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Biographical Sketch

of

Jane Robinson Hindley

By herself

Pioneer Year 1855

Sailed on the Siddons

John Hindley Company

Born 6 Jan 1828 in Douglas, Isle of Man, England

Married 19 Feb 1856 to John Hindley

Died 16 Nov 1907, American Fork, UT

Buried 1907, American Fork, UT

I was born in Douglas, Isle of Man, England, on the 6th of January, 1828. My father was John Robinson, a house carpenter, and architect. He was second son of John and Jane Robinson. His father was also a carpenter. My mother was Eleanor Charters, eldest daughter of Alexander and Anna Charters, of Balmaghie, North Briton. I was the second daughter. My mother died of consumption when I was very young. I was a delicate child and very fretful. My dear father was exceedingly kind and affectionate to me, more so than he was to my sister Anna, who was two years older.

We were raised to the Independent faith, and had a good memory and retained the texts and many portions of the Scriptures, and loved to go to Sunday School. I think I was five or six years when my father married again to a young lady from Leeds, Yorkshire. Her name was Elizabeth Mattley, by whom he had two sons and eight daughters. She was a good woman, and loved me as one of her own children. We lived very happy together. I think it was in 1840 that Brother John Taylor, now the President of the Church, came to the Isle of Man to preach the Gospel. My mother received it with great joy. Elder Taylor baptized her but father did not accept the Gospel. He was very liberal in supporting the Elders and finding them homes, and I think at one time believed the Gospel, but for some cause he never joined the Church. He was a good man. Indeed he was a noble and honorable man and brought up to be strictly honest. In the year 1841 my sister, Anna, and myself were baptized by Elder Joseph Fielding. It was the 1st day of March and father was so pleased that we had the courage to go, for it was very cold weather. He thought a great deal of Elder Fielding and I know that he was a man of God.

I remained at my father's house until the year 1855. Then, the 16th of February, my sister Helena and I left home to gather with the Faints. It was a terrible trial for me to leave all that I loved and the land of my birth, and my father most of all. It was indeed stretching of my heart strings; but, I knew in whom I trusted and I laid my earthly all upon the altar; the pleasing associations of home were very dear to me and I was going to a strange land, among strangers,

but still I felt it was my duty and the path of duty has been the path of safety to me.

We were detained two weeks in Liverpool, waiting for the ship. It was a sailing vessel, with about five hundred Saints, mostly all English people, but no person that I was acquainted with. We had a very rough voyage, being eight weeks on the sea, but God sustained me through it all. I was not seasick and helped all that I could, those who were, and formed some nice kind acquaintances.

My father was very much opposed to my leaving home, as he had promised my mother, when she was dying, never to lose sight of her two little ones. However, he could not prevail on me to stay at home with him. We had been out at sea about two weeks. It was on the 8th day of March that I had a most delightful dream. I thought that a voice spoke to me in comforting words from the Proverbs of Solomon, saying, "That many daughters, have done well, but thou excellest them all." This renewed my determination to serve God and to keep his holy commandments.

A storm arose and drove the good old ship "Siddons" on the banks of Newfoundland, which almost froze us to death. The weather was very severe and the hail stones were as large as walnuts. The Captain was a kind, good man, named Taylor, and did all he could for our comfort. The ships provisions gave out; and there was considerable suffering for want of something to eat. We had been provided for four weeks and that time was now up. However, we had a great deal with us that Mother had sent and we divided with the Saints as long as it lasted. On April 19th, the tug-boat came alongside and we dropped anchor.

We had spent two months on the Atlantic Ocean and on April 22 we landed at Philadelphia. Brother Taylor met us and we spent two days visiting with him in the city. He took us to the train, bound for Pittsburg. We thence with him took the steamboat called the "Noghela" and on the 28th of April I was taken very ill and continued so until the 3rd of May. Think it was the bad water that caused it and the change of climate. May 7th we arrived at St. Louis and changed

boats. The one we went in was called the "Polar Star." We spent a few hours in St. Louis, with a lady that we were acquainted with.

