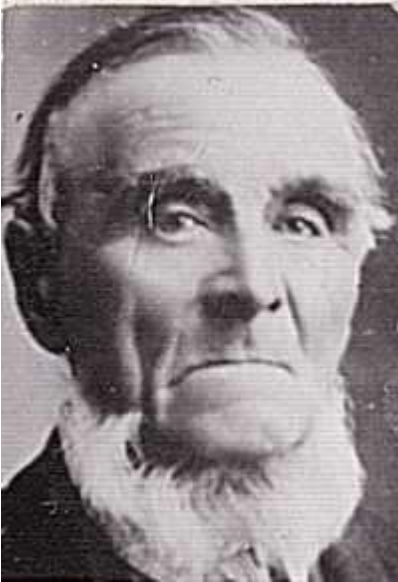


A HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF LARS AND SIDSEL (PEDERSEN) NIELSON.

Taken from the family journal which was written in Danish and translated into English by Ruth Hansen, for which we are indeed grateful.



Lars Nielson was born March 20, 1828 at Sonder Orslev mill Falster Denmark. He was the son of Niels Christiansen and Anne Margrethe Rasmusdatter.

I went to school in Idestrup from the age of 7 to 14 and was then confirmed at Idestrup church Idestrup parish the first part of April 1842. I then began to work for Evard Testrup at Orupsgaard (gaard is a farm) Falster from May 1, 1842 until November 1, 1845--three and a half years--a year and a half as milk boy and two years as a man servant.

After this I went to Jakob Pedersen, a tailor, in Karleby where I learned the vocation of tailoring I was there from Nov. 1, 1845 until Nov. 1, 1848.

I then went back to Sonder Orslev, my birthplace and lived with my brother in law Rasmus Mikkelsen and my sister Ane and began to work for myself. My Mother had died Oct. 24 1848. She was born in July 1791. My father was born in 1784 at Listrup Norre Orslev in September. He died at Borup Jan. 21, 1833. They were both buried in Idestrup where my father's father and mother are also buried.

March 29, 1850 I traveled to Copenhagen and on April 2, I enlisted as a soldier in our conflict with Germany. Shortly thereafter I was sent with the army to Slesvig to fight the Germans. When we arrived at Slesvig in 1850 we were stationed first at Sonderberg on Als. I worked one day of Dyppel barricade when we were then ordered to Flensburg.

It was a strange March weather, very warm, 13 men died (?). We were at Flensburg three months. The people were very good to us. We were then ordered to Eckernfoorde where we had almost daily skirmishes with the Germans. In February 1851 peace was declared and Denmark received.

When peace was declared some of us were sent to Killer Floden to help collect customs duty because the people would not pay toll but smuggled their goods from Holstein to Slevig. We had to patrol the border night and day; on the other hand we had things pretty good. The people were fine and respected us as soldiers. We were then called to go to the old market town of Slesvig where I remained until I was released from the army to go home.

I returned to my birthplace Sonder Orslev, Falster Sept. 9 and was invited to a dance that same evening. I again took up my work as a tailor at which I labored until I journeyed to Utah.

It was the last part of September 1851 when I first heard the word "Mormonism". Two missionaries had come to Orslev and received permission to hold a meeting in Hans Kloker's house. Many people came to hear about the new religion as they called it and I was one of them.

I decided it was true for I had read the New Testament and believed that Jesus Christ was the Savior of the world and that His teachings were the plan of salvation. However, I was a pleasure loving fellow and had just come home from the war and could not tear myself away from youth's pleasures, but I did not have a word to say against them and I left the meeting wondering. A short time after my sister, Ane, and her husband, R. Mikkelsen, were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and left Denmark in Dec., 1853 and reached Utah Sept., 1854. I received a few letters from them and learned the good missionary's names were Fosgren and Dorius. They were the first missionaries on Falster.

During the winter of February 1853, I became acquainted with Sidsel Pedersen of Egelov and on May 18, 1853 we were married becoming husband and wife in Norre Vedby church, Falster by Priest R. Jorgensen. He received three Rigs dollars and schoolteacher Madsen two Rigs dollars for saying "amen". I was 25 years and two months old and Sidsel was 27 years two months and 16 days old. She was born March 2, 1826 in Egelev, Falster the daughter of Peder Mikkelsen and Bertha Jensdatter.

We rented a house at Ulslev, Idestrup parish where we lived from June 2, 1853 until in October 1854. Our first son Niels Peder was born there June 19, 1854.

I bought a house in Tingsted where we moved in October 1854 and there our second son, Jens Christian, was born Feb. 8, 1856 when I had to give the house up because I did not have enough money to keep it.

My brother Rasmus and I bought a track of land at Stubberup, Tingsted parish and built each of us a pretty little house where we moved in October 1856. On March 20, 1858 Sidsel gave me as a Birthday gift our first daughter, Anne Margrethe. These, our first three children were baptized as small children by infant baptism.

We had not seen a Mormon since my sister and brother in law left, and they were the only Mormons Sidsel knew. She had not heard the missionaries speak and thought it was too bad that such fine young men were so mistaken. There in Tingsted parish the missionaries had not had permission to bear their testimonies because the people would not listen to them,

In the late summer of 1858 two missionaries came to our house. Their names were Nessen and P.C. Nielsen. They asked if we would like to see some tracts, I said, "Are you Mormons? They answered, "Yes." Then I said to my wife, "Will you set something out on the table for I don't think they have had anything to eat around here." Sidsel, as always, was willing and soon the table was set and asked them to sit down and eat which they did with thankfulness. Afterwards I looked at their tracts and bought "The Voice of Warning" and two other tracts.

