

HISTORY OF JOHN PAUL CARDON

1839-1915

By Grand-daughter Rebecca Cardon Hickman Peterson

In order to understand the background and characteristics of my grandfather, Paul Cardon, I think it will be well and appropriate to give a brief history of his people. In an article published in the Improvement Era, January 1948, Bro. Archibald F. Bennett called them a "unique and valorous people."

John Paul Cardon was born in a village in the Piedmont Valleys, called Prarustin, in Italy. His ancestors were of the Vaudois peoples, sometimes known as Waldenses. These people have been known as martyrs for Christianity since the time of Christ. I quote from Dr. Bennett's article now:

"Aptly described, by one author, as the "Israel of the Alps," the Vaudois, or Waldenses, are probably the oldest continuous Protestant community in the world, and their church was influential, among other reformed churches. By tradition, they are credited with a line of pastors running back even to the time of the apostles. All other dissenter groups were crushed by the power of Rome.

Detested by Popes and Monarch, as teachers of dangerous doctrines, they suffered centuries of horrible and desolating persecutions, scarcely a generation escaping barbarous torture and massacre, or the fire, pillage, famine and treachery.

Burned at the stake, buried alive, stoned, sawn asunder, hanged, herded into vile and disease-laden dungeons, the repeated objects of pitiless crusades, their homes burned, and possessions plundered, hunted down by blood-hounds, pursued from glen to glen, over rocks and crags and icy mountains, yet they defied their assailants, defended their rugged defiles, putting whole armies to rout, and maintained their ancient faith."

In a book written by James D. McCabe in 1881, called the "Cross and Crown" he tells of the forms of torture visited upon these people. I quote, "And now, how can we give an idea of the horrors which ensued? Little children were torn from the arms of their mother, dashed against the rocks and carelessly cast away. The sick or the aged were either burned in their homes or hacked in pieces, mutilated half-murdered and flayed alive. They were exposed, in dying state, to the heat of the sun, or to flames, or to ferocious beasts; others were tied, in a state of nakedness, into the forms of a human ball, the head between the legs, and in this state were rolled down the precipice. Some of them, torn and bruised by the rocks from which they had rebounded, remained

suspended from some projecting rock, or the branch of some tree, and still groaned forty-eight hours afterwards. Women and young girls were violated, impaled, set up naked upon spikes at the corners of the roads, buried alive, roasted upon lances, and cut in pieces by these soldiers of the faith, as by cannibals. Two of the most infuriated of these fire-raisers were a priest and a monk of the order of St. Francis. "And let it not be said, adds the historian Leger, that I exaggerated things upon account of the persecutions which I myself personally endured. In some places fathers have seen their children torn through the midst by the strength of men's arms, cut through with swords. In other places mothers have seen their daughters forced, or murdered in their presence. Daughters have witnessed the mutilation of the living bodies of their brothers and fathers, brothers have seen brothers whose mouths have been filled with powder, to which the persecutors set fire, making the head fly in pieces; pregnant women have been ripped up and the fruit of their womb had been taken, living, from their bowels. What shall I say: OH! My God, the pen falls from my hands.." He describes further harrows and then he ends these descriptions with these words before he continues on with their history. "All these noble and courageous persons, thus put to death, might have saved their lives by abjuring their religion."

These people were driven higher and higher up into the Alps by their pursuers. They would try to keep above these soldiers and would surprise them by rolling rocks down upon them, as a means of self-defense. Bro. Bennett states "The tales of atrocities which brought death to thousands, horrified all Protestant peoples. The poor Vaudois, who were able to escape, concealed in their Alpine fastness, sent to Cromwell in England for relief. It was then that Milton, in righteous and indignant remonstrance, penned his great sonnet:

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones;
Forget not. In Thy book record their groans
Who are Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, which still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learnt Thy ways
Early may fly the Bablonian woe.

