

The Swede & Danish Emigrant Ancestors

While the direct line emigrant ancestors of Martin Peterson Jr. are all Norwegian; Hannah Malinda Denison's direct line emigrant ancestors consist of one Swede, 2 Danes and 3 English.

Inger (Mortensdaughter) Monsson, Malinda's paternal great grandmother, was born 25 May 1782 on the Loshult farm near Kristianstad Sweden. At the age of 16 she left home and went to Denmark where her sister lived. At the age of 30 she married a widower from Sweden by the name of Hans Andersen. Hans was a first mate in the Danish Navy. This was the period of time that Denmark and England were fighting naval battles and Hans was taken prisoner by the English and confined on the deck of an English ship in bitter cold weather with little food. Daily, Inger would go down to the custom house and ask about the prisoners. One day she asked this man about the prisoners and he replied "Yes, there are some coming now, and I am one of them" She asked the man if he knew one by the name of Hans Andersen". He said, "Yes, that is me." They flew into each other's arms. He was so emaciated from the imprisonment that they couldn't recognize each other. He died soon after; they had been married for 2 years.

Soon after Hans Andersen's death, Inger married Rasmus Dinesen. Inger and Rasmus had 4 children, Karl who died at age 1 ½, a stillborn son, then Marie and Hans Dinesen Sr. In 1827 Rasmus purchased a small piece of land about a mile from Copenhagen and built the family home. (Malinda's paternal grandfather) Rasmus died in Denmark in 1844. In Hans Dinesen's Biography he relates that Inger didn't have enough money to bury Rasmus so he borrowed 10 Rigsdaler from a previous employer for the burial.

Inger was baptized a Latter Day Saint during the summer of 1852. She and her son Han's family immigrated to the United States with the Elder John Forsgren Company.

The travel accounts of this immigration are related later under Hans Dinesen Sr. and Johanne J. Christoffersen portion of this booklet

Inger died 3 April 1853 in St. Louis MO., during the immigration journey. Following are account records of her death. The first is from Hans' biography, the other two are extractions from Forest Monarch personal accounts as referenced preceding the record.

"Tuesday the 29th we arrived in St. Louis, and on the 30th we moved into a hotel. Sunday, April 3, my dear mother died, 71 years old. She started to get sick when we left England, because she did not get the right kind of food and she was unable to chew the hard bread, and the food we got was only simple and little.

For a long time my mother had been satisfied with the idea of dying. I sat by her side, when she quietly and calmly slept in. After two or three days of pain she took my hand and said goodbye with a low voice. She asked us to bring her regards to Marie, her daughter; who we thought would come over next year. The last words I heard from her lips were "Oh, Mighty God." She loved God and was always reading books of the gospel.

BIB: Munk, Christian Nielsen. Journal (Ms 1535), pp. 4-7, 9; Acc. #18953.

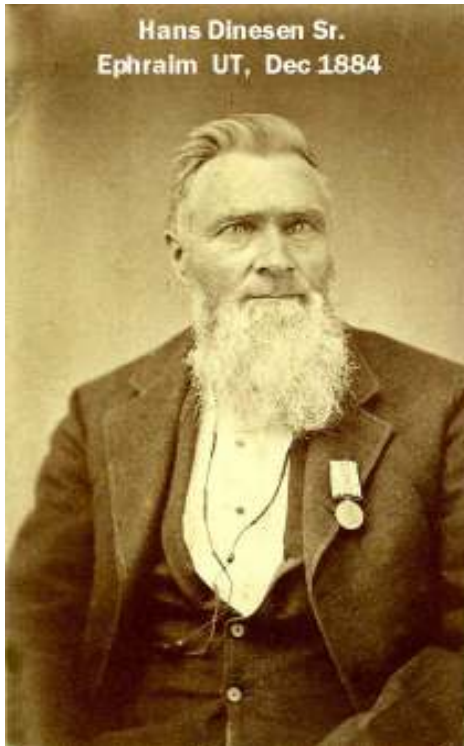
*Sunday, April 3. Brother Dinisen [Dinnesen] lost his mother who was buried in St. Louis. She was born on the island of Sjælland, [Sjaelland] * not far from Copenhagen. On the same day three couples of Saints entered the state of matrimony, namely: Sören Ramelhöi, Gerhard Jensen and Frederik Jensen. On the same day a little child died and soon afterwards the father passed away and was buried in St. Louis. Paul C. Larsen lost his wife who was buried in St. Louis. Brother Peter [-] lost a little child who was buried in St. Louis. Also a Swedish man not a member of the church died and was buried in St. Louis. His name was Beckström.*

** Inaccurate actually born in Sweden as previously indicated*

BIB: [Manuscript history of the John H. Forsgren Emigrating Company] Translated from Danish. (Typescript) (Ms 4592), pp. 1-15, 35. (HDA)

*Sunday, Apr. 3. Brother C. Christensen died in the afternoon; in the forenoon **Sister Dinesen** passed away. A meeting was held this afternoon, which was opened with prayer by Elder Chr. Christiansen. Elder J. E. Forsgren spoke a few words, and then announced that there were three couples who wished to enter into the bonds of marriage. It was unanimously sustained by the congregation. The three couples were: Sören Olesen and Berthe Pedersen, Gerhardt Jensen and Else Marie Christensen, Frederick Jensen and Johanne Christensen. Elder Forsgren next performed the ceremony. The meeting was closed with song and prayer by Elder Forsgren.*

Hans Dinesen Sr. & Johanne Jacobsen Christoffersen



Hans Dinesen was born 20 July 1824 in Denmark, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from Copenhagen on Marienlyst by Strandvejen in the Gjentofte Parish, in this Parish he also went to school and worked on various farms (Oregaard, Rygaard, and Hellerup) the early years of his life.

In 1844-46 while working at Rygaard and Hellerup, Hans met and courted Johanne Jacobsen Christoffersen working on a neighboring farm of Lundegaard. The people at Lundegaard disliked Hans and physically threatened him to the point where Han's mother Inger made arrangements for Johanne to work at another farm called Oregaard.



Johanne was born 4 December 1825 in Sandbjaerg Denmark to Jacob Christoffersen & Kirstine Hansen. Her father was a laborer and they owned a small house in the town. Johanne's father died about the same time as Hans' father died in 1844. When, Johanne and Hans left for America (1852), Johanne's mother was still living in this house.

While Johanne and Hans were working at Oregaard, Johanne became pregnant resulting in the termination of their employment and they went to live with Hans' mother.

They married Sunday, 22 November 1846 and Sunday, 6 Dec 1846 Johanne gave birth to a son, who they name Rasmus Dinesen after Hans' father. This boy only lived seven weeks and died from cramps. Two years later, Wednesday 10 January 1849 Johanne gave birth to a second son they named Jens Dinesen after Hans' father's brother. Two weeks after the birth of Jen's, Hans was drafted and required to report at Jaegersborg cavalry department for training to be able to participate in the war against Germany which had started in 1848. Hans had lost a joint on his trigger finger* thus he was not trained as a hussar (infantry man) instead he was made a coachman (in charge of the horses)

*Amputation of the first one or two joints of the trigger finger has been a common practice to avoid the army service dating back to the 1700's. There is no record that says Hans did this on purpose, there is also no record as to how he lost his joint and he was pretty meticulous recording events which happened to him. Regardless it didn't save him from the army draft, but perhaps it saved his life since he was not placed in the front lines of the battles he was soon to see.

