

## LIFE SKETCH OF FRANKLIN WEAVER

by

Sarah Harris Mickelson

(Note: This was transcribed from the handwritten original sent to the editor by Sarah Harris "Sadie" Mickelson in 1957.)

The father of Franklin Weaver was Edward Weaver, who was born the 15th of August, 1799 at Saratoga, New York. Edward was the son of Gilbert Weaver [John Weaver was his father, not Gilbert, as verified by sources cited earlier in this work].

Edward married Martha Raymer (or Raimer). They lived at Dryden, probably at the old home. Their oldest son, Horace Racio, most likely was born there on the 12th of October, 1822, but we have no record of his birthplace. Edward and family moved from Dryden to Scio, New York, where their second and third sons were born. Miles, the second son was born the 22nd of May, 1826 and their third son, Franklin, of whom we are writing, was born the 29th of May 1828. He was my grandfather.

Again this family moved, this time to Porterville, New York, thence again to Conneaut, Pennsylvania, where their fourth son Gilbert was born on the 2nd of March, 1835. Here the family became interested in Mormonism and all except the oldest son, Horace, joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Now there was a group of Mormons going to Nauvoo, and the Edward Weaver family joined and traveled with them.

There were three daughters born to this family. We have no definite record of their birthplaces but suppose them to have been born at Nauvoo, Hancock Co., Illinois. The oldest was Martha Elizabeth, born 24th of February, 1837, who married John Rufus Stoddard; Marinda, born 3rd of March, 1838, who married James Casteel, and died July 1907 at Thermal, California. Next was Cecelia, who married David Armstrong and had two sons, George and Harry Lee.

Edward Weaver was working on the temple at Nauvoo when he contracted a bad cold which turned into pneumonia from which he died. We have no accurate date of death, but it was about 1845 as near as can be ascertained [2 December 1842].

The Saints were being persecuted very badly in Nauvoo, and were driven from there in the winter of 1846. Among them was the widow Martha Weaver and her family. They crossed the Mississippi River on the ice and started their journey westward. The boys, Horace, Miles and Franklin were in their late teens and were a great help to their mother. Things were running quite well until Captain James Allen arrived in the camps of the Saints and issued a circular to them asking President Brigham Young for five hundred men to give their services for twelve months to the U.S. Army in the war against Mexico. This was a large number to ask for from a small group of people, but Brigham Young said, "I will furnish that number if I have to take

women." There were a number of women who also went as some whole families enlisted. When this call came there were many of the young men who had gone to different parts of the country. They had gone to obtain work [for providing] help to carry their families to the west, as the Saints were forced to leave in a hurry without the time to obtain any extra cash.

We suppose that Horace, the oldest son, was away working, or his name would have been among the names in the battalion records. His first child, Mary Lucinda Weaver, was born the 7th of October, 1850 at Wayne, Wisconsin, showing that he had drifted away from his family.

Among those who enlisted in the Mormon Battalion were Miles Weaver, Franklin Weaver and Martha Weaver. Franklin was hardly old enough to enlist, but he and his brother Miles were very much devoted to each other, and when Franklin saw his brother Miles preparing to go, he found a way to enlist. Martha was a child of eleven years but through the scarce number of young men some mere children were forced into service as teamsters. Before they left winter quarters a farewell ball was given for them in a bowery. They called this "Father Taylor's Bowery." The afternoon was spent in dancing and such merriment as the sadness of the approaching parting would permit.

We leave the boys for a while: Here in Winter Quarters [near Omaha, Nebraska] was the family of Samuel Clark. They had a beautiful blonde daughter with pretty grey eyes and a very loveable disposition, whose name was Sally. Sally was somewhat displeased with this name and complained to her mother about it. Her mother said, "We will call you Sarah if you like that better," and ever afterward she was called Sarah Clark. When Sarah was very young she became engaged to Miles Weaver before he left for the war with Mexico. It was a sad day for the young and beautiful Sarah as she watched her young lover, Miles Weaver, and her two brothers, Joseph and Riley Garner Clark march away to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Whenever she made mention of this event her eyes got misty.