Threatened with extermination and reduced to less than three hundred, they would not surrender, and were saved from annihilation only by a rupture between the ruler of Savoy and Louis XIV. Though some fled and formed colonies in Switzerland and in Germany, the valleys became over-populated and all were reduced to the life of the peasant and shepherd. They lived from the chestnuts, grapes, figs and other fruits which they cultivated, together with the products of their few sheep and goats, and the culture of the silk worm. Each family owned its own little home and plot of ground and they lived in independent poverty. It has been said that it was not at all uncommon to see these people, even the aged women, traveling up steep mountain trails with a basket of soil upon their backs, to replace each year, the soil which had washed down the mountain slopes. Only by doing this could they plant and grow their food. Many of these trails were so steep and treacherous that not even a horse or mule could climb them.

These persecutions continued until Feb. 1848, when the King of Sardinia granted the Vaudois the right to exercise their religion and to enjoy civil and political rights, and to attend schools, colleges, and universities, Many Cardons were numbered among these Vaudois martyrs.

In 1849, the very next year, Apostle Lorenzo F. Snow was called to open a mission in Italy. He writes concerning these peoples, "I find an opening presented in the Valleys of Piedmont, when all other parts of Italy are closed against our efforts. I believe that the Lord has there hidden up a people amid Alpine Mountains and it is the voice of the spirit that I shall commence something of importance in that part of this dark nation."

These Vaudois people were of French extraction, originating around Lyons, France and were driven into Italy by religious persecutions. They maintained their French names, ways and language, and did not intermarry with the Italian people, due to their religious convictions. Their language took on some Italian influence and became somewhat of a mixture of French and Italian, making it very hard for them to be understood by outsiders. James D. McCabe writes, "Within this little area (Valleys of the Piedmont) scarcely larger than the District of Columbia, has existed from remote times, a peculiar race of people, rarely numbering more than twenty thousand. They have retained their primitive appearances and manners to a greater degree than almost any other European community. They have always been noted for the simplicity and purity of their lives, and their absolute freedom from ignorance, superstition, and vice which have cursed the countries around them. The men are tall and well made, graceful in action, vigorous and hardy. The women are fair, endowed with a native grace and refinement, and have always been noted for their chastity and modest deportment." My grandparents were fair of complexion with blue eyes and answered this description.

My grandfather, Paul Cardon, son of Phillippe Cardon and Marie Tourn Cardon, was born December 28, 1839 at Prarustin, Italy. His family had found a place of refuge in the Italian Alps during the awful persecutions that raged in the Piedmont Valleys.

They were of the Vaudois or Waldenses, and Philippe Cardon was the second person in all of the Italian mission to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was the first person in his community, or locality, to join the church. This notable event took place under the direction of the late Pres. Lorenzo F. Snow, who had opened that mission but a short time before. My grandfather Cardon's sister, Madeline Cardon Guild (now dead) tells this story concerning an early experience with the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was restored to the "Mormons" and the family's conversion to it. This is found in her autobiography.

"When I was a child of about six or seven years old, in the year 1840 or 1841, I received a remarkable manifestation, one which changed the career of my whole life. I desire to tell it just as it happened so that you may realize how I felt.

I was upstairs in bed. A strange feeling came over me. It seemed that I was a young woman instead of a mere child. I thought I was on a small strip of meadow close to our vineyard, keeping father's milk cows from the vineyard. It seemed that I was sitting on the grass reading a Sunday School book. I looked up and saw three strangers in front of me. As I looked into their faces I dropped my eyes instantly, being very much frightened. Suddenly the thought came to me that I must look them straight in the face so that I might remember them in the future. I raised my eyes and looked them straight in the face. One of them, seeing that I was afraid said, "Fear not, for we are the servants of God, and have come from afar to preach unto the world the everlasting gospel, which has been restored to the earth in these last days, for the redemption of mankind." They told me that God had spoken from the heavens and had revealed His everlasting Gospel to a young boy, Joseph Smith. That it should never more be taken away again, but that His kingdom would be set up and that all the honest in heart would be gathered together. They told me that I would be the means of bringing my parents and family into this great gathering. Moreover, that the day was not far off when we would leave our homes and cross the great ocean. We would travel across the wilderness and go to Zion where we could serve God according to the dictates of our conscience.

When they had finished their message to me they said they would soon return and visit us. They took some small books from their pockets and gave them to me saying, "Read these and learn." They then disappeared instantly.