Painting of reserve call up Danish 3 year war 1848-51



Hans was assigned as an Aide to a Major Krabbe in Copenhagen. The Major had left on March 20 to report to the army located on an island 30 miles west of Copenhagen. Hans was directed to follow the next day with the major's horse. On orders he traveled with an Army battalion by railway to Odense on Fyn. Here, he was left with a command to report to the commander, who referred Hans to the general command in a gathering of the army's generals and highest officers. Since no one knew where the major was, Hans was left work out his problem. Worried, frustrated and with no guidance he rode day after day from city to city. He had decided to sail to Sonderborg on Als. As he was riding down a street the major came up from behind and called "Hans".

After a few weeks, Hans and the Major traveled with the rest of the army into Jylland, and engaged the Germans and Prussians in the battle at Kolding on 23 April 1849. The Danes pushed through the city early but were forced into retreat by a counterattack. Quoting Hans *"Our retreat was going to be very dangerous, because the enemy had their guns pointed toward the road. It was especially dangerous for me, because I had to lead the horses down the middle of the road, while the other solders could crawl in the road ditches. It was the first time in my life that I had been surrounded by the enemy's flying balls. One cannonball came so close to my head that the air pressure almost threw me to the ground"*.

The 7th of May: Hans' Quotes. *"After this they gathered all their strength together and attacked us one morning before dawn in May. We had just bedded down in hay in the cow's stalls in a city by the name of Gudsae. We had to leave our nice beds and prepare ourselves for battle without eating or drinking. About an hour later the farm, at which we had slept, was set ablaze by the enemy's fire. We fought hard, but after they had just about surrounded us and cut us off for the third time, we had to retreat. We ran like rabbits through wet, plowed fields and through high Hawthorne hedges. Exhausted, hungry, filled with fear and with heavy burdens on our backs, we were just about to collapse or be captured, while the enemy advanced rapidly behind us with their guns. They shot many among us in the four-mile stretch to the fort Fredericia"*.



Through May and June, Hans' 9th battalion traveled across Fyn, then to the island of Helgenes for a rest break. In July the unit was ordered back into what was to become the Battle of Fredericia. From Hans' autobiography: *On the 4th of July we reached Lillibaelt - -some 20,000 men. That night they began to ship us over to Fredericia. We, who were last, did not get over before 11 o'clock the next morning. At this time the enemy had started to throw bombs. The enemy had already taken their stand and entrenched the city so strongly that they forced us back from the city. It looked as if it was going to be impossible to drive them away. We had taken cover in a small forest that day. The enemy bombed us so hard that the splinters flew among us, and nobody's life was safe. Three nights had passed away without any sleep. We received our orders between 11 and 12 o'clock and at 11 o'clock in the*

*Map of warring constituents morning of July 6, 1849, the whole army was quietly drawn up to march through all the town's gates simultaneously.**

**Note: There is a history of Charles Henry Wilcken "A Soldier's Adventures" on the internet that tells the Prussians side of these battles. He tells of the Danes marching into the grape shot of the Prussian cannon in mass, and the Prussians blowing up of the forts powder magazine as the Danish troops gathered in the forts center.*

It was a beautiful summer morning. The sky was clear, and the sun's faint, red rays were coming forth in the northeast. The morning dew was on the green grass around our feet. Any man would thrill over the beauty of these delightful surroundings. One could not imagine the horrible scene of bloodshed and murder which would put so many thousand in their graves this day. We marched forward. Immediately we encountered the enemy and began to retreat. The brave, young Danish officers could not tolerate this. General Rye encouraged us and said, "Today there is no talk about retreat- -only forward, forward." Dear Major Krabbe attacked with the dear 9th Battalion. Then the whole army stormed forward as if it was one man running towards the enemy's strong batteries, which they ambitiously had been working on for the last eight weeks. It is difficult to describe this situation. It was like the strongest thunderstorm and earthquake when just about all the artillery was in use. Cannons, Mortars, bombs up to 184 pounds, cannon balls from both sides and Rifle balls flew around us as thick as hail in a hailstorm'

Both General Rye and Major Krabbe were killed in the battle. Although they suffered the higher casualties the Danes won the battle. Hans was assigned to go into the city after the battle and this is how he describes the carnage.

The battle was over before noon, and the enemy was driven many miles away. All the inhabitants of the city had fled over to the Island of Fyn. The dead, wounded and many other things which fell into our hands were hauled into the city. Large places were filled with wounded and half-dead soldiers and in addition to this many were hauled down to the bridge to be sailed over to Fyn. The dead were piled into a large church, all over the floor,

on chairs, tables, benches and in the halls. One school house was just about filled to the ceiling with dead, and arms, legs, hands and feet, which had been cut off at the camp hospital. At the place where I was, four large rooms were filled with dead bodies stacked up to the windows. The kitchen and the wagon shed were also filled. In the midst of the thousands of bloody corpse I lay with my horses and got the first calm and restful sleep I had had in several days. The next day, when the sun really started to shine, I had to move to another place because of the horrible smell. That night at 11 o'clock they started to drive the dead to the cemetery. All the Danish people were buried in one big grave. The grave was 30 fathoms (180 ft) long and 2 fathoms (12 ft) wide. In the grave they were piled on the top of each other in four layers.

At 11 o'clock they were finished with this and then the officers - - about 30 of them altogether - - were carried in caskets to their graves. It was a tremendous ceremony as one band, 25 young girls dressed in black, several sailors, 15 different Danish Sea and Land colors, a large company of soldiers and many other people followed them to their graves. Three rounds were fired over all of them with cannons and several rifles.

It is interesting as to how the bodies of the enlisted were buried in relationship to how the officers' bodies were buried. While the casualties were large, Hans embellished the scene a bit. The Prussians' lost 5 Officers and 198 Men had 47 officers and 1097 men wounded and 32 officers and 1626 men (unwounded) were captured. The Danes lost 33 officers and 479 men, had 42 officers and 1302 men wounded and 36 of their men were captured. As a result of this battle, a cease-fire was implemented and on the 25th of August the last German troops left Denmark.

After this battle Hans took a couple trips home, on the 10th of September he participated in a great feast for the returned soldiers in the palace garden of Rosenborg with the finest cakes and drinks, as well as a big ball and was home until about Christmas (1849) when he was again called to military duty. This time Hans, with help of a Lieutenant Henriksen rented another soldier to take his place. The rental fee was 5 rix-dollars a month from December 12 until fall the year after, when the army was demobilized. Hans relates that 5 rix-dollars per month was quite a burden on his small wage.

Johanne gave birth to a daughter, Anne Kirstine, Tuesday September 3, 1851 who lived only until the 10th of the same month.

In the fall of 1851 Hans was introduced to Mormonism. (A portion from his writing)

One day while at my sister's house she showed me a book which she had borrowed from her neighbor who had already joined the Church. The book she showed me was THE BOOK OF MORMON. She told me what she had been told: that these men who came from America had said that the end of the world was near, and like God in the days of Noah, had cleansed the earth by water, he would in our days cleanse it with fire because of sin and ungodliness. Therefore, they urged everybody to be converted and get baptized for the remission of their sins, and then go to Zion in America.

I read the foreword in the BOOK OF MORMON, and it interested me so much that I felt in my heart that it contained the truth. My brother-in-law and I decided to go to one of their Sunday meeting in Lille Kongenagade. We had talked about going to the Baptist's meetings before, but we never got around to it, and this gave me a stronger feeling.

On the first Sunday I got ready and went to my brother-in-law's, but he did not feel he was quite ready, so I walked alone three-fourths of a mile and found the place. Quite a few were gathered there already. One brother was standing by the door selling pamphlets. I bought one and sat down to read it. In the meantime, they started to sing, and the song seemed so strange because one night a long time ago I had heard a similar song, in a dream or in reality, I do not remember, but this was already a big testimony to me. After that, they held prayer and spoke about many great and wonderful things that I had never heard about before..... When I went home to my wife and read the pamphlets and "Stjerner" (Stars).....she became angry, but I did get her to promise me that she would go with me one Sunday and listen to them herself after that she became more agreeable.

