This history is a combination of history written by her son, James N. O'Brien and information from John Sampson Hacking Family Bulletins, various records, locality histories, and other artifacts. Information about her four husbands includes histories of events they were involved in such as Camp Floyd, Indian Wars and the Civil War.

As I read through several of the histories, I am struck by the fact that even though there are many reasons why our ancestors could have excused themselves from having a positive attitude—they could have just given up, but they did not. They were kind to each other, industrious and resourceful, patient and even-tempered. O'Brien wrote about how his mother was not given to much depression until that winter of 1873-4, but even then she did not make others suffer for her pain. James was a jolly man who was willing to share his hard-earned savings to bless his whole family, taking responsibility to pay the cost of immigration to the United States, including for his stepfamily. The excerpt from the John Sampson Hacking History in JSH FB 1-1954 in this compilation illustrates the noble traits mentioned previously, as well as filling in more of the story of this family. Pay attention to the family themes that thread themselves through all of their experiences, attitudes, and actions. Does it not make your heart swell within you to know of their character and the love they expressed to their children, grandchildren, and on down to you. There are many that question whether or not James Hacking was an English Earl, but none should question the noble character that is our heritage. They sacrificed much for us, and what are we doing with their gift?

Teaching my students to honor the sacrifice of others by the character and integrity with which they live their lives has always been important to me. I created a Power Point presentation called “Earn It!” to help me teach it. The title is taken from the line in the movie *Saving Private Ryan*, where many soldiers sacrifice their lives to save one. The dying Captain admonishes Ryan to, “Earn it!” It is not only in war that we sacrifice, but it is in the way we live our everyday lives. Such is our heritage and our gift.
How will our children know of this heritage unless we share it with them? Please take the opportunity to share these stories with them and make plans to teach them to “Earn it!”

HISTORY OF THE EXTENDED FAMILY OF

JANE HACKING KING KING McNEIL O'BRIEN

Written by Eileen Hacking Lentz with extended quotes from other cited sources.

This will not be a repeat of what is written in O'Brien's history, but will fill in the details we have learned through family research and location and historic event descriptions to add color and background to the picture we have of our ancestors. Please note the abbreviation of the John Sampson Hacking Family Bulletin and the issue number and year (JSH FB 2-1956) indicates where the information came from and where more information can be found.

Let's begin with John Hacking, who invented the cotton-carding engine in 1772. Although we do not know of a direct connection to him yet, there are some similarities in his family's occupation and location that beg further research. The family of James Hacking and Ann Pearson were very involved with the same industries (cotton and construction) in close proximity in time and place. The following four paragraphs were taken from an article written by Richard Ainsworth, who described the pivotal place of John Hacking to the industry of these communities in Lancashire. Westmoreland and Cumberland Counties, where many of the important events of the Hackings, Pearsons, and Clarks took place, border Lancashire, which was also a site of their life events.

HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS OF ALTHAM AND HUNCOAT
By Richard Ainsworth, F.S.A. Scotland, 1932
(History of Lancashire and Hackings)

It was to John Hacking of Huncoat that the invention of the carding engine was due, who made it adaptable for the process it was intended for, and an unqualified success. He and his wife Ellen resided in a cottage that stood on part of what is now the old Baptist chapel yard, near Town Gate, Huncoat. Obscurity rests upon his endeavors to invent his carding engine, for little is known of his life. But the record upon his memorial stone at Altham is eloquent of the good will of John and Ellen Hacking towards their neighbors in Huncoat, for whom they carded cotton wool in their cottage. The claim is made and substantiated by being recorded on the Hacking gravestone that they invented and made the first carding engine in the year 1772. It was turned by hand, and the people of Huncoat quickly realised the benefit of the machine, being a great improvement upon the method previously in use. It was not long before it became more widely known, and Hacking's carding engine came into general use. The sons of John Hacking helped in the business of constructing their father's carding engines, as well as building small mills to house them, which were known as carding engine houses, the machines being too large to find accommodation in the loom houses. In 1790 there were several of these carding engines in use in the neighborhood. Thomas Turner and Benjamin Wilson both used one at Baxenden in their carding engine houses. At Accrington, Mr. Shaw had a carding engine in his mill, where spinning was also carried on, in Duke

Street by the side of the Hyndburn, on the site of the present Arcade between Warner Street and Church Street. Lower Grange Mill close by had two carding engines at the sale in 1805. In one of the cloughs of the slope of Hambledon Peter Pilkington had a carding engine house with one carding engine. All these small mills were situated as to get a supply of water for the water wheel to run the machinery.

The fame of John Hacking as the inventor of the carding engine was commemorated by the east window of Altham Church, being placed there as a memorial to him by members of the Manchester Royal Exchange at the time of the restoration of the church in 1859, fifty four years after his death. Hacking Brothers became the principal builders in the district during the early nineteenth century. Their achievements included the erection of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church at Clayton-le-Moors; Dunkenhalgh rebuilding 1816-1817, when Leonard Hacking was said to have been engaged there for twenty years wood carving etc.; while Read Hall was being built by them in 1825.

James Hacking was born in 1857 and was married to Ann Pearson as described in this transcription of what Ralphena Hacking, family genealogist, found on the microfilm record. Reference: Lanc. F. Lane. 1, Pt. 48 - Marriage Bonds and Affidavits, Archdeaconry of Richmond: JAMES HACKIN aged forty-two years, and ANN PEARSON, of Clawthorpe, said spinster aged eighteen years, and upwards, with the consent of her father WILLIAM PEARSON were married by license 21 July 1799. Marriage solemnized in the Face of the Parish Church of Burton in Kendal, Westmorland, England. (JSH FB 2-1956)

Ralphena also explains in this same report, the birth of their first son, named after his father, James Hacking, baptized on 9 Dec 1800. Unfortunately, he was short lived as he was buried on 12 Dec 1800 at the same Parish Church of Burton in Kendal, Westmorland, England. The next year the second son, William, who was named for Ann's father, was baptized on 19 Dec 1801. Their third son, James, was born the next year and was baptized on 4 Dec 1802. To confuse the issue, the Bishop's Transcript, which is a copy of the original parish register, erroneously transcribed the second son as being named James. Ralphena Hacking sent for certification of the original record.

BAPTISM CERTIFICATE

> Baptism solemnized in the Parish of Burton in Kendal in the Diocese of Carlisle and County of Westmoreland. 19 December 1801 WILLIAM son of James and Ann Hackin (Hacking) Abode: Burton in Kendal, Father's Occupation: Twine Spinner. Ceremony was performed by John Hutton B. D. Vicar.