When I realized what had been said to me and what I had seen, I became frightened. I took my clothes in my arms and ran downstairs to where my mother was preparing breakfast for our family and hired men. As I came in she saw that I looked pale. She asked me if I was sick and I said no. Just at that instant I was unable to talk. My mother told me to sit on a chair and she would soon see to me, and learn what was wrong. Soon my father came in and she called his attention to me. She knew what if I was not sick, that something had happened which caused me to look so strange. My father took me up, dressed me, and questioned me until I had told him all I had seen and heard." Later in her life this scene was to be almost exactly duplicated in real life. And although she almost forgot it in the years in which she was growing up, it made a deep and lasting impression on her father and he always kept it in his mind.

In 1850, three Latter-Day Saints, elders Lorenzo F. Snow, a Brother Stenhouse, and Brother Toronto, came to Italy to open that mission. They stopped at a town called Palais de la Tour, where they were not allowed a church or place of shelter in which to preach. Soon the people of Palais de la Tour became wild and crazy and organized into mobs and laid plans to drive these servants of the living God out of the country. Elder Snow called his companions together and proposed that all three of them go to the mountains and there fast and pray. This they did in humbleness of heart, they asked their Heavenly Father to look down upon them in mercy and guide them to the honest in heart and bless them in their labors. They were kneeling on a large flat rock on the mountain side, in fervent prayer to God that He might open the way before them that their journey and labor in that country might not be in vain. Instantly a voice came to them saying, "Cheer up, your prayer is granted and you shall meet with friends who shall protect you in your labor and who shall receive the gospel of Christ." (Elder Snow proposed that this mountain be known among the people of God, henceforth and forever, as Mount Brigham and the rock upon which they stood as the Rock of Prophecy.)

Mrs. Guild writes further, "I well remember my father coming home on Friday or Saturday afternoon and asking my mother to get his Sunday clothes ready. He had just heard of these three strangers being at Palais de la Tour and preaching the same doctrine which the three strangers had taught me in my dream. or vision when I was a child. I was just seventeen or eighteen years of age. When he heard of their strange doctrine, he became so excited and so intensely interested that he could not proceed with his work. After he changed his clothes he started afoot in search of the strangers. He traveled over mountains and through valleys and arrived on Sunday morning in time to hear Elder Lorenzo Snow preach. His heart was full of joy! After the meeting my father approached these servants of God, shook hands with them and kindly invited them to come to our home where he desired them to make their headquarters. They kindly and willingly accepted his hospitality. On the way home, my father related unto them all about what I had seen and heard in my

dream or vision. He had stored it in his heart and in his memory and had kept it in his bosom, a secret until now.

When the elders reached our home that Sunday evening they inquired for me, being interested in what my father had told them concerning me. I was not at home at the time, but was out on a small strip of meadow land. It seemed to be the identical spot I had seen in that vision of childhood so many years before. I was sitting on the grass reading a Sunday School book. I did not hear them until my father said to the elders, "This is my daughter who had the vision or dream concerning the strangers who told me to "Fear not for they are the servants of God". Upon being introduced I shook hands with each of them. They took some tracts or small books from their pockets and spoke the very same words I had heard in the dream. Thus was that remarkable manifestation partly fulfilled. As you read further you will learn that it was fulfilled to the letter."

The elders preached the gospel to this family and they soon joined the church. The gospel was not well received in this community and soon the persecutions began against those who had joined the church. Many of the people who had joined the church could not withstand the trials and persecutions and fell away and were excommunicated.

The Cardon family made plans to emigrate. Due to the opposition arising against the saints, it was hard to dispose of their property and possessions for a fair price, but the Cardons were blessed and were able to sell their goods and raised enough money to come to Utah, themselves as well as to pay for another family of five persons to emigrate, also. Among the first families to leave were the Cardons, Stalles, Gaudins (Gaudins were my grandmother Cardon's people} the Beuses and the Chatelainns.

It was February 1854 when Phillippe Cardon, his wife and family, consisting of four sons and two daughters, left their native home to cast their lives and fortunes in with the "Despised Mormons". Having already endured persecutions for their honest belief, it was nothing new for them to share in the hardships and persecutions that followed the Saints.

