

THE LEGACY OF CHARLOTTE GAILEY CLARK

This history of Charlotte Gailey Clark was written for the Grantsville and Grantsville West Stakes Womens' Legacy Week held in Grantsville, Utah, on September 16 - 19, 1982.

The information was written by Dlorah Jean Tanner Bracken. It was compiled from the Clark and Parkinson Family Records; Wilford Woodruff; History of His Life and Labors, by Matthew F. Cowley; A History of the Church by B. H. Roberts; Orson Pratt's Private Journal; and The Founding and Development of Grantsville, by Alma A. Gardner.

In the absence of detail in the existing material, the details of this script were supplied by Dlorah Jean Tanner Bracken, referenced by her experiences in the areas described.

On behalf of the Legacy Committee, I am pleased to welcome you here tonight. We are grateful for your attendance at this event and the other events which have transpired during this Womens' Legacy Week. President Gilbert W. Davies will give the opening prayer.

President Davies, President Johnson and the Stake Presidencies of the Grantsville and Grantsville West Stakes, Sister Kimber, Sister Mathews, the Relief Society Board members, Sister Ashworth, Sister Etaw and the MIA Board members, Sister Droubay, Sister Seequist and the Primary Board members, we are grateful for your attendance and the support of these events.

Last March, 1982, was a special month for women of the Church. In Salt Lake City, the general Church leadership of the Primary, Young Women and Relief Society organizations joined their efforts to produce "A Tribute to Women; 'The Legacy - Remembered and Renewed.'" It was a month-long event meant to enhance the many dimensions of Latter-day Saint women. And it was meant to be repeated in wards and stakes throughout the Church.

In April, the Relief Society, MIA, Primary Presidencies and Cultural Arts Specialist of the Grantsville and Grantsville West Stakes met to plan the event to

be held in the Grantsville area. The committee decided together that the event should be held in September which would give them five months to produce an event that would, as Barbara Smith said, "renew our awareness of the great number of things women are doing, and refocus our attention on the limitless potential of each life." She wanted us to stretch our minds, our hearts, and our souls so that we can make meaningful contributions to all with whom we share this life. The goal was to stir our imagination, sharpen our vision, lift our spirit, express love, and affirm the possibilities realized by women in all walks of life.

The committee decided the theme for the bi-State event would be "Ties that Bind". Legacy is something handed down from the past, an inheritance, and "ties that bind" are ties from the past which bind us to the future.

President Kimball has said that "women who have a deep appreciation for the past will be concerned about shaping a righteous future." We have seen this when we gained an appreciation for the home tour which we held last Thursday. We appreciated the sweet spirit of those who shared their homes and histories with us. Our special appreciation goes to Sisters Annie Droubay, Vonita Gollagher and Shaunna Elkington and those sisters

who helped with the Lakepoint Chapel, Grantsville Ward Chapel and the Grantsville Museum.

We have enjoyed the many, many talents of those dear sisters who have shared their crafts with us today. We are grateful to Sister Myrtis Hutchison and the Clark and Parkinson families who are letting us share their past this evening. This family is only a representative of all of our ancestors, and the sacrifices they made to make a better future for all of us. We are looking forward to tomorrow to share the legacy of another great family. Sister Allridge will show us of the legacy her grandmother and mother, Barbara Smith, has left us.

An event this size cannot be accomplished through the efforts of one, ten or even a hundred. There is no way to thank by name all who have helped. May we express our deep gratitude to all. I would also like to thank Sister Barbara Dalton. It has been a privilege to work with her.

And now we would like to present the legacy of Charlotte Gailey Clark.

My name is Charlotte Gailey Clark. In Grantsville, Utah, on January 21, 1858, Isaac Morley laid his hands on my head to give me a patriarchal blessing. He said "At the head of thy family thou art honored and thy posterity in rearing sons who will become heirs to the Holy Priesthood. Thou will be honored in the blessings of posterity who will treasure thy name and memory in honor. Thy counsel and example will be sealed upon their memories from generation to generation." Because of this blessing, I would like to tell you my story.

