

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

## OF

# PETER McINTYRE

*Peter McIntyre was the father of Grace McIntyre Clegg; Grace was the wife of Benjamin Clegg Sr.,*

*father of Benjamin Clegg,*

*father of Donald Clegg,*

*father of Grant Clegg,*

*father of Peter Clegg*

As all of the officers of the Church or Kingdom of Jesus upon earth are counseled to keep a journal of their knowledge and progress of the Church, I intend to write here items of my travels before and after being enrolled in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Perhaps this may be useful to my sons or daughters after my departure from them, as I know I must rest from my labors, and my works will follow me.

I was born in Succoth, Parish of Strachure, Cowell, Argyleshire, Scotland, on the 17th day of March A. D. 1790. I remember my father's father, Donald. He was stout and well made, nearly 6 feet in stature. As I was only 7 years of age I do not recollect his religious views. It is said that he was a man of great natural talents, and a man that loved truth.

All that I heard of my great grandfather was that his name was Peter, of great manual strength and courage. It is said that when the Athol robbers came to plunder and take their cattle from the people of Cowell, he came in contact with them, hiding his cattle in Gregan, or Duke of Argyle's Bowling Green. He fought a number of them. He had his sword, as was customary in his day, and his son-in-law with him. The Athol robbers shouted at his appearance, saying, "This stout earl is hiding his cattle. He must deliver them." He called his son-in-law toward him and told him to guard his back. As he fought them crossing a ravine, his son-in-law left him cowardly. After he had killed a number of them, one of them cried out, "Will this old earl kill us all?" and leaped by him, but as he considered his back safe, looked forward and was struck by this fellow and fell. Some of them said, "Let the old fellow take his time to die." Others said, "Put him from groaning, however." However, his son-in-law returned, bound up his head, helped him home, and he lived for years afterwards.

My mother's father was Peter McGlashan, a man of kind disposition, feared greatly the Lord and man. Also, it was said that he feared to tread on any man's ground to avoid cause of offense. My grandmother's name was Margaret Law, whose father or grandfather came from England at the time of the Reformation. His wife was killed about the Mess of Flanders by the cavalry as she had the Bible in her bosom; but as her husband had a suit of good black clothes on, he was ordered to strip. He speedily obeyed and leaped into the Mess, carrying with him a small trunk of gold of his own, left the horsemen, and landed in Black Cowell. My father told me the former tale, my mother the latter.

I, Peter McIntyre, was born in Glen Curr or Succoth, on March 17th, A.D. 1790. My mother was expected to die at the time of my birth, but a friend of hers said, "Mary McGlashan will not die. I dreamed last night and saw her in a great hall near a throne holding a large lighted candle in her hand."

Succoth is surrounded with mountains where sheep and cattle graze, therefore, I saw but few faces but cattle during my youth. I was brought up strictly in the faith of my fathers, had to repeat the Lord's Prayer and Creed every evening. My mother taught me these lessons young, but as I did not understand the nature of religion, I cared very little for it. However, when about 12 years old I was led to hear a working man preach, and I remember to this day how the Spirit operated in me. The Psalm he gave was the 34th. As it was read, I retained it and could repeat every word of it to this day. After this time, I feared the God of my fathers unto this time, and will till immortality is swallowed up of life. I began to pray, but as I could not keep myself from evil in fear and anxiety, my life was a burden to me. Although I separated from my companions on the Sabbath and had great delight in praying and traveling among the sheep and cattle, yet I carried about the body of death, a sentence of death that Paul speaks of. When my bedfellow slept soundly, I often turned from side to side the most of the night, my countenance sorrowful, my face black.

My brothers called me "Naby" as I appeared to them so black. I wept often at prayer. I still remember the reason, because of death and separation from Father, Mother and all the family. The neighbors who were few, marveled what man I would be. I remember what was said by them. They expected me to be a marvelous man in the world. I could not be idle, therefore, I fished very young, made the fishing rod my companion, in which I took great delight. I do still believe that if the people heard my prayer from the 10th to the 18th year of my life, I should be held as a great man. I believe there were none had more of the Spirit of God in those days; but I became a drummer in the Volunteers at 15 years of age, was led to drink whiskey, as is the custom in the Highlands. Being fond of company, it made it still heavier to bear my burden, and I felt the weight more and more as my conscience accused me of rebellion against God. I therefore was unhappy day and night. The voice within me was, "Where will I flee to from his presence?" or "Where will I hide myself?"

I could not understand what the minister preached. I came to a decision in my own mind that his preaching was vanity and vexation of spirit. I found great pleasure in reading certain parts of the scriptures. I remember one day in school, of reading the 48th Psalm: "Mount Zion stands most beautiful, The joy of all the land; The city of the mighty King On her north side doth stand." My heart leaped within me, but of course I knew not the reason, though the sentence remained ever joyful to me. When 16 years of age I enlisted in the Militia and joined the regiment in Aberdeen, and after being there 15 months I volunteered into the regular army knowing that troubles and trials awaited me. Believing that I would suffer for my sin, I smothered my conscience as much as possible.

On April 7th, 1809, I was sworn into the 91st Regiment, joined the Second Battalion in Ayr, left Ayr and joined the First Battalion in Ramegate, Kent, England. (We) sailed from the Downs that same summer under Lieut. General the Earl of Chatham, to capture the Islands of Walcheren on the east of Holland. It was said that 250 sails hoisted anchor that morning and stood in line toward Holland. Our course was East North East. The next morning we hove to off the island of Flushing and South Beveland. Being fortified by the French Emperor we were expecting some opposition, but when we landed in South Beveland two or three broadsides from our navy soon cleared our opponents from a battery of long 18 pounders so that we landed safely.

This was a beautiful island in appearance, low, considered to be perhaps 20 yards below the level of the sea. I wondered at the time how it could be banked in the middle of the ocean. The part of the army that

landed here had little or no opposition, but the island of Flushing, being stoutly fortified, held out till offensive measures commenced by sea and land. We were diverted at the line as our navy sailed in line opening their ports as they passed the town. As the last vessel passed, the Commodore tacked about and as they repassed the larboard ports were opened and thundered into the city. This continued for about ten days, when the city surrendered after great destruction of life and property.

All about fed on salt junk (hard, salted meat) and hard biscuit (and) drank a great deal of water, which terminated in disease. The water was held in cisterns from the roofs of their houses as it came from the sky, as there were neither wells or springs on these low islands. Therefore, the whole army in two months was smitten with intermittent fever, or ague as it was called. I beheld death on every side. After dark the funerals were numerous. I prayed earnestly to the Lord to spare me from being gathered to my dust with the wicked. I still remember this to have been my prayer at the time.

I continued well for a time, but one morning after I mounted the general hospital guard, I entered the first ward and saw my old countryman, John McNichel gasping his last breath. This sight was a sorrowful one to me, he being one of three I knew from Cowell, even the one I was most intimate with. When he saw me his eyes rolled. (I) shook his hand and I stood till he expired. A few days after this I mounted the Regimental Hospital Guard, a large black storehouse full of sick. The French had a small part of this house where their sick prisoners of war were. I was not long here until a cart came and it was soon filled with dead human carcasses, naked as when born, out of their dead house. I gazed on this scene with fear. From eleven till one o'clock midnight I stood sentinel on this dead house, annoyed by cats. The night was dark, the cats yelled astonishingly, and fought about my feet till I came to a George (St. George slaying dragon) and stood in this position till my time was out.

When 5 of my own regiment were carried to this Dead House, I was but a short time in quarters till I was seized by the epidemic and back to this dungeon. My own bed was in the center of this great ward. I laid down sorrowfully, expecting to be recorded among the dead next day. I prayed continually to God to spare me, and I became unconscious for some time. I lay some days in this condition seeing my companions yield their last breath in every corner of the ward, till a general order came that all that could were to embark for England. Therefore on Nov. 10, 1810, I shipped and landed in the Downs the day following, became an inmate of the Barracks in Deal, that being converted into a hospital. The rooms were small, being one of the officer's rooms and containing four beds.

One of the 91st was an inmate and being a Highlander was glad of my company. His name was McLean from Tirrea. We were both very ill. I had a fit of ague every two days. I could eat nothing, my allowance was half a pound of bread and half a pint of wine. I could neither eat the bread nor drink the wine. I sold the wine for three half-pence per day, being mixed with camphor. As it approached the new year, I was getting better but McLean was bled by our medical attendant. Instead of getting better his left arm became swollen and black as a coal, therefore his pain was great. I blame Dr. Spencer or his rusty lance being the cause of poor McLean's fate. The two English soldiers were ordered to another room, so as to leave McLean and I alone. I saw him in his great distress and did all I could to comfort him. Having little money, he was to give me a treat on New Year's Day, but the preceding night he died. In his dying struggle I was alarmed as none of the nurses or orderly men came near us. Being weak myself, I could not go in search of them. He cried very loudly upon his father and mother saying, "Give me up to God, for I must go to him." He expired a little before daylight.

I remained in my weak condition in Deal Hospital till about the 20th day to March, when I made application for leave to join my regiment, it being only about twenty miles travel from Deal quarters to Canterbury. Having obtained permission, I enjoyed the sweet country air alone and joined my old

companions; but alas, many of them were in the world of spirits. This was the only rest I had enjoyed since being a soldier a year and a half. We remained in this city a week, only one day on duty.

Canterbury is a fine old inlaying city in the county of Kent, about forty miles from London. We left it in May, 1812. The inhabitants were sorry at our departure and requested the general of the District that we might remain, but this could not be granted as our regiment was strong and fit for duty at home or abroad. We were ordered to Chatham in order to be ready for foreign service. We were quartered in Chatham till September, and then embarked for Corunna in Spain in order to join the Duke of Wellington's army, and proceeded to sea in the Diamond and Success frigates converted into troop ships.

After a voyage of three weeks we landed in Corunna. Some of the men and officers recognized this port, having been with Sir John Moore, and had embarked in 1808, after that memorable retreat in great destitution. We all knew our time of trial was commencing as the army was besieging Burges. Having rested a few days in Corunna, we left the convent where we were quartered among the priests and friars. It being the rainy season, many of our men who were young and unaccustomed to travel with their all, and sixty ball cartridges in addition, could not persevere so as to join the Grand Army in the time appointed. Therefore, we were commanded to dispense with all but one shirt, one razor, one pair of stockings, one piece of soap and so forth.

One day as we traveled toward Beuneventa, ten days march from Corunna, we saw one Aid-de camp crossing the plain at full speed to meet us. As he waved his sword unsheathed we knew his message was urgent. As he approached he cried, "Turn right about! You are near the French outpost and in danger of being all made prisoners of war." We understood the Duke had to retreat from Burges and all the army pursuing their way toward Portugal. This command was obeyed till we arrived in a city called Bragansa, the site of the ancient palace of the kings of Portugal.

After thirty-six days traveling, we rested here fourteen days, afterward renewed our march, and joined the army in winter quarters at a town called Remo. Our brigade was commanded by Sir W. Packenham. He was married to the Duke of Wellington's sister, a very fine looking man. He was killed in America in 1814. A few days after we had joined his brigade, he sent orders to parade the regiment in a certain place where he would see it. When he came in sight he cried, "Form hollow square!" and walked into the middle of the square saying, "I came not to inspect you today. I know you. I can see what I have heard of you is true. Your equal is not in Portugal today. When you are tried on the field of battle, I doubt not that you will prove it; but your conduct has been infamous. You have plundered every town and village on your route from Corunna. If you desist now and prove your repentance of such conduct, you will be forgiven, but if not, some steps must be taken with you."

