

JACKSON, CHARLES EDWARD LUCAS
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I was born June 23, 1853, at Empingham in the County of Rutland, England; my parents being Richard Jackson and Mary Ellen Goodliffe of Barleythorpe, Rutland. I am their eldest son and have five brothers and three sisters, all but one of whom are living at this date, June 8, 1892, my brother, William Goodliffe Jackson having died at Leicester, England on October 3, 1881. My father followed the occupation of a farmer and miller and was much respected in the community among which he lived.

My parents were God-fearing people and tried to bring up their family in the fear of the Lord, teaching their family both by precept and example. My mother was and is still a woman of great religious zeal and was very earnest in her prayers with and on behalf of her children. They both belonged to the Baptist denomination and strove to inculcate that belief in the minds of their children. The nearest place of worship of that sect, however, was eight miles distant which is quite a distance in the old country, and they only attended on the first Sunday of each month when the Sacrament was administered and on the intervening Sundays they attended the services at the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel in my native village. From three or four years of age I was a regular attendant at the Methodist Sunday School and at their preaching services.

On Sunday evenings I frequently accompanied my Grandmother to the Primitive Methodist Chapel which was near our home and an easy distance for her, though she belonged to the Established Church which she attended regularly on Sunday mornings. My father being a very intelligent man and a ready and fluent speaker was in great demand as an occasional preacher not only for the Baptists but for the Wesleyans and the Congregationalists or Independents as they used to be called. He was very tolerant of all systems of religion except

the Calvinistic which was too narrow and contracted for his liberal views and his idea of the Fatherly goodness of God. He would rather tolerate a Catholic than a Calvinist. I was, when a child, of a quiet, studious disposition and preferred the company of my sisters to that of my brothers. I had a great desire to be good and to serve God especially when my beloved mother urged me to "Give my heart to God" which was too vague a term for my full comprehension.

Notwithstanding my desires for good I was always considerably prone to do evil, or at any rate evil came easier than good. I had the advantage of a common school education about on an average with most of the farmers sons in that vicinity. When about 5 years old in company with my younger brother I attended the village school taught by Mrs. Betsy Cooper. I learned to read very quickly and it was not long before I read out of the New Testament with a girl head and shoulders taller than myself. I was not a favorite with the school-marm and got more lickings in the two years I was under her tuition than during the whole of the remainder of my school life. When I was about seven years old, my parents hired a cousin of my father's, Miss Carroline Maria Jackson as governess to teach myself and my brothers and sisters and also three or four neighbor children who joined us in our studies. I did not get on very well with her although I learned considerable, but I had to mind my P's and Q's as her authority was backed up by my father's birch rod.

I remained under her tuition till I was nearly twelve years old gaining during the time the prize for general proficiency and good behavior. I remember it well. It was a nice edition of Robinson Crusoe. I cannot tell how many times I re-read that delightful book, but with renewed interest every time. My father always kept a good supply of books on hand and desired us to acquire a taste for literature and other elevating pursuits.

My parents always delighted in having us enjoy ourselves in every reasonable way. Our home was situated in what seems to me now

a very lovely spot though perhaps I did not think so then. Like other children we had our share of quarreling though we never cherished bad feelings long; on such occasions my father used to say "You'll think more of each other when you are scattered to the four winds of heaven." I often think of that now. Here I am in Utah, my brother Dick we suppose to be somewhere in Australia. My brother Arnold was at Malta a short time ago and the other two boys and three girls are in old England.

In very rainy weather we used often to have a flood and the water used to surround our house for quite a distance. On these occasions we had lots of fun and were never frightened for our house was built of rock with very thick walls. Once or twice the water came into the lower rooms but it soon went down.

How fresh the old familiar scenes are in my memory though it is many years since I saw them. I can remember nearly every tree on the place quite distinctly. When I was twelve years old I and my brother were sent to school to a Mr. John Read whose educational establishment was located at a place called Ketton four miles away. We walked there and back every day. I liked him better than my school marms and the only punishment I ever received during my year there was being kept in at noon once or twice. Mr. Read was a very kind and worthy man and we boys highly respected him. On Mr. Read's abandoning teaching school, in company with my brother, William, I attended the National School at Empingham. Mr. James Barnade was the teacher, but the school was under the control and management of the Reverend Lovick Cooper, Vicar of the Parish. Both gentlemen were very kind to us and I remember the years in that school with much pleasure. I being then fourteen years of age, my parents placed me in the school of Mr. W. Keal Tiptaft at Leicester where I remained three months, after which I returned home helping my father on his farm during the summer.

