

dying in 1850. I had to assume the care of my father's children. I first heard the Gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints and believed it and was baptized in the year 1852 by Daniel McLean. A little more than a year later my future husband came to the town to live, he being then a member of the Church, and joined our branch, when we became acquainted, which altered the future of my whole life. On the third day of August, 1854, we were married and began preparations for our immigration to Utah. On the 17th day of December 1854, we left our home in Boness for the great western wilds, taking ship from Liverpool. . . .

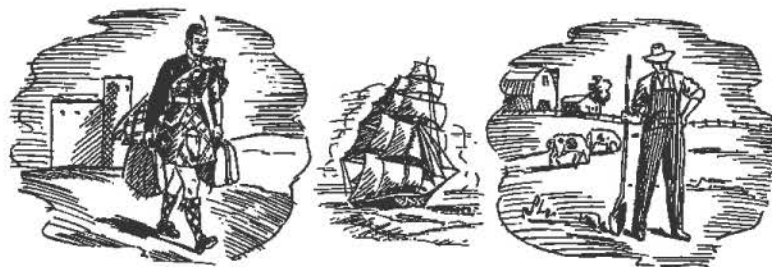
Arriving in New Orleans upon the fifth day of March, 1855, when we left the sailing vessel, securing passage on a river steamer for St. Louis, where we remained for over a week, again taking passage up the Missouri River. After sailing for nine days we made our landing where the city of Atchison now stands in the state of Kansas, where some of our co-religionists had already arrived. We moved out from the river about six miles, where we made our headquarters to gather our outfit for crossing the plains. We bought our wagons and cattle and my husband and some more of the young men of the company homesteaded 640 acres — plowing it and fencing 160 acres of the 640 and planting it in corn and beans for our next season's immigration.

Now begins our long, weary journey, we breaking camp on the second day of July. After traveling nearly all the way for a thousand miles on foot, we arrived at our destination in Salt Lake City on the 25th day of September, 1855. . . .

My first baby was born on the 26th day of January 1856, in Salt Lake City under very trying circumstances, not having a mouthful of bread in the house, nor not knowing where to get any. But through the blessings of God we pulled through.

I had not heard up to this time from any of my blood relatives in Scotland. Sometime in the fall of 1864, I got my first letter from my father. I immediately wrote him saying we would send the means if he would come. His answer was yes and we immediately took steps to raise the money to send for him. My father and sister arriving in Salt Lake Valley in September 1866, where my husband and I met them in Salt Lake City and brought them home with us. . . .

In leaving the home of my childhood and all my near and dear relations, I now come to near the end of my long life. And in looking back over it I can see the purpose in part and the hand of God that has been with me and over me, and of the family that I have raised — children, grandchildren and great grandchildren who number over one hundred, including my daughters-in-law. The number being 12 children, 55 grandchildren, 29 great grandchildren, and one great-great grandchild, and six daughters-in-law, making a total of 102, and all of them that are old enough being members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to which I gave allegiance in my young girlhood for which I am very thankful. . . .



DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS

LESSON FOR JANUARY, 1966 *Compiled by* KATE B. CARTER

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James Kirie - Archibald McFarland

*The heart of the prudent getteth knowledge;
and the ear of the wise seeketh knowledge.*

—Proverbs 18:15



SCOTLAND is a wildly beautiful country that makes up the rugged northern part of the island of Great Britain. Land of castles and abbeys in a setting of windswept mountains, long, deep valleys and ribbon lakes, its people early learned the necessity for hard work if they were to exist on their small acreage. Barely able to produce enough food for his family, the Scot came to fear and deplore waste of any kind and thus earned for himself a reputation for being extremely frugal. The people of the tiny realm ever had a deep and lasting respect for learning, their history being full of the names of men of humble birth who rose to great heights in education.

In early days the rugged land caused the separation of the Scots into small groups called "clans," each being ruled by a chief. All the people of a clan had the same surname, which often began with "Mac." Although two-thirds of the people of Scotland live in the Lowlands, it seems to have been the Highlanders who gained everlasting fame for the small country. In their colorful kilts — short pleated skirts suitable for climbing the rough hills — the Scottish Highlanders had always but to send forth the plaintive strains of their bagpipes to arouse in their countrymen the deepest emotion and patriotism.

In December of 1839 two Mormon missionaries, Alexander Wright and Samuel Mulliner, landed in this picturesque land to present the Gospel of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

to its people. Their mission was unique in that both men had been born in Scotland, had left it in the early '30s to settle in Canada where they embraced the new religion, and had then returned as the first Mormon missionaries to their native land. After visiting with relatives, the young elders commenced their religious labors in Edinburgh by hiring a hall in which to preach.

A later missionary to Scotland, Elder George D. Watt, was to write in December of 1840: "The Saints in this place are a good people. The people of Scotland are slow to believe and embrace the truth, but after they have embraced it, they are firm, yea, they would lay down their lives for the truth. . . ." Elders Wright and Mulliner learned of this quality of the Scottish folk, and were grateful that they were able to perform several baptisms. By 1840 Elder Mulliner returned to America on the ship *Isaac Newton*, taking with him a small company of new converts. Sailing from Liverpool on the 15th day of October, this company of Mormon immigrants was the first to go by way of New Orleans — their destiny, Nauvoo, where they played an important part in the founding and growth of the city.

On the following pages are autobiographies of two Scottish converts: James Ririe and Archibald McFarland. Ririe's story is one of kindness to neighbor, love of family, uprightness and integrity, and loyalty to church, state and adopted country; McFarland's, which was written in England from notes he had kept through the years, tells of his trip across the plains and his love of his home in the mountains. Both men are typical of the kind it took to build the Church and establish its kingdom in the formidable land of the Rockies.

JAMES RIRIE — 1827-1905

I, James Ririe, was born on the 24th day of January 1827 near Castle Fraser, Parish of Cluny, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. My father had five sons and four daughters. I was the youngest. My oldest brother, Alexander, died the 18th of July 1829 at the age of 17 years. My youngest brother, William, died in infancy, the 30th of August 1823. My father, David Ririe, died the 20th of August 1830 at the age of 52 years. In the month of November, following my father's death, my mother moved about three miles east in the same parish. When I was five years old, I was sent to school. When I was eleven, I was sent to service, in the summer seasons, on the agriculture line. I was taken home in winters to school until I was thirteen years old. I then went to the milling of wheat and continued two and a half years.

My mother died on the 1st of May 1845 in the 56th year of her age. Her name was Isabell Shirris Ririe. She was buried in the same place as were my father and brother, the Burying Ground of Kinnernie, Parish of Midmar. In the same burying ground lay my father's father, Alexander Ririe, and his wife, Isabell Steel, and my

committee to secure passage with some steamship company to carry us across the ocean. After visiting several agents of the different companies, we entered into agreement with the White Star Company for our passage at \$40.00 per cabin. There were eighteen members in our company. The ship was called *The Oceanic*, supposed to be the most magnificent then afloat. I suffered considerable sickness during the voyage and was confined to my stateroom for several days. The brethren were in the habit of meeting in my room every night for prayer.

We arrived in Liverpool November 12th, arrived in Glasgow the same night. November 13th we went to the conference house and met President Robert McQuarrie and were measured for clothes. Stayed at Conference House with Brother McQuarrie, and on the 14th we held a meeting in a hall and preached. On November 18th we went to Fife Shire to visit my old home, visited with my old school companion, Robert Blythe, and stayed with him until the 24th. I visited Cowden Beath, held conference with the Saints. President McQuarrie also visited there. After that I traveled in the southwest of Scotland, visiting Kilmornich, Ayr, and others of Ayr, Lanark Shires. From there I was called to labor in the north of Scotland, visiting Perth, Dundee and other parts, after which I was called to the presidency of the Durham and Newcastle Conference where I labored for nearly two years. Made my headquarters in Newcastle. During my ministry in that conference I baptized 62 and emigrated 54. While laboring here I returned to Edinburgh and spent some nine weeks in the registrar's office, collecting the genealogy of my fathers, being very successful, as I collected more than a thousand names. After laboring nearly two years in these conferences, I was released to come home on about September 5, 1875. I started for home on Tuesday, September 13th, arrived in Liverpool at 1:30 p.m. Started for home Wednesday, September 15th. There were fifteen elders on board returning home, Joseph F. Smith, F. M. Lyman and others. We had between 200 and 300 Saints aboard. Arrived in New York on Sunday, September 26th, left for home on train on Monday 27th, arriving in Ogden Tuesday, October 5th. Was occupied with my own home affairs in providing for my family, as teacher, Sunday School teacher, etc. (End of Journal.)

FROM HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I, *Isabella Mitchell McFarland*, was born on the fifth day of March, 1837, in a little village called Little Mill, Dumbarton Shire, Scotland, on the banks of the River Clyde, a little above the Castle Dumbarton. My father, William Mitchell, whose family was of the old mountain stock of Scotland, owning their own homesteads from generation to generation. My mother, Isabell Nimmo, the daughter of William Nimmo and Isabella Rankin, were of the Saxon families of the South of Scotland. In religion they were strong Presbyterians and deeply religious. I attended school in the vicinity of Linlithgow until my mother died — I being then in my fourteenth year, mother

In the month of March 1866, I sent money to Scotland to bring my father-in-law, *William Mitchell*, and second wife *Janet* to Zion. They arrived the last of September 1866. Grandfather has remained true ever since, although my wife Janet became dissatisfied shortly after we were married and hired out to Kaysville where she remained several months. When my wife Isabella and I went and got her to come home, I could not induce her to stay and take hold of the duties of a wife, so she went off again to Salt Lake City. She returned once more, but not to stay. When I heard that she was likely to become a mother, I went to Salt Lake City to try and get her to come home, but to no avail. She remained in the city until the child was weaned. When I heard it was sick, I went down to try and get her home, or if not, to let me have the child home with me, but she would not let me have it. It was in the hands of some miserable apostates by the name of Wallan. I went to President Young for counsel, and he told me to let the child remain under the care of its mother. At that time she demanded a bill of divorce from me, and I went to the President's office to get her one (she being with me) but she then told us plainly she would have no bill; that if she could not have me for a husband she would have no one else. Although she has been home since, while I was on my mission, I have never seen her but hope that she will be preserved in purity, that I can bless and save her in the Kingdom of God.

In the spring of 1867 I was called to preside in the settlement, and had great joy in my labors until a new lot of settlers came among us, and among them were men grasping after power and wanting to be leaders. There was especially one claiming relationship with President Young who began getting up petitions to divide the people. Previous to this we were a united people although we were poor, but from that date we were divided and contending. The presidency in Ogden stooped to this man so much that they took Brother John Martin from being one of my counselors and put in this man through no fault of Brother Martin.

MISSION IN 1873

In the fall of 1873 on October 20th, I left home for a mission to Great Britain, having been called at the conference held in Salt Lake City October 6th to the 10th. I left Ogden in company with William N. Fife and William Geddes of Weber County. Others in the party were Brothers Richard Morris, Charles Ransome, F. M. Lyman, John Squires, Joseph Harker and Henry Hughes. We traveled on the Union Pacific Railroad to Omaha October 23, 1873. Took passage for Chicago on the Rock Island Railroad, arriving at 6:00 p.m. the same evening. Stayed in Chicago over night, taking passage on the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad on October 24th, arriving in New York October 25th. On October 26th we held a meeting in Williamsburg with Saints of Brooklyn. October 27th we held a meeting and Richard Morris, W. N. Fife and myself were appointed a



Ann Boyack Ririe



James Ririe

mother's mother, Margret Smith of Baer Millne. She died about the 6th of January 1835 at about 80 years of age.

About the end of June 1845 I went to a place in the town of Aberdeen and stopped in it nearly two years. I was engaged to a Mr. Eddie at the Lower Justice Milles, Aberdeen, at under wages. During this time I began to inquire more after truth. I was at the time in communion with the Free Church of Scotland. I believed it was the church nearest to the truth. I was taught that if I could feel myself to be a sinner and put my trust in Jesus Christ, for salvation, I was sure to be saved. I lived to the pitch that they said constituted a Christian. Yes, so much so, that on one occasion after I had had my mind greatly troubled, the minister, whose name was William Mitchel, spoke of my experiences so exact and said, at the end, that one that had had such experience was in Christ, and once in, never out. So confident was I, that I could take heaven and earth to witness that if I was not in a safe state, my blood be on His head. However, after I had this testimony that I was in a safe state, I was very desirous of having a knowledge for myself. I thought I could suffer anything if I knew that I was right before God. In the spring of 1847 I was in the custom of attending fellowship meetings. I neglected few or any opportunities that I had of doing and attending on those things that I thought was accepted before God.

At the same meeting one night, one remarked that if there were a millennium, there was a passage in the third chapter of Acts, verse 20-21, that they would take as proof of the personal reign of Christ on earth. When I went home I was greatly troubled whether it be

true or not. Many passages of scripture struck my mind. Some of these passages were:

"Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go away."

"This so, till I come again."

"They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

These and such like passages struck me with awful power, so I went and prayed unto the Lord that I might not resist truth, but receive it, from whatever source it came. I also prayed that He might lead me by His providence, in such a way that I might come in connection with the truth. In answer to my prayer, the place I was in was shut and I could no longer stay in it. No place opened to me in Aberdeen. Having no view of a situation, my brother, George Ririe, and I prepared to go south to Leith, Edinburgh. We set sail on the 7th of June 1847 for Edinburgh.

We took lodgings in Edinburgh that night and next day went in search of employment, but found none. We continued there for several days but got no employment. Sometimes, we were almost expecting to get into a situation, then would be disappointed. Our means went down and we had to send home for more. By and by, it was wasted also. Our prospects were nothing better than the first week we were there.

MY INTRODUCTION TO MORMONISM

About the first of July we proposed leaving to try some other place. On the 6th of July I was going between Granton and Leith, when I observed a placard on a wall intimating that William Gibson, minister of the Gospel from Edinburgh, was to deliver a lecture in the lower room of a Leith store on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, July 7, 1845, on the Messiah's personal reign on the earth. I did not understand if he was to be for or against that doctrine, but as my mind was troubled about the same, I was desirous to hear for myself what his views were. I had never heard of the name of Latter-day Saints, but once in Aberdeen. There, a woman said her brother in Dundee had taken up with some creatures that they called the Latter-day Saints. Fortunately for me, my mind was not prejudiced against them. However, I was a firm believer in the traditions of my father. Yet, being inquiring after truth, I was willing to receive it when it was laid before me.

