

**AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF FRANKLIN BENJAMIN WOOLLEY BY HIS BROTHER
E. D. WOOLLEY, GIVEN FROM MEMORY FORTY-FOUR YEARS AFTER, TO HIS
DAUGHTER, BESSIE, THIS 18TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1912. Typed and compiled by Loretta
Nixon 1/18/2006**



Franklin B. Woolley



Edwin D. Woolley, Jr.

In the year 1868, a co-operative mercantile company was formed in St. George for which Frank was chosen to go to San Francisco to buy goods. A train of mule teams left St. George to go across the desert to Wilmington, near Los Angeles, to which place the goods were to be shipped and thence freighted across the desert to St. George. He had proceeded to San Francisco, purchased the goods, shipped them to Wilmington, loaded them on to wagons and started to Utah. The company got down to a place about twenty miles on the Mohave River where we camped. The next morning three horses belonging to Frank and myself were gone. Part of that afternoon the company waited for us to hunt horses, but not finding them, we managed to take what animals we had, using the extra horses of the party, and moved both wagons down the river to the last station, where the Arizona and Utah road forked, about three days travel. From there the Utah road started on a thirty mile desert.

Frank had previously taken a mule and gone back over the road that we had just traveled. The first night he stopped at the station or tollgate, a camping place in Mohave Canyon. From there, the next day, he went to San Bernardino, saw the man from whom he bought the horses, and made other inquiries, but got no trace of them. The man told him that they had been summered the summer before at a hay ranch about twenty miles from the main road at the head of the Mohave Rive, and that no doubt they had drifted there. So Frank came back to Toll-Gate Station

where he stopped that night. The people there gave him a description of the road and ranch. He went over there, but night overtook him and it commenced to rain. He tied his mule to the haystack, took a door of an old cabin, leaned it against the stack and made a bed in the hay.

The next morning, evidently before he had started, a band of Indians came upon him and it seemed from the tracks and signs, such as patting down of the ground around him where they had executed a war dance around him, that he had a long parley with them and from the tracks it is supposed that he persuaded them to let him go, as his tracks led out of the circle across the tracks of the Indians. He had gone but a few rods when they shot him with arrows in the back, and he had pulled the arrow through him, which broke in two pieces, as there were clots of blood on the feathers of the arrow. (I brought part of the arrow home.) The Indians cut the mule's throat, stripped Frank of his clothes, cutting boot-legs off, leathers off the saddle, leaving the saddle-tree. They also left his collar on his neck and pieces of his long woolen socks.

Meanwhile, as Frank did not return, the company consisting of Jim Andrews, Moroni Snow, Charles Little, Frank Foster, Andrew McArthur, had gone on, taking one of our wagons with a hired driver. I was left alone with my loaded wagon at the station occupied by a half-breed man and his wife. I was without money, but the people fed me and treated me kindly.

The next day, the government mail rider carrying mail from San Bernardino to Camp Cady told me, in answer to my inquiries, that he had seen a man's hat in the river, which was very dangerous because of high water. This gave me much concern. As there was no travel from that direction, I heard nothing more. The next day, about one, two freighters came along who had unloaded their freight at the military post in Arizona and were on their return to San Bernardino. One had met with a very serious accident (had sprained or broken the ankle bone) and was unable to tend his team. My anxiety for Frank had become so great that I asked them to let me work my passage to see if I could meet my brother, or possibly find his remains, if dead.

I traveled with them back to where we lost the horses, could hear no word of Frank, but went to a ranch off the road to inquire of the horses. He said he had seen three horses in the river bottom where I found them. I borrowed a saddle from the ranch man, left two horses for security for the saddle, and went back on the road without meeting anyone of whom to inquire. I rode about twenty-five miles and came to Burton's Station at the head of the Mohave River. As I came around the bend of the road into a little stretch of open country, I was seen by

parties at the station.

There was a freight train stopping there with ten mule teams, and upon seeing me they had all lined up in front of their wagons. I knew from their looks that they had news of my brother. One man stepped up, whom I recognized as the owner of the train, and whom I told what I was after. He told me that when he arrived at Toll-Gate Station, the people told him of Frank's staying there when he went down to San Bernardino and when he returned, and that he was a man from Utah, intelligent and interesting, and that he had left there to go over to this ranch to find his horses, that the mail carrier had given them word that I was stranded down the river; further more that he had not passed Burton's Station, the only place he could pass, and they feared something had happened to him. He had made such a favorable impression on them, that the station keeper proffered to feed this entire train of mules if Mr. Acken, the owner, would mount his drivers and go in search of the missing man, which he did. Mr. Acken told me hurriedly of finding the body.

