

(Note: No editing has been done. This narrative has been left as it was originally written.)

Notes and facts relative to our honorable father, Samuel Jackson, as we remember incidents as he has related to us. And matters of history which it has been a privilege to hear.

Samuel Jackson was born July 13, 1844 in Manchester, Lancashire, England. His father was Benjamin Jackson. His mother was Ann Grimshaw. At an early day, Samuel's parents and most of the children embraced the Gospel as taught by the early missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He came from a large family. James Jackson and Elizabeth Jackson were his grandparents on the Jackson side. James Hedge and Martha Grimshaw were grandparents on the mother's side. Benjamin Jackson and Ann Grimshaw, his parents, were born in Winslow, Cheshire, England, but made their home in Manchester, where their family of nine children were born, and all raised to manhood and womanhood. James, the oldest son, lived and died in England. Ann, the second child, never came to America, but lived and died in Manchester, England. William, the third child, came to America; he was a baker and lived and worked in America as a young man, but went back to the old home to live and die in Manchester, England. Elizabeth and Martha both joined the Church and came to America with the mother and the rest of the family. Both were most competent witnesses of things which happened to the rest of the family.

John was already living in Boston, Massachusetts, when the mother, Ann Grimshaw Jackson, and the rest of the family came over to America on the old-time sailing ship, "Horizon". The younger children on the vessel were Joseph, Samuel and Nephi. The "Horizon" sailed from Liverpool, England, on May 25, 1856, with 856 souls aboard. These 856 people were led by Captain Edward Martin. The voyage across the Atlantic Ocean took about six weeks and was relatively peaceful and uneventful. They landed safely at Boston about the first of July and "loaded out" for Florence, near Omaha, Nebraska, the terminus of the railroad, arriving there July 8, 1856. Some of the Jackson family wanted to call on their brother, John Jackson, who was living in Boston at the time, but Samuel absolutely refused to hunt up John for fear he would persuade the family to settle at Boston. Samuel said he wanted to go to the valleys of the mountains, for which he had left England. The family went on and did not see John. At Florence, they were held up to await the making of hand carts. After a few days, the journey was on. Out a few weeks, a count was made showing seven wagons and 146 hand carts. Many of the people had fallen behind and some of them had died along the way. Later, on account of early and heavy snows, some of the hand carts had to be abandoned. On November 13, 1856, Joseph Young and Abel Garr arrived in Salt Lake City and reported the Martin Company was stranded in the mountains by the heavy snow. President Brigham Young dispatched teams, men and supplies to help the beleaguered Saints.

The Jackson family had two hand carts, one manned by the two girls, Elizabeth and Martha, and one manned by Joseph and Samuel. The hand carts rolled along very nicely until the foothills and the mountains and the snow were encountered. Although, we have not been told all the details, there was trouble while crossing Indian territories.

The mother, Ann Grimshaw Jackson, was a small woman, not much more than a hundred pounds and subject to heart trouble. She took it upon herself to take care of a son, Nephi, who was about nine years old. The mother and son would start out of a morning before the hand carts would start. She was lucky enough some times to have a rough, coarse biscuit for lunch for her and her son. After being on the trail for some time, the company would pass them. The boy would get so hungry and fretful, the mother would get so sympathetic she would give him her part of the biscuit and would go on the rest of the day without anything at all to eat. Many times, her son would get so tired, the mother would take him on her back and would carry him to rest him. About sundown when the company would stop to camp for the night, the girls, Elizabeth and Martha, would wait and run back to meet their mother and brother, not sure of finding them alive or, possibly, lying beside the trail all given out. However, they always had good luck in meeting her and her son, trudging along. While the girls were away to meet the mother, the boys were busy setting up camp. As the snow was usually from one to two feet deep, and they had no shovels, the boys would dip the snow out of the way with pie plates, while preparing the camp. Their fires were often not very large because of the scarcity of fuel. The girls later related that, one evening, a poor, old man pulled his hand cart into camp and fell over dead.