We took cabin passage on the night of the 11th of May, one of the deck hands, a negro, got into our state room while we were in bed, for the purpose of robbing us. The lamps were lit and I saw him come in but could not speak, I was so terrified. However, he came up to the bed and touched me; then I screamed and he fled. In the morning the Captain discharged him.

May 14th we landed at Atchison and did not know any person. Then I did feel a little homesick. However, we met a kind brother, and he had received word to look after our comfort. We slept in a tent that night. The heat was intolerable. There were quite a number of Saints camped here, waiting to start across the plains. We were there until June 9th. Then we started with Mr. John Hindley as our Captain. I think there were about 60 wagons. It was here that I became acquainted with my dear friend, Romania B. Pratt.

All went on nicely until July 16th, then the Captain was taken very ill, indeed. I became acquainted with him, then, and did all I could for his recovery. He soon got quite well and on August 25th we arrived at Fort Bridger. We traveled on till September 1st, then a Brother Bennett came with a fresh team and Brother S. W. Richards came to meet us and make us feel welcome to the City of the Saints. ON the 3rd of September, 1855, we got in and Brother Joseph Cain took us straight to his home and did all that he could for our comfort. I could not help feeling very homesick.

I felt that I was a stranger in a strange land. There was a man of the name of Coweley, a Man-Man, who was acquainted with my father and my mother before I was born. He sent for me to come and visit at his home at Farmington, a few miles north of Salt Lake City. This I did and had not been there long, before I was taken ill of jaundice and was thought to be in a very dangerous condition. I was eight weeks in bed but Sister Coweley nursed and attended to me, just as if I was her own child. My sister Helena, now the wife of S. W. Richards, was in Salt Lake City, her health being good.

After I recovered I returned to Joseph Cain's house and he wished me to remain there and make it my home. I wish to say, here, that he was all that a Brother could be. God put it into his heart to be a friend to me. On the 12th day of January I received a letter from Brother Hindley to come down to American Fork. This was in 1856 and on the 14th day, in company with his wife, Mary, went and found him quite sick. I stayed about two weeks with him. Brother Hindley was now getting better and had proposed marriage to me. However, I told him I would consider the matter and let him know after I returned to Salt Lake.

However, on the 18th of February he, together with his wife, called on me. Brother Cain was rather opposed to it, as we were threatened with a famine in the land, and did not know if Mr. Hindley was prepared to take care of me. However, I loved him and made up my mind, if necessary, to go thru poverty and privation with him. I had admired his conduct on the plains and trusted my future life and happiness to him. It was a great step for me to take, but I have never regretted it. Although I have passed through many trials since then, God has sustained me through them all.

On the 19th day of February 1856, I was married to John Hindley by President Brigham Young. We remained in Salt Lake a few days and then came down to American Fork, where I have lived ever since. The Lord blessed me with children and gave me four sons and four daughters. One of my sons died when eight months old.

I continued to write home to the Isle of Man, but my father, although he would write occasionally to me and regret my leaving him, never could see the necessity of gathering out to America. He sent me money, \$50, \$75, and another time \$500. He was in very good circumstances and could spare a little for me. My husband's health was now good and the Lord prospered him. My mother still remained firm in the faith, although some of her children did not believe in it and married Gentiles, which troubled her. My father lived to be 82 years old and died on July 10, 1881. I received \$450 from his estate.

In June 1856 I went through the House of the Lord and received my endowments, also was sealed to my husband for time and all Eternity. It was a great comfort to me for I was sorely tried about that time not having enough to eat, as there was no bread in the land. God only knows what I suffered but there were many more in the same circumstances. When I came to give birth to my first child there was not strength in me and it was all I could do to live; indeed, I thought once that my time had come to die. However, the Lord sustained me and Sister Mary was exceedingly kind to me through all my illness. She was passing through keen suffering, mentally, at that time. We have lived together now 25 years and learned to love each other. She has been a great comfort to me and I have tried to make it pleasant for her, and hope to continue to do so.

