

A Sketch of the Life of Alice Smith Snow a Utah Pioneer of 1852

by Mae Whiting Cardon

Grandmother was born in Bury, Lancashire County, England, February 13, 1828. She was the daughter of Ralph Smith and Mary Walsh. She crossed the plains in Capt. James W. Bay's co. They were the first group to reach the Salt Lake Valley in 1852, arriving in July.

Grandmother and her mother, Mary Walsh Smith came across the plains with Bro and Sis Steven Farnsworth. She was to pay her way by giving what assistance she could with cooking, packing and also by helping to drive the cattle part of the way. I have a vivid picture of our plucky little grandmother at the age of 24 riding all day on horseback, keeping the slow, awkward cattle along the poor, broken trail, then in the evening helping to make camp and prepare the evening meal, doing more than her share so as to make the load lighter on her mother and others.

Mary Walsh and her daughter were the only ones of their family to accept the gospel in England. Grandmother was a very young girl and soon after she was converted she attended a cottage meeting that the elders of the church were presiding over. After this meeting she got up and talked in tongues (not knowing what she was saying). After she was through a little girl arose and interpreted it. She said that grandmother had said that she would be going on a voyage in the near future and there would be a great storm at sea that would frighten the people on board, however, the ship would not sink, but they would reach their destination in safety. And sometime later this came true for, she and her mother sailed for America. The storm arose with such fury that the people on board became frightened and hysterical, crying and calling on the Virgin Mary for help as most of them were Catholic. Grandmother and her mother kept calm and grandmother went among the passengers speaking kindly to them in a low voice and telling them to have no fear for she knew the ship would not go down and if they would control themselves they would be alright. She soon had them calm and unafraid and immediately the storm subsided and the angry waves were calm and serene.

All the rest of the way grandmother was paid a great deal of respect and even reverence by the passengers, some of them came to her for council and advice, looking up to her as if she were a saint.

When she arrived in Salt Lake she went to work in Kalob Rhode's boarding house. There she met Bernard Snow who later became her husband. They were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House Feb. 17, 1854.

Two years later, Aug. 9 1856, her husband was called on a European mission and left one month from that day. They had a little girl eighteen months old. She was named for her mother, Alice. In Dec. of this same year she was expecting another baby, but in spite of her condition she felt that grandfather should go. His wife, Anna, was also expecting a baby in Feb. 1857.

They lived in Salt Lake until Johnsons' army came to Utah. Then most of the people were compelled to move south. Aunt Anna and grandmother were always devoted; they even raised their families together. Anna was not very strong so when they went to Manti to

live it was up to grandmother to make the living for them all including her own mother, Mary Walsh Smith. By this time the new babies had come, Bernard to Grandma and Nellie to Aunt Anna. Though responsibility was heavy grandmother never complained. I believe it was because her testimony of the gospel was so strong that she was glad and happy because she was well and strong enough to care for grandfather's loved ones while he was serving as a missionary. Grandmother worked in the Shoemaker home as Mrs. Shoemaker was an invalid. She felt that the comforting spirit of Alice helped her as much or more than the tasks she did in the home. This way grandma was able to secure food and clothing for those depending on her for support and she had her own mother in her home to care for the children while she was away. After grandfather's mission was finished and he returned home they lived on at Manti where their third child was born. She was my own mother, Verona Snow, She was a beautiful brown-eyed baby with curly hair. Then they moved to Fort Ephraim where the last two members of this happy union were born, Herman and Eben.

During the Black Hawk and Walker wars our brave little grandmother endured no end of hardships. Placing her trust in her Heavenly Father she was blessed with increasing faith.

From southern Utah they moved to Springville and lived for several years, then grandfather bought a farm on Weber River, Summit county, Utah. Grandmother and her family moved there. They got along as well as could be expected without much help from grandfather who was running a hoisting engine at the King mine at Ophir.

Grandmother would accompany her husband when he was doing home missionary work. On one occasion (when) they were asked to go to Sissions Settlement (now Logan) a rather unusual thing happened. Grandfather had been doing quite well financially and they were dressed in their "Sunday Best." Even though they took a great deal of pride in their appearance grandmother often said, "It isn't what you clothe your body in that counts but how you clothe your soul."

The people of the settlement were ashamed of their humble condition and the bishop apologized for their appearance. Then he introduced grandfather as the speaker. Grandmother was so impressed by this humble and valiant band of settlement workers and was so inspired by the Spirit of God that she arose and spoke in tongues. Her message was interpreted by a man in the audience. who said she promised that in the near future they would have a lovely and prosperous town and that a temple of God would be built there. We all know how that came true. There is the city of Logan and the beautiful temple on the hill.

The years on the Weber River were too taxing for grandmother's health. She sold her farm and went to Salem to live. Although her health broke her spirit never did. She was searching for names for her genealogy work when she died. Twenty days before her husband's death she returned to her Father in Heaven, Feb. 1, 1892 at Salem, Utah where she was buried. Grandmother was loved and respected by all who knew her. She was so unselfish and willing to help everyone, even beyond her strength. She had the gift of discernment. She always seemed to know when any of her children were in trouble. Alice Smith Snow lived a beautiful life.