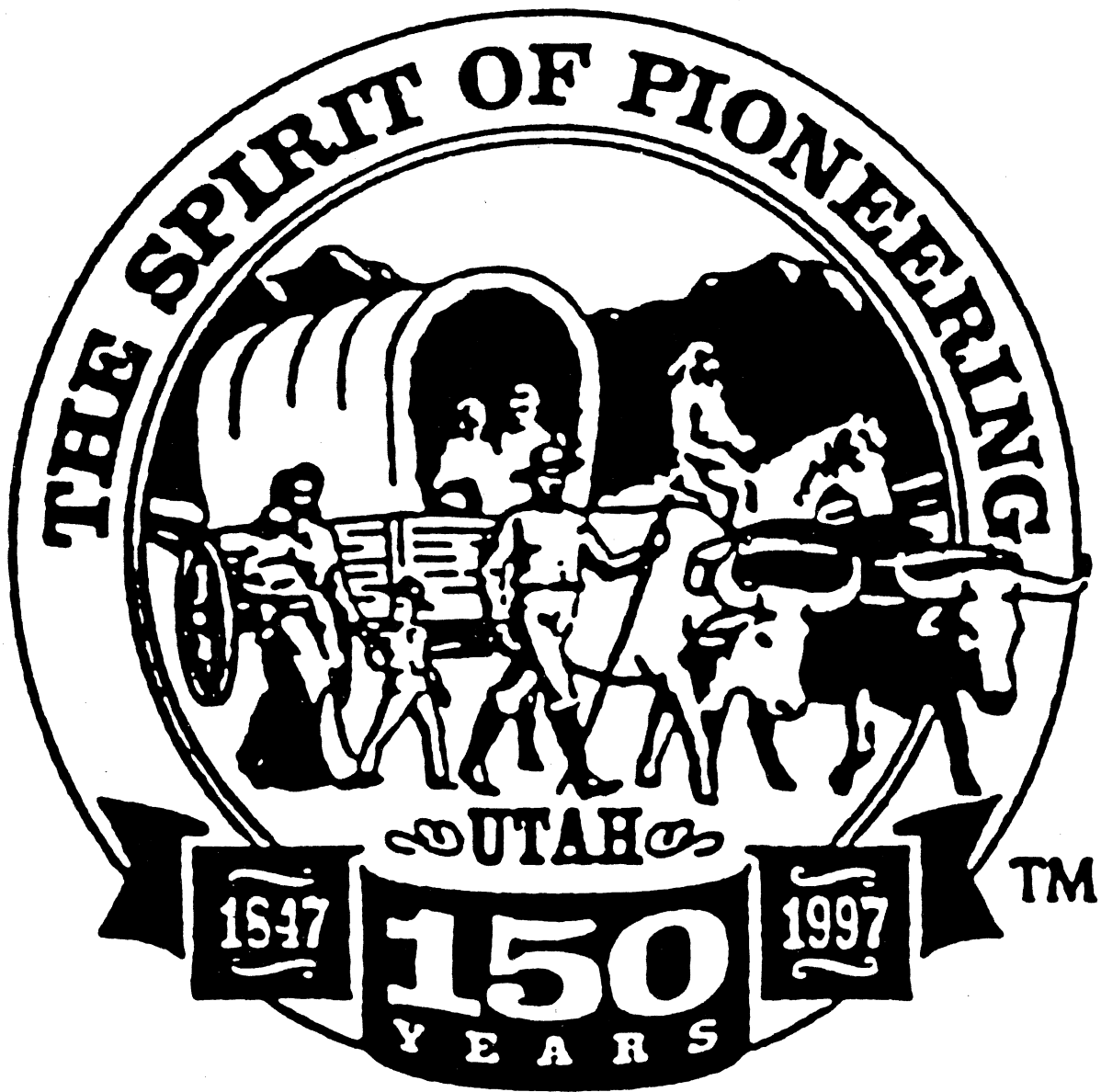


*Three Generations
of Our
Pioneer Ancestors*



Edna Cardon Taylor

PREFACE

I have realized for the many years since my mother died, and especially after the death of my sister, Margaret, who up until her death, had all of the records mother had written, collected and treasured concerning our ancestors. Then upon Margaret's passing away, her son, Louis, brought them all to me, that I now am custodian of a wealth of valuable information about our ancestors.

As you are all aware, I have previously compiled and published several Family History Books: CARDONS!, BALLARD-MC NEIL CONNECTION, and THE CARDON-BALLARD TREE. In these books our ancestors and their living and dead posterity were identified and vital records were given.

I have more recently realized that with the exceptions of some, little was told of our great grandparents which should be told. I have, therefore, been accumulating, re-working and preparing histories of three generations of our Pioneer Ancestors.

I first planned only to prepare this information for my own posterity, but later decided to make it available to all of my parents posterity, if they desire it.

In so doing, I decided that the CARDON-BALLARD TREE already included most of the information I have on my parents, Louis Samuel Cardon and Rebecca Ann Ballard. This book, I believe you all have, so I am not going to re-print their personal histories in this collection. Please re-read their histories there.

The histories included in this collection are:

HENRY BALLARD, MARGARET MC NEIL; PAUL CARDON, SUSANNAH GOUDIN; WILLIAM BALLARD, HANNAH RUSSELL; THOMAS MC NEIL, JANET REID; PHILIPPE CARDON, and MARTHE MARIE TOURN.

It is my hope that by reading these histories and learning of the strong testimonies they each had, the faith they had, the strength, courage and devotion they had to give up their homes, sometimes families and their worldly goods to cross the plains, experiencing untold trials, sadness, death and hardships for their membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and settle in Utah, making it possible for us to be born here in this beautiful valley and reap the benefits of their faith and testimony, - that it will strength our individual testimonies and make us more proud of our heritage.

I have a deeper understanding and love, now, for those grandparents I never knew. I have a great pride in my

parents and the love and teaching and examples they gave those of us who were previledged to be born and raised by them.

ANCESTORS

If you could see your Ancestors
All standing in a row...
Would you be proud of them?
Or don't you really know?

But here's another question,
Which requires a different view,
If you could meet your Ancestors
Would they be proud of you?

Anonymous

It is my prayer that we will each live the Gospel with the same commitment that these wonderful Ancestors did, loving the Lord and obeying his commandments, so that we will someday be blessed to meet them in the hereafter.

Edna Cardon Taylor

(note: Thanks to Heather Hickman for the Script Writing in this book.)

Louis Samuel Cardon



LOGAN, UTAH, NOVEMBER 12, 1896. A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN BY O.N. LILJENQUIST, PATRIARCH UPON THE HEAD OF LOUIS SAMUEL CARDON, SON OF PAUL CARDON AND SUSANNA GOUDIN, BORN JUNE 23, 1869 AT LOGAN, CACHE COUNT, UTAH.

Brother Louis, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, we place our hands upon your head and seal upon you your father's and a Patriarchal blessing; with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and of the new and everlasting covenant, with health and strength of mind and body, that you may live to the honor and glory of God. And be a laborer in the Lord's vinery and even until the Lord and Master shall come and receive you unto Himself with all the faithful of His servants. Unto this end we dedicate and consecrate thee unto the Lord and seal upon you the keys of wisdom and of prudence with the attribute of faith; that you may be full of faith, hope and charity, and of the testimony of Jesus, and become a leader among your brethern, a wise counselor in Zion, a mighty man of God, a preacher of righteousness by precept and by example.

You are destined to preach the Gospel of the Son of God, on the land of Joseph and among foreign nations. And help to gather Israel, to bind up the law and seal up the testimony, and if you will be meek and lowly of heart and listen to the still small voice within, then shall you enjoy the revelations of the Holy Spirit, have communion with holy angels, hear the voice of the Redeemer and behold His countenance in glorious visions and have power over the plagues, over pestelance, sickness and death, and the destroyer shall pass you by, you shall be instrumental in the hand of God to bring many souls unto repentance, and to a great work in the redemption of the dead; and stand as a Savior on Mount Zion.

Be blessed in your family in your homes and habitations, in your fields and orchards and in all your administrations here below. You shall help to build up the waste places of Zion, with temples, towns and cities including the New Jerusalem. You shall travel in safety on land and at sea; and have power to heal the sick and raise up the dying, and cast out evil spirits. The Holy angels shall be round about you, strength and uphold you, and give you the victory over your enemies.

You shall enjoy all the blessings and comforts of life that are for your good. Thou art of Ephraim a legal heir to the fullness of the Holy Priesthood, with all it's ordinances, sealings and anointing, and to crowns and kingdoms and to a numerous posterity, and to become a King and a Priest unto the Most High God, and to reign with the Redeemer on earth a thousand years, and to stand on Mount Zion with your father's house and all the redeemed of your kindred in the morning of the first Resurrection, and with

your father's house receive a glorious inheritance. These are your blessings through your faithfulness and we seal them upon you with eternal life, in the name of Jesus, evenso, Amen.

A MISSIONARY BLESSING, GIVEN UPON THE HEAD OF ELDER LOUIS SAMUEL CARDON, IN THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE ANNEX, JUNE 8, 1898 BY PRESIDENT C. D. FJELDSTED.

Louis Samuel Cardon, we place our hands upon your head and ordain you a Seventy in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we confer upon you the keys, powers, authority, blessings and privileges that belong to this high and holy calling in the Melchizedek Priesthood, for you are called to be a servant of the Living God, even a preacher of righteousness, a proclaimer of the plan of salvation to the human family, where you shall be sent.

And inasmuch as you are called to go on a mission to Switzerland to perform labor there as a missionary in proclaiming the Gospel and testifying that the Lord has restored the same and the Holy Priesthood upon man. Inasmuch as you will not fear the face of man, but fear God, the Spirit of this calling shall rest upon you and you shall be able to preach the Gospel both long and loud, and shall have access to the honest in heart, and even the language that is spoken in that country shall come easy to you, even that you shall be able to preach the Gospel of Life and Salvation in that land with freedom.

The Lord has called you by the inspiration of His Holy Spirit, through His servants, to perform this mission, therefore, we say, may the Spirit of this mission and the love of Christ be upon you, that you shall love your fellowmen and try to save them and do them good.

Do not fear to lift up your voice and testify that Joseph Smith was a Prophet in these last days and that he had revelations from God, and the Priesthood sealed upon him. You shall be blessed in this testimony, for it shall be with you in power and you shall be able to proclaim the Gospel long and loud, even to your own astonishment. When the Lord does bless you and loosen your tongue, give the honor to Him, to whom it belongs, and remember you are a weak instrument in His hands.

If you keep yourself near unto the Lord, be humble and call upon His name, His Spirit shall warn you of danger if it comes in your way. You shall be kept and preserved from the diseases that are prevalent among the children of men. We seal upon you the blessings of life, health and strength to perform this mission. You shall be preserved in traveling upon the sea and land, or wherever you may be.

You shall be blessed and prospered in your work, in the work of God, and shall be able to convince many honest in heart of the principles of the Gospel, and shall lead them into the waters of baptism and baptize them for the

remission of sins, you shall lay your hands upon them and they shall receive the Holy Ghost.

You shall administer to the sick and they be healed. You shall escape the sickness and disease abroad in the land and shall go in peace and return in safety.

We say unto you, receive these blessings and all other blessings that would qualify you for this work that is now before you. You shall return in safety and be blessed with great joy and satisfaction because of the mission that you have performed.

These blessings we seal upon you in the name of Jesus, evenso, Amen.

A PARTRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN BY HENRY BALLARD UPON THE HEAD
OF LOUIS SAMUEL CARDON, JANUARY 27, 1905.

Louis Samuel Cardon, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood invested in me, I lay my hands upon your head and seal upon you a Patriarchal Blessing, even health and strength and long life to be a blessing to your companion and family. You shall be blessed with a good and numerous posterity and have joy with the same.

I seal upon you every blessing that will be for your good and advancement in the work of the Lord, and whatever position you are called to occupy you shall have wisdom given you to honor the same and help to advance the purposes of the Lord upon the earth. Your mind shall expand to be able to grasp every principle of the Gospel and make it plain to the children of men among all of your associates.

You shall be an honorable example in your father's family and a blessing and comfort unto your parents and to all of your brothers and sisters. You shall grow in faith and knowledge and understanding of the Gospel and no power shall be able to darken your mind nor your testimony in the glorious principles of the Gospel which have been revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith in this, our day.

You shall be blessed and prospered in all of your occupations of life and shall have power over every evil desiring person that may seek to inquire you, and shall have power over every evil spirit or influence that may seek to harm you.

You shall be blessed in being able to continue faithful in the performance of every duty that is required of you for the advancement of the purposes of the Lord. Now rejoice that you have been blessed to come upon the earth in this day and receiving the Gospel and gathering with the saints and receiving your blessings in the house of the Lord.

Now to this end, I bless you with every blessing that will be for your good, in the name of the Lord, Jesus, Christ, Amen.



Rebecca Ann Ballard



LOGAN, UTAH. MAY 18, 1894.

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING BY ZEBEDEE COLTRIN ON THE HEAD OF REBECCA ANN BALLARD. DAUGHTER OF HENRY AND MARGARET MC NEIL BALLARD. BORN FEBRUARY 8, 1878, LOGAN, CACHE COUNTY, UTAH.

Sister Rebecca in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon your head and seal upon you a Patriarchal blessing, for thou art a daughter of Abraham of the house of Joseph and of the lineage of Ephraim. Thou art a lawful heir to all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenants and in as much as thou wilt keep all the commandment of the Lord and be virtuous, thou will attain to all the blessings of Eternal Salvation in the Kingdom of God. And the choice blessings of the Heavens will rest down upon you and thou shalt be filled with the spirit of prophecy and revelation and the light of the Lord shall dwell within you and every organ of your mind shall be filled with the inspiration of the Lord for thou was called and chosen of the Lord before the foundation of the world was laid off, before the morning star sang for joy, to come forth in this dispensation to assist in bringing forth a righteous branch before the Lord.

And thou shalt become a mother of a numerous posterity, and the Holy Priesthood shall rest down upon them through all future generations, and thy sons shall become seers and revelators and shall become Kings and Priests unto the most high. And their possessions shall become great in the midst of the Zion of the Lord, the mighty power of Jehovah shall rest down upon them, and thy daughters shall be women of great renown, filled with great intelligence and shall become mothers of men and women who shall become sanctified before the Lord and their possessions great in the midst of the Zion of the Lord.

And unto thy generations there shall be no end. And thou shall attain to all the blessings and sealings powers that shall be given in the Temples of the Lord. And thou shalt behold the Lord when he shall come to His temple and thou shalt be enabled to do a great work both for the living and the dead and thou shalt be as a mighty prophet for the choice blessings shall rest down upon thee, and the angels shall administer unto thee, for they shall be thy companions, for the blessings of the Lord thy God shall rest upon thee all of thy days upon the earth, for thou shall gaze upon the visions of the heavens of eternal life.

Thou shall be able to remain upon the earth as long as thou shalt desire life, and thou shalt be able to do many mighty works before the Lord. And thou shalt be numbered with Queens and Priests unto thy husband and thy reward shall be great in the heavens. Peace shall dwell in thy habitations all the days that you are upon the earth. Thou shalt attain unto all the faith once delivered unto the

saints and thou shalt have power to overcome all the weaknesses of human nature and shall receive an everlasting inheritance when the ancient of days shall set, and shall have power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection.

Now, sister, I seal all these blessings upon thy head and thee up unto all the powers of exhaltation of thrones and dominions in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

J. G. Coltrin, Clerk.

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN BY HENRY BALLARD UPON THE HEAD OF REBECCA ANN BALLARD CARDON, FEBRUARY 13, 1902.

Rebecca Ann, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I lay my hands upon your head and seal upon you a Patriarchal Blessing.

I bless you with health and strength and a long life upon the earth. That you shall be blessed to do much good in your day and generation upon the earth and be a blessing and a comfort unto your companion and your family and all of your associates.

I bless you with love of the everlasting gospel that it may shine upon your pathway that you may be able to see and comprehend all of it's principles and be able to enjoy them. You shall be blessed to make friends wherever you go and your influence shall be felt for good.

You shall be blessed greatly in being an instrument in the hands of the Lord in accomplishing good in helping to roll on His work upon the earth and in as much as you have been blessed in being born under the New and Everlasting Covenant, you are entitled to all the gifts and blessings of the Gospel. To this end I bless you and seal upon you a father's blessing.

Now be cheered and comforted and buoyed up and strengthened and go forth to do all the work tht is required at your hands by the servants of the Lord in helping to advance the purposed of the Lord upon the earth. Now be faithful and diligent in all the requirements made of you in any capacity that you are called to fill. In as much as you shall be faithful and diligent in these requirements you shall be greatly blessed and favored of the Lord.

To this end I bless you with every blessing that will be for your good and for your happiness and peace on the earth, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen.



John Paul Cardon



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 Br. 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.

Destested 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 assunder, 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 precipices. 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 canibals.....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 horrors 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 pursurers. 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 overpopulated and all were reduced to the life of the peasant and shepard. 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 it's 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, travelling 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 travelled 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 emmigrate. 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 emmigrate, 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 it's 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 Maughann'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 Maughann'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 it's mulberry trees and it's 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 "Aunty'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 Neuchatel, Switzerzerland, in the winter of 1900, Daniel B. Richards received an appoointment 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 Ry. 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 Goudin 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 other 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.

Thous 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.



Fusannah Goudin



HISTORY OF
SUSANNA GOUDIN (GAUDIN) CARDON
Pioneer of 1856

Written and submitted to the Henry Ballard Camp of Daughters of Utah Pioneers, by Rebecca Cardon Hickman Peterson, Granddaughter.

Susanna Goudin was born in a little village in the Piedmont Valleys, called Prarustin, Italy. Her ancestors were of the Vaudois peoples, sometimes known as Waldenses. These people have been known as martyrs for Christianity since the time of Christ.

Because I have explained their struggles through several generations of ancestors, in the history of John Paul Cardon, her husband, I will not go into detail here.

Susanna Goudin was born in the midst of such conditions and environment. She was of the Vaudois peoples who had found a place of refuge in the Italian Alps during the awful persecutions that raged in the Piedmont Valleys. She was born July 30, 1833, at Prarustin, Piedmont, Italy. Her father was Barthelemi Goudin and her mother was Marthe Cardon.

When she was five years old her father died and left the family to struggle for their livelihood. At this very young age she had to work and help support herself. She had to pick up potatoes, glean and get sticks ready for the vineyard, as that was one of their sources of making a living. When she was about 9 years old she had to leave home to get work to support herself. She did this by picking leaves from the mulberry trees to feed the silk worms. She earned ten cents per day doing this. When she was 12 years old she learned to reel silk and earned twenty cents per day. She continued in this work until she left Italy to come to Utah.

Susanna Goudin was the last one of her mother's family to join the church and this she did in 1853. She was baptised by Brother George Dennis Keaton and confirmed by Brother Jabez Woodward in Piedmont, Italy. She left for Utah in 1855 with some relatives of hers, named Pierre Stalle family.

She was the last member of her family to join the church because she was not living at home when the rest of the family were converted. Her mother, who was a poor widow, had little but her home and what she could earn to support her family. One of their neighbors tells that when this family joined the church the elders wanted this poor

widow to sell her home and give the money to them to do as they saw fit with it.

She refused to do this as she wanted the money for herself and family so that they could come to Utah. Also she could not attend her meetings regularly because she had to work. Because of this, and other reasons, this family were cut off from the church.

Susanna was not at home at this time, and when the elders talked with her they urged her to come to Utah. She was filled with the spirit of gathering and under these trying conditions she decided to leave her loved family and come away to Utah all alone. She was the only member of her immediate family to come to Utah and she joined with the family of a near relative, Pierre Stalle, and travelled with them. Because of the anger and persecutions of the people of Italy against the people who had joined with the "Despised Mormons" they had real difficulty in getting enough together to permit them to leave.

Susanna and group travelled the same way that all these people had to travel in those days. They left Piedmont and travelled by carriage to Pignerol (Pinerolo) from there to Turin, the capital of Piedmont, thence to the town of Suza by railway; then up the steep Mt. Cenis in a large coach placed on sleds and drawn by sixteen government mules, much of the way being covered by perpetual snow and ice. Then to Loundsburg on the Savoy side, where the carriages were taken from the sleds, and then by coach to Lyons, France. From Lyons they travelled by railway to Paris and from there by rail to Calais by steamer to London and by railway to Liverpool, where they remained a short time while waiting for the ship to sail.

On Dec. 12, 1855 they sailed on the ship John J. Boyd. In the company were Pierre Stalle, wife and four children, Michel Bosio, wife and eight children, Giovanni Roshon, wife and four children, Pietro Chatelain, Madelona Malan, Enrichetta Chatclain, and Catterina Godin. These were Susanna's close friends and relatives. On the same boat were 437 Saints from Denmark, Norway and Sweden and 42 from Great Britain. Canute Peterson was in charge of the company.

The following is taken from a letter written by C. R. Savage and published in the Millennial Star, Vol. 18, page 209. He tells of the journey by ship: "The Saints were, by the sound of the trumpet, called to prayer mornings and evenings. Meetings were also frequently held in the Danish, English and Italian languages.... The weather got worse after crossing the Banks, so much so that we were driven into the Gulf Stream three times and many of our sailors were frost bitten. Our captain got superstitious on account

of the long passage, and ordered that there should be no singing on board; the mate said that all ships that had preachers on board, were always sure of a bad passage; however the Lord heard our prayers, and in His own good time we arrived at our destination. On the evening of the fifteenth of February we were safely at anchor having been sixty-six days out from Liverpool...Our water supply was almost exhausted. We had on arrival only about one day's water on board."

They landed in New York March 15, 1856, and from there they went to St. Louis by train. Susanna stayed there some time and then went to Florence, Nebraska. While in Florence, Susanna worked for a man by the name of Samuel Lee. He had a store but she helped in the house and also helped picking fruit. (She has mentioned raspberries). The Lees were good to her and when she left they gave her a new dress and bonnet. They went to the river where they had boats and gave her a feather tick but she could not take this with her.

Susanna and the Stalles crossed the plains in the First Hand Cart Company, under the direction of Edmund Ellsworth, and they arrived in Salt Lake City, Sept. 26, 1856. There were five hundred English people in the first Hand Cart Company. They were divided into smaller companies.

The first day they travelled but a few miles to a place called "Brigham Young's Grave Yard".

Susanna had brought enough clothes to last her for sometime but the captain told her that she could not bring them and said she would have to throw their things away. He was not good to the French saints. After they had thrown away their clothes he permitted some of the English girls to take their things and wear them.

Susanna and some of the French saints felt so badly that they decided to pile their things that they could not take with them into a pile and burn them rather than see them taken and worn by others who did not need them. The following is taken from the autobiography of Margaret Stalle Barker who was of the family of Pierre Stalle, was related to Susanna and travelled in the same company: "The Mr. Ellsworth who had charge of the company, for some reason, badly mistreated the French saints, even depriving them of food. It is claimed by the children of Pierre Stalle (Peter) that he died of starvation. It is claimed that Mr. Ellsworth sold part of the food that should have gone to the saints.

When Pierre (Peter) Stalle was dying, his wife climbed to the wagon to have a few last words with her husband. Ellsworth came with a rope and cruelly whipped her until she

was forced to get down. This was verified by the French families who came. The captain was a very mean man. At one time a man died and they whipped and kicked him and threw him under the tent. His wife took his shoes to wear and some lady called her a dirty Italian".

Susanna thought she would get it back on them, so one day an English boy told her he would give her some fire wood for a kiss. She took the wood and then slapped him. His mother called her bad names. The next day it was raining and she had buffalo chips as well as some wood to burn. They always gathered wood by day for their fires at night. She pulled a hand cart all the way across the plains".

My grandfather Cardon's second wife was only a small child of two years at this time. Her name was Magdelene Beus and she rode most of the way across the plains in Susanna's hand cart. Little did they know that they would both, some day, be married to the same man, John Paul Cardon.

The following is taken from the diary of the company:
"August 17: The camp moved out at a quarter to 9 A.M. and travelled 12 miles. We crossed Wold Creek and ascended the Sandy Bluff. We crossed the Bluff to the left instead of going up the old track. It is easier for hand-carts and ox teams. The road today was very sandy for several miles. Passed over several creeks. Camp at 4 P.M. on the side of the Platte opposite to Ash Grove. Brother Peter Stalle died today. He was from Italy".

My grandfather, John Paul Cardon, with his parents and 3 brothers and 2 sisters had arrived in 1854. They had settled at Brigham's Fort, Ogden. Upon hearing of the arrival of the Hand-Cart Company, he and his brother Phillip, immediately went to Salt Lake City and brought Susanna and the Stalle family back to Brigham's Fort, where they assisted in building them a crude dug-out in which to live this first winter. The winter was very severe and at times the Cardons had to go and dig them out of the snow as they were completely covered up. Margaret Stalle Barker writes, "while in Ogden they were snowed in in their dug-out, without matches or a clock. They did not even get out of bed as they could not tell the time or make a fire. Paul Cardon came and dug us out. Susanna Goudin went to live with the Cardons".

Paul Cardon asked Susanna to marry him. She had fallen in love with a young Englishman while working in Florence, Neb. She could not marry him as he was not of her faith, but she still loved him. She was alone in Utah and did not have any money.

The following is also taken from Margaret Stalle Barker's account: "The Cardons came in 1854 and the others in 1856. Susanna Goudin married Paul Cardon. He was 16 and she was 22. At this time she was very much in love with a young Englishman but because she was alone and was influenced by Father Cardon she married Paul. She grieved over this for years. In fact until she went to the endowment house. She wept bitterly, when she went there. Brigham Young, seeing her, sensed her trouble and told her to go through and all would be well with her. And this was literally fulfilled, as when they were old I have seldom seen a more devoted couple." They were married March 16, 1857. They had six sons and five daughters.

Susanna's early trials and experiences were numerous. In 1858, when Johnston's Army came she went south with a baby about two months old. She carried the baby in her arms, while she walked and drove cattle. Her husband stayed behind to guard the property. There were two families that had but one yoke of cattle between them. They came back in August. While in Ogden they earned a living by farming. Flax and hemp were raised and Susanna prepared it and spun it into thread and sold it in Salt Lake City for twenty-five cents per knot. The demand for it was so great that she could not supply it.

