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We had a vegetable garden at the edge of which were some wonderful gooseberry bushes. When the fruit was ripe these bushes would lean clear over to the ground. I was very fond of the gooseberries and often would go and sit under the bushes where I couldn't be seen and pick the fruit and eat it. One day my father heard me under one of the bushes and, thinking it was a chicken that had flown over the high stone wall around our orchard, he went into the house and brought out his gun. He shot into the bush and I came out in a big hurry. Father was thoroughly frightened and picked me up, carrying me into the house where he kissed and hugged me. It was many years before he had the courage to tell me that particular story.

When I was six years old a missionary came to our house and told Father and Mother about a church in America known as The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mother had read the passage in the Bible which says that if one will ask of God, he will make the truth known and she felt that she had the same right to ask. One lovely morning she took me along with her to a beautiful green hill and we both knelt down and prayed. She told me later that at that moment she felt such a wonderful Spirit, she knew it to be the true church. Later, she and the children joined the Church and all of my brothers and sisters were baptized in the bay. My father, however, hesitated a little about joining. He felt that it was well to leave things as they were and remain in Sweden where he had a good position. Then one cold winter night as he was coming home from the theater after the performance, he suddenly felt in his fingers a painful pricking. It was the beginning of inflammatory rheumatism, which spread over his whole body. His fingers and toes curled up and great knots came on his finger joints. He was no longer able to play the violin or to work as a shoemaker, or even to go about. He was forced through this illness to stay in bed for six months. Mother cared for him and had him eat thousands of lemons. During the time of his illness he had an opportunity to read the Book of Mormon and other Church works which he had not read before. He became convinced of the truth of the gospel and promised the Lord that if he should be made well again, he would be baptized in the bay and would take his family to Zion. Gradually his fingers and toes began to straighten and he kept his promise and was baptized. When he came up from the water, his fingers were completely straight and supple and free from the knots of rheumatism.

In 1861, Father and Mother sold our lovely home and came to Utah. Mother put some bedding, quilts, blankets and sheets, in a big sheet and tied the four corners into a knot. We also had a wooden chest bound with metal bands to stand rough handling and with a lock. This was about three feet high, three feet wide and four or five feet long. In this Mother put our clothing, some dishes, knives, forks, spoons, frying pan and one cooking kettle, things that she thought we would need on our journey across the Plains.

We embarked on a small boat from Copenhagen to Liverpool. The North Sea is very rough and oh, how sick I was! At Liverpool we embarked on *The Monarch of the Sea*, a very old and rickety ship and entirely unseaworthy. The sea was so rough and stormy that the waves washed over the top of the deck. When the people were frightened the captain said, "We'll land in New York all right. We've got Mormons on board and we always get through when we have Mormons." On its return voyage *The Monarch of the Sea*, loaded with cargo, sank, but the captain and the crew were saved.

We were on the ocean six weeks. All of the Mormon families traveled in the steerage. The voyage was very rough. I can remember the chest sliding and banging from side to side across the wooden floor and all the other chests and trunks with it. I can also remember my mother sitting and clasping her hands, praying that we would get to America in safety. She was a very devout and courageous woman.

We slept in bunks on the sides of the boat. In the center we children played during the daytime and ate our meals. Our food consisted of hard tack and a little bacon and coffee. We used our chests and trunks as tables when we ate our food. Sometimes the captain would be kinder than usual and send down a little soup.

There were a lot of sailors on the boat and they were so good to me. A Negro cook who did the cooking for the sailors and captain and who had his kitchen on the upper deck was very kindhearted and generous. He used to give me prunes, dried apples, raisins and sometimes cookies, and often a little bowl of soup. I was on deck frequently and knew all the sailors and the cook. Sometimes he used to sneak some soup down to the emigrants in the steerage because he felt so sorry for them. The captain caught him at this and he was put in jail. The jail was on the upper deck and I can remember that I used to see his black fingers over the bars through the high opening of the door. One day he died. They told me that the captain had starved him to death. The body of my friend, the Negro cook, was brought into the kitchen where it was sewed up in a sheet. Then they put him on a long board, carried him to the side of the boat and slid him into the ocean. I was the chief mourner because he had been so good to me.

One day my sister was on deck and one of the sailors who was up in the mast dropped one of the iron spikes on my sister's head and the blood was streaming onto the deck. The poor boy did not mean to do it, but some of the officers started to beat him. My mother came up on deck, elbowed her way through the crowd to the boy and said, "You leave him alone; he never meant to hurt my child!" Although she could not speak the English language, she made herself understood in Swedish by her actions. They all let him alone and he was very grateful to my mother.

The emigrants washed their clothes on the ship as best they could in the seawater and they had their lines for drying on the top deck. I can remember seeing the shirts blowing in the wind with the shirt sleeves puffing out full in the breezes.