On a later date when the gospel had taken root in Italy, Elder Snow wrote that they went to the mountains, climbed to Mount Brigham and the Rock of Prophecy, and there inspired by the grandeur of those lofty mountains and with the history of these people in mind, wrote the hymn "For the Strength of the Hills We Bless Thee". This beautiful and stirring hymn, revised to apply to the mountains in the West, has long been printed in our hymnbooks with the words, "Altered by Edward L. Sloan", in lieu of the name of the original author, Lorenzo F. Snow.

They arrived in Utah, October 29, 1854, with the Robert Campbell Company, settling in Weber County, near Five Points, just north of Ogden, Utah. Their journey over land and sea was fraught with many dangers and trials. They had been promised that if they would live the principles of the gospel and trust in the Lord that they would reach their destination in safety, and this they did.

They remained in Ogden until the move south, which took place during the year 1858. My grandfather Cardon was engaged with the Utah militia in the trouble with the Johnston's Army, and was stationed as a guard at the head of Echo Canyon to prevent the approach of this army. He was instructed to set fire to the homes and grain if it was found to be necessary.

In the year 1857 he married Susannah Gaudin, who had come from the same Valleys of the Piedmont, was related to him, and had walked across the plains in the first Handcart Company, as his first wife. From this union nine children were born.

When the Johnston's Army came, the saints were moved south and my grandmother, Susannah, accompanied them, carrying a small babe in her arms and walking much of the way. In the fall of 1859 Paul Cardon, his father, and a brother Phillip, were called by President Brigham Young to go and help in the settlement of Cache Valley. Phillip later went to Mexico to help colonize and another brother, Thomas, who had been in the army during the Civil War, came to Cache Valley and there settled.

During the first spring in the valley they sowed over 40 bushels of wheat, but reaped only 7 bushels, due to the grasshoppers. There were only a few families in the valley at this time and the Cardons entered, at once, upon the activities necessary to protect themselves and neighbors against the then savage Indians, and to the work of building a new "Mormon settlement".

Paul Cardon assisted in erecting the first log house in Logan which was located on the block west of the old Lincoln Hotel. This was situated on the corner of 1st west and center street, where the Logan City School offices are now located. It was a home for a family by the name of Peacock.

He became actively engaged in defending the settlers against the many Indian raids that took place during the early settlement of Cache Valley, and risking his own life upon many occasions in defending others. He was almost constantly engaged in this work, neglecting his own personal affairs. This admirable quality characterized his entire life. He was very ambitious, quick, and full of energy. It has been said by those who knew him, that he didn't consider that he was doing his best until he could look behind himself and see his coat-tails flying. He was prominently identified with the religious, social, military and civil organizations of the early history of Logan City and Cache

Valley. As a member of the Church, he placed himself and all that he possessed at its service, for it was because of his great love for the work of the Lord that he and his people had left their native land. In a military capacity he held the rank of 1st Lt. of Cavalry, having received his commission from the President of the United States. As a local officer he served as first Treasurer of Logan City, and for many years acted as Marshall. He had charge of the Temple Mill in Logan Canyon which furnished the lumber for the Logan Temple. He assisted in the surveying and building of the Logan Canyon Road, thus connection the Bear Lake region with Logan. In all the affairs of the Valley he was foremost among men.

The following is taken from an article edited by Pres. W. M. Everton and printed in his page in the Herald Journal, dated June 2, 1934. In speaking of Paul Cardon he writes in part: "He assisted in building the first house in Logan, which was made of logs. He and his family lived in a log house themselves for some time and in about 1869 or 1870 he built the first adobe house of any size to be erected in Logan. This was a very pretentious building for those days, costing in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars. Here, for ten years, Paul Cardon ran a hotel called the Cache Valley House. He helped in the construction of both the Logan-Richmond and the Logan-Hyde Park canals. In about 1865 he was called by Peter Maughan to go with Thos. E. Ricks, Joseph Rich and Josiah Ricks and begin construction of a road through the canyon to Bear Lake. He spent three or four months each season for the next five years in this work. They followed an Indian trail up the left fork through Beaver and St. Charles Canyons down to the settlement of St. Charles.