The Indians gave them considerable trouble. At one time an Indian came and wanted her to go away with him. She refused to do so and he took her oldest son, Phillip, and threw him on his horse, thinking she would follow. She pulled him off twice but could not get him away. The men were all in the field some distance away, so her mother-in-law got up on the house and whistled for them. The men heard her and came running to see what the trouble was. When the Indian saw that his purpose was defeated, he left the child and went to a neighboring house and threw their things all out doors in his anger.

In 1860 she came with her husband, to Logan to help settle Cache Valley. She had two children at this time. During the first spring in the valley they sowed over 40 bushels of wheat, but reaped only 7 bushels, due to grass hoppers. 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".

After the grasshoppers ate most of their grain, they managed to save enough wheat for flour and with care they had bread enough to last through the time of famine. They lived on bread and water and greens and whatever else they could get.

Susannan's husband was one of the leading citizens in the community, being a 1st Lt. of Cavalry in the militia and the first treasurer of the city of Logan and also acted as Marshal for many years. He had charge of building the Temple Mill in Logan canyon which furnished most of the lumber for the Logan Temple. He assisted in the surveying and building of the Logan Canyon road, thus connecting the Bear Lake Region with Logan. He assisted in building the first house in Logan. It 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 house of any size to be erected in Logan. It was made of adobe.

In 1870 they were called upon by the church authorities to build this large home, costing in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars, which was to be used as a hotel and rooming house. This was requested to be built so that the people coming to Logan to do work in the temple would have a suitable place to stay. This building was located one half block west of main street, on 1st north, near where the Dean C. Pack Motor Company is now located. It was called the Cache Valley House. They were instructed to listen through a thin partitioned wall, to the plans of the U. S. Deputies who were trying to track down and punish polygamy offenders. Many plans were revealed this way and many saints were warned in time to save them from being caught. My father has told that many times he went out the back door of a home, after warning the saints, just as the deputies came in the front. They continued in this work for about ten years and when the deputies became suspicious of my grandfather he went into the north west to work on the railroad, taking part of the older family with him. His wives were left to run this house, and they did not feel able to continue alone, so it was sold.

The following is taken from "Heart Throbs of the West", Vol. 3, page 131. "To the Italian origin of Paul and Susanna Cardon, Cache Valley owes its mulberry trees and its attempts at silk culture. Quote: They were quick to see the similarity of conditions in Cache Valley and their native northern Italy, and as they were both familiar with all of the branches of silk culture they decided to try it here.

Mr. Cardon sent to France for mulberry seeds. These were planted and the trees grew well and were the first ones to be grown in northern Utah. When they were large enough to produce leaves, Mr. Cardon sent to France for eggs of the silk worm. These eggs were hatched by putting them in a bag and keeping the bag warm by hanging them around their necks. These worms grew and others were raised and when the supply was sufficient they began to reel the silk. Mr. Cardon made the reel and Mrs. Cardon did the reeling. It was the twisted reed and was much better than the flat silk. The silk was sent to Salt Lake to be woven and was found to be

of such high quality that Pres. Brigham Young called Susanna on a mission to Salt Lake City to teach others to reel silk. She left a baby a year old and six other small children and spent three months in Salt Lake City, without pay, in this work.

In 1878, the Relief Society of Logan decided to try and raise their own silk and Mrs. Cardon furnished the eggs of the worm and taught classes of young women to care for the worms and sell the silk. This was all done without pay, but as a service to her church and community.

The biggest and best worms were saved to let the moth come out and lay more eggs, and this silk was used to make coarser clothes. The other cocoons were placed in tubs of hot water to loosen the silk and was then reeled into hanks. Mrs. Cardon's silk was of very high quality and she received medals for the excellence of her silk from New Jersey, California, Chicago and St. Louis. Mrs. Cardon gave over two rooms of her house for the silk industry and kept at this work for about 15 years..."

From Margaret Stalle Barker's biography: "Susanna G. Cardon was called as a missionary by Brigham Young to introduce the culture of silk worms and the silk industry in Utah to the Relief Society sisters. As he watched her work he thought she must have some trick in handling the silk threads. So she put her hands in his and took it through the process giving it a quick flip and putting it on the reel, thus showing that it was all in knowing how to handle it. The silk she wove was of a very high grade and was as good as any from Italy. Susanna went to S.L. several times with Zina Young to teach this".

She was a teacher in the Relief Society and she was the 2nd or 3rd member to join that organization in Logan.

In 1892 the family moved to Benson Ward where Mr. Cardon had purchased a large farm. They lived there for 20 years. Susanna was a teacher in the Relief Society for 9 or 10 years. Later she was made first councillor to President Roundy. She held that position for 9 years. She loved the people and they likewise loved her. Her faith in the promises of the Lord was great.

When her children were sick she would always call on the elders to administer to them. When she was unable to get the elders she would pray for them herself, as she was alone many times. She obeyed all of the principles of the gospel which she had embraced. Her charity and integrity were known everywhere she went. The Lord blessed her with inspiration and dreams which were a great guide to her.

My mother, her daughter-in-law, ask her how she could raise so large a family so well, without any education or advantages of any kind and she said she "raised them on her knees." My mother has told me that she was a wonderful mother-in-law. Always praising her and never interfferring in any way. She was a kind and loving mother full of patience and long suffering and would rather suffer herself, anytime, than to cause others to do so. She was a good neighbor. She took pleasure in doing good for others.

She was a loving wife. I have been told that she took pride and pleasure in the appearance of her husband and children. They were always clean and well clothed. She, herself, was always neat and clean, and well dressed even in old age. She was very talented with her hands and did many beautiful things in the line of sewing, weaving, knitting and crocheting.

In 1913, after living in Benson Ward for twenty years, they decided to retire from the farm and come back to Logan where most of their children lived. They also wanted to be near the temple so that they could do the work for their kindred dead. They located in the Logan Seventh ward, and there they lived until the death of her husband in 1915.

I remember visiting them in their Benson Ward home many times while I was still a small child. It was always a thrill. One of the most fascinating things about their farm home was the boat house that stood down on the Bear River. We could look at it but must never get into the boat. I remember that Grandmother Cardon and Aunty Cardon always lived in the same house, each having their own side and their own furniture and personal belongings. We always went into Aunty's side of the house to visit for a little while when we were visiting in Benson Ward. The two wives and families never seemed to have any trouble and I have never learned of any quarrels or strife in their home. They loved and respected each other and I was a big girl before I knew for sure, which were my father's own brothers and sisters instead of half-brothers and sisters.

After the death of her husband, Susanna spent the remainder of her life with her daughters, always keeping busy and useful. She did many beautiful pieces of knitted lace and I am the proud possessor of a pair of pillow slips with knitted lace on them about six inches wide, which she made. She passed away Dec 8, 1920.

"She was a splendid neighbor, a loving wife and mother and took pleasure in doing good to others, always having in her mind the happiness and welfare of others. Few persons, if any, have ever been more loved and revered than has Susanna Cardon. Her faith in God and His glorious work was indeed sublime, and she radiated the spirit of love to such

a wonderful degree as to impress all who ever associated with her. She goes to a well earned reward, a realization of a well spent and beautiful life, filled with service and satisfaction:

Her funeral was held December 11, 1920 in the Stake Tabernacle. The large assembly hall was filled with relatives and friends to honor one whom they dearly loved and revered. At the time of her death she had sixty grandchildren and forty-five great grand-children to bless her memory. Her posterity now goes into the hundreds. She is buried in the Logan City Cemetery and her grave overlooks the beautiful valley which she helped to settle and to build.

She was the mother of 11 children. The following are names and places of birth:

Philip Cardon, Jan. 29, 1858, Ogden, Utah
Martha Mary Cardon (Merrill), Dec. 7, 1859, Ogden, Utah
Susette Cardon (Ricks), Jun. 23, 1861, Logan, Utah
Sarah Ann Cardon (Turner) Nov. 30, 1862, Logan, Utah
Louisa Cardon, Aug. 14, 1864, Logan, Utah
John Paul Cardon, Nov. 19, 1866, Logan, Utah
Louis Samuel Cardon, Jun. 23, 1869, Logan, Utah.
Lucy Cardon (Merrill), Feb. 28, 1871, Logan, Utah
Joseph Emanuel Cardon, Oct. 28, 1872, Logan, Utah.
Moses Cardon, Jun. 16, 1875, Logan, Utah
Ezra Bartholme Cardon, May 26, 1878, Logan, Utah.
Four of her children preceeded her in death.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S CREED
R.C.H.

Give me faith, strength and courage, I pray,
Faith to live serenely, day after day.
Unshaken faith through anguish or joy,
Faith death or dishonor can never destroy!
Faith that does not falter when the stricken
heart's my own,
Faith to look upward and say, "Thy will, Father, not
mine be done".
Faith to keep clean and pure until life's race is run,
Faith to smile, and labor, until each day is done.
Faith yet, when eternal life comes my way,
That faith will bring peace to the close of day.

THE STORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE MULBERRY TREES IN CACHE VALLEY

Phillipe Cardon and his family came from the Piedmont Valley in Northern Italy early in 1854 and to Cache Valley in 1859. Here he and two of his sons - Paul and Thomas remained and made their home.

Paul married Susannah Goudin who was also from Italy. She had become efficient in the silk industry while in her native home and she and her husband soon discovered that there was a great similarity between this Valley and the Piedmont and they decided to try silk culture here.

The Logan Republican, a newspaper, of August 27, 1908 says:

"To the origin of the Cardons, Cache Valley owes its mulberry trees and its attempt at silk culture. Both Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cardon had become familiar with all branches of silk culture in their youth and seeing the similarity of conditions in Cache Valley and northern Italy, determined to start the culture here.

Mr. Cardon sent to France for mulberry seeds and silk worms. The trees grew well and many of them are still living. The worms spun silk of excellent quality, which Mrs. Cardon reeled and which was woven in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Cardon reeled the first silk produced in Utah and is probably now the only woman in the state who knows the art."

Paul and Susannah Cardon were my grandparents. He built the equipment, and helped with the trees and worms, but grandma Susannah did all of the reeling, etc. She received many prizes for the excellent quality of her work. She was called on a short mission by Brigham Young to go to Salt Lake and teach other women how to reel silk.

LOGAN, UTAH, JULY 18, 1865. A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING BY C. W. HYDE UPON THE HEAD OF SUSANNAH CARDON, DAUGHTER OF BARTHOLOMEW AND MARTHA GOUDIN, BORN JULY 30, 1833 AT ITALY.

Susannah, in the name of Jesus, I place my hands upon your head and seal on you a father's blessing, and you shall have great wisdom and knowledge bestowed upon thee, and the visions and revelations of Heaven for no good thing shall be held from thee, and thou shalt live until the coming of the Messiah, inasmuch as thou desire it with all thy heart.

Thou art of Ephraim and a lawful heir to the fulness of the priesthood, and with thy companion have a great kingdom upon the earth in due time.

Thou shalt see Zion redeemed and Israel gathered in peace. Thou shalt be crowned with glory with all thy father's household. Amen.



Henry Ballard



INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MY FATHER, HENRY BALLARD

by

Rebecca Ballard Cardon

My father, Henry Ballard, was the son of William and Hannah Russell Ballard. The family lived in Berkshire in several small villages and had three sons born to them.

They later settled in Thatcham, Berkshire, England, where William worked as a gardner on a wealthy man's estate. Times were hard in England at that time and William's pay was small, so to help out Hannah worked on the estate also.

She felt that she had all the children they could care for and nearly six years had passed when she discovered that she was to have another child. It was unwanted and unwelcome and she was very upset about it, and in her limited way she tried to loose the baby by working and lifting beyond her strength and other means at hand, but father used to say "the harder she tried to loose me, the harder I clung to life, for I guess it was destined that I should be born."

This child, a son, was born on January 27, 1832, and they named him Henry. Hannah did not know at that time the Lord was sending her a great blessing, and a savior for her family as well as William's, for he was the one who accepted the Gospel.

Of course, as all mothers are, she loved him very much and he was the apple of her eye. They were poor but honest, honorable people and Henry records of them, "Many times I feel to thank God that I had good parents to train me in my young days, that I was not dragged down into the sins and vices of the world." And I know that many times they have thanked God for their youngest son.

Henry was born just two years after the Church of Jesus Christ was organized in America, and I feel sure it was no accident, and that the two events were related.

Of father's early childhood I know very little, only one event that he has told us many times revealed some little of what it was like at that time. This event was at the time that Queen Victoria was crowned and all the village celebrated and a free dinner was given to everyone on the village green. In the crowd father became separated from his mother and she was frantic until she found him, but he said he wasn't very much concerned, for someone put him up to the table as big as anyone and there he was eating to his heart's content. He would laugh about how excited his mother was and then would add, "I wasn't far. I was

enjoying myself eating all I wanted of all that good food", - indicating that he didn't always have all that he wanted to eat. He was about five years old at that time.

Education in England was hard to get and only the better classes were able to afford it, but when father was a little past nine years old, he was accepted into a Charity school called "The Blue Coat School." I copied the following from the history of Thatcham:

"Lady Frances Winchcombes was a daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and in her deed dated 30 June 1707, she gave to the trustees about a half acre of ground on Chapel Street, Thatcham, with an old decayed Chapel standing thereon, with directions to convert the same into a school house for the education of thirty poor boys - born or to be born, or whose parents should live in the parish of Thatcham. She directed that funds should be used to buy bibles, common prayer books and other useful books. The boys were to be taught to read and understand English, to write and keep accounts, so as to qualify them for some honest calling".

Father attended that school for four years and that was all of the schooling he ever received. I suppose four years of schooling was about all that each boy was allowed, so father's education was now complete and he was only 13 years old. The rest of his education was self acquired. He was a good reader and speller and good at arithmetic, so I suppose they gave him a pretty fair start, for he was a well educated man through his own study and reading and through the work in the Church.

Father records that on June 24, 1845, he left school and went to work on a farm for William Northaway. On this farm were many sheep, and father was given the task of caring for them, so I suppose he could be called a shepherd. There was a man by the name of Joseph Smith who was also a farm hand and a member of the Mormon Church. During their work and at lunch time, they talked of many things and often of religion.

He taught father much of the gospel and he finally began attending their meetings and was convinced that it was the truth and wanted to join the Church. His parents and brothers were opposed to this for the Mormons were very unpopular. Finally father decided he would be baptized anyway and this he did in February, 1849. He was just seventeen years of age at this time.

About midsummer of that same year, he tells that he was taken very sick with typhoid fever and became very weak and low - so much that the family thought that he was going to die. He didn't know where the Elders were and no one would

find them for him, but all the time he was praying for the Lord to send them to him.

Finally his prayer was answered and they came one evening. They talked for a while and asked father if he had faith to be healed. He answered, "Yes, if they would have faith for him, for he was so very weak". They were in an upstairs room and the Elders asked his mother to leave the room for she was unbelieving, but his father stayed in the room.

The Elder who sealed the anointing rebuked the disease and promised him that he would recover and if he was faithful he would live to go to Utah and do a wonderful work. Henry soon fell asleep and slept good all night and the next morning he got up and dressed himself and went downstairs.

When his mother saw him she thought he was delirious again and begged him to go back to bed. He said, "No, mother, I am healed and the Lord has done it". She wanted him to take some of the medicine that the doctor had left and he said, "No, I will never take another drop of it". She said, "But what will I say when he asks me? I can't tell a lie". Father said, "All right, mother, I won't make you lie, - just give it to me", which she did and he poured it into the wash basin and said, "There, now you gave it to me and I took it. We won't need to say anything more about it".

He continued to improve and in a few days he went out of doors and was soon back to work. But, before he did this, his father was baptized into the Church, for he could not further resist the testimony that he had received through the healing of Henry, and he began to go to meetings.

His mother was not converted at this time, but was finally baptized in about three months, and they both remained faithful all of the rest of their days.

The promise made to father at that time was fulfilled to the letter, for he was healed, and he did come to Utah, and he was the father of 18 children and his posterity is numerous now, as we all know. He did great work as a bishop of a ward for nearly 40 years.

At the time of his baptism, Father's brothers were all married and had moved to London and were doing well - making bodies for carriages. Of course they were very much upset over these events and decided to do something about it.

They thought if they could get Henry to come to London and live with them that he would forget all about the

Mormons and they could handle their father and mother. So they sent for Henry and made him an offer of work with them. Father says, "I could see through their plans but thought it would be a good change for a while, so I went to London and lived at my eldest brother's home".

He says "They were very kind to me but never left me alone at nights or on Sundays, but took me to places of interest and to different churches on Sunday. Nothing was said about the Mormons and I was glad to keep friends with them, so did not bring up the subject, but all the time I was keeping my eyes and ears open to find out where the Mormons were meeting".

"This went on for several Sundays and by my not speaking about them, they thought that I had forgotten all about them," so on one Sunday his brother was not feeling well and they told him he could have the day to himself and go to any of the churches that they had taken him to. Father says, "Now is my chance to find the Mormons". He went in a different direction from where he had looked before and he soon came to a small bookstore with a sign in the window telling about some book that had been written about the Mormonns. There was a man looking in the window and father asked him if he knew anything about these people. He said he had heard a lot about them but he added that he thought they weren't a bad lot. Father asked if he knew where they were meeing and he said, "Yes, it is not far from here".

So he was not long in finding the place and he said it was sure a treat for him to again hear the Gospel and he enjoyed the day very much.

When he returned home that evening his brother asked him if he had enjoyed the day and he could truthfully say that he had had a good time. They asked where I had gone and I told them. They said, "Why there is no church there". He answered, "Maybe not, but I have heard the best sermon today that I have heard since coming to London". They asked what religion they taught and he said, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints".

"What, those Mormons!" they exclaimed and then the trouble started. They tried to show me what they thought of my error and finally sent for the minister. He labored with me in vain. When they found that they could not argue me out of my folly they tried kindness and bribery, and offered to take me as an equal partner with them -- that I could be a gentleman and wear kid gloves and never soil my hands all of my life, if I would only give up those awful Mormons."

He said, "I told them that I knew that the Church was true and that God knew that I knew it, and I would expect

Him to strike me down if I denied it. So I refused their offer, for my religion was worth more to me than all the gold or positions of the world".

When they found that they could do nothing with him by kindness and bribery, they became angry and turned on him and said that " I was no more a brother of theirs and their home was no longer his home" and so they turned him out alone on a dark, stormy night in December, moneyless in the city of London, to find his way home as best he could - 60 miles.

His sister-in-law, Rebecca, the wife of his oldest brother, stood up for him and told them that they were too hard on him but to no success. So out he went. He hadn't gone far when he heard footsteps behind him and someone called his name. He turned and found Rebecca there. She said she was sorry for me and brought me a loaf of bread and some cheese wrapped up in newspaper, but said she must hurry back before her husband found out about it. He says, "I have never forgotten her kindness to me". This happened to a boy of seventeen - now you know how I got my name. That night he slept in a barn and finally reached home - walking all the way.

Soon after his return home he was offered a chance to work his way to Utah. He gladly accepted the offer and bound himself out to work for the company for two years, to pay for passage and further journey. This company was composed of Apostle F. D. Richards, Lorenzo Snow, Erastus Snow and Eli B. Kelsey. They were to obtain a herd of sheep to be driven across the plains and thus help the wool industry in Utah. Father was to take care of the sheep.

So on January 10, 1852 he set sail from Liverpool with a large company of saints, - 333 on the sailing ship Kennebeck. They were bound for New Orleans where they arrived on March 10, after tossing about on the ocean for 10 weeks.

The company then took an old steamboat up the river (Mississippi) to Council Bluff, Iowa. This was the ill fated ship, Saluda, which blew up on the river killing about 50 of the saints and injuring many more. Henry was thrown and something struck him on the head, which made a large hole in it. He lay unconscious for a while with blood running down his face.

When he regained consciousness he saw a man running, and he followed him, and jumped off the side of the boat which did not sink. But he was unable to stand, and lay with his body in the water. He was finally rescued and cared for the best they knew how and through the blessings of the Lord his life was spared, but he had a hole in his

head which gave him much trouble the later years of his life.

All that father could find of his things was one shirt and one sock, no hat and only the things that he had on at the time. But kind friends helped provide for them and another boat offered to take them to Council Bluffs, where they met kind friends to help them.

This was the 9th of April. Here he found his herd of sheep and they began their long walk. He would start out early and try to find a feeding place for them, then the wagon train would pass him and he would come in late in the evening.

When he had left his home and family and started on the long journey to Utah, he was in the company of the family of George May. This family were from his home town and he looked upon them as his own family. One of the daughters, Elizabeth, was his own age and his little sweetheart.

They reached Council Bluffs, June 1852 where the cholera broke out in the company and on June 23, 1852, the father, George May, died of this dread disease. In the morning of June 27th, the youngest daughter died and that same evening the oldest daughter, Elizabeth, died of the same disease.

When father left with his sheep early in the morning of June 27th, Elizabeth was well, and he described her as a strong robust girl. When the company caught up to him about sundown, he says that she was reduced to a skeleton and was unable to speak to him and died soon after. He dug her grave and helped to bury her himself, about eleven o'clock that night.

On July 2nd, another member of the family, a son, William May, died. It seemed that tragedy stalked this family for on July 4th, the mother died. Father says that he had to lift her out of the wagon and helped sew her up in a sheet, as that was all the preparation they could make for her. He said that she was like a mother to him and he loved her very dearly, and that it was one of the hardest things that he ever had to do was to lay her away.

He was now really alone in this new world, leaving all who were dear to him in unknown graves along the trail. The company arrived in Salt Lake City October 16, 1852. He was now 20 years old.

After he had worked out his time for the sheep company, he located his father and mother who had come across the plains with the P.E. fund and they settled in Mill Creek. He spent the first winter in Salt Lake City.

He then joined and belonged to the Militia. So he was with the memorable times on July 24, 1857 at the time of Johnstons Army. He was with the guard in Echo Canyon and the move south.

After the trouble was settled, he returned to Mill Creek. This home was located on the west side of what is now 5th East and 33 South in Salt Lake City, but he felt that he needed more land and in the spring of 1859 Cache Valley was being opened up for settlers, so on May 2, 1859 he was released from the militia and on the 3rd of May, he and Aaron Dewitt started for Cache Valley.

They took 2 yoke of oxen, some young stock, a plow and seeds, tools and some bread stuff, all belonging to Henry. It took them 7 days to make the trip to Wellsville. They were sent to Spring Creek, where they put in a crop and then on June 2 they went to Logan to look around. They found some good land, but looked around further, and finally decided to locate in Logan.

He moved his logs, etc. on July 15 1859. He was allotted a lot on 2nd west and center street. The fort was down center street. On July 27 1859 he began building a two room log house, dirt floors and roof. It stood there for years. When it was completed he went to Salt Lake and moved his father and mother to Logan, and this is where they lived.

That summer was spent building his own home in Logan and tending his garden at Spring Creek. Their food ran out and Henry records that most of the camp was out of flour and lived upon green corn, potatoes and turnips for days and they were thankful to have plenty of them. He was a minute man and spent much time helping to guard against the Indians.

He went to October conference in Salt Lake City and upon returning home they met Brother Thomas McNeil and family who had just come across the plains and were on their way to Cache Valley, and they offered them assistance on their continued journey. In Henry's journal, he stated that was the first meeting of his wife to be, Margaret McNeil.

At the time of this meeting, Margaret was a barefooted, sun-burned little girl, driving her cow along the dusty country road, but it was impressed upon her mother and to Henry at that time, that some day she would be his wife.

In January Henry asked Margaret to go to a dance with him at Providence. He had a yoke of oxen and a heavy sleigh. It was very cold and snowed a three foot wall while they were in the dance. They were unable to go home so they

sat up all the rest of the night with others from the dance.
They had a very hard time to get home the next day.

Their romance continued from that time, and altho
Margaret was only 15 years old, Henry wanted to marry her.
He felt that he could take care of her and provide for her
without her having to work as hard as she had been doing.

Logan City. December 15, 1860

My Request to Brother McNeil.

1.

O give me thy dear daughter O give her unto me
That girl untouched by sorrows dart, that girl so light and
free.

O give me her I pray thee, to be my wedded wife
Not merely for a moment but for eternal life.

2.

I want to make myself a home a heaven on the earth
That in the resurrection I may gain Celestial birth,
Oh give me then thy daughter and naught I'll have to fear,
She will be all the world to me, your own sweet daughter.

3.

A still small voice seems whispering and says "This is the
plan",
Take to yourself a wife in time I will save you fallen man."
May Heaven's choicest blessings with each of you remain
An answer saying "She is yours" will soothe this aching
pain.

To Sister McNeil

1.

I want your daughter for my wife
Sealed to me for eternal life,
I want her through all time to come
And in the New Jerusalem.

2.

I want her in her youthful day
And when heaven and earth shall pass away
I want her in a life like this
And in one filled with Heavenly bliss.

3.

I want her joined that none can sever

Me from her peaceful breast for ever.
I want her in her early bloom
And after death beyond the tomb.

They were married on Sunday, May 5, 1861, by Bishop William B. Preston. Margaret was fifteen and Henry was twenty-nine years old. He had been put in as Bishop of Logan Second Ward a month before their marriage.

After his marriage he took Margaret to live with his parents until his own home was finished, and then they moved there.

(NOTE; Because much has been written about Henry Ballard, most of which we all have access to, I am not going to include the details of his life during the nearly 40 years he served as the Bishop of Logan Second Ward. --Edna Taylor)

TO BROTHER AND SISTER BALLARD
ON THEIR FORTIETH WEDDING DAY

Hail Patriarch Father, honored mother
We meet you this auspicious day,
And with heartfelt kindly greetings,
For your happiness we pray.

We celebrate the anniversary
Of your "Fortieth Wedding Day"
In each other's love rejoicing,
God has been with you all the way.

Long ago a man and a maiden
With no gaudy outward show,
Heart and hand by Heaven united,
Started out through life to go.

But a child in years, the maiden,
Still a woman's heart was there,
And the man was brave and noble,
Well might she trust to his fond care.

They had naught the world called riches,
But their hopes, their lives were one.
Rich in faith they loved the Gospel,
Of the Lord and His dear Son.

Trials they met and sacrifices
Hardships, toils, and many a care,
But they have been true and faithful,
Still life to them is very dear.

Age comes on with silver tresses.

But Heaven's peace is with them still.
Patiently they yet are struggling
To serve, and do the Father's will.

They not are rich, pricelsss jewels
In their crown in life they wear
Bright immortal souls were given them,
Which they've reared and trained with care.

No dark sorrow in their bosoms,
For a jewel lost through sin,
They have bravely fought life's battle
And the victory they'll win.