I went to the meeting and sat convinced that every word Mr. Gibson spoke was truth. He referred to many of the passages that before had troubled my mind. Lest we should not understand it, he gave us a criterion to judge it by. *No prophecy is of any private interpretation.* He brought forward so many proofs that I had never thought of, so reasonable and harmonizing them as he went along. Although I had been taught to the contrary, yet I was convinced that such a thing was to happen. One man stood up to oppose, but he only confirmed what had been spoken. I was fully satisfied that such

was born September 25, 1864. Our sixth, Archibald, was born January 15, 1867. Our ninth, Margaret Elizabeth, was born October 13, 1873. Our tenth, Mary Ann, was born on March 6, 1877, and died March 20, 1877. The rest of my children and Isabella's were Janet, born June 29, 1879, and Daniel, born May 17, 1882.

I was married to my second wife, *Janet Mitchell*, on December 8, 1866, and our first and only child was born on March 20, 1868.

I was next married to my wife *Catherine Jones* on October 10, 1870. Our first child was born September 9, 1873, and was named David Johnson. Mary Elizabeth was born January 21, 1879. Hans Petterson born August 10, 1889. Peter was born July 25, 1881. Alveretta, June 8, 1884.

I was married to my wife *Elizabeth Hay* April 4, 1876. Our first child was born January 20, 1877, and named Elizabeth. She died March 14, 1879. Our next was born May 20, 1878, and was named Ann. Our next, George Hay, was born February 6, 1880. Our next, Catherine, was born October 22, 1883. Our next, Christina, was born December, 1885, and our next and last, Dora, was born May 8, 1889.

WEST WEBER

Brother Kay moved to Ogden City and Brother Richard Douglas was appointed president. By this time we had secured a more plentiful supply of water and our settlement was spreading out. In the year 1861, there was a call made by the First Presidency for teams to go to the Missouri River for the emigrants, and again my brother William was called to go. We were very poor at this time, having spent about all we had in sustaining ourselves while we fitted out our quota of teams with groceries and supplies. Brother Douglas called upon me to furnish one-fourth of the sugar, which I did, when there had not been one pound of sugar in our house for more than a year.

The first year we lived here, we could not get our houses finished, that is to say, the roof on until cold weather had set in, and I had no lumber to put in a floor nor a door or window, and the adobes were not plastered, just the walls thrown up, and it was so cold in the house that the chickens we had brought inside to save them froze to death. We were very short of bed clothes and had nothing to put at the door or window, and we sometimes slept very cold. That winter we dug cedar stumps to haul to Ogden to get our blacksmithing done. We dug and hauled eleven cords and sold them for eleven dollars per cord for charcoal. In return we got two plows and a set of harrow teeth for which we paid seventy-five dollars per plow, and twenty cents per pound for the harrow teeth. I am telling this to show how dear things were. Sugar was worth sixty-five cents per pound, nails about the same, factory wool from one dollar to one twenty-five per yard. The land also that we settled upon would grow the fruit trees in the summer, but they would freeze down in the winter. In fact, there was frost almost every month of the year. But the blessings of the Lord were with us.

trade or exchange with them for theirs that were poor and footsore, and by this means we would get a few necessities that we needed. This year our son James R. was born on December 20, 1859. Our second son Robert, who died afterwards, fell very sick of fever and lay almost all winter. We were all at home during this winter except my brother Robert, and he came home early in the spring. He had been living at American Fork with *John Murser*.

THE DANIEL McLEANS COME TO UTAH

The next spring there was a call for teams to go to the Missouri River after the Saints. When my brother William was called, and as my brother James had drawn off to a farm by himself, I was left with my brother Robert to attend all the affairs of my father and my brother William. I also took a contract to deliver a large quantity of lumber for Captain Hooper to his herd house where the settlement of Hooper now is, and I had to work very hard to grow my crops and get the lumber out of the canyon and through the sawmills, stopping in the summer. Robert was kept hauling at harvest time, and I had to do most of the harvesting myself. I worked until I took sick with putrid sore throat which came very near using me up and from which I never fully recovered. When my brother William came home in the fall I gave him an equal portion of what we raised. This fall also, my old friend *Daniel McLean* came in. When I heard of his coming, I took my team and went to Salt Lake City to meet him, and when I got to within a hundred yards of their camp, I knew his voice. They came home with me, he, his wife *Eliza*, two daughters, *Agnes* and *Margaret*, and one son, *Hugh*. They stayed with us until they got a place of their own. A year or two afterward, Daniel took a trembling of his limbs like palsy, and it so affected him that it left him unfit for any labor afterwards. His oldest daughter *Agnes* married *Charles Tracy*, and his youngest daughter married *Charles Hogge*. The next year the field known as the Dixie field was fenced by a company of the brethren, which was the opening of the bench lands of all this section of the country. My brother William took part in it. I am mistaken — it was in 1863 that this field was taken up. It was in the year 1860 that Abraham Lincoln was elected President by the Republican party. This was the inauguration of the Civil War. I will here make a record of my own family.

THE FAMILY

I was married to my first wife, *Isabella Mitchell*, on August 3, 1854, and was sealed at the altar of the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on December 4, 1862. Our eldest child was born January 25, 1856, died on the 26th of August, 1856. Our next child was born on January 2, 1858, and died on December 13, 1862. The first son was named *William* and the second son was named *Robert*. Our third, *James*, was born December 20, 1859. Our fourth, *Charles Blair*, born April 8, 1862. Our fifth, and oldest daughter, *Isabella*,

an event was to take place, but how it was to be brought about I could not tell.

This minister intimated that they were to be at this place three times on the Sabbath. When the Sabbath came, I was afraid that I would be committing a sin by going to any new sect and not knowing anything about them. In the forenoon, I went to a meeting of my religion in Infirmary Street. But I did not find the satisfaction that I used to have. In the afternoon, I went back to hear this new people. The sacrament was dispensed and then *William Gibson* preached unto us. They had placards through the town again, showing that the lecture was to be delivered on the necessity of apostles and prophets in our own day and age. I went back in the evening to hear it. He showed us the ancient order of the Church, referring us to the 12th chapter of 1 Corinthians and the 4th chapter of Ephesians. He then showed us the order of the Church as it did exist with its 12 apostles, prophets, evangelists, and all holding their different offices, and possessing their different gifts of the Spirit. He showed us that Peter stood at the head of the Church and held the keys of the Kingdom to bind and loose on earth as it was to be bound and loosed in heaven.

Gibson referred us to the case of *Cornelius*. The angel came to him and as good a man as he was, yet the angel did not tell him what to do to be saved, but only told him where to send for the man who could and had authority to tell him. Peter is the first one that is mentioned in the opening of the door to the Gentiles, and standing up with the eleven to preach the Gospel after the ascension of Christ. After showing us that the order of the Church and Kingdom of Christ was as organized by Christ himself, he showed us how long this order was to be continued, by referring us to the 4th chapter of Ephesians, 13th verse. It was until we all come to the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God. While he was laying before us the order of the Church of Christ, he laid my church to the ground. I saw clearly that my church was not according to the pattern set forth by Jesus Christ and His apostles.

I said to myself, "If such a Church is in existence as he shows us, I shall not be long in being in connection of such." Before the meeting dismissed, he said if there were any who wanted initiation into the Church, that was now organized on the earth again, they were their servants at any time; or if any wanted to inquire further into their principles, to stay after the meeting was dismissed, and they would be willing to converse with us.

The people rose and went out, all of them which astonished me much, for I was so taken with the truths that I was desirous to know more of them. I did rise and made to go out, but lingered about the door. Then, he said, "Don't go away." I and my brother sat down and waited a little. In a few minutes he came around and said, "Well, what do you think of our strange principles?" We said, "We did not think them strange." After conversing some time in

the hall, we had an opportunity of conversing with him alone. I put some questions to him which troubled my mind very much. "What has become of all our forefathers who have done so much and even shed their blood for the cause that they held so dear?" He then asked me a question. "What would you do with all the heathens that have never heard of the name of Jesus? Would you send them all to hell?" "Well," I said, "I could not send them to heaven for there was no other name given among men whereby they could be saved, but Jesus Christ." "No," he said "He would not be so, in like manner, with our forefathers. Sin is the transgression of law, but where there is no law given, nothing required. They will be judged by the light they live under."

After conversing with him that night, we appointed to meet him next day in the house of John Anderson in Leith, which we did. When I did as he desired me to do, brought up all the arguments I could against them, it had no effect for such a flood of light had sprung into my mind that I could not resist the truth. The arguments that I tried to bring up, I saw before I mentioned them that they were no arguments at all.

Many things he told me were like balm to my troubled soul, concerning my forefathers, such as that ordinance that is mentioned in 1 Cor. 15:29. One thing troubled me very much. Was it possible to be in Christ at one time and fall away? I could not bear the idea of such. I was willing to lay aside all my firm righteousness and begin anew again. I thought I was on the way before, although, now I had found I had been building on a sandy foundation. Yet I thought it would be awful to be in Christ and continue for awhile and then at last be cast away. Then again, I reasoned, what am I, it is truth, I see it to be truth and will not my believing it make it error? We appointed to go forward that night and be baptized. First George and then I were baptized in the Sea at Portobello near Edinburgh by John Anderson. As I went forward to be baptized, I saw that although I had prayed that my sins might be forgiven, yet I had not certain knowledge that they were. I had done the best I could and many a time had the answer of a good conscience. Now I saw the way to get my sins remitted. All my former righteousness was as nothing to me. I was most willing to be baptized, believing I was to have my sins remitted by obeying that ordinance.

When he asked me if I were willing to enter into covenant with God and to keep His commandments in as far as they should be made known unto me, my whole soul replied, "I am." As he laid me below the water, I think it was the happiest moment that ever I had had in all my life.

As we had no employment in Edinburgh, it was our intention to try and make our way back to Aberdeen. We planned to leave on Wednesday, July 14th. This was the 12th of July 1847 that I was baptized. I was confirmed by the waterside the same evening

if we could find any place that we could buy. We stayed all night with Brother Samuel Glasgow. While there, he told us about Captain James Brown having a tract of land over the river that he would sell. So in the morning, we called on him and arranged for what land we wanted. We returned to Plain City and moved our wagons and cattle back to the south side of the river.

There were also some more of the brethren bought land from Captain Brown. Their names were *John Douglas, John I. Hart, James Stone, John Britton, Hans D. Peterson and Erasmus Christianson*. We concluded we would go right to work and commence plowing and putting in some grain. I will say here that if it could have been seen by us, the time of labor we had to pass through before we got any water to our lands, I don't think we would have had faith enough to commence the work, but after we once started it, we were determined not to give up, so the labor of years commenced. There were two other brethren who settled with us that year, but not in the same place. They did not help us in our labors for a year or two, in fact there were several who for years we could not depend upon to help us. They would help us when they felt like it and when they did not we had the few of us to struggle on alone. After we got in what crops we could, my brother James started for American Fork to fetch Father and Mother. That was in the month of May. We camped in our wagons all summer and on into the winter, for we had our crops to put in and water ditches to make, both on the land and to it, for while the river was up we took out some water from a slough and watered some of our wheat. Then we turned our attention to getting houses to live in for the winter.

We got one of our houses finished so we could go into it before very cold weather. When I say finished, I mean the walls were up and the roof on but there was nothing else, no floor, door or windows. On November 18, 1859, my sister Janet died through the exposure. She took inflammation in the side. It was a great trial to my mother, and she never quit lamenting for her girl. My sister was about twelve years old when she died and was buried in Ogden. We labored all that winter on our water ditch, and we suffered much from the cold, for it was a very severe winter and we had not many bed clothes. The wind blew through our houses, but we never felt to grumble or complain. I will here state that although my father and mother were getting old, I never heard them complain.

We had no organization yet, but we would sometimes hold meetings in *John Hart's* household, and I think shortly after this Brother *William Kay* was appointed to preside. He lived near Ogden, what we called "over the ridge." In the Church organization we were united. So we labored on all that winter and next spring we were joined by two more brethren who gave us good aid. Their names were *Ambrose Greenwell* and *James Ririe*. We did not raise much grain this year. This was the year a great many emigrants were traveling to California, and as we had a good many cattle, we would

and were determined to a man to do as we were told by God's servants. Therefore, the people all north of American Fork moved south, and although I did not need to move, I helped some of my brethren from Salt Lake City and my house was ever open to my brethren.

TO WEBER VALLEY

The fall our soldiers came in we worked very hard, striving to make a little to help ourselves with, my brothers and I. We went over to Camp Floyd where the army was camped and made adobes for them to build their barracks with and we earned considerable money, all of which we spent in buying teams for ourselves. In the spring of '59 we had six yoke of cattle, two new wagons, two cows and some sheep and young stock, with plows and things to make a start. We had built houses for ourselves that fall, or rather winter, as it was a very mild winter, and just as we were beginning to move into them, we were destined to move again. There were some of the brethren in our neighboring settlement of Lehi that heard of some land upon the Weber River that was capable of being made into a good settlement by getting out the water on it, and some of them came over to American Fork and invited us to go and as we had not much land where we were, we concluded to go. This was in the spring of 1859 so we sold our houses and what land we had and started on the 10th of March, leaving my father and mother until we should get settled.

