

An Account of a Mormon family's conversion to the religion of the Latter Day Saints and of their trip from Denmark to Utah*

PART I

The following article is a copy of an account of a Mormon family's conversion to the religion of the Latter Day Saints and of their trip from Denmark to Utah. This account was written by Rev. H. N. Hansen, a great uncle of State Representative William E. Darrington, of Persia, Iowa. Representative Darrington's great grandparents and grandmother, along with the great uncle, made up this immigrant family. The account was not written at this time but somewhat later, specific date unknown. The first two pages of the account are missing; the manuscript takes up about 1863 in Denmark when the family was being converted to the Mormon faith.

The original of this account is in the possession of one of Mr. Darrington's relatives who typed a copy for him. From this copy an Xerox was made and donated to the State Department of History and Archives in April, 1970.

Representative Darrington was born on a farm in Pottawattamie County on May 31, 1904. He is currently engaged in large farm operations and is the director of Home Savings Bank of Persia. Mr. Darrington has served nine terms as State Representative and is a member of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints.

A partial biography of the early life of Rev. H. N. Hansen (dating back to 1857) who was my great uncle or brother of my grandmother, Anna Hansen.

William E. Darrington

. . . places adjacent where they could find an opening and creating quite a stir among the people. I¹ remember father

*The text of this account appears in its original form. Only the method of page designation has been changed in order to conserve space.

¹H. N. Hansen, who was the great uncle of Representative Darrington, is the author of this account.

going to their meeting once, and later the Elders called at our house, and preached in one of our near neighbors houses where we all went to hear them and afterward they also held meeting in our house. Father and Mother² were both interested in the new doctrine and went along smoothly for a while, until some of the people was ready for baptism among them my mother, but father was not yet ready, but he gave his consent for mother to go on if she wanted to, and the Elders advised her not to wait, and she and others were baptized. After this trouble began to brew. All manner of stories were circulated, which my father had to meet in his intercourse with man and that together with the fact that mother had not waited for him to get ready, but gone before him to baptism so enraged him against the work, that he would no more go to the meetings and forbade mother to go. One time one of the missionaries called at our house father ordered him to leave forthwith, so changed had he become in his feelings towards the mormon Elders. I remember of another going to meeting once contrary to father's will at a time he was absent from home but she said afterward she would not do that again as she could not enjoy it, her mind being constantly troubled fearing that father might get home sooner than she looked for and find what she had done. Father would not allow the reading of scripture in the house nor the exercise of any devotion to God.

My mother would teach me in secret to pray and to bow with her to call upon the Lord. It was under these peculiar circumstances I received my first lesson in religion and was taught to pray to God. And when I now reflect upon it I feel it my duty to ever feel gratefull to that mother who under so trying circumstances impressed upon my mind the importance of worshipping and trusting God.

I believe mother made a mistake in being rather hasty in being baptized for I think if she had told father she would wait a while for him in the hope that he would see and understand as she did it would had a better effect upon him, and that perhaps she would not had to wait long, and it would

²The father and mother referred to here were Hemming and Johanna Hansen; they were born in Denmark.

made our life much more pleasant all around. But the missionaries were anxious to get the people into the water, and advised no waiting, no procrastination, which is all right at times but circumstances alters cases.

It was shortly after this time that some of my trials began. I was going to school and of course everybody knew that my mother was a "Mormon", my schoolmates found great pleasure in tantalizing me calling me the "mormon" and telling all manner of silly tales about my mother, mormonism and the mormons to simple and foolish for me here to mention. But I was a child and looked upon it different to what I do now. At that time I shed many bitter tears over the matter, and for a time it was a heavy burden to me which I bore alone for I did not even mention my trouble to mother, knowing that her burden was heavy enough and I felt that I should not be a baby and complain. As time went on I became wiser and paid no attention to their foolish teasing, and I found when I acted upon that plan they did not have the fun and soon let me in peace. I always had my lessons as well as any of the rest and sometime better which made me some what a favorite with my teacher and in this way won the respect of many who had tried to run me down at one time.

As I in later years have reflected on this early experience as I have tried to labor as a minister for Christ I have often thought it was well that I thus early did learn to patiently bear the scafs and frowns of the world as I have had some of that to meet, and I am still convinced of the correctness of that early lesson, that it is patience, and follow the example of the Master that when the world revile upon you that you do not retaliate.

But as time passed on changes were rought, and this was especially the case in my father. Mother had not for six or seven years been permitted to meet with the saints yet she had retained her faith in mormonism, but no prospects were visible of it ever becoming her privilege of "gathering to Zion" until sometime in the year 1863.

At that time our home was visited by another of the missionaries by the name of L. O. Waddell. He by some

means gained the good will of father and was by him treated with kindness. His visit became more frequent and after a while he made his home with us over night at times. Afterward came also other Elders, for the Utah Mormon Church had a great many in that field, meetings were again held at our house, and the news was again circulated with wonderful rapidity that we were going off with the mormons to America which at that time among that people was looked upon as something terrible. Strange as it may appear it was not long until father embraced the faith and was baptized and made up his mind, as he now believed, with his only to gather with the people of God. Mother had lived to see the day that she for long years had prayed but scarcely hoped for. I too was happy, for though young in years I was strangely drawn toward the Latter Day Work. The scorn and ridicule with which I had met did not cause me to be turned against it. I have some time thought when some saints have expressed their doubt of the propriety of baptizing children as young as eight years, claiming that children at that age know but little and are not capable to exercise faith, that I know by my own experience that a child can believe in God with all sincerity. . . .

A short time after father was baptized I was baptized also and likewise my sister. Father sold the home which consisted in a house on about three acres of land of a poor quality preparatory to our emigration. I was happy in what I considered the prospects before me, not only in the thoughts which my religion and hope in God now inspired, but the privilege of going to other parts of the world to see countrys and people of whom I had read in school studies I considered a great treat. I had then never seen a railroad train and the prospect of soon having many and long rides with the iron horse was to me something grand, especially did I think that a voyage across the Atlantic would be very enjoyable. I was looking on the bright side of all these things not considering as I then could not conceive of the hardships and trials encountered upon a journey of over six thousand miles in those days, and especially with the accommodations furnished the Mormon emigration. I remember when the last

of the household goods was sold at Auction a day or two before starting on our long journey to a land of which we knew nothing only as it had been represented to us by the Mormon Elders, and the very day of starting was anxiously waited for by me. Let me here say that I believe that although the mission work in that land was by the Utah church under the presidency of Brigham Young that the gospel principle as preached was the truth and was confirmed by God's Spirit to the satisfaction of upright men and women. Polygamy at that time was not denied but was not mentioned by the Elders unless brought up by others when they had to try to defend it. When any claimed they could not believe, they were told: do not trouble yourself about it, it is a holy principle if you can not see into it now wait till you get to Zion, and all will come out right. In this hope thousands have left all dear to them in this life only to meet with disappointment and regret after the sacrifice has been made, many to become so discouraged as to give up all hope to God and religion to plod along in darkness and infidelity with nothing in which to place confidence. It was on the 10 day of April 1864 that we left what had been our home for the long and tedious journey not expecting to see relatives and friends again. Though we left but few friends, our religion had made us contemptable and degraded in their eyes, this of course made the parting all the easier. We had become strangers among our own people, and we were going now to gather with those who were one with us in faith and in spirit, and we cared not for the hatred of the world, nor even for those more merciful who looked upon us with pity. We were carried by team from Storehedinge to Copenhagen from where we sailed in a few days by steamer bound for Hull, England. Our family consisted of Father and mother, myself, my sister Annie,³ and two younger brethren named respectively Nels five, and Christian two and one half years old at this time.

