

LIFE SKETCH OF MARY ALICE CANNON

by Her Children

written 1908

Eighty years ago today a young married couple, George and Ann Cannon, then living in the city of Liverpool, England, rejoiced in the birth of their second child - a daughter - whom they named Mary Alice. There was nothing about the child or her brother, George Q., who was two years her senior, or their parents, to distinguish them from the many thousands of other families who lived in that great city. The father was an intelligent and industrious tradesman - an expert carpenter, or joiner - and the mother a thoroughly domestic woman, whose love for her husband and children was only equaled by the strength of her religious fervor. Though England had been the adopted home of this branch of the Cannon family since many years before their marriage, the most of their relatives lived in the Isle of Man, and thither the family went on occasional visits. On one of these visits, at the earnest solicitation of her maternal grandmother, little Mary Alice was left to bear her company, and spend five years of her childhood in the quaint old town of Peel, for this purpose. In course of time the Cannon family was enlarged by the successive births of other children; Ann, Angus, John, David and Leonora. John, however, died when three and a half years of age. Prosperity had attended the father's labors, the family had a comfortable and happy home, the older children were acquiring an education, and gave promise of being like other children among the better class in England, no

worse than the majority, and not much if any better.

When Mary Alice was about 11 years of age, an event occurred that was destined to change the whole current of the family life. If there is any truth in the theory of heredity, it was well for the Cannon family that their ancestors, for generations, had been hardy sea-faring men, some of them captains, conspicuous for their courage and adventurous disposition. It was well that their ancestral home was in the Isle of Man, where the inhabitants, largely fishermen, are inured to hardship and used to battling with the waves and braving the tempest. If any of the traits possessed by their ancestors had been inherited by the present generation, and especially strength of will and endurance, two of the most prominent characteristics of the Manx people - they must certainly be called into action in the strenuous life that lay before the Cannon family thenceforward.

Some years previously Leonora Cannon, a sister of George Cannon, had migrated to Canada, and there met and married a young Englishman named John Taylor. Parly P. Pratt, as a Latter-day Saint missionary, soon afterwards visited the part of Canada where the Taylors lived, and they were converted and joined their fortunes with the Saints in Ohio. From Nauvoo John Taylor was sent on a mission to Great Britain, and immediately upon landing called upon his wife's brother and family. A profound impression was made by this visit. The visitor had scarcely left the house, after a brief call, when the mother expressed the firm conviction she felt that he was a servant of God, although he had not then made known

the fact that he was a missionary or explained the Gospel. The parents were baptized. Little Mary Alice, though so young, greatly desired baptism at the same time, but was too timid to ask for it. From the time she listened to the first conversation on the Gospel she had felt greatly exercised in regard to it, and earnestly prayed to the Lord for a testimony as to its truth. As a result, she obtained a strong assurance from the Lord of its truth, that has never since admitted of a doubt. The parents had been members of the Church four months when, in June 1840, Elder Praley P. Pratt visited them in company with Elder Taylor. They had just finished eating breakfast, with the whole family present, when Elder Pratt, as if moved by a sudden inspiration, said: "Elder Taylor, have you preached the Gospel to these children? Some of them want to be baptized now. Don't you?" he asked looking straight at Mary Alice. "Yes, Sir," she promptly replied, her heart so full of gratitude to the Lord for the opportunity she had prayed for of having her desire made known, that she could hardly speak. Further questioning resulted in immediate arrangements being made for the baptism of George Q., Mary Alice and Ann - all the children of the family then old enough for the ordinance. It didn't take the family long to discover that there was no fellowship or tolerance for them among their relatives, or indeed among their former friends. Though formerly popular, they were now pitied or denounced if not thoroughly hated. Whether this fact tended to create a desire to migrate to America or not, true it was that they soon obtained the spirit of gathering. The only social enjoyment the family found

was in mingling with members of the church, and the desire soon grew strong to go where the majority of the members could be found. The mother especially revolted at the thought of her children growing up in an atmosphere of unbelief, and although she was in delicate health, and had a premonition that amounted almost if not quite to an absolute fore-knowledge that she would not live to reach America, she insisted upon going, and was impatient to start. The father, too, after having a dream of his wife dying at sea, feared that it might prove true, and would have hesitated about going had the Lord not made known to him, in answer to prayer, that it was his duty to do so.

The family embarked on a sailing vessel bound for New Orleans in September 1842, and the mother died and was buried at sea six weeks later, after suffering from sea sickness almost if not quite every day of the voyage up to that time. The forlorn condition of the family can more easily be imagined than described. The promises held out by the Gospel seemed to be their only comfort and support. For Mary Alice, mere child that she was, there was too much to do in caring for the younger brothers and sisters to admit of her yielding to grief. The new responsibility suddenly thrust upon her had the effect of merging her childhood into womanhood without any interim for youth. The sea voyage ended at New Orleans, eight weeks after it commenced, the intention being to proceed immediately by river steamboat to Nauvoo; but obstacles were soon encountered the first being the grounding of the boat on a sandbar, resulting in such a tedious delay that severe frost set

in and the boat was unable to proceed farther north than St. Louis because of the river being frozen over. The Cannon family accordingly spent the winter in St. Louis, the father providing homes and support for two other families whom he had charitably immigrated from England besides his own.

Nauvoo was finally reached in April 1843, seven months after the departure from England. A cordial greeting by the Prophet Joseph Smith and a hearty welcome from Aunt Leonora Taylor and family helped to reconcile them, and the peaceful home obtained in Nauvoo was all the more appreciated because of the difficulties experienced en route.

In February, 1844, the father married a second time, the motherless condition of his children and a desire on his part for their welfare doubtless hastening the event.

This was a crucial period in the Church's history. Disaffection was rife, and the allegiance of many who had formerly been considered stalwarts in the faith had become very uncertain. Apostates, secret and outspoken, were conspiring with former enemies of the church to overthrow the work of the Lord and encompass the death of the Prophet. The martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch and the very serious wounding of Apostle John Taylor occurred, as a result of these diabolical plots, in June. During all these trying times the Church had no more loyal supporters than the Cannon family. The father was among those who cared for the bodies of the martyrs when returned to Nauvoo, and he it was who (with the assistance of his friend, Ariar Brower) made the plaster

casts of the faces and heads of the Prophet and Patriarch when the bodies were washed and prepared for burial.

In the August following, having gone to St. Louis to obtain employment, George Cannon suddenly died there. If the children's condition was forlorn when their mother died, it was doubly so now. The one fact that they were located with the body of the Church, rendered their condition more tolerable. What might have been the result so far as the children were concerned, of their being thus early left orphans if they had remained in England can only be conjectured. The one supreme desire of the mother, to hasten the departure from England that the children might be with the body of the Church before being left without their natural protectors, was now justified.

George Q. and Ann found a home with their Aunt Leonora, the former, being already in the employ of Elder Taylor as a printer, and Mary Alice, though lacking two weeks of being sixteen years old at the time, married in the November following, and provided a home for Angus, David and Leonora. Charles Lambert, the husband, was a thoroughly congenial companion, though twelve years the senior of his wife, and was willing as well as qualified to provide for the three orphans of whom he became the lawful guardian. He was an expert mechanic who for the Gospel's sake had given up a lucrative position and sacrificed worldly advantages in England to migrate to Nauvoo, where he landed in the early part of 1844. He had offered his services to help build the Temple without hope of payment therefor, and remained so employed up to the time the Temple was

dedicated and he and his wife received their blessings therein, though his devotion thereto involved many hardships and severe privations, and almost super-human self denial.

In all these trials Mother Lambert, as we now call her, and as she then was too, though not so called, (for her first child, Charles J., was born in Nauvoo in November, 1845, when she lacked one month of being 17 years old) was a true partner, patient, cheerful, industrious and self-sacrificing, and as loyal to the cause of God as the needle to the pole.

They succeeded in acquiring a fairly comfortable home in Nauvoo and a farm a short distance outside of the city, but they were not destined to long enjoy their possessions. The enemies of the Church were not content with having killed the Prophet and Patriarch; they were determined to drive the Saints from the state of Illinois, as they had previously been driven from Missouri. The Saints, especially in the outlying settlements, were continually being harassed by the lawless mob. Farms were frequently pillaged or their crops burned. Domestic animals were driven off, and the inhabitants in some instances severely beaten and compelled to flee from their homes to save their lives. Many of their houses were also set fire to before the owners' sight. Not only were the Saints the victims of these ruthless depredations, but they were actually accused of being the perpetrators of the same, and this made the pretext by the mob for demanding that the Saints remove from the state or abandon their religion. Is it any wonder that some of the more weak and faithless of the members chose the latter

alternative!