In the fall of that year, 1867, I was apprenticed to Mr. Gev

Tebbs Draper of Leicester to learn his trade. On my going to Leicester, at my parents request, I attended religious services at the Baptist Chapels of Archdeacon Lane and Friar Lane; but having imbibed a strong attachment for the Wesleyan Methodist Church through having always attended their Sunday School from my early childhood, I soon quit attending the Baptist meetings and confined myself wholly to the Wesleyan. I also kept up my attendance at the Sunday School.

While living in Leicester, an incident occurred which has often caused me to smile. My last schoolmaster, Mr. Tiptaft (a distant relative), was a Calvinistic Baptist, and on one occasion while visiting at his house with my sister, Mary, I asked him some questions regarding the belief of his sect. While his arguments and statements did not agree with my own views, I made no attempt to contradict him or express my own views, feeling that it would be out of place for a youth my age to enter into a discussion with him. This conduct on my part led my sister - assuming, I suppose, that silence gives consent - to feel very much concerned, as my parents, father especially, were much opposed to Calvinistic Doctrines. She said nothing to me but wrote home stating that I had embraced or was about to embrace those doctrines. I soon received a letter expressive of great displeasure from my father who though extremely liberal and tolerant in his views, could not tolerate anything so abominably dreadful as Calvinism. I easily satisfied him that it was a false alarm. My father had himself explained their teachings to me, yet while respecting him, I always had a desire to hear a creed explained by one of its advocates rather than by others no matter how absurd that creed might appear to me. This I considered then as I do now the fairest and wisest course.

In February, 1869, Mr. Tebbs, my employer removed from Leicester to Kingston on Thames in the County of Surrey, England, where he had purchased a larger business. As I had still three and a half years apprenticeship to serve, I went with him. While at Kingston,

I became very careless; neglected Sunday School, took to smoking occasionally and even took to using intoxicants--a thing I had never done before. Just after I was seventeen years old I got into quite a bit of trouble with my employer through on one single occasion getting intoxicated by tasting a very little of several different drinks, and I am proud and happy to say that it has never been repeated.

My employer treated me very unkindly and I experienced much sorrow through false accusations of various kinds, several acts of mischief being laid to my charge of which I was entirely innocent.

In November, 1870, I joined the Methodist Church having in former years as previously stated, attended their meetings but had never become a church member. I strove hard to do what was right but was ridiculed considerably by my employer, who was a deacon of the Congregational Church, and who looked down upon a Wesleyan as frequently Baptists and Congregationalists do or used to do in England at that time.

It was not long before I was sent out to preach the first place being at Eshu in Surrey in the Quakers meeting house which they lent to the Wesleyans and other denominations when not using it themselves, thereby setting a good example of Christian Charity.

I continued my connections with the Wesleyan Methodists for several years during which I resided a few months at a time in the following towns: Nottingham, Newark, Leicester, Grantham, Sheffield, and Shiply near Leeds, after which I took a situation in the town of Derby where I met with a widow lady, Mrs. Catherine Roe, who had three children and whom after a short engagement I married. This lady belonged to the Congregational Church. I have had two living children born to me of her. My beloved daughter, Mary Ellen Catherine, and a little son whom we named Charles Richard; he however died when ten days old.

During the time I lived at Derby, I experienced many reversals of fortune and passed through many trials and was sometimes quite

indifferent to religious matters though still a Methodist at heart. About the year, 1880, becoming re-awakened to religion, I joined a small band of people who were running a small mission hall on unsectarian principles though chiefly on Methodist lines. I became quite an energetic member and soon an officer of the concern. Our mode of procedure was similar to that of the Salvation Army and we did a deal of street preaching, singing, etc. In our prayer meeting many of the members were worked up into a frenzy or ecstasy of excitement. Now while I was quite sincere in all that I did and strove to serve God the best I knew how, it seemed impossible for me to "catch the spirit" of the excitement and I felt somewhat troubled about the matter especially as in the fall of 1881 I had a remarkable dream which I will try to relate.