They had found the body with the flesh eaten from the bones, eyes picked out by crows, and at a distance, the dead mule. They also found nine head of mares and colts (owned by the old Italian who was working at the Toll-Gate Station) that had been driven into a ravine and killed. The suspicions aroused among the station people that he had been killed by Indians at this ranch, were caused by the fact that some white had been there the year before putting up hay and had killed several Indians who had been there on a hunting trip, had cut off the heads of two of them and put them on the fence posts. The Indians had said that they would never allow a white man to occupy the ranch again. Hence, they were in to kill this band of horses the Italian had there, and which were his all.

The next morning on the way back they had found Frank's body. Acken told me that they had just buried him in a rude box at the Toll-Gate Station. The women at the station broke down in tears before he had finished. She prepared me a lunch. I ate hurriedly, then called Mr. Acken to one side and thanked him with all the gratitude I possessed for the part he had taken. I told him I was very desirous of going back to the station to get the remains, take them to San Bernardino, and have them sealed in a metal coffin and bring it home to the family, but that I hadn't a cent of money, and asked me [him] if he could lend me \$50. He told me he had no money as there was no place to spend it until he reached the station in Arizona, but he suggested that we step a little further away, and he told me that he appreciated the situation, and that if he had money, I should have it, that

there were three wagons camped at the station where the remains were buried, and one of the men by the name of Durkee had \$1,500 with him, although it was reported sent back to San Francisco. I thanked him and got on my horse to ride the twenty miles to the station.

By this time there was considerable excitement over the killing, and it was suggested that someone go with me, which Mr. Burton volunteered to do. As Mr. Burton was an entire stranger, I did not open up any plans I had formulated in my mind in relation to trying to get money from Mr. Durfee. I knew if I went in as a stranger and inquired for Mr. Durkee that the chances would be that he could not be identified. So I concluded to size up the situation and see if I could pick him out.

When I got to the station, the people were in a little groups discussing the event. I told them I was the brother of the dead man. I sized up the crowd and saw two men sitting on the wagon tongue at one side. I concluded that one was the boss of the outfit going to Utah, and the other Mr. Durkee. I left Mr. Burton talking with groups gathered around and walked over and spoke to the men on the wagon tongue, "I understand that there is a man in this party who is going to Utah and had \$1,500 with him," all the time watching their countenances very closely.

In the face of one the color came and went, the other remained ashy white. I stepped closer to him and in a lower voice said, "Your name is Durkee, and you know my circumstances. I want \$50. I shall have to travel with you back to Utah and you may take my load of goods as security," He said, "I did have it but sent it back to San Francisco." I answered, "Perhaps you have enough for expenses", and we went into the cabin. I wrote out an IOU He handed me the \$50.00.

I asked the men to get the remains for me as I wanted to go to San Bernardino that night. The old Italian who had lost the horses was thoroughly broken up over his great loss and in sympathy for me, and the impression that Frank had left with everyone there, said he would go with me. It seemed as though all the people of the station were determined to do everything for my relief. By the time they had got the remains up, the old Italian had a team and rig ready, and we started for San Bernardino, arriving there early in the morning. Of course, everyone was excited and full of sympathy. I drove to a tin shop and had the remains unloaded. The people put up our team and gave orders for the body to be put in a metal box and sealed up. Many came in and talked over the circumstance.

Finally, two men came and invited me to breakfast. I thanked them and accepted. During breakfast they questioned me about the details of the killing, etc.

I related it to them as I had heard it from Mr. Acken. They wanted to know if I would like to get it more in detail. They did not wait for my reply, but suggested that I go to the home of a noted medium who would give me the particulars and I could talk with my brother. I answered that I did not care to consult a medium. They pressed me some for my reasons, while I commenced as easy as I could so as not to give offense, They became impatient and asked me if I did not believe in spiritualism. I told them, yes, that I believed that there had been some connection between the spirit world and this earth, but that if I was successful in getting connection, I should not have confidence it its being my brother's spirit for the reason that I did not think the medium could reach the spirits in the sphere in which my brother was. One said, "You are a Mormon." I said, "Yes," and that ended the dialogue.

Before leaving the station with the remains for San Bernardino, I talked with the people who were going to Utah and asked them if they would remain until I could get back. They said they were on expenses and would be short of supplies if they did not move rapidly on. The women of the company were superstitious and would not have a corpse travel with them across the desert. Mr. Martin, the station master, pled with them and even offered to feed them and their teams until I could get back. But next morning they pulled out and traveled quickly to get on the desert ahead of me. But the Italian said, "I'll see you through to your wagon." So he hitched a fresh team on to the rig and away we went, passed the party, overtook Mr. Acken, put the coffin in one of his wagons and got to my own wagon. I traded a case of Ruby Ann shoes for another horse and was ready to travel with the party to Utah.