I bought me a Bible and read it thoroughly, because I had never before read in a bible or a Testament, even though I had gone to school for seven years. I found that everything agreed with the Bible, and I decided in my heart to get baptized when I became 30 Years old, in order to follow Christ in all things Because I could remember from my books as a child that Jesus was baptized when he was 30 years old. However, god arranged everything a lot better for us, because my wife, my sister, her husband and I decided to be baptized on Monday night, November 24, 1851 by Brother. H. Brun, who, together with other brethren was out preaching to us.

Hans related some visions and dreams Johanne had and that he had stopped the use of Tobacco and was going to rid himself of some of his wicked habits and shortcomings.

The next Sunday, 30 November, they were confirmed in Copenhagen and Erastus Snow gave Hans a blessing. Religious percussions from neighbors and friends quickly came and the family started to make preparation and plans to leave for Zion.

That winter I went to work for a man I had worked for earlier and he liked me well, but when he found out that I had become a Mormon he scolded me, but when I would not deny the church and defended the truth he got angry and fired me.....We soon realized that we were looked down on and laughed at by everybody, even our friends and relatives.

I read in the "Skandinaviens Stjerne" (Scandinavian Star), that the Prophet advised all the Saints in the world to go to Zion after they were baptized. This comforted my soul, and I strived to make preparations for my family. My mother, my sister, and I agreed to sell the house, for which we each got 225 rix-dollars. My mother moved to my sister's house, and we moved one half mile further away. I got work again in the same place, but for another man who I had also worked for before. My wife also worked some days. We had to leave home before sunrise, and we carried our little son, Jens, on our back to mother, who took care of him.

My wife and I tried to spread the light among our friends and neighbors, and many said that we had gone mad, which pleased us; because our savior says that we shall all be hated for his name's sake.

Towards fall I heard that a company of Saints was getting ready to leave. I went to President Forsgren and we were, to our great surprise, signed up for the journey, together with my old mother, who had been baptized that summer. We were happy and thankful to the lord.

We prepared to leave and sold all our belongings except our bedding and clothes. To follow advice, we took hardly two sets of clothes with us for each, and not even as much as a little kettle to boil a little water, or any other necessity in order to save as much as possible for travel money. Because we were told that everybody should bring as little as possible as we would bet everything we needed, but on the journey we suffered a lot because of our faithfulness. However, for that reason the lord was with us all the time.

The date for our departure was decided, and I quit my job. At last God gave me an opportunity to preach a little of the gospel to the high police authorities in Copenhagen, as I went to get out passports the day before we left, which was on a Sunday.

Monday morning, December 20, 1852, we left my dearest and only sister's house with a prayer in our hearts that we would see each other again in two years

At this point I am departing from Hans' autobiography and using the accounts of the Forsgren Company in the "Mormon Immigration Index CD". Another note; Hans never mentions his sister Marie again in his account and my records show that she died in 1854, with no record of day, month or place of death.

"SIXTIETH COMPANY. -- Forest Monarch, 297 souls. This company of emigrants was from the Scandinavian Mission, being the first large company of Saints who emigrated from Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. An earnest desire to emigrate to Zion had been manifested by many of the Scandinavian Saints since the first little company

had left for the mountains a few months previous; and the elders had been busily engaged for some time past in making preparations to send off a large company. About the beginning of December, 1852, the emigrants from the respective conferences in the mission began to gather in Copenhagen, Denmark, and on Monday, December 20th, 1852, two hundred and ninety-three Saints, including children, went on board the steamship *Obotrit*, and sailed from 'Toldboden' (the custom-house), at four o'clock p.m., under the leadership of Elder John E. Forsgren, one of the elders who, in connection with Apostle Erastus Snow, first introduced the gospel into Scandinavia two years before. A great multitude of people had gathered on the wharf to witness the departure of the 'Mormons,' and many of the rabble gave utterance to the most wicked and blasphemous language, while they cursed and swore, because so many of their countrymen were disgracing themselves by following 'that Swedish Mormon priest' (an appellation they gave Elder Forsgren) to America. No violence, however, was resorted to, and the ship got safely away. After a rather stormy and unpleasant passage, the *Obotrit* arrived safely at Kiel, Holstein, on the evening of the twenty-second. The following day the journey was continued by rail to Hamburg, where a large hall had been hired, and supper prepared for the emigrants. In the afternoon of the twenty-fourth the Saints went on board the steamship *Lion*, which glided slowly with the tide down the river Elbe to Cuxhaven, where the captain cast anchor, owing to the heavy fog which prevailed. The emigrants now celebrated Christmas Eve on board, with songs and amusements of different kinds. In the morning of the twenty-fifth anchor was weighed, and the *Lion* sailed to the mouth of the river, where it was met by heavy headwinds, that made it impossible to reach the open sea until midnight. Finally, the passage from the river to the sea was made in the moonlight. Early in the morning of the twenty-sixth the ship passed Heligoland, soon after which a heavy gale blew up from the southwest, which increased in violence until the next day, when it assumed the character of a regular hurricane, the like of which old sailors declared they had never before experienced on the German Ocean. The ship's bridge and part of the gunwale were destroyed, and some goods standing on the deck were broken to pieces and washed overboard; otherwise, neither the ship nor the emigrants were injured. On the twenty-eighth, in the evening, after the storm had spent its fury, the *Lion* steamed into the harbor of Hull, England. About one hundred and fifty vessels were lost on the German Ocean in the storm, and the people in Hull were greatly surprised when the *Lion* arrived in safety, as it was firmly believed that she had gone under like the other ships that were lost.

From Hull, the emigrating Saints continued the journey by rail to Liverpool, on the 29th, where lodging and meals, previously ordered, were prepared for them, and on the first of January 1853, they went on board the packet ship *Forest Monarch*, which was hauled out of the dock and anchored in the river Mersey. There it lay until the 16th, because of storms and contrary winds. In the meantime three of the company died, two babies were born, and three fellow passengers were initiated into the Church by baptism. One man, who had been bitten by a dog was left in Liverpool, to be forwarded with the next company of emigrating Saints. One night the ship became entangled with another vessel and sustained some injuries; and a few days later, during a heavy storm, it got adrift, pulling up both anchors, and was just about to run aground, when two tug boats came to the rescue and saved it.

On the sixteenth of January, 1853, the *Forest Monarch* put out to sea. The emigrants now numbered two hundred and ninety-seven souls, who were placed under the direction of Elder John E. Forsgren, in connection with whom Elders Christian Christiansen and J. H. Christiansen acted as counselors. Elders Willard Snow and Peter O. Hansen, who had accompanied the emigrating Saints to Liverpool, now returned to Copenhagen.

During the voyage across the Atlantic Ocean the *Forest Monarch* was favored with very pleasant weather, but for several days it was a perfect calm, and in many respects the emigrants, who nearly all were unaccustomed to seafaring life, found the voyage trying and tedious. The provisions were poor, and their fresh water supply gave out before the journey was ended. Four deaths also occurred, and three children (*Ephraim Dennison was one of them*) were born during the voyage.

On the eighth of March, 1853, the ship arrived safely at the mouth of the Mississippi River, where five of the company died, and on the arrival at New Orleans, on the sixteenth, two others departed this life, and one family who had apostatized remained in that city.