After they had eaten and talked a little about religion, I invited them to go look at our garden, for we had a good producing garden. They said it was a fine garden. We then saw that my good friend, Hans Westenskow and his brother Peter together with all the young men of the village had come to my house which lay a little east of the town. Hans and Peter were bachelors, musicians and shoemakers. When they were a little way from the house they stopped and Hans came on alone. He called me aside and said, "We saw these man go through the village and offer tracts but no one would take them. Are they Mormons?" I said, "Yes, they are." He asked, "I wonder if they will preach for us? We have never heard any Mormons and we would like to hear what they have to say." I turned to missionaries and said, "The town's young men would like to know if you will preach. For they, would like to hear you." Elder Nissan answered, "We would like very much to preach if we can find a place to hold a meeting. I said, "You can hold it at my house." Elder Nessen then told the young men that there would be a meeting here that evening and that all were welcome. I told Hans to tell them that I wanted order and no mischief in my house where I was in charge. Hans assured me there would be no mischief, that they only wanted to hear the missionaries. They didn't have to believe unless they wanted to.

Everyone around was invited to the meeting and many came. We had a fine orderly meeting. Everyone at least listened with. Attention and the people left the meeting apparently content. Elder Nessen told Sidsel and I that he had never felt such power to speak as he had at our house. This was the first Mormon meeting in Tingsted parish.

As they were preparing to go to Nykobing where they had a room, I told them that as it was late we could let them have a bed. They were thankful for this and stayed with us and had breakfast with us the next morning. As they were bidding us farewell with many thanks, Elder Nessen told me and my wife we would become Mormons, that we could not help it, He said, "I have been upon this mission for several years, but I have never been received so well the first time I came into a house." P.C. Nielsen had but recently been baptized and then was straightway sent out as a missionary. He was the son of a well to do farmer from Stubberup, Lolland and was an able and hard working missionary He had baptized several people on Falster and Mons.

From this time I began to ransack the scriptures of the Bible and to seek out Mormon tracts to see if they agreed with the Bible, which they did. Our house was open for the Mormons and I began to visit their meetings when I had the opportunity. On March 30, 1860 I, Lars Nielson, and my wife, Sidsel Pedersen Nielson, were baptized for the remission of sins by P.C. Nielson and was confirmed in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by Jens Hansen and my wife by P. C. Nielson. The same evening I was ordained a Teacher, I was very eager to bear my testimony of Jesus Christ's true gospel to all I came in contact with.

As a tailor I traveled around and had the opportunity to talk to man most of whom rejected me and few believed. My brother Rasmus who lived with us was together with his wife baptized in April 1860 by P. C.

Nielson and my brother Hans Jorgen and his wife were baptized in May 1860 also by P. C. Nielson. They lived in Riserup, Falster.

On August 6, 1860 Sidsel brought our third son, August into the world. When I went to report it to the priest we heard a lecture on religion. He said that he was very grieved that I had been deceived by these terrible Mormons, yet he had hope he could bring us back. I said, "Don't sorrow over us for we have followed the Savior's commandment and been baptized for the forgiveness of sin. Grieve over those in your congregation. The poor houses are full of illegitimate children and some labor in the fields watching the cattle and suffer the cold and receive harsh words in payment. Tyranny, drunkenness and deceit are often heard of in your congregation. You Sir Priest, have the obligation to go from house to house and preach repentance to them for that is your responsibility."

He answered and said, "I preach in the church every Sunday. They can come there and hear me." I said, "That is not enough for there are many who never come to church." He replied, "I can't help that." "You know, though, where each family and pretty girls are when a holiday time they send out invitations," I said. "The poor man with a wife and children who sometimes go half hungry and half naked must make offerings to the priest whose salary goes up by the thousands without his producing more. Is this following Christ's example?" He asked, "Should I, a man who has given thousands of Rigs dollars to become educated go out and plow and harvest?" I said, "God does not worry about a person's standings." Then I asked him, "Sir Priest, would you be so good as to tell me what kind of teacher you are?" He replied, "Don't you know that I am an apostle of Christ and a disciple of Luther." I asked, "How is it then, that you don't follow their teachings?" He became angry and said, "Can you show me where I do not follow their teachings." I said, "I think I can. Although it has been seven or eight years since I learned Luther's Catism, that says that every employer should gather his employees each morning and evening and either kneel or stand in prayer to God. And also that before every meal they should thank God. Do you do this?" The priest said, "I'm ashamed that I don't." I said, "Then you don't follow Luther's teachings".

Therewith I began with the teachings of Christ and His apostles, which is the true and everlasting gospel, and bore a strong testimony that he was a long way from following in Christ's and the apostle's footsteps, examples, and teachings. He was so confused that he turned to go, so I bid him farewell and left. Our discussion had occupied two hours.

Shortly after this Jens Larsen's wife was baptized. When these young and prosperous young people became Mormons, Lucifer was very annoyed. Karen Westenskow's parents, who were land owners in the town and my neighbors, heard of her baptism, they immediately sent a message to the priest asking that he go and see them and bring them back into his church. The next day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the Priest went to Hans Westenskow's home and preached to them, telling them how terrible they had been deceived. That day I was working at home, but in the afternoon a spirit came over me and as much as said to me, "You should go to Hans Westenskow's." I was a little confused and wondered what I should do there, but I still felt that I should go and told Sidsel where I was going. She said, "What are you going to do there?" I didn't really know, for I had no errand but I walked to where they lived near Bruntofte woods. When I got to their house, I could hear the priest talking inside. Then I knew what I should do. When I came in the door, the priest picked up his hat to leave; but Hans said, "No, Sir Priest, you must not go yet for Karen and I would like to hear you and Lars discuss the gospel for he knows more about it than I do." The priest answered, "I have talked with this man once and I don't want to talk to him again." "I, Sir Priest, will follow Christ's gospel, and you who are a teacher for Christ should teach it and show us wherein we are wrong."

We kept him there for a long time and the priest and I discussed many of the gospel's most important principles. I showed him how he and his congregation worshipped God with teachings that were those of men and so were their ordinances and that Jesus said that those who worshipped him according to men's teachings worship him in vain and shall be uprooted.

When he could not answer this, he began on polygamy and said that Mormons lived in open polygamy with many wives and that is an abomination. I answered and said, "Is that an abomination in your eyes?" "Yes, it is that." I said, "Jesus said that there shall come many from east and west, and north and south, and sit with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the Kingdom of God. There you cannot come, Sir Priest, and sit with these abominable men, all of whom had several wives. He replied, "That was another day." I answered and said,

"Yes, and we have the same God now and he and his laws are unchangeable." He took his hat, bade us, goodnight and left. When he was gone Sister Westenskow said, "I thought a priest could defend himself out of the scriptures, but he couldn't confuse you. It was good that the priest came and that Lars came for now I know that a priest cannot defend himself against the Mormons out of the scriptures."