I was raised in Acton, Herferdshire, England, a beautiful farming country with green carpeted rolling hills. There were fine, beautifully cultivated vales all around small, neatly kept villages with small, tudor style homes. I had a great love of flowers and they were all around me in every color -- brilliant reds, royal purples, and bright, sunny yellows. I walked through these hills and dreamed pleasant, happy dreams -- I dreamed of a good husband; happy, playful, healthy children; and a pleasant home with trees and flowers. I dreamed of happy times, healthy times, righteous times, and oh how I pictured the man I would marry! I wanted him to be tall, dark and handsome. It was important to me too, that he be religious. I had been brought up in a religious family and I could not be happy in

a home that did not have the influence of the Spirit of God. I wanted him to honor me as well as the people about him. It was important that he treat people with respect. I had met a man that I was interested in. He had these qualities -- and he was athletic as well. He was kind and tender, but he could be tough when he needed to be. He was a boxer of "no mean ability". I was happy around him, and I wanted to be around him all the time.

On November 28, 1825, we were married. Seven dear children were born to us in Herefordshire. Then in March, 1840, an event occurred that changed every facet of my life. My husband had become a Wesleyan Methodist minister. That was his occupation. He became discouraged with this religion, felt it did not follow the scriptures, and had broken away with Thomas Kington to form a group called the "United Brethren". There were 600 people and 45 preachers who were searching for "light and truth". My husband was second in command.

Wilford Woodruff came to England as a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On March 1, 1840, he was preaching in Hanley, England. While singing the first hymn in the evening services,

the Spirit of the Lord rested upon him and the voice of God said to him, "This is the last meeting that you will hold with this people for many days." He was astonished. The next morning he asked the Lord what His Will was. The Lord told him to go South. He had a great work for him. There were many souls waiting for the Word. Wilford Woodruff went to Mr. John Benbow's Hill Farm, Castle Frome, Ledbury, Herefordshire. Wilford Woodruff presented himself to Mr. Benbow. Mr. Benbow gave the news that there was a company of men and women -- over six hundred in number -- who had broken off from the Wesleyan Methodists and taken the name of United Brethren. For religious services they had chapels and many houses that were licensed according to the law of the land. They were searching for light and truth, but had gone as far as they could, and were calling upon the Lord continually to open the way before them and send them light and knowledge, they they night know the true way to be saved.

Wilford Woodruff preached that month and through this field of labor, he was able to bring into the Church through the blessings of God, over 1800 souls during eight months, including all of the United Brethren except one person. My husband and I were baptized into the Mormon Church by Wilford Woodruff, as were four of my children, John W., Eleanor, Hannah and Ann. Thomas H. and Sarah weren't old enough. My brother, John Gailey,

also a member of the United Brethren, was baptized on March 24th. My husband was ordained an Elder on June 23, 1840, and was then sent to proclaim the restored gospel to his fellow Englishmen. He continued to preach the gospel until April 6, 1841, when, at the head of a group of saints, we left our native England from Gloucester to join the main body of the Church in America.<sup>1</sup>

I had my reservations. I loved my husband, I approved of what he was doing. I had accepted the gospel. But I was leaving my native land. I knew nothing of America but what I had heard. I was leaving a land steeped in history for over 2,000 years to go to a country that for all sakes and purposes had been inhabited by wild Indian bands. A journey across the ocean is not without its misgivings either. Two months spent at sea traveling with unknown groups invites sickness and disease. Will there be enough to eat? Will our ship sink in the middle of the ocean? Will turbulent storms swallow us alive? And how would we survive when we got there? My husband had earned his living as a minister. How would he earn his living now? Would we make it?

We did make it. We crossed the ocean on the good ship Catherine. On her return voyage she sank. We even made it to Nauvoo on July 8, 1841, Hannah Maria's birthday. The violent persecution that the saints had

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<sup>1</sup>Wilfred Woodruff; History of His Life & Labors,  
Matthias F. Cowley, Bookcraft, 1964, 116-119.



endured in Missouri had weakened the people there, and the toll of crossing the sea and traveling to Nauvoo had left our family weak. The exposure to hardship made us all an easy prey to malaria. There was much illness among the children.

