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RICHARD FRANKLIN JARDINE
BY Luna C. Kinghorn Norton

When the distinguished Henry Beecher voiced his sentiment, "You cannot succeed in life by spasmodic jerks, you cannot win confidence, or earn friendship, or gain influence, attain skill, or reach position by violent snatches." He spoke an immortal truth which has been exemplified in thousands of well defined instances, and not among the least of these has been the career of Richard Franklin Jardine. Not by leaps of his masterly powers of mental ability did he attain the prominent position of Bishop of the Lewisville Ward for 20 years. He held this position and many others both in civil and ecclesiastical relations in life. His standing was secured by a long life of useful activity, wherein was manifested sterling qualities of head and heart, which guided him rightly in all positions of trust, which were entrusted to him, and it was instructive as well as entertaining to pattern such lives as his for an incentive and stimulates to others in the many generations which will follow him in the onward march of the centuries.

One hundred and 6 years have passed and been added to the centuries since Richard Franklin Jardine was born on the 30th Dec. 1848 in Shuttleston, Lanarkshire, Scotland. He was the son of James and Isabelle White Jardine. He was a member of a family of 12 children, 5 sons and 7 daughters. 6 of the 12 were born in Scotland, 4 daughters and 2 sons of which 2 daughters and 1 son died in Scotland, but my grandfather was one of the 3 children privileged to come to America with his parents.

Can you think of anything more beautiful than to have Scotland for a birth place? Where the faint scent of the heather meets your nostrils as the gentle breeze plays through the flowers and the air is filled with the song of the birds. Richard Franklin was a very proud Scotchman and was very thankful for his parentage and his birthright.

He was 7 years old when the missionaries, the so-called Mormons, were carrying the Gospel, the Word of the Lord, to the far many lands, and it was at this time they brought a Haven of Peace to the Jardine family in Scotland. They too were anxious to seek a new life in a new land of liberty and peace where they would be given the freedom of speech and religion. America was the land of the free.

Their property was sold, and with hearts filled with hope and anticipation they left the bonney shores of Scotland on the 22 April 1855. They realized that traveling second class would mean weeks of discomfort and illness for them, but still, their hearts were light and gay. Finally on a beautiful spring morning 22 May 1855, they reached the shores of this blessed land. Shouts of joy filled the air and they thanked God for guiding them safely across the ocean of death and destruction.

They settled in Schuylkill, Pennsylvania. The father, having been a miner in Scotland, made it much easier for him to get employment in the coal mines to maintain a liveleyhood for his family. For a year and a half he worked there mining. It was at this time Richard, being 9 years old, went to work in the coal mines with his father to help care for the family. In this day the Government would allow a child to work in coal mines, so you can see how grown up children would be at the age of 9 to be able to do such work.

They lived and worked in Perry County until the spring of 2 May 1859, when there was a group of Saints going to make a westward trek across the plains to the Salt Lake Valley. The Jardine family made ready their wagons and oxen with supplies and joined the group of white-tops headed to the Great Salt Lake Valley. A few of their treasures were also loaded in.

This was a very tedious journey. At times, it was very discouraging and the hardships were many, but Richard, being a plucky lad, went about his tasks with a gay heart. He had big brown eyes, a round head with hair that glistened in the sun. He walked all the way across the plains bare footed and never once murmured of his bare, tired feet as he left a trail of blood along the sand.

They traveled with the Evan Stevenson Co. And traveled 22 weeks before reaching Salt Lake City. They arrived tired and weary from the hardships they had born, but the gates were opened wide to welcome them into the valley in October of 1859, and they were very thankful to be at the end of their journey across the plains.

They stayed in Salt Lake for a month and worked to earn enough money to buy flour and other necessities which they were so badly in need of. Then they moved on to Wellsville, Cache Valley, Utah. Grandfather lived there with his parents and helped with the farm work until June 1866 when he moved to West Weber, Weber County, Utah.

During this time Grandfather had grown to manhood. He was a beautiful specimen of health, strength, courage, and hope. He helped string the telegraph wires from Brigham City to Logan. He was also a member of the Militia for 3 years, doing his duty as a citizen of the United States.