I certify that the foregoing is a true Copy of the entry of the Baptism of WILLIAM HACKIN in the Register of Baptisms for the said Parish of Burton in Kendal. Dated this 21st day of January 1955.
Signed: /s/ J. B. Phillips, Vicar

Notice that at that time, James Hacking, the father, was a Twine Spinner. The third son, James, grew to be very industrious. He was sent to apprentice under the hands of a skilled

weaver, John Pearson, when he reached a certain age. He became very good friends with the Pearson children, as well as a man by the name of James Clark. James Clark and James Hacking had many of the same interests. James Clark became a mason and James Hacking became a cabinetmaker, becoming so skilled that he also constructed violins. The two Jameses often worked together on the same construction projects. They also enjoyed having a good time together, including courting two of the Pearson daughters: James Clark with Jane Pearson, and James Hacking with Elizabeth Pearson. However, before too long, James Hacking fell in love with Jane, and James Clark fell in love with Elizabeth. James and Jane were married first, and then James and Elizabeth joined together in holy matrimony.

27 Jan 1827 JAMES HACKING of the Parish of Barton in Kendal, bachelor, and JANE PEARSON also of Burton in Kendal, spinster, were married in the Church by Banns. Witnessed by: William Hacking and Elizabeth Pearson.

26 Dec 1829 JAMES CLARK of the Parish of Burton in Kendal, bachelor, and ELIZABETH PEARSON of Burton in Kendal, spinster, were married in the Church by Banns. Witnessed by: James Beck and Isabella High.

By the end of 1827, at least the third generation of sons named James Hacking was born. Alice Hacking, named after her grandmother, Alice Saul, was born in 1830. Harriet in 1831, Jane in 1833, John in 1835, and finally Ann in 1838 followed her. However, Alice died in 1832, and Ann died the same year she was born. Unfortunately, the death of infants was an all too common occurrence during those times. According to the 1851 census in Preston, England, 203 babies out of 1000 died within their first year of life. These sad trends continued with the Hacking family in the next generation as well.

In 1839, the Hackings and Clarks experienced something that altered their eternal course, and, again, they did it together. Missionaries from the newly organized Church of Jesus of Latter-day Saints came to the Preston area. One day James Hacking was walking by a building and his attention was drawn to what he was hearing inside, so he came closer to the window. He listened intently—feeling increasingly drawn to the truths he was hearing. He went home and shared it with his family. He discussed it with his friends, including James Clark. He wanted to have these things for his family. He loved his family deeply and wanted them to experience the blessings of having the gospel of Jesus Christ in all its fullness. But he also recognized that it would mean great sacrifice in their lives. He prayed about what he was hearing, comparing it to what he had heard before. He came to realize that it answered so many of the questions he had felt confused about before. He must have these things for his family. He wanted to be baptized into the new faith and take upon himself the name of Jesus Christ. As he pondered these things, many people heard him audibly affirm, "That sounds good to me."

But first he must sacrifice more for his family. Before he could go down into the waters of baptism, he fell from a building he was working on; sustaining such severe injuries that he

only lived a short time. Jane was heart broken. Her dearest love was gone so suddenly, and she was left with four young children. Unfortunately, the inheritance to which her oldest son was entitled could not be touched until he was 21, and the society in which she lived was cruel and unforgiving to those in poverty. She did have one thing that would sustain her. She could embrace the things that her loving husband wanted to pursue. So in that same year she became part of the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ. She was baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and she felt the peace and comfort that can only be experienced through the gift of the Holy Ghost. She taught these things to her children, and as they gained their own testimony of these truths, they too embraced them and were baptized. Her sister's family also did the same.

As more people joined her new church, she found someone else she could love who shared her faith. His name was John Fisher. He had a gentle nature, just as her first husband had displayed. They were married on 31 May 1841 in Penwortham, Lancashire, England. Twins Alice and Elizabeth were born the following year, but again, another infant, Elizabeth, died too quickly. In 1944, John Moroni, who came to their home, was named after his father and a favored prophet of God from the Book of Mormon. Finally, in 1949, William Fisher was born.

The next section is the genealogic report from JSH FB #2-1957

A Highlight in Genealogical Research 1957

Dear Relatives:

Greetings! This is not a regular report of research and temple ordinance work such as I had given in our last two family bulletins, but some information relating to the family of James Hacking, the older brother of our Grandfather John Sampson Hacking.

In searching for records of our Pioneer Families, I found the shipping account where James Hacking, brother of John Sampson, signed for the responsibility financially to bring the family to America. At this time, which was July 3, 1849, the following members made up the family to emigrate: James Hacking 21 years, his wife Jane aged 29 years, their baby daughter Alice 2 months; and Harriet Hacking 18 years, Jane Hacking 16 years and John Sampson Hacking 12 years; the mother and stepfather—John Fisher aged 44 years and Jane Fisher 41 years; their children: Alice Fisher aged 8, Moroni Fisher aged 5, and the baby William, aged 4 months, living at (Ingham) Street, Preston, Lancashire, England. They made their application to sail in September, 1849—eleven members in the family to come! However Great Uncle Jim's baby daughter Alice died before they left England.

The family arrived in New Orleans in the late fall and traveled to St. Louis, Missouri. There Uncle Jim and Aunt Jane made their home for several years, then they moved to Fall River, Massachusetts where they were residing at the time the 1870 Census was taken. Some time later they moved to New Bedford, Massachusetts where James and his wife Jane are buried. In the cities of Fall River and New Bedford Uncle Jim and his daughters found employment in the cotton mills. Uncle Jim was a kind considerate man, and in so many ways was like a father to Grandfather John Sampson Hacking, being nine years his senior.

The following is a copy of the record of his family so far as we have it:

James Hacking, born 23 November 1827 at Clawthorpe, christened 23 December 1827 at Burton in Kendal, son of James Hacking and Jane Pearson. Died 18 December 1898 at Acushnet, Massachusetts and buried at New Bedford, Bristol County, Massachusetts. He married Jane Rogerson who was born 17 December 1819 in England, daughter of Robert Rogerson and Catherine (Anderton). She died 28 December 1898 at Acushnet and was buried at New Bedford, Massachusetts.

(It would be interesting to know the cause of their death, he being 71 and she 79, and their deaths being only 10 days apart. mfh)

Their children are:

1. Mary Jane, born 15 January 1848 in Preston, Lancashire, England. Died in England.
2. Alice, born 6 April 1849 in Preston, Lancashire, England. Died in England.
3. Catharine Caroline, born 30 September 1851 in St. Louis, Missouri
4. Elizabeth (Lizzie) born 18 December 1853 in St. Louis, Missouri. Married Thomas Whiting
5. Harriet, born 11 May 1856 in St. Louis Missouri
6. Mary Jane (Jennie) born 31 August 1858 in St. Louis, Missouri. Married John Fitton. Died 6 Oct 1886, age 28 years

Some of the older members of our family will no doubt remember Great Uncle Jim Hacking and his good wife Aunt Jane, also some of their daughters, but to most of us this family is unknown. Since Uncle Jim was so kind and good to our Grandfather John Sampson Hacking and other members of the family during their days of such great trial and need, I nave given this information so that we may know who his family were, and also so that we may treasure a place in our memory for these good people.

