomodations.

Track was completed October 7, 1903, and regular trains were started November 1, 1903, and ran through from Torreon to Monterrey.

This extension has cost \$5,321,107.20 to August 26, 1907; The work was done under contract by Hampson and Smith. I went over this line or some part of it, nearly every month, from May, 1902, to November, 1903. I remember several cold disagreeable rides facing a north wind with some sleet.

One night after riding nearly all day I got into C. P. Webber's camp after dark, about 8 o'clock P. M. His Chinese cook had gone to Court. Shobe and I turned into the kitchen, got supper, hot biscuit, fried ham, baked potatoes and coffee. We were about two hours getting warmed.

One night D. B. Smith and I stopped at the Hotel at Jarral. It was very cold. Everybody was very glad when the line was finished.

I lost a fine saddle that Mr. Robinson had given me. I started to ride the line horseback but Mr. Smith reached a camp where he had a buggy team. So he got a boy to ride my horse and I rode with Smith in the buggy. About noon time we turned at right angles to the line and went to a wind mill about a mile for water. The boy kept right on going. We never found the boy or the saddle. The next day the horse was found with a piece of the bridle, but no saddle.

THE COST.

The following is a statement of the cost of the several extensions built by me during the last 12 years:

Ameea extension	\$1,247,015.94
Laguna extension, Gomez to San Pedro	634,494.56
San Pedro extension, San Pedro to Paredon	5,321,107.20
Parral extension, Jiménez to Rosario	3,219,681.20
Santa Bárbara extesion.....	175,755.52
Zamora extension, Yurécuaro to Los Reyes	3,134,250.95
Zapotlán extension, Guadalajara to Tuxpan	3,974,632.99
Rio Verde extension, San Bartolo to Rio Verde	471,050.30
Dynamite Spur	178,060.21
Sulphur Spur	48,421.47
San Marcos branch	745,556.79
Saltillo Extension, Paredón to Saltillo	2,078,568.87
The Atotonileo Extension.....	648,118.64

The gross earnings of the Mexican Central for the year ending June 30, 1906, were \$28,376,806.22 and operating expenses were \$19,810,644.91; net earnings \$8,566,161.31.

The gross earnings for the year ending June 30, 1907, were \$31,236,195.32, and operating expenses were \$22,070,177.93, and the net earnings were \$9,166,017.39. *Operating exp* 70.66 per cent of the gross earnings.

We here observe an increase of \$2,859,389.10 in gross earnings for one year.

There was a preliminary survey and location made from San Marcos to Tepic by L. W. Miller and his party; this took about 18 months time and cost in the neighborhood of \$40,000.00.

Then there was a location made between Guiterras and Sombrerete that cost \$30,000 or more.

The railway company bought the Cuernavaca line in 1903, paying \$2,279,587.63 gold or \$4,559,175.26 Mexican silver and have spent \$190,247. Mexican silver since then on construction account to September 1, 1907.

The company bought the Monterey and Gulf division in 1901 paying \$12,000,000. in Mexican silver for it, giving them a line from Tampico to Paredon.

The company bought the Honey Line in 1902, paying \$624,302.45 gold for it.

All of these purchases have added to the engineering work and helped to make it interesting.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RELATING TO VARIOUS EXPEDITIONS—EMPLOYMENT—
AN OUTING WITH MY BOYS—ETC.

I arranged to make a reconnaissance to Chilpancingo, La Dicha mine and Acapulco: the latter part of June 1904. I was gone on this trip 15 days. I was in Acapulco on the 30th of June and the 1st of July, 1904. It was not as warm as I expected. It was very comfortable. I was very much disappointed in all of this country south of the Rio Balsas. It is a poor, inaccessible country; two thirds of the people are pintos or lepers.

In July, 1904, I made an examination of the country from Ocotlán to Atotonilco, Arandas and San Francisco on the main line of the Central.