Brother Ballard, Sister Ballard,
Take your friends' best wishes now,
May your happiness continue,
May the years with garlands deck your brow.

Author unknown

TO BISHOP HENRY BALLARD, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS SIXTY-
SIXTH BIRTHDAY, January 27th 1898
By his friend, Aaron Dewitt.

Another year has rolled around and added to thy age,
The record on the book of life has filled another page.
No line upon that register thy peace can ever mar;
Because thy life throughout, has been as stainless as a
star.

We know thou art no polished gem, but natural and free;
And love the truth for it's own sake, without hypocrisy.
A firm believer in the good, a helper of the race;
A comforter of every soul, of beauty and of grace.

This is the reason we are here to try our best to make
This evening pleasant for ourselves, and for our Bishop's
sake.

We ask God as thy Sun goes down beneath the crimson west,
That through thy fading sight may shine the glories of the
blest.

That youth be given back to thee, with all it's inward
fire.

And kindle in thy bosom, life that never can expire.
May Heavenly mansions be revealed to thy enraptured sight;
And all thy future birthdays be as glorious as the light.

We know but few remain for thee, but as they each decay;
May friends around with loving hands, strew flowers along
the way.

And should the Boatman take thee first, through deaths cold
 flowing tide,
We will try to live that we may meet thee on the other side.

We want thy days here, lengthened out; Thy years too,
 multiplied,
Until thou say, it is enough, and I am satisfied.
And when thy body's laid to rest in peace beneath the sod,
May thy pure spirit take it's flight back to the throne of
 God.

For Henry's 74th birthday, the ward had a fine picture
of Henry prepared and framed and presented to him on his
birthday, Jan. 27, 1906.

UNVEILING OF PAINTING
by Aaron Dewitt

Another anniversary,
Another milestone past,
And every beating pluse we tell
Is nearer to the last.
And every day brings something new,
T'is God's and Nature's plan.
And every hour presents new scenes
Wrought by the hand of man.

A work of art will be unveiled
Within this sacred place,
Revealing what we love to see
A patriarchal face;
One who has counseled us for years
And never taught us wrong,
But tried to take the burdens off,
That we have borne so long.

We want to honor him while here,
He had not long to stay,
And cherish his dear memory too,
When he has passed away.

Let him feel he has not suffered,
Loved and hoped and feared in vain,
Every earthly sin and sorrow
He will only count as gain.

Then he'll join the life eternal,
Entering the third degree,
Gaining far more light and wisdom
Of the inner mystery.
This will help him battle bravely
All the life that lies before,
Knowing that the good and holy
Will remain for ever more.

There he'll meet the last grand masters
In his soul's progressive march,
Here the holy angels calling,
Come up to the Royal Arch.
By his earnest, firm endeavor
He has gained that height sublime
And he never again, no never
Will be bound to space and time.

When we are no longer fettered
To this feeble form of clay,
May we with harmonious union,
Meet him in the far away.
When the spirit leaps the barrier
Which across it's pathway lies,
Meet him in a land of beauty
Where no bud of promise dies.

TO HENRY BALLARD
After thirty years a bishop.

I hear the same sentence from all of the crowd,
Either uttered in silences or spoken aloud;
"How faithful he's been, so easy and free,
And the spirit that guides him endears him to me."

For thirty long years he has served in this ward,
And twice thirty years he has worshipped the Lord.
And his course is still onward and upward and right,
He is always a watching and praying for light.

He will enter the Kingdom of Glory as sure.
As the sun gives us light and it's force turns earth
o'er.
And there with the faithful 'mid perfumes and flowers,
He will rest from his labors in high arching bowers.

Then let us all present in this little throng,
Do right to each other and never do wrong,
Each pledge his endeavors to do what he can
To bless every woman and aid every man.

We will never repent it, by day or by night,
For Heaven is built on the mountains of right;
The more good we do, we can all plainly see,
That the greater our joys and our income will be.

We may all meet with trials, reverses and loss.
And try to bring back the lost one to the fold.
And if we succeed and he is forgiven,
What rejoicing there'll be in the Kinngdom of Heaven.

One word more to the Bishop,
Whene'er thy spirit's free,
The saints and sinners of this ward,
Will all lament for three;

And all thy faults, if any,
May thy successor shun,
And finish nobly the work
That thou hast well begun.

Henry wrote in his journal: April 22, I sent in my resignation as Bishop of the Ward on account of failing health, which position I had occupied 39 years and 8 days.

April 26: Apostle F. M. Lyman and the Presidency of the Stake called a meeting of the Priesthood of the Ward in the meeting house and presented my resignation and I was honorably released by all the Brethern.

After his release, he was still called upon to speak at many funerals, at other meetings, and as a patriarch.

He passed away on 26 February 1908 at his home in his beloved Logan.

A Logan newspaper had this to say: " Patriarch Henry Ballard, of the Second ward, died at his home Wednesday night at 11 o'clock, the result of general debility due to old age and cessation from a very active life. For about five years the gentleman had awaited the final summons, and it came to him peacefully. He was unconscious some time before his death but in the last moments aroused himself, recognized the relatives about him and passed away gently. In his passing a man widely known for his genuine worth has gone. Bishop Ballard was unassuming and one of the kind of men who would prefer to be wronged than to do a wrong. He was a very engergetic man while in good health and was identified with most of the progress of the valley. He was kindly and considerate with a heart full of love for every man, and throughout his life enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellows."

Henry was laid to rest in the Logan cemetery on Sunday, March 1, 1908. His wife Margaret now rests beside him, and they are surrounded by many of their loved ones -- just the way Henry would have wanted it.

Rebecca further said, "No, he wasn't perfect, but his faults were small when compared with his virtues, and the

true value of his life. I feel that he went back to his maker as sweet and clean and unstained by sin as it is possible for a human being to be while passing through this life of trial and sorrow and temptation."

I would like you to hear a few of the comments that were made at Father's funeral, to let you know what the people with whom he worked thought of him.

Newel W. Kimball said, "We are sometimes criticized for eulogizing the dead too much, but it would be difficult for anyone to criticize anything that might be said in praise of Henry Ballard, for he deserves it all. For sixteen years, I labored with him in the bishopric, and he confided in me as I think he did in no other man, and I know him to be a man in all that the term implies.

He was one of God's noblemen. I never knew a better man, one more unselfish, nor one who was more honorable. I have seen him under the most trying circumstances, but his first thoughts were always for the good of his people. I never knew him to refuse to respond to any call made upon him by any of his people. Under any and all conditions, I never saw him waver from the right. I do not believe there is a man living that has shown more love for his brethren, or more devotion to the Church. I have never met a man for whom I have had more respect, and his example has been a source of strength to me and hundreds of others."

L. R. Martineau, who was for years tithing clerk of the stake, had this to say of him. "You may measure him by any standard of good citizenship, and you will find him lacking nothing."

I would like to add to this what I saw in my father, in our home, and the years of his later life.

He was deeply religious and to the end of his days, he was devoted to the Church and its leaders. No child of his was ever permitted in his presence, to criticize any leader of the Church, no matter how small was his or her calling. He was equally as strict in honoring the leaders of the State or the Nation. We were taught to honor and respect each in their calling, and I never heard him pray that he didn't invoke the blessings of the Lord upon the leaders of the Church, likewise the leaders of the Nations.

He was a loyal patriotic American, proud of his citizenship in this, the best Nation of the world.

He was one of the cleanest, sweetest men in both body and mind, - one whose personal standard of living was of the highest order. He would indulge in nothing of a degrading nature. I never heard him tell a story of off color, or use

any vulgar or foul language or swear words, nor would he allow us to do so in his presence.

I never saw him come to the breakfast table without his hair combed, and his hands clean, no matter what kind of work he was doing. I never saw him leave the house on one of his many errands as a Bishop, without changing his work clothes and boots or shoes, for second best ones. Nor, did I ever see him go around the home without his body being properly covered. He was modestly personfied in all of his actions.

Father was truthful and honest, almost to a fault. Industrious and hard worker and always did more than he was expected to do. He was appointed a road supervisor for a while, and he did most of the work himself. When the mayor told him that he was doing too much of the hard work he answered, "I thought that was what I was being paid for."

He trusted everyone until they were proven false, and then he was quick to forgive them, and was always found merciful in his judgments. He was kind and loving father, not profuse in his expressions, but you could feel and know of his love and interest in you.

Here are a few extracts from letters that he wrote to his family while on his mission. They are full of advice and I am sure he would say the same things if he were to speak to us today:

"I am willing, if need be, to sacrifice my life for my family, if I can claim them in the hereafter. I love my family, every one of them, and I feel as humble as a little child when I see what God has given unto me. Don't think, dear ones, because I do not use a great many flowery words like some do, that I do not love my family, for I do and God knows that they are very dear to my heart. May Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon you all, and may our records entitle us to mingle with the saints and apostles of God in the here, and in the hereafter; and if we can gain this, our joy will be full, although our pathway in this life may be rough and thorny, and not many roses strewn along the way and our progress seems slow, but oh, may it be sure.

And may we be given strength to endure our trials, come what may, and never submit to the temptations of the evil one. God bless you all and keep you in the path that leads to eternal life. May peace abound in your hearts and homes and the spirit of God dwell therein. Be kind to each other and agreeable in all of your ways."

The promise made to father at the time he was sick while still in England, was fulfilled to the letter, for he

was healed, and he did come to Utah, and he was the father of 18 children and his posterity is numerous, as we all know, and they have and are still doing active work in the church in many different callings.

----- Rebecca Ballard Cardon---

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN AT MILL CREEK WARD, SALT LAKE STAKE, ON FEBRUARY 13, 1857. UPON THE HEAD OF HENRY BALLARD, THE SON OF WILLIAM AND HANNAH RUSSELL BALLARD, BORN JANUARY 27, 1832, AT THATCHAM BERKS, ENGLAND. GIVEN BY JOHN YOUNG.

Brother Henry in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, we lay our hands upon your head to bless you with a Father's Blessing and to predict upon your head those things which shall come to pass upon you.

You are a lawful heir, being a literal descendant of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim entitled to the blessings of the everlasting gospel to hold a portion of the priesthood which will be conferred upon you in the own due time of the Lord. I bless you and say you shall be blessed from this time forth and forever.

Be an honor to your father's family and to all you are associated with. In the Lord's due time you shall have wives and children for I seal this upon you in the name of the Lord, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and say that you shall have flocks and herds, a good and numerous posterity.

You shall see the redemption of Zion; help to gather Israel; avenge the blood of the prophets; become a mighty man; a man of thunder; none shall be able to stand before you, for your words shall make them tremble for the fear of the Lord shall rest upon them.

You shall be delivered, whether upon the sea or the land. You shall always have power over your enemies, lay a good foundation for the time to come; live upon the earth till your hair is as white as pure sood; live to see Zion redeemed; Israel gathered.

These and all your desires I seal upon you, upon condition of your obedience and faithfulness, and in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, everso, Amen.

A BLESSING UPON THE HEAD OF HENRY BALLARD BY APOSTLE F.D. RICHARDS ON THE 2ND OF NOVEMBER, 1886, AND REPORTED BY JOHN M. WHITAKER.

Brother Ballard, in the name of Jesus Christ, we your fellow servants in the ministry, bless and dedicate you to the performance of a mission in the European countries and wherever your lot may be for the Lord by the authorities has set in his church to guide that you may go in peace and return in safety from this place, preserved carefully from the hands of your enemies, that they may not have power to find out you or your brethren, but that you may be blessed and endowed abundantly with the spirit and power of your calling to this your holy calling in the priesthood.

We pray that your powers and faculties may be awakened in your labors, and that the inspiration of God may be with you in your ministry that you may be faithful in declaring the counsels of God to the people of that land.

We bless you that you may go in safety to your land of labor, preserved from the evils which beset men off the land and sea, there to find a people who will hearken to your words, who will feel the spirit of God flowing from your heart to theirs and convince them from the errors of their ways and enable you to perform your labors so that they will take hold of your words and shall abide by them and shall have a place in them forever.

Lay aside the cares of your bishopric; leave them in the land of Zion and go forth to your native land, the other spheres, and win souls in the church and labor to establish the fullness of the gospel wherever you labor, that you may bring those who will renew their vigor to a better understanding of the gospel and you shall be renewed in spirit and power and your soul will feel abundantly the inspiration of the Lord instructing you in all the principles of the gospel of life and salvation and Godliness so that you may rejoice in saving souls and add them to the church by your instrumentality and make the hearts of the righteous to rejoice with you in the kingdom of our God.

Be faithful, humble and diligent before God and he will open the ways and means that you may obtain things both temporal and spiritual of life and salvation and his will and thy inspiration thereof will be with you to instruct you in all things and qualify you for this great and noble work.

We commend you to the care of God and his mercies that you may bring many to his great salvation and labor faithfully in this mission of God, that you have triumphed over evil.

These blessings with all former we seal upon you in the name of Jesus Christ and we bless you to rejoice in your labors exceedingly, and you shall receive even more than you expect, or we know how to ask for, and all your heart can desire and return with thanksgiving and praises and be more useful, than you have been heretofore for we seal these upon you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



Margaret McNeil



AUTOBIOGRAPHY
of
Margaret McNeil Ballard
Wife of Henry Ballard
Utah Pioneer, 1859

Born in Tranent, Haddingtonshire, Scotland, April 14, 1846, daughter of Thomas McNeil and Jeannette Reid McNeil. My birthplace, Tranent, was a small village located near the sea shore on the banks of the mouth of the Firth of Fourth, not many miles from Edinburg. From the village one may view the beautiful scenes of grasses and hills and waters so typical of picturesque Scotland.

When I was eight years old my father baptized me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He had joined the Church and was baptized when I was about two years old. He was a coal miner and had to be to work every morning at four o'clock. Therefore, when I was baptized I had to go early in the morning. It was a beautiful May morning when I walked to the sea shore. He carried a lantern to light our way. As I came up out of the water the day was just beginning to dawn and the light to creep over the eastern hills. It was a very beautiful sight, one that I shall never forget. At this time I was filled with a sweet heavenly spirit which has remained with me to this day.

That night all of the saints met at our home and I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. I was given my choice to either sing, pray or bear my testimony. I offered up a simple prayer for my heart was filled with great joy and thanks to God for this privilege of becoming a member of His church and this gratitude has remained in my heart and has increased as the years have gone by.

The first ten years of my childhood were spent in Tranent, but because of being a "Mormon" I was not permitted to attend the schools and so I was entirely deprived of schooling while in the old country, and in pioneering there was little opportunity of education. During those ten years our family enjoyed the association of the Elders and Saints. My father was President of the Edinburg Conference for a number of years, therefore, the Elders visited our home often and we were always glad to receive them, although, many times I went to bed hungry in order to give my meal to the visiting Elders.

On 27 April 1856 we left our home and on Sunday, May 4th we left Liverpool for America. There was a large Company leaving. My mother was not well and was taken on board the ship before the time of sailing, while the sailors

were still disinfecting and renovating the ship. Here my brother, Charles, was born, with only one woman on board the ship to attend my mother. When the Captain and doctor came on board the ship and found that a baby had been born, they were delighted and thought it would bring good luck to the Company. They asked the privilege of naming him. Brother Willie, President of the Company, thought it best to let the Captain name him as there were eight hundred passengers and nearly all of them were Mormons, so he was named Charles Collins Thornton McNeil, after the boat, Thornton, and Captain Charles Collins.

We were on the ocean for nearly six weeks. During this time we had many hardships to endure, but through it all we were greatly blessed. Because of my mother's condition, and my being the oldest member of the family, and being blessed with health, I had to share the responsibility with my father of taking care of the rest of the family, who suffered greatly with sea sickness.

On board ship we had to prepare our own food and were permitted to take our turn using a stove which was provided for the Company. I was the cook for the family and sometimes experienced trouble in preparing our porridge, which was about all we had to eat. I was but ten years old and somewhat a venturesome spirit and through this perhaps, met many more difficulties than I would have done otherwise, however, I was protected from accident and blessed with health the entire trip.

At the end of this long, tiresome journey, we landed at Castle Gardens, New York, on June 14, 1856. After landing we planned to go west to Utah with the handcart company, but President Franklin D. Richards counseled my father not to go in that company, for which we were afterwards very thankful because of the great suffering and privations and the cold weather which these people were subjected to. There were many of the Company who were frozen that year on their journey.

My father was then advised to go to St. Louis and spend the winter there and prepare to go through to Utah the next year. We stayed at St. Louis until spring when we was called on a mission to help make a settlement one hundred miles west of civilization. The place was to be called Genoa. We left St. Louis on the steam boat and came up the Mississippi River. The measles broke out while we were on the boat and all of my mother's children took them and were very sick, with the exception of myself. When we landed, we camped on the bank of the river until our teams and wagons came.

When we were all ready to start on our journey westward, my father's team, consisting of unbroke, five year

old oxen, ran away and our family was delayed. My father had never seen oxen before and the animals allotted to him had to be roped and tied to get the yoke on them and fastened to the wagon. As soon as they were released from the ropes, they became unmanageable and ran away. The company had gone ahead and my mother was anxious to have me go with them so she strapped my little brother, James, on my back with a shawl. He was only four years old and was still quiet sick with the measles.

Mother had all she could do to care for the other children so I hurried on and caught up with the Company. I traveled with them all day and that night a kind lady helped me to take my brother off my back and I sat up and held him on my lap with a shawl wrapped around him, alone, all night. He was a little better in the morning. The people in the camp were very good to us and gave us a little fried bacon and some bread for breakfast. We traveled this way for about a week, my brother and I not seeing our mother during this time. Each morning one of the men would write a note and put it in the slit of a willow stuck into the ground, to tell how we were.*

*NOTE: The L.D.S. Church records in the Church Historian's Library give an account of the settlement of Genoa and in the record there is the following: "In passing it may here be stated that Sister Margaret McNeil, a girl twelve years old, arrived on the present site of Genoa ahead of the main Company in 1857 and was the first female in camp."

During the time of settlement, we had very little to eat as the people were all very poor. We raised corn but the frost came early and it did not ripen well. We had to dry it in the oven and it was so nearly spoiled that we had to open the door while it was drying because it was so offensive, but it was all we had to eat. We had only one hand grinder for the whole company to use in grinding, which belonged to Brother Sleight. Of course it kept us very busy grinding. During the settlement of Genoa, we suffered much from the hostile Indians. They were very troublesome and we were always in danger of being molested.

After we had made this settlement, my father was called to go and help make another settlement, called Woodriver, about one hundred miles west of Genoa, which made it about two hundred miles from civilization. This was a very pretty place, surrounded with trees, most all of them being elm trees.

One day while we were at Woodriver our cow got away from us and when father found that she was lost he sent my brother, Thomas, and me to hunt for her. We looked all that day but were not successful in finding the cow. We started

out early the next morning to continue the hunt and looked all day until towards evening. We were going down along the Platte River about five o'clock and as we looked down the river we saw three large Souix Indians coming towards us on horses. They looked very war like and I was afraid they were going to carry us away with them, so I said to my brother, "Let us pray." We were running as fast as we could, and still kept praying all the time, although we did not have time to get down on our knees.

The Indians soon came right to us and wanted us to go with them. We were trying to be brave and told them we were going home, and pointed towards our house, for we could see the smoke coming out of our chimney. One of the Indians tried to pull my brother up on his horse, but he was heavier than the Indian expected and my brother slipped from his grasp and dodged right under the horse's belly, between fore and hind legs, and we ran until overtaken again. The Indians laughed and had a good time at our efforts to get away from them, but in our maneuvers we were getting near home. I asked them to go home with us and mother would give them coffee and biscuits. I was skaing all over with fright and could hardly speak but pointed over to where the men were working.

The indians left us and went over to where the men were and then went to our house and mother gave them a nice warm supper and they went away peaceably. Our Heavenly Father surely blessed and protected us on this occasion, for which we were very grateful.

We did not stay at Woodriver very long. My father made all preparations to go on and when the next company came we were ready to travel with them, and the place was abandoned, regardless of splendid growing crops, because the indians were so troublesome. The Captain was pleased to have us travel with his company and was very kind to us.

One night our cow ran away from camp and I was sent out to bring her back. I was barefooted and not watching where I was going. All of a sudden I began to feel that I was walking on something soft and looked down to see what it could be, and to my horror, found that I was standing in a bed of snakes, large ones and small ones. At the sight of them I became so weak that I could scarcely move. All I could think of was to pray, and in some way I jumped out of them. The Lord blessed and cared for me so that I was protected from many other such experiences.

While crossing the plains, my mother's health was very poor, so I tried to assist her as much as I could. Every morning I would get up early and get breakfast for the family and milk my cow so that I could hurry and drive her on ahead of the company, and let her eat in all grassy

places until they had passed on ahead and then I would hurry and catch up with them. The cow furnished us our chief source of food and it was very important to see that she was fed as good as circumstances would permit. In this way the cow gave us plenty of good rich milk. Had it not been for this we would have starved.

Being alone much of the time, I had to get across the river the best I could. Our cow was a jersey and had a long tail. When it was necessary to cross the rivers, I would wind the end of the cow's tail around my hand and swim across the stream with her. At the end of each days journey I would milk my cow and help prepare our supper and then would be glad to go to sleep wherever my bed happened to be.

We traveled very slowly until we reached "Sweet Water". Here there was a terrible storm. The Captain got on his horse and scouted around to see if he could find a place of safety. He found shelter down at the bottom of a hollow. We camped here for several days, until the storm abated.

I was very brave and wanted to go out and explore this new camping ground. I had not gone far when I saw a large ox grazing a little way from where we were. I ran and told my father and he and some of the other men went and brought it into the camp and killed it for the company. The find of this ox I thought was wonderful, and I felt very providential as we were almost starving.

In leaving this camp we had not gone far when we met Patriarch John Smith, and Brother John P. Green who were going on missions and were traveling with a mule team. Father went to them for counsel and told them of our circumstances. Brother Smith blessed my father and gave him ten dollars, and Brother Green gave him five dollars. Brother Smith told father to leave the Company and go on as fast as possible for it was getting cold and we were short of food. He also said to go through Weber Canyon into Ogden as it was much quicker. With the money that was given us father bought fifty pounds of flour. We also got a little meat. Brother Smith advised my father to stay in Ogden until he earned enough food to put us through the winter and then to go to Cache Valley and take up land there.

We started out on our journey alone and had a very hard time of it. Our food gave out and we had nothing but milk and wild rose berries to eat. However, we had a good team and could travel fast. We arrived in Ogden on the 4th day of October 1859, after a journey of hardships and hunger, with thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for His protecting care. I walked every step of the way across the plains and drove my cow, and a large part of the way carried my little brother, James, on my back.

We camped on the outskirts of town and father left us and went on into Ogden to find work. When father came back to us he had found a man whom he had known in Scotland. This man took us to his home and we stayed there until we were ready to go to Cache Valley. We all got work. Mother took the smaller children and went and husked corn. I herded cattle, and father and my older brothers worked on the threshing machine.

When we had sufficient supply we left Ogden and had not gone far when we met Henry Ballard and Aaron Dewitt who had been to conference and were returning to their homes in Cache Valley. Brother Ballard and Aaron Dewitt helped us greatly during our journey as we traveled together to Cache Valley. When we got to the Logan River the water was so high that it lifted the box right off the wheels and we had some difficulty in getting across. We arrived in Logan October 21, 1859.

We camped in a fort made for protection from the Indians. We were in the last fort which extended from the corner of Main and Center Streets to what is now known as Third West Street. My father worked to get enough hay for the cattle for the winter and then went to the Canyon and hauled logs to make a house. We had no lumber nor glass, so for the doors and windows he wove willows together and plastered them with clay. He used bulrushes and willows for the roof and bulrushes for the carpet and we were very comfortable until spring. My father and older brothers worked in the Canyon all winter getting out logs which he exchanged for bran or bacon or anything we could get.

At one time we were right out of everything to eat and father had a few logs he could spare and went to a man and asked him if he would give him some bran for them. This is all we had to eat for some little time. This man found that we were in very poor circumstances and told the Presiding Elder that we needed help. So a meeting was held and the people were told that they should pay fast offerings, which they did. The first fast offerings paid in Logan were given to my father.

Father soon got work building a bridge and after this we did not have it so hard. I carried water for the family all that winter from the north branch of Logan River which was about three blocks away. I had very little clothing on my body and my feet were bare and I would leave blood stains on the snow. Sometimes I would swab them in old rags, but this was worse than ever because the rags froze on my feet.

Early in the spring I went to work for the family of Thomas E. Ricks for one dollar a week. Brother Ricks needed a man to plow and asked father if he could spare one

of his boys. Father said he would let him know that night so when I got home he asked me if I would help him plough and let my brother go to Mr. Ricks. My brother could get two dollars a day and this would pay for the seed wheat much quicker. So my brother went to work for Mr. Ricks and I drove the cattle while father held the plough, to break the ground for the first crops that were planted in Logan, this being the first season after Logan was settled. After ploughing was finished and I went back to Brother Rick's and worked there until fall.

In the spring Grandma Thatcher offered me more money and the work was easier so I went and worked for her all summer for \$1.25 a week.

I had been keeping company with Brother Ballard for some time, and although I was but fifteen years old, he wanted to marry me. He felt that he could provide for and take better care of me and save me from working so hard.

Brother Ballard went to my father and asked for his consent to my marriage; and, much to his surprise my father objected, saying that he had to have my help for some time. "How much does she earn?" Brother Ballard asked. "Five dollars a month", was the reply. So it was agreed between the two that Brother Ballard would pay my father \$5.00 a month for two years if he would consent to our marriage. We were married on May 5, 1861. Brother Ballard had been Bishop of the Logan 2nd ward for six weeks at the time of our marriage.

A short time before my first baby was born I had my first experience in sewing. My husband had a fine young steer that he was saving to sell in order to get enough money for us to buy material to make clothes for our little baby that we were expecting. One of the prominent brethren of Logan suffered a great financial loss at this time and was left destitute. The people were called upon to give what they could for the support of the unfortunate family. We had our winter supply of food in the house, but no money, and this steer was the only thing we could dispose of to raise money.

My husband came home feeling very badly and said, "Margaret, I am very sorry and disappointed but I have been called upon to raise some money to help out one of our brethren, and the only thing I have that I can give is that steer. What shall I do?" I too was very much disappointed, but said, "Give it, Henry, we will find a way." My husband's gratitude for my willingness and his regrets brought him to tears. It was a big sacrifice for me at the time, but I knew it was right.