I soon found it was not so pleasurable to go to sea as

³Ann was Representative Darrington's grandmother. She married a man by the name of Jacob Hansen and their daughter Christina was Mr. Darrington's mother.

I had anticipated, especially for those not accustomed to the ocean and in such a crowded condition as we were in.

We were but fairly out of the harbor when the heaving of the vessel began to cause a peculiar sensation as though my stomach was displeased with its present location causing a feeling that was all together unpleasant. The captain concluded to anchor before leaving Oresound, that is the narrow channel between Denmark and Sweden because of the roughness of the sea in the Cattegat waiting for more pleasant weather. I presume this was done out of pity for the poor emigrants who were crowded together as so many sheep in a pen. We laid here until the following morning, when we lifted anchor and set out to sea for good. The wind became stronger again, and we had a very rough sea the waves constantly rolling over the deck, and found before we reached England that I had overestimated the pleasures of a sea voyage. Nearly all aboard the vessel was sick with the exception of the crew. I found it necessary to remain on deck as I could not stand it below. My youngest brother took very ill on this trip, he went into spasms and we thought was dying but after being carried on deck into the fresh air he soon revived and got well again. I think it was caused by the excitement, crowded conditions and bad air, caused by so many being crowded into a small space. The trip lasted three days I think, and this voyage was a rough one, but the good ship carried us through. The crew was very kind to the passengers but the boat was not arranged to carry so many. When I now after so many years think of the night, as still remembered by me, how the sick people were laying in the hold on the floor in a promiscues way men, women, and children it is almost enough to sicken my stomach now.

When we landed in England we soon found it was a strange land and we were among a people whose language we could not understand nor could they understand us. We were here sheltered in some large warehouses or building of some such kinds but as we now had little more room and got access to our bedding we made our beds at nights upon the floor, and had a good rest as our stay was prolonged for several days. As I was looking around in that neighborhood one day

and with curiosity beholding what was going on in this new world. I would frequently listen to the conversation between men to try to catch some word that I could understand but in vain, it was all sealed to me. I remember as I was pondering over this strange affair I noticed a rooster, and saw him flap his wings just as a rooster would do in Denmark, and was almost surprised to hear him crow exactly as a Danish rooster would do. I came to the conclusion while men in different lands spoke different languages, that rooster language was the same throughout the world.

We had now already began to learn that all in our company were not saint-like in their conduct one toward another, but then we were going to Zion where we were to learn more perfectly the way of the Lord.

Many had now begun to see things not by them expected to be found among saints yet with an eye of faith were looking for the better when we should arrive in Zion.

After about a week's stay at Hull we resumed our journey. This time by rail to Liverpool. It was my first ride in a railway train, and that was the case with a good many even among the older people, for in the country from where we came people do not travel much. Many are there born into the world and live a long life never never to see country and people 50 miles from home. I enjoyed this my first railroad ride immensely though the accommodations were poor. We arrived in Liverpool before night, and here we were to lay upon the stone pavement but as far as I remember it was under a sort of a shed by the dock where cargos from the vessels were unloaded. It was poor accommodations for human beings, but then we were only mormon emigrants and I did not hear of much complaints. It was expected that the road to Zion would be a difficult one, the God's people should go through much tribulation whereby to become purified as gold. With this understanding all were determined to bear with meekness that which seemed to be their lot looking forward to the ultimate reward; a home in Zion. I would here remark that this emigration was all in charge of the leaders among the priesthood. They chartered the vessels and railroad trains and arranged the whole matter.

They fixed the price for each to pay for his or her passage and to them was the money paid and the people trusted all in their hands accepting such as they provided for them. If any should have asked for to know any of the particulars they would have been told it was not their business, and if any had complained they would have been considered in a spirit of apostacy.

I think it was on the 26 of April we went on board a large sailing vessel named "The Monarch of the Sea". But she was not yet ready to sail. This large and proud vessel was to carry us cross the Atlantic to the continent of America. On the 28 we were towed out of the harbor into sea again, the "Monarch" carrying a cargo of about one thousand human beings beside the crew. It was my birthday, I was fourteen years old, and now bid adeui to the European shore, not troubling my self whether I ever or not should see that continent again. Upon this ship we were not quite so crowded as we had been across the North Sea from Denmark to England; but the room was small enough considering that we were there to stay for several weeks at least. We had not been long on board this vessel before we learned that we were in a rough company as far as the crew was concerned. They treated the people worse than beast, if they happened to be in their road on the deck they would kick and push them out of the way having no regard for either women or children.

One of the great difficulties that soon presented itself to us was that the ship was altogether incapable to cook for so large a crowd of passengers, and that the men in charge of the kitchen was inexperienced hands who were thus employed, working their passage. Rations was divided out consisting in Oatmeal, Rice, peas and meat and perhaps a few other articles. I think a few shrunken potatoes was given once or twice and coffee and tea was in like manner distributed. Each family was to bring their kettle with what they wanted boiled to the kitchen door and was to have it cooked in their turn, but when it was found that the kitchen was entirely inadequate this rule was not observed. The stronger crowded their dish to the front, while that belonging to the weaker and more modest ones was left behind. It was

many days that many got no cooking done at all, but had to satisfy their cravings by knawing the hardtacks of which we had plenty.

This condition of affairs soon led to unpleasantness, to quarrels and hard feelings and who can blame them, even saints do not want to starve nor see their little ones cry for something to eat. Our condition was most deplorable. The meat we got could be smelled from one end of the vessel to the other when the barrells were opened, it was almost a wonder that it did not explode the same before hand, so strong as it was. When we did happen to get our Oatmeal peas or rice cooked as a rule it was not fit to eat being scorched, it not being tended to as the men had not the experience and so many vessels to look after, not the time. For those who had sickness in the family this condition of course was very trying as nothing could be had such as would tempt the appetite of the afflicted ones. And we had not been aboard many days before sickness made its enroad into many families.