The next day the priest went to Sister Westenskow's parents farm, Peder Snekker, in Stubberup and told them he had gone to their daughter and son in law's home in the afternoon at two o'clock and talked to them until the evening and had felt good until that cursed tailor, Lars Nielson, came and after that he could not do anything more. He could confuse all men and nearly confused me, when I had one scripture, he had ten.

Their youngest son, Peder, had come in for his dinner. He sat and heard the priest telling of his troubles with the tailor. That an unlearned man could defeat a priest, a learned man, in quoting scripture was something Peder could not understand. He thought about it the whole afternoon and saw that his parents were very angry with me for they said that it was my fault that the others had become Mormons. So Peder came to see me that evening and wanted to know how it was that I could surpass the priest with scriptures. For said he, "That is something I cannot see or understand."

I said, "Peder, I can answer that in a few words. Your priest has changed the true gospel of Christ for the learning and ordinances of men and set aside the true principles of the Savior's teachings but we Latter Day Saints understand Christ's gospel in the same way that Jesus and his apostles understood it and follow his word and commandments. Then I showed him from the Bible some of the false teachings of their priest. I taught him until late in the evening and as he left he asked where we would be meeting next Sunday. I told him and asked him to go with us, which he did. I told him we would be having a prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, which I presided over and asked him to come, and he came.

Two or three weeks later, he Peder Pedersen, was baptized by P. C. Nielsen and shortly after he was sent upon a mission and Hans Westenskow's brother, Peder was baptized shortly after and also sent upon a mission.

The people there in Stubberup were very angry with me and said it was the tailor's fault, but it was P.C. Nielsen who baptized them, but all of the people felt the same about me and agreed that none would let me have any work or help me in any way. They would starve me out of the village. When I heard this, I said, "I have work enough without them and shall surely get my reward. I also spent another hour with the priest from Idestrup and Etasraa Tesstof.

This was during the last part of the year 1862. In the spring we were going to Utah, so we began to prepare to sell our house and pack what we would take with us. But when people saw we were going to leave, they would not buy anything from us. They would not give Mormons money, so we had to sell for less than half of what things were worth. We gave my wife's brother a handsome stove that was worth 22 Rigs dollars and we gave things to others also.

Brother Hans Westenskow would insure us with money until we reached America. From Florence, we would travel by Church wagons to Utah. He wanted me and my family with him.

We left our home on Falster, Denmark the 19 or 20th day of April 1863. Sister Westenskow's brother, Jorgen P. Snekke, drove us to Nykobing. It was early in the morning but it appeared that the people in Stubberup had forgotten their bitter feelings in friendship for us for they were outside their doors and took their hats off and bade us farewell and wished us a lucky journey and that things would go well with us.

My brother Rasmus went with us to Nykobing where we made a touching good-bye. We then sailed in a little steamship that took us to Copenhagen where we spent seven days and went sight seeing around the city. My wife and children had never been in Copenhagen before. It is the capital of Denmark. We left Copenhagen April 26 by steamship. We sailed in the Baltic Sea from Sealand around Falster and Lolland until we came to Keil in Holstein. We arrived in the morning a little before daylight. Here I gave my last money for coffee and cakes. We traveled from there by train to Altuna arriving in the afternoon. We went right on board a steamship in the Elbe River, which is between Altuna and Hamburg and sailed from Alven over the North Sea to Grimsby in England. At noon, on the 28th, we landed and went to a large warehouse where there were already some Swedish immigrants. We had to stay there three days. Hans Westenskow didn't want to go into the city to buy bread and other food for he couldn't speak English. Neither could I, but I wasn't afraid and I said, "If you give me the money, I will go and buy what our families need." This I did.

We left there by train the first of May to cross England to Liverpool where we arrived the same day a

little before evening. We went right on board a large sailing ship named B. S. Kimball. The next morning we sailed.

Our quarters were in the lowest deck where it was nearly as dark during the day as at night. There was, however, a lamp, which lighted our large room a little. We could have cooked food only every other day. If we were careful we could put some potatoes and a little meat in a bag and hang them near the big boilers and cook that way. My wife immediately became seasick and stayed sick as long as we were on the water.

We had a good captain. He was very fine. He gave us the freedom of the ship and the opportunity to entertain ourselves. We had good music with Westenskow to lead us and two or three others to help. When it was good weather we had music and dancing on the deck. The captain and his wife stood and watched and were amused. They were fine young people. When the weather was good I always helped Sidsel on deck to enjoy the fresh air, hear the music, and watch the dancing.

Three of our children were a little seasick, Niels Peder, Anne Margrethe, and August; but Christian and I were well and had good appetites. We were at sea longer than we had planned but we had an especially good leader, Brother Hans P. Lunde. He had been sent from Utah and filled a good mission. He was a fine speaker and also sang well. He was always humble and honorable and a hard working missionary. He was loved by all; and on the ship, he showed his goodness to all--especially to the sick. He was ready to help anyone and did everything he could for us. He ate with the captain and sometimes brought fine cakes to the sick. Twice he came with a glass of wine for my sick wife. She had no appetite, but I could make a little "sweet soup" which she enjoyed.

We had two Danish emigrants who were our cooks. I carried coal to them and helped them a little, so in the evenings I had the key to the kitchen and could get up early in the morning and cook a little soup or make coffee for Sidsel before they came.

On Whitmonday we had a terrible wind storm. Another brother and I sat near the stairs to help the sick when they had to come up. An old man from Lolland died and was buried at sea.

After forty-two days at sea we landed in New York June 15, 1863 at Castle Gardens. We were there four or five hours then went on board a train and traveled to Albany. We were there two or three hours. There Sister Westenskow gave birth to their first son and named him Peder Albany. We went into town and bought coffee and cake for her. Hans and I carried her up the stairs and made her a good bed to lie in and she did very well. Sidsel began to feel better and could help take care of her.

