



Mary Jane

Walter John

Joseph Edward

Thomas William

Sarah Elizabeth

Joseph Corbett



Married  
in 1857



Sarah Frost Odell

## THE STORY OF JOSEPH CORBETT AND SARAH FROST

*by Irene Corbett Nielson*

### CHAPTER 1

Sarah Frost, known to her family as Sally, was the daughter of John Frost and Mary Gates. She was born 2 Nov. 1831, at Sawtry, England. She was the mother of Joseph Edward Corbett who relates the following story.

About 70 years ago there lived in England a young farmer and his wife who lived together very happily. They had a son named John and a daughter whose name was Sarah. This boy and girl were very much attached to each other and where one went, went also the other. In the summer they used to love to ramble through green fields and Sally, being seven years younger than her brother, loved to pluck the wild flowers and to listen to the song of the birds as they fluttered through the treetops. In the winter John would take her coasting down the snow covered hills or sliding and skating on the ice.

Sarah's childhood days were spent in pleasure for she was very pretty, gay and happy. Her brother had filled her life with sunshine until the time John was old enough to work. John, the father, did not own the farm but worked for an English Lord and could scarcely make enough to keep his family. Sarah had to be very careful with the small wages in order to meet the family needs. John worked hard to help his father and Sarah did what she could to help her mother.

One cold winter day as the sun was slowly sinking, to rest and her father was about to return from his work for his evening meal, her mother discovered that there was something lacking. She called Sally and asked her to run to the village store to purchase the needed article. Sally drew a shawl around her shoulders and her mother bade her to hurry upon her errand and to be sure that she did not go upon the ice to slide. Her mother knew Sally would have to pass the skating pond in order to reach the village.

Sally was a good girl, but she loved fun and excitement. As she drew near the pond and heard the merry laughter of the boys and girls as it rang out on the cold frosty air, a desire sprang into her heart to join them in play. Her guardian angel reminded her to remember the instructions of her mother, but as the girls and boys skated toward her she was persuaded against her mother's will to join hands with them just to take one long slide upon the ice. As they ran together Sally's foot slipped and she fell. Sally tried to arise but she was unable to stand. She was carried home and put to bed where she lay for three years, suffering pain caused from a white swelling in her knee. The saddened father gave all he had trying to secure medical help for his daughter to relieve the suffering. At last a doctor was found who understood her case and she was restored to her health after long and faithful treatments.

During all this time her brother was very kind to her and spent a great deal of time by her bedside, reading to her and telling her of the beauties of the outside world. While she lay upon her bed she thought of God and the things of Heaven - she learned the lesson of obedience - and she received a testimony of God's goodness to his children. On her recovery her mind was open to receive God's truths revealed to many by God's servants.

One night as her brother returned from his work he told her that some new preachers were in town and that these preachers were going to take everyone to Heaven on a white donkey. He asked her to go with him to hear them preach. Thus for the first time she heard of the new and everlasting gospel as it had been revealed again to mankind. She heard a Mormon missionary bear his testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel and Jesus Christ, the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon, and relate how God had sent an angel from Heaven to show Joseph Smith where a golden record was hidden in the Hill Cumorah. He explained how this record was delivered into Joseph's hands and then translated by Joseph from the Egyptian language to the English language.

The story and testimony made a lasting impression upon her mind and she went time after time to hear them preach. It was not so long before she was prepared to receive the gospel and become identified with the Mormon Church.

Her brother who had been so devoted to her became afflicted with consumption and after a prolonged illness he died. This was a great sorrow to her and one she could hardly bear, but she met it as she had met other misfortunes that had come into her life. Scarcely had she and her parents recovered from the sorrow of losing her brother than the village bell tolled an alarm one cold stormy night. There was a fire raging in the south end of the village that threatened the destruction of the entire town. Her father was one of the first to volunteer to aid in fighting the flames and, leaving his home, he hurried to the scene of the fire. Many families were being rendered homeless and while they were working hard to save both life and property from the devouring flames, the wind continued to carry fire and burning timbers for blocks.

Not thinking of the safety of his own home, he labored hard to help others. Suddenly a crash was heard by Sally and a burning missile had fallen upon their home. As the home blazed Sally rescued first her mother who was lying sick, and then devoted herself to saving what few things of value they had. Trip after trip she made into the burning house as a crowd of people gathered around. Once more Sally made a rush for the door but was caught by the strong arm of a man standing by. At that moment the roof came crashing in and all was lost. Father, mother and daughter were left homeless in the world with little more than the clothes they had on.

Sally's parents were now in their declining years and they felt keenly the loss of their earthly possessions. Sally found a great deal of comfort in the new religion she had found. She applied for baptism and became one of those Mormons who were so ridiculed in the village of Sawtry.

Sally was devoted to her religion and one day while at church she met a young man by the name of James W. O'Dell, also a member of the church. It was the desire of both to go to Utah to join the other members of the church, so they were married and on the 8th day of April, 1854, they sailed from Liverpool, England on the ship Marshfield. When Sarah bade her parents and friends farewell it was with the hope that she was going to a new and better life. What would she have done had she known what awaited her in this far off land?

They must have sailed up the Mississippi River and landed at St. Louis for it was here, while they were making preparations to cross the plains that her husband was suddenly awakened one night with a pain in his heel. He called Sarah who arose and did all she could to ease the pain, but by morning her husband was dead. This sudden turn of affairs left her without funds to complete her journey. To make the trip under these conditions was not easy. Sarah was a very determined and independent person, however, and she insisted on continuing her journey to Utah and on paying her own expenses. To do this she would have to work and earn her own money.

One day while looking for work she heard of a freighting train that was looking for a cook. Kinkead and Company was one of the earliest business firms in Salt Lake City and was operating a freighting train between Salt Lake City and the east. Immediately Sarah and another young lady interviewed the captain of the train. He protested but consented. His job was to deliver freight - their job was to help and not to hinder.

It was not the most desirable situation to be placed in -two young ladies traveling alone with a group of freighters who were under the direction of 'Captain Cook' noted for his cruelty and for his foul abusive language. Sarah and her companion were required to walk great distances just as the freighters did who drove the teams.

At one time one of the men in their group became ill - so ill that he could scarcely stand on his feet. The girls prepared a bed for him in one of the wagons where he could lie down. When the captain made his rounds and found the man not walking he became very angry and with profane and abusive language approached the wagon to throw him out. Sarah quickly grabbed a club, sprang between the captain and the wagon, and commanded him to stop and leave the man alone. "He is very ill", she said, "and if you take him out of that wagon it will be over my dead body."