I will now state that my husband, John Hindley, is a good man, a kind father and an affectionate husband to me. He has been quite a man of business, kept a great many men working for him in the freighting line, paying some of them twelve hundred dollars a year. His business kept him from home a great deal. However, the Lord blessed him in answer to my prayers and preserved him when in the midst of danger on the plains and among the Indians. I rejoice that the Lord has blessed us with a portion of his Holy Spirit to understand the things that pertain to life and salvation and exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom of our God.

Also I pray for my husband, his wives, children and every one of my family and kindred, who are not now in the Church. I am very much attached to American fork and the people who live here, for all my dear children have been born here and I trust that I may spend the remainder of my life here. I expect that I shall have passed away and be numbered with the dead, Whoever may receive this, I leave you my blessings and may the blessings of Almighty God be with you is the prayer of your ancestor, Mrs. Jane Charters R. Hindley.

(The year of the Jubilee of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints which closes April 1881. To my girl Anna E. Hindley, or her daughter or granddaughter, who may be living and in the Church. Fifty years hence or the next Jubilee, 1930, this short sketch

of my life is dedicated. Bearing testimony of the truth of the Gospel
and of the goodness of God to me, His handmaid.)

American Fork, Utah February 25, 1881.

The following brief sketch of the life of Jane Charters Robinson Hindley appears in her Temple Record, written by her daughter, Anna E. H. Hunter.

"Mother arrived in the valley September 3, 1855, and the following February 19, 1856 was married to John Hindley. They had born to them four sons and four daughters, all of who are living (1925) with the exception of one boy named Thomas Stubbs, who died when 10 months old. John R., James Ernest, Wm. Henry, Esther J. H. Eastmond, Eleanor E. H. Slack, Mary H. Greene, and Anna E. H. Hunter.

"Mother passed through many of the early sacrifices that the Saints went through, and was here in the time of the famine. I have heard her relate many times her experiences in the time of the so-called, "The Move", 1856-58.

"December 26, 1886, father was taken from his family. He had been suffering from an affliction of the heart, contracted from the effects of rheumatism, he suffered with while coming across the plains in 1855. For 21 long years, mother battled bravely on through life, her husband having passed on, no murmuring word ever escaped her tongue. Often she would say, "The Lord has been good to ". In her journal which she kept from the time she left the Isle of Man in 1855, until three or four years before she died, she has recorded scores of times. "This is the Sabbath Day and I want to go to the meeting and partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper".

Mother was a great reader, and would spend hours of her later years reading the scriptures, daily papers and other useful books and when her eyes grew dim, she would want the paper read to her every day and would often say, "I want to keep in touch with the times."

The summer and fall of 1907 being so beautiful, I would take her for a walk every afternoon until about three weeks before her passing, when she became too weak to walk out. A week before her demise, she took to her bed. None of us thought her end was so near until three days before the end, when the Doctor told us the end was not far away. Her son, William, lived in Canada; we wired him to come at once. Thursday she requested me to put her clean garments

on, and though it was not necessary, I complied with her wish and in a few minutes she said, "I am walking in the beautiful City, the beautiful city of God." These were her last words, only occasionally she would inquire if Willie had come yet. On Saturday, November ___, 1907 she passed peacefully away, surrounded by all of her children except Willie, some of her grandchildren, Aunt Eliza, her son-in-laws, O. F. Hunter and Alva A. Greene and her old friend Ellen D. Clark. The moment she died a wonderful change came over her body and she appeared to us to look 25 years younger than she was.

Her funeral services were held in the Ward Chapel, Pres. S. L. Chipman, James H. Clark and John R. Winder being the speakers. An original poem by Sister Mary E. Able was read. Willie failed to see her alive but we were all thankful he was here for the funeral.