The weather seemed settled when we started, but as there was a good deal of snow in Salt Lake Valley we made rather poor progress, for we had our women and children with us. Also traveling with us were *James and Thomas Crookston* and their teams, and *Thomas Adamson and wife* and his team. We did not make more than nine or ten miles per day and suffered considerably from the inclemency of the weather, for we were not well provided with clothing for our persons or our beds. We were caught in a very severe snow storm on the sand ridge between Kaysville and Ogden. We unhitched our cattle and let them shift for themselves. We had to get into our wagons and do the same. We stayed in all day and all night without anything to eat, for we could not get out to make any fire to cook anything. Next morning when we got out to hunt for our cattle, they were nowhere around, but we were very lucky to find all of ours. The other brethren who were with us never found some of theirs. We then started and traveled to the Weber River where we stayed some eight days to let our cattle rest where there was good feed and where we could get wood to make fires to keep us warm at night and to cook with. While here, we went down to the river and cut stakes to fence with, and then we moved to the north side of the river and commenced work on our lots. After we had been there a few days, we found there was a contention and strife about who would preside, and we did not like it. We concluded we had better find some other place, so my brother William and I started out for Ogden to see

by Robert Menzie, elder and president of the Edinburgh Branch. In my confirmation he told me I would yet be sent to another portion of the world to roll on the work of God there. On the morrow, my brother went to a place where he had the promise of getting employment. He accordingly got a situation that night, which caused us to stop and not move from Edinburgh. On the following Friday, I got work with a Mr. Taylor, a grocer and wine merchant in Edinburgh, as a light porter.

I continued in the same situation and in the same Branch of the Church that was in Leith. I knew I was in the true Church of God and my soul was rejoiced in knowing the truth for myself. I then wrote home to my people and acquaintances. So delighted with the truth was I that I thought I had nothing to do but just tell them of it and they would be as happy as I. To my great disappointment, I found they treated it with contempt and did not answer my letter at all. Some of them did later, and told me it was "the worst of the worst I had joined." This astonished me much, knowing it could be but little or nothing that they knew about it. Some of them went to my old minister and took my letters with them. He generously told them not to mind me, for if it were of man it would come to nought, but if it were of God it would prosper.

I had also one sister nearly seventy miles from us. When we wrote to her, she was sorry for us and came to see us. I had my mind made up that she would be one with us, but alas, I was disappointed to find her opposed and so unwilling to receive the truth. She continued some time with us but I was obliged to let her go without making much impression on her. For my own part it continued to expand. The more opposition I met with the more convinced I became that it was the work of God. When conversing with people, the Spirit of God wrought mightily in me, in bringing things to my remembrance and throwing light on the future. The first conference I was at, was held in No. 2 Drummond Street, Edinburgh. It was held about the end of September. Orson Spencer favored us with his company. We had a happy time of it. The next was held in the same place about the end of December. I think I never was so happy in all my life.

I would mention about Brother Wheelock, who testified of the truth of the Latter-day Prophet. Said he, "I had the honor to go, yes the honor to go to the prison with him. I heard him say how long it would be ere the Messiah would come. 'Yes,' said he, 'but I am not to tell you, however, there are some here who may not be old people when it takes place.'" About the month of January 1848, my brother, George Ririe, left Edinburgh for Aberdeen. Before he left he was ordained to the office of an elder and commissioned to build up a branch in Aberdeen. As we did not succeed in Leith, the Leith Branch was united to the Edinburgh Branch. Shortly after we were united to the Edinburgh Branch, I was in the meeting one Sabbath afternoon, when a Brother stood up to bear testimony. He

spoke in an unknown tongue. I had never heard the like before. I sat with a great solemnity on me. He stood up and said, "Be it known unto all that God hath raised up His Church." When the Tongue ceased, the interpretation came in quick succession. When he came to the end of it, he stood a few seconds and then sat down.

Sometime after my brother was in Aberdeen, he got a situation for me. Although not one of the best, yet I hoped to be of some use to someone in bringing them into the Gospel of Jesus. On the 19th of March 1848 our Conference was held in No. 2 Drummond Street. I was ordained elder by Elder William Gibson, President of the Edinburgh Conference. We enjoyed a happy time of it.

I had a very good situation in Edinburgh with Mr. Taylor. It was the best situation I had ever had and the best pay, so that I was saving money. However, being asked to go to Aberdeen to assist in getting the Gospel introduced there, I left. They were very unwilling to part with me, as I had given them great satisfaction. They told me that if I did not succeed, to let them know and Mr. Taylor would give me my place again. Said Mrs. Taylor, "You know, Mr. Taylor has a very peculiar temper and he never had one that suited him as you have done." I then left Aberdeen the same night and having received the address of a family in the Church went in search of them on Wednesday and found them.

At Aberdeen I commenced storekeeping with my brother George. But my ways and his in running business were not the same, so in May I hired to Mr. Eddie again to work for him for a year. Mr. Eddie found I had learned something of storekeeping so he took a store and put me in as salesman which I ran for fifteen months. The month of April passed away ere we got ourselves organized into any sort of meetings. At last we got up a little meeting in our house. It was a little garret room at 19 Chapel Street, Aberdeen. Here, I first opened my mouth to preach in a meeting, yet it was a very small group. There were only four and myself, yet I felt the Spirit of God bringing things to my remembrance, although nothing was thought on before what I should say. We kept up the meetings in the same place, twice on the Sabbath. In the afternoon, we met in the house of John Henderson until the month of June was about done. Then we moved to a sister's house of the name of Ann Davidson. By this time, we had five or six baptized. On July 23 we opened a small hall in Castle Street. We were not long in our hall, when one Sabbath evening one of the name of Mower opposed the truth by making a noise and speaking at the end of the meetings. However, our own people became more confirmed in the truth.

During the summer, I, along with Elder John Henderson, went out to a village about three miles out and preached to the people in the open air. We got very attentive meetings, with the exception of two or three fellows who tried to oppose the truth. They would not receive, yet could not resist. About the 9th of September, Elder Hugh Findlay came to us. He was with us on Sabbath, the 10th.

my brothers may have had, I should know them best, and I record it for my children that they were good, true men and are today men who despise mean things and their whole desire is to do good.

We labored on in American Fork all that year and until the spring of 1859 before we moved from American Fork. We had another boy born to us on January 2, 1858, and we named him Robert. In the spring or summer of '57, we first heard that our enemies were again on our tracks, and that there was an army about to start, or had started, from the Missouri River bent on our destruction, just ten years from the time we had as a people come here. President Young said when he heard the news, "We do not ask any odds of them. The Lord will not let them hurt us." I should state that the people were almost destitute for many of the necessities of life, such as clothing, thread, shoes, in fact, everything for a family, and iron for the making of plows and harrows and to mend our wagons and shoe our horses. We had no nails and when there were any, they sold for sixty-five cents a pound.

The soldiers had no earthly excuse for coming against us except that some current men the government sent as judges had gone back and told a bundle of lies about us. So we had to stand in our own defense. The first local companies that were sent my brother William was in, and after awhile other companies were needed. When there were volunteers called for, my brother James and I both volunteered to go, but the bishop did not think my father was able to take care of the crop, and I was told to stay. This was in the fall of 1857. They were out in the mountains until nearly Christmas, and history will tell with what success, for the Lord our God was with us and we were preserved from the power of our enemies. The territory was put under martial law because there were a great many among us then that if they had had the power would have helped our enemies destroy us. We turned out to drill in every direction and were called upon to do military duty all over the territory, and I for one was glad to have the chance to stand up in defense of the rights of myself and family and the people of the Lord. My brother William went out with the first company from the south; my brother James did not go until some time after. We were very destitute for clothing at this time. I don't think my brother William had a coat to his name, nor hardly a shoe to his foot when he started for the mountains.

Suffice to say about this army that was coming to destroy us all, God overruled it so that instead of them being a curse to us as they intended, they were the means in God's hands of being a great blessing. As I have said before, they brought in almost everything we needed and almost gave them to us at our own price, and the fall that my brothers went out in the mountains to keep them back, we had but very little, and the spring after they had come in, we had gathered a good deal of property. The people in the north were commanded to move south, for it was the determination of the people that if they had to give up their homes, it would be as we found them, a howling wilderness, and we got boxes to carry our flour in,

and my brother Robert, although he was only a little fellow, went to one of the neighbors and herded sheep, so we were all doing something except my sister Janet. My father and mother being full of industry were doing all they could, so we all commenced to help ourselves and to build up the Kingdom. In the spring while we were yet in the city, my father rented a piece of land and put in some wheat and potatoes, expecting us boys to come home in the fall, so after working with John Sharp all winter and next summer, my brother James and I went home to Father in September 1856, William stopping sometime longer after his term expired with John Sharp, as he could get more wages then to work for some clothing as we were very naked for clothing.

In American Fork we made adobes and received corn and a cow for our pay. We worked at that until frost set in and then we worked in the canyon getting wood and selling it. Thus we struggled on but always keeping together as a family. The first handcart company came in this season, and some of them were too late in starting and got caught in the storms in the mountains. There were companies called from all the settlements and American Fork furnished her quota. My brother James went out to help bring them in. The emigrants suffered terribly from fatigue and the inclemency of the weather.

Our first boy was born January 25, 1856, before we left Salt Lake City, and died on August 26th of the same year, being seven months and a day old. We felt it very hard. I should have told this — his name was William after my father. My brother James married a young woman named *Hannah Bovick* from Dundee, Scotland. They married before we moved to American Fork in 1856. Their first child was born in the spring after we moved to American Fork on January 18, 1857, and was named Elizabeth.

The next spring we rented Brother Thomas Crook's farm, and by working at whatever came along we did very well and all lived as a family with my father as head. The houses we had bought were too small for us all; therefore, I rented a small one for the next winter. That summer there was some land laying outside of the fort and the bishop said that the brethren might have lots, so we got four lots, that is, four acres, but they were all covered with oak brush. We set to work with all our might and in less than two years we had them all cleared. We worked at them as we could, for we had everything that we needed to work for. We brought a load of wood to the owner for the use of his team. We also about this time bought a piece of land, ten acres in one piece and two and one-half in another, and paid for it in labor, for we were rich in that. We also commenced to make preparations for building houses for ourselves. We built for Father and Mother first, and then James and I commenced to build a house apiece for ourselves. Here let me record a word of praise to my brother William. Although he was not married, he worked with the same faithfulness as any of us, and was just as well pleased to see us getting houses as if they had been his own. Whatever faults

On the following day, we took the old Union Hall and on Wednesday the 13th, he commenced lecturing in it. It was generally three nights each week and on Sabbath until about the 20th of October 1848.

During the lectures many opposed and continued asking questions until between eleven and twelve o'clock. Lectures commenced at eight. Brother Findlay, seeing the lateness and disturbance it made, would not enter into discussion with them except they would appoint an individual and a night for the purpose. When he would not answer the questions, they made an awful noise. They started breaking the seats, pulling them and dancing on them at an awful rate. They pulled down one of the chandeliers, making manifest what sort of spirits they were. Yet we baptized five or six during what time we were with them. Mostly through the exhortation and preaching of Brother Hugh Findlay, we had succeeded in getting a branch of The Church of Latter-day Saints organized with near one hundred members.

About that time I went to old Aberdeen and delivered tracts among the people and preached to them on the street. We were desirous of getting a house to hold meetings in. A brother of the name of Alex Melvine asked an acquaintance of his, if he would give us his house for that purpose. He was willing. As we were conversing about the principles on a Sabbath forenoon, one of his daughters came in. We continued to lay the principles before them and I felt by the Spirit that there were some of them receiving them. She promised to come to the meeting that night. But ere we left the house her other sister was not willing for a meeting being in the house, so we did not get a meeting in it.

Toward the end of January 1849 Brother Alex Melvine, his wife and child, and Ann Davidson emigrated to the land of Zion. They left Aberdeen about the middle of January. We had a happy time of it. We had Brother Findlay and Brother Matheson with us. Brother Matheson was on his way North to offer the Gospel to the people in that region. We took our farewell of them at the shore of Aberdeen, on board the steamer. Shortly after they left, something came in the way that stumbled some of those in the Church, such as the diagram of the Kingdom of God and some teachings that they had not been accustomed to. They would not believe them. There were some who stumbled so, that they were desirous of being cut from the Church. This caused great grief among us. The work of God ceased to roll on among us for a time. Even those who did stay got into a misunderstanding with each other, and there was a lack of that love and confidence which ought to exist among the people of God.

In the spring, the first or second Sabbath of April, as Brother Findlay proposed, I was re-baptized. Several more of the brethren and sisters followed the example. When Brother Findlay left us, Brother David Cook was sent unto us, yet we made little progress in adding to the Church. I had assisted in preaching in and around Aberdeen. Brother Findlay and President William Gibson wanted me to go out

as a missionary. But I could not go until my engagement was out with Mr. Eddie. At the turn of Whitsunday, I would not re-engage with Mr. Eddie. He coaxed me very hard but I would not make a year's engagement. He raised my wages three fold and over, but I would only stay by the month. Our hall rent was behind. I had to give over one-third of my six months' wages to help to clear that. I also had to keep a room for the traveling elders. All other rooms, because of the apostacy, were shut off from them.

I stayed with Mr. Eddie until one day Brother Cook, our presiding elder, called at my store for the use of a pen and ink to address a letter. I may here say that by this time, many were much opposed to Mormonism and Mr. Eddie among the rest. Particularly a William Gragehead, that kept store next door to me, was opposed. It was the same kind of a store and Mr. Eddie furnished him with stuff. Mr. Eddie was in his store for his pay that day that Brother Cook called on me. Said Mr. Gragehead to Mr. Eddie, "There goes their preacher into your store." Mr. Gragehead had another fault about me than Mormonism. I had got a great deal bigger run for the same kind of goods than he, although he had been there longer. Nearly all the Latter-day Saints bought from me.

That day, Mr. Eddie came in and very roughly asked Brother Cook what he wanted in there. Said Brother Cook, "Nothing, only the loan of a pen to address a letter." Said Mr. Eddie, "Go out of here Sir, and don't come and interfere with my servant again."

That night, I handed in my warning in writing that I would leave in one month from then, on August 18, 1849. On the day after I gave in my warning, my master and I had some words about the affair. He would not believe in the Power of God. He said people who believed, were the lowest of character. I said we were no worse than the people of God in all ages. As regard to character, I would try their character and mine along side of his any day. I would also try the principles of the Church along with the principles of his church, judging them by an infallible standard, namely the Bible. Mr. and especially Mrs. Eddie were much vexed at my leaving. They did all they could to get me to stay, but I said "No." I learned later that Mr. Gragehead gave up his store and hired to Mr. Eddie to keep his but the two stores had not as many customers as I had had for Mr. Eddie.