The captain stopped and looked at her. Her beauty, grace and self-control touched him with admiration and he quietly walked away, leaving the man to ride. This type of courage won for Sarah many friends and sustained her throughout her eventful life.

It was the 22nd day of August, 1855, when Sarah reached her destination - Salt Lake City, She and her trunk in which were all her earthly possessions were left on the public square - the stopping place for all incoming wagon trains. She was alone, knowing not where to go or what to do. Darkness was already hovering over the city and she was hungry and penniless. She sat on her trunk and drew her shawl about her shoulders for she felt the chill of the mountain air, and there she sat alone throughout the night. What was it that sustained her? Was it her courage, her pride, or was it her faith in her new religion.

## **CHAPTER 2**

### **SARAH MEETS JOSEPH**

It was in the year 1848 that the Mormon missionaries, while trading in the village of Wednesfield, Staffordshire, England, were invited into the home of Walter Corbett and Mary Jane Malcom, who were the parents of six living children: Thomas, age 22; Walter, 28; Jane, 17; Joseph, 16; Esther, 14; and Sarah, 8. The entire family became interested in the gospel and within a year all had joined the church.

Joseph, the youngest of the boys, was born on March 21, 1833. He was named Joseph in honor of his grandfather, Joseph Malcom, father of his mother. At Wednesfield Joseph was baptized by Elder Richard Ramsell on April 2, 1849. He was active in the church and was ordained a deacon by Elder C. Lloyd on Mary 29, 1853. In 1855, at the age of 22, he emigrated to America on the ship Owne.

His mother and all his brothers and sisters at different times crossed the Atlantic and settled, some in Jacksonville, Illinois and some at St. Louis, Missouri. Joseph was the only one of the family to cross the plains to Utah. Just when and with what company he came we have not yet learned. On his arrival he obtained work and found a place to live.

The vast open spaces of this new land impressed him. Such freedom he had never known. He was fascinated with the dawn of the day and arose early that he might see the sun rise above the lofty mountains while he walked leisurely to his work.

On the morning of August 23rd, 1855, as he walked through the public square he was amazed to see a young lady sitting alone on her trunk. Strange, he thought, that one should be alone so early in the morning. She looked very tired and lonely. Joseph had only recently arrived in the valley and knew how different this vast uncultivated desert was from the dear beloved England he had just left. He sensed the loneliness of this woman from his native land. Having an urge to be of assistance he approached her and asked, "Are you waiting for someone?" "No one," she replied. "I come to the city of Zion to be with the people of my choice, all I seek is work." Joseph listened and replied, "You must be very hungry and wary after your long journey, come with me. I will take you to the home of my friend." Joseph could not know how his sympathetic understanding had touched the heart of this lonely woman. She accepted his invitation and Joseph took her to the home of his friends, the Tremaynes, who greeted her warmly and without hesitation gave her employment. From the day this beautiful dignified woman introduced herself as Sarah Frost O'Dell from England, Sarah was never friendless.

Joseph, being a very close friend of the Tremaynes, visited their home very frequently and a warm friendship soon developed between he and Sarah. About a year after Sarah's arrival in the valley, fire destroyed the Tremayne home together with all of Sarah's early belongings. Joseph, the young unmarried man with no one to care for, and Sarah, the refined young widow, stood and gazed upon the charred ruins of the Tremayne home. Both were touched with a feeling of loneliness and a longing for a place they could call home. If there had been barriers between them, they were now burned away. For the second time fire had robbed Sarah of her earthly belongings. Death had robbed her husband and it was Joseph's desire to replace both.

Soon after the fire Joseph and Sarah were married and the task of making a home began. The property they bought was located on 1st West and 3rd North, Salt Lake City. The house was comfortable. They were members of the 19th Ward and were devoted to the church and had many friends. We know little of what they had in this first home except that Joseph obtained one of the first tables made in Salt Lake City. It was first varnished with molasses. This he gave to Sarah. It had drop leaves which, when opened, made it possible to seat her growing family.

Sarah was a wonderful cook and was known to her family and friends as a woman who could cook a meal from nearly nothing. Her children's children have been told that when they owned only one napkin each, she would wash them before going to bed so that they could have them clean for morning.

In this happy, humble home Sarah gave birth of her entire family. On the 28th of June, 1857, Sarah gave birth to their first baby - Mary Jane. On the 17th of May, 1859, Walter John was born. Then came Joseph Edward on March 28, 1861, and Thomas William on the 31st day of August 1862. Sarah Elizabeth was born on August 30, 1864.

In Joseph's early married life we understand, from his son Joseph Edward, that he started an enterprise for making nails, and that he was the first in Utah to engage in this business. Joseph was a locksmith and had learned his trade from his father in England. Joseph was generous and kind to everyone, and always willing to help those in need.

An incident is related that a hungry destitute family needed relief. He gave to them the last flour they had in the house. This brought bitter protest from his wife, to which his only reply was "You shall have some by morning" (Flour was worth \$1.00 per pound). That night rather than retire and have his family arise to a breadless meal, he started on foot to the nearest flourmill, which was at Bountiful, ten miles away. By morning he had made the trip and returned with what flour he could carry.

About three months before their first baby was born, Joseph, age 24, went to the endowment house in Salt Lake City and received his endowments. Why Sarah did not receive hers we do not know. Joseph received a patriarchal blessing on the 10th of March 1860, given by Elder C. W. Hyde.

By 1865 Joseph and Sarah were the parents of five lovely children - three boys and two girls. Sarah was a good mother, kind and gentle, proud and independent, but never vain. Joseph was ambitious and wanted his wife and children to have the good things of this life and he was willing to work day and night to obtain them.

In the spring of 1865 when their baby, Sarah Elizabeth, was not yet one year old, there came to Salt Lake City an agent with a fire and theft proof safe which he wished to dispose of. He succeeded in placing the safe in the store where Joseph did his trading. When Joseph observed the safe he taunted the merchant, telling him it was no good. Upon hearing Joseph's statement the agent proceeded in having him withdraw his statement or demonstrate it was true. After some discussion it was agreed that the agent should write out a check for one thousand dollars, place it in the safe, and if Joseph could get it out between the hours of sunset and sunrise, the check was to be his. If not, he was to make a public apology.