An agreement was finally entered into, between the Saints on one side, and state officials and leaders of the mob on the other, that the Saints should leave the state as soon as they could sell their possessions. It soon became apparent, however, that they would have to abandon their homes instead of selling them as their enemies, though anxious to secure them, showed little disposition to pay for them.

The majority of the Saints living in Nauvoo left there to journey westward in the early part of the year 1846, leaving those whose services to work upon the Temple were required, or who lacked the necessary equipment for the journey to follow on afterwards. When the Apostles returned later to Nauvoo to dedicate the Temple they exacted a promise from those yet remaining there, and who possessed the necessary outfits to undertake the journey, that they would not abandon any of the less fortunate Saints who might desire to accompany them, but help them out of the state. Before they were ready to depart, however, the mobocrats, in far superior numbers, surrounded and besieged the city.

Charles Lambert took a prominent part in the city's defense, helping to manipulate one of the cannons which in the emergency he and others had improvised from an old steamboat shaft, and mounted upon a part of the running gear of a wagon.

Mother Lambert was an interested and anxious spectator of the battle. In addition to having her own small family to care for, a Mrs Haines, a neighbor, who was very ill, had been brought to her

home to be nursed, her husband being absent from the city. During the bombardment, which lasted several days, some of the cannonballs fired by the mob passed close by but none of them actually struck the house. In one instance an old gentleman who felt too feeble to be among the city's defenders, but whose anxiety to see how the battle waged led him to ascend to the top of the roof of the Lambert house to get a good view, was so alarmed by a cannonball passing close to his head that he rolled from the roof to the ground.

A flag of truce was finally raised by the mob, and a treaty effected, one of the provisions of which was that the Saints would vacate the city within three days. Such of the household goods possessed by the Lambert family as could be were loaded into a wagon box and an attempt made to remove across the river. As they approached the Mississippi, however, in the lower part of the town, so many other wagons were found to be ahead of theirs, waiting to be ferried over, that a temporary camp was made near an abandoned home. While on the way from their home to this point the family had been surrounded by a large posse of the mob and compelled to give up to them such firearms as they possessed. Soon after reaching the temporary camp, and while Father Lambert was absent with his team for the purpose of hauling John Haines' wagon, with his household goods and his sick wife in it, down to the same point, a second mob appeared and demanded that Mother Lambert give up to them whatever firearms were in the wagon. In vain she told them the weapons had already been surrendered, and that she did not

have the keys to unlock the boxes in the wagon. They used a hammer to forcibly break open the boxes, and proceeded to ransack all that the wagon contained, with the result that they obtained possession of a sword and bowie knife. These they brandished before the frightened mother and panic-stricken children, accusing her of lying to them when she said she had no firearms, and threatening to cut her head off. A sister of the Prophet Joseph Smith was a witness of this scene, she having proffered to remain with Mother Lambert for company while her husband was absent, and expressed regret that she didn't have some weapon to shoot the men while threatening her friend.

In course of time they succeeded in getting ferried over the river and formed a camp on the Iowa side until Father Lambert could fulfill his pledge to help the poor Saints who had no means of conveyance across the river, where they would be free from the power of the mob. While engaged in this mission of charity a party of mobocrats recognized him as one who had been conspicuous in the fight, and with guns aimed at him, ordered his surrender. Then, while the two largest men of the party took him down into the river and held him under the water three times in succession until his breath was gone, fourteen others with their guns cocked and ready for action threatened to shoot him if he attempted to resist, neither did two brethren who were with him at the time - Thomas Harrington and Daniel Hill - for they were unarmed and knew it would be folly to do so. They were silent witnesses of the scene, and neither they nor Father Lambert made any response to the oaths

of their persecutors, nor to the threat that if they ventured upon that side of the river again they would be shot on sight. Notwithstanding the threat, however, Father Lambert was in Nauvoo the following day, and continued to go over there until all the poor Saints who cared to be helped across the river had abandoned the city. On one of these occasions he was detained in Nauvoo, because of the pressing nature of what he had in hand, and Mother Lambert, fearing the mob had caught him and executed their threat, walked the bank of the river all night in the greatest agony of suspense, and inquired anxiously about her husband of every passenger that crossed on the ferry boat, but all in vain. However, he showed up the next morning with an additional yoke of cattle which he had secured on an account due him.

While encamped on the bank of the river on the Iowa side a rain storm occurred which continued without cessation for three days and nights, until the wagons and their contents as well as the clothing worn were thoroughly soaked. The sick woman, Mrs. Haines, was placed on a bed under the wagon, that being the most sheltered place available, and there Mother Lambert and others waited upon her as best they could, even holding milk pans over her bed to catch the water as it dripped through the wagon box, until she died - a martyr to the persecution to which the Saints were subjected.

It was while encamped on the bank of this river that the Saints, many of them suffering for want of food as well as otherwise ailing, were visited by a flock of quails, miraculously rendered so tame that some of them alighted on the beds occupied by

the sick and were caught by their hands, and other allowed themselves to be killed with sticks. Those persecuted and suffering Saints, the Lambert family among the rest, accepted the birds as sent of the Lord, considering themselves as much the objects of divine favor as were the Israelites of old when fed with manna, and cooked the quail and ate them with the greatest possible relish.

The journey through Iowa was a very difficult one, and not entirely devoid of danger. The country was very sparsely settled, there were no really good roads except occasional stretches of natural prairie, and the numerous streams encountered generally had to be forded because of the absence of bridges. However, they did not travel continuously, a stop of some weeks being made at Bonaparte, and employment obtained by which supplies were earned. It was while traveling westward from that point that a very serious accident occurred. Mother Lambert was very nervous about riding over bad places, preferring to walk when allowed to do so. The fact that the team animals, which consisted of two yoke of steers and one yoke of cows, were not well broken - in fact, quite wild when they left Nauvoo - rendered her more chary about riding. When approaching Soap Creek, which she had learned was a difficult stream to cross, she alighted from the wagon, and soon afterwards, by some accident fell in front of the wagon wheel, and before the team could be stopped, two wheels had passed over the small of her back. In addition to the weight of the wagon itself, its load amounted to fully 3500 pounds, making a combined weight sufficient to crush the life out of a person under ordinary circumstances.

Indeed it was supposed when she was picked up that she was dead. Father Lambert, however, was not willing to admit such a possibility, and called upon as many of his fellow travelers as had any faith to join with him in administering to her. Her life was miraculously spared, and the journey resumed the following day, but she has suffered more or less ever since from the effect of the accident.

Winter Quarters, on the west bank of the Missouri river, where the main body of the Saints had encamped, was reached late in November, and soon as Father Lambert had constructed a log house to shelter his family during the winter he made his way to Missouri and found employment by which he earned supplies, and sent to his wife and children. He and his family were ambitious to journey westward with the pioneers in the spring. They were prevented, however, from so doing by the Indians killing their team animals after they had been brought through the winter in good condition, and shortly before the journey was to be undertaken.