The Mormon Battalion left Council Bluffs July 16, 1846 and marched to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas where they were equipped with one tent for every six privates, a flintlock musket, and a few cap-lock Yeager rifles for sharpshooting and hunting. The pay of private volunteers was \$7.00 per month and an allowance of clothing, which was the cost price of clothing of a regular soldier. On the 5th day of July they drew their checks for clothing, \$42.00 each, paid one year in advance. A goodly portion of this money was sent back for tithing and for support of their families. The paymasters were very much surprised that so many of these men were able to sign their names, because many of the regular army were unable to do so.

Their line of march from Fort Leavenworth had taken them across the Kansas River and then westward to the Arkansas, which they followed upstream about one hundred miles. From that point they journeyed southwest to the Cimmaron River and passed the junction of Kansas, Colorado and Oklahoma.

As the battalion was leaving the Arkansas River, the commanding officers gave orders that a number of families who had accompanied the battalion this far, be detached and sent to Pueblo, [Colorado], a Mexican town situated at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. Captain Higgins and a guard of ten men accompanied these people back to Pueblo. One man was accidently killed.

The battalion then journeyed to Santa Fe. On October 2nd they crossed the Red River and divided into two divisions. The stronger and able bodied men pushed on with all speed and

arrived at Santa Fe on October 9th. Here they were received with the salute of 100 by Colonel Alexander Doniphan, the Post Commander of the U. S. Army.

Now in the southern country a number of the men were overcome with the intense heat and drinking from puddles along the way and from scanty provisions. The company doctor, Sanderson, prescribed calomel and arsenic, but he refused the simple remedies of the laying on of hands through faith. At Santa Fe a council was held among the officers and on October 18th, 1846 all of the sick, together with the women and children were sent back to Pueblo for the winter. Several died on the way. On November 10th another fifty-six men who were ill were sent back, but many died on the way from starvation.

On October 19th, 1846 this company at Santa Fe took up the march again. They had not gone far when there were forced to use their poor oxen for food, even their raw hides were boiled and used for soup. At times their tongues were swollen and their lips parched with thirst. In Colonel Cook's report he wrote, "Everything conspired to discourage the extraordinary undertaking of marching this battalion eleven hundred miles."

For the greater part they marched through an unknown wilderness, without road or trail. They were handicapped with no additional issue of clothing. Mules were scarce. Those procured were inferior and were growing worse from the scarcity of grazing. The quartermaster could furnish rations for sixty days. This consisted of flour, coffee, sugar and salt. Salt pork was issued for thirty days and soap for only twenty days.

A short distance northwest of where El Paso is now situated on the San Pedro River, they encountered herds of wild cattle. The soldiers were travelling with unloaded guns but loaded hastily without command. A large bull came charging at Miles Weaver and his brother, Franklin, fired his musket and the bull fell at Miles' feet, Franklin saving the life of his brother Miles. Many animals were killed which gave them meat for a few days. This was the only fighting these men were ever called on to do, fulfilling a prophesy of Brigham Young that, "If you men will go I promise you that not one hair of your heads will fall by the enemy." But the weather was warm and the water brackish. Many fell weary and ill from malaria.

They went by way of the Rio Grande River to the city of El Paso. From there they traveled to the west through Tucson, which was deserted by its garrison and citizens as the battalion approached.

On December 16th, 1846 they camped near the Mexican pueblo of Tucson. On their way they met Mexican soldiers, telling them they must march at one side of the town or else they would have to fight. But Colonel Cook did not frighten easily, so they went through the village of Sonora without any opposition. Most of the citizens and soldiers had fled. After leaving Tucson they crossed seventy-five miles of desert without water for their mules. When thirst got really bad they would take pick and shovel and dig wells to get water. By hard marching they reached the Gila River.

They were now in the land of the Pima and Maricopa Indians who inhabited a very fertile territory. These were a very superior race of Indians with peaceful tendencies who spent their time tilling the soil and weaving rather than in bearing arms.

General Kearney met the battalion here to conduct them to the Pacific coast. Most of the remaining distance was over desert with alternating sand and miry clay. On January 27, 1847 they passed San Luis Rey and two days later were at the San Diego Mission where they located their camp one mile below the Catholic Mission. For some time the battalion performed garrison

duty at San Diego, San Luis Rey and Los Angeles and were also called upon to guard the Cajon Pass in the Sierra Nevada mountains against hostile Indians.