At Chicago we had to wait several hours and then went by train to St. Joseph where we went on board a steamboat on the Missouri River and sailed to Florence. On June 22 the church wagons picked us up. It was a sight to see such huge covered wagons pulled by three pair of yoked oxen and wagoniers with long whips who called, "Gee, Ha." They drove us a ways outside Florence where we had to wait two weeks.

Niels Peder was very sick there and we were afraid that he might die, but the Lord blessed him and he became well. Westenskow's baby son died and was buried there.

While we were there I was asked to help several days at sewing tents, but we could not get a tent. Ole Madsen, Hans and I decided to take some sheets and make a large tent for our three families where they could lie at night while we traveled over the plains. This was a good thing for us.

On July 6, we began our journey over the desert in John F. Sanders Co. They were from Sanpete. Our wagon master was Jep Sumager from Manti. He was a very fine young man; he was so good to the children. On mornings when I walked ahead with my two oldest sons, Peder and Jens Christian, to entertain them a little Jep would say, "You can let them sit by the side of the trail and I'll pick them up to help in the wagon."

I rode in the wagon not more than two hours during the entire journey from Florence until we came to Parley's Canyon. There he called me to come sit with him and see Salt Lake City and how far I could see. I went quickly to the wagon and rode until we had nearly reached the city. There I began to walk so that I could see things better. He told me that we were in the desert and that I should ride with him, but I answered that if he could drive as well as I could walk we would soon be in Salt Lake City. I wanted to look around and gather bracken until I reached camp. Sometimes I had found berries and when Sidsel was sick for a day I could bake bread and roast meat. That was all we had to live on. Jens Christian began to be sick and became very weak. His prayer was always that he might live to taste Zion's fruits, which he did.

August 7, a little before we reached camp, we broke an axle on the wagon which was enough for my

wife's sake, for the next morning about two or three o'clock, she brought a pretty little girl into the world. Things went very well. There was a good old sister in our company who was a capable midwife, and she was good to Sidsel. It was August 8, 1863. We gave her the name of Berthe Marie. I prepared a good meal for Sidsel, she felt really well. She said it was the easiest birth she had had with any of her five children. All this took place in a pretty little glade where there were many trees and berries and a clear stream of water.

We camped for a day and a half while they repaired the wagon so Sidsel had a good rest. I told her, "You are the most thoughtful of wives in the company to pick the best place and time." It was a delightful place and the longest rest we had crossing the plains.

A couple of days before we reached Salt Lake several people driving light carriages came out to greet us and bid us welcome. They brought with them some peaches and shared them out according to the size of the family. It made us very happy to see brothers and sisters from Zion come out to us to show their respect and brotherhood this way. This was the first fruit of Zion we had seen and tasted.

We had a few deaths while crossing the plains. One was an elderly woman from Torby on Lolland, another a (weak chested) young man who died on the train in the neighborhood of Bluff. Brother Lund went back and buried him. I cannot begin to describe all that happened on land and sea.

We reached Salt Lake about three or four in the afternoon of Sept. 5, 1863. It took four months and fourteen days from Falster, Denmark to Salt Lake City, Utah.

All of our close acquaintances started the next day for Sanpete, but my family and I were going to Parowan in Iron County where my brother in law and sister lived. We waited in Salt Lake until Iron County or Dixie settlers came in.

Two young men from Falster whom we knew well had come the year before we did. When they knew we were here they came and got us and helped us get settled which was a great comfort for us. I soon found work.

Our eldest son, Niels Peder, was our interpreter. He had learned the language pretty well from the wagoniers crossing the plains. This was a big help to us. People were amazed to see that little boy speak the language so well. He was always quick to learn. He was nine years old.

He was always venturesome in going about the town. Many told him he should come and get some peaches. He came to his mother and said, "Give me a sack so I can get some peaches." He got a sack and would come with one or two sackfuls each day. One day Sidsel was amazed to see him come with his sack so full it couldn't be closed and with some grapes on top. Mother said, "Where did you get them, Peder?" He said he had gotten them from President Young's wife. Mother, said, "you surely didn't go there." Peter answered, "Yes, that was the nicest woman I have met yet. She gave me something to eat and asked where I came from, and who my parents were, and how many brothers and sisters I had. I answered these questions and told her I had a brother who was sick. She told me she was sorry and told me to come again."

The sick brother was very happy to enjoy the prophet's grapes. He could eat them. I believe they were the first grapes he had ever tasted, and I believe the last. He himself was almost a little prophet for one time when we talked about going to Parowan to my sister and brother in law he said, "When you go there, you will go away and leave me here." We answered, "No, Christian, we won't leave you." He said, "Yes, you will." His words came to pass for on October 5, 1863 he died and was buried on the 6th in the Salt Lake City cemetery just one month after we came to Salt Lake City.

The same day the wagon train was to go to Parowan was the day when the wagon came to take Little Christian to his grave. I wanted to stay and follow Christian to his resting place, but they would not let me. They said I should go with my family and not grieve over him. I made a board with his name, Jens Christian Nielson, born Feb. 8, 1856, Tingsted, Falster, Denmark and put it on his casket and asked them to put it on his grave, which they said they would do. Thus we began our journey to Parowan.

By the time we reached Beaver it had begun to be very cold. It was evening by the time we had traveled ten miles south of Beaver and had begun to snow with a harsh cold wind. We camped there that night. I made us a little house with cedar boughs that kept a little of the snow and cold from us. Marie had a cold and there was three inches of snow the next morning. I asked our wagon master how far it was to Parowan and he said twenty-five miles. "Can we reach there by evening?" "No, if we get to Red Creek we will be doing good." I said, "My wife and little Marie I dare not let sleep out another cold night, they have such bad colds. I will go

ahead to Parowan and get my brother in law to come out and meet us. I must have my family in a house before night.

He said, "You are a stranger here. It is a long way to go through the snow." I thought about it a little and said, "I will be in Parowan by two o'clock. We had just eaten our breakfast. I put Sidsel and the children on the wagon and then I left and was in Parowan by two o'clock that afternoon. It was a happy occasion for me and my sister Anne and family to see each other after the passage of ten years.