Old McNeil who commanded, Major L. and Lieut. Col. Douglas felt sick like the quacking of a duck, but could not speak till the General had done. Then saluting, the Colonel said, "How could such a report come to you seeing that it is false?" Pulling a letter from his breast, "There is your own Major Maid's letter to the Duke, stating the truth of what I said." Major Maid joined the 91st Regiment being Lieut. Col. on half-pay, and exchanged with Major Sutherland, who retired on half-pay. Therefore, he and McNeil were at loggerheads about who should command in the absence of the Colonel. Seeing it is a disgrace to officers to lead a regiment of robbers, all the Highland blood was boiling on our march home to quarters, especially the Highland officers who swung their swords as with vengeance against Maid. I never heard much more of his reproach, but Maid left the regiment a short time after this affair.

We lay in this place till the 12th of May, 1813, when we began to move and advance toward Spain. The summer was hot, the provisions scarce and tongue can hardly describe what the British Army suffered

this year by hunger, hardship and drouth. Many died of hunger. We had to eat pea straw or anything to preserve life. The French army retreated till the twenty-first of July when they formed on the Heights of Vittoria where Joseph Bonaparte formed his camp. As the army fell back, all preparations were made by Joseph to oppose the combined forces, and being fully persuaded in his opinion that he would gain his points, he placed one hundred sixty cannon opposite the Duke of Wellington. He also erected a chateau to entertain the nobility, in order to have a commanding view of the battle upon the heights above the artillery where a dinner was prepared at his Majesty's expense, he being fully persuaded to rejoice over his victory.

But all their hopes were disappointed as old Sir Hector Graham commanded twenty thousand of the Rifle Corps, being the advance post of the Grand Army. It was said that he rushed upon Joseph's outposts at daylight without the Duke's orders, as the Duke intended a delay till the rear divisions of his army came up as was the custom, that in coolness the whole army might be formed before the scene of action. But Sir Hector was determined to have the praise himself and rushed upon Joseph's lines and carried all before him.

As we came up in his rear, his men were lying dead in files, black with the smoke of the French cannon. However, he had gained his point and captured all but one two-pounder that accompanied Joseph over the Pyrenees Mountains when he was under the necessity of leaving his carriage to save himself and fly on horseback. I was in his carriage myself that evening, as I expected to find something that might have been forgotten in it, as I was both hungry and thirsty. But I found nothing excepting plenty of flour and axle grease, as there lay on the same field seven wagons full of military stores. We held the Vittoria wedding, making do, we boys, as we told them afterward. We wished often to have a bottle in order to have a wedding at night, when we expected but death from hunger because hunger killed more than Marshall Soult and his army at this time.

All was tranquil next morning. In the afternoon we moved on toward a beautiful city called Pampeluna near the foot of the Pyrenees. After surrounding this city and enclosing five thousand inmates within its walls, we commenced trenches preparatory to bombarding the city; but finding it would cost much labor and blood, a division of Spaniards were left to watch and keep forage and provisions from the enemy while the army proceeded to the mountains.

The Sixth Division commanded by Sir Charles Colville, comprised the 42nd, 79th, 91st, three Portuguese regiments and three English regiments. The aforesaid was called the Highlands Brigade. After searching several days on the Pyrenees Mountains, we returned to oppose a French army of fifty thousand who had crossed the mountains to strengthen Pampeluna. We therefore gained our point and met them descending the Mount Neva, four miles from the city. This battle began at 8:00 a.m. July 28th 1813. As we met the enemy rounding the nose of the hill, being only eighty yards separate, a great many fell on both sides. The left wing of the 91st Regiment lost nearly one-half and some of our best officers (twenty-nine). The dead were buried at night. Three twenty-four pounders were placed below the French lines. The enemy made an attack on our pickets and fired a volley at 1:00 p.m., intending to break their way through our lines to the city. But finding the British under arms, contented themselves till daylight when our three long twenty-four pounders commenced in earnest, also the part of the army on the west side of the river, the enemy being upon rocky ground among the woods. Our three cannon continued in operation incessantly until 2:00 p.m. when three cheers sounded. A George was made and four thousand prisoners were taken.

After the prisoners were mustered under an escort to guard them to Passage, the nearest seaport, we pursued the rest till sunset and drove them back to France. (We) ascended the Pyrenees, lay upon Mount

Ransveel three days without food. I wished for death, but my time was not yet come. Many of our men died from hunger. We lay upon these lofty mountains until the 10th of November, when we were ordered to slide down in the dead hour of the night to be close to the French camp at daylight so as to give them battle and gain possession of Bayoune and the villages around in Brittany for winter quarters.

Our men fought desperately, regardless of life. The enemy also fought well, being in their own country (and) considering we had no right to enter France. Some of our army suffered severely, but we gained our point and got possession of the villages where we dwelt in houses till the 20th of February when we advanced, driving the French before us. We had a battle at Orthes, crossing the Saroune River, but the enemy lost heart and were driven before us like sheep until we came to Toulouse where his Grace, the Duke of Dalmatia (Marshal Sault) made a bold stand, hoping and expecting to gain one victory. We rested a few days in camp on a spacious plain until the Duke of Wellington had arranged how the engagement was to be performed, until the 10th day of April, being on Easter Sunday. Our bugles sounded the "Advance" at grey daylight. One of my messmates being on duty brought us the camp kettle full of wine, as he said we would never drink together again. "No," said William McGowan, "All may never eat or drink after this day." "I had strange dreams," said Christie. "You and I will get French gold, William." "I dreamed of sucking my mother's breast, lying on the green grass," said William. "My mother is dead, and we may all be dead this day." So it was true, both of them fell. William was shot by a light ball and Christie by a cannon ball. This cannon ball came in my direction, struck a hillock forty yards in front that turned its course and killed Donald McLeod, John Martin and Christie. Many were the balls that flew over our heads this Easter Sunday and many did great execution. Numbers cried upon the Virgin Mary to save them. Jesu Marias were suspended on every side, but death raged as an eighteen gun battery was bearing down upon, sweeping sections from side to side.

Having got under this battery, the French came against us led by brave officers, but they soon lost courage and retreated after one volley when many of their officers fell. We soon entered their fort but found no cannon. They had left a few, but they were spiked and of course useless. The Swill Guards charged our left flank after passing the battery, when the Highland Brigade were only through the gate leading to the city. Being ordered to retreat, we fell into confusion and many of our weak men were trodden to death under our feet; but an officer of the 95th Rifle Corps stood in the gateway with his sabre drawn and swore he would cleave any one down who would enter as we were killing each other. "Turn upon your enemies!" This command from an inferior officer was soon obeyed. We rushed upon them in close column when they retreated with great loss. The Brigade in the rear opened fire upon them, causing them to fall like an old wall. You would find many blue coats and white trousers on the field of Loulouse.

Our army rested on Monday and buried our dead as we had lost many. The fighting ceased in the afternoon, though the enemy continued firing canister shot and shell and small arms until dark. I remember attending the room dividing, that a musket ball struck one of them who stood near us. Firing ceased entirely when dark, and the enemy left the city before daylight. We therefore followed them till the third day, being the 12th of April, 1813 and encamped on a beautiful plain off the great road to Paris.

The next morning no bugle sounded. All was quiet as we wandered about our tents in great surprise, for we had no idea of peace. We beheld our cavalry and artillery who were our advance post coming towards us at full gallop. As they came near we saw white flags in their hands. We all rushed to the highway to demand the cause of their proceedings when they shouted, "Peace, boys, peace! Bonaparte is overthrown! Peace in all the world after three years!" We returned rejoicing to our tents, and the day following returned towards Bordeaux. After a rest of four weeks in a beautiful town called Auch, we

pursued our route to Bordeaux where we embarked for Ireland and landed at the Cove of Cork (now Queenstown) in the beginning of July.

This was a very pleasant voyage, seeing the dolphins and flying fish, and sailing with a quarterly breeze all the way. Only twenty-six of the Company I belonged to came home out of 103 rank and file that left Chatham. We had but little rest in Ireland as we marched from Cork to Lochrea, back to Limerick, from Limerick to Cloumel, then to the Cove of Cork. That was the beginning of January, 1815. After lying aboard in the Cove of Cork for six weeks, waiting orders to sail to America, we were ordered to proceed to the north of Ireland. As it will be remembered, war was being carried on with the United States. This year peace was made up, consequently our services were not required in America. After rolling in the Channel between Ireland and Wales for three weeks in the month of March, we arrived and found orders awaiting us to proceed to the Downs. We were tossed about ten days more before we reached Land's End, when a pilot boat told us that Bonaparte had made his escape from the Island of Elbe; therefore, all the British army were crossing the Channel to Flanders.

These tidings proved true, as we only lay one day in the Downs when we were transferred to lighters and landed next morning at Ostend and continued our route to a large city called Ghent in Flanders, where we were quartered till the 16th of June; when at the dawn of day our bugles rang out, "Turn out the whole!" We marched in order to join the Grand Army. Our Division was commanded by Lieut. Con. Sir Charles Colville, but being kept upon the great road leading to Brussels, we fought none. I believe something of a misunderstanding was between the Generals, or else the Duke forgot that nine thousand troops were so near him. As it was, he came out that morning himself from a ballroom with his slippers on. I know Sir Charles was in a state of great anxiety at his Division being kept as a rear guard or reserve army.

We slept among the green wheat where the battle was fought, and moved next morning toward the great road to Paris. The saddest scene that reached my heart that morning was to meet our brave old General who commanded us through the Peninsular Campaign, Sir Henry Clinton, wearing a white cloth around his head, weeping after his two sons who had been killed, one being his Aid-de-camp and the other a Brigade Major.

We pursued our route after the fugitives towards a fortified city called Chambray, but on attempting to enter it on the third day at eve, we were opposed by closed gates and a volley from their cannon. Therefore, we suffered considerably after a hot day's march by having to pass the night in the open air. On the following day the sharp shooters of Sir Charles Colville's Division were to attack the forts at 5 p.m. and we were ordered to collect all the ladders we could capture among the farmers around the city in order to scale the walls. Chambray was fortified by three walls thirty feet high with gates and bars.

While the rest of the army encamped on the plains, we attacked the walls at the hour appointed. After a volley, we rushed upon the fort placing our ladders against the building, cheering loudly when our opponents retreated to the second wall. A few were killed and wounded, some fell off the ladders as they were small ones that the farmers kept for the purpose of gathering their fruit; but in one hour's time we were within the city. As we dropped off the third wall, the street was crowded with young females with bottles of brandy, wine, etc., offering every one his choice, crying "Viv la Anglaise!" We knew our welcome was given us more from fear than from love. We piled our arms in the square as the Neapolitans retreated to the City Hall. Therefore we roamed through the streets all night. The gates were kept shut till we were twentyfour hours within the city. David Brown, my comrade, or I did no evil to male or female; only entered a hotel and demanded our breakfast. When the host requested payment, David told him he would pay him with the bayonet. The host said nothing in return.