THE MISSIONARY

On Sabbath, the 22nd of July, Brother Henderson and I went out to the street to preach. We stood up on Denburn, the side near the Infirmary. After I had preached awhile, Brother Henderson preached. Toward the end, he was interrupted by some fellows who believed in the originalism on little children sufficient to damn them. After Brother Henderson had finished, one, a Baptist, stood and started something. He asked to see miracles or produce two or three witnesses out of the Church who had seen them. He said the servants

SALT LAKE VALLEY

We arrived in the Valley on September 25, 1855, almost worn out but we were full of hope and full of the spirit of our Holy religion. In coming across the plains we had two of the sisters shot, and both died. The one was shot through the carelessness of a young man in handling a gun around camp while a band of Indians were around. Her name was *Palmer*. The other was shot when her husband, who had been hunting, brought in his gun and threw it down on the bed in the wagon, and when she went to make the bed she pulled the gun out by the barrel, and it went off. The shot lodged in her shoulder.

We did not expect to see anyone we had been acquainted with, but Brother John Bowen was looking out for us, and took us to his house and treated us with great kindness. We stayed several days with him. I went to work for a man named Alexander Wright, but as I thought he wanted to impose upon me I left him and went to work for John Sharp in quarrying and making a canal for the Church. I worked for him one year for the sum of \$150.00 and our board, but as I was married he paid me double or \$300.00 and board for myself and wife. During the winter and spring we suffered considerably for want of food as there was not much in the country. The grasshoppers ate up almost everything the summer previous. My wife especially suffered as she was then carrying her first child and could not eat everything that came along, as I could. There were weeks she hardly ever tasted bread. I must say that through it all we were greatly blessed by the Lord for I never felt like complaining, and the spirit of the Lord bore me up and I felt to rejoice that I was gathered among the people of God and had the privilege to help to build up Zion in the last days.

There was a man, a neighbor from almost the same place in Scotland that we were from, I will not tell his name, who got to grumbling and complaining. He had more to eat than we had and did very little work. He never quit grumbling, but apostatized and took his whole family out of the Church. My brothers and I, out of our small wages, saved enough to buy us a new wagon and yoke of steer calves. The population of Salt Lake City was then about four or five thousand. The house where I lived was in the Twentieth Ward of the city. There were only a few houses, and women and children would come up there from the lower wards of the city in the spring to dig segos and eat them. There was also a thistle that grew in the lower parts of the city that we used to dig the roots and boil to eat.

TO AMERICAN FORK

My father and mother moved down after we came in to American Fork, a small town in Utah County where Brother Crooks lived and some others of our old acquaintances. My father rented a little log house where he could make a nucleus to gather his family around him again. My sister Mary Ann hired out to one of the neighbors,

tain of the *Helious*, we did not get the provisions that were provided for us, and the consequence was that before we got half over the sea our provisions began to run short, and we had rather a hard time. Needless to say, we were greatly blessed of the Lord in our journey and arrived all safe in New Orleans on March 5, 1855, and from here we took a steamer to St. Louis up the Mississippi River. We were eleven days on the river between New Orleans and St. Louis. We stayed here some eight days and met some of our old friends who were very kind. I will just mention some of their names. Foremost among them was *Alexander Dow*, who has since come to Utah, apostatized and gone back. *James* and *Thomas Adamson* from the Boreland who were very kind. James never came to Utah, but Thomas gathered that same year and is now a faithful man of God. From St. Louis we took a steamboat for Atcheson, Kansas. We were nine days on this journey. There were then but few inhabitants in this part of the west — only three houses in the town. We moved out some six miles from the river and took up a section of land. That is to say, the brethren who were in charge of the emigration for that year, and we emigrants commenced to build houses, fence and plow the land.

We stayed here until July 2nd when we organized into a company with *Richard Ballantyne* as captain. While we were camped here cholera broke out in the camp, but through the blessings of the Lord not many died. There were eleven persons to each wagon to travel across the plains, and there being nine of our own family there were only two other persons traveling in our wagon. The cattle and wagons belonged to the P Emigrating Company and the emigrants paid so much for their use. Our wagon contained my father and mother, myself and wife, I being the only married one at the time, my brothers *James*, *William* and *Robert* and sisters *Mary Ann* and *Janet*, a young woman named *Jane Pilkinstin* and a motherless girl named *Eliza Pinder*. Our traveling from the Missouri River with the exception of the wagon tracks that former companies had made, was a trackless desert. We saw the first herd of buffalo the second day after we started, and if I remember right, killed one the third day. We would average about fifteen miles per day, and we saw herds of buffalo and deer almost every day, and when we got on the Platte River the whole country seemed alive with them. We killed what we wanted for use but never wantonly destroyed any. Our journey across the plains and through the mountains was very laborious and wearying, and I have many times thought there was no comparison between us and ancient Israel, for with them the Lord preserved their shoes and clothes, but with us when we arrived in the valley of Salt Lake most of our clothes were worn out and our shoes worn off our feet.

of God attested their mission by the miracles they wrought. Some called for proof and living witnesses. He said he took the testimony of God for it. The scriptures were the superiority of all truth. He said also that the scriptures were completed and no more to be added. Turning around to one, he said, "Whosoever shall add to the word of that Book, God shall add to him the plagues that are written therein." After this man had finished speaking, Brother Cook said as it was too late to enter upon a lecture tonight, he would deliver a lecture on the morrow night at the same place and on the points the Baptist had touched on. The night following, it rained. But on Tuesday night, he delivered a lecture in the said place. He was interrupted by one of the name of Peter Bird, who had interrupted Brother Henderson the Sabbath before. He wanted to see a miracle. Brother Cook got on with his lecture without much interruption. But so mean was the crowd. Some were on our side. Others were against us. We finally left them in their own confusion to make the best of it.

August 1849 I left my situation to go out to preach the Gospel. On Sunday the 19th I preached in the forenoon to the Saints in Aberdeen. Tuesday the 21st I went and got settled. On the 30th of October, 1849, I was ordained an elder by President *William Gibson*, assisted by Brother *Hugh Findlay*. We went to *Forfar*, *Brechin* and *Montrose*. We got a hall to preach in in *Montrose*. I had taken a few shillings with me, but ere that two weeks were past, we had to sleep by the side of a straw stack and pick wild berries from the woods, and steal at night, green horse beans from the fields for our food. I was then sent to the *Blairgowrie* District. It was about 30 miles by 15 miles. In *Blairgowrie*, there were three members, a man and his wife and a single man. Nine miles from there at *Glenniey*, there were four or five members. I succeeded in baptizing twelve or thirteen, which added to those already there, and made a Branch of about twenty members.

I will relate one conversion. I had left tracts at a house and as I went to lift them and leave others, if wanted, the lady of the house came to the door in answer to my knock. Said she, "The minister is here, but come in." I did so. The minister, a Mr. Herdsman, was there praying. When he was done, the master of the house introduced me as one of his (the minister's) brethren, a missionary. The minister asked me first thing what denomination I belonged to. I told him The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He invited me to call on him at his manse of the *Rattray* Parish, which I did in a few days. He had read the books and I believe from what he said, believed some of the doctrines to be true. He asked me what I thought they would do with him if he joined. "Oh," said I, "I don't know, but they might make an elder of you and send you out to preach the same as they have done by me." He then asked me what salary I had. "Oh," I said, "we have no salary. We are just sent as Jesus sent His disciples of old, without purse or scrip. We depend on those we go among for our food and raiment." Said he, "That would never do

with me, I have a large family dependent on me for a living." He was the minister of the Ratray Parish. Other subjects we also discussed. After the interview I delivered all the tracts I had with me. He, though, gave in to several of our principles being right. He also asked a great number of questions about my own history and about the gathering, which I answered him according to my knowledge. Also asked how I came to know that it was the work of God.

I left Kirkinch quite early one morning because I had a big day's work before me in lifting and distributing tracts. I had a long way to travel before I would get to the next lodging house where I could stop. It was Kirriemuir, a town of between three and four thousand inhabitants. I had no friends there, never having been able to get a place to preach in, but some had received my tracts to read. I had sixpence in my pocket, I counted on supper, breakfast and fourpence for my bed. When I got to the house where I used to lodge for fourpence, they were full. As there was snow on the ground, I could not well sleep outdoors. I had to go to the next cheapest lodging-house for a bed, but that was sixpence so there was no supper nor breakfast. I was quite hungry, not having had anything from early breakfast at Mr. Ireland's. It took me to near noon to finish my tracting in Kirriemuir. Then I started for Brother Robertson's at Glenillery, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. On the way I got quite hungry and tired. I went into two or three houses on the roadside in purpose to ask for something to eat, but I never could ask. I could ask for a drink of water, because that was quite gentlemanly, but I never in all my travels could ask for bread. Why, a missionary preacher with good clothes on and to ask for bread. But at that time I do not think if I could have asked, I would not have been refused once. To increase my troubles, about half way the road forked, but as I had never been that road before, I took the wrong road and went four or five miles, ere I found my mistake, and had to go back as tired and hungry as I was. I met a man and he told me of a foot path and footbridge that crossed the river, so it was not so bad, as it led me to the right road. I got to the Robertson's just before supper time. How glad I was to see Elizabeth Edwards Robertson getting supper ready. Mrs. Robertson was a widow and not yet in the church. But her sons were, and they had instructed their mother how to treat the traveling elders when they came around, and she did. No elder had to ask for something to eat. On the 9th of October 1849 I baptized her. She had a small farm and a public house with large rooms in it. We got the use of it to preach in. Mrs. Robertson's lease of her place ran out at the next term and her sons were anxious for her not to renew the lease, but to sell out and go to the Valley of the Salt Lake. With some persuasion, she did and they started from Dundee on the first of January 1850 toward Salt Lake. They stopped at Council Bluffs for some time. She died there. The sons all went on finally to Utah. When the Robertson family went, it made quite a talk, for they were quite a respectable family. There was the mother,

got work at a place called the Beckmuir of Gilson. I stayed there about a year, and after the thing passed over, I got work at the same place. I then worked at home till the work was partly stopped by the metal striking fire, which they sometimes do. I have often seen it. If a large quantity of small coal was in a place and there happened to be a drop of water falling about it, it was almost sure to take fire.

ISABELLA

Well, I left Dyart work never to return again to it. There was a young woman who came to serve in a farm house of our neighbor. I courted her, and with me everything I did was in earnest, and bestowed my whole esteem on this girl. She had been raised in the school that I have already told about. She and I kept company for some two years or more. When I left Dyart, I went to Loshgelly to work, which is about nine miles west of where I was raised. I worked there over a year and went from there to Boness in Linlithgow Shire. I went home about once in six months. While I was in Boness, this girl played me false.

In attending the meetings in Boness, I there met a young woman who won my love, and we were married. None of her people were in the Church. She was brought into the Church through Sister Lucas whom she went to live beside. I will now give a short narrative of her life, because she is mine, being sealed to me by the power of the Holy Priesthood that has again been restored to man on the earth, and anything that pertains to her, I am deeply interested in, for she has always been true and faithful.

She was born March 5, 1837, at a place called Blyde. Her name is Isabella Mitchell; her father's name was William Mitchell, and her mother's name was Isabella Nimmo. We were married on August 3, 1854, in Boness, Linlithgow Shire, Scotland, by Elder William Heston, president of the Edinburgh Conference. We had nine children, seven sons and two daughters, and we have traveled life's rough path together so far, and she had always proven a helpmate in every deed, and has been a faithful Saint of God.

ZION, ZION

After I got married, I commenced the most eventful period of my life, for I, with all my father's family started to the gathering place of the people of God in Utah. We left Liverpool, or I should have said we were going to leave Liverpool on the ship *Helious*, but after we embarked and had been on board two nights during a storm she broke loose from her anchor in the river and ran aground, and the government officers would not let her go to sea until she had been inspected on the dry docks, so we were put ashore again, and had to stay one month. She was advertised to sail on December 20, 1854, but we didn't get to sail until sometime in January 1855. We then sailed on a ship called the *Charles Buck*, and as there was some dispute between our shipping agent, Franklin D. Richards and the cap-

he came as a bond to the Church for all my father's family. My father, before this time I have been telling about, was much thought of by his employers and all his fellow workmen for his intelligence and the integrity of his heart, but the moment he became a Latter-day Saint, the persecution commenced, and they tried to heap all manner of slander upon him, but the truth had taken such deep root in his mind, that he was as stable as the pillars of heaven. My mother was a superior woman, full of faith and good works. Duty first was always my mother's motto.

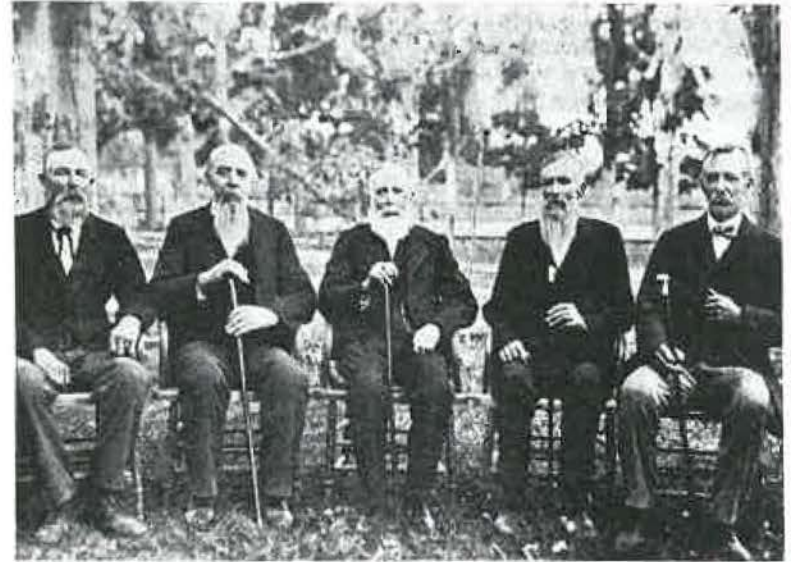
My father wanted me to learn a trade, and as he was not able to apprentice me to any trade that required money he sent me to a man to learn to be a shoemaker. The man was in the church in a village about half a mile from our house called Galltown. His name was George Manners. I apprenticed under him between one and two years, but never liked it. It was too confining, and nothing would do but I should go to the coal pit to drive one of their horses, so to the pit I went. I received for my pay one shilling per day which my mother thought was a great help to her.