I dreamed that I was on the railway platform at the Derby Station and was looking rather North of Northwest when I saw three human forms in the sky, very small in the distance but as they got nearer of course, they got larger till as they came close, were seen to be human forms of ordinary size, of benign appearance and clad in loose robes of white. I recognized the central figure as Christ--he being attended by two Angels, which, differing from my traditional ideas, had no wings. As they passed close by me I tried to attract Christ's attention but he passed on with a fixed stare and made no sign. This troubled me as I thought certainly I was one of Christ's disciples and approved by him. The Angel on his left, however, stepped back and spoke to me in substance as follows:

"You were trying to attract Christ's attention but this is his second coming and you are too late. You should have obeyed his commands before."

I then awoke and felt much troubled fearing there might be more truth than poetry in my dream. However, I thought I would pray for the light of the Holy Spirit that I might learn what more was necessary to obtain the favor of Christ.

Soon after this with others from our Mission Hall I attended a meeting of the Salvation Army. The captain spoke from these words - "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" He showed the necessity for the same and called upon all who desired it to stay to a protracted meeting and there obtain it - which he said could be done by faith. We were called forward to kneel at "Mourner's Bench" or "penitent form" as he termed it. Several others professing to be in possession of this Gift were asked to pray while we at the bench were to pray silently and to "believe" that we had got it and then we should have it. But we should never get it till we believed we had it. This seemed somewhat paradoxical to me but I tried my best to "believe." I tell you there was a tumult of excitement and shouting and glorifying but I could not feel that I had got it though I tried to exercise all the faith I could nor could I work up an excitement within myself. I was as calm and cool as a morning in spring.

I left there feeling that however necessary the Holy Ghost was - that was no place to find it. Whenever I used to pray in public among my associates they used to shout and feel very good as long as my prayer went on their lines but when I prayed "Lord pour out thy Holy Spirit and cause us to understand thy true and acceptable will and if we err in our conceptions of Thee and thy requirements of us, do Thou enlighten us and lead us into thy ways," you could have heard a pin drop; their excitement was killed out for the time being. This caused me to think that the spirit by which they shouted must be in opposition to the spirit of God. I then thought I would be confirmed by a Bishop of the Established Church, but was shown that however correct that principle might be, that body believed in several others which were not in accordance with God's work, that it were useless to go there.

I was acquainted with the beliefs of the leading religions but so ill did they accord with the scriptures that I thought it of no use to apply to them. I asked God in earnest prayer to reveal to

me the correct plan of salvation or not to hold me responsible for non-compliance therewith. My ideas began to change and principles I scarcely thought of before gradually dawned upon my mind - pre-existence of Spirits of which I had never heard, vague ideas regarding baptism for the dead mentioned by Paul. I almost thought myself in duty bound to try to inaugurate a new religion, but I was shown the necessity of a call from God to preach the Gospel and I began to question what right I had to preach at all. I looked around on the religious world and could find not one sect whose principles I could entirely sanction. My peculiar methods in prayer and otherwise soon got me - or I fancied so - the cold shoulder from my zealous co-workers, but I thought as I saw no perfect way I had better continue with them, which I did till the following spring.

In March 1882, I engaged myself with the Co-operative Provident Society at Derby as salesman in their clothing department. I had not worked there many weeks when I saw a letter in the evening paper, the Telegraph, asking whether the L. D. Saints or Mormons were represented among the religions of Derby and signed by a man named Samuel Jackson - no relative of mine, however. This elicited a letter in reply from John Lomax, president of the Derby Branch stating that there had been an organized branch there for over thirty years and announcing three meetings to be held in a large hall on the 28th of May, 1882. I attended the afternoon meeting and listened with pleasure to a fine discourse from Bishop O. F. Whitney of Salt Lake City on Nebuchadnezzar's vision of the image.

