



Share the Linton Family History

June 2003

Monthly E-Newsletter / Volume 2

Help us Spread the News...

Currently our "Share the Linton Family History" newsletter is being sent to about 50 descendents of Samuel Linton & Ellen Sutton. We know there are hundreds of descendents still to reach. **Please help us spread the news...** forward this newsletter to your children, grandchildren, cousins, uncles & aunts. Encourage them to contact Colette Linton McCullough colettem@lintonfamily.org and get on the mailing list themselves. Thank You!

Samuel Linton Diary

This month we are thrilled to share an autobiographical sketch of Grandpa Samuel Linton. Few family members have seen these journal pages. Thank you Richard Holden & Peter Crawley (Great-grandsons of Samuel Linton through Julia) for sharing this information with all of us.

Note that this journal is being posted unedited –all five pages (with a few inserts from a couple of other sources that give additional details). Happy Reading!

I Samuel Linton am the son of William Linton and Elizabeth Selfridge. I was born June 27, 1828 in the County of Tyrone, Ireland. My father emigrated from his native land and arrived at St. Johns, in New Brunswick, in about 1835. At that time I was about seven years of age and, although quite small, assisted my father in his work. I recall helping him in the fields, piling up brush and such lightwood as I could handle. I remained with my father until I was twenty years of age.

Insert: He attended school there [in New Brunswick]. His father's brothers had already settled in Canada. Their names were John, James and Samuel. His father's family consisted of William Linton, his father, Elizabeth Selfridge, his mother, himself (Samuel), and three sisters, Margaret, Sarah Jane and Mary Ann up until the time they came to America and then there was William, Josiah, John, Elizabeth and James were born in St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. It was in Canada that he learned to cut timber and cradle grain. ~History of Samuel Linton given by him to my mother, Eliza Anne Gadd Linton (perhaps this is Genevieve LINTON Anderson writing.)

In about 1848, I went to Philadelphia; my father giving his full consent. Shortly after my arrival there I took passage on a vessel for New York. The boat was loaded with timber and I paid for my passage by assisting in the unloading of the timber. This journey required about four days. Shortly after, I returned by train to Philadelphia where I had been promised a job. I found my work satisfactory and soon made several friends who, although I was surrounded by many strangers, they treated me very kindly and I found life quite pleasant.

The year following 1849, my sister, Sarah Jane, came to Philadelphia and lived with my cousin, Robert Selfridge and his wife. They had one child. My sister lived with them until she met and married Mathew T.R. Ralston.

In the year 1850, Father brought the remainder of the family to Philadelphia where we lived happily together when Father died in the year 1851. It was not until four years after Father's death that I first heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This was in the year of 1856 (this should probably say 1853 as Samuel was baptized Jan. 1854) and how I came, to hear

Samuel Linton – Handcart Company Rescue Team Member?

Thank you to the many family members who responded to the request for information in last month's newsletter. A number of family members have seen our grandfather Samuel Linton's name on the memorial plaque at Martin's Cove Visitor Center. Samuel Linton wrote, "In the Fall of 1856, in company with others, I was sent by the Church to Wyoming to assist the Handcart companies who were in desperate straits"...

of it and the facts concerning my conversion are as follows: It was in the year 1851, that a Mr. Joseph Barker from the state of Ohio, a noted agnostic and infidel, issued a challenge to the Christian Ministers of that day to debate with him on the subject of the divinity of the Holy Bible or the question of the existence of God. There was an elderly Presbyterian gentleman who accepted the challenge and arranged for five evenings of discussion. Being very much interested I attended every evening and listened attentively to arguments on both sides. To my surprise, I saw that the Presbyterian was no match for the Agnostic and that set me to thinking. I definitely made up my mind to investigate every sect and religion and to discuss that subject with every person I could who professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

One day while looking through the notices appearing in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, a daily paper advertising meetings being held by various sects, I ran across a notice of a meeting that was to be held under the auspices of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In effect, the notice read as follows: "Elder Samuel Harrison, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, will preach at 10:00 AM on Sunday, at Callow's Hill and Seventh Street and will show that neither the Protestant or Catholic religions have the true Gospel of Jesus Christ upon the earth." This notice commanded my attention.