After my husband had left the house I hunted out two of his old home-spun woolen shirts and pulled down the blinds and locked the doors so that no one would see me try my hand at a new art. I spread the shirts on the floor, and without a pattern, cut out the two little dresses and sewed them up by hand. This was about all the clothes I had for my first child. However, she was most welcome to us and was given as much love as two loving parents were capable of bestowing.

Our first baby was born on January 18, 1863. It was a girl and we named her Margaret Hannah.

In 1864 my husband went back with his team to gather in the poor off the plains before the winter weather came. He was in Captain Preston's Company. During his absence I spun and wove a nice big piece of cloth to make our winter clothing. It was not until I received my husband's first letter, while on this trip, that I learned to read and write. Up to this time I could not do either, but I was determined to learn to read his letters and to answer them. With many difficulties and obstacles to overcome, I accomplished my desires. Brother Ballard returned on Sep. 19th, the day before my next child was born. On Sept. 20, 1864 my first son was born. We named him Henry William after his father and grandfather.

On July 8, 1866 my son Thomas was born. My husband had been prospered in his work and we were gradually becoming better off.

On Oct. 4, 1867 my husband married my sister Emily for his second wife. Although I loved my sister dearly and we knew it was a commandment of God that we should live in the Celestial Marriage, it was a great trial and sacrifice for me. But the Lord blessed and comforted me and we lived happily in this principle of the Gospel and I have thanked the Lord every day of my life that I have had the privilege of living that law.

On May 15, 1868 I gave birth to twin babies. A little girl and boy. We named the girl Janet and the boy Charles. They were two beautiful babies, but did not stay long with us on this earth. The little girl died on Sept. 16, 1869 and ten days later, Sept. 28, the little boy died. This was a very sore trial for me.

During the winter of 1869 we had about one hundred sheep wintering in Clarkston. It was a very hard winter. The snow was so deep that nearly all of the sheep died. A man came and told my husband that if he wanted to save a start of sheep, he must go at once with a wagon and haul some into shelter. I told my husband to get another wagon and team and I would drive that and go with him.. It was very cold. We started very early and it was eleven o'clock

when we got home that night. We brought twenty sheep back with us but about half of them died on the way home. I never will forget the sight of so many sheep lying around dead and dying. It made my yeart ache to see the suffering of these animals.

On April 9, 1870 my son George Albert was born. He was a fine big healthy boy and brought great happiness to our home.

In the following September 1870, I received a Patriarchal Blessing from Brother Charles H. Hyde. This was a very great comfort to me. It promised me many privileges and blessings which have nearly all been fulfilled.

On Feb. 9th, 1873 I gave birth to another son. We named him Melvin Joseph. This son was a child of promise. I had given birth to six children. Two were taken in death while in the first year of their lives, just ten days apart. My heart was sore, and my sorrow and sickness had weakened my strength. Many days and weeks I was bedfast.

One day after my husband had taken the children a block away to see a parade, I raised from my bed, crawled to the door, and locked it so that I might pour out my soul to God on my knees in prayer. I called to remembrance my willingness to bear children and my approval of my husband's marriage to my sister, that a great posterity might build up God's kingdom in Zion. I begged the Lord for help.

God heard my prayer and comfort was given me. I saw no person, but a voice spoke plainly, saying, "Be of good cheer. Your life is acceptable, and you will bear a son who will become an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Melvin's life was precious in the sight of his father and I, and we recognized in him a choice spirit. He was also honored by his brothers and sisters, although they did not know of the promise given concerning him.

During June 1874 there was an epidemic of scarlet fever. Many families were severely afflicted. My children all came down with it and were very sick. After being sick with the fever for about one week, my son George Albert died on July 7. On July 13, my oldest daughter, Margaret, also died from the same disease. This was another trying ordeal for me to pass through, but the Lord gave me strength to go through these things.

Not long after this my son Henry was helping his father haul peas from the field. In some way he fell on the pitchfork and it ran through his bowels. His father prayed over him at the time and asked the Lord to spare his life until he could get him home to me. When they brought him in

the house he looked like he was dead. I hurried and made an herb plaster and put his whole body in it. We also offered up a mighty prayer for him and he was restored to health again and we know that it was the power of the Lord that saved him, for at that time we had no doctors to help us.

Just two weeks after this, I gave birth to another daughter. She was born on Sept. 19, 1875. We named her Ellen Phebe. A few weeks after this my husband was brought home from the Canyon very sick, suffering with kidney trouble. The brethern had been in and administered to him, but he was very, very bad and we thought he was surely dying. I was standing at the foot of the bed and was greatly grieved to see him in such agony. He looked at me and said he knew he could die if I would only give him up.

But a voice came to me and said "Lay your hands on him," but I was very timid about doing this for the brethern had just administered to him. The voice came again, but I felt that I could not do this with the Priesthood in the house. I felt that they would think me bold, and I was very weak. The voice came to me the third time and I heeded to it's promptings and went and put my hand upon his head. The spirit of the Holy Ghost was with me and I was filled with a Divine strength in performing this ordinance. When I had finished, my husband had gone to sleep and slept quietly for two hours or more.

For a number of years we had a great deal of trouble with the indians. They were very hostile and the people had to seek shelter in a large sellar. They would ride their horses into the houses and tramp the gardens all to pieces.

We also had grasshopper wars - I have seen the heavens darkened with the grasshoppers until one would think it was midnight. I have often gone out at such times and driven the grasshoppers into a trench with a bunch of willows and then buried them alive. With all that we killed the ground would be left perfectly bare of vegetation.

On February 8, 1878 another daughter was born to us. We named her Rebecca Ann. Soon after this my husband's father and mother came and lived with us. They were with us for about eight years before their death. They both lived to a good old age, his father being 96 and his mother 86 when they died. They were both very feeble and required a great deal of care and attention, but I was ever willing to help care for them and bestow my affection upon them and make their lives happy, and they both died blessing me, which has always been a comfort to me.

From the first organization of the Relief Society in Cache Valley until 1880 I labored as a teacher and on Dec. 11, 1880 I was put in as President of this organization in the Second Ward, with sister Barbara Larsen as first, and Sister Susan J. Smith as Second Counselors, and sister Emmeline James, Secretary. I labored in this capacity for over thirty years. During these years I tried to do my duty in caring for the sick and comforting the needy.

I have walked for blocks through the deep snow, I have been out in rains and winds, in the darkest nights, and in the earliest hours of the morning to comfort and minister to those who were afflicted and who were sick and suffering and sorrowing and dying. I have set up all night, time after time with the widows and given advice to those in need. I have tried to be a peace maker to those in trouble and through it all the Lord directed me and I enjoyed His Spirit as my companion in my labors. Many an afflicted one has gone to her last sleep blessing me and many who yet remain bless me for services rendered unto them. It comforts me to have done some good to those less fortunate than myself. Many, many times I have neglected my own family and home but the Lord always came to my rescue and blessed me.

On December 13, 1881 I gave birth to another daughter and we named her Lettie May. Shortly after this a family by the name of Phister, who lived in our ward, were left orphans. The father died leaving a wife and six small children. In seven months after his death the mother gave birth to another baby and died while the child was very young. After her death the seven children were brought to my home and stayed there until after the funeral and until Bishop Hardy of Salt Lake City came up and distributed them among different people. I adopted one of the little girls, her name was Lena, and raised her as my own until she was married.

On May 17, 1884 the Logan Temple was dedicated. The second day after the dedication, President John Taylor said that all members of the Church who were worthy and who desired to go through the Temple might do so the next day. My husband, being Bishop, was very busy writing out recommends to all who wished to go through the Temple when my daughter Ellen came in with a newspaper in her hand and asked for her father. I told her that her father was very busy but to give the paper to me and I would give it to him. She said, "No, a man gave the paper to me and told me to give it to no one but father." I let the child take the paper to her father and when he took it and looked at it he was greatly surprised for he saw that the paper had been printed in Birkshire, England, his birthplace, and was only four days from the press. He was so amazed at such an incident that he called Ellen and asked her where the man was who had given her the paper. She said she was playing

on the sidewalk with other children when two men came down the street, walking in the middle of the road, one of the men called to her saying, "Come here, little girl." She hesitated at first for there were other little girls with her. Then he pointed to her and said "You". She went and he gave her the paper and told her to give it to her father.

The paper contained about sixty names of dead acquaintances of my husband, giving the dates of birth and death. My husband took the paper to the President of the Temple and asked him what he thought about it. President Merrill said, "Brother Ballard that was one of the three Nephites or some other person who brought that paper to you for it could come in no other way in so short a time. It is for you to do the work for them."

My husband was baptized for the men and I for the women and all of the work was done for them. Again I felt the Lord was mindful of us and blessed us abundantly.

Shortly after the Logan Temple had been dedicated, my father was called to be one of the officiators and while he was performing this work he was taken very ill with pneumonia and his life was impaired of. One morning, early, they sent for me and said that if I wanted to see my father alive again I had better hurry down.

I was not well myself, suffering with erysipelas, and had not been out of the house for a week or so. I wrapped up sufficiently and was taken down in a sleigh. When I got there mother was feeling very bad and could not be comforted. I went and looked at father and when I saw the condition he was in it made me very sorrowful also, for you could hear him breath all over the house. The spirit of the Lord was with me and I had a desire to administer to him.

I asked mother if he had been administered to and she said he had been in the morning. I was timid about going ahead and doing anything of this sort, but I knew it was right that I should, so I asked mother if she did not want to help me in doing this, but she said no she did not because she did not feel that it would be of any use, because if the Priesthood could not help, then we could do nothing.

I hesitated for a few minutes and the Spirit said to me again, "Anoint him," so I went and closed the door and asked mother if she would not pray with me. She consented to do this and we knelt down by the bed and prayed and then I anointed his head with oil and prayed for him. The power of the Lord was with me for while my hands were still on his head he began breathing much easier.

When I finished father opened his eyes and said "Thank God for this blessing, I knew this power was in the Church and I thank Him for it." This was most wonderful to me because I was so weak physically and not able to do this and surely the Lord did bless us all. Father was still very weak, but that night he sat up in his chair with his clothes on, and it was not long until he had fully recovered from his sickness. I have told this little experience to show you how perfectly my Patriarchial Blessing had been fulfilled, as I was promised that I should heal the sick through the Power of the Lord.

On Oct. 2, 1884 my son Henry was married to Elvira Davidson in the Logan Temple by Apostle Marriner W. Merrill.

On Aug. 21, 1885 I gave birth to another daughter. We named her Mary Myrtle.

At this time, the men were being persecuted for having more than one wife. If they were caught they were treated very unkindly and put in prison. In order that my husband might not be caught, he left home and went over to Cache Junction. He would hide in all kinds of places for the Deputies were bound to find him.

At one time while he was over there, I was praying to know what to do for the best, I felt the Lord could save us more than any one else. After I had gone to bed I lay thinking about it and a voice said to me, "It is time he was moving from where he is." It was repeated again and I said, "Where shall he go then?" and the same voice said, "Take him to Aunt Rosina Morrell's."

I did not sleep any that night but wrote a note to my husband telling him that I felt impressed that he should come to Logan, and that if he decided to come to ride in a load of hay as far as the old slaughter house and then to cut across the fields and I would meet him below the railroad track. However, I left him to choose for himself. Early in the morning I sent my son, Melvin, on his horse to Cache Junction with the note to his father. My husband also thought it best that he should leave and come home as I had suggested. In the meantime I had made arrangements with Sister Morrell for him to stay with her. You may be sure it was a solemn meeting, we just saw each other for a few minutes. I told him of the arrangement I had made, and he hurried up through the back yards to Sister Morrell's where he stayed for three weeks. Of course this all happened after dark.

The very next morning after he had left Cache Junction the Officers came to the house he had been hiding in and ran pitch-forks in the wheat bins and hay stacks to make sure that he was not there. When they found the hole where he

had been hiding they cursed and swore to think he had gotten away from them. This is just one of the many times that I have been warned and guided by the Spirit of the Lord.

While my husband was at Sister Morrell's he was fasting and praying, and so was I, to know what to do. One morning about two o'clock he had a presentiment that he should go on a mission to England, his native land, and through the help of the Lord he was able to get away from his enemies. He consulted Apostle Franklin D. Richards about such a mission and was advised to leave in two days from then. These were very strenuous times and as two of the other brethren were in the same circumstances, they decided to go on a mission also. They were brothers Robert Davidson and William Watterson. The afternoon they were leaving I had a large supper prepared and both of these families had supper at my home. I gave them each a room in which to say good-bye to their families without being seen.

That night after dark my son, Henry, drove my husband and the other brethren to Salt Lake. Oh, what a storm we had that night. It seemed that the evil one would overpower us after all. The wind howled terribly and tore up trees and the thunder and lightening was dreadful. The Lord was surely near us for had it not been for the storm the brethren would have been caught for the roads were full of deputies watching for them. My husband and the other brethren arrived in Salt Lake after a tedious journey. They were set apart and left for Great Britian on Nov. 3, 1886.

While my husband was away, his family and I worked very hard and we were blessed and got along very well. The boys hauled logs from the canyon and sold them and we did everything we could for our support. Every Sunday my family and I fasted and prayed to the Lord in behalf of Brother Ballard that he might be prospered in his labors. The Lord did bless him and his family also during his absence.

Because of my husband's being away, the deputies did not bother my home and I sheltered a number of the polygamist brethren under my roof and gave them women's clothes to dress in so they might go and visit their families. I also drove them in my buggy, dressed in disguise, to visit their loved ones. They felt safe and the Lord preserved them.

My husband secured a great deal of Genealogy while he was in England and sent these records to me. My son, Henry, and I did the work for these names in the Temple. When my husband came back he was very pleased to know that all of the work was done. It gave me great joy to be an instrument in the hands of the Lord in helping work out salvation for those who had died in darkness. And again I felt that I had

fulfilled in part another blessing which was promised me by one of God's Patriarchs.

Brother Ballard was away on his mission for over two years. He arrived home in Logan in January 1889. In order that he might not be detected he took a freight train from Salt Lake City and traveled in the night, arriving in Logan in the early morning. I did not know just when to expect him home, but I felt impressed that he would come in this manner and sat up all night waiting for him. When I heard the train whistling into Mendon, I awakened my son Thomas and sent him to the station to meet his father. He arrived in safety but did not know Thomas because he had grown so much during the separation. Although our meeting was held in secrecy, it was a joyful one. We were very thankful for the work my husband had been able to accomplish and for his protection and that we had all been spared and granted life and health and had been cared for by our Heavenly Father during my husband's absence.

After Brother Ballard had been home for a few days he thought it best to go and tell the officers that he was home again and ready to serve his term for polygamy, in the penitentiary. The officers granted him a day or two to rest and visit with his families. Then he went to Ogden and was tried before a Court and fined fifty dollars and sentenced to two months imprisonment. He paid the fine and served his term and then returned to us feeling free from obligation of this kind.

The following December, my little daughter Ellen took very sick with membranous croup. She suffered terribly for several days and then died on December 12, 1889. She was fourteen years old and a great comfort to me and such a companion during her father's absence. Of course this was another severe blow to me. The Lord blessed me and comforted me so that I knew that it was best that she should be taken.

Ten days before her death I had a dream which troubled me greatly for I knew it had something to do with the children whom I had buried. After her death I went to the Temple to get endowments for her and was feeling badly. I prayed that I might know the meaning of my dream. I was sitting wondering why I had been called to go through this trial once more when the interpretation of my dream went before my eyes. With great plainness I saw in the vision that which would have come upon my children. If they had lived they would have been lost to me. I was shown that my five beautiful children were saved and they they would be mine again. I had this vision, for which I feel thankful, and this is as true as the sun ever shines upon the earth.

On April 2, 1890 my son Thomas was married to Phoebe Smith in the Logan Temple by Apostle Marriner W. Merrill.

On March 8, 1891 my son Henry was called to be Bishop of the Benson Ward. He was set apart by Apostle Moses Thatcher and held this position for over twenty years.

In February of 1891 my father took suddenly sick and died. This was a great sorrow to me for I loved my father very dearly and felt his loss keenly. His faith and power of healing, through the spirit of God, were very wonderful. I relied upon him in trials and sorrows and sickness and felt that I had truly lost a good friend and a loving father. His life had always been an inspiration to me and a guiding star.

On Apr 6, 1893 I attended the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. My soul was filled with joy for the privilege of being a partaker of such a Heavenly feast as was manifested at that dedication.

On June 17, 1896 my son, Melvin, was married to Martha Jones and my daughter, Rebecca, was married to Louis S. Cardon in the Logan Temple, Apostle Marriner W. Merrill performing both the ceremonies.

A few weeks after his marriage, Melvin went upon his first mission. During his absence I gave his wife a home with me and did everything I could for her comfort and welfare. While she was with me she gave birth to their son, Melvin Russell. He was a very delicate child and we had many serious times to pass through with him. The Lord was good to us and answered our prayers and restored him many times to health. Day after day I have fasted and prayed for him and surely the Lord was good to spare his life.

Shortly after my son returned from his mission my son-in-law Louis, went upon a mission to Switzerland. His wife, Rebecca, and their little son Ballard, came home to live with me and remained with me for over two years.

My daughter, Lettie, was married to George W. Squires on February 22, 1899 in the Logan Temple by Apostle Marriner W. Merrill. Shortly after their marriage, George went on a mission to California, leaving Lettie with me. So this time I had two missionary wives with me at the same time. The Lord blessed us all and we were provided for and kept in peace and comfort until my sons-in-law returned, having filed honorable missions.

My mother died December 6th, 1900 after an illness which lasted over two years. During her sickness I endeavored to render willing service for her comfort and benefit. She lived with my sister, Jeannette, about three

blocks from my home. Every day during her two years of sickness I walked back and forth two and three times a day to assist my sister, who had very poor health, to care for my mother. It grieved me to see my mother afflicted for such a long time. I did every thing I knew for her comfort and in turn I received her gratitude and blessing.

On Mar. 13, 1901 my sister Jeannette died leaving five orphan children, three boys and two girls. Her husband died two years before her death. Upon her dying bed she pleaded with me to take her two little girls and raise them as my own. After the funeral I brought the two little girls, Edna aged six, and Jeannette aged ten, to my home. I have done my duty by them as well as I have known and I know my Heavenly Father is satisfied with my efforts. Now they are raised I am proud of them. I love them and know that they love me.

My sister Emily took sick about this time and suffered very severely for months. This was another trial for me for, although we had many misunderstandings and difference of opinion, she was very dear to me. We had traveled the road together for many years and had passed through trials and hardships together and stood by each other in all the experiences of life. While we had our trials, living the law of plural marriage, I believe we lived it and got along as well as human beings could be expected to live it. I know we will have cause of great rejoicing in the Great Hereafter for having done so well. Since her death I have tried to do justice to her children in all of our dealings. I have tried to give motherly counsel and advice to them all, both sons and daughter, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. I love them every one next to my very own, and I know they love me. They have always shown love and respect for me.

My husband died February 26, 1908 after a brief illness. Although he had been a sufferer for a number of years, and I was thankful to see him released from his suffering. My life has been more lonely without him than anyone can imagine without having experienced it themselves. He was a kind and loving husband, and an affectionate father, a man of honor and justice, filled with faith in God, and exercised great power in his Priesthood. I have been a widow for nine years. Each day I miss him more and know that I will be filled with joy when I am once more associat4ed with him.

On Sept. 3, 1908 my daughter Myrtle was married to D. Ray Shurtliff in the Logan Temple by President William Budge.

Five months after their marriage D. Ray went on a mission to England. During his absence my daughter made her

home with me the greater part of the time. In this way I have assisted the spread of the Gospel by providing a home and food for my three daughters and one daughter-in-law while their husbands have preached the gospel to the nations of the world. I have given what material assistance I could to help along with this work so near and dear to my heart. A number of my grandsons have also filled missions, for which I feel thankful.

My son, Melvin, was called to preside over the Northwestern States Mission shortly after his father's death. He left in April 1909 and is still laboring in this capacity. He has been an instrument in performing a great work for which I feel thankful. I have visited him a number of times in Portland, Oregon, during his mission. It has been my happy lot to minister unto several of the Elders in this part of the Lords field. I learned to love them all because of the work which they represent. I have also gone out with them to their street meetings and raised my voice in defense of the truth and have born my testimony of the truthfulness of this work to throngs of people crowded in the streets of Portland. My heart rejoices for this great privilege and I thank God for the Testimony which I was able to bear on such occasions. In my weak way I feel that I have assisted in the spread of truth and I feel thankful for this great blessing.

On Sept. 6, 1911 my sister's daughter, Jeannette, whom I had raised, was married to F. Wayne Shurtliff in the Logan Temple by President William Budge.

I am thankful for my family, for their love and respect and for the honor they have shown to me and their father. I am thankful for their obedience and for their desire to follow their parents example concerning the things of the Lord. I am thankful that the Lord has blessed them with the privilege of every one having been married in the Temple by the Priesthood of God and sealed for time and eternity. Not only my own family, but all of my husband's children and all those whom I have raised as my own, have had this privilege, except Edna, who is not yet married.

My life has been one of varied experience. I have had a great deal of sickness to pass through, both with my children and grand children, but I have always relied upon the Lord and He has never failed me. I have stood by my husband under all conditions, sickness, trials, poverty and prosperity. I have labored by his side in the fields. I have done various kinds of work, such as soap making, weaving and spinning, reaping and sowing, plowing and gleaning. From the first day that I entered this valley until this day I have never ceased my labors to upbuild and beautify this city.

Although my life has been one of sacrifice and service I feel that I have lived it the best I could with the knowledge I have had. My testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel grows stronger each day and the work grows dearer and sweeter to my soul. I know that God lives and that he hears and answers prayers, that Jesus is the Son of the living God, and that Joseph Smith was His Prophet. I thank God for this knowledge and leave this as my testimony to my children and grandchildren and all who may come after me. I plead of you all to heed the Spirit of God that you may also have this testimony burning in your hearts, that you may have His Spirit as your daily companion.

The foregoing autobiography was written about one year before her death. This year like all other years of her life was spent in service and devotion to her religion, her country and her family.

She was the mother of eleven children, five of whom preceded her to the Great Beyond.

Shortly after her return to Logan from the April Conference of 1918, she was afflicted with a painful disease, high blood pressure, resulting in slow hemorrhages of the brain, which lasted for ten weeks. During this time she suffered intensely without complaint or murmur. From the day she was forced to take her bed until the last breath of life she accepted whatever came as the will of the Father with such resignation as is rarely found.

In her Patriarchal Blessing she was promised to remain upon the earth as long as she desired. Having a strong constitution with a sound body and heart there seemed to be no reason why she should not be healed and remain with us for many years, but it was her firm conviction that she was not to remain. She would say, "I am satisfied with my life and I am ready to go back to my Heavenly Father."

To those who were privileged to be with her during her sickness were given the golden hours of her well spent life. Such a peaceful, heavenly influence dwelt in her home and about her that we felt we were in the presence of holiness. The lessons of patience and endurance and faith which she gave shall always be treasurers to us. Her exhortations to her children are well worth remembering. Her wonderful testimonies will live as long as memory lasts. Her mind was keen and bright to the last sensitive to her appearance and surroundings.

Margaret McNeil Ballard was one of the heroines of her day; great in the intrinsic virtues that are found only in those intrepid souls who have carried forward the pioneering

of the world. No trial, however hard, daunted her courage. No tribulation, however severe, dampened her zeal. Nothing embittered or disturbed her faith. She endured, without murmuring, hardships, hunger and toil. Her faith in God was wonderful, almost perfect. She recorded many miraculous events as a result of her faith. She was often guided by the unmistakable impressions of the Spirit. Her mind seemed to be unusually susceptible to the whisperings of the "still, small voice."

She died as she had lived, a devoted Latter-day Saint with full faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. She departed from this life on July 21, 1918 at the age of seventy-two years. It was a beautiful Sunday morning with the birds singing their morning songs and the last star hanging in the eastern sky. What a glorious Sabbath Morn it must have been to her and her loved ones on the other side.

Her funeral was held in the Logan Tabernacle July 23. It was one of simplicity and peace, typical of her life. She was buried beside her husband in the Logan Cemetary, one spot on earth very dear to her heart.

LOGAN, UTAH, JANUARY 19, 1917. A BLESSING GIVEN BY JAMES REID MC NIEL, PATRIARCH (her brother) UPON THE HEAD OF MARGARET BALLARD, DAUGHTER OF THOMAS MC NEIL AND JANETT REID, BORN APRIL 14, 1846, IN TRANENT, SCOTLAND.

Sister Margaret, I place my hands upon your head and give you a blessing. You are a daughter of Joseph who was sold into Egypt through the loins of Ephraim. You have been greatly blessed in your life. The Lord has heard your prayers and he is answering them with a blessing upon your head.

Now, Dear Sister, because of your faith and humility and your obedience to the Holy Priesthood, your children and children's children are working for the salvation of souls of men. And they shall continue their work and as long as the earth stands, they will be found working in the cause of Christ for the redemption of the souls of men.

Lift up your heart and rejoice for great are the blessings that are in store for you. Your name is written in the Lambs Book of Life and shall never be blotted out. And I say unto you that you shall yet live to see many great and important events in regards to the fulfillment of prophecy upon the heads of the children of men.

Dear Sister many Nations are at war now, but you shall live to see that all nations will be at war and in Zion alone will there be peace. Praise the Lord therefore that you and your children have their feet firmly planted in this goodly land, for they shall never be rooted up.

I say unto Dear Sister because of the sacrifices you have made and because of your humility before the Lord all of your children shall be redeemed, not one of them shall be lost, no, Dear Sister, not one. For the Lord has heard your prayer and his blessing is sealed upon your head.

Now Dear Sister, put forth your energies for there is much that you can yet do in the redemption of your dead kindred. Your example and energy in this direction will be a stimulant to others. For I say unto you the day will come when your feet shall stand upon Mr. Zion among those you have assisted to save. And they shall fall upon your neck and you shall fall upon theirs and weep for joy and your joy shall know no bounds.

Now, Dear Sister, we can only tell you of a few of the things that are before you, but remember the Lord is good and he will fill all of his promises in his own time. I seal upon you eternal life with all the promises that have ever been sealed upon your head by the servants of the Lord. I seal you up against the power of the evil one until the day of redemption, for you shall come forth in the morning

of the First Resurrection and reign a Queen and Priestess in
connection with your husband.

In the name of Jesus Christ Amen.

James Reid McNeil

LOGAN, UTAH, MAY 20, 1884. A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN BY ZEBEDEE COLTRIN, PATRIARCH, UPON THE HEAD OF MARGARET MCNEIL BALLARD, BORN IN TRANENT, SCOTLAND, APRIL 14, 1846.