Before being rescued from the snow and cold by the relief party from Salt Lake City, the family, along with all members of the company, suffered many privations. Samuel has told us that he would suck the marrow from the sun parched bones of animal carcasses he found along the trail. He said they also burned the hair off raw hides and roasted the hide before eating it. When the rescue party arrived, Samuel would pick up the corn slobbered from the mouths of the oxen as they were being fed and would parch this corn to eat. The rescue party warned the company, who were so weak and hungry, to be very careful and not eat too much too quickly.

On Sunday, November 30, 1856, what was left of the company arrived in Salt Lake City. This was the Martin Handcart Company. Brigham Young and the authorities of the Church were very careful to place the immigrants in settlements where their language



was spoken. The Jackson family was sent to Nephi, Juab County, Utah. Following are events in the lives of family members.

Nephi Jackson, the baby of the family, located with the family in Nephi, lived to manhood there, married, made a home, and became one of the staunch citizens of the community. In the prime of his life, he filled a mission for the Church back to his native country for two years. After his mission, he returned to Nephi, where he lived and died and where he is buried.

Ann Grieshaw Jackson, the mother, made her home in Nephi the rest of her life. In those days, widows and widowers were counseled by Church authorities to remarry. Ann thought she was a widow so she married a man by the name of Jenkins and life was pleasant for both of them. She was a woman of small stature and was troubled by heart weakness. We have been told that, one evening, an acquaintance was crossing a narrow bridge over a mill race; it was dark and he heard splashing in the water below. When he investigated, he found Ann Grieshaw Jackson, whom he rescued. While crossing the bridge, she had had a heart failure and fell into the mill race. She continued to live in Nephi and died there March 27, 1873, and is buried there.

Joseph Jackson, who had shared the arduous journey across the plains, was sleeping in the same bed as Samuel when, on the morning of December 6, 1856, he was found dead by Samuel. At age 16, when changing from boyhood to manhood, the recent hardships were more than he could stand. His death brought a feeling of gloom to the family of new arrivals.

As soon as the family could arrange for a home in Nephi, they made themselves comfortable in the valleys of the mountains. Samuel was now the oldest boy in the home and took the place of the father as much as possible. As ever he was always busy and worked faithfully for those who had work for him to do. He hauled blue clay from the flats with which to make adobes for use in building houses in Nephi. If some of the old houses still standing could talk, they could tell some interesting tales about how Sam Jackson worked from early to late on those old buildings.

Benjamin Jackson, the father, had joined the Church in the early days when the Gospel was first taught in England by Heber C. Kimball, George A. Smith, Wilford Woodruff and others. He joined the Church and was quite faithful and, quite naturally, wanted to "gather to Zion." Benjamin was a carpenter and a large family meant a life of privation. It was decided that he would go to America where he could possibly have better luck in procuring the means to send for his family. In 1849, he went aboard a sailing vessel for America and was not heard from again until the late 1860s. In about 1870, he came riding a mule into Nephi, Utah, hunting his family. It was as though he had been raised from the dead. He told the story of his life while he had been away from the family. He had successfully crossed the ocean but, while crossing the plains, he had joined a group of "Forty-Niners" on their way to California to search for gold. He never wrote to his family in England or, if he did, his family never received his letters. And he seemed to be satisfied to live without his family for many years. When the family arrived in Utah in 1856, they had him declared legally dead and his wife was declared a widow. She married a Brother Jenkins with whom she lived the remainder of her life. Benjamin built a small house on the north side of Nephi, married Old Lady Sciggins with whom he lived for some time. He turned his mule out on the range; it has been said that he left the saddle and bridle on the mule, so that it would be ready to ride in the spring. After Samuel married in 1867, he built a lean-to onto his home and Benjamin made this his home for a few years until about 1880, when he moved to Salt Lake City to live with his oldest daughter, Elizabeth Kirksan. It has been said that he lived the Gospel very faithfully and prepared himself for his greater blessings. Benjamin made his home with his daughter until he died on January 4, 1887. His body was buried in Salt Lake City. His children were not satisfied with their mother being sealed to Brother Jenkins so, on April 12, 1894, all those who were members of the Church, set in the Salt Lake Temple, had the sealing annulled, had their parents sealed to each other, and the children, in turn, sealed to the parents.