I found that Mr. Durkee and some of the others were very agreeable. I also found that my load was rather too heavy for my team. By the time I got water on for the sixty miles of desert, and grain for three hundred miles, it was too much for the horse I had bought. But a prospector, a '49 er, who had learned of our going across the desert, had taken this opportunity to cross. He was a Yankee who had prospected in northern regions in the summer and moved south in the winter, and was now on his way north. We overtook him, riding a little mule and packing another. By gathering together all the extra straps and collars, etc. from the company, and with the aid of the Yankee's tie ropes, we made a harness for the mules and put them on lead, and I hauled the water for the mules. The Yankee and I hooked up and made a pair, so I felt independent of all of them.

Before camping that night, we came upon an Irish tramp without provisions or bedding. I told him that he could cook, while the Yankee and I took care of the

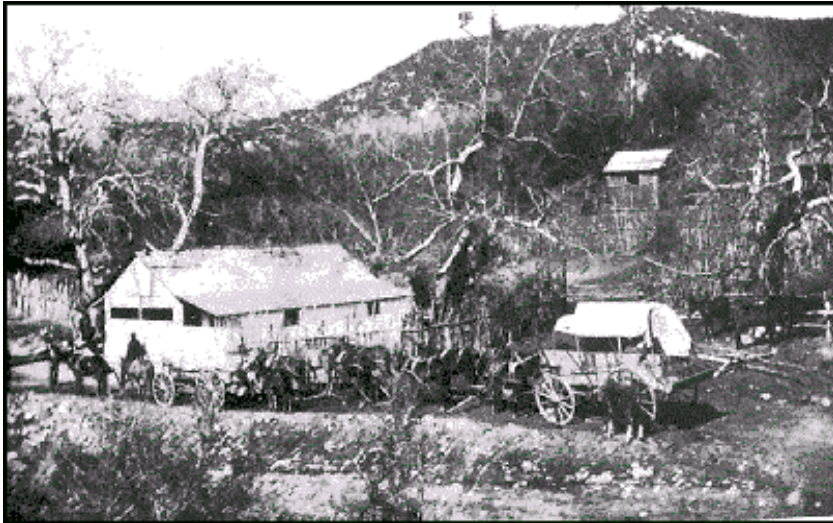
teams and we would form a combination. In those days there was not much time for eating or sleeping for man or animal. After leaving the Mohave Rive, the first pull is a thirty-mile desert. There, we get mineral water, but no feed. We fill a barrel and start out on sixty-mile desert. That means keep going day and night with only time to nose-sack the team and drink a cup of coffee. At the end of that pull, we come to a camping place in the road, with water eight miles distant. All hands take animals and go to Mule Spring and then hitch up and start for another sixty miles of desert.

In order not to worry the timid ones of the company, I would camp off to one side of the rest, but on this occasion we both went with the animals to the spring and left the Irishman with the wagon to have us a little bite on our return.

He laid down under the wagon to have a nap. It proved that the workman who made the metal coffin had not made it airtight. It being hot weather across the desert and sufficient flesh on the bones to generate gas, which, while we were gone, puffed up the casket lid, drawing the two-inch screws with a screeching sound. It frightened the Irishman, who fled like a crazy man and told me that my brother was alive and kicking to get out. The camp was in an uproar. They had a hurried consultation and ordered me to bury the remains.

I asked the Yankee if he would remain with me and he said he would, so I told them I would take the body to the family, alone, if necessary. But it was bad Indian country, and I kept up with them till we reached our settlements on the Muddy. There the Yankee and Irishman branched off into Nevada and left me again with my balky horse and the worst part of the road to go over to get to St. George. So, I got a man to hitch a mule team on and take me home. While at the Muddy, I took the casket out and tried to solder it up, but found too many little holes worn in it.

When we got to Beaver Dams, (withing twelve miles of St. George) just pulling into camp at Miller's Pass, we met a party of eight men in charge of A. I. Hardy, of St. George, with teams and grain going out in search of us. The papers in California had taken the matter up under Mr. Linwith of San Francisco, with whom Frank had stayed. He had telegraphed to Brigham Young, the reports he saw in the California papers. President Young placed the Deseret Telegraph line between Salt Lake City and St. George at father's disposal, but they could not find out which Woolley, whether one or both, but the party was sent out. I left the team, took one of the saddle horses and rode on to St. George that night. The party came the next day.



1 Upper Tollgate station 1863, location of Fear's Station.
Wagons similar to what Franklin B. And Edwin D. Woolley
would have driven across the desert to St. George, Utah in 1869



2 Martin's Station where Franklin B. Woolley was buried when his
remains were first found near Dunlap's (Las Flores) Ranch, California.