From New Orleans the journey was continued by steamboat up the Mississippi River to St. Louis Missouri, where the emigrants landed on the thirty-first. In that city, tents and other commodities needed for the overland journey were purchased. After tarrying about a month, during which time six of the emigrants died (*Inger Monson's death*) and two couples were married, the company left St. Louis and proceeded by steamboat about two hundred miles further up the river to Keokuk, Iowa, where the emigrants pitched their tents for the first time, and lay in camp for several weeks before starting for the plains.

In the meantime the emigrants received their teams, consisting of oxen and wagons. Some of the Scandinavian emigrants, who at first rejected the American ways of driving oxen in yokes, went to work and manufactured harness in regular Danish fashion; but no sooner were these placed on the animals than they, frightened half to death, struck out in a wild run, refusing to be guided at all by the lines in the hands of their new masters from the far north. Crossing ditches and gulches in their frenzy, parts of the wagons were strewn by the way side; but the oxen, (many of which had never been hitched up before) were at last stopped by men who understood how to

manipulate that most important article of all teamsters outfits--the whip; and the Danish emigrants, profiting by the experience they had gained, soon concluded that, although harness might do well enough for oxen in Denmark, the yoke and whip were preferable in America; and they readily accepted the method of their adopted country. With thirty-four wagons and about one hundred and thirty oxen, the company rolled out from the camping ground near Keokuk on the twenty-first of May, and after three weeks rather difficult travel over prairies of Iowa, Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River, was reached. Here the company rested for several days, and on the twenty-seventh of June resumed the journey by crossing the Missouri River, after which they were soon far out on the plains. On the overland journey a number of the emigrants died, more children were born, and a few lost the faith in the midst of the hardships and trials of the long march. Finally on the thirtieth of September, 1853, the company arrived in Salt Lake City; and on the fourth of October the emigrants were nearly all rebaptized by Apostle Erastus Snow. They were counseled by President Brigham Young to settle in different parts of the Territory, and mix up with people of other nationalities, so as to become useful in developing the resources of the new country. Most of them located in Sanpete Valley, whither other companies from Scandinavia subsequently followed them, and that valley has ever since been known as the headquarters of the Scandinavians in Utah. Still President Young's advice has not been unheeded, as the people from the three countries of the north (Denmark, Sweden and Norway) are represented, to a greater or less extent, in nearly every town and settlement of the Saints in the Rocky Mountains. (Millennial Star, Vol. XV, pp.89, 282, 368; Morgenstjernen, Vol. I, page 180.)"
<Cont., 13:10 (Aug. 1892), pp.458-60>

Following are extracts from records that specifically mention the Hans or Johanne, I have already included those which referred to Hans' mother Inger.

BIB: Hansen, Joseph. Hansen Family History (Ms 4519), pp. 7-9,12 Acc. #26144. (HDA)

On the 14th of February my mother presented her husband a daughter as a birthday remembrance, that being his thirty-first birthday. She was given the name of Geraldine. This was indeed a severe experience when we contemplate the above described bed, the meager means of sanitation, inadequate food and general discomfort. We can only roughly calculate where this birth occurred, but probably near mid Atlantic. Another babe was born about the same time to Sister Hannah Dennison, wife of Hans Dennison who was named for my father and the name of the ship. Viz: Jens* Monarch Dennison. I have heard my mother tell of friends washing baby things as best they could and she and Sister Dennison would finish drying them by the heat of their bodies.

**This is in error; Hans wanted to name the baby, Josep, but he was named Ephraim not Jens.*

BIB: Munk, Christian Nielsen. Journal (Ms 1535), pp. 4-7, 9; Acc. #18953

Friday, March 18. Brother Larsen lost a child which was buried at New Orleans. During the night between the 18th and 19th of March, Sister Dinesen [Dinnesen] gave birth to a child.

Wednesday, May 11. A meeting was held and after counseling together it was decided that active preparations should commence for the journey across the plains. Elder John E. Forsgren was chosen as captain of the whole company, while Christian Christiansen was chosen as captain of the first fifty and Herman J. Christensen captain of the second fifty. Next, Father Christiansen was chosen as captain of the first ten, Brother Justensen as captain of the 2nd ten; made Chr. Jensen captain of the 3rd ten and Hans Dinesen as captain of the 4th ten. . . . [p.7]

On 15 October Hans's family reached "New Denmark" (Spring City), here there were a few empty houses because the people left due to Indian trouble, Hans, group worked and built a number of houses. They had just got settled in a house when on Thursday, 15 December, a foot of snow fell. Now continuing in Hans's writings:
Friday, December 16, we all got the order from Brigham to leave everything and move to Manti. We stayed at the house of Ritsjers for a few nights, but they did not have too much room, so we moved to John Lauri Jr. 's house, which was very big. After a few weeks they decided that they were going to use it all for themselves. I asked if we could stay and look around for an apartment, but on January 13, 1854 we had to move out to a new lot, which was shown to me. We lived in our wagon, and after that the winter really began to be hard. I know that it was only by help from the Lord that we, with our small children under the age of one year, could survive at a temperature that was more than 30 degrees below zero in a room where the walls and roof were only thin canvas.

Every night sixteen of us had to be on guard against the Indians in this terrible frost and every week six more inches of snow were added. Our food was very simple, consisting of bread made from bran, frost-bitten potatoes, and flour, we hardly had anything to sell, and all I owned was a coat and a sweater, and the sweater was later stolen from me. There was no way I could make any money, but towards spring we borrowed wheat from the tithing office. Praise to the Lord, who guided and strengthened us during this hard period. We all stayed in good health and I was satisfied with our position.....but my wife was often impatient with our poor situation.

I started to work right away. I was walking in snow up over my knees while I was breaking and hauling stone for a little house. In the last part of February we moved into it, together with Mikkel Johnson and his family.



Spring came, time for us to work with the ground but I did not have any thing to work with, no spade, plow, or harrow. I did not even have a hammer or iron to make anything out of, and being in a foreign county, not knowing the language did not make it easy for me.. But my heavenly Father helped me, and I got to borrow an old plow which belonged to b. Young. Together with “Tergelsen” (Terkildsen) I got four out of five acres plowed and the crops planted in a place called Weidingsand.

Hans’s journal continues to 1880, the year Johanne takes her own life. For the sake of brevity in this booklet, from here on I am going to take selected entries from certain years. Much of his entries dealt with the amount of produce he planted and the harvest quantities he reaped of that produce. Hans was also somewhat overly infatuated with the principle of plural marriage and many of his entries deal with his feelings and efforts to obtain a plural wife, mainly from women (help) living with him and Johanne. I only included a limited amount of these entries. In this effort he was frustrated, and many times rejected, until his unhappy marriage to Anne Magrete Hansen in October of 1873. The entries will also be abridged at times. Italic paragraphs are verbatim extracts. Hans’ entire autobiography is in the CD attached to this booklet for readers who would like to read in more detail.

1855: This spring a big army of grasshoppers ate all the wheat so when the time to harvest came, our fields were as black and bare as in the winter.

This summer I started to build a new house consisting of one room, a loft and a cellar. I finished it, and we lived in it this fall.

1857: This summer Hans got involved in getting wood (bark) from the mountain. The project turned sour. He rented men and oxen, putting him in debt. The hours were long, his wagon broke down and some bark was stolen. He sold the only cow he had to George Snow for the Indian farm to get money for clothes and for some reason he didn't get paid because of the outbreak of the Civil war. On October 4 Hans, Johanne and Hans Jr. drove to Salt Lake City hoping to get some money for the cow but were not successful. It was freezing, and they drove 260 miles, wasted 14 days with a sick child and when they came home their only ox died. Not a good year.