Sincerely,
Ralphena Hacking

Note: The information shown for the family of James Hacking and Jane Rogerson was obtained from the following sources: Parish Registers of Burton of Kendal, Westmoreland, England; Copy of Birth Certificate of Mary Jane Hacking General Register Office, Somerset House, London, England; Death Certificates of James Hacking and Jane Rogerson Hacking, 1870 Census of Fall River, Massachusetts. Emigration Book “A” 1849-1851. Genealogical Library. R. H.

In 1849, Orson Pratt wrote a letter explaining that he had chartered a ship to carry a load of saints to the United States. Dear ..., I Have Chartered the Large, New, and Splendid **Ship** "**James Pennell**" to Sail with a Load of Saints from Liverpool to New Orleans on the First Day of September, **1849** ...

In the *Manuscript History of Brigham Young* on page 239 is the following entry:
On the 2nd, the ship *James Pennell*, Captain Fullerton, with 236 emigrants of the saints on board, under the care of Thomas Clark, and on the 5th, the *Berlin*, Captain Smith, with 253 emigrants of the saints on board under the charge of James G. Brown, sailed from Liverpool for New Orleans.

The journal of Robert Knell gives a few more details of the journey.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT KNELL

I was born 22 September 1828, in Millbrook near Southampton, England. In December 1842, I lived at Cambridge in a linen draper's shop. I lived there until February 1845. In March 1845, I

went to Romsey Hants and was there until July. Then I went home to Redbridge Hants, my parents having moved there. Father was then land steward for Sir John Barker Mill. In October 1845, I went to live at Watford, Hertfordshire, 15 miles from London. While there I was assistant to my cousin, Alfred Knell, grocer. My father died while I was living there, March 1847. Charles was living at Watford then. We both went home to Father's funeral.

While living at Watford I first heard the gospel about 1 October 1848. Thomas Margets, the President of the Branch, was the first Elder I heard preach. I was baptized on the 17 October 1848 by R.B. Margets. On the 1 of April 1849 I went to Conference in London. On the 22 July I again went to Conference where I saw Brother Orson Pratt--one of the Quorum of the Twelve. Elder John Banks was the President of the London Conference. After a short visit home to Millbrook I went to Liverpool and embarked on the ship JAMES PENNEL for New Orleans, 1 September 1849, and left the docks the next morning. There were on the ship 236 passengers, and after a fine passage we arrived in New Orleans 21 October 1849. There were three deaths on the sea. On the 25 of October I went on board the UNCLE TOM for St. Louis, Missouri. I arrived there November 2d. I lived in St. Louis about five months. I worked in a pork house about four weeks and was barkeeper at the Broadway Hotel the rest of the time. On the 5th of April 1850 I left St. Louis on the TUSCUMBIA for St. Joseph. At Oregon, Missouri, I met with Brother Lorenzo D. Young and made arrangements to cross the Plains with him. I herded sheep on the Little Tarkio for him until about the middle of May, when we started for Salt Lake Valley. On the first of June we crossed the Missouri at old Fort Kearny.

members.aol.com/Cballd/knell.html - 19k

A more detailed description of the journey can be found at the URL below, including the entry above: http://members.aol.com/rdwinmill/Voyage_of_the_James_Pennell.htm.

There is a report from the Church leader, Thomas H. Clark, and a narrative from one of the passenger, Frederic Gardener, describing what life was like on board the ship and beyond. The reports described the order and overall pleasant experience as the saints made music and enjoyed the anticipation of going to Zion. They were grateful for a kind and considerate Captain that saw to their needs. As I read through the one account that described the musical instruments and singing, I wondered if they had any of the violins made by James Hacking, the cabinetmaker, and if some of those beautiful voices they heard were Hackings. Many of his descendants have beautiful voices. The Hacking and Fisher family members were among the passengers on this ship. Their names are listed below in the same order as on the original ships passenger list.

Heartache did come into their voyage, as three infants died, apparently all being newly weaned. In his letter, Thomas Clark suggests that mothers should be counseled to wait until the journey is through before attempting to wean their children in the future. Alice, James and Jane's infant daughter, died before they set sail. Since she was born 6 Apr 1849, this record would have been made in early June 1849. Given how young she was when she

died, I doubt she was included in the count of the three babies that died on the voyage—she would have been too young to wean.

1. James Hacking, 21, male, weaver, England (head of family group as the one footing the bill)
2. Jane (Rogerson) Hacking, 29, female, England (wife of James)
3. Alice Hacking, 2 months, female, England (daughter of James and Jane Hacking)
4. Harriett Hacking, 18, female, England (sister)
5. Jane Hacking, 16, female, England (sister)
6. John S. Hacking, 13, male, England (brother)
7. John Fisher, 44, male, laborer, England (stepfather)
8. Jane Fisher, 41, female, England (mother)
9. Alice Fisher, 8, female, England (stepsister)
10. Moroni Fisher, 5, male, England (stepbrother)
11. Wm., 4 months, male, England (stepbrother)

Excerpt of the History of John Sampson Hacking found in JSH FB 1-1954

* * * * * * *

John and his [older] sister Harriet wandered from home one day and stood shivering at a corner watching the people hurrying past. Some of those passing noticed the forlorn children and gave them pennies. Happily they took the pennies to mother, thinking how pleased she would be, only to receive a severe scolding. "That", said their mother, "is begging, and my children must not beg."

One year after the death of her husband, Jane Hacking married John Fisher who was a weaver by trade. At the age of six years John was set to the task of winding bobbins for his stepfather, a task which became very tiresome before the day was through.

Mr. Fisher contracted consumption, and unable to work at his trade, he applied to the Parish for easier work so he could support his family. Instead of being given a job, he was sent to the poor house. John, being too young to do other work than winding bobbins, was sent with him. Here they were separated into different wards. The boys slept four in a bed. The men were required to break rock for macadamizing the roads. It was soon discovered that Mr. Fisher was from another shire, so they were discharged.

When John was seven years old, he began to work in the cotton mills, and at the age of eleven he was chosen from a group of 360 boys to run the first self-acting bobbins ever to be used. John and the other boys were now allowed to work half a day and attend school the other half, and so in his eleventh year he got three months schooling, all he ever had.

It was customary to give the children a holiday on May 20, Queen Victoria's birthday. But that year, 1846, it was decided to keep school that day. Some of the boys, including John, decided to have a holiday at all cost, so instead of going to school they went to the Barracks to watch a sham battle. For this they were beaten so severely that someone higher in authority, presumably the principal, was called in, and the teacher was discharged. Discipline was very strict in the school and punishment sometimes severe, but in this case it went too far. If the children's hands or faces became soiled, they were sent to the pump to wash, using sandstone for soap.

