

Levi Harmon Jackman
6 September 1853 - 25 March 1922

Palmyra July 2nd 1854

A Blessing by acting Bishop Stephen Markham on the Head of Levy Harman son of Levy and Lucinda Harman Jackman Born Sept 6th 1853 at Palmyra Utah Co Utah Territory at or past 5 O'clock A.M.

Levy I Lay my hands upon thy head to give thee a Bishops Blessing for thou art one of the spirits that stayed back in yonder world and Cultvated thyself to come forth a lawful heir of the Kingdom God to the work of this dispensation for thou art the promised seed of the Israelites to come forth in this dispensation as one of the hornes of Joseph to push the people together from the four quarters of the earth for thou shall be a mighty man in the hands of the almighty in hunting up the lost tribes of Israel and gathering them home to the Land of Zion to receive their instructions in the priciples that pertaineth to life and Salvation for thou art the first born of thy Father that is a lawful heir into the Kingdom for when he has worn out his boddy thou shall step into his shoes and do the work he has laid off to do Thou shall become Father in Israel and thy seed shall become numerous and shall be blest down to the latest generation on the account of thy faithfulness thou shall have mighty faith with God to rebuke the destroyer to stay the hands of the enemy and have power over the winds, power over the water to turn rivers out of their courses to bring Israel over dry shod. And if necessary thou shall have power like Moses of Old to bring forth signs to the convincing of the lost tribes of Israel If thy parents shall be faithful in instructing thee these Blessings shall all come upon thy head Now I seal thee up to come forth in the first resurection in the name of Jesus, Amen.

S Hillman, Rec¹

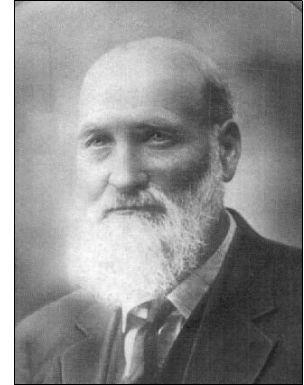
They were soon forced to abandon the town because of Indian troubles. The family moved to Spanish Fork. They lived there for three years before moving to 5th West and 1st North in Salt Lake City. Levi was Baptized 3 October 1861. He attended five years of school in Salt Lake City under E.B. Tripe and G.W. Mousely.

My father, Levi Harmon Jackman was born at Old Palmira Utah September 6th 1853. His parents moved from Palmira into Salt Lake City. I do not know the date of their moving there however. They lived there for some time on what is now North Temple Street. Not far from where the Tabernacle now stands. He told me of playing with other boys around the grounds on the grounds

¹ Old Palmyra Ward Records, microfilm # 001923

where the Tabernacle was in course of construction. The family moved from there to Salem Utah. . .²

In March 1865 the family moved to Salem. He was ordained an Elder in August 1868 by William Davis Sr. and was soon appointed as the Elder's Quorum clerk. In February 1868 he went through the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. In the fall of 1870 he was admitted to the School of the Prophets in Payson. Soon after this he was set apart as ward clerk and ward teacher. When he was nineteen years old, he became the leader of the Sunday School Choir in the Salem Ward for three years. He married Sarah Elizabeth Hatch in the Endowment House 12 April 1875. The ceremony was performed by Wilford Woodruff who was acquainted with his father. He served in the YMMIA in Salem, first as a councilor and then as President beginning in 1880.



Father owned but little property there [Salem]. To the best of my knowledge three acres of farming land and a city lot where he built a two room log house and my first remembrance of life commenced there. Some of the things they did there remain very vividly in my mind even though I was very young.

I well remember the team my father had to do his work with. It consisted of a pair of oxen. One red and the other black called respectively Nog and Pady. These he used for all his team work for some time. There were no stores in Salem at that time and to do their shopping people went either to Spanish Fork or to Payson. [Their Post Office address was Payson.] One day I remember well Father and Mother and Father's brother Daniel and his wife decided to take a trip to Payson to do some shopping. So they yoked the oxen to the wagon, laid boards across the wagon box for a spring seat and folded two quilts and laid on the boards for upholstery and started for the store in style. The next day we saw no notice in the paper where two outfits had run together and killed all or part of our party.³

At this time during the summer my parents raised garden produce and sold to the peddlers who hauled it by team to the mining camps at Eureka and Scofield and sold it to the workers there. Also on Fathers little farm he raised grain and hay. Once I remember he raised a crop on Sorghum cane, along with the other men in town. The men got together and built a molasses mill. They constructed a large wheel and ran it by the water that flowed from the pond. To this they

² Autobiography of Reuben Oliver Jackman

³ Reuben Oliver Jackman

hitched rollers and other necessary equipment. By working together every family was able to put away a generous supply of wonderful molasses.