As the sun sank in a blaze of gold over the Great Salt Lake, Joseph began his task. Hour after hour he worked until midnight. Then Sarah brought him a lunch and watched by his side while he slept for a few minutes. Once more he began his task. Slowly the hours crept on. The first ray of dawn began to show in the east - would he finish his task? A few early risers stopped by the store waiting to see what would happen. Just before the sun peeped over the mountain tops Joseph, tired and weary from the night's work, stepped out with the check in his hand. A cheer broke forth from his friends and echoed back from the mountains that rose so majestically above the city. How in keeping with the mounting hopes that filled his soul, Sarah could now have some of the things she so desired. He hurried home and found her anxiously waiting in the doorway. There they stood, arm in arm, watching the glories of the rising sun. They did not think of the setting sun nor the darkness of the valley when night drew nigh. They could not know the denseness of the darkness that was to follow.

We have no record of what happened within the next few weeks, but Joseph must have bought wagons and teams to haul freight to San Francisco.

Recently there came into the possession of Irene Corbett Nielsen, a granddaughter of Joseph and Sarah, a box of letters written by Joseph to his wife, Sarah. These letters were neatly folded in a cardboard box and at the death of Sarah, her daughter, Mary Jane, put them away. Comments and quotations from these letters will be given in the following chapters.

## CHAPTER 3

### JOSEPH BIDS HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN FAREWELL

It must have been a day in May or June, 1865, when Joseph bade his wife and children farewell. They were comfortably located in the home Joseph had provided for them, with provisions to last them, he thought, until he returned. Later Sarah received a letter headed *Austin, Nevada, 13 June 1865*, in which he wrote:

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*"Dear Wife:*

*I arrived in Austin on the 11th of June, and the teams arrived on the 12th. The market is good but I am selling under the auctioneer. I am selling as much as I can, seeing that it is not put up. I expect to be here six or seven days. I had a pretty good time of it, especially after I left Ruby Valley. I hired a man to team for me. I will write again before I leave. Write to me at San Francisco."*

Signed Joseph Corbett, Austin, Nevada, 25 September 1865

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*"I should have written sooner but I have been waiting for an answer from the auctioneer. I cannot get a machine until about the 10th of October. I have a check for two thousand dollars of the money anytime I like, but I do not want to give the check up until I get the rest for we have to look out for sharpers. I do not want to leave here until the machines are ready. Then I will take the two thousand dollars and more if I can get it. I wrote Brother Mellon at Shell Creek and told him about the machine. Tell all my friends not to worry for I will bring all their things safe. I am sorry I could not sell my flour soon enough to come right back. But I will receive all safe, God being my helper. I am as good a Mormon as ever."*

Signed Joseph Corbett

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On 31 December 1865 he wrote the following:

*"I suppose you have now received the letter I sent you the last of November and the New Year present I sent by John Weber about that time. A dress and shawl and a pair of shoes for you, two dresses for Mary Jane, cloth to make the boys a suit each and a dress for Lizzie, also some factory clothe. I shall also send the children each a pair of boots which you may get in a few days by calling at Wells Fargo Express.*

*Now send me word if I am to have another visitor or not before I get home (Meaning another child).*

*I went to California and purchased a machine and the stoves. I have not purchased the other things yet. In my last letter I told you I have saved myself but I did not buy the other things I brought out. I made money other ways, else I could not buy the things I brought out. I sunk \$400 dollars by the things I brought out besides my time making this money.*

*I am doing well. I am opening one of McFarland's safes, a burglar and fire proof one. When I am working on them I get from twenty to twenty-five dollars a day. I would not take twenty-five thousand dollars a day for what I have here."*

Signed Joseph Corbett

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Joseph was an inventor. His thoughts were not of today but of tomorrow. During the days and weeks he spent crossing the ocean he thought and dreamed of a more dependable way of navigation than that of the wind, over which they had no control. He dreamed of inventing a propeller for the ship.

Joseph's creative mind was ever on the things of this life. He loved his family. He wanted them to enjoy the comforts of this life but already he was trapped between two great forces from which he found no escape. He had already said farewell in the Salt Lake Valley to what was life itself to him.

## CHAPTER 4

### JOSEPH INVENTS A FURNACE FOR ROASTING PULVERIZED ORE

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(date of letter not given) *"Dear wife and family:*

*You must excuse me for not writing sooner for I wanted to send you more news than I was prepared to about what I have been doing this winter. But now I can let you know a little about it. Do not think for one minute that I have forgotten you or my little ones for there is nothing in the world I could look on if I thought I was neglecting you and them. For the word which I spoke when you and I were first united is my bond, so do not think that I have forgotten you because I am not with you. For what I have been doing this winter is for you and the children's benefit and comfort in this world. Be not uneasy, I pray thee, for we shall be able to live more comfortable on my return.*

*I know you do not know anything about silver mines, but I will try and explain a little to you.*

*After the ore is taken from the ground it is taken to a mill and there it is crushed as fine as shorts, then taken and put into an oven and roasted. This is done to separate the base metals from the silver. It takes one man from six to ten hours hard work to attend to and keep in motion the ore so that it will not congeal together. It costs from 25 to 30 dollars for each ton working it in this manner. There will be from \$5000 down to \$50 in each ton but in the most of it there is only \$50. There are a great many who have tried to make a machine to do this work with less expense and have failed, and I wondered why someone had not sense enough to do it seeing it was such laborious work and expense, and causing a great deal of silver ore could not be worked as they charge all the way from \$40 to \$70 per ton for working it.*

*There came two new patent roasters here last summer to work by machinery and I went to see them and could not help but laugh to think that men should be so foolish as to get up such a machine for that purpose. One of them cost very near \$1300. Neither of them is of any use, so I set my head to work and you know that I never give up anything I set to do until I accomplish it, and I did not like to tell you what I was doing until I had accomplished it, least you should be like many others and laugh at me, be provoked and say I was wasting my time at something that was impossible to do.*

*I was foolish enough in spite of all this to study out a machine and I built it this winter. I now have a perfect machine at work to the satisfaction of all those who do this kind of work.*

*It is more than they could imagine and now the laugh has come on my side. The same as it did in the opening of the safe and the men that looked down on me in disdain and the men that are all so worth their millions bow to me and say "How do you do, Mr. Corbett", - but think of the anecdote which I used to see on children's pocket handkerchiefs when I was a little boy. It used to say - "Now I have a cow and a sheep everyone bids me good morning" - but instead of being a cow and a sheep it is more than an elephant, but Mr. Corbett is the same old stick. It does not make a bit of change in my ways.*