At San Diego they were employed digging wells, making brick and building houses. On July 16, 1847 all the battalion at Los Angeles was mustered out, but some of the volunteers reenlisted for six months. On July 20th most of the members of the battalion who did not reenlist prepared to go to Salt Lake City. They went by way of Sutter's Fort and the Sacramento River, intending to follow Fremont's trail. Near Lake Tahoe they met Sam Brennan and Captain Brown who carried a message from the apostles of the Mormon church, advising all members of the Mormon Battalion who had no means to remain in California for the winter and to come to Salt Lake the next spring. Acting on this advice about one half of the members obtained employment at Sutters Fort and at Caloma on the American River where they worked at a saw mill until gold was discovered. Among those were the Weaver Brothers.

While here Franklin met a very lovely young lady by the name of Christiana Rachel Reed, the daughter of John H. and Christiana Gregory Reed who lived in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Rachel had sailed on the ship *Brooklyn* with Samuel Brennan all the way around Cape Horn, South America, over to Hawaii to unload a cargo of merchandise, then back to San Francisco. Franklin became very much in love with this beautiful young lady and asked for her hand in marriage. She gladly accepted and on March 12, 1848 Franklin and Rachel were married by the Reverend Addison Cratt at San Francisco. The next day they started for Utah on horseback, with all their possessions on one horse. They traveled for three hundred sixty miles and then joined a company of saints with whom they finished their journey to Utah. When the Weaver boys got to Utah they heard of a company of Saints on their way from Winter Quarters and being anxious to meet their loved ones they made haste to go meet the emigrants who were coming.

Now we leave this group and go to Council Bluffs: Mother Martha Weaver with her small children found the way very hard going. She met and married a man by the name of William Draper. Martha gave birth to a child, but died from childbirth and was buried at Council Bluffs. The child lived, but I am not positive of the sex, however, I have been informed it was a son [Almon "W" Draper, 28 October 1846]. William Draper started for Utah with Martha's children, Gilbert, Martha, Marinda, Cecelia and his new infant in the Heber C. Kimball Company. Also in this company was the family of Samuel Clark. They had a number of wagons and some loose stock. John Clark drove one yoke of oxen hitched to a wagon, and our dear Sarah drove a yoke of oxen all the way across the plains. Her mother, Rebecca, rode with her. Mary, a younger sister, drove the loose stock. Samuel walked beside the wagons to be on guard against roving Indians.

When the Weaver boys met this company imagine their sorrow on finding that their mother Martha was not there and learning of her death! There was no mail at that time. But they were glad to meet their brother, Gilbert, and their sisters. Of course Miles was made very happy to meet once again the beautiful Sarah Clark. They were married December 24, 1848 and lived in the old fort at Salt Lake City.

In March of 1849 the Weaver brothers and their families along with the Clark family and a number of others were called to colonize Provo, Utah. They were met by a band of Indians as they were on their way who forbade them to stay there. But things were rectified. There were

fifteen members of our family in this group. Franklin and Rachel now had an infant son, Franklin Edward, who was born December 23, 1848 at Salt Lake City. The children of Miles and Sarah were all born at Provo. They were two happy families, and both worked for Brigham Young caring for the church's cattle. It was hard going--building and moving with little or no provisions--with gold in their trunks but nothing to buy. My grandmother Sarah said there was a lapse of three months when they had no flour and corn meal was rationed in small portions. There also was a scarcity of sugar. The Saints prayed as they always did and there was a dew from Heaven that fell on the willows and it was like icing. They rinsed it off and boiled it down and had sugar. They endured many hardships but stood faithful through them all.

At one time Miles and Sarah lived on an island in Great Salt Lake and they cared for the church cattle, milking some of the cows. Grandmother churned cream to make butter. They saved the milk in wooden homemade tubs as that was the best they could do. I think they lived on the island only in the summer. They called it Church Island.

Miles received a medal from the government for some kind of service to the Indians or for fighting in some war. He mastered the Indian language and was sent by the church as an interpreter both in trouble and in missionary work among the Indians. He was loved very dearly by them. Once Solomon H. Hale was captured by the Indians. They bound him and as they tried him for his alleged offense he told them he lived with Miles Weaver. He was immediately released. Miles had at one time befriended an Indian chief and the Indians always remembered that. Solomon Hale met Anna Clark at the Miles Weaver home where she was staying with her sister Sarah. He later married her.