For ten years he was identified with the local militia, having received his commission as first lieutenant in the cavalry from the President of the United States. As a minute man he helped keep the Indians from getting too bold around the settlements, and often accompanied Brigham Young in his visits around Cache Valley. He was the first treasurer of Logan City and also served for many years as Marshal. He had charge of the Temple mill during its construction. This mill furnished nearly all the lumber for the building of the Logan Temple, and was located at the union of Spawn Creek and Temple Fork in what was known then as Maughan's fork in Logan Canyon. The scouts of the Coe and Carter outfit (Railroad Tie Company) were annoyed at this invasion of their intended domain but evidently determined to make this place (Temple Mill) a base of operation in spite of priority claims. The local church officials, however, had their own scouts and when it was learned that Coe and Carter scouts had been inspecting Maughan's Fork they acted quickly to protect their interests. Paul Cardon was called, with George Batt and two or three other men to leave immediately for the canyon to commence construction of a saw mill in Maughan's Fork and to be on hand to prevent its occupation by the Coe and Carter outfit.

John P. Cardon, (Son of Paul Cardon) was about nine years old at this time, but he remembers his father, coming home one afternoon in great haste and asking Mrs. Cardon to get food packed for him to take to the canyon. At the same time he told little Johnnie to hitch the mules to the wagon and fill the wagon box with hay and corn while he gathered the necessary clothing and tools. They left early in the evening and proceeded to their destination without delay. When the Coe and Carter outfit arrived, some forty-eight hours later they found the first logs laid out for a big sawmill and men busily engaged in constructing shelters, etc., but not too busy to tell visitors that they intended to continue occupation of Maughan's Fork to the exclusion of any and all other outfits. It is thought that this event probably happened in 1876 or more likely in the spring or summer of 1877....

The following, taken from the Utah Journal, May 8, 1886. "It will be noted that this sets the date when Paul Cardon and his company started out to construct the Temple Mill as May 11 1877, just six days before the site of the Temple itself was dedicated. This apparent haste, in commencing operations in the canyon was occasioned by the approach of the Coe and Carter Tie Company who it was feared would appropriate the intended site of the mill if they were not headed off".

In 1880, Paul Cardon was called upon by the church authorities, to build a large house which was to be used as a hotel and rooming house. This, they requested to be built, so that the many people who traveled here to work in the temple would have a decent and suitable place to stay. This building was located one half block west of main street on first north, near where the Dean C. Pack Motor Company is now located. It was called the Cache Valley House. The Cardons continued in this business for about ten years, making friends with many people who came to Logan. He was instructed to make friends with the U.S. deputies who were in this part of the country trying to apprehend and punish polygamy offenders. There was a room especially constructed with very thin partitions, next to the room where these deputies were roomed, and the family took turns listening through this wall. Many plans were revealed this way, and my father has said that many times he went out the back door of a home after warning the saints, just before the deputies came in the front. He said that he took many a fast run or ride to the various homes of the saints to give them warnings.

The following is taken from Logan Memories by Preston Nibley and may prove of interest.

"Paul Cardon inserted the following advertisement in the Logan paper on March 19, 1880, over 75 years ago: 'Having been encouraged by the leading men of Logan to commence a hotel and realizing that the needs of the public require another such house, I have concluded to open a place of entertainment. My establishment is centrally located and conveniently

located, being situated on Third, between Main and Washington streets and I am satisfied that it can be made a first class hotel. I expect to open the house between the 15th of April and the 1st of May. In addition, conveyances will be kept for the use of the guests and for those who desire to take trips to the canyon and the settlements surrounding".

When the deputies became suspicious of my grandfather, he left Logan and went into the northwest to help build railroads. He took the older part of his family with him to work, and left his wives and the younger children here to run the hotel. This proved too much for them and they later sold it.

The Herald Journal, many years ago, printed an article which reads in part: "To the Italian origin of Paul Cardon, Cache. Valley owes its mulberry trees and its attempts at silk culture. Both he and his wife, Susannah had become familiar with all branches of silk culture in their youth and seeing the climatic similarity of Cache Valley and northern Italy they determined to start the culture here. They imported mulberry seeds and silk worms from France and for a while it appeared that Utah might become a center of the silk industry." The trees grew well and some were still living a few years ago. I do not know of any at this time.