When we marched out the next day we continued our route toward Paris. As there was no more resistance made, we arrived at Paris and pitched our tents in the King's Forest two miles north of the city, near Mont Martier where the red eagle flag was still flying; but they were ordered to hoist the white flag within three days or fight to support it. There was no answer to this until all the army were under arms at twelve o'clock on the third day, and marching in close column toward the Mount. Their magazine was blown up, which caused the ground to shake under our feet as we beheld the white or lily colors hoisted. The army shouted and the bands played "The British Grenadiers", and we returned to our tents where we were encamped for three months very happily. The wine and bread were very cheap and abundant in all directions. I do not recollect seeing a cloud in the horizon until the first day of November.

The day we left Blankfurd Camp for winter quarters the rain fell in torrents, the winter set in severely; but for all that, we were very happy at the termination of hostilities and the proclamation of peace. The 91st Regiment camped round St. Paul, about halfway between Paris and Calais. From this place I was discharged in 1816, after having been in the active service seven years.

As I was serving an officer who made his headquarters at a farm in this place, I made the landlord's son my chief companion. I was much respected by the French officer, and when I finally told them of the day I would be free to return home, a French lieutenant (Monsieur B.) who was private secretary to the General of that department offered me one of his daughters in marriage. I had the privilege of making my own selection, but on the day I left I declined his kind offer. Monsieur B. said if I would marry one of them as he wished, half of his property should at once be settled upon me. I could not cast my lot as the

Frenchman's son-in-law in the land of frog eaters and renounce my nationality and bonnie Scotland. He was a man of sorrowful countenance when I gave him my decision and told him that I had no particular objection except the keeping of my engagement with my old sweetheart in the land of my birth. I therefore came to England by the first chance I had, and made the best of my way to my native place, Cowell, Argyleshire, Scotland, as rapidly as possible; where I lost no time in seeking my love of boyish days, and arranging for her promise to be fulfilled, I went to laboring work and did not get married to Agnes McCole until the 10th day of May, 1818. Our first child, Donald, was born on February 12, 1820 but he died when nine months old, and was buried in Cowell Churchyard.

We then removed to Lamment. Our next boy, Archibald, was born at Point of Aird, Lamment, December 1, 1821. Some time after this we moved to Rothsay where our third son, Peter, was born on the 31st of August, 1823. Again we made a move, this time to Millport on the island of Combra, where Grace, our eldest daughter, first saw the light on September (10 Oct) 1825. On the 22nd of June, 1827, our second daughter, Mary, was born; and Agnes, our third girl, on June 15, 1829. Once more we changed our place of living to Glen Douglas, in Dumbartonshire, where we were blessed with another little girl, Margaret, on the 22nd of November, 1831. After dwelling six years in Glen Douglas, we removed to the Mains above Helensburg, where early in the spring of 1838, my wife took sick with a fever from which she suffered severely for several weeks and died on the \_\_\_ of March following.

Shortly after this a Mr. McKarle, a wealthy but very eccentric gentleman, who resided in Helensburg engaged me as his attendant, and in course of conversation told me that he had heard of a new religious sect called Mormons. He sent for some of their books for examination. One day when at Greenock I heard the Elders preach and invited them to Helensburg whenever they could make it convenient.

Upon a short acquaintance, I was married a second time to Margaret Baxter, on 9 May 1840. Mr. McKarle, after he had read the books of the Mormon faith, gave me the Book of Mormon, saying, "I do not believe this book, all may not have your opinion tomorrow; it speaks of a compass when no compasses were in use." I read earnestly till the time I was to give my judgment, when I told him the book was from God.

A few days after this when I gave Mr. McKarle his breakfast, he said, "I have news to tell you, there are two Elders of the Saints to be in my house this evening to preach in the village tonight." I said, "I shall be glad to see them." They came about 4 o'clock. He called Mr. Speakman into his chamber and conversed with him about his faith, asked if he could speak in tongues. But I believe the man was in possession of as many spirits as Mary Magdalene ever was; he turned afraid of this stranger. The evening was wet so they did not preach. Wm. McKarle paid for their bed. I could not leave Mr. McKarle to speak to them till next morning, when I called on them and told them that I believed they were sent of God.

I brought them to my house and told them I would give them meat if hungry, or drink if thirsty; but the people of Helensburg gave no ear to them. As I left Mr. McKarle at this time, the third time they came round to preach I was not at home, when they left word with my wife that they could not come any more to Helensburg. This was in April 1841. I did not obey their message as they expected. Mr. Dickie, who had prayed for Apostles and prophets for six years, said they were great imposters and hoped I would take care of myself. I left off my fellowship with him before this time, but was led to a knowledge of the principles of the gospel by revelation to prepare me for the Church, when the messenger came with the power of adopting ourselves into the kingdom of God.

I continued musing in my mind until I sold the fruit of my garden on the third Saturday in the month of August. I said to my wife, "I must go to Glasgow, as I can possess no peace till I join them." She said, "I will go with you." We both shipped for Glasgow, stopping at Greenock, which was half way to Glasgow. She said, "We have friends in Greenock, there are saints there, it is expensive to go to Glasgow." I said, "True, we will stop at Greenock." The next day being Sunday we attended the Gardeners' Hall, and I felt a joyful impression and was glad, although the preachers were weak, I knew the strength of the Spirit and power of the Gospel of Peace.

My wife was offended in the afternoon and would not come to the evening meeting. I said, "You should come, but choose your own way." She did not come. After the sermon Elder McBride from Rethsay being present said, "If you go with us to a brother's house, you will hear something." Now, I was willing to hear all I could. When we met in Brother Taylor's house, he said, "Let us speak in tongues if the interpretation is present." As they spoke I was convinced they spoke languages as I had heard the European languages spoken. Then being the only stranger present, I prayed God if by his Spirit to give me his counsel by them. When one of the number spoke, Elder McBride said, "The word of the Lord to you, friend, thus saith the Lord, "I have given you of my Spirit many years ago, and of late my Spirit testified to you often of my Church, my Spirit wrought upon you, yesterday you left your house to go to Glasgow to avoid needless trouble. I brought you here, this is my church, be baptized by those who have authority, otherwise I will take my Spirit from you, and you will dwindle into darkness and unbelief." I knew the truth of this, that the Spirit revealed many things to me, and even turned my head on my body, to behold danger coming in my way, and thus from childhood was I kept by the power of God. This same night I knew that those present had sinned, that the devil was in their midst, and would overcome many of them who spoke in tongues. I told my wife on the steamboat on our way home, nevertheless, I obeyed the command given me, and knew that the command was from the God of my fathers. I never

was guilty of transgressing against Him, but was often guilty, (overcome) like Ephraim my father through strong drink.

I received new life and joy. I beheld all the Scriptures plainly, and I thought all would receive the same with joy, but all my old friends, Mr. Dickie and those who had courted my company cried, "Poor deluded man!" I was called by Elder Speakman and the brethren at Benell to be a Priest the following spring, and began to preach in and around Helensburg, but all were against me, they mocked and shook their heads, I was called the "Helensburg Angel." I was invited to preach at Free Kirk (church) by subtlety, where they had a drunken man ready to annoy me below the Manse (minister's house), as they supposed the minister would interfere. Many came together this Sunday evening, and as I began to speak, the drunken lad rolled about my feet, crying, "True! True!" to every word. The witness came to witness the scene, and stood a considerable time and listened; he did good, for the lad kept silent. All was quiet and the Spirit rested upon me. All wondered and said, "Surely God is with him." Some said, looking at the priest of the parish, "That is a stomacher for ye!" The reverend gentleman spoke kindly to me afterwards, I gave him the Book of Mormon and he kept it for a month, but was not willing to acknowledge that it was from God.

I preached in a little meeting house, (even that house I was brought to in a vision), when I joined Mr. Dickie, but Wm. Henrie, who was an Elder in this town came, and I only a Priest, I thought the people would prefer hearing a stranger better. He roared like a lion, and disgusted the gentleman and proprietor of the house, who was very friendly to me. I lost the use of the house by his doing.

I was called to the Eldership by the President of the Conference and the vote of the same in September, 1843, and preached Argyleshire the following winter, from Loch Gulphhead to Oban. I baptized only three, two sisters McKenzie and Ferguson of Ardrishaig Point. The people were generally averse, crying, "Delusion!" but in some villages they were kind and believed I told them the truth.

I came home the latter end of February, and was employed in my rented garden and otherwise till I sold the fruit. In September, 1844 I had another trip and preached every night from Inveraray to the Mull of Cantyre, warning the people of the hour of God's judgments until I became faint with travelling and preaching. I came to an old friend's house in Loch Gulphhead; as this woman and her daughter were of the Free Kirk, they boasted of their ministers, and believed they had all the power necessary to lead them to the kingdom of God. I therefore asked them if the power was following them as Christ said it would follow them that believed. They told me that if I would enable Angus Campbell to walk, all the people of Loch Gulphhead would believe me. I said, "Although I should raise the dead, not one would believe unless they first believed the Gospel." After conversing for some time on the principles of the Gospel, I was going away when I asked them where this man's house was. After receiving the information I went to it and entered the house. This young man lived with his mother who was a widow and sold spirits; he had been unable to move a joint in his body for three years. He was carried to a little front closet for a part of the day to behold the passers-by, where I found him. I said, "Young man, you are in distress, have faith to be healed."

Says he, "What faith? I have had all the doctors I could hear of, and they have made me no better." In answer I said, "You know Christ sent his servants to preach the Gospel and heal the sick, he sent me also; if you believe this you shall be healed without delay." He said that he had never heard of the preachers healing the sick, though after speaking with him a considerable time, his mother came into the closet, and was very much troubled and anxious for me to leave, considering me to be insane, but she was called away and left us alone. I asked him if he wished me to lay hands on him and pray for him. He said, "Yes," he would be obliged to me. I said that he should be anointed with oil, but I did not carry oil,

as the people would consider me a Roman Catholic if I carried oil. So I prayed and had faith that he would be healed. I then left him telling him to take nothing from a doctor for three weeks. He said, "No, I will not."

I pursued my journey to Oban, preaching in every village where I was received. As I came back and entered the village, I saw a man crossing the street smiling to meet me. I said to him, "How do you know me?" He said, "Do you not know me? I am Angus Campbell." He was well, and took me to his house; his mother offered me the house to preach in, but none came to hear, therefore Angus never heard the Gospel preached. I visited my old friends but did not speak of Angus till she said, "Angus Campbell is well." I told her that I know it and asked her if she would believe now the doctors healed. I told you but you would not believe me."

I was called to preside over the Greenock Branch about October, 1845, but the officers were not united, each one desirous to have his own way, even to lending members both male and female to evil and drinking spirits. I was disgusted and could not get order established to my mind. I came from Helensburg at times, and gave up my house and fruit garden where I was so comfortable to labor in the calling of the Lord, sold my cow that gave me ten shillings per week through the summer season and cost me nothing for grass.

I embarked on board the Inveraray Steamboat the second evening of January, 1845, and my wife also, after closing up our house, and landed in Loch Gulphhead at 11:00 p.m., and continued our journey to the north, preached in Kilmicht the first Sabbath, where I had many friends. I spoke about the restoration and gathering of all things in one in Christ. As I had often preached here before, about two hundred in number gathered round me till the bridge was full. The Spirit was my Comforter, the people listened attentively. The Laird (land owner) returned, and stood a considerable time; being a north Highlander,

having bought the Skepnish estate lately, he understood Gaelic; he called a reverent looking old man aside, and conversed with him till I was done. I left Skepnish on Monday calling at houses and villages till I reached Campbelton. I had preached in this town before, (there were) some who were very friendly to the cause. As I laid hands on some they were convinced of the power of the Gospel, but they lost sight of it while I was absent. After preaching 8 days at the Cross every evening and in several houses, I went toward the Moil (estate) and spoke in a large barn near where the Coal works are. The building being seated for the accommodation of the Established Kirk; the farmer granted me the liberty to gather the people to it, and all the men of this village came and listened with great attention.