President Brigham Young was very fond of the Weaver boys and kept them in his employ. At one time he pointed to Miles and said, "There goes a man that will be one of the wealthiest men in the church," hesitating, and added, "if he lives."

Miles and Sarah had four children: Miles Joseph Weaver, who in later years helped to colonize Egen Bench; Zelnora Ann Weaver, who married Thomas Stephenson and who lived and died at Preston. She was supposed to have been the first white girl born at Provo. Then there was Sarah Jane Weaver who died at five years of age from croup; Rebecca Weaver married John Merrill and with her husband and three small children were called to colonize at St. David, Arizona, where they lived and died.

Now Miles Weaver met and married, as a second wife, the beautiful Sarah Elizabeth Holmes, who had been reared in the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith. To this union there were no children born.

Miles Weaver passed away on December 7, 1854 [1855]. Before he died he requested that his brother Franklin take his wives and families and care for them. With the consent of Brigham Young, Franklin married Sarah Clark Weaver on May 8, 1856 and he married Sarah Holmes Weaver May 9, 1856. On March 9, 1857 a daughter was born to Franklin and Sarah Clark Weaver, whom they named Josephine Weaver. She married Alexander Harris, Jr., and they became my parents. Sarah and my parents are all buried in the Thatcher Cemetery in Gem Valley, Idaho. At Farmington, Utah, November 11, 1857 a son was born to Franklin Weaver and Sarah Holmes Weaver, whom they named Miles Franklin.

The two [three] Weaver families were now united into one large family and they moved to Cache Valley, Utah July 22, 1859, locating at what was known as "The Church Farm."

Franklin was still working for Brigham Young. A while later they moved to Millville, Utah where the first school was held at the Weaver home. They lived in Millville for many years.

Franklin spent four summers in Blacksmith's Fork Canyon caring for the church cattle. Franklin Weaver was a man who wanted unity and love in his family and he never allowed his children to use the term "my half brother," or "my half sister." The twenty-one of them were all brothers and sisters and love was mutual with all. Each family had their own apartment, but all worked together. When mens clothing was needed Rachael made them for whomever needed them. Sarah Clark made the clothes for the females of the family and she also made buckskin gloves from hides they got from the Indians. Sarah Holmes knit all the stockings and mittens for everyone. No wonder there was no time for gossip!

When Franklin's health began to fail a few years later, he and his first wife, Rachael, moved to Bennington, Bear Lake County, Idaho. His second wife, Sarah Clark Weaver moved to Liberty, Bear Lake County, Idaho with her sons Miles, Henry, Riley and her daughters Josephine and Helen. Sarah Holmes Weaver stayed at the old home at Millville with her children Miles Franklin, Mareta, Elvira, Lucinda, David and Phebe May. Rachel's children were Franklin Edward, Christiana Martha, Elmina Ann, Mary Jane, John Rufus, Francis Cecelia, Hyrum, George Gregory, James Dart, Horace and Hannah Maud. James Dart Weaver was drowned in the old millrace at Millville.

Franklin had a moderate size herd of cattle when he moved to Bennington. But the first winter he was there was a hard one. Feed ran low and snow was deep. The cattle came through the season very thin. In May he turned them out onto the range, but a late snow storm hit, killing all the cattle. This proved to be too much for Franklin, whose health was not good. He was ill in bed for several weeks, then passed away on the 12th of June 1884 at the age of fifty-six years.

Both Franklin and Rachael are buried at Bennington, Idaho. Franklin Weaver was a loving father and a faithful, dependable worker. His word was as good as his bond and he was loved by all who knew him. He always befriended the Indians and was well liked by them. He was very slow to anger but when his ire was aroused he never soon forgot it.

The following poem was written by Vilate Scott, one of his granddaughters:

He answered the call his whole life long.  
He sought not riches or busy throng,  
But followed, and by his leaders stayed  
And was loved by the youth in his early days.  
To those who lived for the gospel's sake,  
Who gave their all and so little would take.  
We know Our Father was one of the best,  
And his reward is sure in the Land of the Blest.

One of the children of Franklin and Sarah Holmes Weaver is living at this writing (March 1957.) She is Phebe May Smith of Rupert, Idaho.