D'heureuse photos, courtesy Bancroft Library from *Pioneer of the Mojave; The
life and Times of Aaron G. Lane*, by Richard D. and Kathryn L. Thompson.
Journal History of the Church April 14, 1869

Newspapers accounts of Franklin's death.

Deseret Evening News April 14, 1869

Confirmed

We are reluctantly compelled to give credence to the sad tidings of the murder of Elder Fanklin B. Woolley by Indians as the news of his death has been confirmed.

Bishop Woolley has received the following telegram, dated San Francisco, April 13th:

“Frank’s body, in zinc coffin, is on its way to St. George, in charge of his brohter. More by man.

Jas. Linforth.”

We fear that this dispatch is too authentic to leave the least room for hope that Elder Woolley still lives.

Franklin Benjamin Woolley, the son of Edwin D. Woolley and Mary Wickerham Woolley, was born at Rochester, Colubiana county, Ohio, on the 11 of June 1834. Franklin resided with his family in Nauvoo, Illinois, until the exodus of the Saints from that place. Stopping at Winter quarters through the latter part of 1846, also through 1847, in 1848 his parents came to this valley, and he accompanied them. In 1853 he was ordained into the thirtieth quorum of Seventies, and appointed a clerk of the quorum the year following, in which year also he ws called on a mission to preach the gospel in the Eastern States. His labors were principally confined to Ohio, and after a three years’ absence, he returned to the city. On the death of Elder Leo Hawkins, he was elected to succeed him as Recorder for Salt Lake County; he was also called upon to act as one of the High Council in this Stake of Zion. In 1861, at the time of the general call of missionaries to strengthen the Southern Mission, he was one of the number chosen, and since then he has resided at St. George. At the time of his death he filled the offices of Collector of Internal Revenue for Washington County, was Prosecuting Attorney for the same, was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment of infantry of General Erastus Snow’s brigde of the militia of the Territory, and a member of the High Council of that Stake of Zion; he also acted as general tithing clerk for the Southern Mission, and had lately been appointed the General Business Manager of the Co-oprative Institution at St. George. It was on business connected with the Co-operative Institution that he left this city for California and having completed his purchases in San Francisco, he left that city on the 19th of February by steamer

for Wilmington. After loading his teams he was on his way home when he fell into the hands of the Indians, the particulars of which as far as we have been able to obtain them, appeared in our issue of the 12th inst.

Franklin B. Woolley was a man of uncommon ability, industrious, thoroughly reliable, and of strict integrity. To all human appearances his future prospects were exceedingly promising for a life of usefulness and honor and at no time previous did circumstances appear more propitious and bright for him than when he left St. George to go to California. His sudden departure will be a severe blow to his family, his father, brothers, sisters and other relatives and friends. An event so unlooked for, attended by circumstances so painful to reflect upon, must have a stunning effect upon all, but especially upon his family and kindred; yet there is this reflection to console them; that so far as the action of life can prepare a man for a future state of existence, he was prepared. His life was one of faithfulness, virtue and honor, and his rest will be glorious.

Mohave Historical Society, P. O. Box 163, Victorville, CA 92393

Journal History of the Church BX19, BYU Harold B. Library, researched by Loretta Nixon November 1, 2005.

March 20, 1869

Extract from James G. Bleak's notes.

While enjoying ourselves at this 20th day of March first meeting in St. George Tabernacle, we had no conception of a terrible tragedy which was being enacted on that very day, resulting in the murder by Mojave Indians, of our beloved brother and faithful fellow laborer, Franklin Benjamin Woolley, who had been associated with Pres. Erastus Snow and Robt. Gardner since November, 1864, in the trustee-ship of erecting this tabernacle. As already stated in these annals (page 443-448), Bro. Franklin B. Woolley was sent to California to purchase merchandise for "Southern Utah Co-operative Mercantile Association. It was in returning home, the disaster occurred on the date given.

Elder Woolley's brother, Edwin D. Woolley, subsequently the president of Kanab Stake of Zion, as one of the party gives the following information: "In the early spring of 1869 a company of freighters were fitted out at St. George, Utah, to go to Wilmington, below Los Angeles, California, for goods with which to start a co-operative store at St. George. Each freighter owned his own outfit. They

organized at St. George with James Andrus as captain. The company consisted of James Andrus, Mahonri M. Snow, Andrew B. McArthur, Chas. Franklin Foster, Alma Miller, Hyrum Miller, Chas. Lytle, Albert De Long, Edwin D. Woolley Jr. And others. A team belonging to Franklin B. Woolley was also with the company. There were both four horse and six horse teams.