This journey was taken during the rainy season and the road as far as Atotonilco was very wet and muddy. We waded through water for several kilometers, then we found mud so deep that our horses could hardly move; in places I had to dismount to help the horse out; from Ocotlán to Arandas is a fine country. Atotonilco excells in oranges; Arandas is a good farming country. Their market was supplied with fine figs, apples, oranges and all kinds of vegetables, beans, corn, barley and feed.

There are more white people here than in any country town I know of in Mexico. Many of these seem to be of German origin. There are many good looking women and young people. A few miles north of Arandas we found some sand rock formation and from there north to the railway, the country is poor, with white tepetate soil most of the way; some of the valleys had good soil and were well cultivated.

In August, 1904, I made a reconnaissance to Ixmiquilpan, Zimapán and Encarnación, and reported on the resources of that country. I saw the large cypress tree and the spring at Zimapán which Humboldt visited in 1803. At Encarnación I looked over Mr. Richard Honey's iron mines, foundry and plant.

In September, 1904, I went to Iguala and west to Tepotzán to examine a wagon road. The country is rough and the trail passes over some high steep mountains, all of which is very interesting and in many places the views are very fine.

At Tonalapa there is an old bridge crossing the river, an old church near by; the town occupied by Indians; we bought a few bananas of a little Indian girl who could not figure the number to be given for ten cents. She could tell the number for six cents but ten cents was too much for her.

September 18th, 1904, I went to Ortiz to inspect the contract work being done near the Ortiz Bridge, raising the grade, building extensive concrete dykes, and masonry culverts.

From September, 1904, until February, 1905, my time was spent on detail work in the office.

February 15, 1905, I went to Durango and took my old friend, W. W. Blake, with me. We left the train at Rosario, hired a mozo, mules and pack animals. We went to Guanaceví, Zape, Santa Catarina, and the end of the International Railway Co.'s track; their branch line from Durango via Papasearo. We stopped two days in Guanaceví, one day in Catarina and then returned to Descubridor, a copper mine. Here we got a push car and some Mexicans to run it and went over a branch line, 50 kilometers long to Conejos. Arriving there at 11 P. M., we waited until daylight the next morning for the train, which was six hours late. We arrived in Mexico two days later without any unusual incident.

March 12th to 21st, 1905, I spent going over the Saltillo division, examining the location and preparing for construction. In May, 1905, spent about one week going over the bridges of the Monterey division.

June 17th to 29th on an inspection trip over the Saltillo line from Saltillo to Paredon horseback.

July 9th to 17th, inspection of Saltillo line.

The latter part of July I made a trip to Tuxpan, and from there horseback to Colima, and then by rail to Manzanillo.

August 1st to 5th, 1905, made an inspection tour of the Saltillo line.

September 18th to 25th, went on an inspection trip, Tuxpan to Manzanillo. Mr. Holbrook, Patten and Blackford went with me.

September 28th to October 5th, 1905, making an inspection trip over the Saltillo line, Mr. Holbrook, Patten and Blackford accompanying me.

October 8th and 9th, inspecting washouts on the Monterrey Division. The lake east of San Pedro was up within a foot of the bottom of ties; the grade line was lowered one meter below what I had intended when the road was built, against my protest.

October 15th to 20th, went over the washouts on Colima line.

October 26th to November 5th, making an inspection of the Colima extension in company with President Robinson. On this trip we had our pictures taken, No. 32.

On October 3, 1906, very extensive cloud-bursts occurred on the line between Tuxpan and Manzanillo, causing a loss of \$600,000 between Tuxpan and Colima and \$1,300,000 loss in making it necessary to change line to avoid future damage between Colima and Manzanillo. These floods were almost beyond comprehension to any one not familiar with the country.

December 15th to 20th, 1905, went over the line Tuxpan to Colima and return.

January 11th to 12th, 1906, inspecting the Saltillo Pardon line.

February 16th to 19th, 1906 inspecting the Saltillo line.

March 16th to 21st, making usual tour over the line Tuxpan to Colima and Manzanillo.

May 8th to 13th, over the Saltillo extension and to see the improvements at Gomez Palacio.

May 24th to 28th, to Colima and Manzanillo.

June 8th to 9th, over the Saltillo line.

June 25th and 30th, Colima and Manzanillo.