This was a family of colonizers. Helen Weaver Shaffer and her husband, and Riley Weaver and his wife Margaret Duncan, were called by the church to colonize Raymond, Alberta Canada. George Weaver and Hannah Weaver Davis went to the Big Horn, Wyoming to

colonize. Rebecca Weaver and John Merrill went to St. David, Arizona. Miles and Anna Lindsay Weaver colonized in Egin, Idaho.....and so on. Franklin's brother Horace Racio Weaver, who never joined the church, finally emigrated with his family around 1889, but I am not positive. One of his daughters, Mary Weaver Baker became a member of the church and settled at Marysville, Idaho, which was named in her honor as she and her sons built the first house in that place. Horace went to the Boise country to live and is buried there. We have never heard of any more of his children who have become members of our church.

Clement Weaver was the first of the Weavers to come to America. He was born about 1592 near Glastonbury, Sommersetshire, England, and married Rebecca Holbrook on May 19, 1617. She was the daughter of William Holbrook of Glastonbury. They came to the Colonies some time shortly after 1630. They resided at Weymouth, Massachusetts.

"The Weaver name first appears in history in the Domesday Book, 1086 A.D. in which the Weaver Manor in Cheshire, England, is recorded." <sup>1</sup> The Weavers are one of the oldest New England families and we can be proud of our history. The toils and privations and sacrifices of our Puritan forefathers helped to establish the heritage of civil and religious liberty and the national well being that has made ours the most prosperous and enlightened of all nations of the earth. The well known truth that the religion of Jesus Christ has an elevating influence on an individual or a family, while its absence has the contrary effect, is clearly illustrated in the history of this family.

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## LIFE SKETCH OF SARAH CLARK WEAVER<sup>2</sup>

by Sarah Harris Mickelson

Sarah Clark was born at Clinton, Ohio the 27th of January 1831, the daughter of Samuel Clark and Rebecca Garner Clark. Samuel Clark Sr., was born at Egg Harbor, NJ the 18th of December 1789 and is the son of Joseph Clark and Elizabeth Sooy. Rebecca Garner was the daughter of James Garner and Mary Moon and was married to Samuel Clark on the 18th of July 1827. To this union thirteen children were born, namely: Joseph, Riley Garner, Sally or Sarah, John, Mary Elizabeth (who died in infancy), Jane, Emma (who died in infancy), Ann, Rebecca (who died in infancy), Samuel, Ellen, and James.

This family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Ohio, Samuel joining eleven years earlier than did his wife Rebecca. She belonged to the Quakers and was satisfied in her belief until she had a dream one night in which she dreamed that they attended an apple peeling bee (as neighbors would get together and peel apples and then dry them as canning had not been heard of), and in the dream she thought that no one could peel the apples in the right way except Samuel. She took this to mean that his religion was the only right one and she joined the Church immediately.

They had a happy home and Sarah together with her brothers and sisters had many good times, as they were a very devoted family. They would go into the woods in the autumn of the year and gather walnuts, hickory nuts, hazel nuts and Paw Paws. They would get sap from the maple trees and make maple syrup and maple sugar. Sarah would go with her father to the town of Cincinnati to shop, but the way of travel was very slow, as they drove either horses or oxen.

Sarah had a very dear friend by the name of Libby Meek whom she loved very dearly. Now it was a very sad day for her when the family sold their home and most all of their belongings to go with the Saints to Far West, thence to Nauvoo, Illinois, where they were living at the time that the Prophet Joseph Smith, Jr. and Patriarch Hyrum Smith were assassinated. They were numbered among the Saints who were driven out of the city in February, 1845. Samuel had previously prepared for this sad journey and had wagons and provisions and was quite well equipped. He was a good manager.

The Clarks had buried three daughters in Ohio and one, Rebecca, was buried in Nauvoo. They crossed the Mississippi River on the ice and suffered the hardships with the rest of the Saints. A son, Samuel Clark, Jr., was born to Samuel and Rebecca the 1st of October 1845 at Bucharean, Missouri, and in February they had to leave and go into an unknown wilderness. They traveled nine miles and camped at Sugar Creek the first night. Many came with only a few provisions and those who had plenty had to share with the needy.