Our family did not escape. In a few days from the day of sailing my oldest brother took sick and he died in about a week and my youngest brother again in about a week after him. It soon became a common thing to have several deaths a day. I think about 60 children died which included nearly all the little ones found among us. One old man clored his earthly career on board the ship but I think he was the only grown person who died. The disease among the children was said to be the measles, but why it should prove to be so universally fatal I can not now understand, and is rather inclined to think that it was the scarlet fever, and perhaps both. It was truly a trying time for parents and relatives of the little ones. No sooner was life extinct, but they would put their body in a coarse sack together with a piece of iron and dump them over board without ceremony. The iron being in the sack to cause the body to sink. Having two brothers thus buried in the great deep the word of God which says, that: "The sea shall give up the dead which are in it," is not without significance and comfort to me.

I have heard in later years the statement often made

by the Mormon people, that God wondrously have blessed and preserved them, and their emigrants on their journey, but those who have been with them must remember these times as days of hardship, affliction and sorrow, such as must be experienced to fully understand.

It is not to be wondered at that contagious disease should break out among such a crowd of people who was nearly all of the poorer class and many of them very filthy it is only strange that some contagious disease did not carry of the older people as well, but they escaped now to meet with affliction and trials further on.

When it is considered that before we landed at New York we had been nearly two months on the journey and with no chance of getting washing done in this crowded and filthy condition we were in a sorry plight. It was soon discovered that we had other passengers along that was not counted on at the start, and they were so seemed to increased from day to day so rapidly that no one would think of counting them. It was not large live stock, but that nearly everybody felt their presence was observed by the continual scratching in which they were now and then engaged. I have mentioned the ungentlemanly conduct of the crew as examples of their meanness would mention, that if an attempt would be made by anyone to wash their clothes and to have they dried on the deck, the sailors would without the least provocation throw the same overboard as soon as they came across it. This was bedding and other clothing upon which the sick had died which some took on deck to give it a few moments fresh airing, throw it overboard. Once father and mother was on deck trying in the way circumstances would allow to rinse out some clothing, the day was fine. None of the crew had occasion to be in a hurry with their work, and father and mother was not in their way at all. Two of the sailors came along one of them I think was the first mate, they picked up the vessel containing the clothes without previous warning, and poured the whole thing into the spout leading through the ship's bouldark into the sea, and walked away as unconcerned as though nothing uncommon had happened. The clothes would all been lost if father had not immediately

reached down his hand and caught them all. Of course that finished that day's washing.

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I think it was about June 1st that our eyes first beheld the shores of the new continent, the promised land, for which home and its comforts had been sacrificed. Friends and loved ones had been left behind. In many instances parents had left children, and children parents; and even worse husbands, and in this they had been encouraged by the missionaries. In support of such moves scripture had been quoted. The Master having said: "He that does not hate his father and mother, and wife, and children and brethren and sisters, yea and his own life also he can not be my disciple." This and similar text wrong fully applied, had led many to believe that it was their duty to forsake all even children and companions to gather with God's people to Zion. Some of them had already begun to see that wrong that had been committed and with bitterness began to regret the step they had taken. While on the journey they began to see that some of the Elders who they had learned to look up to as the servants of God and whose work they had received as the work of God were not such men as they believed them to be. I can remember a Swedish lady whose birth place was not far from ours, who had left her companion in Sweden, who I often heard cry out: "Had I known what I know now I would never have emigrated." As it was with her so it evidently was with many others. But now all who was well enough was cheerful. The long and tedious voyage with all its trials and hardships were complete. Here before the eye was the green shore of "Josephs Land." It was to us a cheerful sight we thought now the difficult part of the journey was completed, and though yet there were several thousands of miles to be traveled before we would reach our destination, "the valleys of the mountains," it would be a journey by land and being tired of the ocean we hailed the prospects of the change with joy. We were in tow of a little steamer and soon came to anchor in the bay. I think it was on the 2nd or 3rd of June that we went ashore at the Castle Garden, where so many thousands and perhaps millions since have landed, coming

from various parts of Europe to better their financial condition in the new world. But this was not the prime object by the majority of our company. We had come to be enriched spiritually; we were going to a place appointed by God, to be under the voice of inspiration, that we might learn more fully to worship our Maker in righteousness, and to know his ways more fully.

All was in a hurry and bustle at the Garden, how long we waited there I do not remember, but I think it was the next day we boarded a steamer that carried us up the Hudson River to the city of Albany, and here again we had to wait. I sometime think of those times in contrast with our present way of traveling. How impatient we get if our trains do not make close connections, if we have to wait a few hours we think it is very inconvenient, and if it happens that we must wait till next day we consider it outrageous and declare that company ought to be prosecuted for neglect. Not so with us we waited with patience, though many felt weary and worn out with fatigue, few felt that they had a right to complain. Must not God's people come up through great tribulations? And must they not bear these in meekness and submission? What faith was exercised by many in those days to be wrecked and ruined later on as discoveries reveals the corruption within, and in the midst of the church which was believed to be God's own building accepted and directed by him.

After a while we boarded the first railway train in America and though every coach was full to its utmost capacity we were pleased with the cushioned seats and comfortable arrangements found in European railway car. We began to enjoy our ride by rail in this new land where everything looked so strangely different to what our eyes were accustomed to behold.

It was only for a time however for we soon found out that this journey soon would become tiresome also.

Already worn out and tired, and some sick among us, and none having for several nights enjoyed a recuperating slumber so much needed for all, and especially for people in our condition, we soon found when the eye got weary of looking at the sights and night approached that the limited

space allowed for each did not afford a very comfortable condition for sleep and rest so much needed.

Our train was a slow one being frequently sidetracked to be out of the way of other trains, and thus we were delayed for hours at the time. I remember but few of the cities that we passed through and do not know even the name of the road over which we travelled. But we came to a place where we must change cars, and we found that a train of box cars had been provided for us, with temporary hard seats arranged even without any support for the back.

Our leaders claimed that the railroad company was to blame for this treatment but how the matter stood we of course had no opportunity of knowing. It was during the war of the rebellion, when everything almost was in an unsettled condition in the United States, and this condition of affairs may some how been the cause why the company could not furnish passenger cars for us to travel in.

Our condition was uncomfortable on the first train but it became ten fold worse in box cars. How long we travelled in these I do not remember, but the trip from Albany, New York to St. Joseph, Mo. lasted about a week. The city of Chicago is one of the places remembered by me. Here as far as I remember we were furnished with passenger cars again in which we travelled to Quincy, Ill. but after crossing the Mississippi River, a train of box cars were offered to us again.

Here our company refused to travel that way and we had to wait till the next day. We had no shelter for the night and no access to our bedding. We went into the woods and the weather being fine, and by the use of shawls and overcoats we made ourselves tolerable comfortable. I think it was the most comfortable night spent for a week. The following day we were furnished regular cars, and we travelled on to St. Joseph. I think now it may be that the railroad company had been furnishing cars for the transporting of soldiers to battle field and that the freight cars, fitted up with temporary board seats were such as had been for such used transportation, and perhaps on this account was unprepared to furnish cars for an extra train as was required for our com-

pany. Be that as it may I have described our mode of traveling to the best of my recollection, and though over 30 years ago many of the incidents of that journey are indellible stamped upon my mind, and remembered as well as though it occurred yesterday.