The newspaper, "St. Louis Atlas", referred to Nauvoo as the largest town in the State of Illinois. It also said, "At this moment they present the appearance of an enterprising, industrious, sober and thrifty population, such a population, indeed, as in the respects just mentioned, have no rivals East, and we rather guess, not even West of the Mississippi."<sup>2</sup>

We found residence in a blacksmith shop. It was a far cry from the beautiful home we had in England. It had no doors or windows. My husband and John W. worked on the Nauvoo Mansion. It was a substantial building, the principal hotel of the city and also the home of President Smith. It was built and owned by President Smith for the accommodation of visitors to Nauvoo. It was used while plans were continued to build the Nauvoo House. President Smith lived there until the time of his death, and his bullet torn body lay there in state after the tragedy at Carthage.<sup>3</sup> Our family was honored that they could work there.

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<sup>2</sup> A History of the Church, B. H. Roberts, Vol. II, Deseret News Press, 1930, p. 85.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., p. 179.

Thomas Henry Jr. was not very old at that time so he could not do too much work, but he did small chores. He and a man named Benny Barrus herded cows for the saints. They were paid in foodstuffs and they had not much of that. We were unable to have more than one kind of food each day. For example, one day we would have cornmeal, another day squash, another day meat.

Life was hard here. I found myself thinking back of the days in England. Here was mob violence. Threats were heard daily. The Prophet's life was threatened. There was much illness. I had buried two of my little ones -- Ann and Sarah. They were buried West of the Nauvoo Temple. Two new daughters were born to us -- Mary Ann and Charlotte. Yet my heart ached for the two daughters I had lost. Illness scared me. I panicked when one of my children would mention a sore throat or cough. If I did not have the gospel, I don't think I could have made it through from day to day.

Song -- "Families Can Be Together Forever"

The Prophet is dead. "On June 29, 1844, the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and Hyrum Smith, the Patriarch, occurred. They were shot in Carthage Jail on the 27th of June, 1844, about 5:00 p.m. by an

armed mob painted black -- of from 150 to 200 persons. Hyrum was shot first and fell calmly, exclaiming 'I am a dead man.' Joseph leaped from the window and was shot dead in the attempt, exclaiming, 'Oh Lord, my God!' They were both shot after they were dead in a brutal manner."<sup>4</sup>

The Prophet said these words to the Nauvoo Legion:

"It is thought by some that our enemies would be satisfied with my destruction; but I will tell you that as soon as they have shed my blood; they will thirst for the blood of every man in whose heart dwells a single spark of the fullness of the gospel. The opposition of these men is moved by the spirit of the adversary of all righteousness. It is not only to destroy me, but every man and woman who dare believe the doctrine that God hath inspired me to teach in this generation."<sup>5</sup>

When the work of the Prophet gave promise that it would survive him, every means was sought to harrass and destroy those who devoted their life to the work of the Prophet. Our family was included in these efforts. We were notified by a mob at 2:00 in the afternoon that we had 16 hours to leave our homes or my husband would receive 30 lashes from each member of the mob. We did not trust the mob and gathered what precious possessions we could. A gentile friend hid us in a corn patch for the night and helped us across the Mississippi River the next day. We left a large portion of our possessions in Nauvoo.

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<sup>4</sup>Ibid., p. 335.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid.

We went with the main body of the Church to Winter Quarters. My husband and two sons went to work in the hay fields to provide for us. Then my husband was asked to fill a mission to the branches of the Church in Iowa and Missouri, so John William, then 19, had to take the full responsibility of providing for our family. He worked on a ferry which crossed the Missouri River and at a lumber camp nearby. My husband completed his mission, but Brigham Young called him to go to England to preach the gospel on July 17, 1848. He labored in England and baptized a large group of saints.<sup>6</sup> Upon his release, he was assigned to be President of the emigrating group who sailed on the James Pennel ship. He paid for his own fare on the return trip. He reported to Orson Pratt that he had a safe arrival in New Orleans on October 22, 1849.<sup>7</sup> He arrived back home with us soon after that. I cannot tell you how relieved I was that he was finally home. It had been long years of absence. My children grew with responsibility, but we all missed him very much.

Among the people Thomas Henry brought with him was a young girl named Ann Micklewright. He joked with John William, saying he had brought a wife for him. John William wasn't too pleased with the teasing of

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<sup>6</sup>Clark News, June, 1969.

<sup>7</sup>Orson Pratt's Private Journal.

his father, but he grew to love Ann, wooed her, and they were married August 2, 1850.