It was a sad disappointment, but only a temporary set back. With courage unabated the family removed to St. Joseph, Mo., where living was cheap and work abundant, and in February of the following year, with a new team and supplies earned in Missouri, Mother Lambert and the children were sent forward to Winter Quarters to be ready to undertake the journey westward, while Father Lambert remained in Missouri to work as long as possible before rejoining them. That journey of 150 miles in that inclement season was a terrible one, but it was bravely accomplished. In

crossing the river from Ferry Point to Winter Quarters, however, a new misfortune occurred. The river had been frozen over for a considerable period, and teams had passed over it on the ice with impunity. Even that very morning two heavily loaded wagons had gone over. Yet when the Lambert wagon was being taken across, although the precaution had been resorted to of taking the team over first and drawing the wagon over from a distance with a rope, the ice gave way. There, in that bleak March weather, six weeks before her son George was born, Mother Lambert stood upon the bank of the Missouri river with her child in her arms, and her two young brothers and young sister clinging to her skirts, and saw the wagon containing all the family's earthly substance sink through the ice to the bottom of the stream. Sister Jane Dutson (now Mrs. Alexander Melville, of Fillmore) who had accompanied Mother Lambert from Missouri, stood beside her when the wagon disappeared, and the catastrophe almost made their hearts cease beating. They never expected to see the wagon or its contents again. The accident however, didn't prove so serious as that. The occasion served to illustrate how spontaneously kind, sympathetic and resourceful Latter-day Saints are. Though Mother Lambert had few acquaintances in Winter Quarters, the news of her misfortune soon spread, and proffers of help and expressions of sympathy came from all quarters. Volunteers soon plunged into the ice water and readily reappeared bearing in their hands articles recovered from the wagon, which in turn were seized by others standing near the edge of the ice and then loaded upon hand sleds and conveyed to the

shore. Before night set in, most of the contents of the wagon had been recovered - damaged, of course, but not completely spoiled, and all done without any intimation of a favor being conferred thereby, much less any kind of remuneration being expected. Depend upon it, though, Mother Lambert was not lacking in gratitude, and in her prayers that night as she enjoyed the shelter of Brother Harrington's hospitable roof, she thanked God with all the fervency of which she was capable that she was a Latter-day Saint and for the fraternal spirit that abounded among her fellow members.

The next day, by some method not now remembered, the wagon also was recovered.

Very soon afterwards President Young who was then at Winter Quarters preparing to start on his second trip to the Salt Lake Valley, accompanied by his family, wrote to Father Lambert in Missouri, advising that he remain there another year, promising as a condition of his doing so, that he should lose nothing, but be able to go with a much better outfit than he otherwise could. Mother Lambert and the children accordingly returned thither and awaited the arrival of the spring of 1849.

The journey to the Valley, which occupied six months, was full of vicissitudes and rich in the experience that tends most to develop character. The goal for which the family had longed and prayed, though a wild region, forbidden in appearance, was hailed with joy, as promising exemption from contact with a sinful world and freedom from persecution. One thing that was specially disappointing to Mother Lambert and her three proteges was that

their brother George Q., who with his sister Ann had reached the Valley in 1847, soon after the pioneers landed, had only the day before started on a mission to California, thence to proceed to the Sandwich Islands. This involved a separation, as it afterwards proved (counting from the time they parted in Winter Quarters) of almost eight years. He had in anticipation of the family's arrival, arranged for the purchase of a lot - the same lot which was the family's home for so many years, and still in their possession - and made some adobes from which they might construct a house.

As illustrative of Father Lambert's disposition to follow the counsel of the Church leaders, it may here be mentioned that President Willard Richards, one of the Pioneers, and second counselor to President Young, who entertained a very strong friendship for Father Lambert, had saved a corner lot on Main Street - that upon which Walker Bros. bank now stands - for his friend, and so informed him on his arrival. Father Lambert expressed his gratitude for the kindness, but said, as President Young's counsel was that no family should have more than one city lot, and his brother-in-law, George Q., had bargained for a lot for him a couple of blocks distant from Main Street (the price of which must be paid) and made some adobes with which to build thereon, he felt that he ought to decline Brother Richard's kind offer. One has only to recall the almost fabulous value of that Main Street lot at the present time to realize what he lost by that declination, and yet, if its possession would have made the family

become worldly minded and think less of their religion, Father Lambert must even now, if permitted to know anything of mundane affairs, thank God that he did not accept it.

Those early years in Salt Lake Valley were years of desperate toil, hardship and privation, of which the Lambert family had their full share - perhaps more than their share; not however, from want of effort on their part, for none were more industrious or frugal, but largely because of their willingness to help others. A more generous man than Charles Lambert probably never lived. He found more pleasure in relieving the wants of others who were in need than self gratification ever could have afforded him, and his wife was a worthy partner in that same respect. The needy did not have to apply to them to obtain assistance; they were sought for and their wants relieved without ostentation. No family ever bore privation with less complaining. When the crops failed through the ravages of grasshoppers weeks passed without even the children of the household tasting bread, and they were the first served and the last to go without. No woman in Utah probably had the faculty of preparing for her family a more palatable meal from herbs and roots than Mother Lambert, nor more wholesome and enjoyable fare when food was more plentiful and varied. How she accomplished the herculean tasks which came to her, and which she performed uncomplainingly, is incomprehensible to the present generation. Her first three children being boys, and their services being otherwise required, she had very little help in the household the greater part of the time she was bearing children, and she was the

mother of fourteen. (She didn't shirk the duties of motherhood.) She was the dress-maker and tailoress for the family even to the carding and spinning of wool some of the time. Hers also was the task of cooking for the family, and not with the present facilities either. The open fireplace with its bake kettle and skillet and frying pan, and the adobe oven, were her early culinary conveniences in Utah. These were succeeded by the sheet iron stove, and that by the cast iron step stove, and so on up to the range. She did the butter making and washing and ironing and mending for the family too, and it was always a big family, frequently including hired male help. She was the housekeeper also, and a good housekeeper too, the house seldom being out of order. It presented a cheery welcome to friends and acquaintances from far and near, and many availed themselves of it.

Hers was no stinted hospitality. The best she had was at the disposal of all who called, and frequently even the floors were taxed to their capacity to find room for the beds of those she entertained. She was a good disciplinarian too. All her children as they grew up were taught to work, and in turn bore their share of the burden. She was also a famous nurse, and possessed of considerable skill in the use of the simple remedies that served so well to maintain a standard of health that has not been equaled in the more recent years, notwithstanding our numerous and high priced doctors. In these latter respects her services were not limited to members of her own household by any means.

Her own health was never especially robust, though she must have inherited a strong constitution and possessed naturally an indomitable will. She was seldom free from pain in her back, as a result of the accident before mentioned. Her powers were taxed too upon numerous occasions and for extended periods in caring for an ailing husband, although he was a man who would bear any amount of pain without complaint. He was a great sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism, which caused a partial loss of his eyesight several times, and for more than six months at one time he was without the use of one arm, through having his shoulder dislocated.

The death of her husband, which occurred sixteen and a half years since, added an additional burden to her, but it also called forth her self-reliance and proved that she possessed considerable executive ability.

In addition to all the labors and cares and duties mentioned, Mother Lambert found time throughout a very large part of her career for a great deal of charity work. For fifteen and a half years she was secretary of the relief society of the 7th ward, and for the succeeding twenty two years was its president. She filled the last named office up to the time she removed from the ward, and her removal was for the purpose of being near the Temple, having been called to be one of its regular workers at the time that edifice was completed in 1893. She filled a mission to England with her husband in 1882-3, and spent several months visiting different counties in Europe, in 1906, mainly for the purpose of obtaining genealogical data. She has performed ordinances in the

Temple for hundreds of her relatives and friends who died without the privilege of accepting the Gospel. She has also labored to a considerable extent as a missionary of the general board of the Relief Society, her travels in this capacity extending from Idaho in the North to Mexico in the south.

Hers has been an unusually busy and useful life, and according to her opinion, a rather happy one. She feels that she has had more real joy during her eighty years upon earth than usually falls to the lot of mortals. And why not! A faithful adherence to duty throughout her life had left her comparatively little to regret, and unhappiness is largely the result of regret and remorse for sins committed and opportunities lost. Happiness depends less upon worldly possessions and a life of ease than upon a pure heart and a clear conscience. Her present joy is all the more complete for the sorrow she has felt; the peace of her recent years all the more enjoyable for the trials and turmoil of the past, and the comfortable competence she now enjoys is all the more appreciated because of her early privations. If happiness is at all dependent on the love of kindred, she ought to be supremely happy; for she has a numerous posterity, who almost idolize her. She is not able to wholly gratify the wishes of her several sons and daughters because of her inability to spend her remaining days in mortality as a member of the household of each; so she maintains her own modest but comfortable home and enjoys a hearty welcome at the home of any of them as often and as long as she may choose to visit. They appreciate her wise counsel and motherly interest, and feel,

one and all, that whatever of merit they have accomplished in life has been due to the inspiring example and wholesome precepts set before them by her and their revered father. To him not less than to her do they feel indebted, and forever shall be though they become the best and most dutiful of sons and daughters, for he was a model father, as loving, kind, self-sacrificing, honest, industrious and faithful as mortal father ever was. He alone of all his father's family embraced the Gospel as revealed anew, but from him and Mother Lambert, through the blessing of the Lord, a direct progeny has resulted (including three generations) to number of 151, all of whom are living except 27, and all in the faith for which he sacrificed so much, and which was his guiding star through life.