*I got the machine patented last December so that no one can take it from me and I'm proud to say it was the first patent in Nevada and it is one of the greatest patents ever known. I am proud to say Joseph Corbett is the inventor and the manufacturer without the assistance of anyone. I did my own blacksmithing, machine work, carpenter work, mill wrighting, some mason work and brick laying. Now I will tell you what kind of a machine it is. It casts the ore and makes steam to run the whole mill which is called a quartz mill. It also dampens the ore ready to put the quicksilver in together, out the sulfur without manual labor. And what cost them now from \$25 to \$30 per ton to do can be done with this machine from three to two and a half per ton. That is what makes everyone think there is no one like Mr. Corbett and say he is the savior of the community and state. I do not doubt that tomorrow I could sell out for \$50,000 if I wanted to.*

*John Trumbo expects to leave the latter end of this month for Salt Lake. He will pay you a visit and let you know as much about it as I can tell you. I would like you to write as soon as you receive this.*

*Tell all my friends they have no need to fret their gizzards for I will return and meet the demands of justice. That will be this summer and to satisfy any of them more than this I do not feel disposed. I could not fill the bills last season because some things I could not get and had not means to get the others and thank God for it. He blesses me so that I can get my heart's desire in righteousness.*

*Kiss the little ones for me and tell them all to be good children and dad will return with all he has promised them. Receive my kind love and affection for I will always be firm and true to whatever I may say.*

*No more for now from your kind and affectionate husband in life or death. Write as soon as you get this as I shall soon start. I shall write another letter before I start. Tell me all the news you can get.*

*Give my love to all my inquiring friends. Tell them that I am the same old chip. I am enclosing a piece which was put in the paper about the machine. It will tell you more than I have told you in the letter."*

Signed Joseph Corbett

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(The following is copied from the Austin newspaper) Reese River Reville, March 10, 1866:

"New Roasting Furnace:

Yesterday afternoon we saw in operation a new furnace for roasting pulverized ore which was invented by Joseph Corbett, who filed his caveat last December. The principle of the invention is ingeniously illustrated by crude yet entirely practicable means. For instance: the boiler is a common quicksilver flask. Economy and efficient work seems to be the salient points of the invention. We will attempt a concise description of the furnace. The furnace is in the form of three-quarters of a circle through which extends a hollow shaft, attached to which are two arms holding spiral shaped scrapers for shovels; the arms and shovels are also hollow. The shaft has a two-fifth revolution, and the two shovels oscillate regularly and catch up the pulp and keep it incessantly in motion. The peculiar shape of the shovels, which resemble the blades of a propeller, moves the pulp longitudinally as well as from side to side, exposing the whole mass continually and uniformly to the action of the flame. The hollow shaft, arms and shovels are kept filled with water, which is supplied through a pipe leading from a reservoir to the end of the shaft, which is furnished with an airtight coupling, and the water runs into the shaft through a 'slot' and passes thence into the arms and shovels. A similar contrivance at the opposite end of the shaft carries off the constantly generating steam through a pipe into the steam chest, adding to the motive power. The object of the inventor in constructing the shaft, arms and shovels hollow, and keeping them filled with water, is to prevent or retard the destruction of the iron exposed to the intense heat and gasses. The boiler is so placed as to form the head or arch of the furnace. The fire grate is built at one end of the furnace, and the flame passes out as in an ordinary reverberatory furnace. After the furnace has been charged it is kept tightly closed until the ore has become thoroughly desulfurized, and when the roasting is completed the pulp is discharged through a trap door in the bottom or hearth of the furnace into an iron hopper, into which a jet of cold water is allowed to flow to moisten the pulp/" which is then discharged from the hopper into a car and taken to the amalgamating room. It is claimed by the inventor that this furnace will roast the ore more thoroughly and in less time than the ordinary mode of stirring the pulp by hand, and that its use involves a vast economy in labor and fuel. According to Mr. Corbett, a furnace constructed upon his model, large enough to receive and roast a charge of four tons of pulverized ore, will consume only three cords of wood daily, and will require the service of only one man on a shift; and the same fuel will furnish the steam for an engine of sufficient power to crush the ore and carry on the process of amalgamation. The furnace will be in operation Monday in the rear of Usnay's Assay office, where the curious in such matters may be gratified. The inventor, Mr. Corbett, is a locksmith who are proverbial for their ingenuity -formerly of Salt Lake City, where he resided a number of years.

He is very sanguine for the success of his furnace."

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We have no way of knowing what Sarah's reactions were to Joseph's new invention, for she was not one to talk to others of her personal life; her joys and her sorrows were locked securely within her own soul. Her pride would not allow her to admit defeat.

A year had almost passed away and he had not yet returned. His children missed him. He had promised them many things. When would he come? The house needed repairs. There were rumors that he would not return, and that people had lost what he was to bring home to them.

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Austin, Nevada, 23 April 1866. He wrote:

*"I have just received your letter which fills my heart with grief to hear that a devil should be so mean as to turn you out of my own house. Don't you leave the house for anyone, for I am*

*determined that you shall have it. Send me word what his bill is for I shall have ample money in San Francisco to settle it. I shall draw money as soon as I get there and send to you. I will send four or five hundred dollars towards buying a place if you can get one to suit you. John Taylor has acted anything but a gentleman from beginning to end. I am enclosing a letter to Bishop Bailey asking him to see John Taylor.*

*P.S. Mormonism is true. It is the Kingdom of God, but there are so many rascals in it. I am just the same as ever."*

Signed: Joseph Corbett

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Joseph Corbett must have received a letter from Brigham Young at this time for on the 25th of April, 1866, he wrote the following letter to Brigham Young:

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*"President Young -*

*Dear Brother, with pleasure I drop you a few lines returning to you my sincere thanks for the kindness which you have done me and mine and doing as a brother ought to do towards a brother or a sister in not letting John Taylor act so black hearted as he wanted to. What I told you about him is true, if any man on this earth spoke the truth. Any kindness that you show to my wife and family in my absence I will remunerate you for on my return as I will have something to do with. You can know what I have been about by seeing Bro. Gale and have him show you my letters.*

*Your brother in the bonds of peace."*

Signed: Joseph Corbett

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The same day he wrote to Brother Gale and enclosed the letter he had written to Brigham Young. Joseph wrote:

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*"I would send the letter by itself but I am afraid it would be taken out of the mail if I addressed it to him, for the people here are so bitter against him. Please send it to him."*

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Brother Gale did not send it to Brigham Young for it was found in Sarah's box of letters. Why Brigham Young did not receive this letter will never be known; but it is known through reading Joseph's letter to Sarah written the 23rd of April, 1866, that someone meant to turn her out of their home. It is known to the family that the tannery was built on the property on which Joseph and Sarah's first home stood.