After an hour or so of talk and a good meal, I took my brother in law, R. Mikkelsen, his wagon and mules and drove to meet my family at Red Creek where we immediately loaded them on Mikkelsen's wagon and drove to Parowan that same evening where we came to a good warm house out of the weather--to rest and sleep in a warm house which we hadn't had a chance to do since we left Denmark on the 19th or 20th of April to the 21st of October, just six months. We were thankful to our Heavenly Father that we had reached Zion, an answer to our prayers.

I immediately looked around for any work that I could get, and there was no lack of it. I was known a little, so I got work as a tailor and sewed many suits of clothes for the wealthiest people in Parowan. There was not much money around, so I had to trade for such things as we needed; food, service, and a cow that would calve in the early summer.

In March 1864 there were between thirty and forty families that planned to go over to the Sevier River to begin a new settlement. Among them were several Danes. I decided to go with them for there I could get both water and land as I wished.

We began to layout a settlement in the south end of the valley, which we named Panguitch. I helped the surveyor to lay out the lots and received ten acres, as did the others, to begin with. I began to dig a cellar, build a corral, and clear the brush from the land, when we were not working on the ditches and dam to bring water to the land. I didn't have a team so I had to work for others to get my land plowed. I built fences and burned brush on my own land at night.

In the fall of 1864 I sold my city lot and ten acres of land for a team of heavy oxen and an old wagon. As I told my wife, there was plenty of land around without my trying to till the soil without a team. It was hard work. I went to Circleville where I had an acquaintance from Falster who had written me that there was much good land. The 1st of March 1865 I moved my family there. This was 25 miles south of Panguitch.

I began to clear, plow and fence and built us a little house and corral. We harvested over 100 bushel of wheat, a little corn, and potatoes the first year and began to feel as though we were well off.

We had a rich neighbor, Bertel Bull, who wouldn't live there and asked me to buy his city lot with a fine stone cellar and ten acres of land that were next to mine. I paid a little down and the rest was to be paid with wheat after the harvest in two years. This was in the fall of 1865, but 1866 was a hard year. On January 16 my wife gave birth to a large, handsome boy who died at birth. However, the mother stood it well and soon recovered. On February 21 our little desert rose, Berthe Marie, died of croup, age 2 yrs., 6 mo., and 13 days. This was a great sorrow for us as she was so good and lively. Our next neighbor, Sister J. Andersen, said several times to Sidsel, "That little girl is not long for this world, Sister Nielsen, she is too good and sensible to live here."

In the spring I planted some 15 acres of wheat and some corn and potatoes. I said to myself, "May we live to make a harvest so we can begin to pay off our debts and begin to feel free."

The seed came up and looked very good, but the war with the Indians began. One of the last days of May, an army of Indians came out of the East Mountains yelling and swinging their blankets and in a moment had driven off 66 of our animals. All of the prosperous brothers who had guns had gone to the mill, some to Sanpete, and some to Parowan. The Indians knew this; there were only three or four men at home who had weapons.

My family and I were blessed by the Lord that day. Our son, Niels Peder went with two other boys out to gather ours and their oxen. A man who came in from the range told Peder that our oxen were over in the East Mountains but that he hadn't seen the others. They went over thinking theirs might be there too, but they couldn't find them. Peder found ours and came home with them. The other two boys went on to find theirs. A little later the Indians came and the two boys were killed, also a young Danish man, Hans Christian, and an elderly Swedish brother were killed out on the range. We had two young cows come home that evening so we

didn't lose anything and were very thankful to the Lord.

There were sixty or seventy families in this little valley surrounded by mountains--far from any other town. In June President Young sent his second councilor, Daniel H. Wells, with a company to Circleville and told us the best thing to do was to take our families, animals, and anything else we could carry and go to a larger place for security. Here our lives and animals were in danger. We had to leave house and land and all improvements, the seed that had been watered twice, and looked so good and never see it again.

I thought I would go up somewhere around Salt Lake and go up in the mountains and cut logs for a sawmill as I had a good pair of oxen. But when I got to Manti, Brothers Hans and Peder Westenskow and Ole Madsen and others wanted me to stop there. I could get work there and there was the opportunity of cutting hay for my oxen and cattle without having to buy it. I could cut all I would need along the Sanpete River, so I stayed and obtained a little house for us to live in.

I stood picket guard on the hill where God's temple now stands. Here we could see over the valley if the Indians should come out of the mountains to steal the animals. They would steal and kill all they could get.

In Manti Anne Margrethe was baptized when she was eight years old by Jens Hansen who was the president for the Danes and on 18 April 1867 my wife had a son who we named Louis.

Since there was not a very good chance of my getting land and water here, in the spring of 1868 we moved to Scipio where we obtained a city lot and ten acres of land. I hauled our grain and hay for the oxen and two cows the first year. The second year, I had nearly all of my ten acres planted, but when it was coming up good the grasshoppers came and ate it all.

They were building the railroad through Echo Canyon and the Weber Valley into Ogden. Six of us men took our oxen and went up to Weber Valley where Apostle Taylor had a big contract. We contracted with him and worked nearly four months. Each of us, with our teams, earned a little over \$300. I went home the last part of November and built a log house, which we moved in to for Christmas.

In 1871 they began to settle Sevier County and Circleville again. We moved to Monroe and there my wife gave birth to our youngest son on Oct. 18, 1871. He was named Joseph Hyrum.

I decided to take up my old property in Circleville. Niels Peder and I went down to see what the opportunities were, when we got there we found it had been taken by stockmen who were either Gentiles or Jack Mormons, so we gave up the idea.

I had a log house on my farm and on my city lot, but the Indians had burned them. We went to see my little daughter and stillborn son's graves. In the summer of 1873 we went horseback to Parowan to see my sister and brother in law. We agreed that we should help our brother, Rasmus, come from Denmark. I had to sell my oxen to Joseph A. Young for \$147.50. I had a little horse, Tim, and Niels Peder had a good riding horse so this meant that we could help my (weak chested) brother, Rasmus Nielson, come here with his wife and five daughters, in the fall of 1873. A little over five years after he came to Utah, he died in Scipio on December 21, 1878. I and my two oldest, Niels Peder and August went from Leamington over to his burial.