The whole family set about the task of preparing for the journey to the Rocky Mountains. We had to secure sturdy wagons and good teams, farm tools, and household and food supplies. My husband and John William operated a ferry at Ferryville, Iowa. We sold the ferry operation on July 11, 1852, to get funds and we began the long trip Westward.

My husband was appointed captain of the ten wagons which made up his group of the wagon train. We wanted to get to Salt Lake as soon as possible, so the journey was a rigorous one. Every morning at 5:00 a.m. a bugle would sound. We would arise and join in family prayer before leaving with the wagons. We would feed the teams, eat breakfast, and have the wagons rolling by 7:00 a.m. During the day, the families walked by the wagons. The men would carry a loaded gun or have one in easy reach. At night the wagons were formed into a circle with the tongues outward. After supper, the whole group would join in singing, story telling and sometimes dancing till the bugle sounded at 8:30 for the benediction. I loved the singing and the stories. Afterwards, each

family returned to its own wagon where family and personal prayers were said. All was quiet by 9:00 p.m.<sup>8</sup>

My children walked the greater part of the way across the plains. At this time, Mary Ann was nine and Charlotte was seven. One day Charlotte was trying to get out of the wagon while it was traveling along, but she fell and one of the heavy wheels ran over her chest. It seemed that someone lifted the weight of the wheel from her body and she was drawn from under the wagon before the back wheel could run over her. We all felt that some unseen power protected her.

Charlotte was an unusually active girl and would explore every nook and cranny on the trail. Her only pair of shoes could no longer be worn and she no longer had anything to wear on her feet. The rocks, thorns and the hot, burning sand combined to make her tender feet even more tender. I did all I could at night to help her, but it didn't seem to help.

My small daughter's solution to her problem was to kneel every night by her blanket and ask God to send her a pair of shoes. She never considered that a pair of shoes could not be had in exchange for the most treasured heirloom. She knew only that she needed shoes and she believed God would send them to her.

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<sup>8</sup>Clark News, 1969.

One day while walking beside the wagon, Charlotte and Mary Ann saw some berry bushes growing along a creek. They were some distance from the trail, but asked me if they could run to the bushes and pick some berries. I would never consent to such things. There was always danger; if not from wild animals, from the Indians. But the thought of fresh fruit for supper and my girls' eagerness to go, made me consent. I instructed them to fill their pail as quickly as possible and hurry back to the wagon as fast as they could run.

I could see them eagerly picking berries and laughing to one another. Suddenly Charlotte cried out, "Oh, He sent them! He sent them! I knew He would send them if only I asked Him! Mary Ann, come here and look!" Mary Ann went running and found Charlotte kneeling on the ground, clutching a pair of sturdy shoes. Between laughing and crying, Charlotte sat on the ground and pulled on one of the shoes. "Look Mary Ann, Father knows just my size," she said.

The girls ran at break-neck speed toward the wagons. I started toward them when Charlotte said, "Mother, He sent them to me and they just fit." My husband and I were both perplexed. We knew Charlotte had prayed for the shoes, and this seemed to be an answer to all our prayers. Her feet had endured all they could.

My husband and I knew they must belong to someone else -- but where was the owner? We finally told Charlotte that if they belonged to someone in a wagon train that had already gone by, she could have them. If they belonged to someone in our wagon train, she must return them. The shoes were to be tied to our wagon for a week, and if nobody claimed them, Charlotte could have them.

At the end of the week, no one had claimed them, even though there were others in the wagon train who were barefoot. Charlotte received them and wore them for the remainder of the journey and for many months after we had arrived in Grantsville.<sup>9</sup>

During the journey, cholera struck the wagon train and many people died. Our family was severely afflicted, but none of us were lost. The Lord had blessed us.

We arrived in Salt Lake in October of 1852 and went on to Grantsville. It would have been nice to stay in Salt Lake. It had been four years since the saints had arrived, and a real settlement was beginning to take place. It was October -- no time to grow food for the winter, and no time to build shelter for the winter. But to Grantsville we came. We came with four other families -- the Bakers, Durfeys, Sevas and Watsons. Along with the first settlers, James McBride and Harrison

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<sup>9</sup> Ibid.