My first impression was that this was the most presumptuous claim I had ever heard made by any people; first to style themselves as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and then to claim that they constituted the only true church, having the only true Gospel of Jesus Christ upon the earth. Of course, my interest and curiosity were aroused and I immediately arranged to attend the meeting scheduled. I arrived in time, as the people gathered into the meeting place, I was deeply impressed with their sociability and they impressed me as being a very happy and contented people.

When the time arrived for the meeting to start, Elder Harrison took his seat on the stand and then announced the opening hymn. Following the singing, the Elder offered the invocation and I felt I had never heard a more sensible prayer and the words of the hymn impressed me. In the sermon, he preached from the New Testament and quoted passages from it, which I had memorized while attending the Methodist Sunday School. But his interpretations of these scriptures were so different to that which had been taught to me, that I was confused. This set me to thinking.

I had read and heard about the Mormons. But all that I had learned about them was unfavorable; that they were just a misguided people who were followers of old Joe Smith; that Smith's claim was that he had dug up a gold bible somewhere and based his religion on it and that it was all a humbug. As Elder Harrison continued his sermon, I thought he was quoting from the Book of Mormon and thought how similar it was to our Bible, but when he had concluded, he held up the book from which he had been reading and told the people that it was the King James translation of the Holy Bible.

I then realized that the things I had heard about the Mormon People and their religion were not true. At the conclusion of the meeting, I remained for a few minutes when a man by the name of Lutz, whom I had never seen before, approached me and asked me what I thought about Elder Harrison's sermon. I told him I could find no fault with it. Then I asked him many questions, which he answered to my satisfaction. He promised me that if I would call on him later he would lend me a Book from which I could learn much more concerning the Gospel. I kept that appointment and the book he loaned to me was the "Voice of Warning."

After much reading and meditation on the principles taught in the book, I was convinced that the Lord had restored to earth his Gospel in these the last days; that his authority to administer in the ordinances thereof had been conferred upon man and finally that it was

**Family
Members...
Please Visit
[www.Linton
Family.org](http://www.LintonFamily.org)**

Although the site is now in its humble beginning stages, we hope it will be a place where you can go to learn about your ancestors, post information, and view the Family Tree. The site regularly receives visitors from other Lintons looking for genealogical information. Please send ideas on what you'd like to see posted on our family website. Also, if you'd like to help with site maintenance, please contact Colette Linton McCullough at colettem@lintonfamily.org

my high responsibility to accept the same and ask for baptism.

Upon asking for admission into the Church, I was questioned as to whether I was prepared to meet what would follow; to have my friends turn away from me; to have evil spoken of me; to suffer persecution and perhaps to give my life for righteousness sake. In that moment I thought of the former day saints and of the trials and persecutions. But the spirit of the Lord was with me and without hesitancy I said, "I have considered it all and I am ready." On these conditions, then, he told me I could be baptized.

It was at least three weeks before arrangements were made for the baptism. There were quite a few who, like myself, had asked for baptism. When everything was ready, we all repaired to the place where the ordinance was to be performed. It was on the first day of January 1854--New Years Day. There was a thick coating of ice on the water, which had to be broken and pushed away to enable us to get into it. It certainly was a cold bath we got as we were immersed into icy water, but it did none of us any harm.

About three months later, on the third day of April 1854, I left for Utah to be gathered with the Saints. Our company took railway transportation to Pittsburgh; from there we went by rail to Cincinnati, Ohio, and from there to St. Louis, Missouri, where we met Horace H. Eldredge. There were five or six of us boys who were good teamsters and we asked Brother Eldredge for jobs to drive teams across the plains to Utah. He was, at that time, preparing to transport a company of people west and he advised us that if we would furnish our own guns and blankets he would arrange position as teamsters for us in the company he organized. I, with some others, accepted the job offered, under these conditions, and then preceded up the Missouri River to Fort Leavenworth, which, at that time, was the outfitting point.

Insert: Samuel helped to put up wagons [at Fort Leavenworth]. His train left for Utah about August first. Orson Pratt was captain for a while, there. Benson and Ira Eldridge from S.L. met them. -- History of Samuel Linton given by him to my mother, Eliza Anne Gadd Linton (perhaps this is Genevieve LINTON Anderson writing.)