1858: *In the middle of fall, Doctor Hort came up here to make some arrangements with the Indian farm. I asked him for the money for my cow, and he gave me \$10.00 in gold and a note on the rest of it. George Snow got very angry at me because of this. I left in the middle of my harvesting to go to Salt Lake City..... received my pay in form of clothes and whatever I wanted.....went home again, very happy. I got my harvesting finished, and I built us a new stone house in the back, which we moved into Nov. 24th.*

1859: *On January 2 our little son, Hans, fell down from our straw stack, I was attending fast meeting when it happened. When I came home he looked like he was dead, but as soon as I put my hands on him he started to breathe regularly.*

The night between the 13th and the 14th of this same month Jens happened to kick Ephraim injuriously between his legs, in his sleep. It looked pretty bad, but after a week of administering he recovered.

On February 11 came the time when our young cow, to our big delight, was to give birth to its second calf, but it turned out that the calf had a wrong position, and I got brother Torp from Fort Ephraim to help. After a lot of difficulty the cow gave birth to a dead bull calf. After that the cow became very sick and suffered a lot. The next night, in spite of my care, she died. We gave the corpse to the poor Indians.

This year, while not starting out well, turned out fairly good. Some of Hans's good Danish brethren help him out to the point he bought two bull calves, the harvest was fine. In the fall he was able to buy a cow with one of the calves and 15 bushels of wheat from a Hamilton in Mt. Pleasant and later in the fall bought a pair of big white Oxen from Matis blag in Fort Ephraim.

1860: *on March 19, my wife gave birth to a son, who we named Joseph Dinesen. He was born on the same date as Ephraim who was now 7 years old. So now the Lord fulfilled the wish I had on the ship by New Orleans, when some of the brethren wanted our son to be named "Forrest Monarch", and President Forstgren talked to my wife about naming him Ephraim, which I also preferred to the ship's name;*

This summer I built a room onto the northeast part of the House.

1861: *This winter I worked many days hauling stones to a new meeting house. I earned \$40.00. In the spring I bought Mads Olsen's house and place for \$40.00.*

This summer was very hot and dry. I got the room facing northeast finished. I had the doors, door casings and window frames in Mads Olsen's house fixed, which cost me more than \$50.00 in carpenter work.

1863: *January 8th my wife gave birth to a daughter - - Hanne Dinesen. She was a little sickly.*

1865: *On January 6, which was Twelfth night, my wife gave birth to another boy, who was named Hyrum Dinesen. Again my wife got very sick and had to stay in bed for two months. She only got up while her bed was made. For six weeks and four nights I had to sleep on the floor to keep a good, warm fire going in the furnace because of the hard frost. I also had to take care of the little child and my wife. It was quite a difficult time for me. Note: A girl (Bodil Rasmussen) was living with them at this time as a maid.*

1866...*The Indians began to make trouble at Salina in April, like the year before, whereupon Chief Sanpit, together with seven of his fellows who were kept as prisoners in Manti jai., broke out and got killed.*

The war with the Indians did not become as bad as we had expected it to be, especially for Sanpete, but we had to guard the mountains and valleys day and night..... This summer we had the most rain we have ever had. We had heavy showers once or twice a week. On June the 7th we had one inch of snow all over the valley, and on June 23rd, the longest day, the mountains were again covered with snow almost to the foot and it kept raining almost every other day til the last part of fall.

1868: This winter was also hard and long, but it did not destroy the crickets, though, for as the warm weather began they came out by the millions. So every day we all drove out in the fields and destroyed by water and fire all we could for four to five weeks.

This summer the building of a railroad through Utah was started. Jens and Ephraim worked on it for a little while and earned about \$100 each, for which they bought clothes.

1869: May 18. Jens and Ephraim came home from working on the railroad. Jens brought 1 pair of horses with harness home for his profit.

This summer I was 45 years old and had joined the silver-greys. My beautiful dark beard had faded a lot already – yes, become grey from sorrow and adversity, which has been my fate since childhood.

1870 September 1 we went to Salt Lake City. On September the 8th my wife and I were baptized and sealed for our dead relatives and friends. I was baptized for 16; Hans, for 4; my wife for 9. Jens and Ephraim did not want to.

When Hans and Johanne arrived back in Manti they had a cow that didn't produce the amount of milk they expected and when to a Dr. Marie for advise. She told them that their neighbors were stealing milk and they confronted them. It turned out to be wrong and resulted in Hans having to apologize to his neighbors (Sister Steffensen and Anders Sorensen). This caused Hans much embarrassment, he blames the devil and Marie and his wife Johanne who like Eve was deceived and led him to deception.

1871: April 29 we got the first prophet school in Manti.

In the beginning of May came big hordes of crickets. We had to fight them right away with straw, water, and all our chickens. This summer was very warm and dry, but we still got a good harvest. I, Hans, and Joseph harvested alone the wheat and threshed it by machinery. I got 254 bushels of wheat, 44 bushels of oat, 15 bushels of peas, 20 bushels of corn, 242 bushels of potatoes, 24 gallons of molasses, and some squash.

October 21 Jens came back home. He gave me \$20 Co-op money for feeding him this winger [winter?], which I was very thankful for.

1872: On January 17 I was appointed and set apart as one of the presidency in the Danish organization.

February 3 I was appointed by J. Weierham as school director, and voted in, but I refused the position because of the many jobs I hold in the ward, but I later regretted it. This winter was very mild and good. We had ward gatherings all winter, where I as teacher was in charge, which many of the Danish people in this ward were happy for.

My wife was sick and bedridden with rheumatism almost all during the month of January.

This spring I was released from a very unpleasant job which I had had for 17 years as Captain or water distributor over an irrigation ditch in the Danish field. I know I have done my best in this

position. Sometimes when somebody complained over the water I let them have my water turn and was short myself, just to satisfy the impatient one, if possible. But the same day I was placed on an even bigger post as captain over the whole Danish field instead of Hans Jensen.

This year, which was my 48th, Jens was 24 years, half of my age. Hans was 16 years, one-third of my age. Joseph was 12 years, one-fourth of my age. Hyrum was 8 years, one-sixth of my age, which seemed real strange to me. Ephraim was 19 years and Hanne was 10 years this summer.

We had very high water and floods, especially in the north field, wherefore, a difficult harvest followed. Jens came home July 21. Almost all our wheat was laying flat on the ground. The harvest became very hard and slow, because we had to do everything by hand.

Hans and Joseph got 48 bushels of wheat out of 1 acre, which they planted for themselves. I got 256 bushels of wheat out of 5 acres in the same field, even though it only got left over water from Jens's wheat. From the Danish field I got 296 bushels of wheat Altogether I got 552 bushels. Mine and Hans's together: 600 bushels. Ours and Jens's together 887 bushels wheat, around 160 bushels of oat, 100 bushels of potatoes. All together, 1147 bushels and 5 gallons of molasses. (Paid tithing.) This was the biggest harvest we had ever had. We got all lofts and houses full.

That same Sunday night Ephraim came home after 1-3/4 years of absence, almost without money or means.

1873. On January 12 Ephraim got married to Robert Johnson's daughter. They lived in my room this winter. I gave him a four-year-old cow with its calves and I fed them during the winter. I gave them three new chairs and 12 bushels of wheat, so they could buy themselves a new table. They got some kitchen utensils, some pork and all the flour and potatoes they needed till after harvest.

In the spring I gave him my land in the east field, which he traded with P. Lund and got 1 acre outside the town, and a field of mine was included in the place whereupon he built a house. Hans, Joseph and I helped him to haul stone and lumber with our oxen and wagon and helped him build the house and stable.