We had moved to Leamington where I had the chance of getting 160 acres of land where I, and my sons, would have enough work around home, There were already twenty one families there at this time. It was the spring of 1876.

Leamington was a hard place to begin. The land was poor and there was so much ditch work. We didn't have a scraper the first two years and had to work with pick and shovels, and we had a struggle with our dam. It broke every year when the high water came. At that time we had a great deal of high water. The bends in the river looked like a lake every spring. The river washed out many places around us so that for four or five years traveled very little.

The land was poor and water logged, but when we began to raise Lucerne, we found that we could raise the best Lucerne. When it had grown a few years, we could raise good seed for four or five years so after working hard for few years we had made a good home here.

After I had been here a half year, Bishop P. Lyman and his councilors came to Leamington to organize a branch under the Oak Creek ward. I was set apart by Bishop Platt Lyman to preside with my councilors Ole Jensen and Ed Morgan. For a few years there were some pretty rough characters here, but little by little we freed ourselves from the worst black sheep, although it is always necessary to have a few to keep us awake.

We had a number of good excursions to the Manti Temple and to the Salt Lake Temple. The people

were good to take their part so we didn't take a back seat. President Ira N. Hinckley said we were always the first to get things done.

January 9, 1883 Apostle F. M. Lyman and Pres. Ira N. Hinckley and his councilors came to Leamington and organized a ward. Apostle Lyman ordained me a high priest and made me Bishop with my two councilors Willie Walker and B.P. Textorius. Two or three years later W. Walker moved from here so B. P. Textorius was my first councilor and John Talbot was my second Councilor. We worked together until April 15, 1900 when I asked to be released, as I wanted to go to my homeland Falster, Denmark.

In April I went to Oak Creek to bid farewell to my son, Niels Peder and his family and our daughter, Anne Margrethe and son in law Joseph Smith Anderson and family. On the morning of April 11, 1900 I bid good-bye to my wife Sidsel and to my children and their families in Leamington and went to Salt Lake City where I together with five young brothers, were blessed and set apart as missionaries to Scandinavia.

I paid for my travel to Liverpool and had a hundred dollar draft sent to Copenhagen, and my passport to the European emigrant's Office.

We left Salt Lake April 13 at 8:15 p.m. Two days after I left I was released as Bishop and a young man, Rodney B. Ashby, whom I had recommended was made Bishop of the Leamington Ward with my son, August, as 1st Councilor and C. Overson as 2nd Councilor.

We left on the Rio Grande and arrived in Denver April 14 at 11 P.M. We crossed the Mississippi at five in the morning of the 16th and arrived in Chicago at 9:45 a.m. We reached Philadelphia on the 17th at 11:40 but the ship was not ready for us to board before the 21st, so we got on a train for New York and arrived there at 2 p.m.

I walked across the huge Brooklyn Bridge three times on foot and last time across I took a streetcar. We also took a 15 mile trip by streetcar, out to the Atlantic Ocean and Coney Island, a large bathing resort. On the 19th we went back to Philadelphia by train. We used the 20th to see some of the wonders of the city such as the Mint where they made gold and silver coins. We saw a gold bar over two feet in diameter and silver bars eight or ten feet long. We were shown the room where the finished money came out on a belt, the silver in one dollar coins and the gold in twenty. They told us that 85 gold twenty dollar coins were minted each minute. There was a woman who sat and took the money as fast as it came off and packed it in a box. There was a woman to each box. I saw two silver dollars that were put back on the belt because they were no good.

We also visited Independence Hall where the Congress or government had gathered from 1741 until after the Revolution. George Washington's statue was there and many pictures of the important men of that day. We were asked to write our names in a large book. We visited a churchyard where Ben Franklin and other famous people were buried.

We left Philadelphia for the harbor at 2 p.m. and went on board ship at 4 p.m., but the ship did not leave the harbor until 6 p.m. April 21.

When we were a little way down the Delaware River we had to stop until the next morning at 7 o'clock. When we had traveled for two more hours we had to stop again because the water was too low, but by 2 p.m. we were down the Delaware and safely out into the Atlantic where we arrived at 8 p.m. April 22.

The ship was named Westland. It traveled about thirty miles an hour the first two days. We had one day of low seas and calm weather and then a day of rain and storm and high seas. On the 29th there was fog, that was a Sunday and we all felt good. There were many first class passengers and we were among them. They were fine cultured men and women and I was asked many questions about Utah and the people there.

They asked that we hold a meeting and tell them something about the Mormons and our religion. They had heard many stories about us, but they had never heard a Mormon preach. The young brothers were not used to speaking and were afraid to stand before a large gathering of intelligent and educated men and women so they said to me, "You have been a bishop for many years and are accustomed to speaking." I answered the brother, "If one of you will preside and some of you who are good singers and the two sisters who are good singers will sing and if you give the prayers, then you can call upon me and I will do the best I can." And this was the way it went.

I talked for forty five minutes and I had the people's attention. When the meeting was over several men and women shook my hand and said it was the best gospel sermon they had ever heard because it was the Bible's teachings I spoke about. The next day and so long as we were on the ship many came and asked me

about many things and said they believed I spoke the truth.

We landed in Liverpool May 3 at 2 p.m. There was a brother there to meet us and take us to the European Mission Office at Islington 242 where we had a friendly reception by President P. D. Lyman. Lyman and I were glad to see each other on this side of the Atlantic. We were well acquainted and had been neighbors in Utah.

We held a meeting in Liverpool the same evening where I was called upon to speak for a little while. I ate supper with Brother Lyman and breakfast the next morning.

We three brothers going to Denmark would not be leaving before 1:30 P.m., so we did a little sight seeing around Liverpool. We saw Queen Victoria and Prince Albert's statues and also General Wellington who stood high in the air.