St. Joseph was not much of a place at the time when we arrived there. We were dumped off near the Missouri River on the sand. If there was a depot we were not taken to it. Perhaps if there was one, it would have been too small to accommodate our crowd. Here we boarded a steamer which slowly paddled us up the Missouri River to a place called Wyoming, about seven miles above Nebraska City where we arrived about the middle of June. This was the place selected from which we were to begin our tedious journey across the plains. This trip was to be made with ox team, and the distance to be traveled some over one thousand miles. It was the first season in which the mormon emigration was to start from here.

In previous years the starting point had been Florence, Nebraska about 40 miles farther up the river, and about four miles from Omaha. Perhaps the principal cause for this change was the fact that this latter place having so long been on the line over which the mormons having travelled, and in consequence many of the citizens of Omaha and Florence were apostate mormons. Some having refused to journey any further having become weak in the faith before reaching the mountains, and others after having gone there had become disgusted and returned and located at these places. It was not desireable by the leaders of the mormon emigration to take the people where they would be so close in contact with these apostates, as they might bring them such information as would not be desirable for them to obtain, thus leading perhaps others to apostatize.

After landing in Wyoming we were permitted to scatter about among the brush and build our camp as best we could, and every body were soon busy at work. Only few in the company had tents, those who had were considered the rich. The rest build huts by throwing brush upon poles erected for the purpose, and an effort was made by some to have

these huts with sumac bushes and other brush in a manner to keep out the rain. But this last effort did not prove much of a success. Our brush houses answered quite well to keep out the sun but when it rained we were in pitiful condition. For it did rain and rained as we had never seen it rain before. In Denmark we had seen long and steady rains, but never had we witnessed such pour down before, nor such thunder and lightnings. I have seen some such weather since, but do not think I ever seen anything worse, and we were altogether unprepared.

Among the first and very important work to be done among us was that of getting our clothing washed, that we might be freed from the past before spoken of that had by no means been deminished, but on the other hand had got worse. And for the accomplishment of this a good supply of soap had been provided by those in charge. Water being free and plenty and little wood could be gathered to heat the water the facility was good for a cleansing process. We now had plenty of room so that those who wanted to need no longer remain in their previous condition.

We had not been long in camp until we found disease prevailing among our number to an alarming extent. The change of climate and the change in living at the same time being exposed to all kinds of weather brought on sickness. This time it was not among the little ones only as was the case on board the vessel.

This time it was primarily grown persons that became afflicted. It was by some called the choler. I think however it was only the result of the hardships of the journey combined with change of climate and diet. No matter what disease it was it was bad enough, and attacked both young and old, some slightly and others severely, and in quite a number of cases resulted in death. Mother was the first one in our family who came down, and we found it impossible to care for her as the sick ought to be cared for, not even being able to protect her from the rains that fell in torrents nearly every night.

One day Elder John Smith, who is now the presiding patriarch in the Utah Church came by and stopped to see

my mother his generous heart was touched with pity and he told father to come with him and he would see that we got a tent to use, which he did. John Smith was himself at this time return from a mission to Denmark. At this time mother was very low and by many not expected to live. I remember upon one occasion when alone with my father he spoke to me in manner evidently to prepare me for what he feared would be the end. I know father felt bad and I was in condition nor was I old enough to comfort him. Mother expected herself that her end had come and wanted to die. She told us that she could not live and if any spoke of the possibility of her recovery it seemed to be affursia to her. But her work was not done she could not then die, but she is living even now. She had yet to suffer many things that none of us at that time had even dreamed of.

How wisely that the creature in many instances has kept hid from gaze the future, and only revealed in part such things as may prove for our good if rightly and faithfully applied. The tent that was so kindly furnished us proved to be of but little good to us as it could not stand the storm and we being inexperienced with tenting did not know so well to pitch it securely. I remember several nights that I together with my father when the storms came up would get up and cling to the poles with all our strength in the hope of holding it secure, but it would be only for a while and then it would go down notwithstanding our efforts. After a while we learned by experience to pitch it more securely that we made it stand, and perhaps the storms were not severe. We have often felt grateful to Elder Smith for his kindness in our behalf. A friend in need is a friend indeed and such he proved to be though he was almost an entire stranger to us. Mother got better in course of time, and the next to be taken sick was my sister and I.

We had not means to purchase a team of our own and thus travel in an independent way across the plains as some did. The church had sent teams from the valleys to bring out the poor, and we being now among that class having spent all we had in the world to come this far on our way to Zion. A company composed of those whom possessed their

own teams had started and indeed had not tried to get off on account of the sickness of mother.

We had been in camp at Wyoming about six weeks, and now the last company were going to start, and so of course we must go along or be left behind. My sister was quite sick yet and I was not well, but we got started. Now the teams that came from Utah was furnished by the people there upon the call of their leaders to bring the poor saints to Zion, but before any of the belongings of the people were laced in the wagons they were loaded with merchandize almost to their full capacity. This consisted of boxes and bales and in other forms either for some individual merchant in Salt Lake City or for the cooperation known as cooperative "Zions, mercantile institution". Though I do not know if this institution was organized at that time or not. No matter the goods were hauled out for somebody, and it was all done in the name of helping the poor and building up Zion. I learned from the young man who drove our team that there was some over twenty hundred on the same before any of the emigrants had a thing put on but the emigrants goods did not amount to much, as each person was only allowed fifty pounds and that included bedding and all.

We were twelve persons to a wagon, but every man, woman, and child who was at all able to should walk. We were of course not going to go to Zion "on flowery beds of ease," neither should we ride on an ox team. But we must walk both men, women, and children. Such streams as the Platt and other rivers must be considered no obstacles, if they could be forded with teams men and women could wade across and it was expected that they should. Perhaps when we think of the hardships of the hand cart companies who traversed the desert pulling or pushing their carts, our walking and wading the rivers should not be complained of.

But when it is born in mind that these teams were sent freely for the purpose of bringing home the poor, and when it is understood as was the fact that each head of family before starting on the journey had to sign promisory notes agreeing to pay \$60.00 for each person carried across the

plains and these notes drawing interest at the rate of ten per cent, paid interest to be added to the principal yearly and drawing interest at same rate until paid, it looks like an expensive privilege. I remember it was announced while in camp at Wyoming that all who wanted to go on the church teams should come to office and sign their name and of course all went. The masses coming from foreign lands of course could not speak nor read English, but they asked no questions but did as they were told, and no one explained what their signature meant.

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I was not well when we started and for a few days was permitted to ride, but it was only a few days, less than a week I think, after that I was not permitted to get on the wagon. My sister instead of getting better got worse, and so weak that she could not walk from the tent to the wagon so of course she had to ride.

While in camp at Wyoming we had frequently been-preached to, and in these sermons we had been admonished to be submisse to council and not complain. I think it was Joseph Young who spoke to us shortly after our arrival one part of what was said I distinctly remember.