I never preached with more pleasure, there was perfect silence, not a motion of uneasiness, all was tranquil. When I had concluded they gave me pence to the amount of two shillings, and the farmer gave me one shilling. They flocked around me asking questions which I answered, but none could give me a bed, as they considered a minister would require a better bed than they could furnish. This is the cause of our difficulty in obtaining lodgings in the Highlands, and perhaps in all other places. I left the village at 10 p.m. and fully expected to be out all night, but after pleading with a woman at a public house to allow me the shelter of her roof, the Lord opened her heart and she made me a comfortable bed upon shears. In the morning she spoke very kindly to me, and would not let me away until I had partaken of breakfast with her. I then traveled to the top of the Moil and preached to a gentleman and his wife. He was a Factor (agent) who collected the taxes of the Moil. He wished me to call myself of the Kirk of Scotland; if I would he promised to be my friend, but I said that I belonged to the Church of the Saints and could not acknowledge the Kirk of any other kingdom. His wife gave me sixpence and a parcel of bread and cheese and we parted quite friendly.

At 6 p.m. I preached in a village west of the collieries (coal mines) in a cart house. Two school masters who were present encountered me, and after discussing upon the principles of the Gospel for a short time I left them. One of them came to my lodgings next morning in a humble condition and confessed that they were in the wrong, and that I had more of the Spirit than they. The next day I visited the scattered houses and met a young schoolmaster full of zeal, but not according to knowledge; he brought me to a Mr. Mitchell, a great man of natural talent, he was building a Potato Starch Mill; I told him the potatoes would become dunghills this year and advised him against a Starch Mill, but he considered me insane. I told him and the schoolmaster where I would preach in the evening; they both came and listened attentively and gave me money; all that were present gave me coin, and believed what I preached.

I returned to Tarbert on the west side of Kintire, but could not gather a meeting at Bar, as one great enemy, Robinson, had the 1st or 2nd Volume of the Star; he called it hearsay and made as much noise as the silversmith at Ephesus. This volume was sold by the well-known character Wm. Henry. The people of this remote district knew something of Mr. Henry's character. However, I obtained lodgings and was called in the morning to visit a woman in great affliction. I laid hands on her and then went on to the village of White Farlan, where I preached three times, the people being favorable and entertained me courteously. I spoke there on Sunday upon the street. All the people listened, but they were divided in their opinions, some were on my side, others siding with the old Babylonish mode. I left them in that condition and came to Tarbert, visited a man on whom I laid hands, he acknowledged the power. He being a fisherman landed me in Cowell, a ferry of 10 miles, with his fishing boat.

I was now in my native country where I married first. I endeavored to preach and remained with my cousins, being farmers. Some time after, two of my cousins believed and were very glad to hear me preach, showed me all respect, but did not obey the Gospel. I traveled through Cowell and preached in many places. In Glendarnal many came to hear, but the champion McKay, a Baptist preacher, traveled through the country warning the people against the truth. He was as zealous as Saul of Tarsus and as great an enemy to the message of God to all men. May the Lord reward him accordingly.

I met an old acquaintance on the highway, with his daughter, searching for skill to heal her breast of a cancer. After some conversation they returned home taking me with them. I preached to a few who had gathered, and then consecrated a piece of fresh butter and anointed her. As I passed by a few days afterward, Smith, and a number of men who were working with him in the wood, (he being overseer) came rushing out to see me, looking with wonder at me, as he told them of the miracle of healing.

I preached four times or more near this place. The people said that I was the best preacher they had ever heard in many things; my prayer exceeded all, but to say that none would be saved without baptism and laying on of hands was simply ridiculous. They listened with pleasure until I treated on these points, therefore I left them without excuse. The words which Jesus spoke will judge them.

I came home to Greenock in the latter end of September 1845, and after a rest I continued my course to Loch Gulphhead and preached in Ardrishaig and Kilmichell, where all the people came together. I called at the minister's house in order to warn him, and invite him to come and hear the words of truth; his servants said he was not in, but they would tell him, they looked at me with sincerity. I labored with diligence, I rejoiced in the Spirit, my countenance was so different from other preachers; many did not think me wise. I remained a few days in Kilmere with Brother McKenzie and then traveled north in time of frost and snow. The day I left Kilmere I came to Tamseller; being about dark I entered the first house I came to and where I was made welcome by an old woman, her son being from home though expected before long; he soon returned and called the people together. After I had preached they were all glad but

one, a Baptist, who opposed me stoutly, but the rest, with one accord, put him to silence and ordered him to leave the house. I was treated very kindly, the Laird was consumptive (had tuberculosis), he called upon me to lay hands on him, and after breakfast I departed, he kept by me for a mile or two, gave me a shilling, and told me to come back soon. I do not know if he got better, but some asked me afterward if I was in Temseller.

This is my sorrow, that I left many in this condition, but I knew I could not continue in this vineyard according to age and infirmities, as it is a wonder to myself that I am in this broken body this day, viewing what I have suffered in this world, all for my good, for which I thank my Heavenly Father. The day that I left Temseller I arrived when late at a rich farmer's house under a heavy shower of rain. Being questioned by this man and his daughter, I was ordered out of the house, but when they left the kitchen, the old woman looked at me and as I rose to go and said, "Where are you going? There is no house near this, don't mind them, sit down." Afterward the daughter came in and gave me a good dinner and told me to go to the servant's sleeping house and convert them, as all in the house knew the Gospel already, her brother being minister of a parish.

Next morning I took my way north, and came to a village near Buntra, a populous place belonging to a company of Englishmen who had taken a land tack (lease) of the land and woods for charcoal etc., so all the land was let to their workmen in small lots. This place was well inhabited; the first village I came to obtained from thirty to forty families. I went from house to house, it being Saturday, told them my intentions were to remain and preach in the evening, also the next day. I was denied lodgings, saying, they could not accommodate a minister. I entered the last house, praying the Lord to open their hearts. I found the inmates to be a shoemaker, discreet and intelligent, and his wife; they were both young, she had heard the gospel preached by Brother Charles Hamilton at Ser near the Bridge of Weir. They had no bed, but they would not allow me to leave the village; he took me to his uncle's house, a little distance, and made known my message and warned all to attend. In the evening the house was crowded and many were afraid to come, the master being a Free Churchman, and would be displeased at them and even put some away for hearing others. The shoemaker was well pleased and so were many of the rest. The uncle also who was not of the Free Kirk religion, he showed me great kindness. On Sunday I preached to him and others through the day, in the evening the house was crowded again, and all listened with silent attention. On leaving the next morning my host said, "My house will be open to you when you return."

I traveled through the villages as there were many toward the low ground, conversing with the people, many of whom were Free Kirk followers, full of religion and tradition. I entered a house, inquired if I might be permitted to preach there in the evening. The householder Cameron opposed me, he being a mighty man of the Free Kirk. I reasoned with him in a quiet manner; his wife, who was of a better spirit, looked earnestly at me, and appeared to be grieved at his ferocity. As I was opening the door to retire, he said, "You are welcome to dine with us." I said, "I expected a beating." The wife said that he could not let me preach in his house, as it might hurt his interest. Many stood outside waiting to hear if I were to preach in the evening in Cameron's house; I told them I would speak in the village above, a short mile from Cameron's. I never was in the village before, only by faith I believed I would preach there. I entered the largest house, and was well received. Cameron was not long behind me; the house was crowded, and after I had finished speaking Cameron came forward and shook hands with me heartily, and many others as well, they invited me to a village near for the next evening. On the following morning a widow woman sent for me to lay hands on her eldest son, who had been a long time in a pining sickness. I passed the day with them and had faith that the son would get well.

As I walked out and entered a kiln to warm myself, the miller who was sitting by the fire began to swell; I perceived the spirit he was of. I did not speak, he was unable to speak for some time. At length he said,

"Return home you deceiver of souls, before a judgment overtakes you!" I told him that he could not hinder the kingdom of God from rolling on although he was a staff in the devil's hand. He said he knew where I was to preach that evening, and he would come and stop me. I replied, "If you dare come I am ready to meet you when you please." After I had preached in the third village, the majority of the hearers professed to believe, but would delay obedience until I came again.

I went west the following day and preached in Conell Inn and Ferry homes and crossed the ferry next morning to Hader Loch but the people of that district were so full of religion that I could not get them to listen; therefore I returned and crossed the mountains at the back of Oban and Isle of Kenarra where I was received with gladness. A few had a desire they said, to do whatsoever the Lord commanded me they should do; but I thought it would not be wise to baptize one here and there as I expected to return again in the spring when I would teach them more fully the first principles of the Gospel.

I continued my route to the Island of Leing, but the people were so full of tradition that they would not hearken to my voice. I met a man who believed and said, "Your message is a glorious one, you should warn the ministers and gentry (people of good family and social position), have no fear of any man, no respecter of persons, enter every house." By this man's ancient appearance and counsel, I believe him not to be of the people of Leing, as he appeared to know my message better than myself. I preached here on this island and then pursued my way toward the island of Seal. The first Sunday, I obtained lodgings in Larken Church. After the holy band had held a council about me and asked me if I preached the true Gospel, I answered "Yes, the very Gospel that Jesus and his ministers preached." "For nought but a meal of potatoes you are surely worth that," was the reply. "We pay dear for the Gospel." They gathered on the Saturday night, but my Gospel and theirs were different, so none of the band would hear me on Sunday. I preached in the house to a few who were not religious. They bore a good report of what I taught.

On Monday I traveled toward Chikan Seal, and preached in a widow's house to all that it contained, they listened with eagerness and said they had never heard the like before my preaching, and many other such like sayings, and wanted me to speak the next day, New Year's Day, which I also did. A poor woman entreated me to lodge with her one night; she baked a handful of meal, all she had, and made me a cup of tea, (I believe she borrowed it), and she had but a few potatoes, a family of 6 or 7 young children. The Earl of Breadalbane had taken their last cow six months previous to this time for rent, a man accounted to be worth 500,000 pounds sterling, besides his extensive inheritance of lands. My heart was sad and sick for this family. I did not sleep any all night, and my bed was uncomfortable, as was often the case.

Next morning I continued my route South, but did not travel far till I came to a shepherd's hut. As soon as the man heard me he came out and took my traveling bag off my shoulder and made me welcome to his house. As I walked toward the next village I beheld a rider coming in haste to meet me. He cried out, "You are returning and I am glad to see you, you and I will be friends." He was the schoolmaster of a village called Awa, who opposed me and told the people and his pupils to leave the house and not hear me preach, a short time before. I preached in the shepherd's house; he was silent, treated me courteously, but made no remark.

I continued my journey next day, calling at several farm houses, but my message seemed strange to them; night came on but no admittance. As I was searching about for a lone corner to pass the night in, I observed a light ahead and following its direction I came to a farmhouse and told them my condition, but as the whole family were going to enjoy themselves this night with a neighbor, they were afraid to leave me in charge of the house; but the Lord put it into their hearts to grant my request. After they were

all gone, one of their cows opened or knocked up the latch door and walked into the kitchen, with horns two feet long. As I was musing I soon leaped afoot and held her by the horns; I was afraid to take her back to the byre (shed) as I did not know her base, being a ferocious animal, for fear of angering the rest; but as I could not hold her long I turned her head around and down we came. As there was only a thin partition between the byre and the kitchen, I succeeded in loading her into her place, which was a matter of thankfulness to me, as every cow had horns as long as my arm and knowing of old their nature if a battle commenced among them.