I heard nothing with which I could find fault and on leaving was presented with a copy of the Articles of Faith, on looking over which I could find no fault with anything except the statement that "We believe that Zion will be established on this, the American continent," which I did not then understand. Two or three weeks afterwards I attended the regular branch meeting of the Saints in Bro. Lomax's house and heard several testimonies borne and some

explanation of the Gospel which pleased me very much. I will here say that I never enjoyed myself in a sectarian place of worship after that, although I went a few times more.

One or two occasions while attending the Saints' meeting, I met an acquaintance there who sometimes preached for us at our Mission Hall - quite an intelligent young man. On one occasion on leaving the meeting he asked me whether I was going to join the Mormons. I said I was not sure, but that if I became convinced that they had the truth I should certainly do so, otherwise, I should think I was mocking God every time I prayed. He then asked some questions on points of doctrine and practice, which I was enabled to quote scripture in support of in (to me) a marvelous degree.

Pride and fear of what folks would think held me back a short time, but when once really convinced I could get no rest at night until after four or five sleepless nights (or nearly so) I gave my name in for baptism. It was performed July 17, 1882, by Elder John Lomax, aforesaid. I was confirmed on Sunday, July 23, 1882, by Elder John Sutton of Paris, Idaho, then on a mission to Great Britain.

My wife, who was quite angry when I began to attend the Mormon meeting and to bring home Mormon literature, soon attended the meeting with me and received the Elders at the house very kindly and was baptized five weeks after myself. Three months or so later on, her daughter and two sons aged 16, 13 and 10 were also baptized. Early in September of 1882, I was called to the Aaronic Priesthood and ordained a Priest, 14 Sept. 1882 by Elder John Ellis of Ogden, Utah. I found out the where-abouts of my mother's cousin, Arnold Goodlife, my only blood relative in the Church, and wrote to him informing him although a perfect stranger to me, that I had joined the Church. I had a very kind letter from him in which he gave hopes of his being able to assist me in coming to Zion at some future time.

One day about Christmas time of that year while walking home to dinner, I was thinking about Utah and wondering how and when I

should get there. Quite involuntarily and by a power I could not control, these words came from my mouth. "You need not trouble about Utah. You have to preside over the Derby Branch before you get there." I felt it was the Spirit of Prophecy but wondered how it was to be fulfilled, as I had heard the president of the Branch say he has been in the Church thirty years and saw no more prospect of emigrating now than then, so I thought it would be a long time first.

In the following summer however, the way was opened out for Bro. Lomax and family to emigrate which he did in September 1883, accompanied by my youngest stepson, Thomas William Roe.

On September 19, 1883, I was ordained an Elder under the hands of John Cartwright of Salt Lake City and set apart to preside over the Branch. Conference President Ephraim Williams said after my ordination, that this organization of the Branch would not last long and it did not as I emigrated to Zion the following spring, leaving my native country April 9, 1884, with all my family except my eldest stepson, W. L. Roe, who stayed behind to finish his term of apprenticeship to the printing business. We arrived in New York by S. S. Nevada on Sunday April 20, 1884, reaching Ogden Utah, Sunday April 27th. We were met by my cousin, Bishop Arnold Goodlife of Snowville, Box Elder Stake of Zion, for which place we started next day by team - a distance of about 80 miles. The roads were bad and the weather very wet and unpleasant but we reached our journey's end safe and sound on the evening of Wednesday 30th. We received a cordial welcome to Zion from Bro. Goodliffe's family and I stayed there through the summer and fall working for him and getting used to the country here. I found things much different from what I had been used to or what I expected in many ways and my faith was much tried at times yet I felt to rejoice that I was gathered to Zion and continued to feel well in the work.

In November of this year I went to Park Valley, 40 miles west of Snowville, where I obtained employment as school teacher. I became

closely identified with the Sunday School and Y.M.M.I.A. at this place and had the honor of acting first as secretary then as presiding officer of each institution. I found some very kind friends at Park Valley and some good Brethren and Sisters but had much to contend with in my capacity of school teacher as many of the good people seemed to think the teacher should strive to please the children while I, through prejudice I suppose and perhaps partly from recollections of my own early days, thought the children ought to try to please and obey the teacher which ideas were perhaps too crude or too old-fashioned for their modern ideas. Notwithstanding this conflict of ideas, I taught school there from November 1884 to March 1889 except in the summer time when I occupied myself as best I could among the farmers.