Franklin B. Woolley went to San Francisco, Cal., via Salt Lake City and Ogden, to purchase goods which were shipped down the coast to Wilmington, where they arrived in due course of time. The teams loaded up and started for San Bernardino, where Franklin B. Woolley purchased three horses of a Mr. Thorne, a resident of San Bernardino.

When we got down on the Mojave River those horses were missing one morning. No special effort was made to hunt the horses, the company being very anxious to move on; hence the teams were hitched up and started on without anyone remaining to look for the horses. On finding out this Frank saddled up a mule and started back thinking the animals had gone back to where they had been purchased, some 60-70 miles. On his way back, he stopped at Martin's Station in Cajon Canon; thence he went to Thorne's at San Bernardino and found the horses had not returned. Mr. Thorne told him however, that the horses had the summer before, run on a hay ranch at the head of the Mojave River. Frank then returned to Martin's ranch and went thence to the hay ranch, found no one there and stayed for the night, sleeping on the stacks. It had been raining heavily. The next morning, when about ready to leave a band of some 16 Mojaves appeared in sight. This band had run a number of horses belonging to a Mr. Girard, up into the canyon and had killed them the day before. The Indians surrounded Frank and held a war dance and finally shot him to death with arrows, after which they stripped him and cut the throat of his mule which he had been riding. A freighter named Aiken, who had an outfit of 10 mule teams, had been stopping at Martin's Station. Mr. Martin taking an interest in the missing white man (F.B.W.) suggested that he would feed the animals of the Aiken outfit, if Mr. Aiken would with some of his men go and search for the missing man.

The offer was generously accepted by Aiken who went to the hay ranch named, about 80 miles from Martin's and found there the remains above described. He packed them on a mule and returned to Martin's, where a lumber box was made and the remains were interred.

In the meantime Andrus and company had traveled from where the horses were missed to the last station on the Mojave, a distance of some 40 to 50 miles.

As Frank had not overtaken us or been heard from, I (Edward D. Woolley) stayed there a couple of days, the company going on without delay. At the close of this couple of days, a company of freighters from Arizona arrived on the way to San Bernardino and I (E. D. Woolley) started back with them in search of Frank. On arriving at the bottom where the three horses were first missed I found them. I left two of them, borrowed a saddle, and rode back to the Upper or Martin's station, on the Mojave, where I met Mr. Aiken's train and learned of the death of my brother and of the recovery of the remains, which had been buried at Martin's ranch.

I asked Mr. Aiken to lend me some money to get a casket to bring the remains home to Utah. He did not have any, but told me of a man that I would meet at Martin's Ranch, whom he thought could accommodate me.

A man at Burton's station volunteered to go back with me to Martin's ranch where I obtained \$50 of Mr. Murphy. I had the remains disinterred. An old gentleman, named Gerrard, took his team and we went with the remains to San Bernardino and had them placed in a casket and hermetically sealed after which I returned overtaking Mr. Murphy and party who were on their way to Utah. I traveled with them as far as the Muddy, where I obtained a fresh team of Bro. Burbage and he accompanied me to St. George.

On our way, when within about 18 miles from St. George, we met my brother Edwin G. Woolley, Augustus P. Hardy and others, fitted out to go in search of Frank and myself.

There is no question in my mind about the identity of the remains being those of my brother Franklin B.

Edwin D. Woolley

Franklin Benjamin Woolley, son of Edwin D. And Mary Wickersham Woolley was born at Rochester, Columbiana Co., Ohio, Wednesday, June 11, 1834, Died Sat. March 20, 1869.

News Clipping from The "Deseret Evening News", April 16, 1869.
Particulars of the Death of Franklin B. Woolley.