The family came home sooner than expected, luckily, for fear of being plundered I suppose; but when I told them of my affair with the brown cow, they were thankful that I was left in the house and did not grudge my expenses. Next morning I continued my journey toward Kilmichel, where I had preached twice before to a few, but on this night the house was full, also a family of tinkers happened to be present, of which one young man was a dummie. If I ever preached with the power of the Spirit it was this evening, you could not hear a breath or see an eye-lid move; the dummie had stood all the time with his eyes fixed on me, coming closer until he stood within a yard of me, with his mouth wide open. The mistress changed color and became as pale as death, and entreated me when I left the next morning to be back soon, and the dummie gazed after me out and in until I had left the village. I left him standing as if in irons looking after me.

I traveled this day four miles to Dummuch; I did not preach there as the people were so holy they would not come to hear. As I laid down in my bed I consulted with myself about what route I would steer tomorrow. The Spirit expressly told me to go home, therefore, I went to Ardrishaig and was wondering wherefore the Lord sent me home, but when I arrived in Greenock found my wife in sore trouble, bed-fast in fact, as the brethren had discontinued the four shillings a week that they had promised to allow her, so that she had nothing to support herself with. Some of them, like John McFarlane that received one pound eight shillings per week, did not give what they promised above one month, though she received four shillings per week for four months and fourteen days. Elder P McCue who presided over the conference gave her one pound. My shoes and clothes were worn out, my body was light of flesh, and my throat sore from so much speaking.

My foolish brother, in the flesh was sorry for my condition and helped me, though poorer than any of the Saints; but above all, the Lord helped me, and this day he has paid me four-fold. I labored often in a garden till the next September for 9 shillings per week, under a tyrannical man, the work was so heavy, I could hardly walk home at night.

October 1846, I could get no work, so I went to Glasgow to Brother F. Richards and told him that I had a desire to go back to the Highlands to preach. I wore an old mackintosh cloak, the only screen I had. He looked at me, but did not speak for the space of ten minutes, when he rose and took my hand and blessed me, his brother did the same. I felt the impulse of his blessing, and the Spirit ran like hot water through my veins.

I traveled 8 miles to Johnston that evening joyfully. When I reached home, my oldest daughter, Grace, came home sick, likewise my younger son came home, being out of a situation as mate. I considered it my duty to remain at home as provisions were high in price whenever I went as far as Kilmichel, Farbort and Loch Gulphhead. At last I obtained employment in the gardens of several persons which brightened up our circumstances considerably. Ultimately went to a Mrs. Adams who kept a coal yard, and selling by retail, I had to keep the accounts and collect the bills. I remained with her quite a long time, until the Spirit impressed me with a preaching mission.

I started for the island of Isdale, and on my road I overtook a man who proved to be quite an agreeable companion, and we got along quite pleasantly together, conversing on various subjects, and when we arrived at Isdale he invited me into his house and treated me well. This man was truly humble and of a meek disposition naturally and no wonder, Jesus said if it were possible they would deceive the very elect. The next morning being wet and stormy as I came out, I was hailed by all the people of Isdale island around me crying, "Preach to us!" I placed my back against the wall of a house, as I was nearly carried off my feet by the crowd. I gazed at the various spirits and tempers by which I was surrounded and called upon the Lord to deliver me; I was much strengthened by doing this and not afraid. I preached to them as the Spirit gave me power and utterance. They pressed upon me, some lay on the ground so as to have a sight of my face, others were lifted off the earth by their friends, the storm and rain were nothing to them, young and old, male and female, I think, were round the "strange" minister, and when I had concluded preaching and prophesying to them they quietly dispersed.

As I came to my lodging house Mr. McDougal considered me mad; the mistress gave me some potato and fish which I ate with a good relish, though a very little food served me in those days. When I came out after breakfast I was again surrounded by the crowd crying, "Preach to us again!" but a man came out, took hold of my arm and said, "Come with me, leave this island, we are going to our work, you cannot get away after the boat goes." This man evidently considered me insane; he knew my brother, and was married to a woman who was a friend of ours. I went into the boat with him; he made me sit beside him, he was afraid that I might leap into the sea. He told the men who were with us that he had heard my brother speak of me, that I was on board a man of war, and the noise of the cannon had overbalanced my mind, etc. This of course was an invented falsehood, but who were the others I do not know; though as I was in the army my brother might have spoken to this man of me. When we landed he would not allow me to remain, but sent a guide with me; he pretended that the people wanted me up the way of the mountains.

This young man came for me to be my guide; I had a desire to remain and preach to the young men of Isdale, those to whom I had spoken on the previous evening; but he insisted on my going with the guide who came for me. As we traveled along I soon found that my guide was afraid of me, all he said in reply when I spoke to him was "Yea!" He kept a short distance from me, knowing he could run if I became dangerous. I turned my head to laugh at my condition being led as a mad man, but remembering Lot's condition in his day, I felt an inward hope. We soon came to a respectable farm house between two mountains, and my guide told me to go into the house and he would come after me while he spoke to a young woman; I did so, afterwards the young woman came in and gave me plenty to eat; but I saw no more of my guide, so I continued my journey to a small village called Airdne Captle and was very kindly received.

When the people were gathered to hear I enquired if my guide was present; a young man said, "Yea, he is in his bed." The bed was closed by shutters, I could not see him and he did not speak. I said, "Let him judge if I am mad." They listened attentively, no one spoke, but all showed me kindness.

The next morning I traveled across the hills, entering houses and making known the message of God to them, but many mocked, considering themselves true worshipers of God. At length I came to BalevicaBalevicar; the people of this town had heard about me, and were anxious to see me. The first house I entered I was received kindly, and after I had rested a short time I walked out to see the Slate Works; as I entered the quarry all flocked round me. As a snow storm came on they were glad of this opportunity to bring me and a preacher of fire and brimstone in contact one with another. This man kept a shop of groceries in the village. I spoke to the people first of the freedom of the Gospel, and the necessity of obedience in all things pertaining to the law of Christ. This man (I do not remember his

name) spoke against what I said, their eyes were fixed on me awaiting my reply, and when done, I said, "I know you are a preacher of fire and brimstone, stand to your cause, we will speak for half an hour each by turns, let these judge between you and me." He would not comply with my request; then I preached a short time until the shower was over, all appeared glad, while my opponent said, "Come and take dinner with me." I replied, "Don't think to overcome me with a dinner. I know all here get plenty to eat and drink." "Yes," all said, "You come with me," was said by many. One of the number present said, "I am Mr. McIntyre, come with me and preach in my house this evening."

He walked with me, introduced me to his wife and family, and I preached in his house; it was simply crowded to both ends, and many standing at the doors and windows. It being Saturday, I told them I could preach the following day in the slate quarry; they then dispersed joyfully. The day was quite mild for winter, when old and young repaired to the appointed place. My heart was glad, my body weak, but I knew the power of my calling. Every eye was fixed upon me, the day was mild, but at noon a snow storm came on and it turned cold; they remained with composure till their faces were grave like beholding old men and women shivering with cold, I dismissed them. I preached in my friend's house at night. He told me that it was the people's request that I would speak on Christ's second advent and reign on the earth. This I did, beginning with the 42nd Psalm; the house could not contain the number that came to hear; many stood outside the windows and doors. Afterward they crowded round me, and it was nearly midnight before I got clear. I remained until Wednesday in Balevicar; having received an invitation from Joseph McIntyre, a farmer, who lived about eight miles to the west, I left my friends with a promise to spend a day with them, as I would return by Balevicar.

I was treated by all here with as much respect and kindness as if they had all been Saints, but as I returned by the counsel of a man who met me, I passed Balevicar to preach near Clashan Seal on Sunday, when two of the people of Balevicar came after me; they said all their people were sorry that I did not remain with them according to promise. The two stood with me on Seal Bridge, considering whether they would be baptized but declined until I should return.

Continuing my route I traveled on through Glen Vash; this Glen was surrounded by lofty mountains; the day being stormy and wet, the village I intended to preach in would not receive me, as they had heard all the evil tidings about the Saints. The lady of this town being Elder Campbell's aunt, the Campbell who labored around Glasgow, having a lame arm. As I came out of the storm very wet, she refused me even the shelter of her roof, and only one house before me on the side of the river in Glen Auch and night approaching. I made all the haste I could till I came to this house; I met a gentleman at a little distance from the house, a lodger, he told me that he occupied a part of it with his wife, he was afraid that I could not obtain lodgings there if I went in, and there is no other house on this side of the river. I entered and saluted the mistress, the gentleman having told me that she was a widow McIntyre. I had faith of her favor on hearing her first question, it was, "What is your name?" I told her and she then said, "I cannot deny you all I can do, but you must sleep in the entrance." This was a porch between the outer door and the kitchen, where a bed was kept for beggars, and the swine lay there at night. I sat down thankful. The English gentleman came into me with his bottle and gave me a glass of whiskey. I told him my message to the Glen, and the time I intended to preach. The servants sat down to dinner and I partook with them. They crossed the river, and the few who lived on the opposite side came at the hour appointed. I had not spoken many words when Mr. Cook came in. The fire was in the middle of the floor, and the smoke was very disagreeable, but Mr. Cook sat very contentedly though he did not understand my Gaelic. After I had spoken for an hour, I said I would conclude in English; Mr Cook approved of this, and sent a maid servant for Mrs. Cook who came directly; the peat smoke was sore on her that she had to retire; I was nearly fainting myself. When I had finished Mr. Cook asked me for the Book of Mormon, and sent the maid servant with it to Mrs. Cook saying, "That will please her."

Mr. Cook gave a glass of whiskey and some tobacco to all the Highlanders, and sat and conversed with me till a late hour; but Mrs. McIntyre wished me away with the shepherd the following morning, as I could not find the way to Loch Gow without a guide, as the mountains were covered with mist. My name was published as a great preacher both in English and Gaelic. Mr. Cook was a gentleman of a kind disposition and a large income, he was banished to the mountains on twelve pounds a week. I was told that he was lately married and was contented to remain in the Highlands.

As I was this day encompassed by lofty mountains and mists; I waded through two rivers of cold snow water, the rain was heavy, but I did not complain; I came to a shepherd's cot and was made welcome; there was no house before me for twelve miles of lofty mountains after leaving this shepherd's hut. I found favorable quarters the next day after 12 miles travel and wading a cold river I came to a farm village on the lofty mountain of Loch Gow. I was made welcome when I told my name, as this farmer was of the same clan. I preached and all who were present appeared favorable to the testimony I bore. I was courteously treated, the old farmer led me several miles the following morning, till he brought me in sight of the next village, and earnestly wished me to come back soon; the day was Saturday before their New Year's Day, the 12th of January 1847, the Monday next I was at a loss to find lodgings as their good minister preached every evening from the first day of January till the 13th, but at last a Mr. McIntyre gave me the liberty to lodge with him. I went a few miles the next morning to a distant village to speak, and a few gathered into a man's house where I spoke, and this man, McBain, was much affected with the testimony I bore, and believed I was a sent preacher, (I) was invited to preach in the inn the next evening, but before the time arrived, messengers were sent by the holy band of Languenoch. There were few in the isle but believed what they said, they were Pharisees in very deed, their testimony was received but a number gathered, and a few approved of my sermon.

