

gathering of his friends be to them a comforting proof of his ability to make new friends and keep old friends.

THE JACKSON FAMILY

By

Mrs. Grace Salisbury Jackson

Someone has said that history is mostly hearsay, but that which I write of the Jackson family in Hills-grove is not all hearsay for to me these experiences have become real by my personal association with the Jackson family as the wife of Lyman Jackson for over two score years and the mother of seven of his ten living children.

The stories told by my husband and his parents have led me to believe that my life, which was not always a bed of roses, was really tame and sheltered when compared to the hardships which they sueffred in a new country and a new world.

I feel that they have contributed much to the progress of the Loyalsock Valley and should be honored for the fortitude they displayed in enduring without complaining the bitter with the sweet, finding comfort for all ills in music, a natural inheritance of all those who bear the Jackson name. I think there never was a Jackson who could not have taken a wind or stringed instrument which they had never seen before and picked a tune out of it in fifteen minutes.

My late husband was blessed in a large measure with this talent and had opportunity for study and development come his way he would, I am sure, made a name for himself among musical artists, however, he served the age in which he lived and his compositions live after him. His children and grandchildren are proud of the fact that he played to large audiences on and off the air after he was seventy years old. His descendants are carrying on by using their musical talents in the worship of God and elsewhere.

Lyman's father, "Johnny Jackson" to everyone in western Sullivan, came to Hills-grove in the autumn of 1846 with his wife three children; George, a boy of seven, two girls

Sarah, aged three and Martha, a babe six months old. They experienced six stormy weeks in the steerage of the good ship, Tuscarora, amid the terrors that beset the life of emigrants of that period. The baby, Martha, was sick nearly all the time and her mother feared that she would die and be buried at sea as had been the fate of other children who had died enroute, thus becoming food for the sharks which followed the ship. Her parents were spared this horrible experience and Martha, who married William Boyles is the only survivor of that voyage being hale and hearty at the age of eighty-eight and expecting to live to be a hundred.

Johnny Jackson's father, William, after raising a large family of which Johnny was the oldest, lost his wife in England and later married a widow named Mary Goslip, who with her son, Jack, accompanied Johnny's father to Philadelphia in 1840. Six years later, Johnny's father and stepmother joined Johnny in his pioneer venture which consisted of a large tract of land having been purchased from a speculator and located on the top of the wild and desolate mountain drained by the Loyalsock Creek. This mountain now bears the name of Jackson's Mountain" and seems a fitting monument to their efforts.

Those persons who have been reared on a farm and accustomed to the experience of living in the forest can well picture the lives of these city dwellers trying to carve a farm out of the forests on Jackson Mountain.

The cabin of logs was completed in November and was without a door. The first winter the only protection from wild animals and wilder weather was a blanket hung where the door would be when there was time to carry lumber four miles through the forest and the money to pay for hand forged nails.

The family seemed to have moved on and off the mountain for the next several years. My husband was born on the mountain and Ben, his youngest brother first saw the light of day in a log cabin on the Sock at the mouth of Dry Run.