When about twelve years of age, John had an experience which reacted pleasantly for him for some time. On his way to work one morning he saw a little girl break through the ice into deep water while skating. Whether it was a pond in the park or a steam of water is not known. John plunged in to rescue the child, and took her to her home nearby. Hurrying to his work, he found the factory gates locked, but the gatekeeper, seeing him wet to the skin and shivering with cold, took pity on him and opened the gate. The manager allowed him to stand by the boiler until he was warm and dry.

On his way home, he called at the home of the little girl he had saved, to see if she was all right, and was overwhelmed with thanks and given a large slice of bread spread thickly with butter. He could hardly believe his eyes. Never had he seen butter so thick. His mother's method, when they were fortunate enough to have butter, was to spread it on the bread and then scrape off what she could, leaving only a scant flavor of butter. But this--Mmmmm.

John said. He never had tasted anything so good. The grateful mother urged him to come often, and thereafter he enjoyed many such treats.

One day as John was coming home from taking his step-father's dinner, he saw a large eel which had been left in the canal after the water was turned out. He waded out into the pool and caught the eel, but it slipped through his hands. Nothing daunted, he grabbed the fish with his teeth and carried it out on the beach. His mother, seeing him come home wet and muddy, was cross but when she saw the eel she was glad. How they would have a real treat for dinner.

John and his two close friends, Thomas and Willard Dobson, were often ridiculed because they were Mormons. They were called "Dippers" because of the Mormon's mode of baptism. The other boys would sometimes gang up on them and ill treat them. John, who feared no one, would fight the crowd if he had on his wooden clogs, which with their iron rims, were very effective on the shins of their tormentors. If he was caught without the clogs on, his friends would lend him theirs.

While in a friendly wrestling match with another lad, his opponent's neck was dislocated. Luckily an army doctor was just passing and put it in place, but the boy was laid up for a long time. John and the boy who had got them to wrestle took over the injured boy's job at the factory, gave him the money earned, and thus saved his job until he was able to take over.

The Hacking Fisher family had long awaited an opportunity to emigrate to America. In 1849 James Jr. had saved enough money to buy tickets for the whole family to cross the ocean. The family at that time numbered ten--four [only three living at the time] children having been born to Mr. and Mrs. Fisher. They landed at New Orleans, Louisiana in the fall of 1849. Their money gone, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher and their children remained in New Orleans and James took John and their sisters, Jane and Harriet by a steam boat up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Mo.

Here the boys found work in the coal pits (mines). Just before leaving the mines after work, they would dig under the coal a few feet. The coal above would loosen and by morning would be easier to dig, and so James and John were able to dig more coal than any other three men.

Five weeks later their mother wrote that she and her husband were both ill, and the family on the verge of starvation. She thought if John, who at that time was fourteen years old, could come down they would be all right. So James gave John $2.00 and persuaded the captain of the boat to let him work his passage to New Orleans. His job was assisting the fireman. One day he was eating some dried apples on deck, and one of the deck hands gave him such a severe beating that the mate was called and came to his rescue. The

mate reprimanded the surly deck hand, and taking John into the kitchen, told the cook to give the boy all he could eat.

There was much waste in the kitchen and John, hating to see good food go to waste while people were hungry, asked the cook if he might take it to the poor people in the storage, or lower deck. The cook consented on one condition, that he keep it carefully covered and not let it be known. John agreed, and so carried food closely covered, which would be otherwise thrown overboard, to those hungry people. Needless to say, it was greatly appreciated.

Arriving in New Orleans, John was surprised to find that his people had passed him about five miles from St. Louis. Thomas Pearson, his mother's brother, hearing of the plight, had paid their passage to St. Louis. It was, however, too late to save the life of their baby boy, Willie, who died of starvation just as they entered the St. Louis docks. What a terrible trial for the poor mother.

In the meantime, after John spent two or three days with friends in New Orleans, went back up the Mississippi on the same boat again, working his passage. Using the $2.00 James had given him, John bought eggs at each landing and sold them to the passengers at a small profit, clearing $12.00 on the trip. This he gave to his mother and it helped more than one would imagine in buying nourishment for her loved ones.

Eighteen months passed before they had finally earned enough to continue their journey to the gathering place of the Saints in the West. But finally in 1851, they crossed the plains, traveling in the Carbon Company. Arriving in Utah, they settled in American Fork, on the spot where the Chipmunk Mercantile now stands. He drew that lot, and later gave it to the city for a public square.

John Fisher lived but a short time after their arrival, his being the first death and burial in American Fork. Their daughter, Harriet, was the third person buried in the adjoining town of Lehi.

After getting the family settled, John found a job. It is known that he worked some time for Mercer's in American Fork. He lived with the Binns' one winter. One of the Mercer girls later became the wife of James Kirkham. They were always close friends.

In the fall of 1853, he was called to go to Fillmore to help build a fort for protection against the Indians. He also helped to build the state Capital building at Fillmore, which was at that time capital of the state. He was one of a company of men under Captain William Sidney Willes who were sent to Fillmore to protect the settlement during the Walker War. An account of this expedition and the cannon which they call "Old Sow," is recorded in the Lehi Centennial History, 1850-1950 as follows, under the heading, "Indian Expeditions":

Soon after the outbreak of the Walker War, Captain Willis with thirty men was detailed to Salt Creek (Now Nephi) to assist the people there. They served only ten days before returning home. Later an expedition left Lehi with Millard County as the objective point and of this, James Narwood, a member of the company, gives the following interesting account:

“Captain Sidney Willes was ordered to take his company and proceed to Fillmore, the capital of the Territory. William Wadsworth, Abram Hatch, Sylvanus Collett, William Ball, George Coleman, John Hacking, and myself, with other from American Fork and Pleasant Grove, made up the company. It was quite an undertaking at that time to find horses and saddles, as but few of these were used, oxen being the principal beasts of burden. By the first of August, we were on the way and succeeded in getting through without any attacks from Indians. A company from Salt Lake City, who were a few days march ahead of

us were attacked at Willow Springs and several of their number killed. When we arrived in Fillmore, we aced as guards for the settlement and stock while the people gathered their crops and placed themselves in a position of defense."

Shortly afterwards, we received orders to gather up all the surplus cattle and bring them back to Salt Lake City for safety. When we started on our trip we took with us a cannon, John Hacking and myself having it in charge. We had no occasion to use it, but I think it had a salutary effect upon the minds of the red men. They said they did not mind being fired upon with guns, but they seriously objected to being shot at with wagons.

