

Our great-grandfather CHAPTER

WILLIAM JASPER HENDERSON, SR.

WILLIAM JASPER HENDERSON SR.: Son of James Goforth Henderson and Anna Harris, b 26 June 1840, Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois, bap 1848, md Alvira Aurelia Dickson, 4 July 1862, Kaysville, Morgan, Utah, and sld 12 July 1862, Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake, Utah. md Lydia Drucilla Johnson, 26 March 1887, St. George Temple, Washington, Utah. d 22 Sep 1919, Cannonville, Garfield, Utah. bur 23 Sep 1919, Cannonville.

TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN.

The life of William Jasper Henderson reflected a strong and noble character. Through his long life, there ran a pattern of great faith which was perhaps his most outstanding characteristic.

He was well known for his sympathy and kindness. He was blessed with a special gift of healing, and with the power of the Priesthood, was untiring in his devotion to those in need. Much of his time was spent visiting, administering and blessing the sick.

His ready wit and humor had a sparkling quality which helped him over the bumpy roads of his life.

William Jasper Henderson was the son of James Goforth Henderson, who was born 27 Nov 1805, Knoxville, Green County, Tennessee and Anna Harris, born 18 October 1808, at Green County, Tennessee. Anna Harris died 13 December 1842 and James Goforth died one year later on 8 September 1943, leaving William Jasper and his nine brothers and sisters without either father or mother. His oldest sister Mary was 15, George Washington 14, Elizabeth Jane 12, John Harris 11, Nancy 8, Martha Ann 7, Sarah Elizabeth 6, Samuel Newton 4, William Jasper 2, and Phillip, a newborn baby. Phillip either died at the time or close to the time his mother died.

This part of William Jasper Henderson's history was dictated by him to his niece, Drucilla Baxter, 17 September 1919, just before his death. This is the way he began.

My grandparents and father and mother and their families as I was told, were living in Nauvoo, Illinois where I was born in 1840. My father and mother died and left nine children, me being the youngest. I was about two years old at that time. "Well, after father and mother died, no children were left of them that were old enough to work as all were idle, my oldest sister being 15 years old and all others, except the small one went to work and were on their own resources. That left the small at home during the day. They managed along that way for awhile, as they wanted to stay together, but I was so small that my grandfather and my step-grandmother took me, but of course those were hard times and they were getting old and had a large family to support so the rest of my brothers and sisters had to work wherever they could for a living, excepting Samuel who was just two years older than I. There was a well-to-do man who had no children of his own, named Gates and he and his wife took Samuel and raised him as if he was their own son.

Now my dear niece, in the year 1846, your uncle Bill was about six years old when the mob of about 800 strong made their raid and bombarded the city of Nauvoo, killing and driving the Mormons away from their homes, and that battle lasted three days and nights. Now all the able bodied men and all those that were able to move and those that had sold their places and left the city, had crossed the river into Iowa with the authorities of the church and secured land to plant crops that the poor and sick might follow-up and cultivate and harvest the crops. They

all left in the months of February and March while the aged and poor were left behind until they returned with teams to remove them also. And in the month of September the mob drove out the widows and orphans, plundered their houses and rushed them including me on flat boats that were moored at the banks of the Mississippi River. They actually drove us out of our own homes down the streets of Nauvoo onto these flat boats and sent us adrift. The current carried us across to the Iowa side and while we were on the river, they continued to fire their cannon balls, some going over our heads and some falling into the river. And they continued firing until we had landed on the other side of the river. Dear niece, we were driven like a herd of sheep before ravenous wolves, and we fled into the timber along the river banks, and the trees was all the covering we had for many days. And to make our situation worse a chilly rain started in with snow. We had no provisions and very little clothing except what we picked up in our haste when we were driven from our homes and we would surely have starved to death had it not been for our kind and Heavenly Father in sending flocks of quail into our camps, some being docile and some fell into the laps of the women. I remember grandmother filling her apron with them and that is what we lived on for three days. My sisters, Martha and Sarah and myself were there with my grandfather's and grandmother's family. The rest of my brothers and sisters had all crossed the river. I was at Carthage with the family at the time of the martyrdom of Joseph the Prophet.

My grandfather took up a place near Dulch Lake, about 3 miles from Omaha on the east side of the Missouri River and there was lots of timber growing there so he built a log house there in the woods, and of course, this house just had one big room in it with a fireplace built in the middle of it, and one small window in the gable end near the roof and a door on one side. The door was made of hewn logs and was barred inside with the same kind of material so to make it safe as possible from the Indians, as they were very hostile in that part of the country. They had some work horses and one cow but not many provisions. They lived on hominy and what milk the cow furnished. I remember seeing my grandmother cooking or making hominy in a large kettle hanging over the fireplace as that was the only convenience for cooking at that time among the poor people.

Well, everything went on smoothly for awhile, but to their horror, one day, they heard Indians whooping and they peaked out and saw the Indians driving away the horses and one of the Indians came to the door and could not get in, so they shot the cow and went away. George was about 18 then, and he decided to go for help so he climbed out of the window which was on the opposite side of where the Indians went, so he got away unnoticed and went to the nearest settlement for help and got it. They came the next day and moved us to the settlement."

Samuel and Elizabeth Henderson and family started for Utah in 1851, in Capt. James Allred's train bringing their grandson William Jasper Henderson along with them. They arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah in Oct. of that year, but just stayed there a few days when they went to Kaysville and lived there for three years, then they came back to Salt Lake City and bought a lot in the Sixth Ward and Samuel lived there the rest of his life. Their daughter Nancy and niece Martha Henderson worked at the Union Hotel in Salt Lake City for some time and that is where they met the men they married.