August 13th to 18th, Colima and Manzanillo line.

October 18th to 25th, Colima and Manzanillo line.

November 16th, over the Saltillo line.

December 10th to 14th, over the Colima-Manzanillo line.

January 10th to 15th, " " " " "

February 11th to 16th, " " " " "

March 19th to 25th, " " " " "

April 10th to 20th, " " " " "

May 8th to 18th, " " " " "

On the 11th of June, 1907, our three children, Robert, Winslow and Ruth, arrived home, from Topeka, Kansas, where they had been for nine months, since September, 1906, going to school at Washburn Academy.

I had planned to take the boys with me on my next inspection trip over the Tuxpan Colima Manzanillo line. As the rainy season in Jalisco and Colima is supposed to commence on St. John's day, the 24th of June, there was not much time to spare, and we did not wish to take many chances, as many of the rivers and arroyos became almost impassable and one has to wait for troubled waters to subside.

Accordingly three days after they arrived from the States we started from the City of Mexico on train No. 1 at 7.40 P. M. Friday night, the 14th of June, and arrived at Marfil the next morning and took the street cars for Guanajuato.

My boys Robert and Winslow took with them their friend, Paul Rhodes, who had been a school-mate and interested with Winslow in electric devices.

We had the Railway company's private car number 12.

Arriving at Guanajuato at 10 A. M. we visited the million dollar opera house, the state house and some of the interesting features of the town, and at 11 A. M. we started to walk back over the new grade line; the station grounds are on side hills so high and the fills so deep that the company is spending \$200,000 for station facilities. We found a large number of men, mules and carts blasting and carrying rock from the hill side of the station grounds to the fill on the opposite side. By the expenditure of this money we expect to give Guanajuato first class facilities to do business with our Railway. We passed

over the line, observing the unfinished work, the masonry, arches, cuts and fills, and reached Marfil at 1 o'clock, where we found dinner ready. This line from Marfil to Guanajuato is only 6.4 kilometers long, equal to 4 miles, and the estimated cost is \$672,000 including the superstructure, depot, turn-table, water tank and fixtures.

At 3.30 P. M. our train left Marfil via Silao and reached Irapuato at 5 P. M. I took the boys with me up town on the street car line. We visited the plaza and the market and saw an old fashioned Mexican town. The Mexicans, happy in their old-fashioned ways; very little progress has been made here in 13 years since I have known the town; they have got two independent street car lines and all the people seem to think it their duty to go to the trains and see the trains come in. Sunday afternoon the band goes to the depot and all the girls appear in their best and promenade on the depot platforms. I observed two especially fine Mexican ladies promenading with their husbands. They would have been exceptionally fine in New York or Boston. We spent a quiet night at Irapuato and about 4 A. M. the train from Mexico took our car on and we went to Guadalajara, arriving there on time a few minutes before high twelve. We took water and ice and left Guadalajara at 12.20 P. M. for Tuxpan, passing several interesting places, Sayula and Zapotlán being the most important. At 5 P. M. the boys got a sight of Colima volcano and were interested to see it smoke. We arrived at Tuxpan on time and were told of the arrangement for horses, pack mules and mozos for the next day.

Monday morning, June 17, commemorating the Battle of Bunker Hill, we started out early. We went to the end of track, kilometer 211, on the work train in charge of R. H. Hills, Superintendent of tracklaying. We stopped and examined tunnel No. 3, which is 418 meters long and was being worked on five different faces and the sixth face was being got ready. 325 men were working in this tunnel. The boys observed the several different manners of working. At one place they had the arch of concrete blocks for 80 or 90 feet held

up by timbers without any of the rock taken out below the spring line; at another place they saw where the arch was finished and the lower portion of the tunnel out and the men putting in the side walls and replacing the timbering. They also went into the heading, saw the laborers without many clothes, sweating away in the hot, dusty air, earning their daily bread; the torches lighting the work so that it could be seen fairly well. We rode from kilometer 205, Tunnel 3, over the completed grade line to kilometer 216, where we crossed the Tuxpan river and climbed up the side of the Mesa and went to Brennan's camp at kilometer 220, where we got dinner. After dinner we followed the line, stopping at all the important places. We rode through Tunnel 8½, where we found the lining being placed. This tunnel is 405 meters or 1328 feet long. When we came to the dark places our horse would hesitate and require urging to go on. The most of this tunnel was lined at this time; the material is a conglomerate rock fairly safe when first opened, but requires side walls and an arch of concrete blocks to ensure the safety of trains.