Sarah was told she would have to move, but she knew that they had bought the property; that she had papers on it to prove the title. She went to her little treasure box to get them but, surprised and terrified, she found them gone. President Young told her she need not worry; she could live in one of his homes. Indignantly she told him she could not accept his offer, nor would she move. That was her home and that was where she wanted to live. She searched everywhere for her papers but could not find them, so she was evicted.

Once more Sarah was homeless. Brother Silver, a friend of the family, offered her his dugout home which Sarah accepted with a thankful heart. Courageously she and her children undertook the task of turning the dugout into a real home, one of love and devotion.

## CHAPTER 5

### SARAH IN HER DUGOUT HOME

The dugout in which Sarah lived was located at 4th North and Center Street. Here had lived the Silvers. Mrs. Silver had recently passed away leaving three boys about the age of Sarah's boys.

Sarah washed and ironed and mended for these boys just as she did for her own family. The boys became very much endeared to each other and were lifelong friends. Brother Silver employed Joseph Edward at the age of eight to work in his machine shop, this being a big help to Sarah in providing for the family.

How long Sarah lived in the dugout is not known; in the letters that followed from Joseph the home was never mentioned. Why? Did Sarah keep the facts from Joseph or was it Brother Gale? We know that he had been a friend of the Frost family in Sawtry, England. In 1863, nearly a hundred years ago, Sarah's mother who was still in England wrote a letter to Sarah and Joseph telling them that Brother Gale was coming to Utah and she would send something with him for the children. This letter can be seen in the Corbett Book of Remembrance.

Joseph accepted Brother Gale as a real friend and when he left, it was with the understanding that Brother Gale would look after the needs of his family.

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San Francisco, California 5 June, 1866, Joseph wrote:

*Dear wife and family; Excuse me for not writing before, but when we left Austin there was a sick lady in the coach. Riding day and night and the smell from her made much sickness, and the quick change of climate kept me sick for some time; but I am better now and I am going about my business.*

*When I left Austin there was a Boston capitalist, Mr. McQuire, who was willing to pay me some money as soon as I got here, but when I got here I did not like his ways so I would not let him have it. (He must have meant the roaster for he went to San Francisco to superintend the making of them.) Mr. Linforth was willing to help me. I mean James Linford and I see no difference in him than when I was in England. James is worth from twenty to thirty thousand dollars and he treats me like one of the family, but I feel worse here than when I was in Austin, for there was nothing there for you and my little ones to enjoy, but here there is. I will return as soon as I possibly can. I have heaps to talk about when I get home.*

*I would have sent money sooner but I did not want another John Taylor with me, and I believe McQuire is no better."*

Signed: Joseph Corbett

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June, July, August, September passed and Joseph was neither seen nor heard from. The Black Hawk war was on. Raids were being made on the white settlers and traveling was very dangerous. Much property was being destroyed and white people were being killed. No doubt Sarah watched and prayed for her husband's

safe return. Then one day there came a letter from New York. Yes! It was from Joseph. What was he doing in New York? Sarah broke the seal and read

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New York October 2nd, 1866

*Dear wife and family: You must forgive me for taking this step. My roaster will make plenty of money in time, but I saw it would take time so I turned to something else. It was to open a burglar proof safe. It was said to be the best in the world. I showed them that I could do it, and that I could make a lock that was burglar proof.*

*Mr. Linforth and another man gave me one thousand dollars each for half of my invention and half of my fare to New York.*

*They are paying me wages and I bound myself to come here in the bargain.*

*I should have let you know but I knew it would trouble you. I would have come over land had the Indians not been so bad. I don't know, perhaps it was for the best for I could not have stayed more than two days and that would have made us all feel bad. It would have troubled you for me to travel through the country where the Indians were fighting so I thought best to take the step I have.*

*I have four patents; the roaster, the lock, the propeller for a ship, and a chasing machine. I am busy making models of them all. I am beginning to think my blessing will come true. The time will soon come when you will say the vows I first made to you. I mean to keep, and you will say, I have returned to you after roaming the wide world so lone. The first vows I made to you are as sacred to me as ever."*

Signed: Joseph Corbett

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What was Sarah's reaction to this news? Living in a dugout with five growing children to feed, clothe and educate? Not one written word of Sarah's do her descendants possess. In fact, it has been their belief that she could not write and that Brother Gale wrote her letters to her husband. Winnie Durry Mellon says she knows that Sarah read the newspaper every day and that she spent many evenings reading to her when she was a little girl and to her grandson, Eddie. It could be that her accident when a child prevented her from having the opportunity to learn to write.

A few church records, a little tradition, and the fond memories of devoted friends and relatives and her husband's letters are all I have upon which to base this story. Sacred to me is her memory for she courageously carried on, devoting herself to her family and her friends.

Six months passed away and she had not heard from Joseph. Then one day there came a letter addressed in a strange handwriting. She broke the seal and read:

Williamsburg, New York - 1867. It was not from Joseph, but from his brother, Walter, with whom Joseph was living. It was at Williamsburg that Joseph set up his lock factory. To invent a lock was one thing - to manufacture it was quite another, and Joseph was not as successful as he had hoped to be.

Walter wrote Sarah that Joseph was very lonely and that he wished he had wings that he might fly to Utah. He also told her that Joseph had written many letters to which he had received no answer. The mail was still being carried by pony express. Missionaries were coming and going, and saints from foreign lands

were passing through the great city of New York. Joseph sometimes wrote about those he knew. Why did he receive no letters from Sarah?