Among my early associates was a boy named Robert Blythe. He was very straightforward in his ways when he was a boy, and as far as I ever knew him, when he grew to manhood. At the age of fourteen or fifteen, I left the driving of horses and went with a man by the name of Alexander Herd to learn to be a miner. He and his family were in the Church. After working with Brother Herd some-time, I could not say how long, I went to work with a young man named David Penman, son of John Penman. While working with him, I got myself into some trouble. I had a gun my Uncle Joseph Munroe gave me, and it was customary in the village where I was raised when anyone got married to go with them to the minister's (that is to say the boys of the village) with what guns and pistols they had and celebrate the occasion with a demonstration of that kind.

Well, with my gun I went to the wedding of a man named Alexander Nicholson, and while there some older boys and old offenders against the laws, for aught I know, persuaded me to go with them to a gentleman's grounds and kill some game. You must understand that where I was raised, and all over England, there are very strict game laws. They will not allow a man to shoot any game unless he has a government license and also a privilege from the owner of the land. I was only a lad not seventeen and when we got into a strip of timber, the game-keeper came over to us, but we managed to get away. However, I was suspected through one of the men who was there telling someone else, and the estate that we were on belonged to the same man that I worked for. When it got out that I had been there, the steward of his collieries sent for me and offered me a reward if I would tell who was there, but that would not work with me. My sense of honor was too high for that, and when he saw that I would not tell, he threatened me with the law, so next morning I got up early and started off about twenty miles from home and

six sons and a hired woman. The six sons were *James, William, Thomas, John, Alexander, and Charles.*

I got some good sized meetings after that in the neighborhood, with them going away to the Mormons in far off America. It made the people inquire. After they had gone, there were yet four or five Latter-day Saints left in the near neighborhood and some others interested, so I still went there.



Charles D. Robertson, John Robertson, William Robertson, James Robertson, Alex Robertson.

On Friday, January 4, 1850, we went to Edinburgh for the Conference. Brother Gibson was to leave for the Manchester Conference, and we got Brother Crandall Dunn as president of our conference. A good spirit prevailed and good prospects in general. Some 1,400 added since Brother Gibson got the presidency. May the Lord bless his future career. He was the first I ever heard preaching the Gospel. About eighty added since last conference.

On Friday May 17th I got a letter in the morning from Brother Findlay that Brother Erastus Snow, one of the twelve, was to be in Perth at half past twelve. I went and told the most of the Saints about it. Ordered bills to be printed for the opening of the hall. I met Brother Snow, Brother Dunn and Brother Findlay at the railway station. We enjoyed Brother Snow's company till one-half past three. He then went away to Glasgow.

I traveled, preached, distributed tracts from Perth to Glenilley from Dunkeld, to Kirriemuir. The 17th of April I was appointed to preside over the Perth Branch and continue traveling the above men-

tioned district as my wisdom might dictate. A Mr. James Cramb, who had joined the Church about a year before, had been very active in the Church, seemed to, or expected to be put to preside. When I, a partial stranger was called, he soon became dissatisfied and talked against the principles of Mormonism. He succeeded in getting quite a few of the Saints dissatisfied also. Some repented and some had to be cut off. It was quite a trial for me, but some of the Saints in Perth were very good to me. I would mention Brother and Sister Graham and family. I had a standing invitation to come to their place whenever I needed a meal. Also good to me were Brother and particularly Sister Sprunt, also Brothers Miller and Murdock. However, none of these had bed room. I got a bed at a Mrs. McDonald's who kept a lodging house. Although a staunch Catholic herself, her husband, son and daughter were members of our Church, but they were not at home. I used to pay her when I had it. Perhaps it would be sixpence or a shilling when I could. Money was not very plentiful. With me, I could not do as some did; ask for bread.

From Perth to Blairgowrie, one road was fifteen miles, but on this road there was a toll bridge for foot passengers. It cost me half a penny to cross. The other road to Blairgowrie was nineteen miles. I often had to go that road, four miles extra for the want of that half penny. As I was appointed to preside over the Perth Branch, I had to be there every Sunday the summer of 1850. From Perth to Dunkeld was twelve or fifteen miles. There were two roads to Blairgowrie, a lower and upper road. About the same distance, they were. On the lower road there was a big shed for the farmer's fuel. As the house was some distance off in the dark, no one could see me, and I used to make that shed my bedroom and walk off at daylight.

One time that I took the upper road, I came to a farm place. The cart shed fronted on to the road. In one of the carts was green hay cut for the horses' feed at the farm. When I saw that, I thought what a good bed. I got into the cart and covered up among the hay and was soon asleep. How long I slept, I know not, when one of the men that had been off to see his girl came home. He was going to feed his horses ere he went to bed. When he came to lift the hay, he gathered up my feet and legs which brought me into a sitting position. I do not know whether he or I was the most scared. However, after I got awake enough to make explanations, he said "I sleep alone and you can sleep with me, but don't make much noise, as I don't want the boys to hear when I come in." He took me to his chambers and I had a good bed and stayed until 5 a.m. when they got up to work, and I went on my way to Blairgowrie.

Thus I worked, until the forepart of September. Someone sent me word that the proprietor had threatened to take my furniture in Aberdeen for rent. I asked Brother Dunn for leave of absence for one Sunday to go get that fixed. I did not get to Aberdeen until Saturday night. When I got there, there was a letter from Brother Dunn, saying as Brother Andrew McFarland required help in Aberdeen, if I could get work to stay and help Brother McFarland. I

sion of sins in her old age, and rejoiced in the fullness of the Everlasting Gospel. She died two years afterward. This was about the time that things going on in the world first began to impress themselves upon my mind. I was then about ten years old. I can remember my father was always a very religious man, but was never satisfied with the religion of the world. He associated with a man by the name of Thomas Crooks, a man of sterling worth, and it seemed as though the Lord was preparing their minds for the Latter-day work. They had visited all the religious bodies they could hear of, nothing seemed to satisfy them until the Gospel came. Through the stir that the Gospel made among the people, my mind seemed as though it was just open to the world, and although a mere child, it sunk deep in my heart and the impressions then made never left me.

When I was between seven and eight years old, I got my left arm broken through a fall from a cart, but it soon was well. It had hardly healed when I ran my foot in the threshing machine and mangled it very badly, whereby I lost one of my little toes, and that had hardly healed when I had a cart run over my leg. It was a brewer's cart with a ton and a half on it, and the Lord preserved me for the work He had for me to do, or my leg would have been crushed. These things all happened before I was ten years old. I was very forward among my peers. If there was anything to be done that they shrank from, I was always on hand to carry it out, and got myself into trouble that way, but somehow or other I had always plenty of friends, young and old, and even those that I sometimes hurt, liked me for my daring. My mother's moral training came often to my aid, for I never in all mischief and fun was cruel or desired to hurt anyone. My religious training stuck close to me and helped me.

THE NEW CHURCH

The first elders of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who came around our parts I can very well remember. My father went to hear them, for the idea that an angel had again spoken from the heavens was something that made him wonder, but as I said before, my father seemed prepared for this thing, and he could not see why if angels appeared to men in olden times they should not do so now, and the reply he gave to George D. Watt when he told him in an interview after the meeting that he might have that knowledge by yielding to obedience to the first principles of the Gospel was "If you will only give me that knowledge, you may dip me in any mud hole you please, for I have been hunting for that knowledge all my life, and have been unable to find it." He went forth and was baptized on June 4, 1842, and commenced to preach the truths of the Gospel. I cannot tell the exact date of my mother's baptism, but it was shortly afterwards. My grandmother and I were both baptized one night, April 27, 1843.

About this time, my father's friend, Thomas Crooks, emigrated to Nauvoo. The reason I am telling this is because in after years,



Archibald McFarland



Isabell Mitchell

Aunt Ann, never married. She died in the year 1867 on November 2nd, in Lieth, Scotland, I believe. She was a good virtuous woman, but never obeyed the Gospel. My Aunt Mary, my mother's sister, was married to a man by the name of James Giggie, and had a large family, but I don't know what became of them. My Aunt Christene died young. My Aunt Janet was married to John Mitchell. She also had a large family. She had five sons and three daughters that I know of. One boy and a girl died young; two boys went to Australia, David and Alexander. Aunt Catherine married Joseph Munroe. Aunt Eliza married Thomas Pool and had a large family. Her oldest was raised with my Aunt Catherine, and her next daughter, Matilda, is my brother's wife. Aunt Eliza is the only one of my mother's family who obeyed the Gospel, and was persecuted by her husband's family because of her religion, but she lived and died a faithful Latter-day Saint. I never knew my Uncle Alexander or his family.

I will now continue the record of my father and mother, at least all I can think of, for at this time of writing I am in England and they are at home with the people of God in the Valley of the Mountains. My father was the seventh son of his mother, and his father died when he was fifteen or sixteen years old, and left Grandmother with a large family. One after another they died and left her with none but my father and my Aunt Ann, but they never left her nor forsook her, but provided for her and made her comfortable while she lived, for she lived to see the servants of the Lord bring the Everlasting Gospel and was ready and willing to yield obediently to the same, although she was 87 years when she went down into the waters of baptism, and was baptized for the remis-

then tried to get work, but it was an uncommon time of slackness of work. For seven weeks I tried without success. I had a hard time of it. There were but few Saints or friends where I could get a meal. I had no money. I was running in debt every night for my lodgings. I visited my friends until I thought I would wear my welcome out. I walked the streets in Aberdeen so that in passing the bakery shops, the smell of the bread made me sick.

I visited my old employer, Mr. Eddie, but knew better than to ask him for work, having offended him so in going off to preach. His son, William, told me after, that his mother and he had tried to get Mr. Eddie to get me a place. He said, "No, I will not. Just as soon as he gets money enough, he'll be off to Salt Lake." I had work ere William told me this. I said "Your father is quite correct, for as soon as I get money enough, that's my next move." I could have gone back to my old master, Mr. Taylor, in Edinburgh, but Brother Dunn wanted me to stay in Aberdeen and assist Brother McFarland in the Church.

At last, through the influence of Ann McKenzie, who used to attend the same prayer meeting that I did before I was a Mormon, got work at Sturd and Rolls Co. Combworks on Hutcheon Street, Aberdeen. My first two weeks' wages were four shillings and elevenpence. I got board at Lizzie Norvel's, but she charged me four shillings a week, so I was getting in debt. I then learned of a garret room to rent for ten shillings for six months. As the Saints in Aberdeen had redeemed my household things ere I got there, I thought I would rent this room. The rent had to be paid beforehand. I wrote to my sister Margret in England, if she would loan me a pound. She did, so I rented this room. I paid the ten shillings, paid my debts, got a shilling's worth of coal, some oatmeal, some molasses and started housekeeping. I had only two weeks' pay at the Comb works, as they kept ten day's laying in time, when they shut for repairs on engine and holidays. This was a great loss to me, having to learn the work and it was piece work. I made very small wages. I lived on oatmeal and molasses until I got more wages and then I treated myself to one cent's worth of skim milk a day. I thought if I could get by during the winter, I would get a place in May at my old work, but ere May came, I found I could make as much at the Comb Works, as at milling or storekeeping. There were about 700 hands worked at the Comb Works. There were all kinds of people. I was a target to some of them to shout at, when the work was dismissing on the street outside the Works. I would hear such as "There goes Joe Smith. There goes the Book of Mormon." I never let them know I heard them.

SOME DARK DAYS

In 1852 we got into a real bad state. The meetings were stiff. About April, Elder Andrew Ferguson was sent to travel and preside. A good many of us were rebaptized. By this time, the summer of 1852, I was making better wages at the Comb Works. Brother Ferguson stopped with me at nights and had one meal at least, or more,

with me daily. However, he got jealous of me because some of the Saints that I had been the means of bringing into the Church of a long acquaintance, came to me with their little troubles for counsel and not to him. He and I did not see eye to eye in government and especially in money matters. I had commenced to put money for my emigration in the Savings Bank. He did not approve of that way, and said anyone that has more confidence in the banks of the world, than in the Church is weak in the faith. Our disagreement came to a fracas one time when he called a council meeting at which he wanted a day's wages of each member of the Branch, if I remember right, to stereotype the Book of Mormon. There were several Saints out of employment at the time and some only getting a day or two of work at a time. I suggested a voluntary contribution. For myself, I could and would give two days' wages, but I did not think it would be right to make those pay who did not have it.

Brother Ferguson got mad and asked the rest of the council, one by one. He and four of us constituted the council. One would pay, the others were in debt and could not promise. He then said, "Brethren, do you know what you're doing? You're legislating for the 'Kingdom of God.'" He said he would put some questions to us in the name of the Lord and then said "I'll try Brother Ririe first. What do you believe concerning the authorities of the Church?" By this time I was quite vexed, say mad. I answered, "I believe there are good men in authority in the Church and also that there are some who give wrong judgment and unrighteous judgment." Said he, "Who is good?" I mentioned several. "Who is bad?" I told him some that I said I believed had not acted a straight-forward course in the decision of some cases. Said he, "That's not it. What do you believe about the Apostles?" Said I, "What do I know about the Apostles? I never saw but one, Erastus Snow. He's all right." He then moved that I be cut off the Church for believing that there is corrupt men in authority in the Church. Brother Brown seconded it and the three agreed. He also asked Brother Robb what he believed about corrupt men in the Church. Brother Robb answered "I'll not give you an answer to that question at all." He then moved that Brother Robb be cut off for believing similar as I did. I then told Elder Ferguson to keep a correct account of that transaction in their record book as I would appeal it to the authorities the first opportunity. Said he, "We can write what we please in that book."

Ferguson was removed from Aberdeen. A Brother William Bird was sent there. In the Fall of 1851, a Brother Hugh Gowans from Arbroath came to visit Aberdeen. He and I had had some acquaintances. He had heard of my great apostacy by Brother Ferguson, so he came to see me. When he went back to Dundee, he told the president my version of the story and that I had not apostatized from the principles of the Church at all.