Severe family -- there were twenty six souls in all.<sup>10</sup>  
A few more families arrived -- but we appealed to President Brigham Young to send more families to strengthen our place and support our school. We did not feel safe from the Indians, either, being so few in number.

Indian raids were common. They would steal cattle and kill hundreds of them. Valuable items were lost and terror was found in the hearts of all of us.

We built log houses in fort form -- close together and all facing the same direction. A stockade was built sticking cedar posts into the ground. Our concern was heightened because the Indians were able to obtain a vast amount of powder, shots, caps, and guns from white settlers. On March 27, 1853, my husband, Thomas H. Clark was sustained as President of the Grantsville Branch. John R. Walker was sustained as First and William Martindale as Second Counselor. My husband was concerned about the Indian situation and cut off all brethren from the Church who had been selling guns and ammunition to the Indians. The Presiding Brethren of the Church commended him and wished other Bishops would do likewise.<sup>11</sup>  
The fall and winter of 1852-1853 found the Indians continually driving off and killing stock. Many times

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<sup>10</sup>The Founding and Development of Grantsville, Utah 1850 - 1950, Alma A. Gardner, July 1959, p 17.

<sup>11</sup>Ibid., p. 28.

search parties were sent out. The cattle had to be guarded by day and closely corralled by night. In the spring of 1853, it was decided to build a fort for proper security. So we tore our house down and moved it to the place assigned at the fort. Each man was to build part of the wall according to the amount of space he wished to occupy. "There were gates which could be hung on each side when the Indians became hostile. Portholes were built into the walls to shoot through in case of attack. If the Indians became mean, the stock was driven into the fort at night. The customary house was one room 14' x 16' with a lean-to at the back for storage."

"The homes were straight pine logs, desirable as they could be obtained. Straight logs not only made good looking houses, but also the most comfortable as they could be chinked more tightly."<sup>12</sup>

Our cabin had earthen floors and dirt roofs. In the spring, some of these would sprout, giving us a green roof. Wooden shutters closed the windows at night.

In 1853, the "Ninth General Epistle" issued by the First Presidency stated, "Translate the Book of Mormon into every language and dialect under heaven, and print the same, as God shall give you the opportunity;

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<sup>12</sup>Clark News, June, 1955.

and from the heavens the gift of tongues; and by it translation from language to language shall be more and more manifest unto the Elders of Israel."

In 1853, William Lee was building a chimney on the outside of his log cabin when an Indian appeared and made signs to him that he wished to help. William Lee was afraid and went inside the cabin, but the Indian kept making signs and began carrying rocks to the chimney site and started mixing mud. William Lee finally became more courageous and came out and let the Indian help him build the chimney. That night he gave the Indian supper and a blanket to sleep on. Early the next morning, he let the Indian know by sign that he was going up to the canyon for wood, and he would like his company, because it was unsafe to go alone. About halfway up the canyon Lee found himself facing the Indian and talking to him in the Indian language. He was so interested in the Indian that he paid no attention to the oxen. They had turned around and Lee found himself entering the fort with the oxen, wagon and Indian, but no wood. The language that had been revealed to William Lee was an answer to all of our prayers. They called for my husband who called the group together and the Indian addressed them in his own tongue with William Lee interpreting. My husband told the Indian, named Ship-rus,

to go to his people and bring them to the fort so he could talk to them. In two days the Indian returned. Willaim Lee stood on a chair, talking to them for an hour, telling them of their origins and that the settlers were their friends. They would be taught how to till the ground and supply themselves with the necessities of life. The Indians answered in this way, "The mountains are ours, the water, the woods, the grass, the game all belong to us, but the Mormons are our brothers, we will share all with them and smoke the pipe of peace together."<sup>13</sup>

My husband was very concerned about the Indians. He treated them with respect and set the example for all of us to follow. Our family was noted for our kindness to the Indians. Blessings because of this kindness came back to us many fold.

One instance was in 1865 when our son-in-law, Charles Graham Parkinson was sent to Camp Floyd on an errand for the government. He was wearing a soldier's blue overcoat. The coat had all the trimmings which looked very nice to Charles. However, it led to great danger, because Charles was taken captive by the Indians. No matter what he tried to tell them, in the Indians eyes he was a soldier, and they were determined to do

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<sup>13</sup> Ibid., p. 34-35.

away with him. The Indians had a great council meeting during which a young brave by the name of Taby recognized Charles as one of our "papooses". It was a lucky day for Charles for all of the Indians had a great love for the "pale face Clark", so Charles was released.<sup>14</sup>

During funerals of our family, there were many Indians in attendance, sometimes as many Indians as whites. We had a great love for one another.