Judging from the following letter, Sarah must have written to Walter for he answered:

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Williamsburg 21 February 1869

*"Mrs. Corbett: Dear Sister: I was very glad to receive your welcome letter and to find that you have borne up so long under your heavy trials and difficulties for I know when a woman has five small children and her husband away four or five years, her trials must necessarily be severe and I therefore feel great sympathy for you. Joseph has just received a letter from you which was registered. When he received it he remarked that you were the best woman in the world. My wife made answer and told him that you must be or you could not get along so well with five small children without him.*

*You speak of Joseph not writing to you since I wrote to you before. That is not so. I know of one letter myself which was written. Why you did not receive it I cannot tell. I know you ought to have received it. I will tell you why he has not written a great many more letters than he has. It is because he has been trying to sell or fix up his patent lock so he could get some money out of it with which he could come home and make you all comfortable, and he has been expecting to do it one week after another, but as yet he has not accomplished it. He has had a great many difficulties to surmount in order to do what he wants. Between thinking every day that he would have something good to tell you, and having his brain taxed heavily is the reason he has not written a greater number of letters to you, not because he does not think of you and the children, for he talks of you and them every day of his life to us. He is writing to you now but I suppose you will get my letter first for I write a great deal faster than he.*

*I think he will accomplish this week or next what he is doing and as soon as he does he shall come right home. He says it will kill him if he can't come soon.*

*Dear sister, Joseph may be a little odd and eccentric in some of his ways, but he has a white heart. I think he will be able to close up his business right away as soon as he does I will write and tell you about it.*

*Kiss the children for us and tell them that I want to see them badly. Please accept our kind love and affection, dear sister, as you have been so stout-hearted and got through so long you are certain to hear something good from him soon, and I think not long before you see him.*

*From your brother-in-law"*

Signed: Walter Corbett

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This must have been a welcome letter from her kinsmen. Surely it was one to give her new hope and courage to carry on. On the 22nd of February, 1869, Joseph wrote to his wife, Sarah, thanking her for the registered letter he had just received and told her they were the only ones he received. He apologized for not writing sooner, stating that he had no money and he was one who could not write bad news. (Joseph seems to have lost some of his optimism) He said "I suppose you think I should not always say kiss the children for me, but I shall say so anyway and tell them not to think that they shall not see their father again for by the help of God they shall."

March, April, May, June and July passed and then on the 15th day of August, 1869, Sarah received an answer to a letter she had written to Walter.

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*"Dear Sister: I sympathize with you on account of your bereavement of your husband gone for so long a time. You say in your letter that a gentleman from New York told you that Joseph has another wife here in New York. I don't know how a person could be so base as to tell so malicious a lie, for not only has Joseph no wife here but he never has anything to do with any women, for any purpose whatever. He spends most of his Sundays at our house. I know Joseph's life through and through, all hopes and anticipation and prospects, both real and imaginary.*

*I will give you truly all the facts and what I think you should do and reasons for so thinking. First place, Joseph is trying to get a market for his lock, which is a very big job for one man to do. He has succeeded just enough to keep his business crawling along. Now if you were here he could support you all. Joseph is always getting something new for his business and it takes all he can make. He is aiming to get a large business here. It may take a long time before he gets it as large as he wishes. As soon as he has accomplished that, or sold out for a large sum, he thinks he will come home and with the money live in style with you in Utah. To me his hopes seem no nearer realization that they did -two years ago. What may turn up by chance I can't tell. I don't believe much in chance. My faith is poor. I know truly well Joseph cannot tell when he will or can come home. Now I will say a few words about what I think is best for you to do if you can possibly accomplish it. You come here with the children as soon as you can. It would be a very big job but I consider it the very best thing for you to do.*

*Joseph may have faults and failings but he certainly has no wife nor does he have any woman, at anytime or in any way. He certainly works hard days and evenings and often Sundays too. Now at this time he is making a new kind of lock. He is working to have it ready to show the gentleman tomorrow. Joseph has certainly invented the best bank safe lock in use today. So under all consideration I think it best for you to come here if possible.*

*Henry Moore was at our shop two or three days ago but it is no matter what anyone says or tells you, you may depend that what I stated is strictly the true condition of things concerning Joseph and his affairs here. No more at present.*

*From your deeply interested brother-in-law*

Walter Corbett

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This last letter was addressed No. 24 Dunham Place

Sarah did not go to New York as Walter has suggested. What prevented her from doing so no one knows, whether it was her financial affairs, her independence, her pride, her love for the gospel, or a desire to have her children grow up among the people of her choice.

Sarah bore her cross. It was plain and without jewels or flowers, but only the word 'love' inscribed thereon - love for the gospel, her neighbors, her husband and her children. Sarah's only hope was to have her children reared true and faithful members of God's church. Sarah received an unexpected letter in August - the year being unlegible.

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Brooklyn, New York

*"To Mrs. Joseph Corbett.*

*Dear Madam: I take the liberty of addressing you thus from the interest I feel in the happiness of yourself, your husband Joseph Corbett and your family.*

*The reason why I presume to do so is that I might contradict the statement that was made by someone who misinformed you or otherwise conveyed to you that your husband has a wife in New York. I myself came from England two years ago with friends of yours, Mrs. Stoweham and Hales. They introduced me to your husband. I have boarded in the same house with him and have had every opportunity of knowing his intentions in such matters and I do deny what has been told you. Your husband has always spoken of you in the highest terms, expressing his wish to be with you and nothing but business keeps him away. If the gentlemen who told you that your husband has another wife in New York knew your husband, I think he must have told you a willful lie. If he doesn't know him, then he should know better than to meddle with such things.*

*Respectfully yours, signed: A Denes"*

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One wonders if it was a wolf in sheep's clothing trying to destroy Sarah's faith in her husband. Undaunted, however, she stood firm, never forgetting the welfare of her family. In after years they became her joy and comfort and she lived in an atmosphere of love and devotion.

## **CHAPTER 6**

### **JOSEPH'S FAMILY TIES ARE BROKEN**

The following letter must have come by rail for the iron horse made its first trip in August 1869. There was no explanation why Joseph was in Hartford, but he seemed more prosperous than the last time Sarah heard from him. He sent her fifty dollars and a Christmas box for the children.

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Hartford, Connecticut

*22 December, 1871*

*Joseph assured Sarah that he did not have another wife and that she was the only one he loved. He asked her to register his letters for they were the only ones he received.*

*28 January 1872 - He wrote:*

*"I am living with my brother at present," he wrote. He told Sarah he would send her money each month until he came home, and he enclosed a twenty-dollar money order. He said he was determined to carry out what he had started and was getting nearer to the finish. He wanted Walter John to go to school. The last words he wrote to Sarah were, "Tell the children they will see their father again." It is a long lane that has no turning, and as for Mormonism I think as much as ever on it. I am the same as ever. I think a man need not be running to church all the time to be a good Mormon and do what is right."*

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It had been seven years now since Joseph had left his family. Mary Jane was fifteen years old, Walter John was thirteen, Joseph Edward, eleven, Thomas was ten and Sarah Elizabeth, eight. Do you wonder as I do how Joseph visualized his family when he prepared their Christmas box. Mary Jane was only a child when he left - now she was a young lady. Sarah and her children little dreamed that this would be the last Christmas present and the last word they would have from their father.