Anne Magrete Hansen, sister to Matisse's wife, came this fall. It looked like the Lord had saved and sent her to test my faith and patience with his holy law and revelation, which I so often have humbly asked if He, out of mercy, would see me worthy to join in this life of trial, to be able to partake in the blessings, pleasures, and glories in the eternal worlds which will be given to those who are simple and sincere and obey and honor all the laws and commandments of the Lord in life and death and trusts him and recognizes his hand in all things.

Johan, Peder's wife, recommended me to Magrete even before I had thought about it. It seemed she received the recommendation and she liked my talk, which she had heard me give in the Danish gathering. Therefore, on September 28 I went up to talk to the sister and herself, and the day after they both came down and talked with my wife and I. We reached an agreement very fast, regardless of all slander which started again to hinder the fulfilling of the Lord's law and those who will honor and obey it. On October 8 we went to the city.

On October 13 we were sealed in the house of the Lord for time and eternity. Magrete suffered from cramps, both at home and on the way. On Sunday and Monday she was administered to several times in the endowment room.

We got back home in safety. The living room and bedroom facing south was finished with a new closet, which I had paid Peder Lund 30 bushels of wheat for. Table, chairs and stove I bought in the city to take home. As time went on, Magrete often suffered from bad cramps and was also dissatisfied and impatient, which caused me much sorrow because I know that we all did our best for her. From what she said, some of our good neighbors caused the reason for her attitude by telling her about our earlier mentioned

troubles with them and bringing up the old rumor about my zeal and respect for God's celestial law, which I have had since I first heard about it.

On Saturday, October 4, I baptized Hiram, Magrete's son, in Warm Springs. I confirmed him Sunday, October 5.

On May 1st Joseph, Magrete and I drove to Salt Lake City. Wednesday, May the 6th we were baptized and sealed for her dead relatives and friends. To everybody's surprise she was baptized for twenty-four, and everything went well.

Everything went well—much better than expected by all of us, but Magrete started to be wicked towards me and Joseph without one single reason. She also had cramps from city to Lehi. Later on the way home she beat both Joseph and me. She threatened him with a knife when he was taking a piece of bread from the box. In the canyon she got off the wagon and wanted to stay there, so I had to drag her all the way back and watch her all the way home

We were blasphemed, scolded, and beaten every day and after we got home she kept letting the evil rule her. Started again to hit and kick me, break windows, doors and chairs and slander me and my family with a lot of rude lies, which we have never thought of or heard the like of it.

On Tuesday, July 14 around midnight, Magrete gave birth to a son. It was a painful birth as he came out backwards. All of us, including midwife Steg thought he was going to die and he was also without life at birth. Midwife Steg said before the delivery that she would not be able to save the child's life, but God had decided he was going to live, because pretty soon there was life in him, and they both recovered very quickly. Since that time Magrete has not had any cramps, which was a great God's mercy and goodness, that she was freed from that severe and abominable illness which constantly has troubled her so bad for more than 20 years. She ought to be thousandfold – yes, indescribably thankful to God in heaven.

On Sunday, August 16, I blessed my dear son and named him Kristian Dinesen, because Magrete said that her sister's husband wanted him to be named after him. Again she started her wicked behavior against me. I had a feeling and a desire in my heart to name him Johannes, but also this time I was persuaded by the mother.

On October 11, came an order from the presidency to call ten men or ask for volunteers to go on a kind of mission by going down and working on St. George Temple. Again I felt an inner happiness and desire to take on me this mission. All that day I spent looking for W. T. Rid to give him my name as a volunteer.

Hans departed the 4th of November and arrived in St. George Saturday November 14th he and Peder Mikkelsen (who had a wooden leg) starting work on the 17th mixing mortar and sand at the north east corner of the temple. The work was hard the weather warm and he quickly went from 178 pounds to 160.

On 2 December his job changed to carrying stone for the tower under the direction of master builder Brein from SLC. The work was hard and the rocks large.

The first morning I got up there I was carrying one end of a stone, and as I took a step backwards I knocked my heel against a plank and I fell backwards with the stone on top of me, but I did not feel the bump at all. I got right up and got the stone placed and then I saw blood. I had scraped the skin off the inside of my little finger on the right hand. Somebody put some tobacco and a bandage on it and I kept carrying stones just like before. Four days later it was completely healed. On Wednesday, December 30, the middle finger on my left hand got hurt quite bad between the edge of a big stone and a plank. It looked pretty bad and hurt a lot, so I had to sit down and get some tobacco on it. The young brethren offered to help me down, but I just asked for a little water and half an hour

later I had gained my color and health back again.

Master Brein said I should just relax and he would see to it that everything was right, but I could not keep still for many minutes. I wanted to fulfill my mission and not give up. I started to work with one hand doing the things I could handle, like shoveling the scaffolding clean and pulling the guide rope until the 5th, as all the bosses who had noticed my faithfulness in working on the Lord's house agreed to give me another job carrying the stone cutter's tools to the smith (blacksmith).

Everything was in bad order as this was a job that had earlier been done by boys. I started the job with great zeal and faithfulness and got just about all of their bad and broken tools up and got them fixed the first day – five boxes full. This made it so they were able to do a lot more and better work.

The smith was a hard master – a Welshman. He started to swear and boss me around, but I complained to the boss at the temple so pretty soon he cooled off and was nice to me and Jens Nielsen, who worked for him and had had a sad time. On January 19, 1875 my finger was now so well that I reported to Adkin that I was now ready to work again like before, but he said, "No, you have done so well so we want you to keep on." How happy and grateful I was. I had to walk around one mile to the smith and I went four times back and forth every day. Sometimes I had 100 pounds in the box and in rope

On March 5th at 4:30 we were finished exceeding everybody's expectation. Pretty soon a lot of people were gathered. The brass band played on the top of the temple walls and we were honorably released in a dispatch from President B. Young read by M. C. Donel. We could now go home with blessings from heaven on us and our family's head for time and in all eternity.

The next day, which was Saturday, March 6th, we all met in the tabernacle to a farewell party. We got wine, bread and cheese. There was music, song and talks were held, and a song "Ye saints throughout the mountains pray, listen to my rhyme," was given to honor the volunteers who had worked on the temple.

I had worked 82 days at \$2.25 a day, which amounted to \$186.76. I used \$53.10 in Manti and \$32.30 in St. George.

On Saturday the 13th I said farewell to the patriarch. At 1 o'clock we left St. George.

Saturday the 20th we arrived home. We had traveled for almost seven days most of the way by foot. We had good weather and roads.

Hans' returned to some serious marital abuse problem regarding his second wife Margrete. This physical and verbal abuse continues through 1875-77 and the marriage is dissolved in a divorce 12 March 1877. As example from Hans' writings:

"She started to break windows and chairs and threatened my wife and children with inhuman treatment and death. Once she hit my wife on her loins with a pair of tongs, hit me with her fists in the head so that the blood ran, kicked me on my shin, and pulled my beard, scratched holes on my hands. Once she took the ax into her bedroom with her to hit my daughter and wife with. She said so herself when I came to ask for it to cut wood with. She raised it up over my head, but I got a hold of her wrist and then she kicked me with the hard toe of her shoe between my legs on the secret organ, which hurt terribly.

On May 13 (1875).I moved Magrete and little Christian down to Ole Pederson's house.

Very soon Magrete was on bad terms with Ole Pederson and I had to move her up to Christian Jensen's house.

The 24th of August I had to move her to Ephraim's house and pick her clothes up from the street where they were thrown by Obert Lauri (Lowrey?), who had bought the house. Ephraim lived in my house.