They stayed in this camp until March 1st, 1846. From there they traveled on for one hundred sixty-five miles and made another camp which they called Garden Grove. Some of the Saints pushed on twenty-seven miles farther and called this camp Mt. Pisgah. On June 14th they arrived at Council Bluffs on the banks of the Missouri River. While here a call came to President Brigham Young to furnish five hundred men to go fight with Mexico. They called this the Mormon Battalion. Sarah's brothers, Joseph and Riley Garner Clark and her lover Miles

Weaver and his brother Franklin all enlisted. Now our dear and beautiful Sarah was very sad when she saw her loved ones march away to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Her beautiful grey eyes would always grow misty when she rehearsed this story.

With the two older boys away part of the responsibility for the family's welfare fell on Sarah and John, as Rebecca had a small child in arms. The Clarks decided to stay over at Winter Quarters the winter of 1847 and in June of 1848 they commenced their journey to Utah in a company of over six hundred wagons and nearly two thousand souls with their accompanying goods and chattels. Sarah drove a yoke of oxen all the way across the plains and her mother Rebecca rode with her. As they traveled along they would milk their cows morning and night. They would then carry the milk in a stone jar and in the evening there would be a lump of butter in the jar. The roads were so rough that the motion of the wagon churned the butter!

John drove another wagon while Mary drove the loose stock. While traveling on the way they encountered a herd of buffalo which stampeded their oxen. The oxen ran and ran and finally stopped on the brink of a deep ravine. Sarah was always excited whenever she rehearsed the episode.

Grandfather Samuel walked alongside the oxen with gun in hand so as to be ready for an attack from any Indians who may decided to do just that. When they came to the Platt River they caulked their wagons boxes and floated them across. Some of the oxen and horses swam, but the people and their belongings were ferried across on a ferry boat. The Clark family escaped a lot of the hardships that so many of the Saints endured, as they had adequate supplies and were well equipped with food and clothing. Samuel provided well for his family. They traveled in the Heber C. Kimball company.

Now the Clark and Weaver boys had returned to Salt Lake City from the Mormon Battalion and Miles and Franklin Weaver immediately set out to meet this company of Saints on the last leg of their journey. These Saints arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in September of 1848.

Sarah and Miles Weaver were married the 24th of December 1848. They lived in the old fort for a few months. There was always the fear of the Indians, as they were on the warpath much of the time. Miles Weaver was called as an interpreter to the Indians in war and also in missionary undertakings, as he had mastered their language quite well and in addition had been a great friend to the Indians.

Miles and Sarah spent a fairly peaceful winter in the old fort, but Sarah had the scare of her life one day when the most of the men of the fort were away trying to recover lost cattle that the Indians had driven away. Two young men came galloping their horses into the fort and gave the Indian war whoop, firing their six-shooters. Grandmother Sarah, thinking them to be Indians, collapsed, falling to the floor. The boys were none other than Brigham Young Jr., and John Taylor. They were very much chagrined when they saw the effects of their practical joke!

In March 1849 President Brigham Young called a number of Saints to go and colonize southward from Salt Lake City. Among these colonizers were fifteen Clarks and Weavers. It was very hard going in this desolate country with so little to do and nothing to buy. They helped each other to build and they bartered with each other. Their village they named Provo.

Sarah and Miles Weaver's first child, Miles Joseph Weaver, was born in Provo on the 7th of November 1849. I have heard Grandmother say that there was no bread nor flour for three months, just scant rations of cornmeal. They would use the bulb of the sego lily in various ways for food. Thus the sego lily became the emblem of the pioneers and the Utah state flower.

Our grandparents, Sarah and Miles Weaver became the parents of four children, namely, Miles Joseph, Zelnora, Sarah Jane and Rebecca. Sarah Jane Weaver died from croup when she was five years of age.

Later Miles and Sarah lived on Church Island in the Great Salt Lake and milked some of the church cows, as Miles was working for Brigham Young and caring for the church cattle.

With the Church's approval, Miles took a second, polygamous wife, the beautiful Sarah Holmes, but the happiness of this very happy family was not for a long duration. Miles Weaver passed away on the 7th of December 1854 [1855]. His widows were heartbroken and almost destitute. It was very hard going now with a family of six and no breadwinner or provider.