Mary Jane had a tendency to feel a little bitter toward her father. She had been old enough to realize her mother's heartaches and to see her keep them hidden from the eyes of others.

If Sarah ever accepted sympathy or attention from other men, we know nothing of it. On May 26, 1873, her daughter, Mary Jane, married in the Salt Lake City Endowment House - her husband a young widower by the name of Edward H. Morris. He had lost his young English wife in childbirth soon after he had arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. She was buried in the city cemetery.

Mary Jane, one month within her sixteenth birthday, made her home with the Corbett family. Where the family was living is not known but the first thing Mary Jane's husband (nick-named "Ted" by the family) undertook to do was to build a house for the family. With the help of Walter and Joseph it was built at 524 North 1st West. Here they all lived together until each in turn was married.

Walter was the first to leave. At the age of twenty he married Ann Ferguson, and they moved to the old Dean place on the hill and later to the old Asper home on Center Street.

Joseph was next to marry, marrying Louise Elizabeth Gorringer at the age of twenty-one. They lived in the two north rooms of the family home until after their first baby, Joseph Fredrick, was born. They then purchased a small home on Pear Street, now Gerard Avenue, just at the rear of the capital grounds.

Thomas was engaged to a young lady in Salt Lake City but when he went away to work he returned only to find she was married to another man. Thomas died unmarried at the home of his brother, Joseph, in Bancroft, Idaho.

Sarah Elizabeth was the last to marry. At twenty-one she married Alfred O. Lee and they moved to Stanrod, Idaho where they made their home. Not long after Lizzie (Elizabeth) was married, Edward, Mary Jane and her mother moved to Bountiful, Davis County, Utah. Here they lived until the death of Sarah. To the present time the Bountiful Ward records have not been searched for information of their activities. (It was the year 1890 that Joseph and his wife, Louie, and three small children made their home at Bountiful).

Jane and Edward were never blessed with children but they were both devoted to Sarah. They loved all the grandchildren and they welcomed them all. Edward was very kind and considerate of Sarah. He treated her like a mother and she loved him like a son. Her three boys found in him a friend in whom they could trust. Winnie, Edward's niece, and Sarah's grandchildren added joy to the home. Perhaps you would be interested in an incident which happened to Sarah's granddaughter, Irene:

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### **GRANDMOTHER'S TURKEY**

When I was only two years old, my grandmother had a turkey bold, and if he spied a bit of red, he'd raise his naughty little head. He'd spread his tail into a fan and for that red he quickly ran. He'd fly at it with all his might, and how he could scratch and bite.

To my grandmother's one day I went, to me it was a big event. Out in the yard I went to play, for it was such a lovely day. I wore upon my curly head my grandma's little shawl of red, And as I walked along the path, that old turkey began to laugh.

Gobble, gobble, he raised his head, for he had spied the shawl of red.

He flew at me with all his might, and oh me! What an awful eight. He knocked me down upon the ground, he tried to push me all around. He scratched at me, he tore my dress - I screamed, I cried out in distress. Out of the house my grandma flew, for she knew what that turkey could do. Out on the porch she grabbed her broom, and that turkey she hit. Boom, boom! Then to the barn he ran to hid, my grandma picked me up and sighed.

Into the house she carried me; "Aunt Jane" she said, "Do you see? It's a shame, that turkey has to die," so they made him into a turkey pie. Little girls, like turkeys who fight, often get in a sorry plight. Into a rage they should not fly, or like the turkey they may die.

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This little incident is true and is typical of Sarah as a guardian angel to those whom she loved.

Sarah's family relationships kept her happy and filled her life with joy, though the dawn of each day renewed her hope that her husband would yet return to her. Day after day, week after week, year after year, time rolled on without word from the father of her children. That she loved him is certain for one day Joseph's wife, Louie, heard her saying over and over to herself as she rocked back and forth in her chair, "I want no other husband in the next world except the father of my children." If the Lord chasteneth those he loves, surely he loved Sarah.

Sarah made three trips to Stanrod to see her daughter, Lizzie. One she took in the summer of 1886, taking Winnie with her. This was just before her granddaughter, Ida Lee, was born. She made another trip in 1888, taking this time Walter John's son, Eddie, with her. In the spring of 1893 she was again visiting with Lizzie when she took ill suddenly. Word was sent to her children at once.

Jane and Edward, Walter, Joseph and Winnie rushed to her bedside. When they arrived they knew the end was near. Sarah had suffered a stroke. She was now sixty-two years of age, but still a courageous, stately, gracious, kindly person. On the 20th day of May, 1893, Sarah Passed away. Her deeds of love had enriched the lives of those who watched at her bedside. She had given them much and in return she had received their love and devotion.

Her last remains were taken to Salt Lake City and there laid to rest in the city cemetery. The sun sank to rest over the Great Salt Lake, and those who wept at the grave wondered if the sun would rise on the morrow on a new and better life for Sarah. Would the dense darkness of night be pierced by the glories of the rising sun, or would she still wait for their father whom she had not seen for twenty-seven years?

Why was Joseph, her husband, not among the mourners? The mystery of this cast a shadow of question and bitterness over the family as they saw Sarah lowered into the cold earth.

## **CHAPTER 7**

### **JOSEPH EDWARD FINDS HIS FATHER**

To Joseph, the son who was only four years of age when his father left home, came the memory of an evening when he was only a boy. He had been hired to herd cows for a man who lived across the Jordan River. He was always happy when he could do something to help his mother provide for the family. On this particular evening he had been searching for his cows when darkness had overtaken him. A sense of loneliness engulfed him as the coyotes howled in the distance, and he longed for a father's protecting care like other boys had. He sat down on a large rock to rest with tears welling up in his gentle blue eyes. "When I'm big enough," he thought, "I will go search for my father and bring him home to my dear lonely mama."

He was a grown man now with a wife and children of his own. His mother was gone, and with her his dream of her happiness. Once more he was possessed with a sense of loneliness and a longing for a father with whom he could share his grief. Once more he resolved to find his father regardless of cost.