Meanwhile, Samuel had become accustomed to his new surroundings in Utah, in the valleys of the mountains of America. He was always ready to do whatever the authorities of the Church asked him to do. He told of one incident in his life which strengthened his testimony. It seems that Church authorities from headquarters in Salt Lake City, when visiting the Saints in the southern part of Utah, would ask certain of the men in Nephi to use their teams and conveyances to transport the authorities to the furthest settlements. Samuel was always ready to leave his own work to help in transporting the Church authorities. He never asked to be excused. One time he was asked to go just at the time his land was ready to plant molasses cane. He was severely chided by his neighbors for being so liberal with his time. He told them he was going anyway and that he would return in time to plant his crop and would harvest it sooner than they would be able to harvest their crops. While he was away, a severe rainstorm soaked the ground on the newly-planted seed of his neighbors, and their crops were unsatisfactory. He returned from his trip with the Church authorities, prepared his ground, planted his crop, and harvested a bounteous and good crop. Samuel also helped guard the stock against Indian raids, helped build ditches, roads, etc., for betterment of the community and always without question or argument.

In 1863, he was called to make a trip to Florence, Nebraska, to help bring groups of Saints to Utah. He followed the same trail which he had traveled in 1856. He was an ox team driver, being assigned two yoke of oxen and a wagon. There were many other drivers in the company which was directed by a captain on horseback. He had to be extremely careful on hilly ground, to keep his wagon from turning over, and, when crossing streams of any size, he had to wade beside the oxen and keep the



lead oxen headed upstream to prevent their being washed downstream. He was gone about six months on the trail to Florence and return.

After returning from Florence, Nebraska, Samuel and others began making freighting trips to the mining camps in Nevada. He made a great many friends in Nevada who were interesting to visit when he called on them in their settlements. He usually drove a four-horse team with two wagons. His headquarters in Nevada was located at Tuanna, a farming community. He made freighting stops also at Panacca, Pinoch, Cherry Creek, Tonopah, Eureka, Ely, Wells, and Elko. There were times when he would go as far north as Malad, Idaho, and Brigham City, Ogden, and Salt Lake City, Utah. In the latter place, he would load up with general supplies, groceries and dry goods. He would sometimes buy a new wagon for resale and trail it back to Nephi for delivery. In the other direction, he would sometimes carry freight to Las Vegas, Nevada. During most of the summer, he would rest and tend to his farming in Nephi.

Robbers were a constant threat to a freighter. On one of his trips to Nevada, he reached a place where a robber had built a dummy fort on the side of a hill, equipped with what appeared to be guns protruding from the sides. Before Samuel came along, the robber had stopped a stage and, by ordering what appeared to be those in his fort to be ready, was able to rob the stage and passengers of all their valuables. Samuel never carried a wallet. He carried the large amounts of cash he needed in a burlap bag stored with other bags in the bed of his wagon. He was never robbed.

On December 31, 1867, Samuel Jackson was married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, to Hannah Maria Jaques, by Heber C. Kimball. To this couple were born Samuel, Jr., William, Bernecia, Lafayette and Mary Hamah.

On September 17, 1881, Samuel was called on a mission by the Church and was assigned to work in Tennessee and Alabama. When he left home, he leased his freighting equipment to friends who would operate his business while he was gone. Soon, his mules and horses got into a band of wild horses in Nevada. Those responsible for them could not catch them. When they wrote Samuel about the situation, he calmly replied that the mules and horses should be left with the wild horses and that he would get them back when he returned from his mission in two years. In 1883, he hired several Indians to help him retake his mules and horses. They shot the lead stallion, scattered the herd, and roped his mules and horses which were returned to Nephi.

