

(Continued from page 40)

row. The weather is very fine today. We are forty miles from Camp Vermont, and hope it is not the intention to march us through in one day."

The regiment was relieved by the 125th New York Regiment. That regiment had been captured along with the rest of the Harper's Ferry garrison during the Antietam Campaign in September, paroled, and had just been returned to duty. The 14th Vermont marched the seven miles to Fairfax Station where, after a wait of some hours, it boarded a train with the 13th Regiment. In open cars and now in a snowstorm the men were transported to Alexandria (their tents in wagons bound for Fairfax Station). At Alexandria some of the men, Pvt. Williams included, spent the night huddled in the rail cars, others sought

shelter in the city. Still others, without tents, blankets or knapsacks tramped a weary two miles to Camp Vermont and made preparations to spend a cold night in the forest with the snow falling about them.

Pvt. Rowland concludes, "We really have nothing to do but try to make ourselves comfortable, but through the woods came the men of the 16th Regiments looking for us. That is how our Lord is looking after us in all kinds of weather. And through this stormy night we had a friendly time in the tents of this Regiment instead of lying in the snow without blanket in this snow storm and that is how we were kept alive."

This series will continue in the September 2001 issue.

Memories from My Sea Travels 1874-1886

Axel Wahlquist

We sailed from there to Manila, Phillipine Islands. But were sent from there to Ilo Ilo, P. I. There we loaded sugar for New York. The pilot was an old English Captain, a real "full billet" as soon as he could get something to drink.

There is a lots to write about Ilo Ilo but I will only name a few happenings. One time when we came with the Captain from Ilo Ilo -- I always had the luck of misfortune of being boat hand on all schooners I sailed with -- there was a mass of coconuts floating in the water. Some canoe had capsized and lost his cargo. We filled half of the boat with coconuts and ate them for a long time.

One evening a big canoe came, driven by a strong tide, right up on our anchor chain and turned over. We buried six men.

We left Ilo Ilo the 13th of April (1884) and anchored a few times on the coast of Borneo. In the Java Sea we went through real pile of volcanic rock after a volcanic eruption between Java and Sumatra (This was from the eruption of the central island of the Krakatoa group (18 square miles) between Sumatra and Java, it was completely demolished in August of 1883. The shock was felt straight through the earth's diameter. It was reported that 36,000 people died from the tidal wave it caused.). We gathered up several sacks of the floating rocks and used them to scour paint and I took some home with me. When we were anchored in Arjer we got a lot of provisions on board and our trip went well. When we rounded the Cape of Good Hope we had good weather and good wind. The ship made maybe 5 or 6 knots.

We put out our fishing lines and hauled up 28 large fish in the afternoon. I don't know what kind of fish they were, but the North men called the Koljor. But they were good and we had a feast. We sailed close to St. Helena and had a good trip to New York

after 147 days at sea. We landed the 7th of September 1884.

I stayed in a Sailor's home and signed on with a German Fullrigger, *Dora of Bremen*. After a trip of changeable weather, we arrived in Bremerhaven. I had planned to go home at this time, but I thought I should take a short trip and travel home next spring.

I signed with an English four masted iron bark that was going to East India, but I thought it was too long a trip, so they sent another in my place. I signed later with a little Norwegian three masted schooner, *Kaleb of Stavenger*.

We sailed from Bremerhaven to Cadiz, Spain and loaded salt for Rio Grande Sul in Southern Brazil. We came to Cadiz and got our load of salt and started our trip. When we came further South the schooner started to leak. I think the Captain took it as an excuse to throw a lot of salt overboard. There was a bad sand bank outside of Rio Grande Sul. Many ships had to lay several weeks time before they could come over the sand bank they said, so then it was probably better to have a lighter load. Later we looked for a harbor in the Canary Islands.