We arrived at De Steigers camp, at kilometer 237, at 6 P. M., having crossed several deep barrancas and by some very heavy work.

There is a telephone line from Tuxpan to Colima connecting the several camps, and I had sent word that we were coming so at 7 o'clock supper was ready for us. Mr. De Steigers Chinaman had cooked a first-class meal and we were satisfied, we spent an hour or two after supper talking over our experiences, the work, and prospects for completion, when we were all glad to retire and lose ourselves in sleep, that sweet restorer. The boys had mattresses laid down on the floor and four of them slept together.

Tuesday morning, June 18th, we ate early breakfast, crossed Carpentario barranca, called at J. C. Galbreath's camp at kilometer 243, then crossed the Huerto Barranca, kilometer 244, saw the completed water tank foundation at kilometer 245. We reached the barranca San Joaquin at 10 A. M. where we found the Missouri Valley force erecting the

iron bridge and the train from Colima assisting in the work. After a few minutes spent here looking over the work we took the train and reached Colima, a distance of eight kilometers, at about 11 A. M.

Here we went to the California Hotel, kept by Samuel Lee, on the Plaza; we occupied a large front room about 32 feet long and 16 or 18 feet wide with four single beds canopied with mosquito netting.

After dinner we went to a bath house supplied by an abundance of clear nice water; this was refreshing and Winslow and Robert enjoyed themselves very much; it was quite warm in Colima at this time but not uncomfortable. We ate supper at about 7 P. M., after which we enjoyed the evening listening to the band playing on the Plaza, they played late; we went to bed and slept before they got through. We were somewhat tired, but the Colima people enjoy their evenings and like the music and the pleasure of promenading about the plaza, meeting their friends, talking and gossiping about persons and local happenings, seeing and being seen, admiring their new clothing, their dresses and deportment. Surely a warm climate brings out the latent charming qualities in human existence as well as in plant life. The birds excell in beautiful plumage and in song, the flowers are more beautiful but not so fragrant as in the countries with snow or frost. We enjoy this climate, it is balmy. We enjoy the rest, the indolence of ease, we want to be left alone and enjoy it to our full capacity; to work and apply ourselves is an effort.

On June 19th we got up at 5.30 A. M., ate a very poor breakfast at our hotel, took the street car at 6.30 A. M. and arrived at the depot in time to take a special train, consisting of a narrow gauge engine, caboose and one passenger coach, at 7.00 o'clock the engineers met the train and went with me to Manzanillo.

The track was good 13 kilometers from Colima to the station of Coquitmatlan, from here to Rosario the Railway was in the valley of the Armaria river subject to overflow, a distance of 14 kilometers. We went slowly over this portion.

For several months I had predicted this line would wash out on the 1st of August. It actually did go on the 17th of July.

From Rosario we moved along quite nicely. We saw the men working on the piers and abutment of the Armeria river bridge, preparatory to putting in five span of 130 foot bridges, and one span of 210 foot, all very much heavier than the old spans, and in addition to this, raising the grade line four meters or 13 feet to secure the new bridge from high water. the water of October 3d, 1906 having risen until it went over the top of the rail.

From Coquitmatlan, kilometer 273, from Guadalajara to kilometer 303, I changed the lime and threw it up on to the side of the mountains out of the valley which had all been under water from 3 to 25 feet deep during the October flood of 1906. By this we got 3 tunnels, 320 meters, 140 meters and 75 meters long, and increased the cost of the line \$1,300,000, more than what the line we had located previous to the high water, and also lengthened the line 1.2 kilometers, and using considerable more curvature. I adopted a one per cent grade from Manzanillo to Coquitmatlan, a distance of 83.5 kilometers and established a division point, oil and water stations at Coquitmatlan.