Scarcely less remarkable has been the increase from the Cannon family generally, although the posterity of Mother Lambert outnumbered those of any one of her brothers or sisters. The direct descendants of George Cannon (including the six children already mentioned as having been left orphans, and their sister Elizabeth, born as a product of the second marriage six months after her father's death) who are living number 477, to say nothing of those who died. In view of the fact that their numerous relatives left in England and the Isle of Man have actually decreased until their known descendants scarcely outnumber the fingers on one's two hands, we may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

In conclusion, we all join in wishing that Mother Lambert may live to enjoy many more anniversaries of this natal day.

Her Children.

MARY ALICE CANNON

Mary Alice was the second child and the first daughter of George Cannon and Ann Quayle, born on December 9, 1828 in Liverpool, England. She was a vigorous healthy child, beautiful to look upon, and with a winning way which almost instantly captivated all who came in contact with her. So when in her tender childhood she was taken by her parents to visit their kinsfolk in the Isle of Man, it is small wonder that her doting grandmother entreated that the little girl be left for a time with her to cheer and brighten her declining years. The parents gave reluctant consent; Mary Alice herself appears to have been quite willing. Thus she spent about five happy years in the quaint old town of Peel, during part of which time she had her little brother Angus with her. She had returned, however, to the home of her parents before the important event in the family's history of the visit of Elder John Taylor from America. Her recollection of the incidents connected with this visit was most vivid, and her testimony as to the effect of Elder Taylor's preaching of the Gospel was clear and unshaken to the day of her death.

Mary Alice was baptized a member of the Church in June 1840 along with her brother George Q. and her sister Ann. Mary Alice tells us that one day in early June, 1840, 4 months after the parents had become members of the Church, Elder Parley P. Pratt visited the family in company with Elder Taylor. They had just finished eating breakfast, with all the family present, when Elder Pratt, as if moved by a sudden inspiration, inquired: "Elder Taylor, have you preached the Gospel to these children? Some of

them want to be baptized now. Don't you?" he asked, looking straight at her. She promptly answered, "Yes, Sir," and George Q. as promptly signified his desire also. Arrangements were made within a few days for the performance of the ordinance.

On September 17, 1842 the family sailed from Liverpool to New Orleans. Her Mother died enroute. They reached New Orleans on November 11, and left on November 15 and arrived in St. Louis on December 11, 1842. The river boat could not proceed any farther up the river due to lateness of the season and the family spent the winter of 1842-3 in St. Louis. They made their way to Nauvoo in April and their seven mouths' journey ended. They were greeted and bid welcome by the large crowd that was at the landing. The meeting of their kinsfolk, John and Leonora Taylor, was happy and affectionate as such an occasion could not fail to be.

Mary Alice, with the consent of her father, had sought and found employment in the family of Col. Taylor, some 16 miles beyond Madison, Iowa, where she cooked not only for the family of ten but for about 30 farm-hands beside. She was now only 15 years old and her health suffered under this drudgery. She returned to Nauvoo, though not in time to see her father before he started on the trip to St. Louis from which he never returned. His death occurred in August, 1844, and a few weeks later, in November, she became the wife of Charles Lambert.

She had made the acquaintance of this valiant and unselfish young Englishman through her Uncle Taylor; and though he was twelve years her senior, and though she was not quite 16 years old, the necessity for providing a home for her younger brothers and sister

overcame all considerations of delay. Besides, she loved him truly; and his willingness to assume the care and maintenance of the three little orphans for whom she felt a real mother's solicitude and responsibility was so wholesouled and sincere that she felt not only justified but even impelled to accept him without further postponement. It was in all respects a happy decision. Their married life was rich in affection, joy and blessing; and as the legally appointed stepfather and guardian of the orphans, he fulfilled, with splendid devotion, every obligation that the most exacting observer could have suggested. He was an expert stone-cutter and mason, a master builder in fact, who had given up a lucrative position and sacrificed worldly advantages in England for the Gospel's sake. Arriving in Nauvoo this same year, 1844, he had offered his services to help build the temple without hope of payment therefor; and he remained so employed until the temple was dedicated and he and his young wife received their blessings therein.

They acquired a comfortable home in Nauvoo, as well as a farm a short distance outside that city, which was one of the happiest of gathering places for both young and old, and where their first child Charles John, was born when the mother still lacked one month of being seventeen years old. But they were not destined to enjoy for long their well earned contentment and possessions. The enemies of the Church, not satisfied with having slain the Prophet and Patriarch, were now determined to drive the Saints from Illinois as they had previously driven them from Missouri. After a series of outrages, an agreement was finally entered into whereby

the Saints were to leave the state as soon as they could sell their property. This agreement was soon violated by the mob, however, who could not wait for sales of property to be effected, and were bent on compelling the people to abandon their homes at once and seek safety in flight. Among those who remained in the doomed city after many had fled across the Mississippi river into Iowa were the Lambert family, this because the leaders of the people had desired that a remnant should stay as a rear guard, so to speak, until all who wished to go, even though unprovided with facilities or vehicles to do so, should have been assisted. There followed speedily an attack by the mob upon the doomed city.

Charles Lambert took a prominent part in the city's defense, helping to manipulate one of the cannons that he and others had improvised from an old steamboat shaft and mounted upon a part of the running gear of a wagon.

In addition to having her own small family to care for, Mary Alice had brought into her home a sick neighbor, Mrs. Haines, whose husband was away. During the bombardment, which lasted several days, some of the cannonballs came uncomfortably close to the Lambert house. An old gentleman, who felt too feeble to join the city's defenders but whose anxiety to see how the battle waged led him to ascend the Lamberts' rooftop to get a good view, was so alarmed by a cannonball passing close to his head that he rolled from the roof to the ground.

A flag of truce was finally raised by the mob, and they agreed to give the Saints three days in which to evacuate the city in peace. The Lamberts loaded their movable household goods into a

wagon and joined the exodus. As they approached the Mississippi in the lower part of the town, they found so many other wagons ahead of them, waiting to be ferried across, that they had to make a temporary camp near an abandoned home.

While on the way from their home, the family had been surrounded by a posse of the mob and compelled to give up such firearms as they possessed. After making their temporary camp, Charles took his team back to help John Haines haul his wagon. In his absence, a second mob appeared and demanded that Mary Alice give them whatever weapons were in the wagon. In vain she told them the weapons had already been surrendered and that she did not have the keys to unlock the boxes in the wagon. Breaking open the boxes with a hammer, the mob ransacked all the wagon's contents; and upon finding a sword and bowie knife that had previously been overlooked, they brandished the weapons before the wife and terrified children, accusing her of lying to them and threatening to cut off her head. She confronted them unafraid, and they rode off, profaning with oaths and threats their admiration for the eighteen year old girl's bravery.

Although her husband, by reason of his valor in resisting the mob's blood-thirsty violence, was a marked man with them, he nevertheless returned several times to the city in aid of others; and on one occasion, being captured, he was immersed time and again in the river and all but drowned by his inhuman captors, his distracted wife meanwhile walking up and down the Iowa bank of the river all night long awaiting his return.

While they were camped on the Iowa side of the river, a rain storm soaked them thoroughly for three days and nights. The sick woman, Mrs. Haines, was placed on a bed under the wagon, that being the most sheltered place available; and Mary Alice held milk pans over her bed to catch the water dripping through the wagon box, until the poor woman died.

It was here that the Saints, many of them suffering for want of food and ailing, were visited by a flock of quail, miraculously rendered so tame that some alighted on the beds of the sick and were caught by their hands, while other birds allowed themselves to be killed with sticks. The persecuted and suffering Saints, the Lambert family among the rest, accepted the birds as sent of the Lord and ate them with thanksgiving.