Sister Margaret, I lay my hands upon your head and seal a Patriarchal Blessing upon you for thou art a daughter of Abraham of the house of Joseph and lineage of Ephraim. I seal upon thy head a Father's Blessing for thou art a lawful heir to all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant and inasmuch as you will keep all the commandments of the lord. Thou shalt attain to all the blessings of exaltation and the choice blessings of the heavens shall rest down upon you and thou shalt be filled with the blessings of the most High and the light of the Lord shall rest down upon you and every organ of thy mind shall be filled with the inspiration of the heavens.

Thou was called and chosen of the Lord before the foundation of the world was laid to come forth in this dispensation to assist in bringing forth a righteous branch before the Lord. Thou shalt be a mother of a mighty people and the spirit of the Lord shall rest down upon them throughout all future generations.

Many of thy sons shall become Prophets and Apostles and shall become Kings and Priests unto the most high and they shall become a great and mighty people dwelling in the midst of the Zion of the Lord and thy daughters shall be women of great renown filled with the inspiration of the Lord and they shall be mothers of a mighty people filled with the Holy Ghost and shall become a great and mighty people in the midst of the Zion of the Lord and unto thy generations there shall be no end.

Thou shalt attain to all the blessings that shall be given in the Temples of the Lord and behold the Lord when he shall come to his Temples and thou shalt be able to do a great work both for the living and the dead and to assist in the work of redemption of thy father's house.

Thou shalt remain upon the earth until you shall become exceedingly old until thy head shall be as white as wool for thou hast a great and mighty work to do upon the earth for the eye of thy God is over thee.

Thou shalt be numbered with the Lord's annointed for thy joy shall rest down upon thee and thy faith shall be strengthened and thy tabernacle shall be made strong.

The eye of the Lord has been over thee because of the purity of thy heart and thy faith in the son of God and shall dwell in thy house throughout all thy days upon the

earth and the desires of thy heart shall be granted unto thee and you shall receive an everlasting inheritance when the Lord shall bring again Zion and shall have power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection and shall dwell among the sanctified before the Lord.

Now, Sister, I seal all these blessings upon thy head and thee up unto exaltation and thrones and dominions and eternal lives in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, Amen.----J. G. Coltrin, Clerk

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN BY CHARLES H. HYDE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPTEMBER 14, 1870, UPON THE HEAD OF MARGARET MC NEIL BALLARD

Margaret, I place my hands upon your head and seal upon thee a Patriarchal Blessing, for the eye of God has been upon thee from everlasting, thou hast chosen to come here and do a great and mighty work in this kingdom.

Thou art a noble spirit, the Father has given His angels charge over you that you may live long on the earth. Thou shalt comprehend things of the Father, thy wisdom shall reach within the veil.

Thou shalt have faith to heal the sick and do many miracles in thine household even to forward this kingdom on the Earth. You shall converse with angels from time to time.

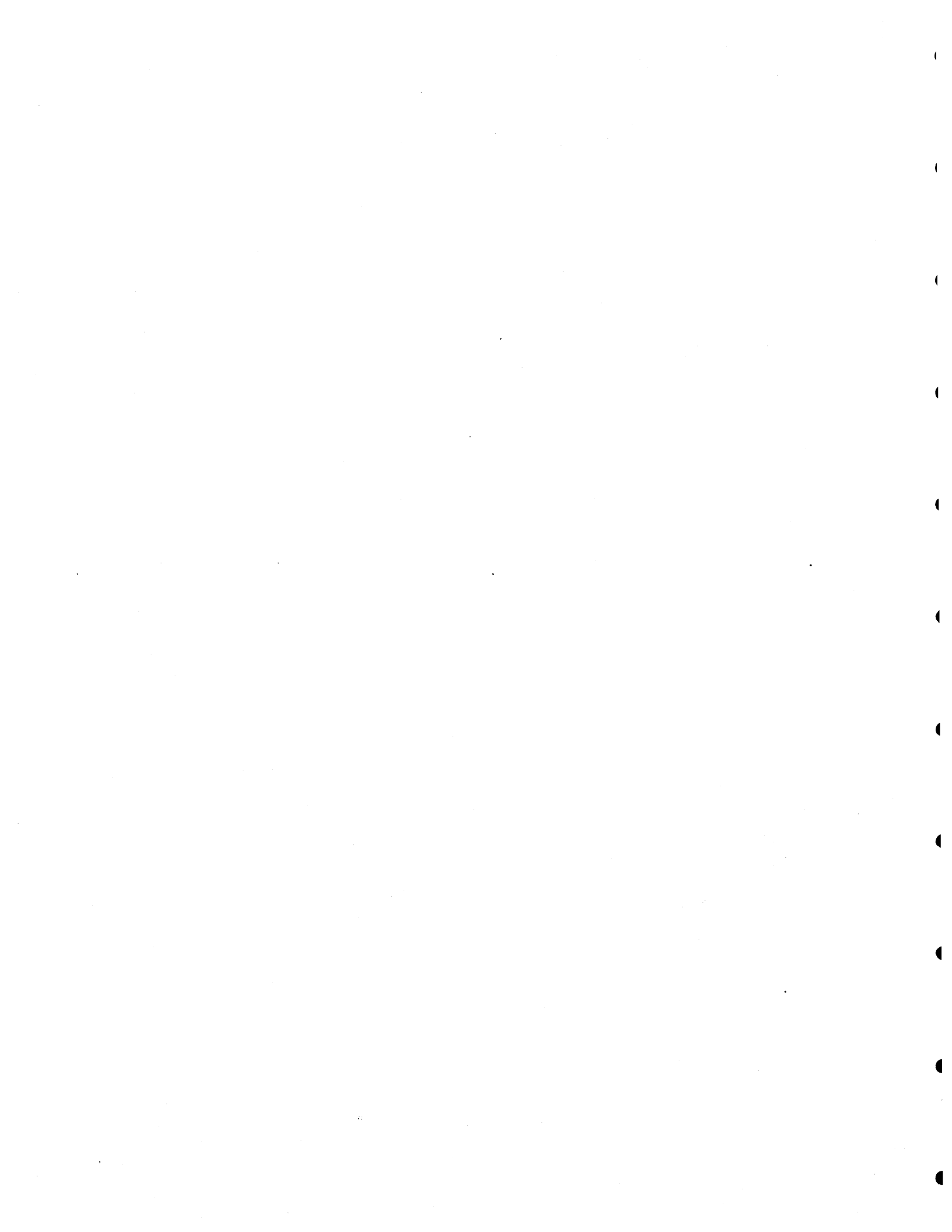
Thou art a daughter of Ephraim, a right to the fullness of the Priesthood, with thy companion, a kingdom upon the earth forever and ever.

It is your privilege to live till the coming of the son of God. Your inheritance shall be beautiful in Zion. Your table shall be spread with the bounties of the earth; no good thing shall be withheld from thee. Holy Prophets shall converse with thee face to face. Thou shalt be the means of redeeming your progenetors till you are satisfied.

These blessings I seal upon your head, with crowns of glory and eternal life with all thy father's household forever and ever, Amen.



Philippe Cardon



PHILIPPE CARDON

Pioneer Father - Utah, 1854

1801-1889

Written by his Granddaughters,

Ella Vida Cardon Adams and Elondel Cardon Porter Smith

1960

PHILIPPE CARDON

Pioneer Father - Utah, 1854

"These lines have been written for us to remind us of the rocks from which we have been cut and the quarry from which we have been drawn."

Philippe Cardon, Latter-day Saint immigrant to Utah in 1854, was born October 2, 1801 in Prarustin, Piedmont, Italy the son of Jean Cardon and Anne Jouve. He was the fourth Philippe born to his parents, the first three having died in infancy.

The Cardons were members of the Vaudois faith, the oldest known record placing them in Cuneo, Italy. It was in their Vaudois church that ^{of Prarustin} Philippe was christened. Sponsors at his baptism were Barthelemy Malan and Anne Fenanil. In the same church, sponsors for baptism of his brothers and sisters were three Jahiers--Jean, Barthelemy and Michel, probably his great-uncles since his father's mother was Jeanne Jahier. Through his paternal great grandmother, Philippe was related to two renowned Vaudois historians, George Munston and Auguste Jahier. Pastor Jahier termed his family a "Family of Pastors and Captains" since, as leaders of their people through the centuries, they had been forced to defend both their religion and their homes from incursions which would have destroyed both.

From infancy, Philippe was taught gospel truths not only through daily Bible readings, but also in the lives of these gentle people with whom he was surrounded. Long training in adversity had taught them to value personal integrity and freedom of worship above all else, even life itself. The ancient Bible from which Philippe received his first lessons was an example of that. In 1555 a vendor named Hector Bartholomew had come into the Piedmont Valleys selling Bibles. Among the Vaudois he found ready sale for the book, in the villages and on the lonely mountain tops among the shepherds. But he also encountered bitter Catholic enemies among those who believed that possession of a Bible would keep people from going to Mass. Bartholomew replied that Mass then was an idolatry. He was thrown into a dungeon in Pignerol and later burned at the stake as were thousands of Vaudois who defended their faith.

However, his Bibles had become a part of the lives of the people and were treasured and shielded from desecration. The Catholics were unable to trace all copies in their attempt to destroy them. The Cardon Bible, nearly three centuries old, was brought over Alpine passes, across the Atlantic Ocean, carted through wind and rain and dust thousands of miles into the land of Zion. With it came an Italian version of the Book of Mormon which had been prepared for these people under the direction of Lorenzo Snow. For further information we must now return to Italy for records of the Cardon family and their introduction to the gospel.

Philippe Cardon married in Rora, Piedmont, February 1, 1821, Marthe Marie Tourn, daughter of Barthelemy Tourn and Marthe Malan. They were the parents of nine children: Ann or Annette, Jean, Barthelemy, Philippe, Marie or Madelaine, Louise, Paul and Thomas Barthelemy. Later Philippe Cardon also married Jeanne Marie Gaudin, widow of Jean Pierre Stalle, by whom she had borne children and who had died on the plains on the way to Utah. She had no children by Philippe.

The Cardon family remained members of the Vaudois faith of their ancestors until 1851 when they received the divine message brought by missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. This was a marvelous hour. Through the centuries, even before the time of Martin Luther, the ancestors of these people had treasured what they believed to be the true message of Christ as opposed to practices of the Catholic Church. To have it revealed to them that the Lord was again sending prophets among them was both glorious and natural. Philippe was a single-hearted man asking only that he and his family be allowed to serve the Lord unmolested in their faith. Yet, after centuries of defending their faith from outside influences, they recognized the truth that God was revealing His plans through scriptures of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times. And their hearts and homes were opened to the missionaries.

Several stories are told concerning incidents which occurred at the time the Cardons accepted the gospel, each branch of the family treasuring its own version. The story in our immediate family is that one night Philippe had a dream in which he saw two messengers bringing a book to him. The next day while he was building a chimney for a neighbor, he felt impelled to quit his work and return home in the middle of the morning. His surprised wife asked, "Why are you home at this hour?" And he replied, "I can see two strangers coming up the mountains bringing us a message concerning the gospel. I must dress in my best clothes and go down to welcome them."

Madelaine, Philippe's daughter, says that she, too, had a dream before the coming of the elders and told her father of the elders' message. Lorenzo Snow recounts the story of how a woman came to him saying that she told him she knew how he would look even before she saw him.

So unusual was the word which the missionaries carried that the men stayed up all night learning of the newly-revealed truths. These messengers had come two and two, just as their own Vaudois missionaries had gone forth through the centuries to keep alive in other nations the word of their Lord. Lorenzo Snow says that save for their inspired revelations, they were taught as much by these people as they in turn taught. The four L.D.S. missionaries represented four nations: England, Scotland, Italy, and the United States.

The small Italian home to which the elders came was a friendly looking rock structure built of native materials even to the roof which was made of layers of slate. Since Philippe was a mason by trade, his house was probably better than average. One hundred years later the base still stood in place, but the area otherwise bore a look of desolation. The Italian missionaries' reports, as did these of missionaries in other

parts of Europe, indicate a dearth of comforts which they had hoped to find in the older civilizations. There was little fuel to be spared for heat in winter, the food was scanty with no meat to share with anyone, travel was difficult over trails so narrow at times as to endanger the lives of travelers, and added to these discomforts was the strong and influential prejudice of the Catholic Church. Mormon missionaries, fresh from twenty years of persecution which broke the faith of those who were weak, seemed not to realize that these villages were the remnants of hundreds of years of persecution when the ancestors of these people because of their faith had been driven from their valleys and from country to country in search of refuge. In Utah in 1851, many homes were log cabins or dugouts because the saints had been driven from their homes, so understanding should have been mutual.

Cardons, today, who have visited the land of their ancestors express surprise that any people could eek out a living from the limited areas to which the Vaudois were confined high up in the Alps. Every blade of grass and every stone is useful--the stones to hold back the soil and the moisture, and the grass to feed the few goats and cows which feed in the area. At the sides of the trails are miniature farms and vineyards. The mountainsides still contain no roads, not even pathways wide enough for donkeys to travel to the ancient home of the Cardons. One must go by foot on narrow winding paths which seem to lead on and on into the mists, mountain after mountain rising up thousands of feet within a short climb. Quintin Klinger, a great grandson of Philippe, attempted to use a motorcycle when he visited there, but found the trails too steep.

The hospitality of the people remains. As Quintin, abandoning his motorcycle, trudged up the trails in a towering rain he was approached by a man who insisted on lending him his umbrella since the rain was now a steady drizzle. When Quintin returned the loan on his way back down the mountain, he learned that the only subject which the people avoided was religion. Since he reassured them that he was not there to convert them, he was received with courtesy. The majority of the people are Catholics. A few still cling to their beloved Vaudois faith.

Restrictions on property ownership, education, freedom of speech, and of religious worship have hampered these people through the centuries. However, on February 17, 1848, a decree was issued granting freedom to them. It is said that the news was received with simple gratitude. The following year the L.D.S. Church for the first time sent its missionaries into European nations where the English language was not spoken. Among the first group to be sent from Utah was Lorenzo Snow who was called on a special mission to Italy. Joseph Toronto, a native of Sicily, was appointed to accompany him. They left Utah in a company of elders organized October 18, 1849. Thomas E. Stenhouse was also chosen by Elder Snow to accompany them from England. They found that all other parts of Italy were closed to them except the Piedmont valleys. "I believe," he recorded, "that the Lord has hidden up a remnant of the pure blood of Israel among the Alpine Mountains."

On September 18, 1850, the four elders--Lorenzo Snow, Joseph Toronto,

Thomas B. Stenhouse, and Jabez Woodard who had recently joined the other missionaries, ascended a high mountain near La Tour, Valley of Luzerno, Piedmont, Italy, and there in the majesty of the mountain peaks organized themselves into Italy's first branch of the Latter-Day Saint Church of Jesus Christ with song, prayer and testimonies. These men were there at great personal sacrifice to carry the message. How strangely their voices must have echoed in that foreign fastness as they sang "Praise to the Man Who Communed with Jehovah."

Apostle Snow had blessed the elders that they might "speak to the people by the power of God." Some of them were indeed ready and waiting for the gospel and it was with great joy that they received the elders. The Malan family and the Cardons were the first two families to be baptized into the Mormon church.

Philippe and his wife were both baptized the same day, January 2, 1852, while Jean, Catherine, Philippe and Madelaine became members within the year. Paul was baptized September 4, 1853, and Thomas Bartholemy, the youngest, not until 1857, in Utah. Philippe, Sr., was registered in the L.D.S. records of Italy as #34 and was ordained a priest October 5, 1851(?) at St. Bartholemy by Elder Jabez Woodard. He became a high priest in Logan, Utah. For many months the missionaries had desired the first baptisms in Italy and one of them recorded, "sweet to them all were the soft sounds of the Italian tongue as Elder Snow repeated the ceremony and performed the ordinance of baptism," and the converts responded.

It is unusual in L.D.S. Church annals for whole families to become members of the church. So often only one of a family sees the truth. However, other than for Annette, all members of the Cardon family accepted the gospel. Annette's own grandson, John Gonnet, later came to Utah with Paul Cardon when he returned from a mission to Switzerland and Italy; but after visiting with his relatives, he went on to California. His brother, Jean, expected to leave for Utah soon thereafter. However, he died during that year about the time that the Cardons arrived in Zion where they received word of his death. His sister, Marthe, had married Bartholemy Gaudin; their daughter Susanne, came to Utah where she married her cousin, John Paul Cardon, ~~was~~ a blood relative. Philippe's other sisters had died--the first in 1832, the third in 1808. ~~He was a blood relative.~~ Marthe and the sister of Philippe Cardon both were children of Jean Cardon and Anne Jouve. The living members of the family of Jean Cardon and Anne Jouve were baptized into the L.D.S. Church.

In 1853 the church issued an epistle urging all saints to "Come to Zion." The first group of Latter-Day Saint immigrants left the Piedmont valleys February 7, 1854. The party consisted of eight members from the Philippe Cardon family, five from the Pons, five from the Bertoch. The Cardons had been able to dispose of their property for enough money to bring themselves and five others to Utah. Later groups were unable to dispose of their property since persecution against Mormon converts had increased so greatly. Fortunately for them, the Perpetual Immigration Fund had been established by the church. By 1863, Jabez Woodard said at that time it was as much as a man's life was worth in the Piedmont Valleys to mention

that he was a Mormon. Only 13 members of the church remained there.

Elder T. B. H. Stenhouse accompanied the Italian and Swiss saints from Geneva, Switzerland to Liverpool, England. The Cardon group spent two weeks in London waiting for the saints to prepare for immigration. At Liverpool they were delayed seventeen more days waiting for the ship "John M. Wood" then under construction, to be completed.

The following letter from Joseph Fielding Smith to Mrs. Roy L. Adams (Mrs. Vida Adams) is self-explanatory:

Mrs. Roy L. Adams
469 South First West
Logan, Utah

December 19, 1941

Dear Mrs. Adams:

Your letter of the 13th inst. has been received. The ship John M. Wood sailed from Liverpool, England, March 12, 1854 with 393 saints, including 58 from Switzerland and Italy, under the direction of Robert L. Campbell. It arrived at New Orleans May 2nd.

Among the passengers were Philip Cardon, 53; Marie, 56; Jean, 28; Catherine, 22; Phillip, 20; Magdaline, 17; Paul, 13; and Bartholomy Cardon, 10.

Jean Bertoch, 26; Daniel, 18; Jacques, 14; Antoinette, 24; and Margaret Bertoch, 10.

Bartholomew Pons, 55; Marianne, 50; Anna Marie, 23; Lydia, 15; Emma Pons, 5.

Jean Pons, 20; and David Pons, 17; brothers.

After the arrival of the ship May 2nd at New Orleans, these emigrants were conveyed by river steamers on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers to Westport, now a part of Kansas City, Mo. the outfitting place for the L.D.S. emigration which crossed the plains and mountains to Salt Lake City in 1854. Here the company was outfitted and, in charge of Capt. Robert L. Campbell, on July 18th commenced the overland journey with ox teams, arriving in Salt Lake City October 28, 1854.

Yours truly,

Joseph Fielding Smith

Church Historian

MKP.

This letter summarizes briefly the facts concerning the Cardon journey which began in Italy in February and ended in Utah nine months later.

For the majority of the Italian group, the farewell with their homeland would be the last time they would be associated with congregations where their native tongue was spoken. From then on they would be in the minority; but, as Mary Cardon Guild once remarked concerning the stature of the Cardons, "Good things often come in small packages."

As the passenger list of the John M. Wood indicated, the people of Italy were far outnumbered by other passengers. The British group who were added to the ship's list included many from Scotland and Wales. Long before this time, the missionaries in the Piedmont Valleys had complained of their difficulties with the local language. This language barrier was bridged by Serge Ballif, a convert from Switzerland who was assigned as interpreter for the "foreign" brethren. He spoke several languages. Through the resulting association, the Cardons and Ballifs became good friends, a tie which continued after they became pioneers in Cache Valley, Utah.

Kind friends were needed by all on this journey to Zion. During their crossing from Liverpool, the ship had been forced to weather a terrific storm at sea which, according to a story told by Marie Madolene Cardon Guild, had nearly destroyed the vessel. "The Captain afterward stated that the ship had gone within three inches of an immense rock called Rock of Providence. He said that no ship had ever struck that rock without going to the bottom."

When their ship arrived at New Orleans, that city was then under quarantine for cholera. New York and Chicago were also suffering unbelievable loss of life because of the disease. During that year of 1854, in one twelve day period New Orleans lost 5,000 inhabitants out of a city of 35,000. There were not enough able-bodied to bury the dead and many coffins were thrown into the river.

The following story was told to Blondel Cardon Porter by John Adams, son of the immigrant. The first part of this story is taken from Adam's journal. All the able-bodied men and boys were expected to take turns in walking and driving the cattle for there were two or more yoke of oxen to every wagon and one driver on each side. An old trusty yoke was placed as leaders while young and sometimes unbroken ones were placed to follow. Now be it known that our Scotch lad, Hugh, knew naught of the ways of wild horned oxen for with such things as these he had never had any experience. One day as he was driving, the leaders being very tired, lagged and our young man anxious to travel faster took the bull end of his whip to poke the leader and, of course, stepped right to the head of the wild ox which, seeing his leader in danger, thought he would help him. So bending his head, he undertook to lift the young Scotchman by the seat of his pants to toss him over his back, but the seat being weak gave way and remained on the horns of the beast. Hugh mourned the loss for a time, but his jolly good nature returned and he sang and whistled as he traveled along. But the sequel to this story was not recorded. The ox which tore Hugh's pants also tore a great gash in the

fleshy part of his body. It left a long scar which Adams carried to his grave. While still smarting, bloody and angry from the ox's goring, he gave the animal what appeared to the women of the camp to be a most unmerciful beating with his whip or goad. A woman who was riding in the wagon chastized him severely both for his cruelty and the profanity with which he punctuated his punishment. Hugh raised his whip and shook it at the woman telling her to keep still or he would use the whip on her, too. She afterward said that she was sure that the nice brother Cardon would never have acted so. His oxen had run away across the prairie the same day as Brother Adam's had. Brother Cardon was a short man and it had been both sad and ridiculous to see him attempt to catch the oxen which were pulling and bouncing his wagonload of household goods scattering pots and pans and other paraphernalia in every direction. But she had not heard Brother Cardon use unseemly language. Hugh thought that was the worst cut of all, but he didn't say so; he knew that the only difference had been that the lady understood Scotch but not the combination of French-Italian that the Piedmontese used to express their anger. However, Adams said as he knew Brother Cardon better, he believed that his friend would never have been able to curse. There were no such words in his vocabulary.

The majority of the Piedmont people made their first homes in Utah in the vicinity of Ogden. The Cardon family lived at Mound Fort until spring when they moved to Marriotts where they farmed until they, along with other saints, were required to join the general exodus on "the move south" because of the incursion of Johnston's Army.

They made their home at Lehi for a brief period until they were allowed to return to their former home at Marriotts. During this period, Paul, a member of the Minutemen, and Thomas joined the army at Camp Floyd.

The following summer Philippe and his son, Paul, went to Logan, Utah where the church hoped to establish a new settlement. They camped near where the old Brigham Young College was later established and which is now occupied by the Logan Senior High School.

The following spring took his family to Logan which was to become his home for 24 years. During those years, several members of his family turned to their own individual pursuits which took them sometimes far from home ties. These various circumstances are recorded in their own stories of their lives,

Following his arrival in Utah, Mr. Cardon continued with the work which had furnished him a livelihood in his native valleys, as a stone mason and builder. Every home in Cache Valley had to have at least one fireplace for cooking and for heat, so there were many calls for his skill as a mason, he and his son, Paul, both being in demand. They also helped with the building of the temple when the time came for its erection. Paul had charge of the temple mill in Logan Canyon which furnished lumber for the construction of the temple.

Philippe built his own home and its furnishings. His son, Thomas, had some of his skill for he records proudly that on his return from the

Civil War that he plastered his own room, laid the flooring, built a staircase, a chimney, mantel, an escritoire with five drawers, a book case, and a bed for his room.

Cache Valley has always been cattle country since its first pioneers entered the area and saw the lush grass which covered the lowlands. However, substantial barns were needed against the subzero weather of the winters there. It was soon recognized that Philippe Cardon knew the best way to make the warmest roofs for barns. Garrett Dahle, who after he had passed his ninetieth birthday in 1957, described for Philippe's great grandson, Larry Porter, just how these barn roofs were made:

"Tules (small rushes) were dug with the sodding still heavy on them. These were laid criss-cross across each other on rough beams in a sort of basket weave. Then a thick layer of rushes was laid on for insulation and over all again, the heavy sodding. Several roofs which he built are still to be seen in the valley having endured seventy-five years of weathering."

Philippe was adept at making sturdy baskets for the use of his household. These baskets were woven of willows which grow plentifully in the valley.

One of the simplest spring housecleaning tasks done by women in Utah in early days was whitewashing the interior of their homes with lime which was found in abundance in the state. The lime was mixed with water and spread onto the walls with a large brush. Philippe's neighbors joked with him about being so clean that he had to put a circle of whitewash around the base of his cornstocks, but he didn't mind their friendly banter. He knew from experience that it stopped insect pests which might injure the cornstocks.

Despite his size, Philippe carried his share of heavy labor. Shortly after his sixty-fifth birthday in 1867 his son, Thomas, recorded:

Tuesday, October 29. There was a general drive of all the stock in the valley to Logan today and I was busy again helping Paul and father to gather some of the stock, or rather that which was not in the herd...

Tuesday, November 5. Paul and father started for the canyon today taking two teams and proposing to remain till tomorrow evening...

Wednesday, November 6. It began raining last night at intervals. Father and Paul returned from the canyon with loads of wood. Father hurt himself badly in the side by falling off the load on some sharp stumps. Paul ran up the mountain and gathered a quantity of balsam and made it into a plaster and put it on the wound as soon as possible and it is doing well. It was sometime after the fall before he was able to breathe but succeeded in time to ride home on the load."