Court proceedings were held on the 9th of January 1876 but the divorce wasn't granted until 12 March 1877 and Hans' was required to pay:

*On Monday, March 12 we were divorced by Judge Piacock and I promised to pay her yearly til she got married again: 15 bushels of wheat, 10 bushels of potatoes, 1 ton of hay, and 4 cords of wood, \$1.50 a month for rent or find her a place to stay. One share of my 4sheep in Co-op which shall belong to M. C. Dinesen and he is to decide for himself when he reaches the age of 10 whether he will stay with her or come to me. We were married three years and five months less one day. **Note: 8 January 1880, Margete married Matias Matiasen in Mount Pleasant, Utah.***

While these proceeding were on going Hans accepts a mission to work on the Salt Lake Temple leaving Manti on the 16th of June 1876 and returning on 30 September 1876. He had returned a few days early due to a letter from his son Hans Jr. stating that Johanne was very sick. He writes in the fall of 1876:

My first wife's health was very bad this fall. Soon she was up and right after she was in bed. She cried, mourned, moaned, and groaned, almost always because of fright and doubt about her soul's salvation in the Kingdom of God. She had been in this state of mind for the last five to six years.

In 1877 he writes: 28 January; *My first wife has now sunk into wretchedness and is now treating me with hostile feelings just like my other wife.* 17 October: *All summer she has walked back and forth on a little piece of floor about 3 to 4 feet long sighing and wailing like usual in a pitiful condition without talking to anybody except what she uttered in her moaning and groaning, which was also sorrow and sadness. she never did anything around the house. Last in September she was laid up and ever since she has just been laying quiet in bed. We have had to get her up once a day to give her dry and clean clothes on, just like a little baby. This has been very difficult and unpleasant for all of us, but Sister Sorensen helped us dress her and Jens, Hans, and Luis Hougaard have been so kind and brought her milk ever since we lost our cow. God bless them.*

In 1878: *On the 19th of September me, Hanne, and Hiram drove mother to Six Miles on the request of Ephraim's wife (Mary Ellen Johnson), who thought she would be better when she came to another place, which others also had mentioned.*

On the 5th we brought back mother and Hanne because it was too difficult for me to cook, keep house, and go to work, and it seemed like there had been no improvement in her condition.

December 29th; Our mother is still bedridden like in 1877 with the only change that she is now eating a little more, but Hanne has had to feed her with a spoon just like a little baby ever since she was out at Ephraim's wife. Hanne has also taken her up alone a couple of times every day, so she has been a little more cleanly this last year. God alone knows when the day of redemption will come and free her and us from this dreadful situation we are in. Sometimes she cries and sometimes she laughs. Yes, my sorrows and troubles this year have sometimes been bigger than I seem to be able to bear, because Joseph and Hanne has often turned against me, been disobedient and talked to me in a shameful way when I have warned and addressed them to the best of my knowledge.

Post script; Johanne is probably suffering from Alzheimer's or some other very severe depression condition, for which in their day and age there wasn't much help.

On the 28th of July 1879 Johanne took her own life and was buried in Manti Utah. Hans married an Anne Nielsen on the 3rd of November 1880. Anne was not well most of their married life and blind the last 4 years. She died 20 October 1901. Hans lived until 13th January of 1904 and was also buried in the

Manti Cemetery in Manti Utah.

Hans Denison Jr. & Mary Agnes Braithwaite



While there is quite a volume of information on Hans Sr. and Johanne, this couple Hans Jr. and Mary Agnes have

very little information. Much of the info on Hans Jr. comes from Hans Sr.'s writing. Fortunately they did leave a number of Photo's.

Hans Denison Jr. was born, 29 Jul 1856 in Manti Utah to Hans Dinesen Sr. and Johanne Jacobsen Christoffersen. Hans Sr. recorded his birth as follows:

1856: On Tuesday July 29, my wife gave birth to another son, who was named Hans Dinesen. That same night I was out cutting Hay at "Kanalkreg", and we were almost completely out of bread. Immediately after my wife got very sick and could not move her hands or feet. She was so close to passing away that she bid all of us farewell. With all my faith I prayed to the Lord, that the angel of death would leave her. She did lose her mind for a while though. A hard and sorrowful time followed for me. The grain was ready for harvest, and I had to do it alone, so I had to get up around 1-2 o'clock in the morning to go to the field. All I had to eat was a piece of bread and some water. I had to watch over my sick wife day and night, and I got so weak, I could hardly stand on my feet.

In the last part of September my wife got better and was able to help me.

Also from Hans Sr.s' record we find that Hans Jr. had a type of skin condition as a child.

This spring (1858) we also had the pleasure and blessing from the Lord that our little son became almost cured from his sickness.

Ever since he was born he had been bothered with sores all over his head, which caused us a lot of trouble – especially my wife – and the boy was bothered with itching and was often bloody all over his face.

And in 1859 Hans Sr. writes:

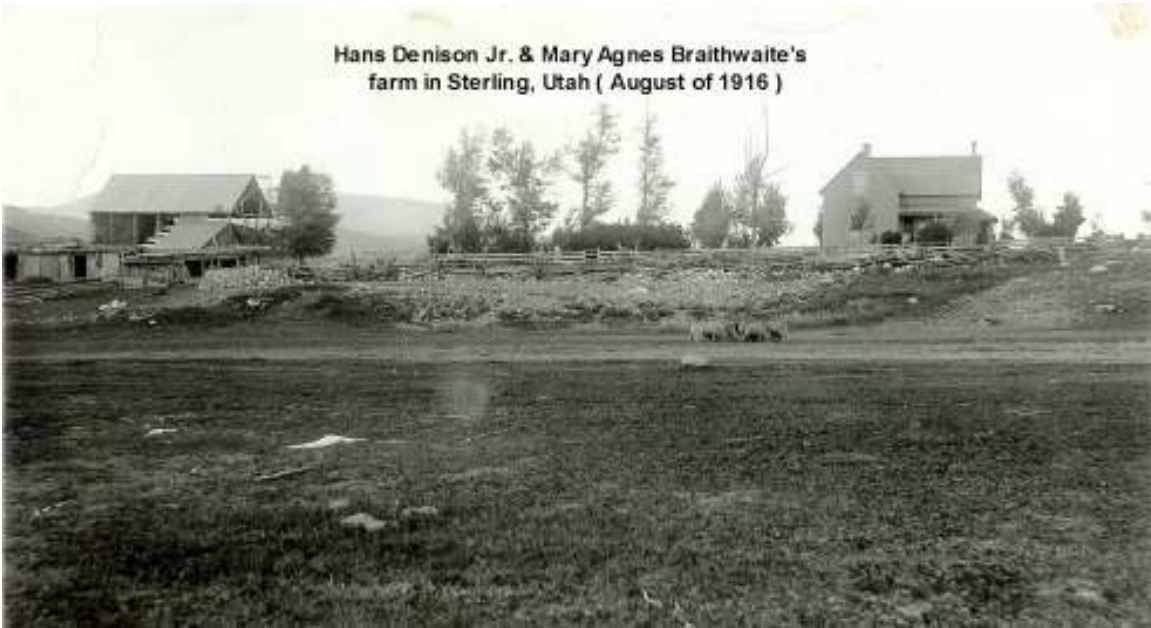
The year 1859 started with sorrow and adversity. On January 2 our little son, Hans, fell down from our straw stack. I was attending fast meeting when it happened. When I came home he looked like he was dead, but as soon as I put my hands on him he started to breathe regularly again.

By 1871/2, Hans Jr. (15) and his younger brother Joseph (12) were planting and harvesting wheat on acreage set aside for them. Hans Sr. writes of Hans Jr.s' first marriage to Marianne Lund in 1875 & 2nd marriage to Mary Agnes Braithwaite in 1878.