On September the 26th, 1888, I and my wife, Catherine, secured our endowments in the Logan Temple and then visited Salt Lake City and the first Temple. I presided over the Park Valley Ward Sunday School YMMIA from October 1888 to spring of 1889.

On March the 18th, 1889, I went down to Salt Lake City and on the following day entered the employ of Mr. L. P. Teasdel, a well known merchant of that city. I remained in his employ until December 31, 1893.

I had in the meantime become a member of the Eleventh Ward of Salt Lake City and had the honor of presiding over the YMMIA of that ward during the season of 1890 and 1891. I also became a member of the 57th Quorum of Seventies located in that ward. I had been a member of the 5th Quorum located in Box Elder County having been ordained by President Lorenzo Hunsaker on December 18, 1884, and acted as secretary to the Park Valley Branch of that Quorum. I acted as secretary of the 57th Quorum for about six years when I was ordained a member of the Council of that Quorum February 1900.

On May the 16, 1895, I lost my wife Catherine B. Jackson by death. She was interred on the following Sunday in the City Cemetery.

Elders Ephraim Williams, John Cartwright and Jaboy Danjerfield being the principal speakers at her funeral. Her death was quite unexpected, she being only sick three days and it was quite a shock to us all. While we lived in Park Valley, November 1887, Mr. Thomas Marks who had been left a widower with three motherless girls desired my wife and I to take charge of them and bring them up for him, so that at my wife's death I had them with me.

My feeling of love toward Miss Rachel Baxter and hers towards me not having changed through the lapse of time we made arrangements to marry in the following November. Finding myself unable, however, to procure a suitable housekeeper and the presence of the aforementioned children making a mistress of the home an absolute necessity, we pushed matters forward some months and were married August 14, 1885, by Bishop (now President) John R. Winder. This set several old gossips tongues wagging but as we knew that we had the approval of God and his Priesthood we did not mind that and since have found that some of those who had the most to say soon turned round and became quite friendly.

Shortly before this I went into business in General Merchandise with Messrs. David Henderson and John B. Reid but having too many friends who wanted us to carry them too long which we were not in a position to do, we had to relinquish in about three years and one month from starting having gained considerable experience and lost considerable money.

I lived very happily with my dear wife Rachel who bore me a son and three daughters. When the youngest of these was ten days old and she was rapidly recovering from her confinement and doing better than she had ever done before under similar circumstances, the good sister who nursed her and whose faithful services she highly appreciated, was preparing her dinner for her and intended getting her up to eat her dinner but on going into her room was astonished at finding her lying dead on the bed with her sleeping babe at her

side. She had passed away in her sleep with a smile on her face. My life up to now had been abundant of trials and disappointments but this was the climax. My beloved Rachel had been called away after only eleven and a half short years of a happy married life. She was true and affectionate and full of faith in the Gospel and its ordinances. She was kind-hearted and liberal to the last degree. It was a bitter trial indeed but the kind sympathy of my brethren and sisters and their tokens of love and affection softened and palliated the hour of trial. I felt glad that I was enabled to acknowledge the hand of the Lord and say "Thy will be done." Her sister, Alice, who was unmarried was in California at the time, but returned just in time to take a farewell look before her casket was lowered into its final resting place. After a few days rest she came and took charge of my household arrangements and became a mother to my children in very deed, especially to the infant whom she held as her dearest treasure. After a few months I made her my wife and thank God that I was enabled to do so for a better woman I could not have found. She was faithful, true and loving as a wife and mother during the seven and one-half years of our married life. She died on February 5, 1915, beloved and respected by all who knew her. Again in my hour of trial I was buoyed up by the kindly attentions of dear friends and relations.

I will here relate a remarkable dream I had in the summer of 1897. There was a Bro. O. J. Lomax who had died some time previous and whose wife and family were in Salt Lake City. I dreamed that I went to the Temple and had his endowments for him and his wife and children sealed to him. I told my wife, Rachel, that this would never happen as his father then living would not allow a non-relative to perform the work. However, in the following November, being in the office of Pres. Angus M. Canon to get a temple recommend endorsed, I met the wife of the afore said O. J. Lomax who requested me to officiate for him in the House of the Lord on the following day.