My brother Levi and I used to carry father's dinner down to him at the mill every day. I was quite young at the time but I remember helping to strip the leaves from the cane stocks and cut off the seed tassels to prepare the stocks for the mill.⁴

At this time Utah county was all one stake with headquarters at Provo. All quarterly conferences were held there. On one occasion I went with my parents to Conference and there got my first sight of one of the Presidents of the church, President John Taylor. I remember so well because he stood on a stage a little above us dressed in a white suit, and in his talk he told of his experience in Carthage Jail when Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered.

During the summer of 1883 my father's Aunt Emily Harmon and her son Jim Harmon came from Joseph to spend some time in Salem -and visit with my folks. Emily Harmon was a sister to my grandmother Jackman. As a result of this visit my parents made a trip to Joseph to spend the 1883-1884 Christmas Holidays. We traveled by team and there was considerable snow. The first day we went as far as Nephi and stopped that night with a family by the name of McCune. We arrived there after dark and the next morning the sun got lost and came up square in the south. The world changed during the night and it never got straightened out again for me.

The next day we went as far as Manti and stayed with Mother's relatives Marion Jolly's family. We arrived there after dark also but on Christmas Eve 1883. We found that Christmas had already begun for the streets were all strewn with fence posts, gates, bridges and everything to make traveling disagreeable. We arrived safely however and during the evening a group of young folks came to the house singing carols. That was my first experience in that line though I have taken part in many carol groups since then.

We stayed there two days and then moved on to where we were going. To Joseph Utah. There was plenty of snow on the ground and it was very cold. We visited there with the Harmons and the Cooleys. Osborn Cooley was the son of Emily Harmon by a previous marriage. He was a cousin to my father. They had quite a large family of young folks. We stayed at Joseph several days. I don't remember just how long. I was too young to realize the importance of that trip. I was to learn that later. After some time we returned home to Salem where we spent the rest of the year in school as usual.

In the spring 1884 about the first of April, Jim Harmon came to Salem with a team. I remember plainly the day he came. Grandma Jackman lived just across the street from us at that time. Mother had gone to Aunt Myras across the

⁴ Reuben Oliver Jackman

pond and left me with Grandma Jackman. When our visitor arrived, Grandma sent me hurrying around the pond to tell Mother Uncle Jim Harmon was there. It was then I learned what the trip that winter was all about. The people at Joseph were anxious to have some one with a knowledge of music move into their town. Father played the violin and was quite musically inclined. So they had encouraged him to move there to help them. Father had purchased a farm at Joseph that winter and now we were going to move. Our house and land in Salem was sold and Father had bought a wagon and team with which to move. He could get more land in Joseph and better our financial condition so in the first part of April 1884 we bid a fond farewell to our old home and started south.

Our caravan consisted of two wagons, two horses on each wagon. One extra mare we called Brownie, two cows, one pig (which we had to keep inside the wagon,) and a tom cat. As soon as we got started our troubles commenced. It was spring and just the time of the year the frost was leaving the ground and it seemed there was no bottom to the mud. Father and Harmon drove the team and mother tended the baby (Francis) inside the wagon. Levi and I took turns riding old Brownie and driving the cows.⁵

. . . The roads kept getting worse and worse and our teams were tired out from pulling the heavy load through the sticky mud. So they decided to leave one wagon in Redmon with the furniture and put the four horses on one wagon so we could travel faster and make it through to Joseph the next day. Father could come back later and pick up the wagon of furniture and tools.

That was my first introduction to Richfield. Believe me our four horses had about all they could do to drag the wagon down through the main street. The street was just deep muddy ruts. Richfield main street has improved considerably in the last seventy years.

From here on the road followed along the foot hills and the ground was mostly gravel and less mud so we could travel much faster. We arrived in Joseph that night. I often wish I could tell the exact date but we never thought it important then so it was lost. I only know that it was April 1884 and I was six and a half years old.