We went to Grimsby and went on board the ship at 7 o'clock and were out in the North Sea. At 9 p.m. we were at the Elbe between Germany and Holstein where we anchored. The next night we sailed into Hamburg harbor at 6 a.m. and went on board a train at 8 o'clock. We traveled 50 miles to Keil where we arrived at 11:30 a.m. At twelve o'clock we went to sea. We sailed on the Great Belt between Lolland and Langeland. We sailed very close to the coast of Langeland. We reached Korsor about four o'clock. Here I had the happiness of setting foot on Danish soil after 37 years.

We went almost immediately by train to Copenhagen arriving May 6, 1900 about 6 p.m. We rode in a cab to the Hotel Goderbord on St. Ane's Place where I spent three nights and two and a half days. The next day I went to the office and got my letter and 371 crowns for the \$100 draft that I had sent from Utah.

The next day was Sunday and we had a good meeting in Copenhagen where I was called upon to talk. The brothers and sisters were very glad to see a brother of more than 72 years who had traveled over land and sea to bear his testimony for brothers and sisters, relatives and friends.

Because I became well acquainted with Copenhagen when I was a soldier there in 1851, it was not difficult for me to find my way around in both the old and new sights both in the city, on the bridges, or in the churchyards.

Tuesday, May 9 at 10 o'clock I took a train to North Alslov station on Falster where I arrived at 1 p. m. Two sons of a cousin, Christen Ibsen, lived there. They were Carl Ibsen, a gardener, and Christen Ibsen, a Bookbinder. We had never met each other, but when they heard who I was, they welcomed me. They said their father had often talked of his relatives in Utah. There were three brothers and one sister there, but when they heard my name, they said that I was the one he had talked most of for we were about the same age and that we were nearly always together when we were young.

I was there for five hours and they wanted me to spend the night, but I wanted to go to my wife's brother, Jens Peder, who didn't live very far away. When I got there I could hardly make them believe that I was Tailor Lars Nielson their brother in law. They were very glad to hear from their sister, Sidsel, whom they had not seen for more than 37 years and about our children. There were many questions to answer, but they would listen to nothing about religion. They believed in the Father and the Son, and that was enough.

I told them faith was not enough. We must obey His word and do all that He has commanded, for faith without works is dead, but they couldn't understand this. Jens Peder's wife and foster daughter thought that it didn't matter what religion you belonged to as long as you were honest. They were good to me and I spent the night with them, and the next day until 10 o'clock. They asked me to come again which I did.

I then went to my cousin Christian Ibsen's farm, East Kippige, and he was astonished to see me and said, "Is it really you, Lars? It is more than I expected to have the joy of seeing you again." He and his wife were very kind to me and said I could make my home with them as long as I wanted to. Their children and serving men and women were all so good to me. I was there two and a half days and three nights. Later I visited them several times.

I found that I had ten cousins (5 male & 5 female) still alive, but two of them were in America, but not Mormons. I visited the other eight several times, and they were good to me.

I had no fixed residence. I visited about 100 families more than once. Wherever I went I was received with hospitality so that food and lodging cost me nothing out in the country. In the city I paid for my board at most places, but I slept at the two missionaries apartment. I was asked to come again which I did.

When I first went to them I told them what great changes had taken place in my homeland Denmark, in

the 37 years I had been away--such as railroads and telephones of which there were not many when I left, and tile beautiful horses and cattle and the nice houses with tile roofs. It made me happy to see the progress my countrymen had made.

Then they asked how things were in Utah. Those who knew something about geography knew that Utah was a long way into America. But some had heard that it was a little island close to America with water all around and that no one who went there could come out unless the Mormons gave their permission.

Most had heard that we had to water our land, but couldn't understand how it worked. Some thought we had to carry water to it. They couldn't see how we could get the water to run over the land, so I had to explain it both with words and drawings how we took water from the high, mountain streams and how we formed companies of as many as took up land together to make a canal large enough to hold the water needed for our land and also to control it while it spread over the land. This was difficult, they could understand that.

Mormonism was next to dead on Falster. There were only five families and three single people on Lolland-Falster and most of them were poor. When I went to the mill way out from Nykobing on Falster, people told me that they thought Mormonism was a thing of the past for they had neither seen nor heard of a Mormon for several years and they had heard false things about us.

When they heard that I was a Mormon, they would ask, "What is it you believe? What is your religion? Why have we heard so much that is bad?" I said, "If you will give me permission and grant me your attention I will explain our religion and beliefs exactly as they are." They said, "Yes, we will do that, for you are an old man and have been in Utah for many years and we believe you will speak the truth just as it is."

Thus I could bear my testimony and talk to them for several hours. Most of them knew the Bible well and said that I explained it just as they read it and as it should be. Our Priests don't preach the word from the scriptures as clearly as you do although they are learned men and should understand it correctly.

I said, "It was the high priests and scribes that opposed Christ and His apostles and disciples in their day and provoked crowds of people to hate them and mock them and cry against them that they were not worthy to live. It is the same now in our day. Everything that I preach to you I can show chapter and verse so you yourself can read it. So long as my words agree with the word of God, you can believe me. Isn't that so?" It made me happy to bear my testimony of Christ's true gospel in my fatherland to relatives and friends, but I also had great sorrow during the months I was there.

I had only been there two or three weeks when I received a letter from my wife and children saying my oldest son, Niels Peder, had died. I was very sad over this although it was not unexpected. He had been sick since he had been released from his mission in Iowa. He came home in July 1899 and died April 24, 1900.

A month later I received a letter saying Louis' baby, a little son, had died May 24. Shortly after I received a letter saying my wife, who had been sickly for several years, was becoming weaker so I decided to go home at the first opportunity.

I left as a free man. When I was set apart, Apostle Lyman said to me, "You are an old man. You may go among your relatives and friends and do what you can for the living and the dead, and when you feel that you should go home, you are free to do so."

I went around and said good-bye as I had promised--to all my friends and relatives and thanked them for their kindness and hospitality to me. They all wished me a safe journey over land and sea and sent greetings to my wife and children and their families. Those who had relatives or friends in Utah sent greetings to them. They were amazed that one more than 72 years old, as I was, could undertake such a trip and be as lively and strong as I.