Finally the westward journey across Iowa was begun, and with it came the usual hardships and perils incident to such a migration. At the crossing of one stream, Mary Alice fell in front of one of the wagon wheels, and the loaded vehicle, fully two tons in weight, passed over her. She was picked up for dead, but she was miraculously spared and was able to continue the journey the next day, though the injury to her back gave her more or less trouble during the balance of her life. Through no fault of their own, the continuation of the trip to the valley of the Great Salt Lake was deferred until 1849; and during these years the family resided for a time in St. Joseph, Missouri, where her husband found good employment, and was enabled to equip himself well for the trek across the Plains whenever it should be possible to undertake it. An experience which seemed to threaten a still longer delay at the

frontier occurred when their well-loaded wagon, returning from Missouri to Winter Quarters, broke through the ice while crossing the Missouri river, and went to the bottom with all its contents. The young mother with her little brood, the father being still in Missouri working industriously to acquire more means for their sustenance and comfort viewed the catastrophe with benumbed dismay. However, the water-soaked supplies were rescued without being a total loss, and even the wagon was recovered the next day. Soon afterwards her second son, George C., was born.

The journey to the Valley, at last commenced, occupied six months, but it was accomplished in safety. The day before the family's arrival in Salt Lake City, Mary Alice's eldest brother George Q., who with her sister Ann had reached the valley in 1847 with Elder Taylor's family, started on a mission to California, thence to proceed to the Sandwich Islands. To have missed seeing this brother, from whom she had parted in Winter Quarters more than two years before, was a great disappointment to her; indeed an additional five years was to elapse, making a separation of nearly eight years, before they had the opportunity of again meeting each other. In anticipation of the arrival of his brothers and sisters, he had made adobes from which they could build a house and had arranged for the acquisition of a lot for them in what became the Seventh Ward, the same lot and house which was the family's home for so many years.

The early years in Utah were years of toil, hardship and privation, and in these Mary Alice and her family had their full share. If they endured poverty, and at times even scarcity of

food, they were never unable or unwilling to help others. She was a marvelous needle woman; she had a remarkable faculty for preparing food from the least promising materials, such as roots and herbs; and when, with more prosperous times, better materials were available, her cooking was quite famous. She also carded and wove, spun and fashioned and sewed diligently - in short she was a model housekeeper whose hospitality was never stinted and whose larder was never bare. With it all she performed the duties of motherhood to the fullest extent, having given birth to 14 children, and neglecting not the slightest detail in their nurture and loving care. She had much skill as a nurse and in the use of the homely remedies then in use, and many a family had cause to bless her kindly and comforting ministrations. She retained her beauty to the end of her long life, and had to the last a complexion as fair and fresh as a girl.

In 1882-3 she filled a mission to England with her husband, and in 1906 she visited the old country in company with her brother Angus, spending considerable time in the homeland of her parents and her ancestors - the Isle of Man. For more than fifteen years she was secretary of the Relief Society in the Seventh Ward, and of the succeeding 22 years she was its president, giving up the office at last in order that she might reside nearer the Salt Lake Temple, to which she had been called as one of the regular workers at the time the edifice was completed and dedicated in 1893. She also labored as a missionary of the general board of the Relief Society, in which capacity she visited many of the stakes of Zion in travels which extended from Canada to Mexico, and from Colorado to the

Pacific Coast. Her activity during all but the concluding portion of her life was notable, and she never for a moment wavered in her testimony and belief as to the latter-day Prophet. She became exceedingly interested in the work of salvation for the dead, and she performed ordinances in the temple for hundreds of her relatives and friends who died without the privilege of accepting the Gospel.

Her husband died in 1892, and she was called upon to mourn also the loss of several of her grown children who preceded her to the other side. Until her last sickness she continued her temple work, and from her deathbed she addressed in a clear strong voice the scores of friends who, from time to time, called to see her, reiterating her positive knowledge of the truth of the principles which she had accepted in her youth. The end came at the home of her devoted daughter Mary Alice Lambert Woodbury, September 7, 1920, when she had attained the remarkable age of 92 years lacking 3 months. She was buried in the City Cemetery, Salt Lake City, September 10, 1920.

I have done promiceing to come and see me at Nauvoo which he did and I introduced him to President John Taylor the last I heard of him was drove out of Carthage for a damn Jack Mormon. At that time the blood of Joseph and Hyrum marked the floor I saw it the Sherrif was with me to show me I worked on the Temple by day at night was guarding the City our living was poor I worked and finished the first Capital and part of 11 others I conented with Brother William Player that I would stick to the Temple pay or no pay until finished and did I gurried and worked the last stone called the Capstone in which was desposited coins books this was liad one morning before beakfast and a good time we had. I must mention a circumstance that took place a short time previos to finishing the Temple. I was going home when my wife met me at the door and began crying said she could stand anything but this (that was the childeren crying for beard and she had none to give them I replied why do you not go and ask the Lord to send you some why not you go with me we went into our bedroom and fastened ourseelves in and there made our request in about an hour after Brother Lucious Scovil came and after some little talk said he would like me to make a grave stone to mark the place where his son was burried I told him I would do it he said he was in no hurry but wanted it done I told him I had a family depending on me he said he did not have anythingto pay with but in a while told me he could let me have some wheat if I wished it I told him I would be pleased to get some he wished me to go with him and he wuld let me have it I went got the wheat 4 or 4 1/2 bushels I got and took it to Nights Mill

and returned home with the grist thus was our prayers answered our house was on the corner of Hotchikiss and Fulmer St. Ezre T Benson lived across the street west of us. About this time I was coming home one afternoon I was coming home and just before I got home I met a man of middle stature who accosted saying he was wishing to see me he was of light complexion dressed in a merchantile suit of clothes saying he was glad to meet me as he wanted me to leave the Mormons and go with him to St Louis I had suffered enough I told him I could not as I knew it was true and the Church of Christ, O never mind says he I have plenty of money and showed me a big handful of gold saying you shall not want and you can school your children and live as a white man I asked him if he was a married man he said no he was what was called a bachelor I asked him what his occupation was he said he owned a many vessels I understood to be steamboats he tried to prevail on me but I told him it was the work of the Lord I was engaged in and live or die I was for the Lord I then left him not turning quickly round think it was a strange affair but altho the street was fenced on both sides I could not see him when I got home my wife wanted to know what I was standing so long in the street for she saw no one with me I told her she then said it was the Devil I then said he was a gentleman then and I would not have him run down any more. These were perilous times for the Saints the 12 had left and everyone was doing their best to make an outfit to follow the 12 west I with several others went to wagon making under Sam Bringham and had got the wood work for one for myself made, but where to get the

iron I could not tell I prayed to the Lord to open the way a Brother Crook a blacksmith said it would cost \$5 and if I could get the Iron he would do his part. A short time after this I had a cow that had got away from me I found her and bringing her home when we got to Casper Creek she was somewhat wild and run me through the creek but I stuck to her but when I got home I had to change my cloths. The next morning she was gone found her about the same place when I got to the creek through it we went and I got annother wetting when I got home in changeing my cloths from the pands droped an English soverin a ten cent and a five this was just \$5 it was an agreeable suprise I told my wife the Lord had sent that to buy the Iron for the Wagon I could account for it no other way and put it to that use I bought the wagon to Salt Lake. [At another time he received money in a miraculous manner and through dirct answer to prayer, and in a most mysterious manner.

The baby, Charles John, was taken violenly ill and money was needed with which to buy medicine in order to save his life. There was none to be had, and the father did not know where he could get any. Charles and Mary Alice knelt in prayer, knowing that if they did so with faith, that their prayer would be answered.

Soon after this, the father when entering the house, felt in the band of his trousers and noticed there was something hard there. They ripped the waist band open and found the exact amount of money needed for the medicine. They were so honest, that before using the money, he went to the tailor who had made the trousers and asked if that was his money. The tailor replied that he was

sure he had not sewn it into the waist band as he remembered very well that at the time he was making them, he did not have any money in his possession. All felt that it was a direct answer to prayer, and the life of the baby was spared.]