It was that the saints should be like the ox under the yoke, when we say ha he turns to the left, and when we say gi he turns to the right, so should the people be obedient to the council of the priesthood. The preaching was in English which of course I didn't understand, but it was interpreted for our benefit by some man whose name I didn't learn, or if I did do not remember.

Death in our company was a frequent occurrence and the men being so weary and weak in body that it was difficult to get anyone to dig the graves. Indeed it was general a shallow hole that was made and there the dead body was deposited of course without coffin, and without anything to mark the resting place of the weary traveler. Thus have thousands gone to rest on their pilgrimage to Zion in the mountains, and among some who have even been more completely worn out than were our company they have been left without burial at all their flesh to be consumed by wild

beasts and birds of pray, and their bones to bleach upon the plains.

This year the Indians was very hostile we were in constant danger, but our worn out company did not seriously think of this, though we daily witnessed signs of deprivations committed by them along the road. The few settlers that had been along the line of our travel had deserted and lift their sod houses, for such were mainly the buildings erected by those who ventured into these then frontiers to seek cheap homes. A marvelous change has taken place in eastern Nebraska during the 30 years since that time. The sod houses are no more, but instead well improved farms with comfortable and handsome looking houses and large barns which bespeak the thrifty and well to do condition of the inhatitants.

When we at that time traversed these then open prairies it was altogether different. It was only a few here and there who had ventured out into the wilderness to make a selection of a choice farm of Uncle Sam's vast domain, which was then freely given to each citizen who would avail himself of the chance. But some had evidently gone too far from the borders of civilization, for they found it necessary to return leaving their homes and in many instances their furniture such as they had for the savages to do with as they pleased. One day we passed a house right by the road side, it was burning slowly, and about two or three rods from the house laid a man dead presumably the owner of the place having being killed by the Indians that same day, perhaps not an hour before we arrived on the scene. I do not know whether anyone examined to see if he was shot or where, or how he was killed but we saw that he was dead. I, like boys, would be likely to do ran with the rest to see the sights.

The ground was dusty where the corpse lay, and it was so besoiled that it was difficult at first glance to tell whether it was a white man or an Indian, but of course by a little closer examination it was seen to be the body of a white man and we took it for granted that it had been the owner of the house which now was burning. The Indians had taken out of the house what they wanted and then fired it. They

had emptied the feather beds and the contents were flying round by the breeze. They evidently thought they had no use for feathers, their custom not demanding so soft a bed. Whether the rest of the family was murdered and laying somewhere in the weeds or in the burning house, or if any of them had been carried away by the Indians we did not learn, and I do not know if any gave the matter serious thoughts at that time.

We traveled on so far as could be observed altogether unconcerned. I think it was but a day or two after this or perhaps the same day that we came across a company of eleven teams, that had been shot down both men and beast. They had been attacked while traveling, and the teams were run off a short distance from the road where they scattered about, horses and mules with the harness on yet hooked to the wagons but dead. They had been loaded with corn and bacon and perhaps other articles to which fire had been applied, but it was burning rather slowly. A company of soldiers just left the spot as we came along having buried the dead all in one tomb, but eleven ridges of dirt on the top indicated that that number had suddenly found an unexpected tomb. Notwithstanding these and similar things I do not think that anyone was afraid in our company. Death with us had become so common, and it seems as though all had become careless and unconcerned by their own toils, sorrow, and hardships.

[*To be continued*]

Part II of this excellent "Account" will appear in the Fall, 1971, issue of the ANNALS.

An Account of a Mormon family's conversion to the religion of the Latter Day Saints and of their trip from Denmark to Utah*

Part II
By REV. H. N. HANSEN

Part I of this "Account" appeared in the Summer, 1971, issue of the ANNALS.

As we progressed westward reaching the higher altitude in the mountain region the general health of the company became bitter, but by that time quite a number had fallen by the way and it had been mostly the young sturdy ones who had succumbed. Father whose health had been good while the many were sick now gave way but yet he was not so bad but what he was up and managed to walk along though it was hard on him. One night we came to camp but father was nowhere to be seen, we got our tent pitched and darkness came on yet father was not yet heard from. Of course the family became alarmed, but just as we had got camp arranged and we began to feel very uneasy he came along. He told us that he had become so tired and having being left behind, that he very near had given up in despair not thinking himself able to reach us.

But after resting himself a little he made another effort and finely reached camp at the late hour being guided by the campfires. Yet the next day he walked as usual, he was of that disposition that I believe he would have been left and perished in the wilderness rather than having asked for the privilege of riding.

Mother's and my health had become good towards the latter end of the journey at first just after my sickness walking was quite irksome to me, but now I felt after eating my supper at night that I was ready to start out again. We traveled on an average about twenty miles a day, which of course for a young and healthy person was easy enough to walk. But my sister's condition became no better, but rather worse so much so that she was not expected to live.

*The text of this account appears in its original form. Only the method of page designation has been changed in order to conserve space.

I remember that friends who called around to see her would tell my parents that her suffering would soon be over. In the morning they would say, she will not live till night, and at night she will not live till morning. Yet under this condition no one was permitted to be with her in the morning. When she was carried in in the morning, and placed in the nest that was made for her in the bedding, there was no one to be with her to give her a drink or in any way to help her. But mother was in the habit of walking close by the team, and as an oxteam moves but slowly she would walk in behind the cattle at the front of the wagon and get on the wagon tongue and look under the cover to see how she was and if anything could be done for her comfort. This she had done many times and did not think there was any danger, but the last time she attempted this her dress caught on the bolt in the wagon tongue and she fell in front on the wheels and the heavy loaded wagon passed over her breast and shoulder. I was not near when the accident happened but was in the front of the company. Father had bought a cow that we might have a little milk on the road and it was my duty to drive the cow along.

I had not learned anything of what had happened until camping time. It was in the evening, I think, coming back to where our wagon had stopped I saw father by the side of it, and before I came close enough to speak I could read in his face that something was wrong. I thought my sister was dead for this was what I had been expected to learn, though we thought we had seen some change for the better in her condition the last few days. I went up to father and asked him what had happened, but he could hardly tell so overcome of grief was he. And well might he be. His two youngest children had died on the road, his only daughter lay sick and entirely helpless, lingering as it were between death and life, himself wornout and sick and mother he thought was killed or would die, or if not was ruined for life. I was the only one who was well, but this was a sad blow to me at the time also. When the accident had happened of course something had to be done.

There was not room in our wagon under the wagoncover for mother until some of the baggage was moved from that to another wagon, and a place was fixed such as could be done in a hurry by the side of my sister and mother was lifted in. Now she could ride, but in her condition it was a hard ride over rocks and boulders, as was the case in many places in this mountain region. There was no physician in our company and no one who could tell how bad she was hurt. It was hard matter to get her from the wagon to the tent at night and back again in the morning. She could not help herself and she could not stand to be lifted, but I shall not attempt to describe any farther, it can better be imagined.