(1875) In September on the 17th Hans Dinesen, Jr. and Mariane Lund got married because she came home on the 13th very sick and they had been engaged for a long time. She got worse and on the 25th of the same month she died, which was very tragic for him and her parents.

(1878) On November 7th I baptized 10 girls and 2 boys in the Hot springs and I assisted in the confirmations. I baptized and confirmed Mary Agnes Bredvei (Braithwaite) and on the 8th Bishop Rid ordained Hans to elder and married him and Agnes Bredvei (Braithwaite), after which they drove to St. George. They were in the temple on the 26th, 27th, and 28th doing baptisms, endowments and sealings for Mariane and themselves.

Hans Denison Jr. & Mary Agnes Braithwaite's
farm in Sterling, Utah (August of 1916)



Mary Agnes Braithwaite was born 9 November 1858, in Kendal, England to Roland Braithwaite and Hannah Ormandy. Mary Agnes was 4 years 7 Months old when she left England on 4 June 1863 with her parents, grandmother, Hannah Askew Braithwaite, her sister Hannah Elizabeth, and uncles George, William and Joseph. Their emigration story is related in the Braithwaite section of this booklet.

Mary Agnes and Hans, homesteaded a 60 acre farm West of Sterling Utah, near the Gunnison Reservoir and the D&RGW Railroad line where they raise a large family of 11 children.



Mary Agnes left a short autobiography and I have included it in its entirety as follows:

I will try and give a small sketch of my life. I was born in Kendal, Westmorland, England, November 9, 1858. I came to Manti, Utah when I was about five years old. I came across the ocean when I was four and a half years old. I well remember the ocean and the big ships, and how the waves would toss the ship up and down. I well remember the captain would yell every day for the parents not to let the children, small or large, on the deck of the ship as it was dangerous. The weather was very rough. As I remember, the water looked almost black. After we got away from the shore my Father held me in his arms and let me see us leave the shore, but that's about all I remember of the journey on the ocean.

I got my schooling in Manti, what little I got. When I was twelve years old I had to go to work to earn money for my clothes. I did work for others at first just helping the wife with the washings, but by the time I was fourteen years old I was working while the mother was in bed with a new baby.

The people those days were very poor so my wages were very low. I worked for seventy-five cents a week most of the time and the most I ever got was \$1.50 a week. Some times I had to just do washing for some family and this I got \$1.00 for doing three washings. I would wash almost all day on the wash board.

In 1878, I was married to Hans Denison in the St. George Temple by D. C. McCallister. Hans was born in Manti, July 29, 1856. We lived in Manti, and then moved out to Sterling, Utah in 1879. The town was then known as Pettyville, and it was located down on the old road about a mile west of Sterling.

When we moved out there, there was nothing only a little old log room for a house, and a little rock chicken coop. I cooked over the fireplace for a long time before I got a stove. There were no fences, and the land was covered with sagebrush and rocks, plenty of them. When we broke it up we hauled many loads of rocks off. I know we hauled a hundred loads in our life.

We lived there all the time except for a few months at a time when we would move to Manti, mostly for the winter months. In 1888 we moved to Manti for the winter. On January 7, 1888 my husband, Hans Denison, went into the hills to get a load of wood. In those days we had to burn all wood as there wasn't but little coal and it cost a lot of money for those days. He got so cold and wet, as he had no rubbers on his shoes, and he froze his feet because they got so wet. He had to have his toes cut off and really suffered a lot of pain all the rest of the winter. His feet hurt him the rest of his life a lot.

On February 23, 1888 our son, Hyrum, was born. Both my husband and I were in bed then, and had four other children.

In the fall of 1889, on September 2, we had worked hard all summer and had our hay and grain all stacked in the yard. Hans had gone up to Sterling with the last load of hay for tithing. We had just got it unloaded when someone came and told him his corrals were on fire. Before he could get home everything was burned to the ground, including one calf and all of the chickens.

We built a new home after all these trials. We have had eleven children, eight boys and three girls. We reared them all until they were grown. The first we lost a child was our oldest son John Miles. He died February 6, 1912, of anemia. He left a wife and two children. Then our next loss was another son, Homer, who died March 16, 1920, at the age of nineteen years. He died in the Salina hospital from an appendicitis operation.

The following are bits and pieces of public record which relate to the Hans Denison Jr. family.

Tid bits from the "Manti Messenger"

04 Jul 1911: *Myrland Denison, Lawrence Jensen and Wesley Funk whose ages range between 11 and 17 have been apprehended for taking two bottles of beer on the 4th of July belonging to George Bradley and Elmer Ludvigson. A small crowbar had been used to pry the door open to gain access to the beer.*

22 Dec 1911: *Five horses were killed within a few rods of each other on the R. G. W. track west of town Monday afternoon by the south bound freight. Three belonging to Hans Denison, one to Hyrum Denison and one to Arthur Denison of Manti.*

23 Apr 1920: *Hans Denison of Sterling received \$1011.00 from the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of N. Y. Mr. Denison is the beneficiary of the insurance policy granted to his son Homer, who died recently. Homer applied for insurance thru the company's agent Mr. R. B. Simmons of Manti in Dec 1918 and paid his second Premium Dec. Last.*

04 Aug 1922: *Hans Denison of Sterling was tendered a family party given last Saturday afternoon at the Reservoir Dam in compliment to his 66th anniversary by the members of his family. Those in attendance besides himself and wife were his sons Hyrum, Ed, Roland and John and his daughters, Mrs. Martin Peterson and Hyde*

Jensen and their families. His brother Hyrum Denison and family of Manti were also present. A family supper was enjoyed under the large shade trees.

The follow photos were taken about 1927 showing the Sterling Relief Society; from the Photo I surmise that Mary Agnes is Relief Society president. The Group Photo is of particular interest in that present are three ancestral great grandmothers (Hannah Malinda Denison Peterson, Martine Andersen Peterson, & Mary Agnes Braithwaite Denison)



1st row L-R; Arlisha Lowry, Tmena Funk, **Martine Peterson**, Annie Peterson, **Mary Agnes Denison** and _____ Denison.

2nd row L-R; **Malinda Peterson**, Helen Denison, Geniel Denison, baby Norma, Maggie Thomas, Jenave Hansen baby Helen Edwards and Ellen Bradley.

3rd row L-R; Hulda Funk, Verla Chapman, Leah Funk, Amy Edwards, May Nielson, Emmerett Clemmons, Thelma Larsen and Clara Anderson.

4th row L-R; Preal Ludvigson, Mary Bell Lowry, Alta Whitbeck, Lillian Bradley, Ada Bennett and Pheba Olsen.



I would guess this is a mother's day photo of a Relief Society Presidency with their granddaughters taken about the same time as the group photo. The only person I can identify is Mary Agnes Braithwaite Denison in the center of the photo. She has the one counselor identified _____ Denison in the group photo and changed the other counselor.



I (Wilfred Peters) recorded some memories from three of Mary Agnes grandchildren, Doyle, Dale and Mildred Peterson.

Dale recalled that when they were putting in the Sterling water works a 4ft deep trench was cut down Blacks hill. Grandma Dennison was going over to visit Aunt Myrtle and fell into the trench head first. She wasn't much over

4ft tall. Ollie Black was going to the store when he heard her yell and pulled her out. Mildred told of seeing her screaming in the middle of the intersection in front of their house when she was scarred by a clap of thunder. Doyle remembered her getting kicked into the ditch by a milk cow.

Hans Jr. died in Sterling Utah,

5 November 1927,

Mary Agnes died 5 September 1937,

both were buried in Manti.

Mary Agnes's death certificate states, cause of death was a Cerebral Hemorrhage.