He worked with his father until he was of age. He then filed for land in West Weber, Weber, Utah, which he improved and cultivated until salt appeared on the surface and made it impossible to raise a crop. He then almost gave the land away and worked at odd jobs and made every effort to make a start in the business world. It was in the year 1869 that he engaged in railroad construction work on the Union Pacific for the remainder of that season. Then again in the spring he returned to the farm.

He was extremely fortunate in meeting a young lady, who was very attractive and very love, Luna Caroline Ellsworth, the daughter of Edmund and Elizabeth Young Ellsworth, a granddaughter of Pres. Brigham Young. They were married 8 Jan. 1870 in the Endowment House. 13 children were born to them. 6 boys and 7 girls. Six of them were born in West Weber.

The spirit of the pioneers again began to move in Grandfather's breast. "Move on," it said. On the 3 Aug 1882 with Brigham Ellsworth and family, they loaded their wagons with their possessions and started for the Snake River Valley. They landed at Eagle Rock the 16th of Aug. And drove on north to the Dry Bed. They were again very weary and tired, so they pitched their tents to campo for the night and felt as if they were at the end of their trail.

Grandfather had relinquished his land rights in Utah. He was able to take up more land next to the town-sight he had staked off. And had given this town the name of Lewisville. Grandfather held the first deeds executed by the United States Gov. To a citizen of this place. He farmed this land and cultivated it for 27 years. He then sold this place and moved to another desert claim on which he built a large home, 4 rooms on the ground floor and 3 bedrooms upstairs. They had a clothes closet in each room, which was a mansion at that time.

John William Jardine, who lives here in the 4th Ward in Idaho Falls at this time, was the first child born in Lewisville. They lived in this home until 1917 when Grandfather retired, sold his home to John William, and built him and Grandmother a lovely home on the town-sight, where they lived until the time of their deaths.

Grandfather to a limited extend, attended school during his boyhood, but his educational opportunities were very few because of having to help make a livelyhood for the family so early

in life, but nevertheless he was well qualified to take this position of being the first Bishop of the Lewisville Ward, which extended south to Blackfoot, at this time. He held this position for 20 years. Sunday School and meetings were held in his home, which consisted of 2 log rooms, until on 13th Jan 1884, when they held their first meeting in the new church. It was a building 16 x 24 of green cottonwood logs. The roof was of logging plastered over with mud and dry earth on top. The Lewisville Ward was organized in Rexburg in 1884 when Richard was sustained as Bishop with O. M. Myler as first counselor and W. A. Walker as second counselor. He was young to have such a large responsibility placed upon him, but he always did what he thought was his duty and obeyed those placed over him no matter how hard the task or how long the journey, he was always ready to obey the call. On 15 June 1884 Apostles Wilford Woodruff and Heber J. Grant came from Salt Lake City. Grandfather and Pres. Ricks from Rexburg made the trip to Sand Creek to hold a meeting. They called at the camp of John F. Norton and asked if there were enough saints on the flat to hold a meeting. They found enough to hold a meeting, which was held on the Rufus Norton farm. They used a wagon box to stand in and the weat was used for the pulpit. These people were promised if they would live right, the Lord would bless them and they would see beautiful homes. Wilford Woodruff gave a prophecy that he could see waving fields of grain, also the hills would raise grain and it would be a wealthy country. This prophecy was surely fulfilled . It used to take weeks of his time to attend meetings and conferences and other church duties each year. Traveling was very dangerous in those days as there were no bridges or roads through the sage brush, and the rivers and streams had to be crossed.

All the land that was cultivated the first year he was in the Snake River Valley was 156 acres. All the tithing paid the first year was \$69.75. Just picture this valley as they found it, just one wide prairie of sage brush. Not a house in sight as far as the eye could see. No fences, no water ditches, no roads, and the mosquitoes were so bad for about 6 weeks in the summer, he would take the family and move to the hills. They would take their stock along, but their gardens would be a total loss. It was very discouraging. It looked like they would have to abandon their homes at times, with the long severe winters and not much to live on, and the very little feed for their animals, but Brother John Taylor, then Pres. Of the Church, came up and held conference with them. He encouraged them to stay with it and promised them in the name of Jesus Christ if they would serve the Lord and live righteous lives, that the elements would be softened for their sakes. That the mosquitoes would disappear so they could stay at home and take care of things, that people would come in and the country would build up, and it would be a splendid country in the near future, for they had the foundation—plenty of water.