I made the best of my situation and helped wherever I could, especially in taking care of Church freight, etc. It happened that at that time the Church was getting ready a large train of freight wagons which was under the charge of the returned missionary by the name of Bucklen. This brother was not only in charge, but he did the cooking and arranged for our commissary. It was not long, however, before it was necessary for him to leave us and go out into the country to buy cattle to haul the wagons. This made it necessary for us to do our own cooking or go without. It was twenty-four hours before I could bring myself to the point of eating my own cooking. None of the other boys were cooks either, and I soon found myself selected to do the cooking for the group until Elder Bucklen returned. I was also assigned the job of cutting wood to make charcoal for the blacksmithing and this, together with fixing wagons, the gathering and loading of freight and the handling of half-broke cattle afforded me plenty to do and not much time for leisure.

Finally, when the last of the cattle were delivered to us, I was put in charge to look after them. This I did and did well except there was taken from the things placed in my care a fancy cane that had been presented to Brother Horace S. Eldredge. It was stolen a day or two before we left on our journey.

It was at this time that a group of men, who were driving over land a herd of highbred cattle to California, offered me a position at \$40 per month and a good outfit to drive, if I would go with them. I made my choice however, to remain with the Saints, work for the Church and go to Zion—and I now want to say very definitely that I have never regretted it.

Documentation Project:

As mentioned in the May newsletter, the Linton Family Organization is working to document the descendents of Samuel Linton/Ellen Sutton. Because this project is a BIG undertaking—and doesn't happen very often, we'd like it to be as accurate as possible. Please mail or e-mail a PAF/gedcom or hard copy of your four-generation chart (see contact info. on last page). Copies will be made available to interested family members after upon completion of project.

I drove a large team and a wagonload of sheet iron, mill iron, window glass, as well as a mother and four children. We made the journey safely although we came near having a serious situation on the way. There was a stampede; I heard them coming. I stopped, got in front of my team and talked to the leaders. They stood still while the stampede passed us on both sides leaving us frightened, but perfectly safe.

It was on the 3rd day of October 1854, that we finally drove into Salt Lake City. My first employment after my arrival was for Heber C. Kimball, digging postholes and shucking corn. Later he sent me, with a prisoner he was to take care of, up City Creek Canyon to cut firewood. He had three teams making two drips daily, but we kept them going. Brother Heber called me the "Irish Yankee."

My labors seemed to be appreciated. After working a month, I advised him that I was quitting. He wanted to know why I was quitting; asked if he hadn't treated me alright, and I told him that he had. Then he wanted to know if his sons and wives hadn't treated me kindly and to the question I answered in the affirmative. I then simply told him that I didn't like digging post holes and otherwise doing pick and shovel work. So the remainder of the winter, I worked for the Church up Big Cottonwood Canyon cutting timber.

In the Fall of 1856, in company with others, I was sent by the Church to Wyoming to assist the Handcart companies who were in desperate straits, and in the month of September 1858, Bishop Hunter sent me, together with eight others to meet the Rawley Hand Cart Company who was in trouble. We reached them at Ham's Fork in Western Wyoming and found them almost destitute of food. Although it was a mission of mercy, it was one of the most delightful trips I have ever taken. The roads were not bad and the weather was beautiful.

I was on this trip to Ham's Fork, however, that I came nearly to losing my life. It appears that several soldiers, stationed at Fort Bridger, had had some trouble with their Captain. They had ridden a mile from the Fort and had purchased from a saloon several bottles of whiskey in addition to what they had drunk. And by this time, they were all intoxicated and in an ugly mood. When they rode up to our outfit, they wanted to search every wagon in search of the Captain, who, they said, had insulted them.

I got down from my wagon and talked to them quietly and in a friendly way and they then wanted me to take a drink of whisky with them. I told them that I always like to see a man drink out of his own bottle first. "Well," said the soldier who had offered me the drink, "That seems to make sense." Realizing that each of the soldiers (and there were nine of them) had six shooters in their belts, I did my best to keep them in a good humor. The fellow who was making most of the noise now began to show fight. I told him that we always aimed to get along with people and be friends, but that we couldn't do that, we did the next best. It was about then, when one of the drunken soldiers picked up a large rock, called it one of the Lord's bequests and told me to shut my mouth. All the soldiers then went a short distance from our train of wagons and started shooting into our camp. It was a dark by now and although they were promiscuously shooting, no one was injured. It was really a miracle, however, that someone wasn't killed.