I think it was about two hundred miles before reaching Salt Lake City that the accident happened to mother, and strange as it may appear by the time we reached the city she had improved so much that she with a little help could get out and in of the wagon. My sister too had improved a little, but was still entirely helpless as a little child, I remember the day when we came through the last canyon in the mountain and our eyes first beheld Salt Lake City. It was a cheerful sight, not only because of the improved condition of the country compared with the wilderness in which we had traveled for months, but it was our journey's end the land for which we had started. We needed rest and we were happy in the thought that rest was at hand. The appearance of the country did not come up to the expectation of many but most of the company did not care much for that, a rest was wanted and they were glad to make a halt anywhere for the purpose.

It was on the 5th of October that we came into Salt Lake Valley lacking only five days of six months from the day we sailed from Copenhagen Denmark. Those who now make the trip in about three weeks know nothing about the hardships of traveling in those days. Of course our trip might have been more pleasant and comfortable had those in charge had a decent respect for humanity, but we had been treated not much better than dumb brutes. We camped the first night in the valley in an enclosed field, meadow or pastureland south of Salt Lake City. I think it was on a position of

what was known as the church farm. On the day following, our baggage was hauled up through the city into Brigham Young's yards through the eagle gate leading into his property and there our baggage was dumped off, while the merchandise on the wagons was unloaded somewhere else.

Here we were now in the capitol of Zion, the city of which we had heard so much. Many inquired about the temple of which they had sung, and to the erection of which some perhaps had donated were made was surprised to learn that only the foundation had yet been laid. One of the largest buildings which we saw, we learned was the theater. I believe then owned by Brigham Young. There were a few substantial business houses on Main Street, but the majority of the buildings were of adobies and not very elegant in appearance. A wonderful change has taken place since then, now Salt Lake City is one of the finest in the intermountain region. The railroad reached here in 1870 and wherever the ironhorse comes thrift and energy follows.

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We had a friend who lived in the northern part of the Territory who had imigrated from our part of the country two years before. We expected him to meet us, but for some cause he did not turn up and we did not have a chance to get to that part of the country. We met a man by the name of Lars Larson who lived in Toelly county at a place now called Vernon. We had also come to the city, and as he informed us for the purpose of getting a family who needed a home out on his farm to work it on shares. The presenting the opportunity in glowing teens, saying he would furnish land, team and see, father to do the work and have half of the harvest. He was also to furnish a house for us to live in and employment for father and me during the winter. All this to us who came from a European Country where we never had heard of any such offer sounded good. Father did not inquire what kind a house he had on the farm, nor how much he was going to pay him a day for his work. We being a Brother in Zion, and his offers in other regard sounded liberal, it was taken for granted that we could trust him, and that he would do to us what was right.

Several days past away before he got ready to start home, and we were waiting to go with him for father had concluded to accept his offer. He finally came one day in the forenoon and told us that he would start for home that day, and as he had a horse team. I should start immediately with the cow, he with the folks to come after and overtake me on the road. The distance from Salt Lake to his home was about seventy miles. I knew of course nothing about the road, but he pointed out to me the mountains west of the city about fifteen miles away, and told me that the road I should take would lead me round the northern point of the same into Tooe Valley when I was to wait at a man's home whose name I do not now remember, until the rest came along in case they did not overtake me on the way before I got there.

I started, having a lunch along for my dinner, and had no trouble to find the road. The mountains ahead was a sure landmark, and the road I was on was the only one leading in the direction pointed out to me by Mr. Larsen. I went on with confidence, sure that I was right. I walked along leading my little spotted cow by a rope she being halterbroke and led as nicely as a horse, but the mountains did not seem to get much nearer, however I reached their base about sundown. I found water and grass and rested a while letting my cow eat some of the grass. Now for the first my situation began to look unpleasant, night was coming on, no supper and no place only among the brush for my bed for the night. My lunch was all gone at dinner time. Mother only having furnished me a little expecting to overtake me shortly. After resting a while I concluded to travel on as long as I could see, in the mean while casting anxious glances back towards the city hoping that Mr. Larsen and the folks would be coming along, but in vain did I look. I walked on till I got very tired when I laid down to rest tying the cow with the rope around one of the large rocks of which there was plenty on the road-side. Being tired I soon went to sleep. I did not dream like Jacob of a ladder reaching to heaven and of angels walking up and down, but sometime during the night I awoke shivering with cold. I could stand it no longer, having no matches so as

to make my only chance to warm up was by getting up and travel. This I did. I remember while walking along I saw to the right of my way as though it was a white fog throughout the valley and thought that was what it was. But I learned afterward that it was the great Salt Lake that I was passing. It was the famous bathing resort known as Garfield Beach now is, to which so many thousands of late years has gone for pleasure, but at that time it was a lonely place. I took many short naps during the night, and after each one I had to walk a while to warm up. In the morning I came to some scattered houses along the road, and I went in one place and succeeded in making the woman understand that I wanted something to eat. I had learned to say "hungry" and that with yes and no and a few other words was all the English that I had yet learned, but I now found use for all I knew. I was given a piece of bread with peaches, and it tasted, oh so good. I did the same again at other places and was successful of obtaining such as needed for the body.

I reached Toelle City that afternoon, and expected that Mr. Larson and the folks would come along that evening but they did not. I found the place where Larson had told me to stop and when night came they gave me an old quilt and told me I could lay in the strawpile. Of course that was not as nice as it might be, but it was far better than the night before. Larson did not come the next day nor the next, but every evening I was looking for the folks, and finally one evening about dusk they came along. Father and Mother was glad when they found that I was all right. I had been sleeping in the straw each night and begged my food from house to house. I felt ashamed of my way of living and did not go to the same house more than once though I do not remember of being refused by any.

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Toelle City was half the distance from Salt Lake City to Vernon, and the next day we traveled on again. This time I was soon left behind, but I had no trouble in finding the road. I arrived at Larson's sometime the next day, having stopped over night with a Mr. Lewis with whom Larson had made arrangement for my stay as he passed by. The farm

where we were to live was yet four miles away, but before going there Larson told Father that we better have a more perfect understanding. He was now informed that Larson could not afford to pay him more than fifty cents a day. As for me he could make no certain promise but of course if I proved to be a good boy he would pay me what was right. We found us in a wilderness away from everybody with the exception of four or five houses there being that many families living at Vernon at that time and Father saw no way to do but to agree with Mr. Larson and do the best he could. The farm we was to work, though but a small one, we learned was good land, and it was thought by the use that we might do fairly well. But how we were to live till a crop could be raised was the question of great importance that confronted us. Flour at that time was twenty-five dollars per hundred pounds. Bacon one dollar per pound, dressed beef by the quarter twenty-five cents per pound, and everything else in proportion. So even if Father could have earned fifty cents a day it would be impossible for him to provide the necessities of life thereby but Larson had nothing for him to do only for a few days, now and then, and for me he had no use at all. The house in which we were to live was of the style as all the rest in that part of the country, being a little low log cabin with dirt roof. But it was in a delapidated condition, the mud with which it was dubbed had fallen off in many places, leaving large enough holes to put the hand through. There was a kind of a door and one half window, but no floor but the ground, and this was our first home in Zion.