There are fifteen tunnels and as many large high bridges between Tuxpan and Manzanillo. Two of the tunnels are over 400 meters long or 1312 feet. Most of them have to be lined and one of them has an invert to hold the bottom down.

Some of the barancas crossed by the bridges are very deep—the Santa Rosa is 279 feet deep,—and the difficulties of erection are considerable. There is more than 7,000,000 pounds of steel in those bridges. Altogether the location and construction of this line has called for much study and becomes very interesting as it nears completion.

We arrived at Manzanillo at 11 A. M. and immediately went out to the quay or jetties forming the breakwater or defense against the storms and protecting a small harbor; spending an hour going to the end and back, we were ready for dinner at the hotel. After dinner we looked through the freight depot and around the yard; saw the construction ma-

terial, cement, iron, bridges and ties. At 1 o'clock P. M. we took the company's tug "Colima" and sailed outside the harbor and got a view of the Pacific Ocean, with its broad expanse of water and not a single sail in sight, up or down the coast or towards the western horizon; in this we were disappointed. The tug "Colima" had come around the horn from Philadelphia and cost delivered in Manzanillo \$165,000 Mexican currency or \$82,500 U. S. gold. It was a fine, easy going craft. We spent one hour and 40 minutes sailing and then landed on the company's wharf.

The boys and myself enjoyed watching the fish from the wharf; there were thousands of large or sizable fish and towards the shore along the sea wall there was millions of small fish like sardines.

The Mexican boys have a way of spearing these little fish; they take a No. 9 telegraph wire about 6 feet long with an eye at one end and filed sharp and pointed at the other, they throw this at a school of sardines and then haul the wire in with their string and often catch two or three at a time.

At 3. 30 P. M. our special train left Manzanillo for Colima.

The engineers left the train opposite their several camps, and we arrived in Colima at 7 P. M. and took the street car to our hotel on the Plaza.

On the morning of the 20th we sent our horses and pack mules to the end of the track and we took the construction train out to San Joaquin bridge, eight kilometers east of Colima; from there we followed the Railway line, taking dinner at about 12 o'clock at De Steiger's camp on the edge of Carpentario barranca. Robert and Winslow stopped at the baranca and had a good bath before dinner. We started again at 2 P. M. and went over the line as far as Cummings camp, kilometer 224, where we remained over night.

On June 21, we started early. We went over the line and arrived at the end of track and to our car by 1 o'clock, where we had a cleaning up and rested. The next morning we left at 4 A. M. and went to Ocotlan and Atotonileo.

I had just completed this line, which is 35 kilometers long; it passes through a beautiful country and is likely to be a very important branch. It was turned over to the operating department on July 1, 1907.

We reached Mexico and home on June 23, 1907, much pleased with our journey and happy to be home.

THE END.

CHARLES DUNCAN KINGMAN, RUTH CARVER, WINSLOW AMES, ROBERT HILLS LEWIS Jr., and SETH P.

PRESENT GENERATION.

