

**MEMORIAL OF  
SAMUEL  
CHARLES JACKSON**

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Memorial of Samuel Charles Jackson by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

**MEMORIAL OF  
SAMUEL  
CHARLES JACKSON**



MEMORIAL

OF

SAMUEL CHARLES JACKSON.

BY

A SISTER.

*T. Susanna E. Jackson*

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ANDOVER:  
PRINTED BY WARREN F. DRAPER.  
1870.



56,710

#### NOTE.

The following sketch is not published, but *printed* for the gratification of the family and of special friends, and is therefore more minute in its detail of incidents and reminiscences of personal history and experiences than if it had been prepared for the public.

"Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the Heavenly host came out to meet them. Here also they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that forever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the gate."—

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.



## MEMORIAL.

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DEAR FATHER:

AT your request I attempted this memorial of Charles. My prevailing motive has been to contribute something towards consoling your sorrow. I have tried to outline that beautiful, strong character that you, beholding the picture, might have comfort and gratitude.

Such have been my desire and aim. Yet I have here, after all, but an imperfect and fragmentary sketch. My materials were scanty, being furnished chiefly by my own recollection and my own accidental resources. While arranging and giving them shape, I have been separated from the other members of the family who might have aided me by suggestions and added to my store of reminiscences. My time has been occupied with other cares, leaving only a spare hour now and then for this undertaking.

With regret I perceive that I have brought myself very frequently into the picture. But such were the circumstances that it seemed difficult to

erase the subordinate without obscuring the principal. This is of less consequence than it would be were the memorial for publication, since the family, for whom only it is prepared, will not need to be reminded that circumstances linked us very closely in life. Because I was the only absentee from home, and that for many years, the letters in that dear hand are almost all mine. It happened that duty devolved on me the pursuit of those studies which afforded him such enjoyment. To me it was given to go down with him through the long, dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. And so through various scenes and experiences we shared much together. Of much that concerned him I was the only witness, the sole partner. Hence I am compelled so often to speak of myself in speaking of him and of the events which befell him.

Again, I have in these pages frequently given vent to my feelings in view of the facts recorded. In a family memorial these may not be deemed out of place, since we share the same sorrow and the same unspeakable sense of irretrievable loss.

Remembering the severe simplicity of speech always demanded by the loved one whose brief story I was telling, I have tried to write with perfect accuracy and candor. He would have been disgusted by exaggeration and pained by unmerited praise.

And now my fear is that you will feel that justice has scarcely been done to the lost one, that your high estimate will not be reached by my sketch. Your ideal is with reason so elevated that you may be disappointed with the work of an inexperienced and unskilful artist.

Perhaps, even so, my effort may assist your own recollection, may help to preserve from the obliterating hand of Time what tokens we still retain, and may disclose for our general enjoyment what else might be hidden in one breast, dependent for preservation on the life of its sole possessor.

Our Charley was born May 28th, 1841. Just two years and six days had elapsed since the first-born son of the house had suddenly passed into eternity — Samuel William — a child of rare beauty, a delicate flower, a little May-day blossom.

The May of 1841 brought a new May-flower, Samuel Charles, to be a solace and delight, to pass from infancy to youth and manhood, and, when the flower had developed into fruit, to follow the baby angel to the Paradise of God.

In his infancy, Charles was more healthy and vigorous than the babes who had preceded him, good-humored and affectionate, more forward than the other children had been. When quite young