About this time he had been told by a cousin (Walter Sutton Corbett), who had come from St. Louis in search of his mother (Elizabeth Sutton), that when he had visited some years before with his father (Walter Corbett who lived in New York) that he met his Uncle Joseph at his father's home. While there a letter came from Utah telling Joseph that Sarah had grown tired of waiting for him and had married another man. The facts about this letter are not known but the stories told to the descendants of Sarah Frost have left in the memories of her grandchildren the name of Brother Gale, the trusted friend of Joseph, as the man who wrote this malicious lie. There is proof that Joseph seldom wrote to Sarah but he did not enclose a note to Brother Gale. He had trusted him with all things. He accused himself, not his beloved wife or his trusted friend. He resolved never to write again, never to do anything that would mar her newfound happiness. This could be the reason why Sarah never heard from Joseph after the 28th day of January 1872. Joseph's brother Walter, with whom he had lived in New York, died and Joseph was lost to the Corbett family.

Three years had passed since the death of Sarah and her son, Joseph, still had the desire to find his father. At this time the Salt Lake Herald newspaper had a linotype machine to install which required the services of a good mechanic. Learning of Joseph's excellent qualifications they solicited him for the job. He accepted and signed a contract to work for one year. To his surprise and amazement he found that provisions had been made for him to go to the factory in New York City at the expense of the company to study the machine, to make him more efficient in the maintenance of it. He recognized at once that this was his opportunity to satisfy his life's ambition of finding his father.

When the time came for his departure his father was uppermost in his mind. At St. Louis he stopped and gathered what photos and information he could find, for it was here that his father's family had settled when they arrived in America from England. When he arrived in New York he studied the city directories and inquired every opportunity he had for information of his father. The weeks were drawing to a close and still there was no trace of him. Then one day he remembered that he had heard of an invention his father had developed, and of a patent he had received.

Joseph lost no time in going to the patent office in Washington D. C. and there he found a patent. It was not the one his father had written about, but was one on an envelope machine patented as late as February 6, 1892. This was not the first envelope machine invented, but was an improved machine which would gum the sealing flaps, crease the blanks, fold the flaps, fry the unclosed sealing flap, and then bundle the completed envelopes.

With the patent he found the address of his father's home and also some witnesses of the patent. The address took him back to New York, only to find that he moved leaving no forwarding address. Joseph then went to the witnesses, finding one who remembered that he had moved to Turner Avenue in Brooklyn. Still determined to find his father, Joseph planned to canvas every house on Turner Avenue if necessary. In Brooklyn he found that there was no Turner Avenue, but there was a Turner Place. Joseph got off the streetcar and as it moved on, he noticed some boys playing on the sidewalk. Joseph stepped up to them and inquired:

"Is there a man by the name of Corbett who lives in this vicinity?" "Yes sir", spoke up one of the boys. "He lives in that big house over there." After giving the boys some nickels they led him to the house. He felt certain his life's ambition was about to be realized.

Joseph stood still for a moment and gazed at the house. What was he going to say? Was his father married? Did he have a family? Would it disrupt his family if they knew of his deserted family in Utah? All these questions flashed through his mind as he was about to pluck the fruit of his tireless efforts.

With a prayer in his heart he nervously climbed the small flight of stairs and rang the doorbell. A lady answered the call. "Does Joseph Corbett live here?" he asked. "Yes", was the reply. Upon further inquiry he learned that his father was not at home, but was still at work and was expected home at seven. "I will call to see him then", said Joseph as he turned away with considerable satisfaction. He had found the place where his father lived. As he descended the stairs the door suddenly opened and the lady inquired, "Who shall I tell him called"? Startled by the question he felt whipped, then suddenly replied, "A man from St. Louis who has a message from his folks." This answer seemed to satisfy her.

Seven o'clock arrived and trembling, he approached the house. The suspense he dreaded was not there, for no sooner had he touched the step than the door opened and an elderly couple greeted him. He was escorted to a comfortable chair and to his satisfaction immediate interest was centered on the folks at St. Louis to such an extent that his name was not asked. After visiting for some time about the St. Louis relatives Joseph's father asked his wife to prepare them a lunch. When she had left the room Joseph seized the opportunity to say to his father, "I have a message also from your family in Utah. I can deliver it here or, if you prefer, we can step outside." The father made some excuse for leaving, telling his wife they would be back in a few minutes for lunch.

Away from the house Joseph decided to reveal his identity at once. Turning to his father he asked, "Do you remember a little lad about four years old when you left Utah, his name was Joseph Edward Corbett, Edward to distinguish him from his father?" The father who had been haunted for decades with the memory of his little family in Utah met the gaze of his son's tear filled eyes and then, with a sudden exclamation he cried out with tears streaming down his cheeks, "My God, Joe, it is you." In the arms of each other they wept for joy. Emotions of love held them close together until the heartaches, gloom and despair of thirty years had vanished.

When the father could speak he asked, "How is your mother and is she happy with the man she married?" Then for the first time he learned that Sarah had been true to him until she died only three years before. There was so much to talk about. They became so engrossed in conversation that they forgot the promise to return in a few minutes for lunch. On returning home they found that the family, very much upset, had scoured the neighborhood for them. Elizabeth, the wife, had called the police to hunt for them because her husband had left with a strange man whom they had never seen before.

Joseph had two children by his second wife, Elizabeth - a boy named Edwin and a girl named Josephine. Elizabeth, the wife, had been told her husband's life story but the children had never been told of the Utah family. It was decided that night that it would be better to let the children know the whole story, so a plan was made where Joseph, the son, could meet his half brother and sister. After the story was told Joseph, the father, and his wife, Elizabeth, felt that a great load had been lifted. They both expressed a desire to come west to see the Utah family.

Edwin, his half brother, did come west and visited his Utah brothers and sisters. They were much older than he and he found in their children many things of interest. Joseph's dream of visiting his children by Sarah and his Utah friends never came true - why we do not know. He died at Brooklyn on the 21st of August, 1908. He is buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery at Grand Avenue, Maspeth 78, Long Island, and with him is buried in the same lot 1927, section G, his wife Elizabeth Corbett and his daughter Josephine Hillary. The lot belongs to Edwin who, if deceased, is not buried there.

Joseph, his wives, and all his children (except it be Edwin), have passed from this life, and to us, his descendants, it is a hope that they will all meet in the great beyond to enjoy the companionship of each other.

In ending the story of Joseph Corbett and Sarah Frost the writer is reminded of Longfellow's poem, "The Rainy Day".

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***The Rain Day***

*by Longfellow*

The day is cold and dark and dreary;

It rains, and the wind is never weary;

The vine still clings to the mouldering wall. But at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;

It rains, and the wind is never weary;

My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the day is dark and dreary.

Be still sad heart, and cease repining;

Behind the clouds the sun is shining;

Thy fate is a common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary.

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