From Brother Gowan's report to President McNaughton, he came to Aberdeen to see about it and reinstated me in the Church by

ARCHIBALD MCFARLAND

I was born on the 17th of December 1832 in the village of Sinclair Town in the parish of Dyart Fifeshire, Scotland. My father's name was William McFarland and my mother's name was Margaret McCormick. My father was twice married, my mother being his second wife; his first wife's name being Catherine Boyd. She bore my father two children. One died when he was quite young, and my other brother, whose name was Charles, enlisted in the British Army when he was eighteen and I was a boy of eight years. There was ten years difference in our ages. He went to India and died there in the year 1852. He was born on April 23, 1823.

My father's first wife was a widow when he married her. She had one daughter whose name was Elizabeth McDonald. She was born in 1818 and died when I was about fifteen years of age. She left three children, two girls and a boy. My father's father died before I knew him. . . . My grandfather and grandmother on my mother's side I never knew. Their names were James McCormick and Janet Mitchell. My grandfather on my father's side I never knew. My grandmother, my father's mother, lived with us, at least with my father, for many years. Her name was Mary Blair. My grandfather's name was Archibald McFarland. I was named for him. The first of my remembrance, we were living at a colliery village belonging to the Earl of Roslin. It was called Vereland and was about half a mile from where I was born. My father was working here, although he was not a miner, but was doing that work. I was put to school in the village very young, and among the first things I can remember is going to Edinburgh to see an aunt of mine, a sister of my father.

MY ANCESTORS

Before I go any farther, I should state what I know about my father's and mother's brothers and sisters. Grandfather McFarland had ten sons and one daughter. The oldest son enlisted in the British Army and they never knew what became of him. Most of the other brothers died young, at least when I came to know anything there was only my father and my aunt alive. My aunt's name was Ann. My Grandfather McCormick's family were mostly girls, six of them, and one boy. I am more particular about my mother's family because I was personally acquainted with them. I also believe them to have been of the house of Israel, and would all have obeyed the Gospel if they had had the chance. The family that I am from, on my father's side, were very proud of family honor and prided themselves in their good name, and in being men and women of virtue and honor. A great many legends of the family I got from my Grandmother McFarland. Her own family they knew nothing of, but the McFarlands are known a good way back. She used to sit at the fire in the winter nights and tell us boys about our forefathers with great pride. She had a good memory and was a very intelligent woman. I don't think any of my father's brothers were married, and his sister,

arrangement, however, precluded her obtaining much schooling. The family was converted to the Gospel in 1842 and left Dundee early in the spring of 1855. The father, mother and fifteen children came to Zion leaving one son, Alex, in Scotland.

Ann, a splendid singer, was tall and slender and not very strong. After reaching Utah, the family settled in Spanish Fork where Ann was married the same year, November 23, 1855, in Salt Lake City, Utah, to James Ririe. They lived at Springville two years where two children were born, Margret and James. She worked with her husband to help harvest the grain on a little rented farm, being frightened many times by Indians. They moved from one place to another to better themselves financially, saving a little to pay taxes and to provide extra provisions for winter. They kept a few sheep and sheared them, Ann making the wool into warm clothing for the family. During the time the grasshoppers were so bad she helped to drive them into the ditches where they were set afire.

Ann and James moved to North Ogden where the soil was good but the winters were bitter cold. They then moved to West Weber but because the land was so poor they were obliged to work very hard on their 80 acres. They later moved to Ogden Valley where they acquired a farm of 320 acres. The land here was better and they soon were able to build a small home, and though they had very little furniture, the house was always neat and clean. Having come west for the Gospel, they enjoyed going to meeting and attending to their church duties.

Ann Boyack Ririe, mother of twelve children, seven sons and five daughters, was most patient during her forty years as a victim of rheumatism. She died at Ogden, Utah, September 7, 1914.

A Sonnet To Pioneer Courage

*They stared at the horizon's boundary
And loaded up their wagons. Every man
And woman in the company knew the plan
That isolation should bring liberty,
That far out in the west they would be free
From mobs and rabble hords that over ran
Their quiet homes. They must be brave and span
The miles of torture they could all foresee.*

*But courage did not mean they had no fears
As they walked through the enmity of space
Toward the vast unknowns that were their goals,
Nor did it mean they did not shed their tears
When One-Who-Knew announced "This is the place!"
This was the final gauge to test their souls.*

—Winona F. Thomas

baptism. I was baptized and confirmed by him on the 23rd of January 1853. Before that he asked me if I would forgive Brother Ferguson for his conduct toward me. I said I would try. He said that was the easiest way of settling it. I had been often asked to join before then, but I said "No." I must first be fully reconciled to those who had to do with my cutting off.

By this time, I was making at the average of 11 shillings per week. I had commenced to save up to get away to the Valley. On the 24th of January 1852, I had put into the bank, two pounds and ten shillings as a commencement. I still continued to save all I could. On the 26th of January I agreed with President McNaughton to go to the Valley, and about the first of February 1852 gave President McNaughton 6 pounds to be my deposit money and to pay for my outfit on the plains in the *Ten Pound Company*.

Here I would like to say that I did quite wrong in opposing Elder Ferguson. He was my leader and I ought to let him collect the day's wages from each of the Saints, if he could. That was not my business. I did not learn till later that he did collect it, but that he cut off fourteen members ere he stopped. Thus, our Aberdeen Branch, once numbered one hundred, with the apostacy under Robert Hill and the fourteen Andrew Ferguson cut off, there were but few left of all the members in the Branch.

THE WAY TO UTAH

At that time only eleven made their way to Utah: Mrs. Mitchell and three daughters, Brother Robb and wife, Brother Brown and wife, Brother Noble and wife and myself. On the 24th of January 1853 I drew from the bank my money, 17 pounds, and on the 8th of February I left work to go. I left Aberdeen on the 12 of February 1853. Before leaving, I took farewell of my friends and relatives. Some of them were very opposed, also some of them in the Church. I also promised to do my best to take out Helen Mitchel the following season.

I arrived in Edinburgh by train at half past 12 noon. I went to Brother Waugh's and left my portrait. I took dinner in a cook shop on High Street, and then went to Mr. Focktrit's. To my astonishment, I there met my sister Margret. I got a kind of a promise that she might yet come to America to me. On Monday 14th I got a number of presents from her for my comfort. There was a top coat, shirts, etc. and a genuine silver watch No. 13484-87-13417. I asked her if she would loan me six pounds to take Helen Mitchel with me, but she not being a Mormon and not understanding our faith in the command of God to gather to Zion said "No sir, you're going to a country that you know nothing of and to take a girl there, perhaps to starve, no. You go there and see if you can make a living. Then write me and I will then help her out to you." I had to go with that promise. I parted with her on the 15th at Edinburgh.

The same afternoon that I parted with Margret, I arrived in Glasgow. I met my brother George at the Glasgow Station. I went to his house. On Friday 18th I got a letter from Liverpool that I could not be included on the *International* which was to sail on the 23rd of February, but that I would be notified in a few days for the next vessel. On Saturday 12th of March I got notification to be in Liverpool to sail with the *Falcon* on the 28th of March. Sailing vessels were very scarce that year as the Gold Fever had broken out in Australia and all were going there.

On Saturday 19th, I left Glasgow with about 100 Saints to sail on the same vessel. I was a little sick on the way to Liverpool. I watched the luggage at night on the steamer. On the 20th we arrived in Liverpool where I found lodgings at Mrs. Gellian's. On March 21st we removed our luggage to sheds on the Bramly Moor Dock. I watched the luggage part of the night. That same day I went to the office and paid the other four pounds for my passage. We watched our luggage by turns until Monday the 28th of March when we sailed out of Liverpool. It was a fine day but cold.

Tuesday 29th, a cold but calm day. Some wind in the afternoon. Wednesday 30th, the wind rose and we sailed on well.

Thursday the 31st, a strong gale at night. A complete storm. The trunks were rolling, tumbling, breaking. The ship was cracking, children and women crying. I never was in such a scene. I was very sick. The ship rolled fearfully. I thought we would go to the bottom. My mind was calm as a summer morning, yet I was sorry to lay down my salvation there. Yet, thought I, the will of the Lord is done. In the excitement I asked of the Lord if we should be saved or not. I got a manifestation of the Spirit that we would all be saved and that the storm would abate in two or three days and then general fair weather would ensue after that.

Friday April 1st. The storm was a little over, yet the sea still rather high and the ship rocked much at night, very much. I was very sick. I was scarce able to be up and so were most of the company.

Tuesday the 5th, my sickness abated a little, but I had a sore boil on my neck. It pained me a great deal. All things else went very well with us.

Wednesday, May 4th. This morning we were awakened by the salute that there was land in view. It was half past three in the morning. It was Abaco Island with a lighthouse up to warn ships.

All has gone on very well. The weather is fine in general. Favorable winds and general good health has been, since the seasickness has gone. It has almost all abated. Four children died. One died of teething, two of diseases in the head, one of inflammation of the windpipe. Very interesting are the meetings on Sabbath day. Also meetings on Thursday and prayers at 8 a.m. and at 8 p.m. This night, Wednesday, we sighted the Gulf of Mexico.

On Thursday the 5th we had an awful experience of thunder and lightning.

use your wanting to die before me for I am the oldest." She was just four days older than I. Well, she did. She died on the 6th of February 1901.

On the 30th of November, Alex and David's wife came to Margret Ann's to see how I was. I could see Margret Ann was getting near worn out. Her own girl, Ellie, was not very well. My wife was there too and had to be waited on, as she was very crippled and suffering from arthritis. Margret Ann was so careful. She would sleep at nights on a lounge in the room I was in, up to two or three nights before I left. I wanted her to go to her bed, as I was strong enough to call if I needed, but no, she would stay there.

The weather was uncommonly mild and I dreaded going through the canyon in the cold. So when Alex came, he took me home on the first of December. I kept improving for eight or ten days. Then I had a backset and came very near going, but got over that a little, and after some weeks I got the grippe. I got over that, but it has been a very slow recovery. But oh, how many have passed with that pneumonia this winter. After I got home, I wrote to Brother and Sister William P. Ellis in Logan to see if they would do my Temple work, as they had worked for me in that work before. They answered yes, so with the help of my son Hyrum, and my daughter, Isabell Stallings, I got the names of the 215 written out and Joseph sent them to William P. Ellis in Logan. So that is off my mind.

On the 4th of March 1901 Hyrum, my son, started to Alberta, Canada, with the railroad, having his stock and goods with him. On the morning of the 5th of March 1901 Joseph, my son, left here to go on a mission to Great Britain. I had just been able to go to Joseph's house on the 27th of February, it being Joseph's and Hyrum's birthday anniversary. While at Joseph's, I got the opportunity to tell him if he or David got short of means while on their missions to write to me, and if I did not have the money, I very probably could borrow it. In the morning he called to see us before he left. His mother was going in and out of the room, so I had not the opportunity of speaking to him privately, but I said so he would understand what I meant:

Do as I told you the other night, both you and David.
(End of Journal.)

James Ririe died at the age of seventy-nine, on the 17th of June 1905 at Eden, Utah, and was buried in the Ogden Cemetery. He was survived by his wife Ann, nine children and fifty-two grandchildren.

ANN BOYACK RIRIE — 1855

Ann Boyack Ririe was born in April 1830 in Dundee, Farfeshire, Scotland, the daughter of James Boyack and Elizabeth Meal-macker. The family of eight boys and eight girls resided, with their parents, on a small farm out of Dundee, and Ann worked in a small confectionery store until nearly grown to help with expenses. This

care of me. It seems they had a Doctor Joyce attend me. He visited me three times. I knew of but one. The third time I was getting sensible. The medicine was near gone. It seems, Hyrum, as he was going home, was to call on Dr. Joyce about medicine. However, he met him on the way to West Weber. The Doctor said, as he was going within a half-mile of me, he would call.

I knew him when he called. Said he, "Well, old man, how are you?" "Not well," said I, "or you would not be sent for." That was the first shot he got. He examined me. "Well," I said "how long ere I get better?" "Oh, in about four days you will be able to get up," he said. "What? I have to lie here four days yet?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "You're an old man and cannot get well at once." "But I am not used to laying long after I get the turn for the better." But in four days I was able to get up a little.

During my delirium, as I would have an intelligent flash at times, my temple work troubled me. I yet had 215 persons that had been baptized for but not the other work done. I had also promised the Lord if He would prosper me that year, I would get that work done this coming winter. For three years previously, I had all I could do to get ends to meet. Well, I had been more than usually blessed that year before. I had rented the place and stock to James Fackrell, with my half of the creamery check, I had kept the house in flour, potatoes, fuel and fed the cows off the farm and paid all the taxes. With what was left of the milk check and selling the hay of the meadow and renting the meadow ground in the fall for sheep pasture, I had enough to do my Temple work. I had been careful, for when I got a \$20.00 dollar piece, I put it away and would not break it. When I was so sick and expected to die, when sensible I called my oldest daughters to me and told them I wanted them to get that Temple work done, and I told them where the money was hidden for to do it with. It was in the upper shelf in the book case.

I was suffering so, I did so want to die. I recollect of asking Elizabeth to get all together and ask the Lord to release me. They told me after that, when the elders came to administer to me, that I did ask them for my release. Brothers Whittly Gibson and Thomas Hardy administered to me. Brother Hardy was mouth in the sealing of the ordinance. He did ask the Lord to release me, but said "If it is thy will, Oh Lord, we would like you to heal him, so we might have his company a little longer."

I don't recollect of the administration, but I recollect afterwards of being very anxious to die. I was suffering so. I recollect on Brother Gibson talking to me on that text. "Not my will, but Thine, O Father, be done." "Now," said he, "if Jesus in His great suffering said that, ought we not to be willing to submit to the will of the Father?"