I was present when Prophet Joseph preached his last sermon from the house top near the Mansion it was a frame building put up to the square and a place floored over for him to stand on I do not think it was ever taked down it was too powerful he called on the thunder and lightening the angels for to witness and going through the motions drawing his sword if so and so wasdone it should not be sheathed again until vengence was taken on the wicked, there was a tall man standing behind me sobing and crying when I turned around to look at him said he would fight against the Mormons more no never he was a stranger to me. The Prophet used to hold meetings in a log house of his sometimes twice a week I do not remember missing one when I had a chance at one of these he said he wished he had a people that he could reveal to them what the Lord had shown to him but one thing I will say there are thousands of Spirits that have been waiting to come forth in this day and generation their proper channel is throught the Priesthood a way has to be provided but the time has come and they have got to come anyway and thus left me in a fix. Some time after ths William Clayton told me if I would come down into the basement of the Temple he wanted to show me something and that I might bring Stephen Hales with me we went into a little place boxed of for a paint shop for William Pitt he been present there Brother Eilliam

Clayton read unto us the revelation on plural marriage. This explained the above I believed it yet did not obey the same until 1872. I think it was on or about the 6th of May 1844 the Prophet Joseph came up to the Temple and clasping his arms around me and lifted me of my feet then said the Lord bless thee and I bless thee and I bless thee in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. It went through my whole system like fire. Then he turned to those around and said the Lord bless the whole of you and peace be with you. After the twelve left we was very much harassed driving our bretheren from their homes burning their house stealing their cattle made it hard for some I asked if I could go away and work Almond W Babbett said no we want you to help guard the city and Temple. I said no more but done the best I could at length realizing we must try and protect ourselves the best we could set to work I worked hard at the steamboat shaft we found by the river to make cannon Brother Bull a somewhat of a gunsmith and some others drill holes and put crossbars and then rim metal to fill up the holes they answered a good purpose and done good execution so said the mob after the fight William Geen had one Bolander had one he was Methodist Preacher Hathaway had one but when the fight waxed hot ran away and left it his men with him I got some boys to take hold if it Rufus Allen was one.

We had them mounted on the fore wheels of wagons Bolander was stationed not far from where Priest Wells lived the mob was coming in force down that street he was somewhat put about he not been able to fix it to his notion until they were pretty near when he

called right ready fire it was done cutting a road right through them which made them run and scatter they was heard to say for Gods sake take your dead with you at this Bolander raised up his hands and said the God of Isreal had a hand in that which made the boys laugh realiseing he was a Medhodist and did not believe in the God Isreal. We called him a new citizen as he had boughgt some of the breatheren out there was fifty that run away led by one Rupshaw he calling to the men to run for the Temple I called to them to stop but no go, Curtis C Bolton was the one who kept the act and all we could make out that stood firm was 74 I talked with himseveral times after he came to the valley but I am getting away from my history on Sunday night was our last fight we had lead, scraps of iron from the blacksmiths shop that we charged the S. S. with on this night I got some small chains fastening a ball at each end and one in the middle and it been dark secreted them on elevated ground up Mulholland street where we had a good chance to rake the enemy we had the two pieces and let them go takeing the mob fires for a mark President Wells was by us when we fired them off. The mob said afterwards to me that we tore their wagon covers & tents to pices the next morning they sent in a flag of truse a council was held and we promiced to vacate the city in three days. I worked hard to get poor and sick out of the city that wanted to go I got my wagons down by the river so as to get them over as soon as I could I then went back to help others leaveing my wife with the things while theresome men came and broke open the boxes to search for arms as they said took a sword I had made in King William the

2nd time a knife and some otherthings I had gone to get a cow we had left while near my place I saw a company on horse back comeing towards my place I did not let them see me when they got there they saw had left one shouted out the little buggers gone.

Worked until all I knew was out so I went down thinking I would go over to my family I was sitting on a wagon tounge when about 14 of the mob came one pointing to me said there is the little bugger so they came and took me marched me up a little said they wanted to ask me a few questions. I said all right gentlemen dont gentleman us said they Daniel Hill by trade a Miller and Thomas Harrington was them and came too us says they where in the cannon you had I told them those by the Temple you are a liar you had good cannon and a good cannonefer after answering many questions says they what did you do I told them I done little chores arround the cannon they swre at me and said we want you to tell us truly hw many of you where fighting against us. As near as I could make it out there where 74 all told says they we know you are lying now for we saw thousands of you take him down into the river a tall dark looking man who had some liquor in him took hold of me I asked the Lord what I should do when this was presented to me be passave you are in the hands of the Lord all right so I felt no alarm but just as I was agoing down the bank the men said the little bugger will fight and each raised the cock of his gun Hill declaired it so frightened him that his hair turned grey and kept grey ever after. When we got into the water a nice depth he said I baptize you by orders of the authorities of the Tempke G. D. you

throwing me back he held me until my breath was gone but he held n to me I stragerd and gasped and wanted to go out but he damned me and said you must have another dip and threw me on my face it was prety hard on me but I got over it this affair made some of my bretheren feel bad, but what could they do my folks where glad it was no worse the mob told me if I ever was caught that side of the river again death was my doom this was the Mississippi River next morning I was told that there was a yoak of steers 3 years old I could get by going after I had no team so I soon made up my mind and went tho the folks felt bad at me going I found a road in the river it been caught in the williaws about 40 feet long this I took to get the steers to the river I got help to put the yoak on but none to help me to the river they broke the rope twice on them this cooled them of I had not much throuble with them afterwards I had no chane or money to buy one and not a bit of salt indeed it seeemed we wanted a many things too numerous to mention while we where thinking how we where to get a chane work was brought that a person who was owing me \$9.00 I could get by going after my wife would not hear of me going as my life had been threatned so she and John Haynes went and got it my familly was there when the Quayles came and killed and eate some I went from there to the Desmoin river to Mars Mills there I got a job of work cutting grave stones in two weeks made \$15.00 in cash and 7 1/2 barrels of flour besides some bran and shorts I worked until I got word that all who could go to Council Bluffs where to go altho I had a very good show for work I was prompted to go and did sending some flour ahead by

Charles Decker when we got to the bottoms by the Boa Lake there been high willows and pea vines was set on fire it was a fearful sight to us I ran ahead and fired the grass and drove on to that thus escapeing a fearful death as the flaims rose high and fierce we got safe to the Missouri river to a place named by our people feryville. A brother John Dixon a friend hearing of our arrival came and asked Angus seeing the stears if they where ours he replied yes what do you call them says he that is chance and that is luckey that is like Lambert it was a chance you got them yet it was lucky I went as soon as I could after crossing to go and cut down bottomwood tres and hew them to make a house a little above Frinch point near where Omaha stands. (Winter Quarters is now called Florence)

When we got to Soap Creek Hill my wife would get out to walk she soon fell under the front wheel and both wheels went over her one went over her hip & back the company pronounced her dead but a holt was called she was lifted into the wagon and administered too when she spoke and in 3 days was walking alone though she said the spirirt left the body. This was to all a miracle indeed she stil lives I got a nice little house with punchen floor (i.e.) logs hewed and pinned down close and I hadzed them level so that it was very nice I fastened a poll across one end for our beds I felt proud of it and thankful, altho we had our garden and 40 acres of land behind which we never got one cent for. Our flour we sent ahead we never got a pount of and had to live on stuf we bought to feed to our cattle my wife made up our last batch into 2 cakes and

I started down into Missouri to find work I started on the 13th of January 1847 brothers Thomas Moor and Joseph Kingsbury going down to St. Jos they would beg for me, I started with a pair of old shoes the sole came off one the second day that was the coldest winter experienced in Missouri for several years. I must here state that I had a dream before I started which I told to my wife and some other friends before I left Winter Quarters which was literally fulfilled I got to St. Jo the prospect for work was good as soon as the winter broke up I found some I was good as soon as the winter broke up I found some I was acquainted with I wanted shoes as I was suffering with my feet a friend went with me to a shoemaker who after much talk promised to mend up a pair of old boots if I would pay him \$2.50 for when I got work he my friend going my bond been impressed by my dream I had before I left my folks I resolved to go back to Round Prairie near Noodaivay about 5 miles from Savannah the boots made me more lame so that I had to pull them off and walk bare foot it was after dark when I got to the house and people I was looking for the man of the house was in bed his wife still up as I could not see the gate I made for the light and came against a high rail fence a big dog was barking furiously so the Mrs came out and cried sick him Jack supposing it was a neighbour an acquaintance learning they came from Yorkshire England I called to the dog not to bite me at this she called to the dog to come back. When I got to the house they wanted to know who I was and what I was I told them. He asked where I was from where I had worked I asked him if he knew so & so yes say I do you so & so why

yes that was my old mate and bed fello at that he jumped right up and asked do you belong to the Lodge (i.e.) the operative Masons I said yes he told me he was bound to relieve me because of his oath but he wanted no preaching I told him that was not my errand it was to procure means for my family but he asked so many questions on releigon that he did not sleep much that night. I had fasted so long that I was past eating that night next day his wife cameto me saying she did not know what t think for no man had puzeled him s before he always beat them in argument he had a dream and came to me saying if thou be of Joseph explain it to me. Says he to me I was led to a fine building and there shown into an upper room in the middle of that room was a table on which was spreadall kinds of precious jewels to adorn the human body the sight wasa most imposeing one while looking upon them I stated to my wife that those where to adorn the kings princes and nobles of Earth not for such as us. At this a door opened and in walked a beautiful couple as ever he saw his wife would have a kiss of the Queen and did. I asked him if he kissed the Queen he said no I told him he should have done. God is no respecter of persons they afterwards sold out their place and came to Salt Lake City. She joined the Church received her Endowments they had no family no family. She died here he went to California and we know not what became of him. To return to my act: I went to work and cut some gravestones then went down to St. Jo I was sick some but yet I was blest everything working in my favor President Young said I should be blessed and indeed I was friends arose up on every side so that I left in the