The years of 1855 and 1856 were in many ways the most trying that we have ever faced. This was a period of much dispair. Hunger was caused by unfavorable growing seasons and hordes of grasshoppers. James McBride wrote, "Men struggled with weakness as they went to and from their labors."<sup>15</sup> Mr. McBride had harvested more wheat than anybody, and he shared generously with all of us. It was a time when women had to pull together. My friend, Olive Hale, wrote to her husband who was on a mission in Las Vegas, "I tell you, Aroet, that there never was such hard times since I can remember. I hardly know what we shall do for wheat, and we have no garden stuff . . . we have lost Old Rose. She would have made a good winter cow. We have dried out her tallow and got 15 pounds . . . one of the sows had eight

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<sup>14</sup>Life of Charles Graham Parkinson.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., p. 41.

pigs, and the other had five. Alma turned three in for debts, sold two for store pay, and two died. We don't know what we'll fatten the other pigs on for our winter meat."<sup>16</sup>

For three years nature did not assist us in supplying for our needs. As President of the Branch, my husband was not only concerned with our families needs, but all of the others as well. We carried water from mountain streams, prepared more acreage for crops, and worked with one another to provide for the needy. We needed great spiritual strength.

Our trials did not end. On July 27, 1857, news of the coming of Johnston's Army reached the saints in Salt Lake. The news traveled quickly to Grantsville. We had been driven from Nauvoo because of persecution. We had traveled West to carve a place out of the land nobody else wanted. Would they never leave us alone?

We as a branch gave support to President Brigham Young in the offensive against Johnston's Army. My husband wrote an epistle dated Grantsville, October 23, 1857. This epistle was written when the Territory was ruled by officers who were not friendly to the citizens of Utah.

"To the President and Brethren of the School of the Prophets in Grantsville who are now assembled."

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<sup>16</sup>Ibid., p. 48.

"Dear Brethren as this is a day of thick clouds and darkness, and it seems that great trouble is at hand, therefore I do think it would be wisdom to know what arms and ammunition each brother has on hand. Also every horseman to have his horse, saddle and bridle and everything ready to go if wanted at a minute's notice, and every man that is able to bear arms to be ready at any hour. Officers and men don't delay. If you are not ready, leave everything and get ready. Do not have to go on the prairie to hunt your horses when they ought to be under the saddle. Never, no never, no never let it be said that the Grantsville brethren are behind with men and money to sustain the Kingdom of God, its rights and its servants. 'He that will save his life, shall lose it.' Brethren be ready to defend the Kingdom of God and He will bless you.

P. S. Please remember me in your prayers,

Yours truly in the Gospel of  
Christ,

Thomas H. Clark, Sr.<sup>17</sup>

Our fears of the Army continued, and in the spring of 1858, we obeyed the orders of the Church to again vacate our homes and property and move "South". Only ten faithful men were left in Grantsville to look after things, take care of the cattle, and to watch the crops. My son, Thomas Clark, Jr., was one of these men. He was under orders to burn every building and destroy all crops and trees should Johnston's Army persist in coming in. We were not going to leave anything for the Army as we had done in Nauvoo.

The move South was a very discouraging one for all of us. We now had food to eat, but little to wear.

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<sup>17</sup>Private Files of Myrtle Hutchinson.

Some people were almost naked. We settled between Santaquin and Payson in crude tents, wagon boxes, and sometimes bare earth. We were blessed. A treaty was signed with government representatives, Johnston's Army passed through Salt Lake and settled at Cedar Fort.<sup>18</sup> By the 4th of July, we were back to Grantsville to really celebrate. I felt this was the start of many celebrations. Now most of our time could be devoted to establishing a haven for our children, instead of merely surviving for so many long years. We could work on family tradition, family values, treasures of a real value to be left as a legacy for our posterity who followed.

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<sup>18</sup> Founding and Development of Grantsville, Utah.  
Alma A. Gardner, p. 47-48.