Like many of his neighbors, he built a plow to till his land. Rebecca Ballard Cardon tells this story of Philippe Cardon and her father, Henry Ballard who came to Utah in 1852:

Grandfather Cardon and Father Ballard owned adjacent fields west of Logan City as well as living near each other in the city. During the growing season, about the same time every weekday, Grandfather Cardon with his unmatched team and Father Ballard with his equally mismatched pair started for their fields; and whoever reached the head of the lane first, waited there for the other to arrive. Then, side-by-side, they peacefully wended their way to their fields to care for their animals. Grandfather was a Berkshire man from England and Brother Cardon was from the Piedmont valleys. Neither could speak the other's language, yet they were great friends, both whimsically inclined and both gentle. They had many common interests and ways of sharing them. Everyone seeing those two small men smiled kindly at them, knowing that the day was right. No one could have guessed that the son of one of them would become an ordained Apostle in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and the other would have a grandson who would go to the land of his fathers as Director General of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization serving for the entire world."

Or that Philippe got granddaughters would be the wife of the Governor of the State of Utah, Calvin Rampton.

Rebecca and Vida Cardon Adams chuckled at the thought that when their time came to go to heaven they, too, might wait at The Gate for each other, then go in search of the two little old men and fling their arms around them. Then they laughed again as they realized that they themselves were already little old ladies and that before they turned over their genealogical records and were called home, they might be even more shrunken.

Mary Cardon Merrill, daughter of Paul and Susannah Gaudin Cardon, told Vida Cardon Adams how one family adjusted to pioneering conditions:

"Stoves were rare since they had to be hauled from St. Louis... For a beautiful new cook-stove which was extra large, there was only one chimney, which had been enough under the old set-up. But now there were two women who both wanted the new stove. So, like Solomon of old, the husband decided they could share it. He put part of the stove in each of the two adjoining kitchens making an opening in the partition, thus dividing the stove so that one-half would always be available for each wife. However, the hole turned out to be large enough to allow switching of dishes between the two sides. One evening, the tantalizing aroma emanating from the other side of the partition included her husband's favorite dish, so she simply switched dishes. No one ever said anything about it."

Philippe Cardon had an outdoor fireplace, a sort of baking oven, where about once a week he did some baking. He particularly liked to bake torchettos, a twisted crusty loaf of bread. His grandchildren liked to be there on such days. Sally Turner said that another delicacy enjoyed by the Cardons was vinegar pie.

When the Cardons came to Utah, they missed the ground chestnut meal which they were used to having as a part of their regular diet. Walnuts and chestnuts roasted, creamed, or ground into meal had supplied most of the fat in their food since meat was practically non-existent on the tiny mountain farms. In Utah when food became scarce, the people boiled rose

hips or berries to ock out their meager fare.

Grandfather Cardon always liked his sip of wine before his evening meal. However, no one ever became intoxicated from the delicate wine of the Piedmont grapes. Philippe had tended his own grapes on the slopes of the Alps; and when he came to Utah, he had brought cuttings of them with him keeping the moss in which they were stored moist but not wet enough to cause decay. When he reached the latter part of his journey, he had added soil to start his precious plants. In Ogden he had begun his vineyard; for somehow the plants had survived. Later at Logan he was able to again establish a vineyard or at least an arbor in a protected place. The home of Dr. Chester J. Myers on University Way in Logan has an arbor started from cuttings brought by the Cardons. They were planted by Dr. Saxer who obtained them from Ogden.

Philippe's wife, Marthe Marie Tourn, died January 15, 1873. His second wife may have persuaded him to move to Hyrum, Utah since she had relatives there. Or it may have been that the climate in that town appealed to him for the residents there had been successful in raising not only better grapes, but peaches and other fruits which were too tender for some winters in Logan. Hyrum east bench seemed to be milder. So in 1884, he sold his Logan home and moved to Hyrum where he spent the remainder of his life. He bought himself a small piece of ground on a hillside where there was a pretty little spring and there made himself a simple little home.

His home in Logan had been on the Courthouse block near the corner of First West and Second North. He also had property further south between First and Second North near the present U.S. Armory as well as farms in the fields west of town. This land he also sold. The following records show these changes:

Logan Court Houso, Cache County, Utah

Deeds Book C, pg. 595 dated 6 March A.D. 1872, William B. Preston to Philippo Cardon, for the sum of Five Dollars was judged "the rightful owner, and possessor of the following described parcels of land viz" Lots three (3) and eight (8) Block Thirty-Six (36) Flat A. Logan City survey situated Section thirty-three (33) North Range One (1) East, in all two (2) $\frac{1}{160}$ acres and by the presents grant and convey unto said Philippe Cardon..... (seems to have been recorded 18 Nov. 1875.

Book C, pg. 591, George Hibbard, 1st party, to Mary Cardon, 2nd party, for \$70 land described: The north part of Lot Five (5) Block seven~~teen~~ (17) Flat F. Logan farm survey 6 acres North West quarter of section fourteen (14) township twelve (12) north of Range one (1) east. Recorded 17 Nov. 1875.

Deeds Book D, pg. 749, Paul Cardon (grantor) Philippe Cardon (grantee) indenturo sum \$30. South East corner of Lot 2, Block 26, Flat E West Field Survey, thence west on South line of said 67 rods - to field ditch, thence north along said ditch to channel of the main slough in lot 3,

thence East along the channel of said slough to the said lots, thence south on the line of said lots to the place of beginning, 23 acres North West quarter of North West quarter, Section 5-11 and North West quarter of Section 32, township twelve (12) North of Range East. Dated 10 Feb, 1875.

Deeds Book C, Pg. 596, recorded 18 Nov. 1875. James Adams to Philippe Cardon, Senior of Logan City, sold for \$15. The East part of lot 7, Block 32, Plat C, Logan Hay Land Survey, 7 acres 40 rods east front North East quarter Section 25, township twelve (12) North of Range one West. Dated 1 Aug. 1873.

Deeds Book J, pg. 400. Philippe Cardon to Lars P. Larsen for \$100. Dated 20 Oct. 1884. Commencing South East corner of lot eight (8) Block thirty-six (36) Plat A running North two (2) $\frac{1}{4}$ rods thence West eighteen (18) rods, thence two (2) $\frac{1}{4}$ rods thence East eighteen (18) rods containing forty (40) rods $\frac{1}{2}$, Lot eight (8) Block thirty-six (36) Plat A.

Philippe Cardon to Albert Spent. Dated 23 Sept. 1886 for \$325. Abstract Record #3.

Deeds Book N pg. 27.

Book C, pg. 227, dated 6 Mar. 1872 to T. B. Cardon for \$5 Lot 6, Block 19, Plat A, Sec. 33, Township 12, North Range one (1) East in all $\frac{1}{2}$.
160

Excerpts from Letters of T. B. Cardon to his wife, Ella Hinckley Cardon

Originals in Possession of Vida Cardon Adams, 1960

Saturday night, August 24, 1889

Dear Ella: I am afraid you are feeling badly tonight and have for a few days and will a few days longer owing to the long time since I wrote, but you must cheer up and then forgive me for I have much to bother me. And father is very sick and not expected to live one hour to another. Of course, he wants me with him and my own health is such that I ought to be at rest instead of driving over there and attending to business besides. He thinks I ought to be there.... We were very glad.... Then father has been and is very sick and thought to be dying for several days past which has also taken some of my time.... We are going over to father tomorrow morning again as he is very low indeed. Aunt S. has been over there three days and nights.... We were there yesterday and day before but have not stayed at night on account of baby and business demands.... L. is here and joins in love to you....

August 29, 1889

Father died Sunday morning at 20 minutes to one. He suffered a great deal the last 4 or 5 days of his life, but he is at rest at last. We

brought him to this place and buried him with these that had gone before. I have had so much to do and look after lately that I am very tired.... Please write me dates, places of birth and baptism of yourself with full name also names of those who blessed, confirmed and baptized.

Tuesday Evening, September 3, 1839

I thought I would get a letter.... My father died August 25th at about 20 minutes to one in the morning. He suffered very much the last five days, but never spoke a cross word or lost patience in any way. He bore a strong testimony of the truth of this work we are engaged in to the last. He never lost consciousness, but was sensible to the last. I brought him to Logan for burial and buried him on August 26.

In contrast to the graves of his ancestors, his resting place is carefully marked with a tombstone without fear of desecration from soldiers. His burial place could not have been so designated in his Alpine home, for there not even a fence was allowed to signify the last resting place of his ancestors. In peaceful Logan City Cemetery, amidst the majesty of the mountains, he rests among his loved ones.

His tombstone in Logan City Cemetery 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ B reads:

Philippe Cardon
born
October 2, 1801
Prarustin, Italy
died
August 25, 1889

Mary M. Tourn
Cardon
born
May 15, 1797
Rora, Italy
died
January 15, 1873

(on 3rd side or front facing west)

Died in full faith
of a Glorious Resurrection

Children of Philippe Cardon and Marthe Mario Tourn

Anne or Annette	Born May 20, 1822	Died July 25, 1882 Italy
Jean	Born August 7, 1824	Died October 20, 1909 Ogden, Utah
Barthelemy	Born February 17, 1827	Died August 9, 1831 Italy
Catherine	Born September 12, 1829	Died November 15, 1902 Wyoming
Philippe	Born March 9, 1832	Died April 9, 1911 Mexico
Marie Madoline	Born July 6, 1834	Died Wyoming
Louise	Born December 25, 1836	Died July 25, 1841 Italy
Paul	Born December 28, 1839	Died February 12, 1915 Logan, Utah
Thomas Barthelemy	Born August 28, 1842	Died February 15, 1898 Logan, Utah

LOGAN, UTAH, JULY 18, 1865.

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING BY C. H. HYDE UPON THE HEAD OF PHILIP
CARDON, SON OF JOHN AND MARY ANNE JOUVE CARDON, BORN
SEPTEMBER 1801 IN ITALY.

Philip, in the name of Jesus, I lay my hands upon your
head and seal a Patriarchal Blessing, for the eye of the
Lord has been upon thee for good and He has preserved thee
through many dangerous scenes upon this earth, for blessed
art thou for thou hast received the Gospel, for great shall
be your reward in heaven.

Thou shall live many good days upon the earth. Thou
art of Jacob and lawful heir of the fullness of the
priesthood, and shall have every desire of thy heart in
righteousness and a kingdom upon the earth forever and ever.

You shall behold all the doings of the Father here upon
the earth and you shall have a seat with the Ancient of
Days.

These blessings I seal upon your head with all your
father's household. Amen.



Marthe Marie Journ



MARTHE MARIE TOURN CARDON

Brookie Peterson

In attempting to write something of the character traits and life story of Marthe Marie I have learned that there is no journal or autobiography of hers extant. I assume she never wrote them which would have been far more a common occurrence than that they were written and lost. It was rare for women to write the story of their lives and even more rare for someone else to write about them except for perhaps a mention in a child or relative's history.

We, then, must resort to being detectives to try to learn a bit here and another small fragment of information there to piece together the personality and strengths of Marthe Marie. On the records of the ship, John M Wood, which brought her to America, she is listed as "Marie." She was named for her mother, Marthe Marie Malan. At sometime after she arrived in America she probably began to be called Mary because her name on her tombstone reads Mary M. Tourn Cardon. In a patriarchal blessing given, July 18, 1865, by C H Hyde, when she would have been sixty-eight years old, her name was also written "Mary." Even so, as most of us have always thought of her as Marthe Marie Tourn, I will continue to call her that in this short biography.

Some dates and facts reported about her vary, but the discrepancies, for the most part are not great. The first difference is in her birth date. The date given by her daughter, Marie Madeleine, also known as Mary Magdalaine, which agrees with that given on her tombstone was May 15, 1797, at Rora Pra del Tour, Angrogna Valley, Lucerne, Italy. However, film 193433 in the Family History Library gives her birth as May 24, 1799 in Rora Parish, Piemonte, Italy.¹ Also I have seen and have a copy of the original parish record in beautiful old handwriting in the Waldensian archives in Torre Pelice and the May 24, 1799, date is recorded. It means she was more than two years older than her

husband. This is indicated as true on the immigration record where their ages in March of 1854 are given as fifty-three and fifty-six. [Perhaps she lost track of the years and added one.]

Her parent's names were Jean Barthelemy Tourn and Marthe Marie Malan, and she probably lived in Rora all of her young life because she was both born and married there. As far as can be ascertained we do not have records of her siblings. She alone is listed as a child of her parents. Hers was a life lived in harsh circumstances, filled with work, but dedicated to God and family. When she was a young woman, Philippe Cardon, of Prarustin, Piedmont, became acquainted with her and they were married in her own village on the first of February in 1821. Some thirty-six years later, on March 27, 1857, their eternal sealing took place in the Endowment House.

Philippe had been taught gospel truths from the Bible, and he and Marthe Marie carried this practice into their own family, for their daughter tells us, "I well remember the time when all our family would gather around my mother and father each night, just before retiring, and listen to him read a chapter in whole or in part from the Bible. After he had read he would review what he had read and explain to us little ones many good principles. Among other things which he taught us were the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments."² It is said that the Cardons carried a Bible, nearly three hundred years old, "over Alpine passes, across the Atlantic Ocean, carted through wind and rain and dust thousands of miles into the land of Zion. [With it came an Italian version of the Book of Mormon which had been prepared for these people under the direction of Lorenzo Snow.]"³ Where this Bible is today is unknown. What a treasure it would be to locate it if it still exists! [A Cardon Bible, in French, dated 1844, with initials PC is said to be in the Sons of Utah Pioneers Library, Emigration Canyon this date August 12, 1995.]

Marthe Marie and her husband were members of the Vaudois faith, which was an early Protestant religion. Their many persecutions, their life in the Piedmont region in what is now northern Italy, near the border of modern France has been well documented. Suffice it to say that they were dedicated Christians who loved the Lord and his commandments as they understood them and tried through much sacrifice to teach of Christ to their children and to live his commandments.

Again from their daughter we learn their families had been driven to "the mountains at the time of the religious war, when they could not come down on the plains for fear of being murdered by the Romans, [Roman Catholics] who were ready to kill any and all of the Vaudois." Speaking of her forbears "---though they were good and honest people, yet they had no opportunity to educate their children for several generations; but in 1836 my father had accumulated means enough to purchase a large vineyard and orchard down in the valley of Piedmont. He was one of the first Vaudois allowed to settle near the Romans, so he left his home at Bullcosta on the mountains where he had raised part of his family, three sons and three daughters. I was but a small girl when my father moved down into the valley of Piedmont, Italy. [At that time] I was the youngest of six children. Father built us a good comfortable home there."⁴

Claire Cardon Sullivan, youngest child of their youngest son Thomas who [died June 1995] was their last living granddaughter, living in Heber, told me when I interviewed her in February 1993, at age 97, that her grandparents never learned English and their grandchildren did not know them well because they could not speak their language. I have been curious about which language they spoke. Quoting Marie again, "The humble mountaineers could speak neither English, French or Italian. They had lived apart on the mountains so long that they had developed a dialect of their own. Thus it was almost impossible for the Elders to make themselves

understood. It was my good fortune to be able to speak both French and Italian. I could also speak and understand the dialect of the mountaineers. I therefore was selected to travel with the Elders on their journeys and act as interpreter."⁵ This dialect was given the name of Patois pronounced [Pa twah] and was probably the language spoken by Marthe Marie throughout her life,

They were the parents of nine children--four girls and five boys. We know Marthe Marie experienced one of life's saddest losses twice. Her little son, Barthelmi, died at age four in August 1831 and ten years later, there was a repetition of the same sorrowful event when her young daughter, Louise, died at about the same age.

Perhaps an insight into her compassion as well as that of Philippe's comes from the account given by Marie of Marie's dream concerning the future coming of the Mormon missionaries. Marie tells of being a child of six or seven, having the dream in which she was a young woman rather than a child and saw three men, who told her of the restoration of the gospel through Joseph Smith the Prophet, of her family's future acceptance of it and their subsequent emigration to America. In her dream they gave her two small books to read and admonished her to study them.

Following the dream Marie gives more insights about her parents when she writes, "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 man. As I came in she saw that I looked pale. She asked me if I was sick. I said 'no.' Just at the instant I was not able 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 my mother called his attention to me. She knew that 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."⁶

At this time I calculate Marthe Marie had seven children living in the home, as Barthelemi had already passed away. Two were younger than Marie, one being a baby. What mother cannot imagine the climate of confusion and hurry which must have been pressing Marthe Marie to prepare that breakfast? Yet she was aware and took notice of one child's dilemma and persevered until Marie was consoled and cared for.

We also have an account from her daughter of the tragic day when the comfortable home her husband Philippe had built for the family burned. We see the fortitude and quick responsive action of Marthe Marie. "I well remember one Sunday, most of the family had gone to meeting. Those remaining at home were my mother, the baby, my oldest sister, who was lying in bed sick and myself. I was then very small.

"My mother was busy cooking dinner as she was expecting my father and others of the family soon to return from meeting. She went outside the kitchen and looking up observed flames of fire upstairs. Suddenly the house was almost enwrapped with flames. Mother rushed upstairs where my sister lay helpless. She grasped her in her arms with part of the bed clothes and placed her out in the snow. [This surely would have required an adrenalin rush because at this time Anne would have been at least fifteen or sixteen years old and very heavy for her mother to carry downstairs.] She put the baby and I in the cradle and placed us away from all danger of the fire.

"The neighbors being at the meeting there was no one to assist in extinguishing the flames. Before help came the walls of the building were all that remained. Furniture, clothing, woodwork, doors, windows, etc., were all in ashes and debris.

"This misfortune occurred in the dead of winter. Fifteen inches of snow covered the ground. -- There we were in the snow. We had

nothing. The granary with its contents was burned to the ground. We smaller ones were crying with cold."⁷ Imagination is all we have to detail the hours of that day and the days that followed to picture the distress of this large homeless family.

In the conference of October 1849 Lorenzo Snow was called to open a new mission in Italy. His companion was Joseph Toronto and later T B H Stenhouse was also called to the Italian mission with them. Supposedly these are the three missionaries that father Philippe met and brought to his home to meet and teach his family. To quote Elder Snow about his reason for making the Piedmont his main area of focus in the mission, "Now, with a heart full of gratitude, I find that an opening is 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 amide the Alpine mountains, and it is the voice of the Spirit that I shall commence something of importance in that part of this dark nation."⁸

Philippe had heard of the missionaries from one of his hired men and on the very day he first heard he had enough interest to leave his work, hurry home where Marthe Marie was astonished to see him mid-day. He quickly changed into his Sunday clothes and began the long walk to find the missionaries. He walked that afternoon and all night and the next morning and arrived in time to hear Elder Lorenzo Snow preach. He invited them to his home and to make it their headquarters. They went with him to the mountains and Marie's dream was partially fulfilled when they stood before her as she was seated in a meadow, reading while keeping watch over some milk cows. She recognized them from her dream.

Her father also had, according to one family tradition, on the night previous to meeting the missionaries, a dream of two of them bringing a book to him concerning the gospel. According to this version when he had returned home in the "middle of the morning, his surprised wife asked, "Why are you home at this hour?" And he

replied, "I can see two strangers coming up the mountains bringing us a message concerning the gospel. I must dress in my best clothes and go down to welcome them."⁹

I'm sure the family all knew of these harbingers, and it must have been with excitement that Marthe Marie and her daughter finished their supper work that evening before going into the other room where her husband and four sons were talking to the Elders. Marthe Marie, Philippe and four of their children were baptized in 1852. The Malan family and the Cardons were the first two families to be baptized into the church. They seemed to be close friends as well as relatives. As mentioned Marthe Marie's mother was Marthe Marie Malan, and several of the Malans acted as godparents when her children were baptized. Her fifth son was named Philippe after his father, but in America, as many immigrants did, he added "Louis" to his name. "His descendants said they heard him say he was named for his godfather Louis Malan, and for his father Philippe."¹⁰

They held Sunday meetings at their home--sometimes forty or fifty or more were present. These were mountaineers who had arisen at two or three in the morning and walked for hours to hear the Elders teach. I'm sure that Marthe Marie had much to do with baking bread in their big oven and cooking meat for so many so that none would go away hungry before their long walk home.

After doing what they could as a family to convert some of their friends and neighbors, they were told in a directive from the church issued in 1853 to "Come to Zion." What were her feelings? It meant leaving her oldest daughter, Anne, whose husband was adamant against her having any part of Mormonism. It meant leaving the graves of her two little ones; relinquishing the only way of life she had ever known for a frightening unknown. Perhaps it was easier not knowing what enormous trials lay ahead. Surely they could not imagine the challenges not knowing English would bring, nor how dire would be the effects of disease along the way. Just

before leaving, however, they were given individual blessings by the Elders, in which they were promised that, if they lived the commandments, every one of their family would reach the end of their journey preserved and in good health. What a comfort to a mother to hold that promise close through all the perils of cholera, accidents of travel and near encounters with death!

Their journey, beginning on February 8, 1854, has often been described and it was a rigorous one. They traveled by carriage, railway, regular coach and a coach placed on sleds, drawn by sixteen mules up the steep mountain through ice and snow. Continuing by rail and steamer they finally reached Liverpool where they waited for their ship, the John M Wood, to be completed. Their journey across the Atlantic took almost two months.

Arriving in New Orleans May 2, 1854, they had to travel both the Mississippi and Missouri rivers by steamer. At Westport, now a part of Kansas City, Missouri, they prepared and began their pioneer travel overland with ox teams. Leaving in early May, as part of the Robert L Campbell company, it took almost six months to reach Salt Lake City on October 28, 1854. They had walked for more than 1300 miles in the final phase of their nine month journey.

They first settled in Ogden at Bingham's fort. In the fall of 1859 Philippe and Marthe Marie were called by Brigham Young to help settle Cache Valley. Here Philippe busied himself with his stone mason work, building his own home on the courthouse block near the corner of First West and Second North¹¹, building fireplaces in almost every home in the valley and helping with the building of the temple.

Marthe Marie had her involvement with her children although mostly they were branching out into their own families--even the

youngest, Thomas, joined the army as a bugler at age sixteen. She was adept at beautiful handwork and along with many of the other pioneer women grew silk worms and wove beautiful silk fabrics. This entailed, many hours spent growing, harvesting and feeding mulberry leaves to the voracious worms. "They also knew how to produce flax and hemp and weave cloth for sheets, bed ticks and underwear."¹² I imagine she also spent a great deal of her time being a "lady farmer" as she was called in the birth records of some of her children.¹³

Probably very similar to their oven in Italy "Marthe Marie and Philippe had an outdoor fireplace, a baking oven, where once a week they baked bread for the family. They liked to bake torchettes, a twisted crusty loaf. Her grandchildren gathered at their home on baking day."¹⁴

In spite of these activities was there was not a modicum or more of loneliness in their isolation from grandchildren and neighbors because of the language barrier? One of Philippe's best friends was the father of Rebecca Ballard Cardon. She said neither could speak the other's language, yet they were great friends. That's commendable, yet poignant, because there would be much missed in a friendship where no words could be exchanged. It is most likely that Marthe Marie felt the same limitation many times and thought how different her life would have been if she had remained in the Piedmont. Nevertheless, for her sacrifice of not spending life in her homeland, the blessings she enjoyed by coming to Zion were a precious recompense.

Her death came on January 15, 1873, when she was 74 years old. We have no eye-witness account, but only know that on her gravestone are the words, "Died in full faith of a Glorious Resurrection." Her patriarchal blessing promised, "You shall be the means of redeeming your father's household." According to Joseph F. Smith, after this life, good women like Marthe Marie, "will be fully

authorized and empowered to preach the gospel and minister to the women while the elders and prophets are preaching it to the men."¹⁵ Perhaps that is her part in redeeming her father's household and may be the heart of her work in the spirit world. Marthe Marie Tourn Cardon lived life to its full measure. The lives of her children brought honor to her. She endured faithfully to the end with charity, patience and grace. May we all be enriched by observing her faith and commitment to her covenants.

1. CARDONS! 1799-1986, Genevieve Johnson/Edna Taylor, page 15.
2. Autobiography of Marie Madaline Cardon Guild, page 2, copied by DJS, April 8, 1909 by order of Mrs. Charles Guild, via Edna Taylor.
3. Philippe Cardon, Pioneer Father - Utah 1854, by his granddaughters, Ella Vida Cardon Adams and Blondel Cardon Porter Smith, written in 1960, page 1.
4. History of Mary Magdelaine Cardon Guild, page 3, Piedmont, Uinta County, Wyoming, January 12, 1903, version from Rebecca Ballard Cardon, via Edna Taylor.
5. Same as #1 endnote, page 5.
6. Ibid page 9
7. Ibid, page 9.
8. The Italian Mission, Lorenzo Snow, Prepared from excerpts of letters of Lorenzo Snow in 1974 by Dan C. Jorgensen, President of the Italy North Mission, page 10.
9. Same as #3 endnote, page 2.
10. Same as #1 endnote, page 20.
11. Same as #3 endnote, page 10
12. Marthe Marie Tourn Cardon by Mary Harris
13. Same as #1 endnote, page 16, 17.
14. Ibid page 2
15. Gospel Doctrine, Joseph F. Smith, Sermon at the funeral of Mary Freeze, pages 459-461.

A PATRIARCH BLESSING BY C. H. HYDE, UPON THE HEAD OF MARY
CARDON, A DAUGHTER OF BARTHOLOMEW AND MARY MARTHA TOURN,
BORN MAY 15, 1797 AT ITALY.

Mary, in the name of Jesus, I place my hands upon your
head to seal a Father's Blessing upon you for the eye of the
Lord has been over thee for good.

Thou shalt have the visions and revelations of God and
the Father has given his angels charge over you and you
shall be a mother in Israel, and shall partake of all the
glories of Zion and shall accomplish the desires of your
heart.

Thou art of Ephraim and a lawful heir to the fullness
of the Priesthood and with thy companion, a great kingdom
upon the earth, and you shall partake of all the glories of
Zion and you shall be the means of redeeming your father's
household.

These blessings I seal upon your head with crowns of
glory forever and ever, Amen.



William Ballard
and
Hannah Russell



HISTORY OF WILLIAM AND HANNAH RUSSELL BALLARD

William Ballard was born February 1795 in Birkshire, England, and was christened March 8th, 1795

He was the son of Barnard and Mary Ballard. His mother died when William was a young boy and his father married as his second wife, Ann Avery.

William was unhappy in his home with his stepmother and at an early age ran away from home.

Of his youth and parentage and brothers and sisters we know very little.

At the age of twenty-four he married Hannah Russell, daughter of George and Hannan Higgleton Russell, who, according to Hannah's knowledge were blood relatives of the titled Russells of England.

Hannah was born April 9, 1799 at Hannington, Hankshire, England and was the first born of her parent's children.