Spring of 1849 for Salt Lake with a tolerable outfit while in St. Jo my wife been about to be confined I sent her up to Winter Quarters it was cold weather when they got to the river to cross some teams had crossed but as they where trying to get ours over the ice broke letting the wagon and contents go into the river my wife and childeren standing on the bank, judge her feelings I 150 miles away Brother Joseph Young President of the 70tis came up and got help and got the most of the thing out, but judge the condition yet we have a clock running that went down to the bottom with the other things. On the 11th of April 1848 George C. Lanbert was born at Winter Quarters Omaha Nation I had a house at the west end of St. Jo the bretheren used to call it the Mormon Taveren as many used to stay there when they used to come there to trade. One day as I was passing down the street a man came out of a grog shop and in throwing a tumbeler glass at another struck me on the cheek bone I never had such a blow it was nigh to my right eye and then emptied his pistol it was almost a miracle how I escaped. My eye was weak before that I suffered much with it indeed I could not see but very little I prayed what to do and it was presented to me that if I had some sour juce of Grapes put in my eye my wife had in the home it would do me good I got out of bed lay me on my back on the floor she was afraid but I told her all right the next morning I could see and went out without binding it up. This was the only day before she left for Winter Quarters previous to her being confined She came down again after that an account you will find on page 49 I started from Florence July 6, 1849 to the valey with 2

yoke of cows & 3 heifers we started from little Piegon I was chosen as Captain ten wagons the bottom for 3 miles was covered with water the bretheren chosen to seek a crossing concluded to move down the river for 12 miles I did not like this so I went to them and asked them not to move the boats down the river until Monday as I preferred to cross there one said I was only a damned Englishman and what did I know but they finely consented to let me try I with my Company and they where good with the ax cut down some trees and troughed them out so as to hold the wagons from sliding made a sleigh 18 feet long we was laughed at but when ready run on one of our lightest wagons this was belonging to N. R. Night I asked Brother Henry Woolley to go and fathom the slough we had to cross it was up to near his chin I said drive on and we landed safe to the river by the boats that settled it after our Company had crossed the rest followed our example I was then called upon to burn some charcoal to take along for the whole Co x 200 bbls which I did each wagon taking a good sack Brother Allen Taylor was Captain of the 100 I had a hard crowd but the best hunters in the company the Co. broke up but mine stuck tho it was said if I could lead them they would be much decerved we arrived in Salt lake City Oct 13, 1849 many things transpired on our journey too numerous to mention here but of importance to those concerned 47th page continued (I must mention one circumstance here. I was very spairing in providineing myself with shoes etc so that when we got to near Larimia I was barefoot. I had a pair of slippers but they where done for also it was a cold frosty morning I was going out

with William Bateman one of the Company I said I wished the Lord would send me a pair of shoes soon after I said will what is that why some of the cattle has lost their bell, bell says I it is a pair of shoes and was just my fit [The shoe looked as fresh as if they had just come from the shelf of a store. The sole of the one was sunk into the top of the other so that they would occupy as little space as possible -- the shape in which shoes were kept in pairs in a shoe store in that age. The place in which they were found was so far from travel as to render it highly improbable that they had fallen there from a passing wagon, nor indeed was there any wagon tracks visible in the vicinity of the place.] when we got into camp they called out what a liar (turn over this) Captain is now it a cold morning he can come out with a pair of new shoes but Bateman said one of them belonged to him I told him it would do him [no] good when he got it [The shoes proved to be entirely too small for him to wear, while they fit Charles Lambert as if they had been made for him.] (I thanked the Lord for the gift) my wife and family came down again after staying short time, I thought it best to move them up to near Round Prairie to Joel Estess place he Estess was a Baptist yet a friend to us as I could have a log house for one dollar per month and wood to burn for nothing. He used to haul me stone from his place to St. Jo, this was a great saving to me I still kept on my house in St. Jo.

My wife wishing to go to Newark some 4 or 5 miles got a horse to ride her Brother David riding behind her in passing a farm house the horse took fright throwing of her Brother and the saddle being

slack turned galoping across the prairie with her foot in the stirrup this was a terrible affair hurting her back and causing a mishap she thought she would surely die but the Lord was merciful towards her she still lives though her back has never been right since she has suffered much with it at times Page 49 continued

Brother Taylor and some of his folks her sister Annie etc met us on the bench in was a happy meeting a Lot was reserved for me on the corner of 2nd South and Main Street where now stands the Walker Brother store the cost on the Lot being 75 cents for surveying to Brother Sherwood but George Q Cannon my wifes brother had bought a Lot of John Warner in the 7th Ward for \$16.00 this I preferred it being the more suitable for a garden and it being the council that one family should own but one lot I choose to give up the one on Main Street tho Brother Willard Richards wished me to hold on to it stateing that in a few years it would beworth thousands of dollars. Brother Richard Harrison Coming I gave it to him he soon sold it for \$250.00 to Brother Mulliner he Harrison moveing to Iron County about one of the first things I done after I got here was to build a Room George Q having made me some adobies he leaving for California a short time before our arrival we got into our house about Christmas with no door or windows yet it was better than camping out in the snow there been very few houes at that time (it was 16 x 14 inside) I then went up Millcreek to burn coal for Brother Jonothan Pugmire all I had to live on was cornmeal for which he made me a plough as I had brought the Iron with me also some end Irons we enjoy ourselvers at this time very much in our

assembling ourselves together I cut some mill stones for Arche Gardner for which I got Lumber to cover and floor my house I sought and found stone for to make grindstones Hearthstones that was a great help to me I also quarried building rock. A great many Emigrants were passing through here and would have many things that they could not take further and could be had cheap Brother Thos Harrington bought a good wagon for me for \$15.00 I had a nice yoke of cattle which he traded for a span of horses double treesneck yoke a bucket and some horse shoes. Angus was with him but they would not let me go near great bargains was got at times many things cheaper than could be bought back in the States fulfilling the predictions made by Brother Heber C Kimball. I raised some good corn and potatoes in 1850 cabbage onions etc which the Emigrants were glad to exchange and give us things as we where wanting not been able to bring them with us thus began the riches of the Gentiles to flow to us. When President John Taylor returned from his mission to France he brought machinery to make suger from the beet it was decided to build at Provo I traveled arround with him Brother Coward and Vernon looking for land suitable to raise the beet I stay some with Brother George A Smith and Brother Bean father of George Bean Indian interperter when traveling Vernon and I stayed at the house of Brother Blackburn when it came on a terrible Thunder Storm the house was unfinished no windows yet in the folks had a shall to stop the draft some and there been two sisters in the same room who was in danger of getting a good soaking I got up and placed myself to hold the shall the cold was

intent and been in the night I felt it vividly soon after I was taken sick with the Billious fever and inflaitism this was very bad my shoulder was out of place my side was swollen I thought my heart must burst I lay for weeks Brother Taylor and Doctor Coward wanted as they said to set my arm or I never would get better I said I had not done anything to my arm and would not have them meddle with it I was moved down to Brother John Taylor his wives M.A. Oakley & Sophia Whittaker liveing there at that time Sister Lucy Smith a wife of George A. Smith was very kind to me. My wife was sent for she came by stage I was indeed in an helpless condition my wife said my side would break the Doctor said no he had been a student in the King College for 21 years and never knew of such a thing but it did and gave me great releif insomuch that I thought to turn myself inbed but in attempting to do so broke a blood vessel and bled profussly the blood coming out at my side where the gathering had been I bled for three days I could not use my left arm it hanging down by my side and had to be dressed and undressed yet I felt chereful one day I was walking down the street and met John Gallop who had received the flying roll a beleiver in Gladden Bishop an apostate he told me if i would receive the flying roll I should be healed I was angry at him and told him what I thought he was one of the School Committee in the 7th Ward I then went and gave vent to my feelings to Thomas McLelland he then Presideing say he you cannot do anything so go and notify the people to meet [meeting of the priesthood of the ward to consider the matter] I done so our room was well filled he [Gallop] had so much to say