In the morning I went on my journey toward Isdale, where a great number of people work in the slate quarries. I was at this time in excellent spirits, and appeared to the people so different from all other ministers that they considered that I was insane. As I entered Isdale, I spoke of my message to them, many of the young men gathered round me, and led me into an engine house to protect me from the cold till evening, but when they had accomplished their day's labor, some wished me to go with them in their boats to the island, as they said the best of the people lived there. I went with them and as I landed I was led to the school master's house, he being a most holy man among them; he inquired if I was of the Free Kirk; I said, "No! not of your free church but of Christ's Church of the Saints." He appeared to be anxious to get me out of his house. I inquired after lodgings, he sent for a woman who lodged strangers, but when she made her appearance, he said I was to be pitied and allowed me to remain in his house after the family had dined. His wife gave me some food, and I was thankful to my Heavenly Father for softening their hearts.

The people gathered about the door, young and old, to see and hear the preacher, crying, "Come out and preach." I was willing to come out, but Mr. McDonald, the schoolmaster, would not allow me, as he considered me unworthy of any notice. When I would offer to speak out of doors on a dark night, he would not allow me a place inside. A few of the more respectable persons came into the kitchen to converse with me, I told them that they were of the spirit of the brethren of Languenach; and to this they confessed. I requested them to repent and be baptized, etc. and said no more. When the time for their service arrived Mr. McDonald asked me if it was against my conscience to hear them worship. I answered, "No, not at all." Of course I remained as a looker on and found it as usual, nothing but dawdling chat and hypocrisy.

I started for \_ilsmen on my way home to Greenock at break of day, and when I arrived with great kindness by some respectable farmers, I found my friends more attached to me and my enemies

increased in rage against me. I had a desire to go ahead but had not the faith. On my arrival at home I found my family in a very poor condition. It being winter, my wife had been under the necessity of pawning many things for food, even to my watch. In the spring I had to join a McDonald in delving heavy clay land, and cleaning privies; he swore he would throw a shovel full of human dung in my face unless I would go into it up to my knees; my back and body were very weak. But he did not escape righteous judgment. I suffered until I prayed often to the Lord to take me out of this body. Mr. McDonald was missing suddenly and for 14 days no person knowing what had become of him at last he was found dead in the harbor. Another man who had employed me to mend his nets and work in his garden, paying me one shilling per day, was found dead between this and Inerspift, badly mangled and one foot in the stirrup of his saddle. Mr. Fearen also used me cruelly, he is still living, but not in comfort. May the Lord reward him according to his doings. By the laws of God he is a murderer for his conduct to me.

About this time, after all my struggles and trials, my circumstances began to mend. The Lord helped me and opened this place for me, the East Quay Lane Coal Reek where I have been since November, 1847, very comfortable. I baptized 7 or 8 into the Church, but I had a great deal more joy when I preached from village to village, cold and hungry, not knowing where to lay my head, than I have now, with plenty of food, raiment and ease. The God of my fathers has performed his promises, I have now four times more than I have ever had before.

I remained with this quite a long time. Mrs. Adams, for whom I formerly worked in the coal trade having retired from the business, I concluded to start in it on my own account so I formed a partnership with a man who was well posted in the coal business, and we succeeded in it far beyond our expectation. I expect the Lord will open up my way to visit the mountains again before I leave my native land, as my oldest son, Archibald, who is at the gold diggings, writes me that he will come soon and take us all away. I hope to sail for the land of my fathers in 1851. My son-in-law, George Marshall, (who married my daughter, Agnes) his wife, and my daughter Grace will sail in the first ship this year. I am 60 years old on the 17th of March, 1850, and by the ease and comfort I have had here, I am enjoying good health.

When I call to mind the scenes I have passed through in the body I am astonished; but with a grateful heart I thank the Lord that he has performed all things well toward me in my affliction. He brought me to a knowledge of his will, and to be a partaker of his holy priesthood, also in visions and revelations to myself and family. I sincerely hope by what I have received from the Lord that my four daughters and Archibald will receive their blessings and inheritance with the Saints; but I fear that Peter will not for a length of time, he will suffer in Hades, but will come forth in the Lord's appointed time and be with us. He did his own will and would take no counsel from me; but I still pray for him, may God be merciful to him in the mortal flesh. I am often grieved in spirit for him.

We are not in a very prosperous condition nor have been for a long time in the Greenock Branch; neither the council or members are pleased or satisfied with Elder R. McFarlane. I am not his judge, though I am of the same opinion that he will never be profitable to himself or to this Branch of the Church as President.

Early in the spring of 1853 (February 3rd), my youngest daughter, Margaret, was married to John McKellar, and having the means, thanks to our Heavenly Father we commenced making preparations for leaving our native land for the land of Zion and on March 19, 1853 embarked at Greenock at 8 p.m. on board the steamer "Princess" and arrived at Liverpool at 3 p.m. on the following day. We remained there until the 28th and then took passage in the sailing vessel "Falcon" and proceeded to sea, bound for New Orleans in the United States of America, then on to Salt Lake City, Utah, the City of refuge, where the

house of the Lord is to be built on the top of the mountains, according to ancient prophecies; where all the seed of Abraham will be gathered, to fulfill the promise of God to our fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Therefore, I with my wife Margaret Baxter, my son-in-law, John McKellar and his wife, my youngest daughter, Margaret, and Mary my daughter, 5 in number; Agnes who married George Marshall in Greenock and Grace, my eldest daughter being before us, having left Greenock in September, 1850, consequently, I leave none of my family in Babylon, but my only son Peter, my beloved son Archibald having been murdered at the gold diggings, San Francisco, California, on leaving 188 pound sterling which I duly received; the same released me and my children from Babylonian captivity. My dear son said when he sailed from Quebec as chief officer of the barque (boat), "Roy O'More," "I will release you and my sisters, and have houses and land ready for you in the land of Goshen or die in the attempt."

March 29th On board the "Falcon", sailing towards Land's End, England. The wind east by south, with a light breeze, pleasant sailing, a few seasick, all the brethren and sisters appear contented, and love and unity predominate. I feel happy and admire the power of the Gospel, feeling that we are baptized into one body by the Spirit.

30th Sailing in the Irish Channel, wind east, sharp breeze, ship close-hauled (sails set for sailing in direction wind is blowing) to wind, speed 4 knots an hour; the Saints all sick, few able to go to the cook house to eat, vomiting in every corner. My daughter, Mary, is my best sailor, being able to eat baked cake, bread, and flour scones. John McKellar and his wife are both bedfast, also old sister Margaret\_\_\_\_\_. First allowance of water served this morning.

31st Last night the wind blew heavily from the Southeast; a young child died and was committed to the sea today. Wind continues with heavy rain, a very disagreeable day among the Saints, all bedfast, sick, vomiting and reaching on every side. Ship steering southeast. My heart is sad. I pity my brethren and especially the sisters with young children; we must be made perfect through suffering, all will work for good. At 4 p.m. it blew a gale, the ship rolled and pitched exceedingly, chests, pots, pans, goblets, etc., dashed from starboard to larboard; the few who could sit or hold up their heads gazed motionless upon the scene. A brother sat beside me for a considerable time, apparently alarmed rose in heart, made an effort to ascend to the deck, but knowing the danger of such an attempt, I endeavored to dissuade him from it; however, he proceeded, but was only about two minutes above, until I observed him coming towards the hatchway and missed taking hold of the steps, by a sudden roll of the ship, he came down head foremost with all his weight, and striking the deck lay motionless, while I held him by the hand and said, "He is dead!" However he lifted his head and looked at me so pitifully that I grieved for him. The mate came with three sailors and carried him aft.

April 1st Sailing in the British Channel, this day is more favorable, a boy came down the gang way, and struck his head against a chest. At 6 p.m. it blew a gale. Our cook house has been broken up last night. All the Saints are bedfast, cannot get a drop of hot water to make gruel, tea or coffee; it is a day to try our faith. My son-in-law, two daughters and wife are very sick; I prevailed upon the cook to make me a little gruel for them, and they were thankful for the favor.

2nd Sailing in the head of the British Channel, this day is more favorable. The ship rolled terribly all night. The Saints continued sick, many of the sisters have become weak and low spirited. Our cook house is being repaired and a new system of cooking established. I, with our President, visited the man who fell down the hatchway yesterday, and anointed him with oil in the name of the Lord. He is still

wrapped in his bloody cloth and not washed. I brought him some jelly and flour scones, and meat to nourish him.

April 3rd Sailing in the Atlantic, unfavorable weather, high wind from the west, the vessel rolled very badly last night, few can go on deck. A marlin spike fell out of a sailor's hand from the main mast and wounded one of the brethren. I am told that his skull is injured. A block also struck a sister in the forehead, causing

blood to flow. We are all anxious for a more favorable wind.

4th Last night it blew a gale from the Northwest. This morning we felt our condition very disagreeable. At 10 a.m. a Spanish schooner hove in sight, and hoisted a signal wishing to speak to us. Our ship backed her mainsail and lay so till the schooner came alongside; of course, they spoke by trumpets, wishing our Captain to give him the latitude as the Spaniard had lost her reckoning. He was told three times but hardly understood English, she bore away to the eastward. We had the company of a Dutch vessel this forenoon, but soon left it behind, our "Falcon" being a good ship in a heavy sea. I have not seen some of our women on deck at all as yet, some of our stout young men require help to leave their berths.

5th Sailing in the Atlantic. A strong wind and heavy sea, very unfavorable weather. All the Saints are still sick, women with little children cannot lift their heads from the pillow.

6th Cross sailing, strong gale last night till 11 a.m. the mist cleared off, the sun appeared, the wind abated, came two points to North, the ship sails south two points nearer our course. We are a little refreshed by the change and hope the weather will clear up and favor us, as this is our tenth day at sea and we fear our voyage will be tedious.

7th Sailing in the Atlantic. Wind shifted 2 points to North. The mist cleared off at 12 o'clock sailing due south two points off our course. The Saints are more cheerful expecting better times.

8th The wind due north. A pleasant day. Stay sails and studding sails hoisted, steering our course 8 knots an hour.

9th Strong east wind, sailing 10 knots an hour. A child 3 years old was buried in the sea this morning.

April 10th The vessel rolled so bad last night that the Saints were afraid of being pitched out of their berths. Sailing this day at 16 knots an hour. The sea became calm and it was a pleasant day. We held two meetings, partaking of the Lord's supper, enjoyed a good portion of the Spirit of the Lord, testimonies were borne with great power, two spoke in tongues and more prophesied that the Lord would prosper us from henceforth if faithful and all would see Zion.

11th Pleasant sailing on a calm sea at 7 knots an hour with slack sheets. The Saints are well with few exceptions and a good spirit prevails.

12th Sailing beautifully on our course with a northeast wind, and 10 knots an hour. All the Saints cheerful A third child buried at 10 a.m. in the great Atlantic. I rose early this morning and while leaning over the bows in meditation, we came in contact with a large shoal of porpoises. They sported all around the ship, they are a beautiful fish, though not so large as the porpoise in the Lochs of the Western Highlands of Scotland, where I used to fish for herring. The sailors tell me they are good fish for use.

13th The wind shifted last night to northwest. A pleasant day's sailing with a steady breeze, close-hauled, our course south by west, seven knots an hour. We think we are nearing the West Indies.