We got some work with a Mr. Nilson who was living in Toelle City but having a farm in this place helping him to dig his potatoes receiving our pay in potatoes. Besides we got permission to plow his patch afterward, and also potato patches belonging to other parties picking up in this way a good supply of that article. We struck some where the potatoes had been dug in a careless manner leaving good many in the ground, and it was a good thing for us. It was the only supply of provision we had for winter and we had no prospect of anything else. I got a job with a Bishop, Barnes

who had a farm here where one of his plural wives were living but he his chief home was somewhere on the Jordan River not a great ways from Salt lake City where he was the Bishop of one of the wards. I together with another boy were to herd his sheep. I began Nov. 1st and we were to herd till April 1st five months. Bishop Barnes was to pay me ten dollars per month. I had nothing to wear on my feet for winter so he was to get me a pair of boots at ten dollars, and for the other four months. I was to have a cow. Though this agreement was made I entered upon it blindfolded, that is I knew nothing about what was before me. The sheep at first were brought home each night and while the weather was good, though a lonesome job it was not so bad. I soon came to learn more about the duty of a sheepherder. The sheep was moved out from the settlement about seven miles and a temporary hut prepared for us boys, and a brush coral for the sheep. We had to do our own cooking and to this end we were provided with an iron kettle, a breadpan and a half gallon tin bucket. There was no water nearer than the settlement from whence we had moved, and we had to melt snow to get that useful article and for this purpose the iron kettle came into use. The breadpan was used as a frying pan as we did not have to make bread, getting that ready for use from home. We were furnished with a piece of butcher knife, about half broken off, and without handle. No other utensils that I now remember but an ax with which to chop our wood but we frequently had to use it to cut our bread which was often froze. We as a rule had plenty to eat, of bread and beef, the latter was kept fresh hung in a cedar, and while we could keep from freezing had plenty of potatoes but it got too cold for us to take care of them. Mr. Barnes would generally come and see us once a week and bring provisions. At one time he was later in coming than usual and perhaps our appetite had been keener, at any rate our bread all gave up and for a few days we lived exclusively on beef, and soon that was gone and we had nothing. We got up one morning and had only a small piece of beef which we divided between us, hoping that our boss would be there before night, but he did not come. When night came we concluded to kill a

sheep thinking our condition would justify the act. My comrade whose name was William declared we must have something to eat, and did not remonstrate. One of the best looking widders was selected by us, thinking his meat would be the best looking and eatable. William being the oldest was going to knock him in the head with the ax while I strattled his back holding him by the wool. We thought perhaps after knocking him down we could, by piece of this old knife we had cut his throat, though it was exceedingly dull. William gave the critter a tap with the ax, but not hard enough, and my hold not being firm enough away he went into the herd, numbering about one thousand, and though we tried it was impossible for us to find the same one again. This discouraged us, and we agreed to wait another twenty-four hours fully determined that if Mr. Barnes did not in the meantime turn up with something for us to eat, we would have some by some means. So we retired, our hunger seemingly appeased after our failure in butchering. The next morning we felt about as well as usual, though a bite of breakfast would have been acceptable, but we had now made up our minds to wait if need be till evening. But sometime during the day the boss arrived with a sack of provisions, and we were supplied with something to satisfy the cravings of nature. We told him we had been without food for two days, but said nothing about the effort the night before, nor of our intentions, not that we considered that it would been wrong had our resolution been carried into effect, but we deemed it not needful to tell. Neither did we notice the poor sheep who received the lick at any time, so presume he was not serious hurt. . . .

My parents and sister had fared worse than me as far as living is concerned having had nothing most of the winter to live upon but potatoes and coffee made from wheat. It was seldom that they had bread in the house, and such articles as meat and butter was not thought of. Had we come to larger settlement where work was going on it might have been different, but in this out of way place nothing was done all being poor and in no need of employing any help. I came home on the first of April to share with the folks in what they had but did not remain to home long but went to work

for a man by the name of Pearson. This was farm work and though it required more exertion, I preferred it to herding sheep. I think father succeeded in borrowing some wheat from Mr. Larson to repay after harvest, so by this means obtained bread while he done his work on the farm. I remember our first Sunday after our arrival at Vernon, we were all going to meeting. While on way we did not know Sunday from any other day as no religious services were held, at least I do not remember, but few occasions when the people were called together for meeting, and that was generally in the evenings, and not of any special day. People coming as we did from what we had been taught was Babylon of course expected something grand in Zion. The settlement being small of course there could not be much of a gathering, but I think nearly all living in the place was there. But it turned out not to be a religious meeting, at least it did not so seem to those not initiated to the custom prevailing in Zion. Questions in regard to stock and fences over which trouble had been brewing in the past was brought and discussed, the particulars of which I do not remember, but it seems like all had a grudge against Larson and he in turn called them all rascals. The meeting was broken up in disorder and I can remember that my parents felt sad over the condition of things and well they might. Having left home and all on earth for to gather with the people of God and to learn more perfect by the way of the Lord to find themselves among a people who by word and action, even upon the Lord's day when they had come together pretending to worship God, showed that they were strangers to the love of God. My parents found comfort in the thought, that perhaps in this out of the way place, the actions of the people should not be considered as a representation of the saints, and the hope was indulged, that if we could get to some place nearer to the center or to the larger settlements we might find a different order of things. So we found ourselves still in Babylon and the resolve was made to leave that portion of the land as soon as circumstances would permit, and seek a location somewhere among the more worthy children of Zion.

Mr. Larson who had been the presiding officer of the

branch at Vernon was released shortly after our arrival at Vernon by the bishop in Toelle, and Mr. Pearson, (my boss) was appointed to take his place. This man was very zealous in his religion, and I believe he was a man that would be ready to do almost anything that the authorities would council and not stop to ask whether it was right or wrong. He too believed it was his duty to enlarge his kingdom by taking another wife. Though I was but a boy he told me of his intentions, and he was constantly making preparations about his home to provide for a larger family. He too went courting now and then when he could think of a possible chance to find a concubine. Once at Harvest time we had made our arrangements to stack wheat, the horses were hitched to the wagon and I was to drive down to the field and Pearson was going to a neighbors to borrow a fork that we needed, and was to come across lots and meet me in the field. It so happened that there was a young unmarried woman where he was borrowing the fork, one that the man had had his eyes on for some time, and her company must have been pleasant for Pearson stayed (half the day at least) it seemed to me who waited in the scorching sun with no company good or bad but the horses. I presume time passed more rapidly with Mr. Pearson and that he had a good time or he would not remained so long. His wife, the woman whom he had covenanted to love and honor as such, was often complaining because of his courtships and with tears pleaded with him. Of course this was kept from me as much as possible, but as I was constantly around I could not help to observe that there was trouble between them. While I at that time did not fully comprehend all, I have in my reflections in more mature age been able to conceive what I at that time only in part understood.