That speech did me a great deal of good for I felt much more reconciled. A Sister Robb, an old acquaintance of over fifty years, came to see me. They said it was her second visit. She said, "It's no

Monday 16th. We have been in the Gulf of Mexico since the 4th. We've seen some rocks and lighthouses. Everything is much becalmed. We only this day came in sight of the lighthouse at the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi. At 3 p.m. the pilot came on board. At 4, we were in tow of a steamer. About half past 4 a second steamer had hold of us. About 5, we came in sight of land and houses. Could see the grass. A particular feeling of gratitude and joy prevailed to the Providence of Heaven in being brought safely through thus far. About 6, we scraped the bar. About half past 7 we started with another ship, both in tow of one steamer up the river.

Tuesday 17th. This morning scenes of delight passed us on each side of the river. To see the fruit fields was a beautiful experience. We arrived at New Orleans on the 17th of May, 7 weeks and two days from Liverpool.

We lay three days at New Orleans. We then took passage up the river on a steamer. We were six days and one night in getting to St. Louis. That day we changed vessels and started for Keokuk. Next night we landed at Keokuk so our sailing was done with. We lay three days at Keokuk and then started for the plains. Such bad roads I have never seen. We went 13 miles from Keokuk and lay over. We lightened up and burnt boxes and goods. I threw away about 100 pounds of clothing, etc.

On Sunday, about twenty of us went across the Mississippi River to Nauvoo. We saw the ruins of the Saints' homes, the ruins of the Temple and we visited the Nauvoo Mansion. We saw Mr. Bidamon, the man who married Emma Smith. We saw Lucy Smith, the Prophet's mother, and also Emma. We also saw his three sons, Joseph, Frederick, and David. David was then in his 9th year and Joseph was 21. We also saw Mr. Bidamon's little girl about the same age as David. They were all playing together about the house. We crossed back to camp that night. This was about the first of June 1853. Near Montrose, we lightened up our loads. The understanding before we left Liverpool being, that each ten of the Ten Pound Company would have a wagon, four oxen, two cows and each could take 100 pounds of luggage besides being furnished enough provisions for the journey. But we had to take twelve in a wagon and consented to reduce our extra luggage to seventy-five pounds and if possible to fifty. There was no way to hire our extra luggage taken to the Valley so we burned our boxes and extra weight. We put our clothes in sacks. The captain of the company was Jacob Gates. There were 33 wagons in the company and 400 people. The four milk cows proved to be mostly dry cows or heifers. We had one milk cow among thirty-six of us and she died on the Sweetwater.

Across Iowa the roads were very bad and we greenhorns poor teamsters. I did not know how we could get through the Rocky Mountains with wooden axles, oxen and a stick across the oxen's necks to pull by. I had never seen any such outfit. American ways were all new to us. We had thirty pounds of flour each to take us to

Council Bluffs. It had to last us thirty days. But it did not do us. When the flour gave out, there were chances to buy, so I called at a mill. They had no flour. I asked if they had corn meal. Yes, plenty. When they showed it to me, I said "That's not corn meal." They said it was Indian corn meal. "Oh," said I, "It's corn meal made from oats." "I wouldn't call oats, corn!" the man said. I bought the meal and asked how to cook it. They said the same as flour. But they did not tell us to sift it, so we cooked it, bran and all. It was not very good.

We got to Council Bluffs the 30th of June, but as the 4th of July was near, the ferrymen had to celebrate, so we did not get started to ferry until the 11th of July. All got over by the 16th inclusive. While laying near the Bluffs, I found the George McKenzies, late of Dundee and Aberdeen. I called on them and was invited to stop and sleep there. I did for four nights. It was so good to sleep with mosquito bars around the bed.

When we did get started to cross the river, we had to cut willows, fill up the sloughs, make a road three quarters of a mile, to pull the boat up by hand. Then ere it got across, it had to be pulled up on the other side to the landing. In getting the ferrying done, I had overworked myself. When we did start the afternoon of July 16th I had to lay in the wagon sick, the only time I did ride from the Mississippi to Salt Lake. We got all our provisions rationed out to us at Council Bluffs. 100 pounds of flour, one pint of sugar, one pound of tea for 12, and 10 pounds of bacon to grease the wagon, one bucketful of salt for 12 and to feed the cattle. The salt, sugar and tea were all gone ere we got to Laramie. At the Bluffs I asked President Haight if I could take 25 pounds of flour extra with me, as I had seen that in coming from Keokuk to the Bluffs, a pound a day was not sufficient. Abruptly he said "We won't haul it for you sir." By the time we got to Laramie halfway from the Bluffs to Salt Lake some had all their flour eaten up. From then on it was divide, divide until within ten days travel to Salt Lake the captain called for all the flour in the company to be brought in and the last division was made which was two and one-half pounds each and had to last us to Salt Lake. From the Black Hills on our cattle began to give out. When they could no longer work they were driven ahead of the train. When they could not walk any longer, they were butchered for beef and divided among the company. But such beef! It did keep the most of us alive until we got to Salt Lake. The only man in the wagon with me, a Brother Crossland from London, was taken sick on Green River with mountain fever and died west of Bridger. He was buried at the crossing of Bear River and Evanston. I had a rough time of it then having to take care of the cattle, get wood and water for the wagon, stand guard half the night each fourth night. When Brother Crossland was unmanageable by his wife, he being light-headed with the fever, I had to have the tent close to the wagon to be ready to help Mrs. Crossland to calm her husband. He said to me one day "If I die, I should like to write my own epitaph." "What

after, he said to me, "You must have a powerful, good constitution." I said I did not think any fellow had had more sickness than I had. "Well," said he, "you never drank much liquor." "Well," I said, "that's no credit to me because I do not like it." "That's what's telling on you today," said he.

They nursed me good. My sons and others came and nursed me at night. The teachers came and administered to me. A lady came and waited on me in the day time to let Mrs. Hammond rest. I was at Mrs. Hammond's eleven days ere I could be moved. Then my daughter Margret Ann and my daughter-in-law Lizzie Ririe came with James' buggy and took me to Margret Ann's in West Weber. The roads were smoother there, than to Ogden Valley. I was there two weeks ere I could be moved home to Eden.

My son Hyrum who had rented my place for the two years previous didn't want to rent it this year. I had hired the help to work it. When I got home, I found my hired help had not done as they would have done had I been with them. With being hurt, I could not get around to see to things properly, thus, I advertised the place to rent for five years on half of everything, except that south of the county road. My terms were generally understood by the neighbors. My son Hyrum recommended it to James Fackrell, Junior and James Fackrell, Senior. I talked the matter over. They took it for five years for half the crops raised, half the increase in stock, half the creamery check. I retained the meadow, south of the county road. It was now mostly sowed down to timothy. They, the Fackrells, commenced to take care of the stock.

In August 1899 my son James and family sold out in West Weber and moved to Alberta, Canada. They partly volunteered and partially were called by Apostle John W. Taylor. In October 1899 I rented the old West Weber place to William Surrage, first for one year, commencing the beginning of the year 1900, then I extended the time three years longer. Surrage was to have the privilege of buying the place at the expiration of the four years. In late winter or early spring of 1900, my son Hyrum went on a visit to Alberta, Canada, to look at the facilities of that country for making a home there. On the 26th of October my son David of Prospect, Idaho, left Ogden on a mission to Great Britain.

On the 3rd of November I got notice that my friend and old neighbor, John Douglas of West Weber, was dead. The funeral was set for Monday the 5th of November at 11 a.m. As I could not get there in time on Monday morning, I went down on Sunday afternoon. I got to Margret Ann's by sundown. It was a fine day, so I could not have taken cold, but in the night I was taken very sick. I thought it was just a bilious attack. I was not able to go to the funeral next day. I continued to get worse and lost my senses. I was quite light headed and delirious for three weeks. Sometimes I would be reasonable, then like a flash off again. Margret Ann sent word to the rest of my children in Ogden Valley. They came and helped take

names of my mother, the Shirris; my father's mother's names, Stell; names of my mother's mother, Smith.

Just getting the names and ages from the register, I could not distinguish the kinship. There may be some that are no near kin, especially among the Smiths. But I would rather work for three that are no kin, than miss one that is. If others, who are no kin get the benefit, that will be reward enough for my work. Besides, I do not know of any relation that these people have in the Church, for there are but very, very few from that district, who have come into the Church. So, I do not intrude on anyone's privilege. Brother John W. Taylor, in a sermon preached in Ogden, gave me much consolation. Said he, "There is not one in ten thousand that will regret the work done for them. You, who have no relation to work for, go and work for somebody else. They are just as good as your people." I knew lots of Smiths when I was a boy in the neighborhood where my grandmother lived, and my mother was born. They were good people. My mother would tell me when I was a little boy, such and such and such are our relations, but I did not know what relation they were. I paid Brother Lowe forty dollars to get me those names. I have done the best I could and hope God will accept the work done.

AN ACCIDENT

On the 23rd of May, 1899, I was returning from West Weber to my home in Eden, when passing the railway lot on 24th Street, Ogden, the Railroad Company was shunting cars at the railroad crossing on 24th Street. I waited until they stopped and then came on. The engine had stopped close to the street. Just as I was opposite it, the engineer let off a great blast of steam. My horse jumped and ran. I thought I would soon have him under control, but the right hand line caught and pulled. That is the last I recollect.

A man who saw it told my son, Alex, that I pulled the line and something gave way and I came back into the seat. Then the buggy tipped and I was thrown out on my side, but not clear of the buggy, when I was pulled up by the buggy, then thrown out onto my head. It seems that a man in the crowd knew me and telephoned for a doctor. The third doctor they called answered. He was Dr. Powers. I was taken to the nearest house onto the porch, then taken into the house and laid on a lounge. The doctor had been there a second time ere I knew anything. I asked if I had had a runaway. They said "Yes." "Am I hurt?" They said, "A little." I asked something about the boys, but found I was talking nonsense. I did not feel hurt much, but found afterwards that I was very near killed. My ribs were torn from my back bone. My left hip bone was shattered, one rib broken, and my side and back were black. It was a Mrs. Hammond's house I happened to be taken to. She proved to be an excellent woman and a splendid nurse. I was there eleven days, the doctor visiting me twice a day most of the time. About the third day, I heard the doctor say to Mr. Hammond, "I believe he is going to live yet." Some days

would you write, Brother Crossland?" "I should write, 'I am murdered by the unwise procedure of the Ten Pound Company.'" He had pinched himself to save it for his children.

Captain Jacob Gates gave his horse, the only horse in the company, to Brother Waddington to go to Salt Lake to get us supplies. When Brother Waddington got plenty to eat himself, he took a long time to hunt up the authorities to send us help. We were at the west foot of Little Mountain, when Brother Waddington met us with two hundred pounds of flour. It was not much for four hundred starving people. As I was getting up the Big Mountain on the east side, Brother William Walker came past me with a watermelon rind in his hand. He handed the rind to me. Said he "Watermelon, watermelon!" This was the first watermelon rind I had ever seen. I ate the rind good! That night Brother Walker, as he slept in my tent, gave us six potatoes, one to me and the other five to Mrs. Crossland and her four children. That was all we had for supper. Parley P. Pratt brought out the melon and the potatoes to Brother Walker, his father-in-law. Next night we each got our half pound of flour that Brother Waddington brought out from Salt Lake.

When we got to Salt Lake we could buy plenty, and I still had one English sovereign besides some silver in my pocket. I have been disgusted ever since to hear about the precious gold. It, we could not eat, when there was nothing to buy. I managed to buy two pounds of deer fat at Bridger, but that was all the woman would sell. When Brigham heard how we had been pinched for food, he said that was the last of the Ten Pound Emigration Business.

But I do not think Brigham knew it all. A Sister Hannah Weaver Morgan, now Eakins of Kaysville, and still living there (1901) was hired to work for Isaac C. Haight, the fall we came in. She was then an unmarried woman. She told me herself that Mr. Haight had a sack of gold in the corner of the room she worked in, one foot high and six inches wide. She handled it and hefted it. When Mr. Haight landed he went to Iron County and built himself a palace. Now the part of the Ten Pound Company that I crossed in, the *Falcon* and on the plains, with me I kept an exact account of all our expenses from Liverpool to Salt Lake. I have the ship's fare, the extra provisions furnished, the cost up the rivers to Keokuk, the passage across rivers and bridges. The statement by Isaac C. Haight, for the cost of outfit-wagon was \$70 each, yoke of oxen \$75 each, and each yoke of the heifers the same. There was \$50. worth of provisions furnished. I made it my business to get the cost of everything and recorded it all up.

The wagon and cattle when arrived at Salt Lake were clear of expenses as was stated in Liverpool they would be for the Ten Pound Company. That is, the part of the company that came in the *Falcon*. Other companies may have cost more. We were only three days at Keokuk. Some were there a month and some over two months. The men worked on the roads near Keokuk or helped Mr. Haight in getting the cattle from Missouri and Illinois. I worked one day at

Keokuk in unloading a vessel of salt. We worked 14 hours at 25 cents an hour. We got \$3.50, the biggest money I ever had made in one day. Only one man, Adam Smith, and I stood the full day's work. It was packing salt from the ship to shore. The cattle and wagons were sold in Salt Lake City and the company got three and a half dollars each in vegetables from the tithing office of Salt Lake City. Thus ended my journey from Aberdeen. We started the 12th of February and landed in Salt Lake City the 30th of September 1853. It was a rough journey, taking it all in all.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE MOUNTAINS

The first morning I was in Salt Lake City, ere I was up, came a man to my tent for me. He had married Isabel Mitchell, daughter of Mr. Mitchell of Aberdeen. She had come to London in service and joined the Latter-day Saints there and started along to the Valley. I was requested in Scotland to hunt her up. I got a chance just as I was coming into the city to send her word that I had word from her folks. She had married at Council Bluffs on her way to the Valley to this Brother John Harper. When I got to Salt Lake City, I was in a very dilapidated condition, having so little to eat. The mosquito bites had festered and I had a touch of mountain fever. When I got plenty to eat and got re-baptized and bathed in the Warm Springs, that soon healed my sores.

I was soon ready to get work. All I had was a bundle that I packed from the tent to Brother Harper's, so I needed work. I had learned that nothing could be done in winter here on account of frost. How was I to live if I did not get something ready for winter? When inquiring how I should do, some of the settlers told me, "You will just have to suffer as we have done." "Well," I said, "these hands have kept me from suffering much since I was seven years old and I think they will help me yet."