We finally landed in New York all safe and sound, and went to a place called Castle Garden, where all the emigrants landed, and where all the freight unloaded from the vessels was brought for storage temporarily. Castle Garden was located at the Battery, just across from the Goddess of Liberty. It was right on the waterfront.

Castle Garden was the dumping ground for all kinds of cargo and it was also crowded with emigrants. The floor was greasy and dirty. Here we had to make our beds on the floor, as did all the other emigrants. Mother spread out the quilts and bedding and we all lay down in a row, the children and Mother and Father. There were sacks of brown sugar at our heads. My little brother was sleeping next to me and in the night he awoke and whispered, "Alma, there is a hole in the corner of this sack and I am going to have some of the brown sugar." We had not had any sugar or candy all the way over, so we got a spoon out of the box and had all the brown sugar we could eat. In the morning we were so sick! We got up, went to the bay and threw it all up and did not care for brown sugar after that.

From New York City, we traveled by boat up the Hudson and took the trains at Albany to travel to Omaha, the outfitting place for our trip across the Plains. All of us were forced to travel on sheep cars so filthy with sheep beans on the floor that we could not sit down and had to stand all the way. We traveled this distance without a change of cars.

My sister and her husband, who was a butcher, had left Sweden the previous year and had stopped in Omaha to await our coming. How happy we were to see them! They had rented a house in Omaha and we stayed with them and rested until the teams came from Salt Lake City for us. Then my sister, her husband and our family all traveled together across the Plains.

The train which came to get us was made up of independent teams, under the direction of Captain Murdock. We started on our long journey from Omaha with eighty wagons in our train. There were three oxteams pulling each covered wagon. There were three families using our wagon, so you see it was loaded to the bows with equipment, baggage and clothing and it was necessary for all of us to walk all the way. We made the trip from Omaha through the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, and my brother later paid our expenses to this fund.

One woman with our wagon had a baby very sick with summer complaint and she had to ride with the baby all the way. The baby died one day and they dug a little grave at night by our wagon, put a sheet around her thin little body and laid her in the grave. We did not have a box to put her in and had to bury her that way. When the dirt was put on her, the mother cried as though her heart would break.

We used to set out to walk, getting a start in the morning after breakfast about half an hour before the wagons started in order to avoid the heavy clouds of dust. We all walked in a body together for safety. One woman in our party, a woman named Hustmark who came from the same town we did, started out one day ahead of the rest. She said that she wasn't afraid of the Indians. But they stole her away. It was said they put her in a saddle and rode off with her. She was never heard of again.

I had to walk all the way across the Plains because our wagons were loaded to the bows. Our kettles and utensils hung from the back of the wagons. After walking all day we had our supper, which consisted of hard bread, a little bacon and a little coffee. When the tired oxen had eaten their supper we put all our wagons in one round ring, then we put the oxen inside this ring so the Indians would not steal them.

One night we traveled all night long. The Indians were so bad they had stolen a woman from a train ahead of us, so we walked all through the night to escape them and get past their camps. This night it was very difficult for my father to keep up with the wagon train. He kept going slower and slower, because of his rheumatism. I kept hold of his hand and tried to help him as much as I could. Finally he could not keep up with the train any longer, and told me to keep hold of the last wagon and continue on and he would catch up with us later when we camped. He was finally left behind. Soldiers were camping in the hills and had a big bonfire. Father mistook this for our camp and went in that direction. When he got there he was surprised to see so many soldiers. The gentiles were very hostile toward the Mormons and he did not know how they would accept him. They asked him what he could do and he said he could play the fiddle, so they had him play all night long. In the morning one of the men brought him to our camp just as we started out to travel on. Mother had cried all night because she was afraid the Indians had taken him and she would never see him again. We all thanked our Father in Heaven that he was with us again, for the train would have had to start on without him. It was too dangerous to wait for anyone.

Our shoes wore out on the way and we continued barefoot. Our clothes were ragged and in ribbons. We looked like Indians as we came to the end of our journey. We stopped occasionally at the banks of streams and washed up, bathed and washed and dried our clothes. The women wore sunbonnets and did the best they could, but Mother often told me how she suffered with the heat. We could travel only ten or twelve miles a day. We used to sleep at night on the ground on the outside of the circle of wagons.

For a long way we followed the Platte River, crossing and recrossing it. This was a wide, shallow river, winding like a snake. When the river was very shallow, the oxen pulled the wagons across and we rode. When it was deeper, the oxen swam the stream and the wagons were floated by placing logs under them, the poles acting as an improvised raft. When we came to the Green River, we had to cross on a ferry. This is the only ferry crossing I remember. The ferry was pulled from one side of the river to the other by means of a heavy rope stretched from one bank to the other. The wagons were pulled onto the platform and oxen and wagons were slowly ferried across. When going through the Platte I can remember the heads of the oxen bobbing in the water.