LEWIS KINGMAN, LUCIA, ROSELLA, ISAAC HENRY and WALTER F. KINGMAN
ISAAC KINGMAN, 1st. GENERATION

SIBIL AMES

2D. GENERATION.	3D. GENERATION.	4TH. GENERATION.	5TH. GENERATION.	6TH. GENERATION.	7TH. GENERATION.	8TH. GENERATION.
ELIJAH KINGMAN ZILPHA EDSON	MATTHEW KINGMAN JANE PACKARD	HENRY KINGMAN MARY ALDEN DAVID PACKARD NATHAN AMES	HENRY KINGMAN BEHNA HOWARD SAMUEL ALLEN MARY ALDEN ZACHEUS PACKARD SARAH HOWARD JOHN AMES SARAH WILLIS	JOHN KINGMAN ELIZABETH JOHN HOWARD MARENA HAYWARD DEACON SAMUEL ALLEN SARAH PARTRIDGE JOSEPH ALDEN MARY SIMMONS SAMUEL ALDEN WIFE NOT KNOWN JOHN HAYWARD MARTHA HAYWARD WILLIAM AMES HANNAH HIS WIFE DEACON JOHN WILLIS ELIZABETH HODGINS	HENRY KINGMAN JOHANNA THOMAS HAYWARD WIFE NOT KNOWN SAMUEL ALLEN ANN HIS WIFE HOW JOHN ALDEN PHOEBE MULINS THOMAS HAYWARD HIS WIFE MOSES SIMMONS GEORGE PARTRIDGE	
ZILPHA EDSON	JOHN EDSON RELIANCE FULLER	JAMES EDSON EBISTER ALLEN ISAAC FULLER SARAH PACKARD	JOA JOSEPH EDSON LYDIA CARY JOSHUA ALLEN MARY REED DR. ISAAC FULLER MARY EDDY SOLOMON PACKARD SUSANNA KINGMAN	JOSEPH EDSON EXPERIENCE FIELD FRANCIS CARY HANNAH BRETT DEACON SAMUEL ALLEN SARAH PARTRIDGE MICHAEL ED WIFE NOT KNOWN REV. SAML FULLER ELIZABETH BREWSTER ZACHEUS PACKARD SARAH HOWARD SAMUEL KINGMAN MARY MITCHELL	JOSEPH EDSON BUSHNELL JUGUIT JOHN CARY ELIASSEN DODFAY WILLIAM BRETT THE FLOOR MARGARET HIS WIFE SAMUEL ALLEN HIS WIFE GEORGE PARTRIDGE HIS WIFE DOCTOR SAMUEL FULLER WIFE UNKNOWN EBENEZER WHITE HIS WIFE SAMUEL PACKARD HIS WIFE JOHN HOWARD MARTHA HAYWARD DAUGHTER OF JOHN KINGMAN ELIZABETH HIS WIFE JACOB MITCHELL SUSANNA POPE	JOHN SAMUEL EDSON BUSHNELL JUGUIT JOHN CARY ELIASSEN DODFAY WILLIAM BRETT THE FLOOR MARGARET HIS WIFE SAMUEL ALLEN HIS WIFE GEORGE PARTRIDGE HIS WIFE DOCTOR SAMUEL FULLER WIFE UNKNOWN EBENEZER WHITE HIS WIFE SAMUEL PACKARD HIS WIFE JOHN HOWARD MARTHA HAYWARD DAUGHTER OF JOHN KINGMAN ELIZABETH HIS WIFE JACOB MITCHELL SUSANNA POPE
HERON AMES PATTI PACKARD	TIMOTHY AMES RUTH CARVER	DANIEL AMES HANNAH KEITH	JOHN AMES, JR. BARTH WASHBURN TIMOTHY KEITH HANNAH FOBS	JOHN AMES SARAH WILLIS JOHN WASHBURN, JR. ELIZABETH MITCHELL REV. JAMES REICH SUSANNA EDSON DEACON EDWARD FOES ELIZABETH HOWARD	WILLIAM AMES HANNAH HIS WIFE DEACON JOHN WILLIS ELIZABETH HODGINS JOHN WASHBURN HIS WIFE EXPERIENCE MITCHELL JANE CORN DAUGHTER OF GEORGE SAMUEL EDSON SUSANNA JUGUIT JOHN FORES CONSTANCE MITCHELL JOHN HOWARD MARTHA HAYWARD DAUGHTER OF	FRANCIS COOK
PATTI PACKARD	ROBERT CAPTAIN PACKARD SALLY PERKINS	EBENEZER PACKARD SARAH PERKINS	DAVID PACKARD NATHAN AMES MARK PERKINS DOROTHY WHIPPLE	ZACHEUS PACKARD SARAH HOWARD JOHN AMES SARAH WILLIS	SAMUEL PACKARD AND WIFE JOHN HAYWARD MARGARET HAYWARD DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM AMES AND HANNAH DEACON JOHN WILLIS ELIZABETH HODGINS	THOMAS HAYWARD