The following account has been furnished by the St. George Office of the Deseret Telegraph Line to Bishop E. D. Woolley, in relation to the death of his son Elder F. B. Woolley: " Frank left Point of Rock Station on the Mojave river on the evening of the 17th of March. He rode all night in a rain storm and stopped at Fear's in Cajon Canon, thirty-four miles distant from where he started. He left there and went to San Bernardino, stayed there during the 19th, and on the 20th returned to Fear's and stopped about three hours. He then went to what is known as Dunlap's ranche, about eight miles east of the main traveled road, to look for his horses, intending, if he did not find them there, to return to his train and make other arrangements. He stayed all night in a hay stack and is supposed to have started early the next morning with the intention of returning to his camp. He had gone about a half a mile, when from the tracks, it is supposed he met about sixteen Indians, when he dismounted from his mule to parley with them. Failing to compromise with them, and seeing they intended to kill him, he turned and ran about twenty-five paces, when he fell, shot by arrows. Such is the supposition. The Indians then stripped him of everything and dragged him into a ravine about twenty-five steps distant and there left him. They then led the mule a short distance up the hill to a bush and stabbed it, where it was afterwards found dead. Frank's failing to return to either Fear's or Burton's stations, which were on his way back to his train, awakened alarm, and Mr. William Gregory, of Fear's and Charles Gerrard, of Burton's station started out in search of him. There being a trail going to San Bernardino, which did not pass either of these stations, Gregory and Gerrard went to it and there discovered nine head of horses, belonging to Gerrard, killed and mutilated. The men hearing noises in the brush, and both being unarmed, started back, and, when about half way across the valley, they found Franklin's black whip, covered with blood. Gregory then started for San Bernardino for a party of men to hunt the body. Arriving at Fear's, he found a freighter named Aiken, who, with his teamsters and some other men of the station, went in search of Frank. Gregory proceeded to San Bernardino, but could raise only one man, named R. Mathews. Arriving at Fear's, he found Aiken had returned with Frank's remains, much mutilated, most of the flesh being gone from the bones. Aiken had conveyed them on a mule from where they were first discovered, and was just burying them as Gregory returned. This was on the 25th of March.

The morning that Frank left, the train divided, it having been so arranged with Frank. The light wagons started on, leaving E. D. Woolley, Jun., with the rest of the train. They waited three days, and then started on the 20th, Frank having arranged, before he left, that they should proceed down the Mojave and he would

over take them. The train traveled three days to the foot of the Mojave. It was then thought best by the boys, as they were getting short of provisions and grain, for the train to go on and leave E. D. Jun., until Frank came up. If Frank did not come up in time they would wait until some wagons, expected from San Bernardino arrived. The train started on the 24th. E. D. Woolley Jr., stopped there that day, waiting the arrival of the mail-carrier. The mail carrier reported finding a hat on the banks of the Mojave, but upon inquiry E. D. Jun., did not think it was Frank's. On the 25th he started back with some freight teams and found the missing horses near where they had been lost. Mounting one he reached Fear's and learned the particulars. He then took the body to San Bernardino, arriving there on the 27th. He obtained a zinc coffin and started for home, staying at Fear's the night of the 27th. Next morning Gerrard conveyed E. D. Jun., with the body until they overtook Aiken at Cottonwood on the 28th. Aiken then took the body about 30 miles to Woolley's wagon. E. D. Jun. waited one day for a train which was coming through and reached St. George this morning.

Editorial published in the "Deseret Evening News" April 12, 1869.

Painful Surmises Respecting Franklin B. Woolley

A great many rumors are flying around town to-day in relation to the alleged killing of Franklin B. Woolley, Esq., by Indians on the Mohave River. His father Bishop E. D. Woolley, has kindly placed at our disposal the information which he has received, and on which the rumors have been based.

This morning Bishop Woolley received a letter, dated April 5th, from Messrs. Linforth, Kellogg and Ball, of San Francisco with whom Mr. F. B. Woolley had done business while in San Francisco-enclosing letter from Messrs. Banning & Co., of Wilmington, (as the old port of San Pedro is now called). Messrs. Banning & Co's letter is dated March 31. It states that they have just been shown a letter from a reliable source, to a gentleman in Wilmington, dated San Bernardino, March 25th, wherein it is stated.

"That a Mr. Woolley, who had a train laden with \$20,000 worth of goods en

route for Utah, was murdered by the Piute Indians, near Dunlap's ranch , on the Mojave river."

Messrs Banning & Co. Say:

"The latter further states that two mules had strayed away from Mr. W's trains, and that he had gone in pursuit of them. No returning when expected, his companions became alarmed

and went to search of him. At the end of three days his body was found in a gulch a few miles from Camp. His riding mule was also found dead (its throat having been cut) tied to a tree near by."

Messrs, Banning & Co. add in their letter to Linforth, Kellogg & Ball, that they think this must refer to Mr. F. B. Woolley, who recently made extensive purchases in San Francisco and received the goods at Wilmington.

As soon as this letter was recived [sic] this morning, an inquiry was sent by Deseret Telegraph Line to St. George asking if anything was known abut F. B. Woolley. The reply was to the effect that he went back after his horses to the Mojave river and wished the other teams, which waited five days for him, to come on, and if he could not get the animals soon, he would join Garner's teams, which were to leave Los Angeles, for Utah, a week after his. All his teams, but the one he and his brother Edwin D. Jr., had stopped with, had arrived at St. George, but Garner's train had not arrived or been heard from.

An attempt has been made to obtain communication by Telegraph Line with San Bernardino, but up to the present writing the Line is so much occupied that no further intelligence can be obtained.