After three and one-half months walking over a hot desert, up the rugged hills and down the hills and canyons, we finally came out of Emigration Canyon, dirty and ragged. When I saw my mother looking over this valley with the tears streaming down her pale cheeks, she made this remark, "Is this Zion, and are we at an end of this long, weary journey?" Of course to me, as a child, this had been a delightful pleasure jaunt and I remember it only as fun. We children would run along as happy as could be. My older sisters used to make rag dolls as they walked along, for us little children to play with. But to my mother, this long, hot journey with all of us ragged and footsore at the end, and the arrival in the valley of desert and sagebrush must have been a heartbreaking contrast to the beautiful home she had left in Sweden. In the years that followed we were to live in forts, cellars and dugouts, among hostile Indians, so that we did not know whether we were ever safe. But to me and to my mother, the gospel had been worth all it had cost.

We came down into the little village where there were only a very few little adobe and log houses and our entire train camped in the Eighth Ward Square. It was a dirty old place. There was a constant succession of emigrant trains camping there. Some had come in front of us a day or two; other trains were two or three days behind. While we camped with our wagons in the square, the oxen were taken into the tithing yard at South Temple and Main Street, where they were fed and cared for in preparation for leaving for the East again to bring another company of emigrants.

In a few days we went to live in a little adobe house of two rooms located on East Temple (now Main Street.) At that time we could have bought this ground and house, five rods by twenty rods, for one hundred and fifty dollars. We lived there two months. There were some kind neighbors who used to bring us food, especially carrots. They brought us raw carrots and cooked carrots prepared in every way, so that now I do not care to eat carrots in any way. I also do not care to eat eggs, for we had so many eggs at Mt. Pleasant.

While we were in this little house, Mark Croxall and David O. Calder came to my father and wanted him to take over the leadership of the orchestra at the Salt Lake Theater which had just been completed. It was dedicated in 1862 and was one of the finest theaters in the West. Mark Croxall was an Englishman and played the cornet as beautifully as I have ever heard it played. He was a very polished and cultured gentleman. He later married two of Brigham Young's daughters--Mary Young and Carol Young. David O. Calder was also a musician. But my father had to make a living for our family, and in those days the musicians who were to play at the theater were not paid. So when Bishop Orange Seeley of Mt. Pleasant called on Father and offered him a cow and free land, Father accepted these inducements and he and Mother prepared to go to Mt. Pleasant with Bishop Seeley. Brigham Young encouraged the emigrants to spread out when they arrived in Zion, in order to populate all parts of the state. Of course each of the bishops of the outlying districts made every effort to persuade the emigrants to come with him so that they could build up his section.

A whole caravan of us traveled to Mt. Pleasant with Bishop Seeley, who had brought a train of ox teams up with him to take those who would consent to return with him. We traveled in a caravan because at that time it was not safe to go alone in a single wagon for fear of the Indians. Brigham Young warned all of the Saints to go in groups when traveling through the settlements.

When we arrived at Mt. Pleasant we found that they had built a fort with big high walls so that the Indians could not get us, as they were very bad there at that time. We lived in mud houses, the mud reinforced with sticks and built against the walls of the fort. The walls of the fort were made of rocks and adobes with small holes left for shooting at the Indians in case of necessity. This was the hotbed of the Utes. Sometimes they were friendly and sometimes they would have a war dance and then they would get excited and go on the warpath. Sanpete County was named for Sanpitch, a chief ranked with Black Hawk as the meanest in the state. We lived in the fort for two years, then out of the fort for two years after the Indians became more friendly.

Our mud houses had dirt floors and our beds were a pile of straw in the corners with a sheet over them and some bedding over us. We used the chest which we had brought from Sweden for a table, and father made us some rough three-legged stools.

In the fort there was a big creek that ran through the middle of the enclosure so that we had plenty of good clear water. We also had a log house in the middle where we went to school on week days and to Sunday School on Sunday morning, so that we would grow up to be good children. Here we learned to read and write and spell. We all sat on a long rough board with another long rough board as our desks. We used slates and pencils to do our schoolwork. McGuffey's reader and speller were our textbooks. Our teacher was Orson Hyde's wife, an old lady who had been sealed to him. She had eagle eyes and would give us a good slap on the hands with an old ruler if we were mischievous or mean. I was clever at spelling and could spell down the whole class, but altogether I had only about six months of schooling.

When we first came to live at Mt. Pleasant, all the clothing we owned was worn out from the long journey crossing the Plains. We did not have enough supplies or clothing with us. Mother made us stockings out of gunny sacks and other material and in warm months we went barefoot. Finally we got leather at Mt. Pleasant and Father made shoes for us and for others at Mt. Pleasant. In our little room, Mother would do all cooking in a fireplace. It tasted good, for we were always hungry.