We sailed among the islands with the pilot flag flying. One time when we turned we were so near land that a North man said to me that he thought sure the Old Man meant to drive the schooner on land. I have thought since that it was an uninhabited island with neither pilots nor people, but it could be understood that we sought a quiet harbor.

We steered out to sea again and all went well. Captain Nielson was a good man, but he had several kegs of wine with him from Cadiz, so he was seldom sober the whole trip. The pilot was like an old farmer but they were both good seamen and good

(Continued on page 42)

Ashton Family

(Continued from page 41)

commanders. We luckily came beyond the sand bank but then the signal sounded that we had only 10 feet where we lay. We anchored for the night and the next morning a large tug boat came out and gave us a tow line and started to haul us over the bank. We didn't have any pilot on board so one man stood in the back of the boat with a long pole with a flag on it and signaled us how to steer, so it must have been a very narrow channel. We scraped the bottom several times, so the schooner knocked in all its joints but we came over and all was well.

We went further to a place called Peltos and unloaded the salt. Then we had to wait a longer time for a load. We laid there about three months. Finally got a load of bone meal for Queenstown and we had a wonderful trip the whole way.

We received an order to go to Western Point near Liverpool. I signed off the ship and traveled

over England to Hull and then by steamboat to Hamburg, from there to Bremerhaven and back to Hamburg, then to Lubeck. From Lubeck I traveled by steamboat, *Leonard Thorstenson*, to Stockholm and so I was home after a 5 year trip.

I spent the winter at home, then in the spring of 1886, I left Sweden as an emigrant for that great land in the West to meet the unknown. I settled in Des Moines, Iowa. The past 25 years we have lived on Fox Island. -- I am now old and gray, but the good Lord has always been with me with protection and help. When I now in Life's evening, look back, I see that God led the way. I have a beloved wife and four children. Although all of the children have left the home, I have always had joy of them and with this I end my story.

Axel Wahlquist

This installment concludes this series.

Thomas E. Ashton, Obituary

A brief notice was last week given of the death of Thos. E. Ashton, which occurred on Tuesday evening, April 16, at nine o'clock. For several months his health had been fast failing -----
Thos. E. Ashton was born in Genesee Co., NY, March 1, 1829, and at the time of his death, 72 years, 1 month and 15 days old. On October 15, 1851, he was united in marriage to Miss Lucy Williams at Coomer, NY, who survives him. Later, they moved west, living successively in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri, coming to Kansas in 1879, settling on a farm near Muskotah. Three years later they moved to Holton, where he has ever since resided, with the exception of a year and a half spent in California. There were born to him ten children, five sons and five daughters. Of his five sons, two live in this county, Frank E. and Morris A., and they, with his two remaining daughters, Mrs. May Colt and Mrs. Jessie Rokes, were with him in his last hours. His other sons are Wm. A., located in Portland, Oregon, Charles E., at Atwood Colo., and Archie, in the state of Washington. The greater portion of his life was spent in agricultural pursuits, but for a time the mercantile business, he having a store at Holton for a year or so and also at Mayetta. While he was a practical business man, a successful merchant, yet his greatest pleasure was in the cultivation of the soil. In 1855 he joined the Presbyterian church of Holton. His death, although expected, came to the family as a crushing sorrow, alleviated only by the memory of his many good deeds and willing sacrifices for those he loved. In addition to his life long companion and his children, he leaves two sisters and one brother living in New York State. The funeral services were

held on Thursday afternoon at the Presbyterian. The Rev. F. C. McKeon preached an impressive sermon, using the life of the apostle Paul as an example of a race well run, a crown well earned. The pall bearers were Ed Vetter, A. W. Glenn, D. Bender, Thos. Patterson, J. E. Kirkpatrick and J. P. Moore. The remains were laid at rest in the Holton Cemetery. *This obituary is from the Holton Weekly, Holton, Kansas dated Wednesday, April 14, 1901 submitted by Ida Mae Swedberg. Mr. Ashton is Ida Mae's great-grandfather. This is an abridged version.*

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