If the name of the author of the letter written from San Bernardino to the gentleman at Wilmington, and from which Banning & Co. Quote, were given, and the means by which he obtained his information were stated, we would be in a better position to judge of the value to be attached to his statements. We are reluctant to believe the dreadful news. Even if the body of a man murdered by Indians was found as described, on the Mojave river, we can not suffer our self to think that it was the remains of Franklin B. Woolley. We would not consider the letter entitled to the notice at present which we have given it, were it not for the telegrams from St. George, stating that one of his teams had not yet arrived at that place. His non-arrival gives an appearance of probability to the statements of the letter; but it does not confirm them. He may be sound and well with Garner's train. The Mojave River is not more than 225 miles distant from our settlement on

the Muddy. This letter from San Bernardino was dated the 28th ult. It does not state when the remains were found but it is presumable that they were found several days before the date of the letter, say at least, eighteen days since. It has become a proverb that bad news travels fast, and we can not think that a man so widely known and universally respected as Franklin B. Woolley, could be murdered on the Mojave and the news not traverse the distance between that point and his home in St. George in that space of time. We may be wrong in our conclusions; but in such a case as this, in the absence of thoroughly reliable evidence, we feel justified in not attaching full credence to rumors, however much appearances may corroborate them.

Since writing the above we have through the courtesy of the *Daily Telegraph* seen the San Bernardino *Guardian* of March 27-our exchange for that data not having reached us-and found the following statement. It is evidently from the same source as the letter referred to by Banning & Co.

“We have just received a communication as we are going to press, from Fear’s Rancho, giving the particulars of the murder of Mr. Woolley by the Indians, about one mile from where Messrs, Parish, Remus and Whitesides were killed three years ago. Mr. W’s body was found (also his mule with its throat cut) having been much eaten by the ravens and wolves. The body was conveyed to the house of Mr. Fears where his remains were buried.”

Journal History of the Church April 14, 1869

Deseret Evening News April 14, 1869

Confirmed

We are reluctantly compelled to give credence to the sad tidings of the murder of Elder Franklin B. Woolley by Indians as the news of his death has been confirmed.

Bishop Woolley has received the following telegram, dated San Francisco, April 13th:

“Frank’s body, in zinc coffin, is on its way to St. George, in charge of his brother. More by man.

Jas. Linforth.”

We fear that this dispatch is too authentic to leave the least room for hope

that Elder Woolley still lives.

Franklin Benjamin Woolley, the son of Edwin D. Woolley and Mary Wickerham Woolley, was born at Rochester, Colubiana county, Ohio, on the 11 of June 1834. Franklin resided with his family in Nauvoo, Illinois, until the exodus of the Saints from that place. Stopping at Winter quarters through the latter part of 1846, also through 1847, in 1848 his parents came to this valley, and he accompanied them. In 1853 he was ordained into the thirtieth quorum of Seventies, and appointed a clerk of the quorum the year following, in which year also he was called on a mission to preach the gospel in the Eastern States. His labors were principally confined to Ohio, and after a three years' absence, he returned to the city. On the death of Elder Leo Hawkins, he was elected to succeed him as Recorder for Salt Lake County; he was also called upon to act as one of the High Council in this Stake of Zion. In 1861, at the time of the general call of missionaries to strengthen the Southern Mission, he was one of the number chosen, and since then he has resided at St. George. At the time of his death he filled the offices of Collector of Internal Revenue for Washington County, was Prosecuting Attorney for the same, was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment of infantry of General Erastus Snow's brigade of the militia of the Territory, and a member of the High Council of that Stake of Zion; he also acted as general tithing clerk for the Southern Mission, and had lately been appointed the General Business Manager of the Co-operative Institution at St. George. It was on business connected with the Co-operative Institution that he left this city for California and having completed his purchases in San Francisco, he left that city on the 19th of February by steamer for Wilmington. After loading his teams he was on his way home when he fell into the hands of the Indians, the particulars of which as far as we have been able to obtain them, appeared in our issue of the 12th inst.

Franklin B. Woolley was a man of uncommon ability, industrious, thoroughly reliable, and of strict integrity. To all human appearances his future prospects were exceedingly promising for a life of usefulness and honor and at no time previous did circumstances appear more propitious and bright for him than when he left St. George to go to California. His sudden departure will be a severe blow to his family, his father, brothers, sisters and other relatives and friends. An event so unlooked for, attended by circumstances so painful to reflect upon, must have a stunning effect upon all, but especially upon his family and kindred; yet there is this reflection to console them; that so far as the action of life can prepare a man for a future state of existence, he was prepared. His life was one of faithfulness, virtue and honor, and his rest will be glorious.