that no one else could speak without been insulted so I asked President to let him have his say and then let some one else have a chance to speak. He got up and [accused Joseph Smith of being a wicked and adulterous man and] said that the Prophet Joseph had eat and drank with the drunkard and his lot was cast with [hypocrites and] the unbeliever [and said that he had gone to hell], etc etc cannot describe my feelings I got up and said I would send him to Hell at this myside came all right and my arm raised above my head at this the President called out for them to hold me for I had got the use of my side again when I came home and threw my arms up my wife shed tears of Joy there are several who are now liveing who remember that occurrance President H. Kimball when he was told, says he was there no one to put him out, was told if I had been let alone I would have done more than that. [The meeting ended by Gallup's being deprived of his office and his fellowship in the Church.] I well remember the creckets I was quarring stone on the bench when the Quayles came would gorge themselves and then puke them up & then go to eating more. I also remember the Locusts (grasshoppers) when the air would be full and when they allighted they left their marh I remember one morning looking at some Oats I had and was feeling good about them thinking they would soon be readly to reap the Locusts came and in a short time they where not worth reapeing. At the time of the scarcety of food I had some barley growing on my city lot that was ripe before the wheat and my neighbours would come and ask can I have a little barley. Yes they would cut it dry it by the fire and grind it in the coffe mills &

I tell now it was Sweet. Milkweed was good thirstle roots and many others I must mention one I had divided and dealt out until we was entirely out, my wife asked what shall we do now all is gone I spoke as led and said the Lord is good he is not agoing to let us suffer so says she you are made of hope but before noon a Brother H. Woolley Liveing at Kaysward 25 miles North came with some flour and short he would not then give me his reason flour was selling at \$25 and 30 per hundered after harvest he was down and I then wished to know about his comming and bringing me the flour and shorts. He said I went to bed and a voice said take that flour etc to Charles Lambert he is in need or something to that effect he said he tried to through of the imprecion but it came a second time says he I was cross and wanted to go to sleep. This was repeated a third time when I got up it in the wagon this was about 3 o'clock in the morning. I then asked what am I in your debt for the same only the Tything office price (\$6.00) I could relate many such circumstances but these must suffise for the present. In 1857 when the U. S. Army came up against us I went out to Echo I went out with (Major) Jonothan Pugmire (Captain) J. G. Willey, I assisted in erecting those pigeon fixings on the side of the mountains well remembered by those who were there after we returned to the City I was Orderly having charge of the guard. I had the charge of moving President Taylor Mill and family south which was set down at Provo near the river prety well up to the mouth just below the bench leaving my family there I retired to the City there I worked planting pottatoes corn cabbage etc previous to the Army coming

into the City I had shavings wood etc to fire the house should the Army attempt to seise the City but they marched through very orderly and thus our homes was saved unto us when my folks came back and saw the garden she filled with joy to overflowing it was a great blessing to us. I must mention that I asked for two days to go and see my folks when guarding the city after calling the roll of the guard I walked to Provo 50 miles and got there by 6 o'clock P.M. the next day I started back but was overtaken by S. Woodruff Jr. so that I was releived of the trouble to walk all the way back Brother Thatcher moved my wife and family to Provo. Fish was very plentiful at that time it was the chief of our liveing at the time, I seldom or ever heard any one complain they took joyfully their afflictions drvings etc my health was very poor suffering with my face and eye which eventually went blind (i.e.) my right eye. I went to England on a mission very much in 1882 on the 17th Oct my son George my wife and myself went to England on a mission there were about 60 missonaries when we got to Niagra Falls two gentlemen came on to the carrs one had two little girls his daughters with him he told them to look they are all Mormon Elders you may never have such an oppurtunitity of seeing so many together again and seeing my wife and sister Holt asked if they where Mormon women and if they were a sample I said yes he then said they were good. I pointed to my wife and said She is the mother of 14 childeren pointing to George saying that is one of them that seemed to suprise him much and called forth other remarks one was this you have got some of our best Citizens who lived in this neighbourhood

when we was crossing we had some rough wether but made good time when nearing Quenstown the Captain (Douglas) came to me & said did you ever see or hear tell of such a trip at this time of the year I told him he had had our prayers I know that said he the Sailors said we had stole a march after visiting my relatives I was assigned to labor in three cnferences the Birmingham Manchester and the Leeds nd Bradford I enjoyed myself much the only drawback it was two short we came back in the Nevada had a good trip but much sea sickness one thing in my favor I never suffered much from sea sickness this was the 5th time I had crossed. It does me good to look back on my missionary labors I have built a many Bridges for Salt Lake County and at the present am doing a little in that line.

[Always active in Church from the time he espoused it, Charles served loyally, faithfully, and modestly throughout his long and useful life. He acted as ward clerk in the Seventh Ward of Salt Lake Stake for many years. He was president of the 23rd Quorum of Seventy in Nauvoo in 1845, and held other priesthood responsibilities later. He and Richard Ballantyne started a Sunday School in the Lambert home which grew so large it had to be moved to the bigger Ballantyne house where it was recognized as the first Sunday School on the entire Church.

Clarles Lambert, master stonecutter, faithful Latterday Saint, friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith, temple builder, kind husband, and beloved father and foster father, passed away at his farm on the west side of Salt Lake Valley on May 2, 1892, at the age of seventy-six. He was the father of 19 children, 14 by Mary Alice

Cannon and 5 by his second wife, Euphemy Gillespy, whom he married on November 19, 1873.

HISTORY OF CHARLES LAMBERT

Short version

Charles Lambert was born August 30, 1816 at Kirk Deighton, Yorkshire, England. He learned the trade of a stone-cutter and commenced to work on the London and Birmingham Railway, when 19 years of age. Subsequently he was a contractor and builder on the York and North Midland Railway. He embraced "Mormonism" in Lincolnshire and was baptized July 12, 1843. A few weeks later he was ordained to the office of a Priest, and the following year he started for Nauvoo Illinois, crossing the Atlantic in the ship "Fanny", which sailed from Liverpool, England, January 23, 1844. After his arrival at Nauvoo, he labored on the Nauvoo Temple until the walls were finished and subsequently received his endowments in that building. He was ordained an Elder in the Church shortly after his arrival in Nauvoo, and married Mary Alice Cannon in November, 1844, after the death of his wife's father, and was appointed guardian of the three younger children Angus, David and Leonora Cannon. He was also ordained a seventy, and became one of the original members of the 11th Quorum. In 1845 he became a president of the 23rd Quorum and was the senior president of that Quorum almost to the time of his death, which occurred at his farm in Granger, May 2, 1892, where he moved from 356 South 1st West, Salt Lake City, a few years prior to his death.

While employed on the Nauvoo Temple he had a very unusual experience. He was met on the street by a well dressed man, who called him by name and offered him a handsome salary if he would

leave his work on the Temple and go to work for him. He ridiculed him for spending his time working on the Temple for nothing and exhibited a lot of money to prove that he was able to pay him well. Charles Lambert was very indignant at the way the stranger spoke of his work on the sacred Temple, and flatly refused to have anything to do with him, at the same time turning and leaving him. After a moment he turned to get another look at the man, but he had vanished from sight, although there had not been time for him to reach any building or tree that would obstruct the view; and he always maintained that it was Satan who had attempted to persuade him to cease his labors on the Temple. He participated in the Nauvoo battle in September, 1846, and was with the company that used the famous steamboat shafts, after first helping to make them into cannons. After leaving Nauvoo he returned to try to recover some of his property, and was seized by the mob and forcibly immersed several times in the Mississippi River. He finally escaped and crossed the river, where he was encamped with his family at the time the quails came to the relief of the Saints. They came to Utah in 1879, where he built one of the first adobe houses, erected in Salt Lake at 356 South, First West Street, with adobes made by his brother-in-law, George Q. Cannon, before leaving for his mission to California and the Hawaiian Islands. He acted as clerk of the Seventh Ward for many years.