I expressed my willingness to do so providing it was agreeable to her husbands father. She said he had told her to go ahead and get the work done so I consented and this fulfilled my dream on November 24, 1897, the day that my daughter, Mary Ellen Catherine, was married to Hulbert Bross Robbins of Stone, Idaho.

On June 1 or 2, 1904, I assisted my relative Bishop Arnold Goodliffe of Snowville, Utah, in the House of the Lord at the sealing of a large number of our relatives (on my mother's side) who had previously been endowed, reaching back a couple of hundred years or nearly so.

I will here relate a dream I had while living in Park Valley. I dreamed that I was at my old home where I was born. It was Sunday morning and my father reached down the family Bible from its place just as I had seen him do many times. He read a Psalm which on awaking in the morning I found to be the 90th. He then called upon me to offer prayer which I proceeded to do praying in a manner which did not offend his sectarian notions. However, about half-way through my prayer I asked the Lord to bless President Brigham Young and the Elders laboring under him preaching to the Spirits in prison. At this point my father told me to stop; he did not want that kind of praying in his house. I said I would quit when I got through. On finishing my prayer, I arose from my knees to find that my father and all the rest of the family except my mother and my sister, Annie Elizabeth, had got up and left the room. I then told my mother I would go up to the village and assist an elderly lady who was sick (she was a great friend of mine and had died several years before through taking cold by coming to our house on a wet day to see me thinking I was at home but I had left). On arriving at the back door of the house, (in my dream) a woman at the head of the stairs said "I am so glad you have come. She wants to see you so badly and she will not live long." I went upstairs and on my entering her room, the sick woman said "I have no companion for the spirit world, no

husband for Eternity." She expressed her faith in the Gospel as taught by the Prophet Joseph and also her desire that I should have her sealed to me when I got back to Utah. This matter I attended to at the time I married my third wife, Alice Baxter, who acted as proxy for her.

On February 5, 1915, I was again bereaved of my wife, Alice Baxter, who died of a cancer from which she had suffered some time. This together with business reverses which I had sustained a year before quite discouraged me and I felt desolate and forsaken. I remained a widower for 2½ years or over, feeling my lonely condition severely and missing the comfort of having a good wife at the head of my domestic arrangements. However well children were disposed they could not make home what it used to be.

In pursuit of my daily occupation, I made the acquaintance of a worthy woman of Dutch (Holland) parentage and birth. Mrs. Jantine DeJong NeeRegien who was sealed to me in the Salt Lake Temple by Elder Alvin Smith, son of Pres. Joseph F. Smith, on September 26th of 1917, was a loving companion and a kind mother to my children.

On September 2, 1919, I met with a serious accident, the wagon I was driving being struck by a street car through the carelessness of the driver thereof. The shock threw me from the wagon and I was picked up unconscious and did not really know anything about it for about five weeks during which time I was in the L.D.S. Hospital with a severe concussion of the brain. It was over four weeks before I had any knowledge of my condition at all. From the first there appeared very little chance of my recovery and a fear that I might never have my reason again even if I recovered physically. I was administered to very frequently by the servants of God holding the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood and to this I attribute my ultimate recovery as from what my dear wife has told me of my condition, I cannot imagine how I could possibly have survived. She was with me by night and by day not changing her clothing for four weeks. Besides that she spent

her very small means in getting the choicest fruit for me. She was unremitting in her attention to me both there and after she got me home. She had to wait on me hand and foot for a long time. As soon as I could stand on my feet she took me out walking daily so that my strength began to gradually return, but it was a very long time before she would allow me to go up town alone. As I was recovering from the effects of the accident, I was taken with an attack of something like pneumonia which kept me very weak indeed for several weeks but again the power of God was manifested in my behalf.

We were without means and somewhat in debt, but the Lord blessed us and raised up kind friends who have helped us in many ways and for which I am truly thankful both to the Lord and to them. I am hoping to get back to work before very long having been nearly five months idle and hope I may be prospered so that I may be able to get out of debt and may be able to help others who may be in trouble.

(Written 1920 - Died 27 May, 1923)