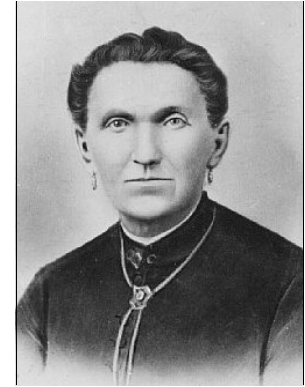


Sarah Ann Jolley  
18 December 1838 - 9 January 1919

Sarah was born in Weakley county, Tennessee. She was the daughter of Reuben Manning and Sarah Pippin Jolley. Two months after her fourth birthday her parents and grandfather were baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. That spring twenty-six members of her extended family moved by wagon to Nauvoo, Illinois. Sarah was five and a half years old when the prophet and his brother were killed. She remembered these events throughout her life.



. . . when hardly three years my father moved to Nauvoo Hancock Co., Ill. 1842, we settled first in Nauvoo and lived there about a year, My father worked on the temple during that time.

Father moved his family out on a farm I think North East of town and raised on crop. We then moved back to Nauvoo and was living there when the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother was assassinated. We lived in a house perhaps half a mile west of the temple, that house my brother Joseph Loftus was born.

While living there I distinctly remember going with my father to meeting and hearing the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Hyde and others speak at the meeting.

I remember the time of the assassination of Joseph and Hyrum, after the martyrdom, when the bodies were laid out in the mansion house Joseph's home I had the privilege of going with my parents to view the remains. When I got there I could see Hyrum's face and I became frightened and my father took me up in his arms and carried me through the room.

After the death of Joseph and Hyrum the work on the temple was rushed to completion and my father and mother received their endowments there.

We were soon after that driven from Nauvoo across the Mississippi River into Iowa, We lived in Iowa, I think it was two years as we raised two crops there, while living there my father took sick and died and was buried in the Kasockway

City Cemetery, a small town in the bend of the river, he died 29 Apr 1849.

Mother took her family and went west with the saints to Council Bluffs, We settled in a place called Harris Grove. The family now consisted of herself, seven boys and two girls While living there my oldest brother William married Serepta Curtis. and my sister Caroline married Charles Madison Donaldson, that still left six boys and one girl in my Mother's family.

The next Spring mother took the rest of her family and crossed the plains, our outfit to cross the plains consisted of two yoke of oxen and one wagon. We also brought two cows, two heifers and twenty five or thirty sheep. To secure the sheep at night we had corrals made of factory cloth tacked on stakes. This we could roll up into a small bundle in the day and then unroll it and drive the stakes into the ground and thus secure the sheep at night. My brothers walked and drove the cows and sheep.

On our way an ox belonging to one of the men died. He then took one of our heifers and yoked it with the oxen and drove with his team the rest of the way.

While crossing the plains several bands of Indiana came to our train but we managed to get by them with out any trouble. We also saw several large herds of buffalos, and some of them were killed for use in the camp.

One day a band of Indians came up to the train and with them their chief. The chief saw my red hair and it took his eye so that he tried in every way possible to trade for me. Failing in this he became very angry and rode off. We all feared he would return with a band of his company and take that red headed girl but he didn't return. After that when ever there was any Indiana in sight I was hidden in the bottom of the wagon and kept out of sight. Several times the cattle stampeded and would have to be hunted up the best way possible.

We were three months on the road and arrived in Salt Lake City in the later part of the summer of 1850 in Capt Footes Company. We went to Grand-father sold his place in the city and we all moved to Battle Creek, now Pleasant

Grove and my brother went right to work and put up a house for my grand-father. That was the first house built in that place.

In Jan 1851 [Dec 1850] my grandfather was taken sick and died. We lived in Battlecreek about two years. We then sold out and moved to Palmyra, a little town about three miles of Spanish Fork.

In the fall of 1851 my mother moved to Provo, ten miles from Where we lived and sent the children to school and back to the farm in the spring.

While living in Palmyra in 1853, what is known as the Walker war broke out. At the time my brother William Jolley was living at Springville and while doing guard duty was shot through the arm. About four weeks after that my brother Henry was accidentally shot in Palmyra. The shot took out his right eye and part of the skull above but didn't prove fatal. He was however at times affected with kind of fit or spell, but lived twenty years after he was shot. As soon as he was about we moved to Springville where the family could all be together. We lived there and I went to school until 1855.

I was married the 26 of May to Lewis Hatch by Bishop Aaron Johnson. [Lewis and Sarah moved from Springville to Payson the spring of 1856 and lived there for a few years.]

This was during the cricket trouble. There was a patch of pigweeds grew up on the bench between Payson and Salem and the whole town would go up there and pick them and by morning they would all be grown up again so that the whole town lived off that patch of pigweeds.

About that time there was a call for families to go settle Sanpete County. In the later part of March 1860 we left Payson and moved to Moroni, Sanpete County And lived there eight years. During this time, in common with the rest of the settlers we suffered the horrors of the Black Hawk Indian war.

We first lived in a brush shed down on what is now Silver Creek. There was three families living in this shed, all of whom were from Payson. There was Lewis Hatch, William Jolley and a man by the name of Norton. We lived there the first year and then moved into a house up on the sand pitch

river. This was the main highway from the north to Sanpete and Sevier Counties.