She married at the age of twenty-one and unto Hannah and William four sons were born. All were born at Cold Ash, Thatcham, Birkshire, England:

Charles, B. 10, Jan. 1821, D. 28 Jun 1878, age 57.

George, B. 26 Dec. 1823, D. 12 Aug 1864, age 41

John, B. 18 Aug. 1826, D. 12 Feb. 1883, age 57.

Henry, B. 27 Jan. 1832, D. 26 Feb. 1908, age 76.

Of the early married life of William and Hannah little is known.

Their son, Charles, married Rebecca Hatton. George married Elizabeth _____ and John married Sarah Hawkins and they were all married prior to 1849, for at that time their youngest son, Henry, a youth of seventeen was the only one unmarried.

Hannah was in her forty-third year when Henry was born. Prior to his birth she had reason to believe she was past child bearing for her last child, John, was nearly six years old. When she found she was again going to become a mother, she was very unhappy and the expected child was indeed an unwelcome addition to the family.

Because of her age and poverty, Hannah regretted his birth and wished that he might not be born. After his birth, however, he became the most favored and most beloved of all of her children. She was filled with remorse and in recompense devoted her life to this, their favored son.

Surely his birth was no accident for later he became the savior of his father's household, a chosen vessel of God and through him they shall receive an opportunity for eternal salvation.

Their sons, John and George, were prosperous carriage manufacturers of London and remained in this business until their deaths.

By profession William was a gardner and had spent many years in the service of an English Nobleman as a care taker of his large estate and lived in a house on this estate most of his married life in England.

At the age of thirteen years, their son, Henry, left the home of his father and mother and secured work on a farm owned by William Northaway.

While working on this farm, in the fields Henry became acquainted with a farm hand by the name of Joseph Kimber. Mr. Kimber was a Mormon and through association, Henry learned of Mormonism and became converted and was baptized in February 1849.

This brought disgrace upon the Ballard household and Henry was severly criticized by his brothers and was disowned by them and he also suffered the disapproval of his parents.

Shortly after this, Henry contracted typhoid fever and through the administration of the Mormon Elders he was healed.

This healing, in connection with Henry's teachings and testimony, converted William Ballard and he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in August 1849, at the age of fifty-four, by Joseph Kimber.

His wife, Hannah, was not converted at this time. She was so greatly affected by her son's healing and her love for him was so near devotion that she desired with all her heart to please him. Shortly after her husband's baptism she consented to be baptized.

Fifty years of worship in her church, the Church of England, was not easy for her to forget and when she confided in her minister her intentions of baptism in the Mormon Church, by immersion, he cunningly took advantage of her lack of knowledge concerning the restoration of the priesthood and authority to administer therein, as restored to the modern prophet, Joseph Smith, and he persuaded her to allow him the privilege of performing the ordinance of baptism by immersion, claiming he could do this the same as could the Mormon Elders.

Being persuaded, she made an appointment to meet her minister on the bank of a nearby river where this ordinance was to be performed. The minister took precautions that no one else knew of their intentions and no witnesses were present.

Hannah returned to her home, after the mock baptism, foolishly rejoicing, because she had done that which she thought would please her son. At dinner that night she proudly acclaimed herself baptized into his church. Henry was surprised and said, "Who was at the ceremony, Mother?" Hannah gave an evasive answer and upon further inquiry Henry was shocked at her confession that her minister had performed the ordinance. Henry showed her the great error she had made and the mockery of a sacred ordinance and told her to go on her knees to God and ask forgiveness for such a mockery and ask God to open her heart and her mind that she might feel and know the Gospel of Jesus Christ as it had been revealed in these latter days.

This Hannah did and was truly converted and was baptized the following September 1849, by the local Elder, Joseph Kimber, and remained humble and true to her faith all the days of her life upon the earth.

Because of their acceptance of Mormonism their sons cut off all support and this left them in very poor circumstances.

The spirit of gathering to Zion rested upon this household of father, mother and son. Henry hired himself out to herd sheep across the plains to pay for his passage across the ocean. His father and mother, he felt, should not undertake such a hardship at their mature ages of fifty-seven and fifty-three years, so he arranged for them to take advantage of the help the church offered to those in poor circumstances, who desired to gather to Zion, through a fund just established by the church called the Perpetual Emigration Fund.

This fund was made up of small contributions by the saints in Zion and given into a trust fund to the Presiding Bishop of the Church. Under his supervision, money was to be sent to the European countries and throughout the United States, wherever the converts were scattered, to assist these saints by a loan of money to gather to Utah. Upon their arrival, after securing work this money was to be returned to the Presiding Bishop and again to be redispersed to other saints to be used for emigration. This fund was put into operation on the 13th of March 1850. On September 3rd, 1852 the first company of emigrants assisted by this fund arrived at Salt Lake City, Utah. William and Hannah were members of this company.

Henry left his parents with this provision, with the promise of paying the debt himself upon his arrival in Utah, and set sail January 10, 1852.

The father and mother did not sail until some time later but when the time arrived for the company to leave England, William and Hannah packed all their earthly belongings and bid farewell to their humble cottage, to their friends and to their three sons whom they were leaving, to all the familiar scenes so dear to them, to their associates of more than a half a century, to the refined English customs, the thickly peopled cities, and cut themselves off from the security of means in their old age, and entered upon a life among strangers with strange customs, to cross a vast ocean, plains, rivers, hills and gigantic mountains to locate in sparsely settled villages with people of varied customs, habits and dialects and to approach old age with but few comforts of life and cast their lot with the chosen seed of Israel to dwell in the mountain tops of Zion.

After weeks of weary travel on a rocking, tossing vessel, they reached a strange land.

From here, in company with many others, William shouldered his long musket and took their lives in their hands and crossed the plains, going up the South Platte River under the leadership of O. A. Smoot and arrived in Utah, after many weary miles of travel over the sun baked deserts and rocky hills, on September 3, 1852, one month in advance of their son, Henry.

William and Hannah went with some of the saints, south of Salt Lake City, and upon Henry's arrival on the 16 of October he found them comfortably located in Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah.

During that winter their son herded sheep on the north hills of Salt Lake City and the father and mother spent many lonely days and nights alone in this new strange country.

They took up the activities of life, however, common among the Utah pioneers; they plowed, planted, reaped, gardened; raised sheep, pigs, chickens and cows; sheared, corded and dyed wool; made soap and candles and assisted their neighbors in their work when necessary; attended their religious services and did all in their power to build up a new community.

On April 7, 1856, William was ordained a High Priest by David Pettegrew and in this priesthood he was active and faithful all his remaining years.

After several years of waiting, at last William and Hannah realized their fond hopes, that which they had looked forward to for so long, and entered into the House of the Lord to receive their endowments and to be sealed to each other for time and all eternity. This was done on May 16, 1856 in the Salt Lake Endowment House.

After this they spent many days performing baptisms for their dead kindred. On Feb. 13, 1857 they received their patriarchal blessings under the hands of Patriarch, John Young.

They enjoyed health and peace for a period of five years when on that memorable day, 24 July 1857, while celebrating the tenth anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneers, war rumblings reached them and banished from them the security of peace in this promised land.

They had left the comforts of life with the assurance of unmolested worship and the peace and approval of God dwelling with them ever more and here they found themselves at the mercy of a malicious army or the alternative of being driven into a vast wilderness to seek shelter under the protection of a stragglng tree or a hanging rock, while their son was facing the fire of the enemies' rifle or the blade of a ruthless sword.

Weeks of misgivings filled their minds as they lived in anticipation of the horrors of the Utah War, and on 27 Sept. it seemed a reality as their son, their only one of kin in the whole United States, took up arms and marched to Echo Canyon in defense of the saints of God in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

With staunch hearts and undaunted faith, they carried on casting their lot with the saints, hoping and praying for the victory of Zion. Finally a peace treaty was signed by the Johnston Army and after eight months of service, Henry returned unharmed to his parents on May 4, 1858.

In obedience to the orders of their President, Brigham Young, for all saints to move south, far beyond the valley, beyond the intrusion of persecutors and to leave their homes empty and deserted and their farms desolate, Henry packed one wagon load of their goods and moved it to Santaquin, Utah. William packed up more of their belongings and assisted others and moved five loads as far as American Fork, Utah and left them there with Stephen Chipman.

Upon his return for another load he found his son, Henry, had returned from Santaquin and on May 24 they loaded up their last load and took Hannah with them, also Brother James Bowkett and family and all of their livestock and everything they owned, leaving their houses empty with dry

straw stacked against the doors ready to apply a match if molested by the soldiers.

Their progress south, was very slow as they were driving their pigs. It took them five days to reach Provo, where the pigs became exhausted and could go no further, so they camped at Provo until the 29th of May.

They then adjusted their loads and loaded up their pigs into the wagons so they might be able to travel faster and then they proceeded upon their journey.

The next day a wagon wheel broke and they were again delayed. They borrowed a wheel and traveled on until they reached Santaquin, arriving there the 31st of May.

They built themselves a small shanty for shelter and with bushes they built a sheep pen.

Great hardships were endured at this time and the trials proved too great for many of the people and many of them apostatized. Not-with-standing their advanced ages, William and Hannah passed through hardships and trials without complaint and remained steadfast and undaunted.

Johnston's Army passed through Salt Lake Valley on June 26, leaving the City undisturbed.

On July 1, President Brigham Young returned to Salt Lake and sent word to all saints, who so desired, might return to their homes as the soldiers had passed through the valley peaceably and their homes were now unmolested and were free from danger.

On July 7, the Ballard family loaded up their possessions and prepared to return to their home in Mill Creek. Many of their stock had died and their sheep and pigs were fewer than upon their move south, due to a scarcity of food. They loaded their pigs into the wagons and started homeward over the dusty, dry, well traveled road.

They reached their home in Mill Creek on July 10, all safe and well and very thankful to again have a house in which to live.

The home to which they returned, was on ten acres of ground located on the west side of where now is fifth east street and north of 33rd south street, in Salt Lake City, at that time called Mill Creek. Henry bought this place for them, upon their arrival in the valley, from Samuel R. Aiken for the sum of \$40.00 and received the deed on December 11, 1857. Mr. Aiken secured this property by a squatters rights earlier in the history of the valley.

The next day, their son, Henry went to Cache Valley in search of a new home. William and Hannah lived alone and pursued life in their usual manner.

On February 13, 1860 their son returned, having located land in Logan and a home and desired his parents to come and live with him.

The weather was very severe so William rented his home in Mill Creek and left his wife with the renters until warmer weather.

On February 22, Henry took his father with him and started out for their new home. They reached Logan on Feb. 28, 1860, after six days of hard, cold traveling over a distance of less than one hundred miles, on through the snow clad mountains of Brigham Canyon, suffering winds and snow and cold.

Henry had secured two large lots of ground in Logan and had built a house upon one of them for his parents.

The house consisted of two rooms, a bedroom and a kitchen and a slope at the back for storage. In one of the rooms there was a big fireplace and, as was the custom, there were wheat bins on which they made their beds.

This house was located where now is the northwest corner of 2nd West and Center Streets in Logan, Utah and this became their permanent home for over twenty years. The house was located in the corner and a little west of the house stood an open well, sheltered with a gabled roof, and from the rope hung the bucket. West of the house a beautiful orchard was planted and north of the house was their well kept garden. On the street in front of the house (1936) still stand the old Boxelder trees planted by Henry and his sweetheart, Margaret, before their marriage.

On June 4th, William left Logan and went back to Mill Creek to get his wife. They returned to Logan June 16, 1860 and lived in Logan the remainder of their lives.

On April 14, 1861 their son was appointed Bishop of the second ward of Logan and on Sunday May 5, he was married to Margaret McNeil and again the old couple were left alone.

On May 31, James Cragun came to Logan and bought their old home in Mill Creek. This old farm later, on November 25, 1879, became the property of Harrison T. Shurtliff.

William spent his time in gardening and upon these two lots he raised a beautiful vegetable garden for many years, and in addition kept his orchard in perfect condition.

Henry took his parents with him to Salt Lake many times to go to the Endowment House to perform ordinance work for their dead ancestors and in this work their souls rejoiced. Their last trip was made on May 25, 1873 and on the 28th they did baptizing and on the 29th they performed the sealings and returned home happy and satisfied.

On June 29, 1873, after many years of faithful service in the Church, William Ballard was ordained a Parriarch by George Q. Cannon.

Henry had married as his plural wife, Emily McNeil, Margaret's sister. He maintained a house for each wife on the same lot, a short distance from his father's home.

When Hannah became feeble and the care of her home became a burden to her, Henry moved his parents to either Emily's or Margaret's, and in their turn, the two daughters-in-law took these old people into their homes and to their hearts and provided all the comforts within their power, to make their last days, happy days. They remained with either Margaret or Emily for several months, mostly during the winter, and then returned to their own little home and would be contented and satisfied for a short time.

Upon tiring of the burdens of their home, they would again return to their daughters-in-law and remain for several months. For a period of about eight years, until their deaths, they thus shared the homes of their daughters-in-law and were happy in the association and hospitality of their son's families. The grandchildren were dearly loved and looked upon as perfect by the fond old grandparents.

Upon an occasion when they were moving from their old home, they divided some of their old relics among their grandchildren. Their grandson, Willard, inherited the long faithful musket which William had carried across the plains and which guarded them during the dangerous years of pioneering. Some months after, rumors of war were heard and William, although past eighty years old, felt the call for defense and said one day in his English dialect, "Go Willard, give bok that musket that I give thee, I be needing he to go to war yet."

William was slow to anger and usually was as calm as a summer's day, unruffled over triffls, cheerful but determined; clean and particular as an old maid, neat in his appearance, methodical in his work and orderly in his belongings. He could find anything in the dark for he knew just where it was kept. He was generous and friendly and was a favorite with his grandchildren. He was small of stature but erect, active and alert. One of his favorite sayings was, "All are queer but thee anbd me and thou art a little".

His closest friend was Philippe Cardon, a man near his own age, who was also a Mormon emigrant. William drove a team which consisted of a very large horse and a very small horse. Philippe's team was a black horse and a cow. It was a familiar scene, as well as amusing, to see these old friends jogging along the roads of Logan together, enjoying each other's companionship as they shouted in exchange friendly thoughts, above the clatter of their wagons, each drawn by their unevenly matched steeds.

Hannah was tall and thin, alert and impetuous and not too generous. The many years of weary toil aged her and life's burdens weighed heavy upon her drooping shoulders.

During her later days her housekeeping was cluttery and her habits of living untidy, but she was a splendid cook; her plum pudding and thick apple pies were a favorite with her hungry grandsons.

Superstition influenced her life and if she put her apron on inside out she dared not change it for fear it would "change her luck." Rather than change the apron she covered it with a clean one, that her luck might not be changed.

Her love for her son was unbounded and at times became so intense that it assumed forms of jealousy and selfishness. Many times in her old age, she remade the bed so that Henry had more feathers on his side of the bed than Margaret. She was always concerned for Henry's needs and comforts.

Soon after the dedication of the Logan Temple, William and Hannah, on June 4, 1884, went to the Temple to do endowments for their dead kin, but this work was too tiring for their feeble bodies and they left the remainder of their work for their son, Henry, to do.

William was always kind and gentle with Hannah and was patient with her infirmities and did everything possible to make her home comfortable. They had at this time a bed with four posts. It had on its woven rope springs, a very heavy mattress, well filled with dried corn shocks, and on top of that a very heavy feather tick. All this made the bed very high and hard for Hannah to get in and out of in her feeble condition. William sawed off the four legs which lowered the bed, and with these legs he made a little stool which he kept by the side of the bed on which Hannah stepped to get in and out of her bed.

During their last sojourn at their own home, Hannah became ill and was moved on a couch to Margaret's home. Here she became bedfast for several months and then died on

September 19, 1884 at the age of eighty-five years, five months and ten days. Her funeral was held on the 20th in the Logan Tabernacle and she was buried in the Logan Cemetery.

After her death, William grieved for the "Missus" as he always called her, and was never happy again. Many mornings while still in bed, he could be heard moaning and crying for Hannah. Every morning he was disappointed that he was yet alive. As he walked out into the sunshine he would say, "Laws amasse Hannah, another day and I ain't with thee yet."

After his wife's death he broke up his old home and was moved to his daughter-in-law, Margaret's home where he was given loving care.

His two grandsons, Thomas and Henry, inherited the property. Thomas received the north lot where the garden was planted and Henry received the house and orchard. Thomas later sold his property and upon it now stands the Presbyterian Academy.

Henry Jr. married just a month prior to Hannah's death, so he moved his bride, Alvira Davidson, into the old Ballard home. Some of the belongings of the old grandparents were left in the house and it was always William's desire to have things arranged just as Hannah had left them. One of their prized possessions was an old clock which Hannah had always kept by the side of the bed. Alvira kept the clock upon the mantle, but whenever she saw grandfather coming up the street, she quickly moved the old clock to its proper place. He made frequent visits to the old home and it always pleased him to see the house kept "as Hannah kept he."

William went to his bed and ill for several months and gradually grew worse.

He was very fond of his granddaughter-in-law and she was kind to him and assisted Margaret in keeping him and his bed, sweet and clean. Margaret was in delicate health at this time as she gave birth to her eleventh child, Mary Myrtle, the August following. He appreciated her kindness and during these months of sickness he often patted her cheek and drew her down and kissed her and would say, "God bless thee Margaret, for all thee does for me, thou art good and God bless thee, thou art a good daughter."

Margaret's large family took much of her time and she was unable to be by his bedside always. His voice was very feeble so in order that he might receive attention when he needed it, a tin cup was kept by his bed, which he rattled whenever he wanted anything. This always brought a cheery response from the household.

His grandchildren amused him and cheered his lovely days but he continued to grieve for Hannah. Lettie, his little four year old granddaughter, he called his chatter box for he could not understand a word of the wonderful tales her little tongue prattled. He called his older granddaughter, Rebecca, his interpreter for she translated the childish tales of the "chatter box." He would pat them on the head and say, "God bless thee my little dears, thee will get thy reward for being good to thy poor old grandfather."

Being no worse than usual, his two grandsons, Thomas and Melvin, took their night vigil and watched over him. A lamp was left burning on the table near his bed. About midnight, Melvin, then 12 years old, went into the room to see how he was feeling. The lamp had gone out and Melvin called to Tom to come for he could not hear his grandfather breathing. When Tom brought a light, they saw the old man had fallen to sleep, a sleep from which there is no awakening. He passed away peacefully on May 19, 1885, past 90 years of age. His funeral was held on the 20th in the Logan Tabernacle and he was buried by his dear Hannah, in the Logan Cemetery.

The night he died, at the hour of his death, the old clock, which had not run for many months, started to strike and as if striking the last taps for the old man, continued to strike until it was stopped.

Their first three sons, Charles, George and John had preceded them in death and although William and Hannah left but one son, and he being the only one whoever embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ, through this son, Henry, a numerous posterity of five generations have come, who bear the honor, the name of these ancestors, the name of Ballard and they give thanks to these noble spirits, who, through embracing the Gospel, have planted their posterity in this, the chosen land of God.

Written by Myrtle Ballard Shurtliff, Granddaughter

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN BY JOHN YOUNG IN MILL CREEK WARD, SALT LAKE STAKE, ON FEBRUARY 13, 1857, UPON THE HEAD OF HANNAH RUSSELL BALLARD WHO WAS BORN APRIL 9, 1799, IN HANNINGTON HAMPS, ENGLAND, A DAUGHTER OF GEORGE RUSSELL AND HANNAH EGELTON.

Sister, Hannah, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon your head to bless you, and to seal upon your head the blessings of the everlasting gospel which you have embraced with an honest heart. Inasmuch as you desire to carry out the principles of the Gospel of Salvation, you are entitled to it's blessings, being a lawful heir to the blessings of the heavens and of the earth.

You shall be blessed with health, live till you are satisfied, be a blessing to your family, to your husband, and to all you are associated with.

If you are willing to abide a celestial law, you shall be a blessing to your father's house and to your progenetors and all your friends that have lived upon the earth.

You shall help to build up the Kingdom and many shall call you blessed for it is in your heart to do good and you shall have ability to do it, and if you will live your religion, be humble and prayerful, you shall have power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, with the company that John saw having overcome and got the harps of God in their hands.

You shall dream dreams, and the destroyer shall not have power over you, but you shall live to be gathered with the righteous as a ripe shuck of corn, fully ripe, and enjoy the blessings of the new heavens and the new earth wherein liveth righteousness.

All these, and all you desire, I seal upon you, for they are yours and I do it in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, evenso, Amen.

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN IN MILL CREEK WARD, SALT LAKE STAKE, ON FEBRUARY 13, 1857, BY JOHN YOUNG, UPON THE HEAD OF WILLIAM BALLARD WHO WAS BORN IN ENGLAND ABOUT 1790.

Brother William, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon your head at this time to bless you, even with a father's blessing.

You are a lawful heir, being a literal descendant of Ephraim, entitled to the blessings of the everlasting Gospel, all of which I seal upon your head at this time. Thou art and shall be blessed, for thou shall do much good. Thou hast embraced the truth with an honest heart.

I seal upon you the blessings of health, life and prosperity, even long life upon the earth, inasmuch as you feel desirous in your heart and carry on the principles of the Gospel of Salvation as revealed to us by the Prophet Joseph.

I can seal upon your head the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and say notwithstanding, tho art considerably advanced in life, yes, thou shall have wives and children, thy posterity shall be numerous upon the earth and thou shalt have power to govern thyself and control and preside over thy house and they shall rise up and call thee blessed and thy word shall be law unto them.

I seal upon thee the blessings of the Holy Priesthood of which you shall hold in fullness. Your heart shall be glad and you shall do much good in your day and generation. You shall have power to administer to your own family and to the afflicted in Israel.

Your mind shall expand and you shall more fully understand and comprehend the principles of the kingdom and you shall understand the designs and be able to resist the temptations of the Devil. You shall have power over evil spirits. You shall be blessed in all your lawful undertakings and avocations of life.

The labor of your hands shall be blessed. You shall have flocks and herds and a greater portion of the spirit and additional testimony from time to time and grow strong in the Gospel which you have embraced, live upon the earth till you are satisfied with life.

Your name shall be had in honorable remembrance among the saints of God in consequence of your benevolence and kindness to them. You shall become a savior upon Mount Zion, notwithstanding you are getting to aged. You may have the opportunity yet of doing good by being diligent in the things of God.

The Devil shall not have power over you for I seal you up to the day of redemption, by the power and authority of the Priesthood, which is to bind on earth and in the heaven of the Father, Son and Ever-blessed Spirit, evenso, Amen.

(Recorded in B.C., page 87, no. 50.)

Thomas McNeil
and
Janet Reid



THOMAS MC NEIL
and
JANET REID

LIFE HISTORY OF THOMAS AND JANET McNEIL

Written in 1936 by
their granddaughter
Rebecca Ballard Cardon

This history was written because of the request of the children and grandchildren of this couple to have some written remembrance in their honor so that their memory may be everlasting.

My maternal grandparents were Thomas McNeil and Janet Reid McNeil. They were both born in Tranent Haddingtonshire, Scotland. Thomas was born on Feb. 15, 1823, christened Mar. 15, 1823. He was the son of Thomas McNeil and Emily Selkirk, who were married Mar. 22, 1821. Thomas Senior was the son of George McNeil and Helen Grant. They were married Dec. 13, 1765 at Elphingstone Haddingtonshire, Scotland. Helen Grant was the daughter of Alexander Grant and Nicholas Halliday. Emily Selkirk's parents were Robert Selkirk and Euphonia Black.

Janet Reid was born Aug. 2, 1824 and was christened Aug. 14, 1824. She was the daughter of Peter Reid and Margaret Martin who were married Apr. 7, 1812. His parents were James Reid and Jean Allan. Her parents were Robert Martin and Elizabeth Howie. They were all born in Tranent.

Of their childhood, I know very little as they left no record of that, and all have now passed away who knew them in their early life. We know that Tranent was a small coal mining town, and that they both worked in the mines or pits, as they were called. Children went to work in the pits as early as eight and ten years and no doubt they did the same, for neither of them had any education, only to read and write very poorly, so I suppose that was how their childhood was spent.

Grandmother has told me how glad she was when the law was passed in 1843, prohibiting female labor in the mines. She said that some of the women felt badly and wept about it and wondered how they could get along, and some of them went back morning after morning and tried to go to work, but were refused by the authorities. Grandmother said that she was glad and as soon as they were told about it, she dropped her tools at once and didn't wait to finish filling her box, for she hated the work.

She was nineteen years old at that time and soon went to work as a house servant until she was married.

She was the fourth daughter in a family of nine girls and one son, and her father died when she was thirteen years old, so of course, the girls had to help keep the family.

Grandfather's father first married Margaret Mitchel, who died leaving a family of several children. The oldest daughter was named Jean and she must have been a very good woman, for she was the only mother grandfather ever knew as his own mother died when he was six years old and his father died two years later, so she was now father too. She was loving and kind to him and he loved her dearly.

I remember grandfather saying that sometimes he used to go to see other girls, but was always glad to go back to Jessie, as he called her, for she was always neat and clean and always had a sweet breath. They were married on Jun. 19, 1845 and became the parents of twelve children as follows:

Margaret Reid , born Apr. 14, 1846 in Tranent Haddingston
shire, Scotland
Thomas Reid, Dec. 6, 1847. Tranent Haddingstonshire, Scot.
Emily Reid, Jun. 19, 1849, Tranent...
Peter Reid, Feb. 28, 1851, Tranent...
John Reid, Feb. 24, 1853, Tranent...
James Reid, Oct. 24, 1854, Tranent...
Charles Thornton, May 1, 1856 in Liverpool Harbor
Joseph Reid, Jan. 14, 1859, Genoa, Nebraska.
Janet Jane, Mar. 14, 1861, Logan, Utah
William Reid, May 3, 1863, Logan, Utah
Hyrum Reid, Oct. 30, 1864, Logan, Utah
George Reid, Oct. 2, 1866, Logan, Utah

Of these Peter died in Scotland at the age of one year. Twins were on her side of the house, both the Reids and Martins. Her mother's brother had twins, boy and girl. Her grandmother Reid had a boy and a girl, also her uncle James Reid had a boy and a girl, so there is no wonder twins are in our family. There are nine pairs to my knowledge in the family that stayed in the northern part of Utah.