September 8, 1900 I bid farewell to my dear birthplace, Falster at six in the morning and left by train. When I got to Sjola I went by train to Kalehave where there is a little island called Lang island where I had a cousin living with her daughter and children. She was the same age as I, and I had not yet visited her. We had known each other well before I went to Utah. At that time, she was a prosperous farmer's wife in Silestrup on Falster. She was a very charitable woman and gave gifts and alms to the poor. She was also very good to our missionaries although her husband and daughter turned against the Mormons.

When I visited her, she was very glad to see me as was her daughter and children who had never seen me before. They received me in a friendly way. My cousin's husband and her daughter's husband were both dead. The daughter had a fine son age 23 who cared for the farm. She also had two daughters. All were good

to me, especially the son. He was the only young man I found who did not use either strong drink or tobacco or coffee. He was interested in hearing about the gospel and they all listened with attention to my testimony. He especially wished me to stay, but I could only stay three days.

I had to be in Copenhagen the morning of August 11th to pay for my passage and set my things in order to travel home. I said good-bye to them at noon on the 10th and they all wished me a safe journey and sent their love to my wife and children. The son set me over the little stream of water and the youngest daughter went with me by train to Vordingborg. There I said good-bye to the last of my kin and reached Copenhagen at 4 p.m. and went to the Hotel Goderbord St. Anne's Place.

I remained in Copenhagen until 8:30 p.m. August 13. I spent most of my time sightseeing, but on Sunday I went to a meeting where I was called on to give a farewell talk. Here I said good-bye to the brothers and sisters.

The next evening I traveled by train across Sealand and took a steamship across the Great Belt to Fyn and to Odense, the capital. Then I sailed over the little Belt and reached Fredericia that night at 1 o'clock. We had an hour during which we could get something to eat. I got a cup of coffee and some cake to warm and refresh me, as I couldn't sleep on the train. We traveled across Jutland through Aarhus to Esbjerg arriving at 4:45 a.m. Here we met several emigrants and some missionaries.

We couldn't go on board the ship before 1 p.m. so we had time to eat breakfast and after that we held a meeting where I was the first called on to speak. We were seated so that we could see around us. It would have been a delightful trip if it had been during the day.

The ship set sail at 2 p.m. The weather was good until we got into the North Sea. Then the wind became strong and the sea was very rough and everyone became seasick. I let go after an hour and a half. I had crossed the North Sea twice before, but this was the first I had been seasick. We were all well by the time we reached Grimsby the next evening at 8:00 p.m.

The train we should have taken was gone so we had to remain on the ship until the next morning. At seven o'clock August 16 we took the train across England to Liverpool where we arrived at 12:30 p.m. We were in the harbor until 5:15 p.m. before we set sail.

The first two days it was pleasant and we could see Scotland, on our left was Ireland where for some time, we could see the crops in the fields. There were two lighthouses out in the harbor.

When we got out into the Atlantic, the sea was rough when the wind blew. Most were sick for a few days, but I wasn't. We landed at Quebec and went from there to Montreal. The first city we came to in the U.S. was Boston. We stayed there from 8 a.m. until 3 p.m. and reached Chicago that night at 11:00 and went on from there to Kansas City where we stayed until morning. There was a big hotel close to the station. There were 36 of us and we made an agreement with the hotelkeeper to each pay \$1 for supper and a bed and breakfast the next morning. We had a restful night, which did me good.

We left there by the Rio Grande train and went through the Grand Canyon. We reached Utah Sept. 19 traveling through Emery County to Springville, arriving at 2 p.m. Elder Payne and I had to wait until 8 p.m. for our train. I reached Leamington station that night at 12:30 and was in my home by one o'clock. My wife and children were glad to see me safely home again. I was glad to see them again, especially my sick wife who needed my help, but her time had not yet run out. Fourteen months after I came home she died, Nov. 1, 1901. She was not bedridden very long. She was up nearly every day from ten o'clock in the morning until four or five in the afternoon. She became very sick October 31 and died the next day at 6:40 p.m.

When I helped her to bed, she said to me, "My time is ended. I shall soon go now." When she saw I was very sad she said, "Father, you must be patient and not grieve. You have been very good to me, they are all in comfortable circumstances so I leave satisfied. You must not sorrow. We shall all be together again."

Joseph H. went to Nephi and bought a fine casket that cost \$38.50. She had an honorable burial on Nov. 3, 1901. Three brothers talked and all bore witness to her good character and said that Sister Nielsen had lived as an example to others. She was a true wife and a good mother and an upright Latter Day Saint.

She was the first councilor in the Relief Society and treasurer from the time it was first organized here in Leamington until her death. She was 75 years 8 Months old and our marriage in this life was 46 yrs. 5 months and 14 days. Thank God we were sealed for eternity and our children." I feel a little slow." she often said to me, "but you do not complain about me." I told her, "I have not complained for I will miss your company."

In 1869, September 20 we took out our endowments in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. On the same day we were sealed as husband and wife for time and eternity.

On September 10, 1890 I was endowed for my father's father, Christian Nielsen. He was a miller and for my mother's father Rasmus, called Tailor. He was a farmer in Bjorup. I was also baptized for my father's two brothers, Simon and Lars Christiansen, and through me they were ordained elders.

Niels Peter Nielson, our oldest son, was baptized and ordained for his mother's father, Peder Mikkelsen, and for her stepfather Hans Jorgensen and my brother's son, Hans P. Hansen.

I was also baptized for my mother's brother Jens Rasmussen, a farmer in South Alslev, called Gamel, which was the name of the farm.

Sidsel, my wife, was baptized for her mother, Berthe Jensen and her stepfather's first wife, name not known, therefore called simply Miss Hansen.

Our daughter, Anne Margrethe N. Anderson, was baptized for three aunts, her mother's sisters--Sidsel Jensen, Ellen Jensen, and Margrethe Jensen and also for her grandmother Maren and grandmother Anna.

In 1904 I was at the Manti Temple and did the work for a number of my father's kin. I was baptized for 41 on September 23 and paid for two sisters to be baptized for 59 more. All of these relatives of mine were born and died on Falster, Denmark.

It is my wish that my children should do the work for their mother's family.