Near where we lived was an adobe school house. During an unusual rain spell the town was having a party at the school house. The festivities had carried on for a long time, the children had their turn first and then the older ones. One of the event was that they had all the boys in one room and all the girls in another. They would call one from each room and send them out on the floor to dance. The people had just got home and into bed when the walls spread out and the roof caved in.

During the Black Hawk Indian war we were compelled to move into the Fort at Moroni. At times they were driven from the fields by the Indians.<sup>1</sup>

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Sarah Ann Jolley, with the aid of her most congenial and capable husband reared this large family through all the hardships of pioneer days, grasshopper and cricket wars, fear and dread caused by wars with the Indians beside the struggle in a new unconquered country. The Indian troubles caused genuine fear for parents, never knowing when they would all be scalped or massacred in their homes or fields, day or night. Living in this terrible fear and dread, sick or well, was a terrible nerve strain for her as she never enjoyed good health at the best. She was also extremely worried over her husband who was an officer in the Black Hawk War, a captain, leading men to fight those savages who fought in their barbarious fashion. It was sure a nerve racking experience for her, but in spite of all those trials and also helping to provide food and shelter for them, she reared nine of them to men and womenhood and each lived to marry and to be past sixty-five years of age.

Beside her own family she reared and provided a mother's love and home for two Hatch children, William and Ellen, until their marriage.

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<sup>1</sup> Sarah Ann Jolley Hatch as told to Wallace A. Jackman

Many times in Moroni she took her small children and ran for their lives for the Fort when the drums beat and the flag was raised. The people often rushed to her home which was large, before the fort was completed, where they huddled together in darkness and fear with crying, frightened children trying to soothe the youngsters while their own heart seemed to be in their mouth with adult fear and death. There must be no noise to attract attention.<sup>2</sup>

Sarah received her endowments and was sealed to her husband in the Endowment House 30 Jun 1868. They moved to Salem, in Utah county before the 1870 census. Salem was still called Pondtown then. The last of her children were born there. In the mid 1880s her husband began to lose his sight and became very ill with "a disease in his head" before his death in April 1886 at the age of fifty-three.

After her husband's death, Sarah Ann having a large home for those days, turned this home into a hotel. She kept lodgers, traveling salesmen, and sales-ladies, also traveling theatrical troupes who often remained with her for several days. Her two youngest sons Joseph and John were still with her and were very good and dutiful sons, who with her good management helped her to till her farm land.

She [had] a pleasant personality, yet firm, a good home maker, Sarah Ann was a wonderful cook. She made many cookies, crackers, hot food dishes and warm drinks which she served to men who fought and stood guard in the Black Hawk War in Moroni. She had a sociable, pleasant personality and considered a good mixer. She enjoyed dancing very much, was a good step dancer and very light on her feet. She step danced at many public gatherings. Step dancing was very popular in pioneer days. Many of her brothers and sisters were good step dancers, especially her oldest brother William Jackson Jolley, who was exceptionally good.

She held many offices in the Indian War Veterans organization, of which she was an ardent member. She always treasured the beautiful badges which the organization sent out to its members each year, and which were worn at all their

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<sup>2</sup> *Biography of Sarah Ann Jolley Hatch "Pioneer" Came to Utah in 1850*, Elodie C. Hopper Smith, granddaughter.

festivities. She also enjoyed the reunions held each year, camping out, cooking over camp fires and sleeping in tents, where wonderful programs and entertainments were given.

Because of her husband's service, Sarah received a war pension after she was widowed. She purchased the first sewing machine in Salem and rented it for a certain amount per day. She participated in her ward's organizations and social activities. After her children had all left home Sarah married Ira P. Tiffany in 1900. Two of his sons lived with them until their marriage. Ira died of a heart attack and she was left alone again in 1905.

She was a noble person, a kind, loving wife and mother, a well respected citizen, and a true neighbor and friend. She was a true Latter-day Saint and always rejoiced that her parents embraced the gospel and came to "The Valley of the Mountains."

She was always courteous and hospitable and created a happy tranquil spirit in her home. You always felt welcome and time flew on wings in her presence. Her home was always kept immaculately clean. She radiated this happiness and tranquility to all who entered her home. She was always lovable and a beautiful grandmother to all of her grandchildren and we loved her dearly.<sup>3</sup>

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[Sarah] was always an independent, resourceful person of quick movement and haughty air. She always seemed to know just what she was going to do and just how she meant to go about it. She was a good manager. Even as a child she was quick to see what was needed to be done and always ready and willing to do her share.<sup>4</sup>

Sarah visited her eldest daughter's family in Joseph occasionally. She was known by other members of the community as well.

She used to come there and Jackman's kids were always— they had to be just so pious when Grandma came to

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<sup>3</sup> Elodie C. Hopper Smith

<sup>4</sup> Elodie C. Hopper Smith

visit. And I remember she always dressed up. I went down there one time when she was there. She was a tall woman and quite a big woman and she got up and walked across the floor and I thought, "My, but she's a stately woman." And she was but she was very snippy too. She thought she was it. So I went home and described her and Mother said, "Yes, that's the way she is." She felt like she was just a little better than alot of people. She would be better than five and a half feet tall. Oh, she would have weighed a hundred and eighty-five to ninety pounds, I think. She carried herself very erect and she was very proud.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> Sarah Killarnia Moore Jackman, granddaughter-in-law

Contact:

Elaine Johnson  
PO Box 755  
Rexburg ID 83440-0755  
[elaine@ida.net](mailto:elaine@ida.net)

[www.ida.net/users/elaine/](http://www.ida.net/users/elaine/)