In the winter we children built snow houses and played in them. My first Christmas in the fort, my brother made me a little wooden sled and my sister made me a big rag doll. I was very happy!

For two long years I never went outside of the fort because the Indians were so bad. Two years before we came to Mt. Pleasant there had been a terrible tragedy at Salt Creek where the Salt Creek monument is now erected. A family en route to Sevier were attacked by a party of ten or twelve Indians. Only a boy managed to hide in the brush and saw the actions of the Indians and afterwards escaped to tell it. In the fort were the "minute men," so called because they were in their saddles instantly when the drum would sound the alarm that the Indians were upon us. Among these were the four Ivie brothers whose father had been killed by the Indians. They vowed to protect others who were in danger from the Indians.

One day my big sister died in the fort. My mother made a dress out of a sheet and my brother made a coffin out of rough boards. They dug her grave and buried her outside the fort. When I looked down into the grave they had dug I saw a great big scorpion. They buried her and I saw them cover her with dirt and I cried as though my heart would break.

After we had lived two years in the fort, the Indians became more friendly and all of the families moved out and each family took a piece of land. During the two years we lived outside the fort my father built two houses in Mt. Pleasant. I and the other children helped him make adobe. I made the dirt for the bricks by mixing clay and sand. He mixed it with water and formed it into bricks in the mold or trough by pouring in the wet clay mixture. Then he turned the brick out on the ground to dry. Our house was built of logs with a little adobe room constructed of the adobe bricks my father made. We had a cow, pigs, a lamb and chickens. My mother let me milk the cow night and morning and help her with the butter churning. I also saw my brother-in-law, the butcher, kill and cut up the pigs and cows, and to this day I can name any piece of meat and tell what part of the animal it comes from, just from the things I learned as a child.

My mother made sugar from carrots and beets, by grating them up and boiling down the syrup until it was like molasses. How good it did taste! She also made chokecherry and serviceberry jams and jellies. We children went in parties to the canyon at Mt. Pleasant where these fruits grew wild, then picked them in our buckets. Mother boiled them down and added the sweetening she had obtained from the carrots and beets.

We also made our own candles. When my brother would kill a beef, we would fry out the tallow from the fat in the fireplace, then we had candle frames with cotton string through the center of each and we would pour the melted tallow into these frames and thus make our candles for lighting. Earlier, before we made candles, we

used what we called a "bitch" for lighting. This was a button wrapped in a rag, floating in a saucer or cup of melted tallow. When lighted, a flame would burn from the button. I remember studying my lessons by the light of a "bitch."

I helped Father and Mother plant potatoes, corn, peas and other things and I learned how close each should be planted. We had them in nice straight even rows so that we could be proud of our garden. We made our own soap, with grease and lye, in a big kettle placed over a fire. Then we poured it out into a big tub to let it dry. The smell was awful, but it made good soap. Before it was too dry, we took a knife and cut it into bars. We also put wood ashes from the fireplace into a tub and covered the ashes with plenty of clear water from the creek. We would skim off the refuse from the top and let the ashes settle to the bottom. Then we would pour the water off later. We would put these clean, fine, white wood ashes in the tubs of water for washing our clothes. This would soften the water and help clean the clothes. These, with the homemade soap, got our clothes sparkling white and pretty.

In the old country Mother had learned to color cloth and this came in very useful. My sisters were very good at spinning on a big wheel. We had our own sheep and we carded wool, spun it, and wove cloth. I learned to spin when I was still very young. Mother would color the cloth red or green. She used the bark of trees to color the cloth orange. I can remember that our winter dresses were always very pretty. One time we had dresses of red and black stripes.

We made rag carpets on a big loom. We got our cotton warp from Cedar City where there was a cotton mill. Mother was very good at setting the warp on the loom. Then we threaded the rag through a wooden shuttle which we slipped back and forth to make the carpet.

Mother also knitted our stockings and gloves and I also learned to knit. Later, when we lived in Salt Lake, either Mother or I could knit a pair of socks a day on large needles, or a pair of gloves a day for the miners.

We made our own starch from potatoes. We would have potato scraping bees. The scrapers would be made of tin with holes punched through to make them rough. They did not have a handle, but had to be held up by the top. All the women in the neighborhood and the girls too, would gather at one of the houses and grate potatoes after they had been washed clean and peeled. We would cover the gratings with clear water and let it settle. Then we would strain the bulk off, put fresh water on and finally strain several times through cloths, with fresh water. At length it was left to dry in the tub and what remained was fine, white potato flour. We used this for thickening and for making blanc mange and other puddings. It was similar to cornstarch but tasted better. We also used this potato starch to make our clothes crisp and stiff.

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