The old cannon is now in the museum in Salt Lake City.

Back in American Fork, John found his mother's family without food, so he bought a load of wheat and took it to a gristmill at the mouth of American Fork Canyon, where it was ground into flour. By noon the next day it had all been loaned to hungry neighbors except fifty pounds. He bought another load of wheat and had it made into flour, but it soon went the same way. Unable to get more wheat, he gave his mother the bran and shorts he had saved for his horse and turned the animal to forage for himself.

In January, 1854, he moved his mother to Cedar Fort, seventeen miles west of American Fork, where he purchased a house and lot from Eli Bell, one of the first settlers of that place. That same year John S. Hacking brought an order from President Brigham Young for the settlers to build a rock fort for protection from the Indians. This fort was to be four rods square and 16 foot high and no gate.

After some consultation the settlers decided to make the fort eight rods square with a gate, so they could live within the walls. They began at once to haul rock and lay up the walls but the fort was never finished, probably due to the fact that the Indian trouble abated. Part of the wall is still standing. The west joins the John S. Hacking homestead and on the south it joins the home of Mrs. Ed Cook. When the fort was being born down with the idea of building a church on the square, Mr. Hacking was paid the sum of $50.00 to have that portion left as a monument to those early days.

This fort has no connection to the Cedar Fort from which the town got its name. When the village was first founded, a number of houses were built in a square along the creek flowing from a nearby spring. This location was first south of where the stone fort was later built. During the year of 1853 the settlers drove large pickets of cedar between the houses, forming a small fort 19 feet high, 11 rods wide and 23 rods long, with two gates, one on the north and one on the south. Thus became the town, named Cedar Fort. The home of the Fisher family was in this fort.

That year John's love for adventure led him to join the Gunnison party. Captain John Gunnison was head of the topographical engineers who were surveying for a railroad. This survey was authorized by congress and made by order of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War. The route crossed through the Green River Valleys and west of the Wasatch Mountains twined north to the Sevier River.

Here the party made camp, afterward separating in groups to search out the best route. On Oct. 26, 1853 Captain Gunnison with eleven of his men were encamped on a bend of the Sevier River when in the early morning hours they were attacked by Indians who had crept upon them in the night. Capt. Gunnison rushed from the tent with raised hand, calling to the Indians that he was their friend. He fell, pierced with arrows and rifle shots. Eight of the eleven were killed. The Indians had been aroused by the unnecessary killing of two peaceful Indians by immigrants traveling through to California.

The company was reorganized with Lt. Beckworth as captain, but continued under the name of the Gunnison exploring company.

The company did not continue on its way to California until spring. John S. Hacking was hired to break mules for the company and so on May 4, 1854 left with them for California. Not many days after their departure, one member of the party, a big Irishman, displayed some clothing he had stolen in Salt Lake City; Among the articles were some of the L.D.S. garments, which he displayed and ridiculed. He boasted of sleeping with Brigham Young's wives, at which point John could stand it no longer. "You're a damn liar! I know some of Brigham's wives and they are all good, virtuous women." The man rushed to attack John.

The Sergeant interfered and in the scuffle, the Irishman bit the sergeant's thumb almost off. For punishment, he was hand cuffed and fastened to the wheel of a wagon, with a short chain, and forced to travel that way for several days, bending up and down with each turn of the wheel. There were four guards following along to see that he couldn't get away.

John soon found other chores to do besides breaking mules. He helped put up the officer's tents and arrange the camp, chopped the wood for the cook, and roasted coffee and made himself useful in many ways. One day as he was chopping wood the ax slipped in some way and cut off three of his toes. He was carried into the Captain's tent, and the doctor was called. John watched very closely while the doctor sewed the toes back on, and the knowledge gained through this experience was of great value to him in his future life. He also learned to set broken bones and thus were many who thanked him for setting a broken arm or leg when there was no doctor to go to.

John's niece, Clara Clerk Cook, cut two of her toes off in the same way he had, and he, by using the knowledge he had gained by watching the doctor of the Gunnison party sew on his toes, he was able to sew Clara's toes on and did a very good job. He also sewed the nose of Allen Weeks Jr. on, when it was kicked off by a horse and was only hanging by the skin on the lower part of the nose. People who saw the patient when it was healed, said the job was so well done that it wasn't noticeable across the room.

But to get back to the Gunnison party. They continued their survey, climbing Mt. Shasta, a feat which few, if any, had accomplished before. John's duties were ended when they reached Shasta City, and he received his discharge in August, 1854, the trip having taken something over three months. After being mustered out of service, he went to Georgetown, California to see his Uncle Thomas Pearson, of whom we last heard in New Orleans when he paid for the passage of his sister, John's mother, and her family on the steamboat up the Mississippi to join her sons and daughters at St. Louis. He had passed through Salt Lake to reach California where he now owned a dance hall and gold mine and other properties.

At Shasta City, John intended to ride the stagecoach. He found it filled. He urged the driver to let him go on anyhow. On being refused he said, "I'll beat you to Georgetown on foot." He struck out with his bedroll on his back, taking advantage of each short cut. Going uphill John would get ahead of the stage, but going downhill the stage would pass him. As the last stretch of the journey was uphill, John came out in lead and was sitting on the platform when the stage pulled in. The passengers of the stage were rooting for John all the way, and when the stage stopped, they carried John into the lunch room, ordered the best meal they had, and made the stage driver pay the bill. One of the men took him to the edge of town and showed him where his uncle lived. On his arrival, his uncle said to him, "Don't let it be known that you are a Mormon or you'll never get a job." Two hours later the paper came with glaring headlines: "Mormon youth carrying a 100 lb. bundle beats stage coach." Turning to John, his uncle asked, "Was that you?" "Yes" said John, it was, but it wasn't a 100 pound roll.

John was in California several months, and it speaks highly for his integrity that during that time he abstained from drinking, smoking, and other bad habits, although temptation was all around him. He worked in mines, carried gold from the mines, tended bar, swept and mopped floors, and etc. He also worked at other mines. At one place the men were allowed to take their pay in gold dust. John had found a nugget shaped like clasped hands sawed off at the wrist. When he was paid, he asked if he might have this nugget. Unable to find it, the owner had the men searched. It was found on a man named Boston. Some of the men wanted to hang him. He was placed in a shack and a man left to guard him, while the owner and others decided his fate. Boston begged so hard that the guard finally allowed him to escape through the window in the back room. The thief went to the cabin of his benefactor and stole everything he had, then skipped. They never found him.