Joseph at this time was a pioneer settlement of about thirty-five families and they were badly scattered around the valley. There were however about twenty or so families forming a town on the west side of the river, about a half mile or more from the river. The farm Father had bought was on the east side of the river and had no house on it. Levi Harmon a brother of Jim Harmon had a log house on his property adjoining our farm. He had been married once and was separated from his wife so they let us move into this house that was vacant. It had

⁵ Reuben Oliver Jackman

one room so Father built a leanto onto the back and this was our home for that winter and the next summer.⁶

That same spring Father organized the first band in Joseph. Called 'The Martial Band.' It was the only band in Joseph for many years and played for all the towns entertainments and holiday celebrations. I believe there were ten members although I can name only eight. Father, . . . Levi, and myself. I was eight years old then. The first appearance of the band was for the Fourth of July celebration 1885. It was customary in those days for a band to start out at the crack of dawn to serenade the whole town going from one house to another playing a tune at each house.⁷

Their presence was announced by two men shooting off guns or sometimes a cannon. At the crack of dawn! Levi's wife Sarah was unhappy so far from town with her husband away at night playing the violin for dances. In the fall of 1886 the townspeople took down their house and rebuilt it in town within four days.

Levi H. Jackman baptized me. A group of boys and girl[s] stood in the road watching for Bro Jackman to come. When we saw him coming; he was wearing bibbed overalls, a blue shirt a black hat, and heavy work shoes. We were baptized in the Joseph canal under a huge cottonwood tree . . . Bro Jackman came, took his hat off and placed it on the bank, and then waded out in the water where it came almost to his hips, and then motioned to one of the boys to come first, he shook his head and ran behind the other kids. He motioned to another boy and he did the same thing.

A young man (Will Hyatt) and another fellow were watching over the fence. Will pointed at me and said 'she isn't afraid she will go first', that made me feel so brave, I marched right down into the canal, Bro Jackman reached out and took hold of my hand, and I was the first one baptized. As soon as I came out of the water I ran for home . . .⁸

Levi Jackman's family used to come to our place and spend the evening. He would bring his violin and Grandfather Harmon would play the banjo. They taught me to play with them on the organ.

He's the one who played the fiddle with my Grandpa Harmon. He was bald headed, real bald and *very sensitive* about that bald head. And a long beard, down to his chest. He played it [the fiddle] from his head, right up under the whiskers. The whiskers didn't bother him. He kept them trimmed. They didn't

⁶ Reuben Oliver Jackman

⁷ Reuben Oliver Jackman

⁸ Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

come bushy out here. [He] farmed and carried mail. He was a Notary Public. He was ward clerk and town clerk. He could mend shoes and he played for dances. He fiddled for dances, he called it fiddling. Jackman had so many kids to mend shoes for he didn't do any for money. But he carried the mail every day for about twenty-one years and they said he never missed the mail once, getting it to that old train on time.⁹

He raised beets sometimes but he raised hay and grain. When they'd thresh their grain they'd take it to the mill and have it ground into flour on a percentage. He didn't spend as much time on the farm as my father did. He did have a farm but he wasn't really as good a farmer as some of the farmers around.¹⁰

He never missed a priesthood or a sacrament meeting. He was superintendent of the first Sunday School I can remember. And he always led the singing, he was a good singer, had a very good tenor voice. [He] led the choir, I guess before I was born, and he was very good for those days. And he played the piccolo, the flute, and the drums.

And he gave me one good lesson. In sacrament meeting, you know they used to play during the passing of the sacrament. I would pick out a hymn that I could play quite easy and I remember I played "*Cast thy Bread Upon the Water*" very often. And I'd watch and when the men would get the table cloth back over, the cover back over the sacrament, I'd stop no matter where I was. And I didn't know any different. And one day after meeting. . . and Mr. Jackman come, he walked very briskly and talked just as briskly, just sometimes almost snappy, and he said to me, "Don't ever do that again!" I looked at him and, "Do what?" And these kids all looked and tittered and giggled because he very temperamental too. And he says, "Stop in the middle of a tune like that. Find the key note before you quite." He turned and marched out. And I had stopped and left him with one foot up I guess. Anyway I didn't end on the key note and it had worried him, I bet he didn't enjoy a bit of that meeting after that. It was still grinding on him and he just marched over there to me.¹¹

. . . was very temperamental, you've heard the expression, "I'm no home devil and church angel." Well he wasn't either. (Be meaner than the dickens around home, then go to church and be a saint.) He wasn't that. If he got miffed or mad at anything at home, he took it right to church with him. You couldn't crack a

⁹ Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

¹⁰ Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

¹¹ Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

joke around him, he had no more sense of humor than anything. Things was either black or white with him. No in between. You kept the Word of Wisdom or you broke it. And he didn't break it. And he was always punctual. Always on time. And when he was carrying the mail, people used to set their clocks by Mr.