14th Pleasant wind from the northwest course south by west, strong sailing breeze, nine knots an hour. The Saints all well with a few exceptions who are still suffering from sea sickness. A good spirit still prevailing.

15th Still pleasant sailing. I am told that our captain intends sailing east of the West Indies to miss the heat and head winds and it will make the voyage less by 500 miles. A warm daylight, we are only making 2 or 3 knots an hour. Received a week's provisions.

16th A pleasant morning, the wind changed to southeast, light breeze, five knots an hour. All well. Omitted yesterday that we came into another shoal of porpoises; the second mate made haste to the bows with a harpoon, he hooked one, but the handle breaking he lost his prize. The porpoise here appears most beautiful, animated with life like a salmon; the sailors say they are good, and will average one hundred pounds in weight. My family are all well, only Margaret a little delicate.

17th Pleasant sailing. The wind south by east. At 11 a.m. the Saints met, partook of the sacrament and bore testimony to the truth. At 4 p.m. we had meeting on deck, enjoyed a good spirit all day, singing hymns on deck all evening.

18th Clear sky this morning, hoisted larger sails, smart breeze south by west, eight knots an hour. All tolerable well except for a few. Margaret is still seasick. We were served with extra butter and cheese by the orders of President Samuel \_\_\_\_\_ over the government allowance.

19th The vessel rolled considerably this morning, smart breeze from the southwest, heavy showers at intervals, course southeast. At 4 p.m. the wind ceased, heavy rain and very unpleasant.

20th The heavy rolling of the ship. At 6 a.m. the wind shifted to southeast, smart breeze, sailing nine knots an hour till 4 p.m. and we sail a new route east of the West Indies. We did not encounter the trade winds, but paid off toward the American coast and running along to New Orleans. The Saints are naturally very desirous to get upon terra firma (solid earth) and will be on thorns and briers until they are. Like people who have been comfortably brought up know not the privation and danger of travelling upon sea; especially ladies who drink tea twice a day. The fourth child buried at 3 p.m.

21st A pleasant day's sailing with an east wind, ten knots an hour all day. A clear sky and a delicious temperature. All the Saints who are well enjoy themselves.

22nd A profitable night's sailing till 8 a.m. when black clouds gathered, the wind shifted to southwest, it blew a gale with showers, our good ship pitched and rolled, causing a few relapses and sea sickness, the most part in those who had become weak and pale.

23rd The ship rolled dreadfully all night, and all this day is logging and rolling, no wind to steady her. A brother from London was handcuffed by the mate last night, but the Captain ordered the irons to be taken off him this morning. He is confined in the store room. The poor fellow is possessed of evil spirits. He is married and has two fine boys.

24th A very pleasant day with the wind right ahead. We held our sacrament meeting at 11 a.m. Evening meeting on deck at 4 p.m. Prophesied that our brother would be dispossessed of the evil spirits by

fasting, anointing and laying on of hands. This was partially attended to; the Captain had given him laudanum and that might have been the cause of him sleeping and resting so well.

April 25th A pleasant day, a light breeze, still unfavorable for a speedy voyage, a salubrious atmosphere. The Saints generally are in good spirits. The provisions are getting to be very poor, the oatmeal and sugar especially. The English brethren cannot eat burghul (boiled wheat) or use oatmeal, consequently they are at a great loss.

26th The ship rolled heavily this morning. At 1 p.m. a squall commenced with heavy showers and it continued until 9 p.m. The ship running random, reefed (rolled up) top sails. The poor brother possessed by evil spirits appears to be no better.

27th A light wind. Ship's speed five knots an hour. A pleasant day. I feel my body greatly reduced and my health impaired since I left Greenock. All my brethren seem to be in a similar condition. Our rations are old and tasteless and there is no nourishment in them, the old people feel it especially.

28th Pleasant day. Sailing with a light breeze all day. We held meeting at 4 p.m. to worship and bear testimony. There are good spirits as well as evil ones in our midst. I missed a sovereign last night.

29th A favorable wind, light breeze. A squabble occurred last night between the chief mate and the men; two of them were hand-cuffed, but were liberated by the captain.

30th Still a favorable wind, but made very little sail during the heat of the day. We fear that our voyage will be tedious as the season is so far advanced; but our Father is all powerful and will not leave us if we do right.

May 1st Sunday The wind favorable this day. Met at 11 a.m. to celebrate the Lord's Supper and bear testimony. Preaching on deck at 4 p.m. The Spirit of God is still refreshing. We feel to rejoice as we are the 9th ship load that has left Britain or Babylon this season, and there is one more coming after us.

2nd Still a favorable fine dog wind northeast, sailing 8 knots an hour. We encountered a large shoal of porpoises. The harpoon was brought into action, but none were captured. We expect to land tomorrow as it is five weeks this day since we left Liverpool or 35 days.

3rd A sharp breeze right aft. Speed 10 knots an hour. If we are favored by a continuation of this breeze, our voyage will be accomplished this week.

May 4th We had a strong squall last night continuing till two this morning. We passed a small island at 4 a.m., saw a light house. I am told it is a barren island called "Bacon's". Light breeze this day right aft. We hope to be in New Orleans on Monday the 8th Saw a few flying fish this morning, they look as if they were made of silver when the sun is bright. At 8 p.m. it rained heavily and incessantly with thunder and lightning. Passed some coral reefs called Isaresse.

5th Excessively hot. Becalmed. A light breeze. At 4 p.m. we were much amused by some large porpoises, that same kind as are in my own land upon the herring fishing lochs; they floated on the surface of the water within forty yards of the vessel. Fire arms were produced and several shots fired at them without effect, at which the porpoises made off.

6th A pleasant day with a light breeze right aft. Sailing six knots an hour, steering due south to avoid the Gulf of Florida. A week's provisions served out. Light winds, which will make our voyage longer than we expected. Sailing along by a reef of coral rocks lying east of the Bahama Islands; excessively hot, the pitch boiling out of the seams of the deck. Two days of ordinary sailing would bring us to New Orleans, but the light breeze and the current against us we make but little progress; patience and perseverance will overcome every difficulty.

7th Smart breeze right aft. Met at 11 a.m. to partake of the sacrament. At 4 a.m. a preaching meeting on deck.

8th Very, very hot, no wind to carry the ship on. We are still 400 miles from the Bar to New Orleans.

9th Hot, hot, excessively hot. Not a breath of wind to hold the sails from the masts. My poor wife, Margaret is raging among the Saints ridiculing me and my daughters. This is nothing new. It is hard to be falsely accused before strangers, though many will not believe her, but will see the bad spirit she has. Poor woman, I am grieved for her own sake.

10th A dead calm and another fearfully hot day; the current still unfavorable.

11th Light breeze north and a clear sky. Still very hot, course northwest.

12th Very light breeze when the sun went down. The Saints are becoming anxious as the season is so far advanced. Some of our sisters, especially the English, I wonder how they will perform the journey through the mountains.

May 13th We had a light breeze last night, enough to hold the cloth from the masts. Held a concert till 11 p.m. The Captain was much pleased with the comic songs. The moon shone brightly and all were cheerful.

14th Light breeze. Still 100 miles from the Bar. The dolphins are numerous. Walter, a Greenock sailor of the fore chains hooked a large one by the Lida Lister though he could not hold him, having bad footing, therefore it fell off. The dolphins are animated with great life and strength. I am sorry the poor fellow lost his prey.

15th The wind blew a smart breeze last night at 12 o'clock and continues all this day. Expect to arrive at the Bar and enter the river soon. Held our meetings as usual and a good spirit prevailed.

16th Seven weeks this day we left Liverpool. We hope to be in the Mississippi River this night. A moderate breeze, the color of the water is changed to a light green. I, with all my brethren, am very anxious to obtain a footing on solid ground.

17th The Pilot boat boarded us at 1 p.m. A steam tug came and lashed to the ship "Falcon" at 2 p.m. Hoisted a signal for a second steam tug to take us across the Bar. Crossed the bar at 5 p.m. and proceeded up the river. Took a light barque (boat) on the starboard side of the steamer.

18th All joyful, gazing upon the scenery and the beauty of the Father of Rivers and the sugar and cotton plantations. Arrived within three miles of the wharf and hove anchor.

19th Very hot, The steamer towed us into the wharf at 11 a.m. and we soon trod on the promised land for the first time. Traveled to the Post Office, as I expected a letter from my son, but found none. Exceedingly hot. Orders for all the chests to be on deck early, ready to be shipped in the steam boat bound for St. Louis.

20th Commenced hoisting chests and luggage. I wrought till all wet with perspiration, the day being so very hot. Went ashore with my wife at 12 noon, met Curry, a sailor from Greenock, went into a saloon and was treated by him, drank and ate a comfortable dinner, which we needed very much. Before I returned, all of our chests were aboard of the steamboat. My son-in-law, John McKellar, was at a loss not knowing what had become of us. I did not think the steamer would be so early.

May 21st Lay all day at the wharf till 6 p.m. Brother McGregor fell through or between this and the next steamer and was drowned. I was not aboard at the time, but I am sorry to say that drunkenness was the cause. A light headed youth sang three comic songs the night of the soiree on board the "Falcon". Left the wharf at 6 p.m. on our way to St. Louis.

22nd Steaming the current up this great river, beholding the luxuriant trees and foliage on the right and left of the great Mississippi, the huts of slaves and a few neat cottages possessed by slave holders. We considered ourselves in a new world, but know that Great Britain is the seat of slavery, that one white slave works more in one day than 4 black slaves, with less to support his body, as his wages there will not afford, because I know that I wrought many days upon bread and water, doing the work of 5 black slaves, and traveled 5 miles to work for 1/8 S. per day, to support my family of eight, and coal at 1/8 S. the small peck.

23rd Storming the current by steam power; a sultry morning, cleared off with a fine cool breeze from the north. In looking at the grand and beautiful stream, I thought of the power of our Father's work of creation. We gain ten miles an hour. Take in wood morning and evening.

24th Still plying against the stream. This is Queen Victoria's birthday. My God will remove your diadem and take off your crown, your power will be as the Potsherd and King Messiah will, as with an iron rod pound all your sceptres. All you kings and queens of Babylon. Come Lord, our King, come quickly is my prayer. Thou knowest what I suffered from oppression and hard labor for a morsel of bread after my sore travel, hunger and thirst in the Peninsular War. My cry to thee, oh, Lord, is remember the cry of the poor and fulfill thy promise, destroy them who have oppressed the hireling and kept back their wages by fraud.

25th Sailing upon the river the landscape is beautiful and pleasant. We are 400 miles from St. Louis, called at Memphis, Tennessee.

26th A cool bright day. 200 miles from St. Louis. We expect to be there late tonight or early in the morning. I hope to meet my daughter Grace in peace. Mrs. Smith brought me my saws and hammers that I thought were lost, as I could not find them aboard of the steamer, and was sorry at the loss of them.

May 27th Arrived at St. Louis at 4 a.m. Had our breakfast at Brother Idow's house, 127 Market Street. My daughter, Grace, came in while we were at breakfast with large earrings, showing that she was tinged with the spirit of pride more than the spirit of humility. Poor girl, I hope she will yet repent, I fear she lost the spirit of the truth. I traveled through this great den, saw several of my old brethren, some who were Elders, enjoying themselves among the flesh pots of sin and had forgotten the covenants they

had made with their God. They tried all in their power to detain me, but I left the town at 5 p.m. for Keokuk, where our people are in camp, 200 miles above St. Louis.