In the Spring of 1855, I went to work for Horace H. Eldredge, and was in his employ until the Fall of 1857. From then on during the winter of 1857-58 I served as a guard at the Echo Canyon Camp at the time of the threatened invasion by Johnson's Army. On my return to the Salt Lake Valley in the Spring of 1858 I was employed by President Brigham Young. Part of the time I did farm work and the remainder of the time I assisted him in moving his family to Provo and returned at the time of the "move." I was in his employ until the fall of 1860.

Mary Ann Linton Morgan insert (written 1945): Samuel Linton and Uncle Peter Sutton went to Echo Canyon to guard against Johnson's Army. They naturally spoke of their sisters, so I concluded that Father became acquainted with mother, Ellen Sutton, as they were married 26 April 1858 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Ten children were born to them, John Sutton, Lucilla, Mary Ann, Samuel, Alice, Julia, William, infant daughter and twin boys who died at birth. (Old Church Record of Nephi #975 pg.41 states that Ellen Sutton was baptized 12 January 1851 by John Ashcroft and confirmed on the same date by John Ashcroft.) Ellen Sutton was previously married to Charles McKetchney who was a glass stainer by trade. They had one child, Sarah Ellen, who lived with grandmother (Ellen) Sutton until she was ten years old when she died of Diphtheria. McKetchney had some dealings with President Brigham Young on which they didn't agree so he apostatized and went to California threatening to take their baby. Mother told me how Uncle Peter guarded her till he knew he, McKetchney, had left the country. He begged mother to go with him, but she told him she could not leave her church and people to follow him. I think she never heard of him any more.

While Samuel lived with his father, he had already learned how to cut timber and cradle grain. Years later in Utah, Samuel was well known and considered an expert in cradling grain, being able to cradle five acres in a day. Samuel was a very large, strong man. He had a farm in the old field and could cradle more grain in a day than any other man around Nephi where they lived, and he could cut more wood so I have been told by men who knew him.

He had great faith in prayer and the Priesthood which he held. We never had to call a doctor if father administered to us. We got well immediately, no matter what ailed us. Samuel was called to the "Muddy Mission" down near St. George about 1869 to help develop that country and went with others that had been called. Just a few days before Alice was born, Mother pleaded with him not to go until after, but he thought he was called and had to go. Mother came nearly leaving us, but I guess his faith and prayers prevailed as she was spared to live and bear five other children. Three of these children died at birth, twin boys and one girl.

Mother was a hard worker, too. She could take the wool and shorn, wash, dry and send it to the machines to be made into rolls; spin it into yarn which was made into skeins. Then gather rabbit brush, steep into tea; dip the skeins in this, then in blue dye to make the different colors for shirts, dresses, etc. Dear mother was a patient sufferer. I wonder that she lived as long as she did. She was 77 when she passed away. She was affable and kind. All loved her who knew her.

When Alice was a year old, Father was helping on the thresher machine and got his leg in the horsepower. It was just mashed. Dr. Bryan set it, putting it in a heavy box. Brother Adams made the box from heavy timber. They couldn't keep the flies out of it. Oh, goodness, what he must have suffered. Father and John went to work for Mr. R.W. Young in Arizona. Father was quite taken up with that country. He wrote Mother to sell the meadowland and prepare to move. Mother had a good counselor in her oldest brother, Uncle Peter, who advised her not to sell and said father might change his mind, which he did, and came home thankful he still had his meadowland. This was a wild grass, which they cured for their animals to feed on through the winter. They used to take me to tromp the hay as they loaded it. I would ride with John going down, but felt safer with Father coming back on top of a high load. Roads were not paved then.

Father was very anxious to have his folks join the Church. His father died a year after they came to Philadelphia and Father left to gather with the Saints. After 20 years he got a letter from his Mother through the dead letter office. He began writing, trying to convert

them. Later he made two trips to visit them, but they were too full of prejudice to talk to him or listen so, no more joined the Church, but he had their work done in the Temple, which we hope they have learned to accept and appreciate.

The lived in Nephi most of their lives. He lived to be nearly 88 years old. He passed away 21 May 1916 at Nephi, Utah. Ellen Sutton Linton passed away 1 April 1909 at Nephi. They were faithful LDS, raising a God fearing and faithful family.

Share the Linton Family newsletter, editor Colette Linton McCullough, descendent of Samuel Linton/Ellen Sutton through William, Victor, Larry.

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