George B. Simpson came from the East and stayed at the Union Hotel and fell in love with Nancy

and they got married. About this time there were some young men who came from the east on their way to California and stopped at the Union Hotel and one of them was a man by the name of Norman Day, and he took sick and was there for about a week and it fell to Martha's lot to wait on him. As soon as he was able to get out they struck out with their outfit consisting of a team and buckboard. They were going to California for gold and get rich quick but they changed their minds when they were part way there and turned back. When they got to Salt Lake City, Norman wanted to go see some of his friends, so they told him alright, to stay there over night and they would drive out of town where there was grass for the horses and wait for him until the next morning, but instead of that they traveled right on. He followed them on foot for a day or two but could not catch up with them so he turned back to Salt Lake City and of course went to the Union Hotel. The Indian Agent lived there also and he took a liking to Norman and gave him employment.

The Indian agent put Norman in charge of all the government property and he attended to the the government affairs himself. Of course, he stayed at the Hotel and soon got very well acquainted with Martha and they became very friendly as he was a very good looking man, well educated and well raised, and had good principles. They decided to get married and he went to her grandfather to ask him for her, he wanted him to get baptized before he would give his consent, but Norman would make no promises, only that he would be kind and true to the girl he loved.

Martha, of course, Henderson-like, told her grandfather that she had made her own living ever since she could remember, and now she had a chance to get her own home and she was going to do it, so they went to the Bishop and were married. They went back to the Hotel and he told the Indian Agent what he had done. There was a little house he could rent so they rented it, and he said his wife should slave no more for others. The agent told him he could keep his job and that he would pay half the expenses, including the rent. In one year after marriage, he was baptized into the Church.

Great grandfather James Henderson: The Henderson's originated in Scotland, and came to America and settled in Tennessee and Missouri. He was in the revolutionary war and owned a plantation in Tennessee. He was killed by the Indians in the Indian War of 1812.

William Jasper Henderson gave this information, he said his Uncle John Henderson had five children, but he did not remember the last one's name. They were all born in Washington County, Missouri. He said they all came to Council Bluffs and he knew them well and that when the Civil War broke out, two of the boys joined the forces of the North and two of the South so they fought against one another. He said they were all killed from stories he heard, except Samuel, who came back to Missouri and settled on a farm besides his sister Mary Henderson Tidwell.

Samuel Henderson who married Hannah Harris, daughter of Abigail (Gragg) Harris, was born 1810 in Knoxville, Green County, Tennessee. He died in Nauvoo, Illinois in 1842. A little history of Hannah Harris Henderson as related to me by William Jasper Henderson. Hannah and Uncle Samuel Henderson had five children and Aunt Hannah and children started for Utah in 1850 and she died crossing the plains. In 1850, I saw the mark of her grave on a buffalo skull, the only mark left to show the grave of that lonely woman. The five children came on to Utah. The first girl named Mandy was born in 1834, the

second, Sibylla, a year or two younger. Those two girls married in the early days of Utah and went to California. The third, a boy named Riley, was born in 1838 and he said he thought a great deal of Riley and knew him well because they worked together in Council Bluffs, carrying garden stuff in a basket to the city for which they got five cents a basket and made two trips a day. They also picked and cleaned the vegetables so you see dear neice, your uncle had to work hard for a meager living. He said, I loved Riley very much and named one of my boys after him. Riley died in Springville or Provo about the year 1860 or 61.

The fourth child, Tabitha died in Provo about the year 1862 or 1863. Lucinda the fifth child, was married to a man by the name of Ueal and lived in Provo, but in the year 1864 moved to California where the other girls were, and she was born in Nauvoo, the other four born in Missouri. I do not know any more about them or if they had children or not.

The above information was received by Vera and Lewis Dotson, Dora and Joan Henderson in 1952. They secured this record from records and letters "father's niece had in a wooden box." Her husband had saved them after her death several years ago, in a small house on Provo bench. Dora heard of this old gentleman, so "while we were in Provo one day, we cided to try and find where he lived." He said his daughter would not let us have anything, only what could write down. Dora and Joan made several trips to the house and with a typewriter, obtained what there is here. There was a lot there to be had and it was a shame more couldn't be written down.

William Jasper served in the so-called Buchanan War during the winter of 1857-58. After his marriage to Alvira Aurelia he settled in Kaysville again. From there he made a journey to the Missouri River as a teamster, to gather the poor and bring them to Zion

In 1864, he moved to Richville, Morgan County, Utah where he engaged in farming and Canyon work. In 1874 he moved with his family to Randolph, Utah in Rich County where he remained until the fall of 1876 when (leaving his wife and children in Richville) went to Elijton, near Cannonville, Iron Co., Utah (now Garfield, County) where he made a new home moving his family there in the spring of the following year. He was very instrumental in pioneering and building up that part of the country.

In 1879, soon after the Cannonville Ward was organized, he was chosen first Counselor to Bishop Jonathan L. Packer, grandfather of our present day Apostle Boyd K. Packer, and served in that capacity u 1880 when he was appointed as first Counselor to Bishop Ira B. Elmer. In 1884, he was ordained a Bishop by Francis M. Lyman and set apart to preside over the Cannonville Ward, which position he held until 1891.

In the year 1912, he was called to labor as an ordinance worker in the St. George Temple where for four years, he labored without ever being absent or late. Due to failing health he was released and returned to Cannonville.

He died leaving a large posterity which now numbers into the thousands. At the time of his death, he had twenty-one children, sixty-one grandchildren and forty great-grandchildren. (According to Maude Stevens, the final count is 122 grandchildren.)

We, his descendents, are very proud of our wonderful heritage.

Grandfather said, "And he who knows most, knows best, how little he knows."