Those were glamorous times and his uncle received his share of the gold which flowed so freely. One man had a trick donkey. The owner offered a sum of money to anyone who could ride the donkey without being thrown, charging so much for each trial. Hundreds had tried, but the tricky mule piled them as fast as they got on. Thomas Pearson, watching the fun one day, said, "I have a nephew that can ride him." Bring him on, said the owner. So John was brought, and after watching awhile, he mounted the donkey, locked his long legs around the small animal, and stayed with him. The wily animal tried all his tricks, but to no avail. Finally, the little fellow laid down. John slipped one foot to the ground and when the donkey got up he was on its back. "If he had rolled over he would have had me," said John. As if acknowledging a defeat, the donkey walked down the enclosure to his master and stopped. John had won the $50.00 prize.

The Pearsons had a large tree so tall and leaning over the house, that they feared it would be blown over and crush the house. They wished it cut down, but were afraid to cut it lest it fall on the house. They were going to remove a sick lady from the building, but John said, "Leave her alone; she won't be hurt." He marked the place where the tree was to fall, and began chopping. In due time the tree fell in the exact spot he had marked.

After spending nearly two years in California, John decided to go back to Utah. He went by steamboat to the Isthmus of Panama, crossing the Isthmus on the first passenger train from west to east between the cities of Panama and Aspenwall, now called Colon. All along the road were graves of men who died with malaria while working on the railroad. There were men still working, and John noticed how thin and emaciated they were, almost like walking skeletons, from that dreaded disease.

He told of how meals were served on long tables with small negro waiters running up and down the center of the table, serving the men. One of the men mentioned how good the beefsteak was. The waiter said, "No Boss. That no beefsteak, that's monkey meat." The men were so angry they tipped the table bottom side up.

Sailing up the Atlantic Coast to the New York harbor, he made his way to St. Louis again, going by way of Niagara Falls. Here he met his childhood sweetheart, Jane Clark, who, with her parents, James and Elizabeth Pearson Clark, had emigrated to America in 1850. John and Jane were married May 5, 1856. Jane, with her parents, left for Council Bluffs two days later. John stayed at St. Louis six weeks, working in the coal pits to get money for expenses on their trip west.

The Clark family were going by team, and were unable to take much except their food and bedding, so John shipped all their goods up the river by steamboat to Council Bluffs. After paying for his passage, freight bill, and provisions, John had twenty-five cents left of his six weeks' wages. When he arrived at Council Bluffs he heard that all the Clark family, including his bride, had been massacred.

This report was soon proven untrue, to his great joy. While waiting for a wagon train to arrive, he met a friend by the name of Wellop, who took him to another friend, Eli Hall. Both of these friends crossed the

sea with John. Mr. Wellop got John's freight from the warehouse and Mr. Hall stored it free of charge. Wellop then took him to the home of his father, where he was given work until his folks should come. For this, he received $15.00 and a deer hide.

When the Clark family finally arrived, they all crossed the river to Florence, Nebraska, where Cummings were fitting up teams and wagons for the journey across the plains. They were placed in the Banks Company, but were with the ten wagons who later pulled out and went on alone under Captain James Pearson Clark. A dispute had arisen when part of the men refused guard duty and other unpleasant jobs. Rather than to be imposed upon, the driver of the ten wagons pulled out. The company had very little sickness and no deaths. One baby was born on the way. When they reached Ft. Laramie they found three tribes of Indians who were there to make treaties with the U.S. Government. Their ponies had eaten off the grass for about sixty miles, so the pioneers could little feed for their oxen.

One evening as they were camped beside a deep gulch which they had crossed, and sudden storm arose. The gulch was soon flooded with water which overflowed the banks and spread out until it was about a foot deep in camp. The oxen stampeded and plunged into the torrent. John and his brother-in-law, James Clark, stripped, and swam the stream, then were obliged to run two miles before they could turn the frightened beasts back.

While they were camped at Ft. Bridger, the first hand cart company, under Captain Ellsworth, arrived at the Fort. When the company of ten wagons were fording the Elkhorn River (sometimes called "Luke's Fork) one yoke of oxen were caught in a whirlpool and got fast to a floating tree. John Hacking and James P. Clark swam in, unyoked the oxen, and all got out safely. The Company arrived in Salt Lake City Sept. 27, 1856.

They settled at Cedar Fort, where, except for a short time when Jane and John lived at Spring Creek between American Fork and Lehi, they resided the remainder of their lives. Due to Indian hostilities and molestation by the Johnston's Army, the people of Cedar Fort were forced to abandon their homes three times. It was after one of those moves that Mr. and Mrs. Hacking and their young son, James, lived for awhile near American Fork.

One night during a bad storm, an Indian Chief came to their home and asked for shelter from the storm. They took him in and fed him, then allowed him to sleep on the kitchen floor near the fire.

Some time later Mr. Hacking decided to go to Pole Canyon in the hills west of Cedar Fort for a load of poles, taking Mrs. Hacking and their small boy, James, about four months old, along to visit her mother while he got the poles. So, tying a roll of bedding on the running gear of the wagon and placing a loaf of bread in a sack and tying it on also, they started out with their ox team. As they were going through the low hills between Utah Valley and Cedar Valley, about seven miles from Lehi, a small band of Indians swooped down from a knoll to the north and they demanded food. Badly frightened, Mrs. Hacking begged her husband to give them the loaf of bread. This he refused to do, so the Indians began spearing the oxen with arrows.

An old Indian chief was following in the rear and he kept yelling at them and gesticulating for them to stop and come back, but they ignored him. One Indian tried to grab the loaf of bread and got a lash with the bull whip for his pains. At that the Indians drew back their arrows as if to shoot, but the yells of the old chief were so persistent that they finally decided to heed him. After spearing the oxen again they turned and rode back the way they came.

The frightened animals ran until their tongues hung down from exhaustion, before they were finally brought under control. The old chief turned out to be the same Indian that had been given shelter in the Hacking home. Mrs. Hacking, scared out of her wits, had a hard time holding to her baby and clinging to her precarious position on the roll of bedding.

A day or two later Mr. Hacking was at his mother's home when some Indians came there to beg. Among them was one who kept his blanket around him, only his eyes being uncovered. Mr. Hacking made a quick move and jerked away the blanket. There was a great welt across the Indian's cheek where he had been slashed with the bull whip. The Indians lost no time in getting away from there.

Wishing to move his family to Cedar Fort, Mr. Hacking consulted Bishop Weeks about building a house in the fort. He was not encouraged to do so, probably because there was so little room. Father Dalton was moving to American Fork and told Mr. Hacking to build on his ground, so that is where he built. That was outside the fort, where the Earl Cook granary now stands. Bishop Weeks thought it wrong to build outside the fort, and sent word to President Young. The reply was, "Let him go ahead and build. You should all have been out of the fort before this."

Mr. Hacking homesteaded and bought in later years more land to make 270 acres. The settlers fenced all their land in together. Most of the water for irrigating the fields came from the North Canyon. The stream dried up during the latter part of the summer, often before the crops were matured. Water for culinary purposes and gardening came from two springs, one just above the town and one about three miles north and west.