Grandmother has rehearsed the following to me many times: She was lying on her bed one evening, very depressed. She wished she could wake up in Heaven. While she was feeling these things there entered into her room four personages. They came to her bedside. She recognized her husband he he turned to the other three and said, "Peter, James and John." Then he said to one of them, "Will you be mouth?" They placed their hands on her head and administered to her. She wanted very much to remember the things they said but it was spoken in an unknown language that she could not understand. But it left her with a comforting spirit and never again was she as depressed. This buoyant spirit continued with her throughout her life and she never spoke ill of a single person.

Now as it was hard for widows to get along and it being the last wish of Miles on his deathbed that his brother Franklin marry and support his two widows, after Franklin had conferred with President Brigham Young, he married Sarah Clark Weaver on the 8th of May 1855 [1856] and the following year [day] he married Sarah Elizabeth Holmes Weaver, May 3 [9], 1856. His first wife was Rachel Reed Weaver.

Franklin, still a young man, now had a very large family to support and all were in poor circumstances. But there was harmony in their homes, as every one loved one another and each respected the others. In all the twenty years my Grandmother Sarah lived in my mother's home, I have never heard her say an unkind word about any of the family nor anyone else. She was a perfect lady in every respect.

Sarah's sister, Ann Clark, was staying with her when Ann met Solomon H. Hale who worked for Franklin Weaver, and they were married.

Franklin and Sarah had a baby daughter born to them on the 9th of March 1857. They named her Josephine. She grew to womanhood and married Alexander Harris, Jr., on July 14, 1877, and they became my parents. Sarah Clark Weaver, along with my parents and Jane Clark are buried in the cemetery at Thatcher Ward, Gem Valley, Idaho.

At Farmington, Utah, on November 11, 1857 a son was born to Franklin and Sarah Elizabeth Holmes Weaver. This family now moved to Cache Valley to a place known as the Church Ranch on July 22, 1859. Franklin was still working for President Young caring for the Church cattle. Later they moved to Millville, Utah. The first school that was held in Millville was held in the home of Franklin Weaver.

The three families each had their own apartments, but they were all united and all worked together. Rachel made all the men's clothing, Sarah Clark made the women's clothing. She pinned paper on the person then cut the pattern to fit. She also made buckskin gloves and braided straw hats from oat straw. Sarah Holmes knit stockings and mittens and did the patching

and mending. They were not flushed with means but by each doing their share they fared quite well. The whole twenty-one of them were all brothers and sisters.

Now Franklin's health began to fail and the laws were making it more difficult to live in polygamy, so Franklin and his first wife, Rachel, moved to Bennington, Bear Lake County, Idaho. Sarah Clark with her family move to Liberty, Bear Lake County, Idaho. Now the boys were old enough to support the family. Sarah Clark Weaver became the president of the first Relief Society organization in Liberty, with Margaret Morgan as first counselor, Mary Hymann as chorister and Elizabeth McMurry as second counselor. Her oldest son, Miles Joseph, met and married Annie Lindsay and they resided in Liberty for a number of years. Then with her two younger sons, Henry and Riley, Sarah moved to Bennington, Idaho.

Henry was living on a ranch near Star Valley when he contracted pneumonia and passed away on March 16, 1891. He had never married. Now Sarah and Riley were alone, as Josephine and Helen had married and had families. Riley was seven years younger than Henry, and since Sarah's health was poor, my mother, Josephine, persuaded her to come and live in her home, and Riley went to live with his sister Helen. [Riley Weaver married Margaret Duncan.] Sarah lived with her daughter, Josephine Harris, until the 18th of February 1910 when she passed peacefully away, being ill only fifteen minutes.

Grandmother Sarah Clark Weaver was a lady in every respect. She was calm and composed at all times. She never gave utterance to any words of fault-finding and her motto was: "If you can't say good of people, don't say anything at all." Some of the best advice I have ever received was from my dearly beloved Grandmother. She reigned as a queen in our home and we all loved her dearly. She was always thoughtful of others and was a woman of noble character. God bless her memory!

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#### NOTES FOR APPENDIX A:

1. Lucius E. Weaver, History and Genealogy of a Branch of the Weaver Family, Rochester, New York, 1928; Published on demand by University Microfilms International, Ann Arbor, MI, USA, London, England, p. 9.

2. This was from the longhand original that Sarah Harris Mickelson "Sadie" sent the editor in 1957.