Journal History of the Church April 16, 1869

The *Deseret Evening News*, April 16, 1869

Particulars of the Death of Franklin B. Woolley

The following account has been furnished by the St. George Office of the Deseret Telegaphg Line to Bishop E. D. Woolley in relation to the death of his son Elder F. B. Woolley: "Frank left Point of Rock Station on the Mojave river on the evening of the 17th of March. He rode all night in a rain storm and stopped at Fear's in Cajon Canon, thirty-four miles distant from where he started. He left there and went to San Bernardino, stayed there during the 19th, and on the 20th returned to Fear's and stopped about three hours. He then went to what is known as Dunlap's ranche, about eight miles east of the main traveled road, to look for his horses, intending, if he did not find them there, to return to his train and make other arrangements. He stayed all night in a hay stack and is suppose to have started early the next morning with the intention of returning to his camp. He had gone about a half a mile, when from the tracks, it is supposed he met about sixteen Indians, when he dismounted from his mule to parley with them. Failing to compromise with them, and seeing they intended to kill him, he turned and ran about twenty-five paces, when he fell, shot by arrows. Such is the supposition. The Indians then stripped him of everything and dragged him into a ravine about twenty-five steps distant and there left him. They then led the mule a short distance up the hill to a bush and stabbed it, where it was afterwards found dead. Frank's failing to return to either Fear's or Burton's stations, which were on his way back to his train, awakened alarm, and Mr. William Gregory, of Fear's and Charles Gerrard, of Burton's station started out in search of him. There being a trail going to San Bernardino, which did not pass either of these stations, Gregory and Gerrard went to it and there discovered nine head of horses, belonging to Gerrard, killed and mutilated. The men hearing noises in the brush, and both being unarmed, started back, and, when about half way across the valley, they found Franklin's black whip, covered with blood. Gregory then started for San Bernardino for a party of men to hunt the body. Arriving at Fear's, he found a freighter named Aiken, who, with his teamsters and some other men of the station, went in search of Frank. Gregory proceeded to San Bernardino, but could raise only one man, named R. Mathews. Arriving at Fear's, he found Aiken had returned with Frank's remains, much mutilated, most of the flesh being gone from the bones. Aiken had conveyed them on a mule from where they were first discovered, and was just

burying them as Gregory returned. This was on the 25th of March.

The morning that Frank left, the train divided, it having been so arranged with Frank. The light wagons started on, leaving E. D. Woolley, Jun., with the rest of the train. They waited three days, and then started on the 20th, Frank having arranged, before he left, that they should proceed down the Mojave and he would over take them. The train traveled three days to the foot of the Mojave. It was then thought best by the boys, as they were getting short of provisions and grain, for the train to go on and leave E. D. Jun., until Frank came up. If Frank did not come up in time they would wait until some wagons, expected from San Bernardino arrived. The train started on the 24th. E. D. Woolley Jr., stopped there that day, waiting the arrival of the mail-carrier. The mail carrier reported finding a hat on the banks of the Mojave, but upon inquiry E. D. Jun., did not think it was Frank's. On the 25th he started back with some freight teams and found the missing horses near where they had been lost. Mounting one he reached Fear's and learned the particulars. He then took the body to San Bernardino, arriving there on the 27th. He obtained a zinc coffin and started for home, staying at Fear's the night of the 27th. Next morning Gerrard conveyed E. D. Jun., with the body until they overtook Aiken at Cottonwood on the 28th. Aiken then took the body about 30 miles to Woolley's wagon. E. D. Jun. waited one day for a train which was coming through and reached St. George this morning.

The date Deseret News is April 16, 1869.

Journal History of the Church 17 April 1869

James G. Bleak, of St. George wrote as follows;

“The remains of our lamented brother Franklin B. Woolley having arrived, memorial services were held in St. George Hall commencing at 10 a.m. Saturday April 17th. After service, procession was formed at the hall under direction of Augustus P. Hardy, marshal. 1st. City Council, 2nd, Franklin B. Woolley's remains. 3rd. The family and other relations. 4th. The High Council. 5th. Bishops and Counselors. 6th Edward L. Parry, Miles Romney, John Pymm and Robt. G. Lund. 7th Employes on the public works. 8th Carriages. 9th Citizens on foot.

(James G. Bleak's notes)

The story of Franklin B. Woolley's death was researched and various sourced combined by Loretta Nixon January 17, 2006. The account was given by Edwin D. Woolley in the 1920s when it was rumored that someone other than the Indians killed his brother. This was so disturbing to Edwin that he dictated the account (pages 1-6) to his daughter. The Journal History of the Church and the Deseret Newspaper accounts are also given to clarify the story.