28th Sailing to Keokuk; had a miserable night. Laid down late in a berth to rest. My wife's shawl and a bottle of whiskey we got as a gift from Sister McCallum were stolen by a gang of fiends; I reported the theft to the steward, only the shawl was dropped and recovered. We landed at Keokuk at 6 p.m. and slept in a large stone house.

29th Although it was Sunday all our luggage was carted to camp, with no mention of the Sabbath. I am busy in the wood line, cutting a tent pole and making tent pins and pitching my tent. As Brother McKellar and my daughter are left at St. Louis, I have no help. Old times back again; this night I sleep in my tent like my fathers in ancient times.

30th Keokuk Camp by the great Father of Rivers. I look upon this goodly land and remember the poor and oppressed scattered in the barren wilderness. I feel truly thankful to the Lord, I enjoy a tolerable good measure of health and pray that God will gather his people from the four corners of the earth unto Zion.

31st Still in camp, gathering wood and musing upon the banks of the river, very anxious that my daughters would come up from St. Louis, as a part of the Saints expect to move tomorrow to Sugar Creek and I wish to get there also.

June 1st Still musing and gathering wood. Received my wagon this day. I cannot leave with those that are going as I have received none of my oxen yet.

2nd Lying in camp at Keokuk. Changeable weather, heavy showers of rain with thunder and lightning every night.

3rd Still roving on the banks of the Mississippi, no appearance of moving forward. Brother Lyon started out for Sugar Creek. I could not go with him as I want my oxen.

June 4th Very hot indeed at noon, though cool in the morning and evening. A few of the Saints intend to remain here or go back to St. Louis, being faithless of accomplishing the journey.

5th Sunday Meetings at 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. A few of the Keokuk people stood and listened quietly. A Jew preached in the evening in the camp. He advanced many true ideas of the condition of Christendom, and of the kingdom of God being established without delay; he also had many erroneous ideas as well.

6th Had heavy rain again last night with thunder and lightning. Many are in doubt whether to go backward or forward; human nature is weak. Lord strengthen thou me, that I may endure to the end of this journey.

7th Still very changeable weather. Some of our Elders are reported to have become tired of Mormonism and intend to remain here.

8th Heavy showers and cold at night but very hot at noon.

9th Our milk kine came this day, but I got none, although I was to have 2 cows, 2 yoke of oxen and 1 wagon for forty pounds sterling; I pay three pounds, six shillings over and got no cow as the price of

cattle has advanced, owing to the extra demand. They take the advantage of the Mormons. I received my oxen this day, and they appear to be good and accustomed to the yoke. I expect to leave Keokuk soon. My dear girls, with John McKellar, my son-in-law, arrived tonight from St. Louis. I was greatly pleased and very thankful.

10th Tremendous storm with the most awful thunder and lightning last night. I have never before seen anything to equal it. I had a very peculiar dream last night, of my daughter Agnes, (George Marshall's wife). I am preparing to leave here tomorrow.

11th We left Keokuk at 8 a.m. and traveled 16 miles, a good road for 9 miles, then commenced a woeful bad road, the wheels going down to the naves (central part). It was a hard beginning, but with patience and perseverance we managed to get through and encamped. I think I never saw a more beautiful location.

12th Rose at daylight, got breakfast, yoked and hitched up our oxen, leaving the ground at 4:30 a.m. My poor wife has been ill a long time and this morning, to my great surprise, she demanded her clothes, intending to leave us. Of course I did not permit her to take her clothes as I expect she will follow us. We traveled 19 miles, crossed the Missouri river and encamped on the bank.

June 13th Rolled out of camp this morning at 5:00 and traveled on until we reached the Main camp by 9 a.m. we were to move on again at 10 a.m. We rested to feed our oxen. This has been a long tiresome day by being hindered and entangled with the many wagons. Passed the main body about three miles and encamped in a good place for grass. My poor Margaret has not come up to us yet; I do not know what to do; I am very weak and unable to go back after her. My daughters too are very much concerned about her. This is Sunday and our camp is 44 miles from Keokuk. I fully expected poor Margaret this day, but she has not come as yet. (5 p.m.) It is fearfully hot today. We released our oxen of their yokes. All of our brethren moved on leaving only our three wagons, our own property. We intend to start early in the morning. I am suffering very much from constipation, caused by drinking too much water and excessive continual perspiration. Have no appetite for food.

14th Left camp at 5:30 a.m., and traveled 16 miles. My oxen are very good; they climbed over a steep hill today that no other in the whole company dare attempt to mount.

15th Rolled out at 6 a.m., a very hot day, heavy thunder and lightning. I am in better health, but the heat is very sore on me; I drink water all day. I have heard nothing of poor Margaret yet and feel very much vexed about it. Our road is bad this day, heavy thunder, rain and lightning last night. Crossed a brook at 6 p.m. and encamped in a large wood. Our two milk cows strayed away and we are detained searching for them.

16th Cows were found this morning and brought back, they delay us in camp. We expect to leave here at 1 p.m. A very hot day. Remained in camp till 1 p.m., then traveled 12 miles in the afternoon.

17th Our road has been very favorable today, and have passed through most beautiful location, but few inhabitants.

18th Left the camp at 6 a.m., passed a few houses or a village called Bethlehem, where the saints rested after their exodus from Nauvoo. At 4 p.m., Brother Hyde's wagon got into a hole and capsized; 6 bullocks could not pull it out. All its contents had to be unloaded, then they got the wagon out and reloaded it. This accident detained us two hours. We encamped eight miles from Garden Grove.

19th At 1 p.m. we left here for Garden Grove. From Sunday the 19th until Sunday the 26th, we traveled through a beautiful country, but without inhabitants. The magnificent appearance and form of this land testify that God intended it for a glorious purpose. Jacob's blessing upon Joseph was, "Unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills shall be Joseph's. Moses said, "Blessed be this land of the Lord." We rested this day beside a brook 65 miles from Bluffs or Kaneshville.

June 26th I feel very sorry this day for poor Margaret, I have heard nothing of her; she had nothing but the wrapper she wore and no money. I now wish I had given her the clothes as she requested, for she said she did not think I would keep her underclothing; I felt sure she would follow us later having no clothes. I also expected to remain for a time in camp near Charlestown, but did not as all the companies advanced so it will be hard for her to come now.

Arrived at Bluffs on the 30th and lay there until July 10th, waiting to cross the river. Here I received a card from Margaret requesting me to return her clothes to Boston, in care of a grocer there. It is a village near the place she left us. I delivered her clothes to Sister McPherson, and hope she will find a way sending them to her. I am still very sorry for her, left among strangers; but the Lord knows that I and my family are innocent and gave her no reason for remaining behind. All the brethren are afraid that we will be too late to accomplish our journey before winter overtakes us. Many returned from this place. After leaving Kaneshville we traveled to North Ferry and crossed the Missouri River. Traveled under Brother Shurtliffe with 18 wagons, 1000 miles to Salt Lake City.

### **Tooele City, Tooele County, Utah**

January 13, 1854

I wrote none from July 10, 1853, till this day. Our journey from Kaneshville was disagreeable, especially when our oxen began to give up and die. They lay dead in every direction, particularly by the road side; two of mine gave out and died. Our provisions also became scarce; but the Lord brought me to Salt Lake City in safety with my three daughters and John McKellar, my son-in-law. We arrived in Salt Lake City on Sept. 22, 1853, and camped on the Public square, while there Brother Eli B. Kelsey came to see us, knowing us all from having labored in our part of the country while on a mission to Great Britain. He told us that my daughter Agnes had died of consumption on the 9th of June 1853, leaving 3 children. How vividly my dream at Keokuk on that very night when the girls arrived from St. Louis, when I dreamed of her, poor thing, how vividly it all came to my remembrance.

We remained on the public square 3 days. We all went to Brother Peter McCue's in the First Ward, but was there only two days, when George Marshall, poor Agnes' husband, came and took me and Grace, not Mary, with him to this place. I was very feeble at that time, but I feel in good health now, and am enjoying a fair portion of strength. I feel very sorry for my poor wife Margaret, I believe her to be wading in sorrow by my dreams of her. When I open her chest and see a few things of hers, my heart is sorrowful. I warned her often and told her what would befall her.

My daughter Mary was married to Bro. Kelsey on 20 November 1852 and Grace was married to Brother Benjamin Clegg on 17 December 1853 and now I am alone, my daughter Margaret having remained in Salt Lake City, with her husband John McKellar.

I hope, by my dreams, that my son Peter will soon follow us. Lord be merciful and gather him to the mountains of Zion.

*This is the conclusion of the Autobiography of Peter McIntyre, what follows is from the memory of Mrs. Margaret McKellar, his youngest daughter.*

We arrived in Salt Lake City on the 22nd day of September, 1853, all well, but feeling very languid and fatigued with our long, wearisome journey. After my father and Grace left us at Peter McCue's, Mary went to live at Sessions with Brother Haight. I do not remember how the arrangement was made. George Marshall had told us that Agnes left three children. My father had 1 yoke of oxen, and one wagon when we reached here, he went to live with George Marshall for a few months, and during that time, my sister Grace had married Brother Benjamin Clegg, a very industrious and well to do farmer, by whom she has had five children, four of whom are alive, settled in life and doing well.

George Marshall was greatly disappointed in being unable to obtain one of my sisters to take poor Agnes' place but as they were not disposed to accept him, he had to bear his disappointment as best he could.

Mary returned from Sessions and soon after married Brother Eli B. Kelsey, by whom she had five children. She died in Tooele. Father went to live with Grace soon after her marriage with Brother Clegg.

My first child, Agnes, was born in Salt Lake City on the 25 November, 1853. We moved out to Tooele on July 1, 1854, and lived in a small house belonging to George Marshall, just north of Brother Nix, until the fall, during that time my father assisted John, my husband, in putting up a house for ourselves, and when finished father came and lived with us for a while. He afterwards married a widow Janes, a Jersey lady with two daughters, and got along very comfortably until orders came to leave our homes and go to Lehi, on account of the army sent by President Buchanan to punish the Mormons for disloyalty to the United States. How that miserable farce was conducted and ended everybody knows.

We all went to Lehi, of course, and my father bought a house and lot, also ten acres of land. He had sold his oxen and bought cows. At the appointed time, we all returned to Tooele, my father having disposed of his property there, and his wife declining to return with him, he went to live with my sister Grace, he brought back six cows from Lehi. He worked and did anything he was able to do around Brother Clegg's, so as not to be a burden to them or anyone. I am very glad to be able to mention that my brother Peter sent him a little money sometimes which was both acceptable and useful. May God bless him for his kindness to his poor old father.

After a time he began to fail visibly, that is he appeared to get weaker until the morning of 10 April 1872, when he rose as usual, took a bath, changed his underclothing, and knelt by the bedside in prayer. His grandson, Peter, thinking he was kneeling longer than usual, spoke to him, but receiving no answer was frightened and ran downstairs and told his mother that he thought his grandfather was dead. They instantly went to him and sure enough, they found the poor old man had peacefully passed away. May my end be like his.

I omitted to mention that neither my father nor any of us ever heard anything more of Margaret Baxter, my father's second wife and our stepmother. We often wonder what became of her.

This document was originally found at :  
<http://www.techmarketingink.com/clegg/family/history/PeterMcIntyreBiography.html>