The Mormon Elders came into Tranent soon after grandfather and grandmother were married and as usual the minister of their Church was anxious to hinder the Mormons as much as he could, so called on grandfather and two of his companions who were young men and fond of a good time, and asked them to go to the meeting and break it up. They agreed and the minister gave them enough beer to make them feel good and promised them more beer and a good time after the meeting. These three young men went to the meeting and expected to have a good time. On the way, they decided to go in and sit at the back until the meeting was well started. This they did and were so impressed with the spirit of the Elders and the earnestness of their prayers

and singing that they decided to hear what they had to say. They became so interested in the sermon of the Elders that they forgot to make any disturbance and remained until the close of the meeting. Instead of going to see the minister they went home, remarking that that was the best sermon they had ever heard.

The next day, they each took their Bibles to work with them and at dinner time they looked up the passages that the Elders had referred to and were pleased with the explanation that they gave, so decided to go to the meeting again. They did this and were more pleased each time and were finally converted.

Grandfather was one of the first to be baptised in Tranent. He was baptised Jul. 25, 1847 at Hunterfield, Edenburg branch, by David Moffat and confirmed the same day by William Copar. Grandmother was not so easily converted and took more time to investigate. She was very reserved and undemonstrative and hard to convince of a new thing, but when once convinced she was unchangeable. Her family all opposed her also, and I think this made her more cautious. She studied and prayed and was finally convinced that the new religion was the truth and she never changed her mind. She was baptised Mar. 26, 1848 by David Moffat and confirmed the same day by James Nibley.

Grandfather was ordained a Teacher, Oct. 1847, and an Elder on Jan. 7 1849. and I think he was chosen President of the Tranent branch at that time for he gave the report of the branch, as it's President, at the conference held in Edenborough on Mar. 18, 1849. This position he held until he emigrated. He was the first President of the Tranent branch after it was separated from the Edenborough branch. He presided there over five years and during all of that time they were both very prominent and active in church work there. The Elders made their home the headquarters and mother said that they were always welcome although sometimes she went to bed hungry because there was not enough food for all of the Elders were fed first.

The revelation on plural marriage was first made public in the Fall of 1852 and soon after this, the Elders were told to teach it to the saints in Europe. Rumors of it had reached grandmother before the Elders had announced it to the branch, and when Elder Campbell, who was presiding Elder at that time, came to grandmother's home at conference time, she asked him about it. He gave her an evasive answer, and then at the morning meeting told the saints about it. This hurt her and she was against the principle anyway, so decided to have nothing more to do with a people who would teach such a thing. When Elder Campbell came home to dinner, she refused to talk to him and after she had

prepared dinner for them, she refused to eat with them or to go back to the meeting in the afternoon.

After she had done up the dishes and was sitting alone thinking and feeling very sad, the door opened and a man, a stranger, came in and said to her, "Sister McNeil, why are you so sad and troubled?" She told him and he said, naming the principles of Gospel that she believed, "You believe these and think that they are true and correct principles?" She said "Yes, I do". He said, "Be of good cheer for the Lord is well pleased with your work so far. Accept this principle for it is true as the others are and comes from the Heavenly Father. Believe this as you have the others and He will bless you." He then departed as he came. She did not know who he was, but always thought that he was a messenger of some kind, teaching the truth for she accepted it as such and converted her husband to the same, and he entered into it after they came to Utah.

The spirit of gathering to Zion was strong upon both grandfather and grandmother and they were very anxious to emigrate, but as he was the President of the branch and doing a good work, the presiding Elder asked him to remain in Scotland for a while as they said they were doing more good there than they could in Zion. They accepted this council and remained until they were given the privilege to leave. During this time, they were saving what they could and had enough to bring them to Utah so that when the permission was given them to leave, it did not take them long to get ready. This permission came just before grandmother was about to become a mother for the seventh time. When grandfather got this word, he hurried home to tell grandmother and asked her if she did not think it best to wait until the baby was born and she was more able to travel. She said, "No, the time to go is now. Something may come up to hinder us if we wait. I will put my trust in God and He will see me through."

Think of the strength of character she had, of the faith and courage it took at such a time to undertake such long journey. She had five little ones and was leaving one small grave behind, which she said was one of the hardest things to leave.

Grandmother was the only one of her family who ever joined the Church and they felt very badly to think that she would do such a wicked thing, and when they decided to leave home and go to Utah, that was more than her mother could stand. My mother told me that she remembered the day they went to bid her grandmother goodbye. She was sick in bed and refused to let them in to see her as she said Jessie had broken her heart and she could not stand to say goodbye to her. Mother said that grandmother cried all the way home. She never saw any of her people again.

The branch had a big party for them when they left and gave grandfather a silver watch which he prized very highly and carried it all the rest of his life. They left their home on Apr. 27, 1856 and journeyed to Liverpool where they were to set sail. When they arrived there, grandmother was taken sick and was hurried on to the boat which was being disinfected and cleaned. Here the baby was born on May 1, with only one other woman on board to attend to grandmother. When the Captain and the doctor came on board the ship and found that a baby had been born, they were delighted and thought it would bring good luck to the trip. They asked the privilege of naming him. Brother James G. Willie, who was President of the Company, thought it best to let the Captain name him as there were 764 Mormon passengers on the boat, so he was named Charles Thornton, after the ship, which was named Thornton, and Captain Charles Collins.

The boat set sail on Sunday, May 4, 1856. Grandmother and the baby both did well and he was the pet of the whole company, as well as of the officers of the ship.

Mother has told me that some one told grandfather that if he gave the children some red pepper it would keep them from getting sea sick, so he went on board prepared and decided to try it, and as grandmother was in bed with the new baby, he had to give the dose. I don't know whether he was told how much to give or how to give it. At any rate, he was very inexperienced in the strength of red pepper. He lined the five little ones up and gave each one a teaspoonful of the fiery dry stuff. You can just imagine the results. Mother said that it got into their eyes, ears, noses, and a good portion into their little mouths. There was a screaming, clawing and dancing. When grandfather saw what he had done, he cried, "God forgive me, I have kilt me bairns." It took the combined efforts of nearly all the sisters on the boat to relieve those poor children. It didn't cure the sea sickness, however, for they all suffered greatly from it.

On board, they had to prepare their own food and were permitted to take their turn using a stove which was provided for the company. About all the food they had, though, was porridge.

The boat landed at Castle Garden, New York on Jun. 14, 1856. This company had planned to cross the plains with handcarts, but Brother Franklin D. Richards, who had been President of the European mission, counseled grandfather not to go that way, but to go to St. Louis to the branch of the church which had been organized there, and to remain until he had money enough to go to Utah by team, as it would be better for his family. This was a great test of their faith, because they were both anxious to come on to Utah.

but they had learned before that it was wise to take counsel.

They decided to wait, and afterwards were very thankful for it because that handcart company didn't get into Salt Lake until the 9th of November. They suffered greatly with cold and hunger and 66 died enroute. Grandfather was thankful that they didn't have all their little children in that company. While in St. Louis, their John, aged 3 years, died and was buried there.

Grandfather stayed in St. Louis that winter and earned some money and planned to go to Utah in the spring, but he had another disappointment and a test of his faith, for instead of being permitted to go to Utah, Brother Erastus Snow, who was presiding over the saints in the East, called a number of the brethren at St. Louis together, among whom grandfather was one, to go to Nebraska to make a settlement a hundred miles west of Florence in order to carry out the plan of Brigham Young, to have a settlement every hundred miles as a stopping place for the saints on their way across the plains.

(Church records in Church Historian's Office writes):
"They were located on Beaver Creek, a half mile from Loupe Fork and named the settlement Genoa. Genoa was located on an eminence 3/4 of a mile north of the ford, and was laid out in blocks of 10 acres with lots 13 x 9 rods. About sixty of these saints arrived in April 1857. The pioneer settlers immediately commenced to plow and put in grain late in the spring, but were hindered by lack of teams. They also built a number of small log, frame, or sod houses, while others dug cellars or dug-outs. These pioneers also established a steam sawmill in a cottonwood grove. They also built a meeting house of cottonwood logs. By June 4, 1857, they had enclosed about 750 acres of land and had plowed and planted 200 acres."

Hudson says in the Mill. Star. Volume 19, page 607, "Genoa farms lie south and east of the city and contains about 750 acres bounded on the south by the Beaver River, southeast by the Loupe Fork, north and east by a sod fence. Our crops are of a most flattering character; corn, potatoes, buckwheat, and garden stuffs, looking finely and if our corn escapes the early frosts that are peculiar to this latitude, it is the opinion of some of our best judges that the yield of corn will be from sixty to seventy bushels per acre. We have a brick yard in full blast and expect soon to be able, from such auxiliaries as sawmills, brickyards, and milling hands to build a city not a whit behind any other in Nebraska."

They numbered 97 men, 25 women, 40 children, 42 yoke of oxen, 20 cows, 6 horses, 24 chickens, 20 hogs, 2 cats and

dogs plenty. At this point in the record the following was found. "In passing, it may be here stated that Sister Margaret McNeil, a girl twelve years old, arrived on the present site of Genoa ahead of the main company in 1857 and was the first female in camp." She was my mother.

The wheat crop of 1857 was partly destroyed by rust, but the settlement furnished the handcart missionaries with 400 pounds of flour.

Elder John Taylor says in a letter of July, 1857: "They have enclosed about 700 acres, 400 planted and although laboring under many disadvantages they have made better improvement than any other settlement within 50 miles of them. Their gardens are better and more forward than any we have seen in the western country. Among other vegetables we were treated to new green peas. We had a conference there and appointed Alburn Allen president, Nathan Davis and Henry Peck, counselors."

Bishop Andrew Cunningham said, "The company from St. Louis arrived on 19th of May, 1857. The brethren felt well and enjoyed the spirit of the Lord and I will say to their credit that I never got a better band of brethren than I found in that camp."

Andrew Jensen says that they fenced their land by digging deep gulches and throwing the dirt on the inside, and in 1925 he made a visit there and found that the remainders of them were still found in Genoa. One of them is known to this day as the Mormon ditch. Some of them were at least four feet deep.

In the spring of 1859, prospects were good but the indian agent took the lands away from them, claiming that it belonged to the Pawnee Indians. "The land was never given to the Indians, however, but was used by the agent. This broke up that settlement and the Mormons gave up the place."

Mother says that the crops were growing fine, but they had to load up their few belongings and turn their backs on the growing grain.

The following was copied from mother's autobiography: "We left St. Louis on the steam boat and came up the Mississippi river (to Florence). The measles broke out while we were on the boat and all of my mother's children took them and were very sick, with the exception of myself. When we landed we camped on the bank of the river until our teams and wagons came. When we were all ready to start on our journey westward, my father's team, consisting of unbroke, five year old oxen, ran away and our family was delayed. My father had never seen oxen before and the animals allotted to him had to be roped and tied to get the

yoke on them and fastened to the wagon. As soon as they were released from the ropes they became unmanageable and ran away. The company had gone on ahead and my mother was anxious to have me go with them so she strapped my little brother James on my back with a shawl. He was only four years old and was still quite sick with the measles.

"Mother had all she could do to care for the other children so I hurried on and caught up with the company. I traveled with them all day and that night a kind lady helped me take my brother off my back and I sat up and held him on my lap with a shawl wrapped around him, alone, all night. He was a little better in the morning. The people in the camp were very good to us and gave us a little fried bacon and some bread for breakfast. We traveled this way for about a week, my brother and I not seeing our mother during this time. Each morning one of the men would write a note and put it in the slit of a willow stuck into the ground to tell how we were. During the time we were at Genoa we had very little to eat as the people were all very poor. We raised corn, but the frost came early and it did not ripen well. We had to dry it in the oven and it was so nearly spoiled that we had to open the door while it was drying because it was all we had to eat. We had only one hand grinder for the whole company to use in grinding, which belonged to Brother Sleight. Of course, it kept us very busy grinding.

"During the settlement of Genoa, we suffered much from the hostile Indians. They were very troublesome and we were always in danger of being molested. While in Genoa, Joseph was born on January 14, 1859.

"After we had made the settlement of Genoa, my father was called to go and help another settlement, called Woodriver, about one hundred miles west of Genoa, which made it about two hundred miles from civilization. This was a very pretty place, surrounded with trees, most of them being elm trees. They stayed at Woodriver only about three months because the Indians were so very troublesome. The brethren told them to break off camp and join the next company that came along. They did this, regardless of splendidly growing crops.

"We had to cross the Platte River in which there were so many sand bars that it made the crossing very dangerous. The men were helping the women over, but my mother was so anxious to get over that she started out with a baby in her arms, thinking that she could go through herself. She had only gone a little way when she began sinking into the quicksand and was going down very fast, when some of the men saw her and ran to her assistance. It was a difficult task to get her out safely and she had a very narrow escape.

We traveled very slowly until we reached the Sweet Water. Here there was a terrible storm. The captain got on his horse and scouted around to see if he could find a place of safety. It was snowing and the wind was blowing a terrific gale and we would have perished out in the open. The Captain found shelter down at the bottom of a hollow. We camped here for several days, until the storm abated. I was very brave and wanted to go out and explore this new camping ground. I had not gone far when I saw a large ox grazing a little way from where we were. I ran and told my father, and he and some of the other men went and brought it into the camp and killed it for the company. The finding of this ox, I thought was wonderful, and very providential, as we were almost starving.:

In leaving this camp, the company had not gone far when they met Patriarch John Smith and Brother John P. Green who were going on missions and were traveling with mule teams. Grandfather went to them for council and told them of his circumstances. Brother Smith blessed him and gave him ten dollars, and Brother Green gave him five dollars. Brother Smith told grandfather to leave the company and go on as fast as possible for it was getting cold, and they were short of food. They were out of the worst part of the Indian country by this time, so there was not so much danger for them. Brother Smith also said to go through Weber Canyon into Ogden and stay there until he earned some food and then go on to Cache Valley and take up land there.

This was a new place just being settled and seemed to be a good place. Grandfather bought fifty pounds of flour at Fort Laramie, it cost him ten dollars. He also bought a little meat. Mother says, "We started out on our journey alone and had a very hard time of it. Our food gave out and we had nothing but milk and wild rose berries to eat. However, we had a good team and could travel fast. We arrived in Ogden on Oct. 4, 1859, after a journey of hardship and hunger, but with thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for His protecting care."

They camped on the outskirts of town and grandfather went into Ogden to find work. Across the field from where they camped was a little house and out in the yard was a big pile of squash. The children were hungry and grandmother sent my mother over to this place to ask for a squash for some of the children were very weak for want of food and there was not a cent of money to pay for it. Margaret knocked at the door and a sweet old lady said: "Come in, come in. I knew you were coming and have been told to give you food." She gave mother a large loaf of fresh bread and said to tell her mother that she would come over soon. It was not long until she went over and took them a nice cooked dinner, something they had not had for a long time, and they

were very grateful to this kind woman. And to the Lord for inspiring her to find them.

When grandfather returned he told them that she had found a man whom he had known in Scotland. This man took them all to his home where they stayed until they started for Cache Valley. Grandmother took the smaller children and went and husked corn, mother herded cattle, and grandfather and the older boys worked on the threshing machine. In this way they were able to collect some food and as they were anxious to get settled they soon left for their new home.

This was on October 20. They had not gone far when they were overtaken by Henry Ballard, who had been to Salt Lake to conference and was returning home to Logan. Grandfather was pleased to meet someone who could tell him about the new place and perhaps help him get settled. A friendship was here begun which lasted as long as life lasted, for Henry Ballard became my father. Of this meeting my mother says, "This was my first meeting with my husband. At that time I was a bare-footed, sunburned little girl, driving my cow along the dusty country road, but it was made known to my mother and to my husband at that time, that I would someday be his wife." He also married Emily as his plural wife.

When they got to the Logan river, the water was so high that it lifted the box right off the wheels and they had a hard time to get across. They arrived in Logan, Oct. 21, 1859, after dark and the next morning they were assigned the last place in the fort, which was what is now the corner of Third West and Center Street, facing the south. Here they took the box off the wagon and were very happy to feel that they had at last found a resting place.

It was three and a half years now since they left their home and they had settled in three different places. Two of them in the wilds. Grandmother had given birth to two children and buried one at St. Louis. What a journey!

Grandfather went right to work, putting up hay for the cattle and then went to the Canyon and hauled logs to make a house. They had no lumber nor glass, so for the doors and windows he wove willows together and plastered them with clay. He used bulrushes and willows for the roof with dirt on top and dirt for the floor. Mother said that they were very comfortable.

Grandfather and the boys worked in the canyon all winter getting out logs which he exchanged for bran or bacon or anything he could get that is little ones could eat.

The next spring, they moved their belongings to a lot on Fifth West between Third and Fourth North. This was their permanent home and they remained there the rest of

their lives. They built a two room adobe house, later adding three more rooms to it. They did all the things that the other pioneers did to build up a new place, and grandmother worked hard to keep her family covered and fed. She spun, dyed and wove their clothes and raised chickens, pigs and sheep. They also had one of the best truck gardens in the city and many a dollar she made from the sale of vegetables as well as from butter and eggs.

Grandfather was known as a fluent talker and at one time in the early days of Logan, a man was asked to speak in meeting. He was rather a retiring man and did not like public speaking, so he said that Brother McNeil had a load of logs that he wanted and as Brother McNeil was a good talker, but poor, he would buy the logs if Brother McNeil would do the talking for him. It was arranged and the deal was made.

In 1878, Grandfather took Lucy Cook, a widow, as his plural wife. He was arrested for this during the time of the raid on those who had more than one wife, and was found guilty and sentenced to six months in the State prison and fined \$100.00. The war had a party for him before he left and the Relief Society sisters dedicated the following poem to him:

TO ELDER THOMAS McNEIL

Brother Thomas. We thy friends have come.
To greet you here tonight;
With love for all that you have done
In giving us true light.

Your worthy head has hoary grown
In working for the right;
But still you feel to labor on
And never give up the fight.

Though persecutions hand may rest
Upon you for awhile;
Faint not; but bravely pass the test
And receive a Savior's smile.

May angels from the realms of bliss
Bring solace to your heart;
And make you feel the happiness
That only Gods impart.

May you be blessed with health and strength
Though in a dungeon thrown
To emerge from prison walls at length
And wear a righteous crown.

He entered the penitentiary on Jan. 3, 1887. This was in the old prison and it was so crowded and dirty that they were subjected to very uncomfortable things to say the least. He was shaved and as he had worn a beard for years, he took a heavy cold and was very sick. He recovered, but was never as well and strong again. He was released on July 7, 1887, and returned home again.

He was ordained a High Priest, Jan. 2, 1862 and was set apart as first counselor to Bishop Robert Davidson of the Third Ward of Logan, on May 31, 1877 and held that position until the time of his death. He was loved and honored by all the people of the ward.

On May 17, 1884, the Logan Temple was dedicated and ordinance work was begun at once. Grandfather was called as one of the first officiators and continued in this work as long as he lived. I remember seeing him pass our home every day and he often called to see us when he was on his way home. He enjoyed his work very much and was faithful to his duty, in all kinds of weather.

In February, 1891, there was a great deal of sickness and he was around among the sick, helping and administering to them and he took the flu-pneumonia. He only lived three days after he took the disease. He died on the 9th of Feb. 1891 and his funeral was held in the Logan Tabernacle and there was a large crowd gathered to pay their last respects to their friend and brother.

On his death my mother said, "This was a great sorrow to me for I loved my father very dearly and felt his loss keenly. His faith and power of healing, through the spirit of God, were very wonderful. I relied upon him in trials and sorrows and sickness and felt that I had truly lost a good friend and a loving father. His life had always been an inspiration to me and a guiding star."

For the next year or so grandmother lived alone in the old home and kept her garden and tended her chickens. Then her health began to fail and she spent the winters at mother's home and also at Aunt Janet's and in summers she went back home to the home she had lived in so long and helped to create. Grandmother's health broke and she had to give up her home and move to Janet's where she was confined to her bed for over two years. She died, Dec. 6, 1900.

During all this time, she was patient, kind and very appreciative of all that was done for her. She was very neat and clean in all her life and she kept herself that way as long as she could. After she was bedfast, mother and Aunt Janet kept her clean and sweet as she had loved to be always.

Her funeral was held on Dec. 9, 1900 in the Logan Tabernacle and there was a large crowd gathered. She had requested her son, James R. McNeil, and my brother Melvin J. Ballard to speak at her funeral, which they did. She was a faithful Latter-day saint and set a good example for her children to follow.

I heard Brother Hugh Adams say while gazing upon her dead face, "She was a good woman and knew the Gospel, and she lived true to the principles she believed and taught." In speaking to a lady, who was once a neighbor of grandmothers, about this little story she said, "Oh, don't forget to say that she never talked scandal about anyone. I often remember her coming to visit my mother and they would begin talking about neighbors. Your grandmother would always say, 'Well, let's not say anything bad about them, if we can't speak good of them let's not talk at all'. She never used vulgar language either". She acted as a viting teacher in Relief Society and later acted as a counselor in the Third Ward Relief Society.

Grandfather was the only one of his family to accept the Gospel, but he had several cousins and one dear friend who was like a brother to him, who accepted it. This friend was Robert Henderson. They were together as boys, working in the coal mines, and as young men joined the church about the same time. They came to Logan the same year. Here their friendship was closer than ever for now they were alone. They worked in the Temple together and were in the penitentiary, for living polygamy, at the same time.

No family party at Christmas or at other times was complete without the Hendersons being guests, and they loved each other dearly. When grandfather died, I remember seeing Brother Henderson caress his face and kissing him goodbye. He said, "In life we were not divided and in eath we will not be long separated." Which was true for Brother Henderson died in a few months.

Grandfather was a coal miner by trade but a blacksmith and machinist by inclination and after he got settled in Logan he built a shop or "smithie" as he called it, which had a real old fashioned forge and bellows. Here he did all the mending and repairing of machinery, also shoeing of horses for all the neighborhood. This was done mornings and evenings and between times of farming. I remember how we grandchildren delighted to visit that "smithie" and what a thrill we had when we found the forge going. Sometimes he would let us pump the bellows or draw the red hot iron from the fire. How we loved to see the sparks fly when he struck the hot iron, and we never ceased to wonder how he could bend and beat it into shape.

Sometimes when he was not at home, we delighted to rummage in his things and I suppose we would upset things in general. When he came back and found things disturbed, he would say to grandmother, "I see the rebels have been here today". He was always kind to us though and we were never afraid of him, but loved him dearly and were always happy to be with him. He was a fluent talker and a good musician as he was the drummer in the Latter-day Saints Band in Tranent and could also play the Bagpipe. He had a good singing voice and was a good story teller. How we loved to have him do both for us. Grandfather was blessed to a large degree with the gift of healing and through the exercise of that gift, we were often blessed and comforted and helped through difficult places. We children felt that we were safe as long as grandfather was with us, and whenever he made us a promise in his blessings, it was fulfilled to the very letter.

Sometimes he has said that he was almost frightened at the things he was led to say and would wonder about it, but he would say, "I didn't say it, the Lord did and it will be so", and it always was.

A few years ago, I met a Brother Thomas Smith who knew grandfather, while he was in Scotland and he said this of him, "Thomas McNeil was no scholar, but he knew the Gospel and could teach it and lived it too. He was an honest man and no one of his descendants have anything to be ashamed of in coming through him."

I hope I have not made grandfather and grandmother seem too perfect, for they were not and I suppose they had as many faults as the average human family, but those have faded from my memory and I have tried to picture them as I remember them, for these are the things that have left their impression upon me and made me proud and thankful for such noble ancestors.

My nephew, Henry Squires, spent about a month in Scotland, and he has helped me with the history of the different clans.

I have found some very interesting things and a few of them are these: The Clan McNeil originated in the 14th century on the Barra Isles and that in the year 1715 three cousins of that Clan joined the armies of Prince Charles and came over to the main land. After the war was over these cousins decided to remain in the old mining village of Elphingston in Hollingtonshire. They went into the mines there and worked and became the founders of our line.

Forty years after that, we find our first ancestor of record, George McNeil, marrying and living in Elphingston, so I am sure he was a descendant of one of these cousins.

In speaking about the Castle Kismal on the Isle of Barra, one historian says. "There is an air of Highland independence about it's site and life, as though the McNeils, whose ancient stronghold it was, had built into it their own proud spirit. It serves to underline for visitors the humor in the legend of the clans refusal of Noah's hospitality in the ark with the statement, "Na, I winna be thanking ye. Sure the McNeil has a boat o' his ain". The clan war cry is "Victory or Death". They are credited with being a race of bards, they were the hereditary harpers and pipers to the clan Macleans of Duart.

They are also known to be artists, writers, poets, and singers. The war cry of the clan Grant is "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure." The Allans have "Gainsay who dare". The Reids say "Fierce when roused" and the Martins have "Sons of the hounds come here and get flesh".

LOGAN, CACHE COUNTY, UTAH, ON DECEMBER 8, 1884, A BLESSING GIVEN BY JOHN SMITH, PATRIARCH, UPON THE HEAD OF JANET REID MC NEIL, DAUGHTER OF PETER AND MARGARET REID, BORN IN TRANENT, WEDINGTONSHIRE, SCOTLAND, AUGUST 2, 1823.

Sister Janet, according to thy desire I place my hands upon thy head and in the name of Jesus Christ, pronounce and seal a blessing upon thee that thy heart may be comforted. Thou art of the House of Israel and have yielded obedience to the gospel with an honest heart.

Thou hast forsaken home, kindred and friends and also hast stemmed the current of opposition for the sake of salvation, and I say unto thee, continue firm, put thy trust in him who has preserved thy life in the past and delivered thee from among thy enemies and he will reward thee for the trials through which thou hast past, for thou knowest that he has heard thy petitions and has preserved thee from the evils of the world for thou hast seen his hand made bare in behalf of his people.

Thou has also seen changes for thy pathway has been a checkered one. Listen to the promptings of the monitor within thee and thy pathway shall be made clear and peace shall be thy circle.

Thou art numbered with the Mothers of Israel. It is thy privelege through prayer and faith to hold the adversary, thy health and peace may reign in thy dwelling for the Lord knoweth the secrets of thy heart and thou shalt see better days.

Thou art of Ephraim and entitled to the blessings, gifts and privileges of the new and everlasting covenant. And thou shalt receive thine inheritance among those who have fought the good fight, kept the faith and won the prize.

Learn and listen to the whisperings of the spirit and thy days and years shall be prolonged until you are satisfied, yea, even until thy mission is finished, therefore be comforted for all shall be well with both here and hereafter. It shall be thy lot also to counsel among thy sex, that the younger may receive benefits through thy experience.

This blessing I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ and I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, a saviour among thy kindred, evenso, Amen.