Also, after he returned from his mission in 1883, the authorities of the Church advised him to take a plural wife. He was married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City to Martha Ann Jackson (her maiden name), and to this union were born Vida, Fannie and Jessie, three lovely daughters who were an honor to him and to the country.

Samuel Jackson was ordained a High Priest on December 2, 1885, and was set apart as second counselor to Bishop David K. Udall of the Nephi Second Ward, Juab Stake. He served in this calling very faithfully until he was honorably released when he left for Colorado in 1887.

In 1887, the laws against polygamy were becoming more and more oppressive. Men with plural wives were hunted like animals and, when found, were treated worse than animals by the United States Marshalls and other federal officers. Samuel was advised by Church authorities to move to Colorado where he had friends and where he could find sanctuary. He went to Colorado alone in 1887 and was joined in February, 1888, by his wife, Martha, and their daughter, Vida. They lived with Sister Morgan in Manassa where he was working. In July, 1888, his son, William, arrived in Colorado and helped locate a home. Their first venture was taking up a hundred and sixty acres of sand hill known today as the Bell Segs Quarter. They dug a well deep to water, built a cabin. They did not live there very long, having bought eighty acres on the San Antone River.

On March 1, 1889, the rest of the family, having sold all their land and belongings in Nephi, Utah, arrived in Colorado so the family could all be together. They shipped two train carloads of household goods, stock horses and cattle.

He burned the first kiln of brick made in the vicinity of Manassa, Colorado, built a house on his ranch on the San Antone River east of Manassa and, later, built a fine residence in town. His first venture into the sheep business was very discouraging but, with the assistance of his sons, he persevered until the Jackson flocks became widely known for their superiority. He organized the Jackson Investment Company of which corporation he was president and, at the time of his death, he was vice-president of the Colonial State Bank of Manassa, which position he had held for a number of years.

He was ordained Bishop of the Manassa Ward on February 16, 1896, and held this position until May 6, 1917, when he was released because of failing health. As a bishop he was noted for his conscientious hard work and self-sacrifice. He was especially kind to the poor, the downcast and the disheartened. Always seeking the development and building-up of the community, honored and loved by all, he died May 3, 1919, at St. George, Utah, where he had gone hoping to benefit his health. He is buried in the cemetery at Manassa.



Lest this information be lost to family members and other interested parties, I want to add a note concerning the trip made across the plains from Florence, Nebraska, by Ann Grimshaw Jackson and her family of young children.

As has been noted elsewhere, the Jackson family had two handcarts, one pulled and pushed by the two girls, Elizabeth and Martha, who were 24 and 21 years old, respectively, and one pulled and pushed by two boys, Joseph and Samuel who were 16 and 12 years old, respectively. Another boy, Nephi, was nine years old and he walked with his mother, often being carried on her back.

All pioneer companies crossing the plains experienced many troubles and privations. The company in which the Jackson family traveled, however, experienced more suffering than most others. The company left Florence, Nebraska, in late summer or early fall of 1856, which was very late in the year to be undertaking a trip of such length. The company, known by the name of its captain or leader, was the Martin Handcart Company. The company traveled about 15 to 25 miles a day, depending on the terrain. At the crossing of the Platte River, they encountered lumps of ice in the water, making the crossing very uncomfortable.

By October, 1856, the company had encountered snow and bitter cold in the highlands of Wyoming. President Brigham Young called for volunteers from Salt Lake City to go to their rescue. When the rescue party met the company, they did not have enough wagons to carry all the suffering people, so the handcarts had to keep moving. On November 3, they reached the Sweetwater River which was filled with chunks of floating ice. Because the pioneers were so weak, three eighteen-year-old boys from the relief party, C. Allen Huntington, George W. Grant, and David P. Kimball, carried nearly every member of the handcart company across the freezing river. When Brigham Young heard of this heroic act, he wept like a child.

By November 30, 1856, the handcart company reached Salt Lake City.