Jackman. Well they knew the train was due at a certain time and he'd be there, sometimes it'd be three hours late, but he'd be there on time. They'd say its a quarter to four or something, there goes Mr. Jackman with the mail. Morning and night it was the same thing. People knew exactly what time he'd leave home and start for the mail. So they used to say, "You can set your clock by Mr. Jackman going for the mail." ¹²

He knew the scriptures but he didn't do much preaching. But if he was ever called on to, he could. And I can't remember of ever hearing him stand and bear his testimony like alot of men did. And I didn't know him. I had felt toward him, until I was married, like those kids did that giggled when he come up there and said that. Like he was a hot head. But I could see when I went into the family just exactly what caused these kinds of things. He never, maybe if he said anything back to his wife, he just very quickly or shortly said something and walked away. And she knew. But I never heard them quarrel because he wouldn't have quarreled with anybody. But he would get mad and turn away. And if they went to parties or anything like that, they always had a break in the party and they would eat, but he never would eat a bite. He wouldn't eat what was in those parties. He'd just refuse it and wouldn't eat.

He was one man who had a little bit of pin money coming in all the time. With his Notary Public work and his post office work, and his ward clerk work, town clerk, and . . . he was always the clerk, he was a very good clerk, in fact all the Jackmans like clerical work. One thing that'd bore me to death. He kept very strict records. But he would sign my name on the church records Killarny, there was no such word as Killarnia, my name was Killarny, and he wrote it that way.¹³

Levi delivered the mail from 1896 to 1922. He was Sunday School superintendent for twenty-five years and ward clerk for thirteen years, beginning in 1909 ending at his death, when his son Ezbon took over. He was a member of the town board from 1904 to 1906 and was the town clerk. He died at his home in Joseph from influenza which his wife contacted while tending the sick. Levi Harmon Jackman was buried in the Joseph City Cemetery. His son Reuben Oliver Jackman took minutes at his funeral.

¹² Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

¹³ Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman

Held at the Joseph Ward Meeting House Wednesday Mar 29 (at 3 O'Clock P.M.)

Bishop John F Morey presided and conducted the exercises. The Ward Choir under the direction of Chorister William T Owens furnished the music.

The choir sang the hymn;"Some Time We'll Understand"

Prayer was offered by Bro James Shaw.

The Choir then sang the hymn, "Who are these arrayed in White"

Pres Robert D Young of the Sevier Stake of Zion was the first speaker. He had known the deceased for many years and had always known him as a faithful worker in Many different callings in the Church, and testified that he had well and faithfully magnified each and every position he had been called to labor in.

Bro W T Owens then sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul" as a tenor and alto duet with full chorus with the choir.

The second speaker was Pres John E Magleby of the South Sevier Stake of Zion of which the deceased was a member. He also had known Bro Jackman for many years and had always found him to be honest and upright in all his deals and always busy in some church capacity.

Bro James Brown of Monroe, Clerk of the South Sevier Stake then spoke a short time and praised the work of the deceased very highly in the capacity of Ward Clerk which office he held at the time of his death.

Bro Con F A Gay then read a short sketch of the life and works of the departed Brother.

Bishop Morey then spoke of the faithful labors and untiring efforts of the deceased and his willingness and faithfulness in any capacity that he had been called to labor in.

The choir then very beautifully sang the hymn "Oh, My Father"

The closing prayer was offered by Bro Walter F Brown.

At the cemetery the grave was dedicated by Eld Herman Lot.

The singing was beautiful and the floral offerings were many and beautiful. There was offerings from nearly all of the different organizations of the Ward as well as from many individual families. Alto the weather was very blustery and disagreeable the house was well filled and there were people present from nearly all the neighboring Wards.

Signed R O J

[Reuben Oliver Jackman]