Grandmother Cardon grew very proficient at this work. She reeled the first silk produced in Utah. She received many medals from all parts of the United States for the excellence of her work. She also taught this art to many other ladies of the church at the request of Pres. Brigham Young.

Paul Cardon sang in the tabernacle choir for many, many years. My mother says she used to notice him there each Sunday when she was still a child. She always admired him and called him the "pretty man", even before she knew his name or that he would one day be her father-in-law. He had a fair pinkish complexion and was always neat and well dressed and pleasant. He took pride in his appearance and so did grandmother. She made him hand-tucked white shirts and always kept his clothes clean and neat. He loved people and wanted to be with them. He loved parties and fun and the social activities of the community. He was always a gentleman in every sense of the word.

My mother has told me that he liked her and her family and was very pleased when my father married her. He always treated her with kindness and consideration and affection. He loved to help people and was generous to a fault. He had the gift of being able to make money but would give it away as fast as he made it. He had a rather quick temper but was soon over it and did not hold grudges. He was a forceful and attractive man.

My grandmother was 6 years older than my grandfather and due to that and other reasons, she was not sure she should marry him. He persuaded her,

however, and people who knew them have testified that they have never seen a more devoted couple than they were, even into old age. I have been told that he was always master in his home and that his wives and family always gave in to him and obeyed him. He always tried to do what was right and was a true and devoted husband and father all of his life. He ruled with love and understanding and sympathy.

I remember going to visit them, as a small child, and I remember that both wives always lived in the same house, having separate apartments and furniture. They seemed to love each other and never had any trouble or quarrels that I could learn of. We always went into "Auntie's" side of the house to visit when we went to see Grandpa, and their boat house on the Bear River was a source of pride and admiration to me.

In 1900 Paul Cardon returned to his native land as a missionary and also to try to get some of the genealogy of his people. At this time he was 61 years old. Quoting from Elder Daniel B. Hill Richards in his book "The Scriptural Allegory: "while still laboring as a missionary at Neufchatel, Switzerland, in the winter of 1900, Daniel B. Richards received an appointment from Platte D. Lyman, Pres. of the European Mission at Liverpool and from Louis S. Cardon (my father) who was Pres. of the Swiss and Italian Missions, to go into Italy and see what could be done in re-opening the Italian Mission and establishing a branch of the church there. April 26, 1900, I met Elder Paul Cardon of Cache County, Utah at the Railway Station in Turin. He has come to this part of Italy to assist me in this part of the vineyard and also to look up his genealogy, as not a great distance from here was the home of his ancestors".

As far as the writer's researches have extended, Elder Daniel B. Richards and Paul Cardon are the only Latter Day Saint missionaries who have labored in the Piedmont Valleys of Italy since June 16, 1856 -- 44 years -- and so far as the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is concerned, nothing remained.

Elder Cardon located a lone woman over 80 years of age, whom he had once known. We visited this woman in her cottage high on the top of the mountains, and conversed with her. She had forgotten her early faith and was now ashamed of the "Gospel of Christ".

My father has told us that while grandfather Cardon was laboring in Italy on his mission, he was moved by the poverty and great need of these people and father had to practically take his purse away from him as he wanted to give more than he had to them. Only a few of these people ever joined the church and many who did could not withstand the trials and persecutions and later left the church as were excommunicated.

In 1892 Paul Cardon and some of his younger family moved to Benson Ward where he bought a large farm. Here he became a member of the bishopric and

was loved and honored by the good people of that area. They lived there until 1912 (ten years) and then desiring to spend their remaining years among their children, and also to do the Temple work for their kindred dead, they moved back to Logan. They located in the Logan Seventh Ward and lived there until the time of his death. Paul Cardon was the father of 20 children, and his posterity numbers into the hundreds.