The ground was rich and fertile and soon all kinds of vegetables and grains were raised. Honey was very scarce; indeed, it was almost nil until the Johnston's Army came in 1858. The army first encamped north of Cedar Fort on the North Ditch, but when it was found that the water supply would not last the year around, they moved camp to a spot near Fairfield, five miles south of Cedar Fort. This camp was called Camp Floyd. The army brought prosperity to the little settlement. They now had a market for all they could raise of hay, grain, and vegetables; 5,000 was a lot of men to feed.

An industry new to that locality sprang up; that of burning charcoal for the use of the army. John S. Hacking learned about burning charcoal from his experience in the coal pits at St. Louis, and so one winter day he loaded his camp equipment on a large sleigh and walked across the valley to the east mountains, pulling the hand sleigh. Here, where cedar trees were plentiful, he selected a place for his pits and made his camp. Clearing a space of sagebrush and grass, he cut the wood and piled it in a cone shape. This he covered first with mud, then started a fire, after which he covered the mound with dirt. The covered fire burned slowly and steadily but required constant watching, for if a small flame broke through creating a draft, it would all go up in flame.

Quite a number of men from Cedar Fort worked at the charcoal pits, watching the pits in shifts, night and day. There was ready sale for the charcoal at Camp Floyd and to Sandy for the soldiers at Fort Douglas, and later to the smelters at Murray. This was indeed a boom to the men, as it enabled them to purchase supplies so badly needed. John's camp rations were very meager, no meat or even fat of any kind.

One day a cow with a young calf came near his camp, and seeing that unless she was milked and tended she would have a ruined udder, John milked her and soon had plenty of milk to use. When the owner came hunting his cattle, John explained things to him. The owner thanked him and said, "I see you are not starving the calf any, so just keep on milking her."

While the army helped the settlers in a financial way, they were also a menace to the little village. On Aug. 22, 1859 the Fort was fired on by a company of soldiers, who also set fire to a stack of hay outside the fort. At first, the settlers thought they were being attacked by Indians. Mr. Hacking paused to listen to the whizzing bullets, and said, "It is not Indians that are shooting. Those are bullets from army rifles." This proved to be correct according to a letter written after the attack. One horse, one cow, and one yearling were killed. Damage was estimated at $1,188.00.

A guard was set with instruction to call, "Who goes there?" three times, if any suspicious movements were seen in the dark. If no answer came, they were to fire. It is said that Eli Bennett saw a form creeping along in the darkness. Being excited, he called "Who goes there?" three times. Receiving no answer, he fired, and shot a pig. Prior to this, Mr. Hacking, seeing a form slinking along the wall, was on the point of firing when he discovered it was a white woman, thus the order to call before firing.

At the outbreak of the Civil War the soldiers were ordered to return to the East. Many of the soldiers were in sympathy with the South, General Johnston himself joining the Rebels army. A footnote in Whitney's "Making of a State," reads: "General Johnston, wearing the gray instead of the blue, commanding a Confederate army instead of a Union army, met General Grant at Shiloh April 6, 1862 and fell at the crisis of that terrible battle, which but for his death, might have been won for the South.

Before Camp Floyd was evacuated immense stores of supplies and provisions were sold for almost nothing. Goods worth four million dollars were sold for one hundred thousand dollars. Great quantities of arms and ammunition were destroyed by direction of the department. John S. Hacking was one of those who profited by this great sale. He purchased many badly needed articles for a very small sum of money. Among other things, he bought equipment for completing his blacksmith shop. His friends asked what he would do with it, as he knew nothing of blacksmithing, to which he answered, "Well, I can learn. I may burn up a lot of iron, but iron is cheap." And learn he did. Soon he was second to none in shoeing horses, setting tires and many other things needful in a farming community. He invented and made a number of things to make farming easier.

When the Cedar Fort Co-op was organized, he was one of the stockholders. He was also purchasing agent and freighted the goods from Salt Lake City. Later he pulled out of the co-op and set up a store on his own. The Cedar Fort Irrigation Co. was organized in 1870, which John S. Hacking was watermaster, a position he held without pay for fifty-three years.

So now we have John Sampson Hacking, farmer, blacksmith, merchant, doctor, watermaster, freighter, charcoal burner, and Indian fighter, a far cry from the hungry little fatherless boy of old England days. He fought in both the Black Hawk and Walker wars and other skirmishes. He was left for dead on the battlefield, but the bullet just grazed his scalp and stunned him. He carried the scar to his death. At another time, an Indian had John by the hair and the tomahawk raised to scalp him, when he was shot by one of Mr. Hacking's company.

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Jane Hacking had four husbands. The next section will explain more of the details for them. Her son, James N. O'Brien did not know much about her first husband, and, apparently, was not even aware of her second husband. There are reasons for that, but they will not be explicitly stated her. Perhaps you can read between the lines if it matters to you. Many have mistaken information about how early Jane was married. She was not married until after she came to the Salt Lake Valley. She traveled overland along with her stepfather, John

Fisher with the James W. Cummings Company in 1851. About 150 individuals and 100 wagons were in the company when it began its journey from the outfitting post at Kanesville, Iowa (present day Council Bluffs). The 4th Ten in the 2nd Fifty separated from the company and traveled independently on 12 July. The Fisher/Hacking family traveled with the 2nd. Fifty First Hundred of O. Pratts Company, Alfred Cordon, Captain, in the 3rd Ten. There were 7 traveling in the Fisher family: John, Jane, Alice, and Moroni Fisher, Harriet, Jane and John Hacking; 2 Wagons, 6 Oxen, and 1 Cow. They left Kanesville on 1 July and arrived in Salt Lake City between 30 Sep and 7 Oct 1851. Several trail excerpts are available to give more of the story of the trail at the following URL: http://www.lds.org/churchhistory/library/pioneercompanysources/0,16272,4019-1-97,00.html

Jane did not meet Enoch Marvin King until after 1851 because Enoch traveled overland and arrived in Salt Lake City in September 1849, which was before Jane came to the United States in October 1949. According to the IGI on Family Search, Enoch and Jane were married and sealed on 2 Feb 1852 in Salt Lake City. Their son David Franklin King was born 3 Jan 1853 in Salt Lake City. However, something happened that upset Jane and the Church leaders because Jane obtained a divorce with the approval of the First Presidency and was later married and sealed to Enoch's older brother, John Morris King on 12 Aug 1855 in the President's Office in Salt Lake City. A few month's later, 18 Nov 1855, John died, leaving Jane a young widow with a young son. They moved to Cedar Fort to be close to her mother and her brother's family.