In 1885 Grandfather with a party of men went up the river to try to raft logs down. They had a terrible experience. Some of them nearly drowned and the hardships they suffered were terrible, and they failed to bring the raft down. One time in the winter Uncle Brig Ellsworth had killed their winter meat and was crossing the river when the ice broke and they lost a load of deer and elk meat.

Grandfather was baptized the 8th of Jan. 1856 in Pennsylvania by Angus M. Cameron and was confirmed the same day by Joshua Jardine. He was ordained an Elder, a 70, and then a High Priest, and then sustained a Bishop 17 Aug. 1884 by Apostle George Q. Cannon.

There was never a night too cold, or a day too long, to keep him from the bedside of the sick. At one time when the Black Diphtheria came to Lewisville and frightened the people so terribly, on one night the Aaron Thomas family lost 3 children. Grandfather went in and washed them and dressed them, and put them into their coffins that Uncle Brig Ellsworth had made for

them. He took the bodies to the cemetery alone after dark to bury them. My father, Jim Kinghorn, went to his rescue and helped cover the dirt over them. He used a sheet to wrap around them, and he took the sheet home and hung it up in the corner of an old shack. 2 days later one of the daughters found it and played she was a ghost with it, wrapped it around her, but not one of Grandfather's children took this dreaded disease.

It was after the manifesto was signed and several were still practicing polygamy in Rexburg, when one night the officers knocked at Grandfather's door. They were invited in and when they had eaten their supper and made it known they were on their way to Rexburg to arrest these men, Grandfather knew he must do something to warn these men at Rexburg. The officers were invited to stay all night at their home, and after they were in bed asleep, Grandfather slipped out very quietly, bridled his stallion, and was off to warn these people. After swimming the horse across the North Fork of the Snake River he made it on to Rexburg, warned the men to hide, and was back home and in bed just before it was time for these men to be up and on their way. He was never found out.

Another time in 1882 while still in Utah, he made a trip to the Snake River Valley and was returning to Utah, when he came near the Portneuf River. His team of mules strayed away during the night and he was left afoot to look for them. He spent 3 days hunting for the mules but could not find them. He then fasted and prayed that he would find them. A voice spoke to him and told him where they were. He went to this place and found the mules exactly where he had been told in answer to his prayer. That was a wonderful testimony of prayer.

I can hear my mother tell me many times as a child, that Grandpa was never late for a meeting in his life, and he could not tolerate anyone else being late for a meeting. His request was that his funeral start on time. This request was granted. There can be no better way to express the public opinion and appreciation of his services than to use the words of another. As a bishop of his ward he was loved and respected by the people for the interest he manifested in their welfare. He was always ready to move the people to well-doing. His cheerful and faithful labors and sympathy in joy and sorrow did render his presence always a welcome one in society or any home of that section.

He passed away on the 3rd Feb. 1927 at Lewisville. This was said of him at his funeral; "The death of Bishop Jardine recalls to the memory of the older people his charity and love during the early days. He and his wife not only assisted in a spiritual way, but were always at the bedside of the sick, or helping the needy. His Gospel was far reaching and sincere, for he lived as he preached. Words are inadequate to express our fullest appreciation for lives like Bishop Jardine.

My tribute to my Grandfather: "never shall forget the twinkle that was always in his eyes, and how he always welcomed me into his presence, always a kiss and a smile on his face. Many times as a child I would sit on his knee and he would say nice things about things of interest. We all loved him and it was a pleasure to be in his presence." Lula Norton

On the 8th Feb. 1955 I gave this history to the Templeton Camp of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

Typed into Computer 9th Dec. 2002 by Kathleen Jardine Woolf in Idaho Falls, Idaho