His children were as follows:

Paul and Susannah Gaudin Cardon:

Mary Cardon Merrill, Preston, Idaho.
Sarah Cardon Turner, Logan, Utah.
Susette Cardon Ricks, River Heights, Utah.
Lucy Cardon Merrill, Richmond, Utah.
John Paul Cardon, Logan, Utah.
Louis Samuel Cardon, Logan, Utah.
Joseph E. Cardon, Logan, Utah.
Moses Cardon, Ogden, Utah.
Phillip Cardon, Logan, Utah (died at age 4 months)
Louise Cardon, Logan, (Died at age of 2 years)
Ezra Cardon, Logan, Utah (Died at age 20 years)

Children of John Paul Cardon and Magdelene Beus Cardon:

Marian Cardon, Logan (Died at age of 4 months)
James Cardon, Logan, (Died at age of 2 years)
Ollie Cardon, Logan, (Died at age of 22 years)
Hyrum Cardon, Benson Ward, Utah.
George D. Cardon, Ogden, Utah.
Earnest Cardon, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Amanda Cardon Ricks, Benson Ward, Utah.
Violet Cardon Walker, California.
Katie Cardon Jensen, Ogden, Utah.

John Paul Cardon died February 12, 1915, after a lingering illness. He had some type of stomach trouble which had afflicted him for some months previous to his death. It is generally supposed to have been cancer in this more enlightened era.

I can barely remember his funeral. I was almost seven years old and can remember getting excused from school and riding in a fancy carriage. This was horse drawn and many others of his grandchildren rode in it also. I do not remember very many things about him, but have talked with many who knew him well. All of them have told me that he was true and faithful to the end and was respected and loved by all who knew him.

A clipping from the newspaper "Logan Republican" dated Feb. 16, 1915 says in part, "In the passing of Paul Cardon, another of the old faithful pioneers goes to his well earned rest, and leaves, in his large posterity, and multitudes of friends, the richest legacy that can come to any mortal. He is the last member of the second generation of Cardons to pass to the great beyond. Of him it can be truthfully said. "He was one of God's noble men, an honest man - -devoted to good works." His funeral was held in the old seventh ward chapel, and he is buried in the Logan City cemetery.

In writing this sketch of my grandfather's life and people, I have become better acquainted with him and realize anew, how very much our pioneers did for us when they left homes, possessions and loved ones and came to this country to be with the saints and to worship their God according to the dictates of their own conscience. May we, their posterity, be ever mindful of their great sacrifices and of their great faith in God. May we endeavor to live our lives so that when we go to meet them we will not hang our heads in shame at the way we have carried on the name and great work that they have left to us.

To Our Pioneers
R.C.H.

Nurtured through years of ignorance and dark,
In their souls burned this divine spark,
At a touch it burst to flame,
For they recognized God's holy name.

They recognized His holy truth,
Sent from Heaven, through a youth.
How their testimonies burned.
On to Zion! How they yearned.

Thus in answer to that clarion call,
They left loved ones, homes, possessions all.
They walked with poverty, death and fear.
But their God was ever near.

He lead them on each mile, each day,
When they could only stumble on, and pray,
They kept their faith, and to Zion came,
Built humble homes and a noble name.

Their sacrifices bought our faith, our God!
The right to worship on free man's sod.
These Pioneers! The great of earth!
They brought us here, and gave us birth.

When our brief days on earth are through,
To this great heritage will we prove true?
When we shall meet them heart to soul,
Will we have shamed them by our goal?

Surely we must make them know
Our humble gratitude for the debt we owe,
Surely, we must bow our heads and say,
Thanks for life, the truth, the way!

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN AT LOGAN, UTAH, JULY 18, 1865, BY C. W. HYDE UPON THE HEAD OF JOHN PAUL CARDON, SON OF PHILIP AND MARY CARDON, BORN DECEMBER 28, 1839, AT PIEDMONT, ITALY.

Paul, in the name of the Father, I place my hands upon your head and I seal upon you a Father's Blessing. Thou shalt do a great and mighty work in Zion, and thou shalt proclaim the gospel with the sound of a trumpet. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.

Thou shalt do many might miracles in the name of Jesus, for the Father shall cut his work short in righteousness.

Thou art of Joseph and a lawful heir to the Priesthood with wives, and a great kingdom upon the earth.

It is your privilege to stand upon the earth at the Second Coming of the Messiah, and partake of all the Glories of Zion.

These blessings I seal upon your head with crowns of Glory, Amen.