I had been with Pearson in Toelle Valley at one time putting up hay, and after we got through on the road home we were stopping in Toelle City. Pearson and I was sleeping out I think by a hay stack. It happened that Brigham Young and his company was coming out there to preach, and Pearson being a good Mormon stayed to take in the meetings, and I stayed also. It suited me. When Brigham and Co. came

they were seen quite a distance on the plain or at least an emense cloud of smoke bespoke that Young and his following was approaching. Everybody marched out to meet him. I with the rest, while martial music filled the air and cheered the spirit. Brigham's carriage came first drawn by four horses and accompanied with a mounted guard armed with such weapons as was generally had in the territory in those days. I think there was about fifteen or twenty of them. He was followed by other carriages whose horses were not so good as Brigham's and the drivers unmercifully lashed them with the whip to make them keep up. As Brigham's carriage passed the crowd all uncovered their heads and Hurrah! for Brigham as if he was a temporal monarch and not a humble minister for Christ.

After Brigham's reception which was in the evening, I think about sunset or a little before, the band furnished music on the street till late in the evening serenading B. Young at his lodging and other of the leading citizens and among them a man by the name of Nelson, whom was manufacturing whiskey on a small scale. It was late when they came to Nelson's residence and I believe he had retired as I do not remember a light being in the house. I had followed with others of the young being fond of music and to see what was going on. I remember Nelson coming out after a while, and it seems that he knew what was wanted for his voice was distinctly heard. "Come down in the cellar, boys" and they obeyed. It was the end of the music that night, and how long these sons of Zion indulged at the cup I did not learn as I sought my resting place at the haystack. To my surprise I learned that Mr. Pearson had not yet retired, nor did he come at all that night. It was learned afterward that he had been courting some lady and so was hindered. Surely if there is any reward for the practise of plural marriage, Mr. Pearson is entitled to one for though I think he never attained to the state of polygamist, he tried his best. It was not his fault.

I did not at that time give religion serious consideration, but my parents were much disappointed with matters in general as they found them. Vernon was an isolated place

far from leading authorities of the church and hence it was thought from proper influence and every effort was put forth to obtain a team wherewith to move our scanty store to some other settlement. All grains raised was exchanged for yoke of oxen and a wagon, so as soon as the condition of the weather and road would permit in the spring of 1866 we were again on the move. It was my parents intentions when coming to Utah to have gone North of Salt Lake City, and now they concluded to try that part of Zion. I think it was sometime in March that we started out, traveling but very slowly as the oxen were poor, feed scant and we had two or three cows that were not in a condition to travel fast. I remember nothing of the trip but it being slow and tedious. We traveled about 140 miles and came to Bear River about ten miles from Brigham City. Here we found preparations were beginning to be made for a new settlement, by damming the Malad River a tributary of Bear River to raise the water with which to irrigate the land between the two streams. This at that time was a fine country for stock, grass being in abundance, and we were glad to stop and join in the work to be done. Trouble was not yet over, for now as father wanted to put in a crop at least so as to raise enough for bread, he had no seed though he could have the land, neither did he have bread for the family until a harvest could be hoped for. Finally father found a man that loaned him wheat by him agreeing to give him two bushel for one after harvest. Father and I labored nearly all summer on the dam. Our crop would have been a failure had we not more than for that country a usual fall of rain as we did not get in shape so to be able to irrigate until late in June or perhaps in July before water was gotten out. In ordinary seasons everything would have been burned up by that time. But while the rain was good for growing crops it was hard on us who camped there without tent or covered wagon and with only such protection as a wagon bed taken apart could furnish.

Later in the summer father and I went up into the mountains and obtained some poles and small logs which together with some willows that grew on the bank of Bear River was

the building material for our house for winter. A dugout covered with poles and willows and after that with dirt was the house now completed for the winter. There was one door and half sash with four small light was the only window. But it was the first habitation of our own that we had in Zion and fully as good as any that we had lived in. So considering the conditions of the past we began to think that we were quite comfortable. It was during the winter of 66 and 67 that news of the Reorganized Church or the Josephites first reached our ears. We did not see any of the Elders nor did we meet any of the members of the church, but somehow the news reached us that the "Josephites" had missionaries in Utah and one man by the name of Ageson who was in the habit frequently to from Bear River to Brigham City, would return and somehow becoming posted on the claim of the Josephites called our attention to certain portions of the Book of Doctrine Covenants which caused some to begin to see that there was some grounds for the claims of the Reorganization. Later we heard of some Josephites holding meetings on Sundays a few miles north of Brigham City, and father and a man by name of Ole Carlsen and I went there to meeting; it was a walk of about ten miles; through snow and slush but that was not considered so much to us in those times. We only attended these meetings two or three times, (I do not remember which) and Carlsen, father, and I were baptized.

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The meetings were held in the house of David Powell whom now live near Stewartsville, Mo. I remember especially at one time the spirit's presence in the meeting. Several had spoken and some had been singing, it was sort of a testimony meeting held by a few who had lately come out of the Utah Church and united by the Reorganization. I had understood but little but under the prevailing influence I felt like Peter upon the "Holy Mount." It was good for me to be there, instead of becoming tired as the meeting was long I wished it to continue. But it was not all that felt as well as I did for I remember that Mr. Carlson got up and spoke and told us that he thought the spirit present was not

of the Lord. This statement was a surprise to me and an opinion on that I though a boy in My seventeenth year I think it was the following Sunday Mr. Carlson, father, and I were baptized and a number besides. I think ten or twelve altogether. David Powell whom was an elder officiated. It was not until several days after the meeting above referred to that I learned that something more than common transpired. But it was then told that the gift of tongues had been enjoyed which I was now prepared to believe by the silent testimony to me that the work was of the Lord. It left an impression upon me that will never be obliterated while my memory shall last.

LUMBERMEN AT CLINTON: NINETEENTH CENTURY SAWMILL CENTER

by George Wesley Sieber
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Professor Sieber was born in Evansville, Indiana in 1930 but has made Wisconsin his home since 1943. He received his Ph.D. in history from the University of Iowa in 1960 and has been teaching at Wisconsin State University since 1962. Professor Sieber is presently engaged in writing a book length manuscript: "Sawmilling on the Mississippi: An Iowa Firm in the Nineteenth Century," which will be submitted to Iowa University Press. The following article is based primarily on the W. J. Young Lumber Company papers located at the University of Iowa.*

This article depicts the role of Clinton, Iowa in nineteenth century lumber production, the companies, the men who ran them, and their socio-economic role as employers. Attention is focused on the labor force and wages. Emphasis is on W. J. Young & Company whose records constitute the main source of the study.

*Professor Sieber has been the author of two other articles which have appeared in the ANNALS: "Sawlogs for a Clinton Sawmill," Vol. 37, No. 5, (Summer, 1964) and "Railroads and Lumber Marketing 1858-78: The Relationship Between an Iowa Sawmill Firm and the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad," Vol. 39, No. 1, (Summer, 1967).