Since Camp Floyd became important in the next chapters in Jane's life, the short history of Camp Floyd written by Audrey Godfrey is included below. You will note that Camp Floyd was only active for a short time, so the window of time for Jane's next two marriages and children born to them could only occur in a small range between 1858 and the start of the Civil War. Since John Sampson Hacking did business with the soldiers at Camp Floyd, it is not surprising that his sister and young widow, Jane, would have an opportunity to come in contact with the them as well. Before too long, a government scout, Mr. McNeil, became smitten with Jane, and asked her to become his wife sometime in 1858. Their happiness did not last long, however, because Mr. McNeil was shot in the back and killed. The union left Jane as a young widow again, this time with two young children: David King and Josephine McNeil, her little daughter only living about two years, about 1859 to about 1861.

About this time, another soldier, James Hanley O'Brien, came into the picture. He had great empathy for Jane's plight. He had experienced heartache himself with the loss of his beloved brother, William, and he had seen many of his close friends become casualties of war as he fought in the Crimean War and Florida Wars (see information below). It did not take him long to see the strength of character she demonstrated, and he wanted to have her standing by his side and becoming the mother of his children. They were married about 1860 and their first child, Mary was born 19 April 1861 at either Cedar Fort or Camp Floyd. When the Civil War broke out and her husband was ordered to return to the East, you can imagine why Jane decided to take her children and follow him to Washington D.C.

and the Baltimore, Maryland area. I am sure she thought she could help care for those in need as she stayed closer to her new husband. There second child together, James Hanley or N. O'Brien was born in Washington D. C. 29 Dec 1863. Soon after in the early spring of 1864, Jane's fourth husband died, a casualty of the Civil War.

In 1864, Jane was only 31 years old. She had been widowed three times and had an unsatisfactory first marriage. She had lost a daughter, her father and stepfather, five of her siblings and stepsiblings, and several of her nieces. Her oldest son was only 11 and she had a 3 year-old and an infant. She was a continent away from her loved ones in Utah, and the strength of fellow church members around her. She must have taken a moment or two to grieve for all that she had lost. But she did not wallow in her grief. She strapped on the courage and strength she had learned from her adversities and followed the example of her fore bearers. She returned to the strength of her family and friends in Cedar Fort and continued to flourish as best she could with optimism and faith lighting her way.

There is more research that must be done to learn about who Mr. McNeil and James Hanley O'Brien are. I am anxious to get to know Jane's last two husbands. James Hanley O'Brien must have been a very intelligent and learned person to be able to speak seven languages and read and write in four of those seven. I am hopeful that we will be able to obtain at least military records for both O'Brien and McNeil and learn of some of their character and other family connection. When we learn more, I will add it to this history.

Camp Floyd

On 9 November 1858, amid gun fire and patriotic music, the soldiers of Camp Floyd, Utah Territory, raised the United States flag above their newly completed garrison. Named for Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, the post housed the largest concentration of U.S. troops to that time, in what immediately became the third largest city in Utah.

Camp Floyd was a product of the so-called "Utah War." Influenced by rumors of rebellion in Utah, President James Buchanan ordered 2,500 soldiers led by General William S. Harney to the territory in May 1857. Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston took over the command of the Utah Expedition as Harney was retained in Kansas to direct troops in the escalating troubles there.

Extreme cold and harassment by Mormon guerrillas forced Johnston's Army into a winter encampment called Camp Scott near Fort Bridger. Successful peace negotiations resulted in orders in the spring of 1858 for the army to march through Salt Lake City and on to a garrison site in Cedar Valley, forty miles south of the Mormon center. After a short stay at the north end of the valley, Johnston moved his men across a creek from present-day Fairfield where soldiers, aided by Mormon laborers and artisans, built Camp Floyd.

Though originally intended to be an occupying force, the army found itself virtually isolated from most of Utah's citizens. Nevertheless, it organized its own theatrical productions, a circus, a temperance society, and a Masonic lodge (the first in Utah). During the three-year tenure of the post, the men engineered a unique watering system, planted gardens, and regularly honed their military skills through drills and instruction. Some served in brief forays against Indians in western Utah and present-day eastern Nevada. A detachment escorted the seventeen surviving children of the Mountain Meadows Massacre to Fort Leavenworth. Others guarded army paymasters and immigrant trains between Utah and California.

The most significant contribution of the army came in its assistance in improving western immigrant roads. Under the direction of Captain James H. Simpson of the Army Corps of Engineers, new routes were mapped

which shortened travel time between the states and California; already existing trails were also improved. Scientists and artists accompanying the troops studied the scenery, flora and fauna, collecting specimens and sketching their findings to add to the knowledge of this newly opening area.

In 1860, after Floyd's Southern sympathies caused his dismissal from cabinet, the post was renamed Fort Crittenden. Then, when fighting in the South escalated into the Civil War, the frontier troops were called back east to that conflict. By midsummer of 1861 Camp Floyd/Fort Crittenden was abandoned.

The government sold at auction supplies not deemed transportable, and destroyed munitions and armaments. Many local citizens benefited from the sale as provisions and other items sold at rock-bottom prices. After the army left, scavengers hauled away stones, lumber, and other abandoned items to construct needed farm buildings.

Little remains today to remind the visitor of the huge military reservation which covered nearly 100 acres, or the satellite community of camp followers known as Frogtown. Only one storehouse and the army cemetery still exist at the site of the encampment. However, many Utah families trace their roots to soldiers who chose to remain in Utah after leaving the army.

See: Thomas G. Alexander and Leonard J. Arrington, "Camp in the Sagebrush: Camp Floyd, Utah, 1858-61," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 34 (1966); Norman F. Furniss, *The Mormon Conflict, 1850-1859* (1960); Audrey M. Godfrey, "A Social History of Camp Floyd, Utah Territory, 1858-1861," master's thesis (USU 1989); Donald R. Moorman, with Gene Sessions, *Camp Floyd and the Mormons: The Utah War* (1992).

Audrey M. Godfrey
http://www.media.utah.edu/UHE/c/CAMPFLOYD.html

The **Crimean War** (1853–1856) was fought between Imperial Russia on one side and an alliance of France, the United Kingdom, the Kingdom of Sardinia, and the Ottoman Empire on the other. Most of the conflict took place on the Crimean Peninsula, with additional actions occurring in western Turkey, and the Baltic Sea region.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Crimean_War

Crimean War Research Society
http://www.crimeanwar.org/cwrsentry.html

http://www.regiments.org/wars/19thcent/53crimea.htm

http://www.regiments.org/biography/index.htm

The **Seminole Wars**, also known as the **Florida Wars**, were three conflicts in Florida between various groups of Native Americans collectively known as Seminoles and the United States. The **First Seminole War** was from 1817 to 1818; the **Second Seminole War** from 1835 to 1842; and the **Third Seminole War** from 1855 to 1858.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Seminole_Wars