I got work from a Brother Mustard, whose wife I had showed kindness to while on my mission in Blairgowrie. He gave me work at breaking flax. I had to root it in the water and put it through a hand mill, then shake the husks out and make it ready for the hackles. Four cents a pound of flax when dressed I was to have. He would board me for four dollars a week. I could have my bed in his house. I had my bedding. It was near all I did have. I worked and boarded with them for ten days, but found I could make only my board at the pay he was giving. I had to pay fifty cents a week in my money for my washing. The woman might cook as she could, but she had just four things to cook with; flour, potatoes, salt and water. No butter, no milk, no meat, no nothing, but these four ingredients. It was salt-risen bread, potatoes and Mormon gravy. It was this for breakfast, dinner and supper. I saw with the pay I would be unable to lay up anything for winter frost.

I had learned that some of our immigrants had work on the Temple block wall. One night after my day's work I went to the



Ririe home in Ogden Valley

I was asleep. I saw the Logan Temple, the outside building, the street and fences around it. I had never been near Logan, but when I got near the Temple, it was just as I had seen it. Only when I saw it in the vision, I saw a lot of Indians coming up that street that comes from the Flayballs. They were walking on the west side in two's and three's abreast and going in at the north gate that leads to the Temple door, not at the east gate. When we went to Logan, my son James drove the team. As we wanted to go to a Brother Robert Henderson's ward, he, James, being acquainted in Logan, took us up past the Temple, south and east.

We got to Logan on a Tuesday evening. We had a week's work without baptizing any. My wife started home on Friday afternoon, but the four oldest children and I stopped to do more work. On the next Tuesday, baptizing day, I went to be baptized for my health, for I was still so lame I could only walk very slowly and not far at a time. I was so poorly that I crippled into the font at one end with much exertion, but as I went out at the other end, I could walk quite briskly. I had not dressed myself without help for a long time previously to this, but I now dressed myself alone. My lameness was gone and has been ever since except when I over-do.

My two eldest sons and my two eldest daughters and myself stayed in Logan, and did what Temple work we had to do. I employed a Brother Sylvester Lowe, who was going to Scotland, to get genealogies out of the register's office in Edinburgh. He got over a thousand names from the parish registers around where I was born and where my folks lived. There were names of my father, the Riries;

he could not work. Haying was on. My oldest son, James, came up to go the 11th of July 1884 to the sheep camp with supplies. He and my second son, David, were in the sheep business together. Alex said to James, "Won't you stay and help Father with the hay, and I can take the team up to the herd, but I cannot use a fork among the hay?" James said, "Yes, I will." My two youngest boys were then just big enough to drive a team and load the hay when put up to them, but not large enough to unload. To make good use of James, I unloaded the two wagons into the barn and tramped the hay between times.

It was very hot days, especially the second day, and in the barn in particular. I had overworked myself and started cholera morbus in the afternoon. I was very bad all night. In the morning, I went out to the cow yard and commenced to milk a cow but did not finish. I was so bad all day, so pained and cramped, I lost the use of my limbs entirely. I sent Elizabeth to call for Brother Froerer and Brother Moffet to come and administer to me. They did. Brother Moffet, being mouth in confirming the administration, said I should live and yet get better. But oh, the stress that to me seemed on that one word yet. Those two and Brother Bitton sat up with me all night, my wife, not being well herself, going to bed. It was hope against hope. Brother Bitton, my old neighbor, went home at daylight, but told the neighbors that I was dead by then, just dying when he left. However, I lived and by one week, I was able and did go from the bed to the window. But that night I was taken with typhoid fever. I was taken sick the 13th of August 1884 with cholera morbus and this was just one week later.

About the end of September I was taken with paralysis in my right leg and how it did hurt. I have said if one had cut and haggled up the calf of my leg with a butcher knife, it could not have hurt any worse. Then after some days of excruciating pain, it died. In about a week, the left leg was taken and went through the same pain and it died, and for four months I had not a particle of use of them. About April I could walk a little with the assistance of a stick. I continued very lame and then months after, dropsy commenced. Doctor Driver helped that, but not my lameness. He said the blood vessels in paralysis closed and the blood had to find new channels through the smaller veins.

When I found what I thought was dropsy, I went to Dr. Driver to be examined. He said, "Yes, there is water there." Said I, "Well, that's the end of the chapter now." I was getting tired of the sickness and lameness. Dr. Driver said, "I can draw that off, you will never be the man you have been, but if you do as I tell you, that is, as far as the dropsy is concerned, you'll get around comfortably." He did. But oh, how sick his medicine made me.

TO THE TEMPLE

In June 1886, with the oldest of our family, we went to Logan to do temple work. I would say that one night before this, I lay in bed, I cannot say whether I was asleep or not, but I do not think

city. I found Bishop Hunter, the superintendent of the work, and asked him. He was on horseback and was talking to another man. I said, "I understand you are the superintendent of this public work. I have lately come in. Can I get work on the Temple block wall?" Said, he, "What are you?" "A miller," I replied. He turned to the man and said, "Do you want any millers down your way?" and then, not giving the man time to answer, he went on "Oh he's a fine horse, a fine horse." At last the man said "No." Bishop Hunter at last turned to me. "You'll get along, you'll get along." And then went on again, "Oh, he's a fine horse, what will you give me for this horse?" I thought, if that was the great Bishop Hunter, he was a very peculiar man. I left him and after looking around, I saw Squire Wells. I asked him as I had done Bishop Hunter. There was a man passing on the running gear of a wagon. He held up his hand to the man and said to me to come along. He hollered to Brother Dalton. Brother Dalton stopped. Said he, "Brother Dalton, you said you wanted men to husk corn and here's a man who wants work." "Yes," said Brother Dalton to me. "I give a dollar and a quarter a day, and board and pay at tithing office prices." "Well," said I, "I'll work for that." Said he, "Meet me at the end of the State Road in half an hour and I'll take you to the Church Farm." I said I would, but had to run to the Sixth Ward to tell the folks or they would not know what had become of me.

When I got to the end of the State Road, there was no Dalton there. It was just dark and not knowing the road to the Church Farm, I went to a house and asked to stay. It was not much of a house, only intended for a lean to a house. I got to sleep with two other men in a bed made on the floor. Next morning early I got to the Church Farm and worked at shucking corn with 18 or 19 others for a month, thinking I was to get my one dollar and a quarter a day. Edward Cliff and I kept up with Dalton himself as he took the lead. We had a row each 80 rods long and we never were over half a shock behind Dalton at the end of the rows. When the work was done, he paid us with 60 cents a day, corn on the cob at one and one-half dollars a bushel, and potatoes at seventy-five cents a bushel. Of course, I remonstrated and said, "In my country, if I was not giving satisfaction, the boss would tell us so, but you have not said a word until the work was done." Said he, "I know you two kept up with me, but some did not do as much as a quarter as much that you did and I must pay you all alike."

Brother Cliff and I went to, I think, the bishop of the 12th Ward, and made our complaint about Brother Dalton. "Oh," said he "I know Brother Dalton, never mind boys, you will both be better off yet than Brother Dalton." I must say that has come true for both of us, but it did not help us then. Brother John Harper was building a house. He had to stay constant as a stone cutter on the Church works, so he got me to attend the adobe layer. When the walls were up I put the lumber roof on, doors, windows and flooring, or all the carpenter work that was done. He borrowed the tools

for me. He gave me my board for my work. I also took the corn and potatoes to him for board that I had earned off Brother Dalton. One day as I was working on Brother Harper's house, along came a neighbor to look at the house. She asked me if we were going to cover it with dirt. (Now dirt in my country means something very, very nasty, besides not much of it could be got to cover a house.) I looked at the woman in surprise and said "No, we are going to put earth on the roof." When I got the house finished and the pay from Brother Harper, I had enough for my board all winter. When I left, the end of February 1854, I had yet three week's board paid for, so I did not suffer much the first winter I was in Salt Lake City.

IN UTAH COUNTY

I was ordained a Seventy by Joseph Young, assisted by Brother Rockwood, near the end of December in the Seventies' Hall opposite where the theatre (Salt Lake) now stands. The 37th quorum was organized the 12th of January 1854 with Brother Cyrus Wheelock, president. I was organized into that quorum. That February I went down to Springville where I rented a farm from a Mrs. McDonald. I stayed there until that fall. That summer of 1854 I had bought a city lot, one quarter of an acre, and had gone to the mountains and got down logs. I made adobes and hired a team for work. I hauled my logs to the mill for lumber, hauled my adobes and built me a house 14 by 16 with a lean on the back. I was half expecting Helen Mitchel. I had written my sister Margret to let her have the money according to promise, but my sister did not get the letter in time for the emigration. Mail matter took a long time, then, to be transported to and from Britain to Utah. I went to the October Conference in Salt Lake City and found my old acquaintance, Sister Graham, and her daughters. I told Mrs. Graham how I was situated, had a house and flour and if she could do not better, she was welcome to a home with me, such as it was. She had been kind to me when I was a traveling elder, she and her husband and family. She accepted and kept house for me until her daughter, Mathilda, got married to my old and staunch friend, James Robertson. Then she went and lived with them in May 1855. That season I had rented a good farm from Brother Henry Devenish, a good man. If I had been his own son, he could not have taken more pains than he did with me to counsel and instruct me how to farm and to get along.

The spring was early and I got nine acres of his land plowed and planted in February. It then came stormy for some weeks, so I did not put the balance in until later. I put in 16 acres in wheat and some potatoes, but by the time I was putting in the potatoes, the grasshoppers were hatching out by the millions. The grasshoppers came the fall before, and hurt the corn badly, but not the wheat, it being too far advanced. Everyone thought it best to put in wheat this year and not corn. That was just what the grasshoppers liked. They took all of my last sowed wheat, but although they damaged

and our notes for the other two thirds yearly. We plowed and put in sixteen acres of grain and made a water ditch over one mile to Grover Creek. Mr. Wheeler had told us there was plenty of water there to irrigate all his claim, but ere we needed the water for irrigation, it would just reach the land, but not water any, so we lost our crop. That discouraged both of us. Finally, Greenwell proposed turning it into a sheep ranch, as there was not water nearer than three miles unappropriated and not much there. A canal would have to be made on the mountain side.

I went to Mr. Wheeler and asked if I let Greenwell have my portion of the place, would he take my name off the notes that would come due. He said "No." Well, if I took Greenwell's part, would he wait a year longer on the last note. The last one was a chattel note, as I refused to sign a cash note, that being a scarce article. He said he would wait. He said to pay him what I could and when I could. He was so good I did not ask him to extend the note. I let Ambrose Greenwell have 100 acres of pasture in West Weber for 80 acres of a homestead on this Wheeler place. He was to lawfully prove up and I was to hold the deeds of what I was to let him have, also the deeds of some of his other land (as that was in my entry in West Weber) for security, that he would comply with the law and prove up.

I bought the right to the water of Herdhouse Creek and made a canal three miles long to the land. Next season I raised some nine hundred bushels of oats and barley. The first note I got lifted by paying part to Mr. Wheeler and giving my note for \$416 to another man that Mr. Wheeler owed. But the chattel note that Mr. Wheeler had promised to wait on, I did not get paid. He partly agreed to take a span of mules I had and a mowing machine, but put it off until the note was six weeks overdue. Then he put it into a lawyer's hands for collection. I had to borrow the money from the bank, \$832. at 24 percent per annum. Ere I got it paid, it cost me \$315. for interest.

The first summer we had that place in Eden, my daughter Margret Ann did the housework, attending the milk and cooking. Next winter she got married. My wife wanted to stay in West Weber so as the youngest three children could go to school, as that school was nearer to our house than the Eden School was to our new place. Besides, our house room was limited, being only two rooms. Elizabeth, ten years and Isabel, six years old, made the butter and did the housework, cooking, etc. My wife stayed in West Weber until the summer of 1883, when I built a new house on the place but did not get it finished. We got the walls up and the roof on and the two largest rooms plastered and finished so that we lived in them. Alex and I worked all winter at the carpenter work in the rest of the house and got it all finished, plastered and by the end of July, all paid for.

TYPHOID FEVER

With building and doing the other work on the farm, both Alex and I had overworked ourselves. Alex got a barb wire cut on the hand and it ran up the arm and settled in a big boil in the armpit so



The Ririe Family
Taken in 1864

and put in seven acres of wheat. By this time the river was high and no way to get out except by Kaysville Mills. McFarland had represented to me that we would easily get the water out that season for our crops, but we failed. After working all day on the water ditch, then fencing nights and mornings, I had got one watering for my wheat and so got a bunch of straw, but no wheat. For fifteen years I worked on that water ditch and river and lost our crops partially a good many times. Sometimes the ditch would cave in or the dam would go out, or the river would change its course. I had plenty of time to repent at leisure for being so foolish as to leave North Ogden.

After I had been at West Weber some time, my father-in-law and his wife paid us a visit and were looking for a suitable place to move to. Their son-in-law did move from Spanish Fork to West Weber and bought a piece of land and bargained for some more. He built a house and lived there one season. James McFarland and I got the chance to buy a piece of land intended as a present to our father-in-law, James Boyack, but he concluded not to leave Spanish Fork. When their daughter, Mary, John Robertson's wife, found her mother was not coming there, she would not stay; so they moved back to Spanish Fork. The land that James McFarland and I bought for our father-in-law, we worked in company two years and then divided it between us.

In 1875 Ambrose Greenwell and I bought off Levi Wheeler, Senior, at the head of Ogden Canyon, Eden. We paid two thousand dollars for his quitclaim and improvements, with one-third down

the early sowed wheat, they did not take it all. We had 100 bushels off the nine acres. That was fifty bushels each. I also had 26 bushels of potatoes for my share. I also put in two acres of corn on the ground that the hoppers had eaten the wheat off, and although late, had a pretty good crop of corn. I had no team yet, but wanted to get one badly. A man wanted wheat badly, so he let me have a yoke of two-year-old steers for seventeen bushels of wheat.

Before the emigration was near all in, I had learned that my sister had let Helen Mitchel have the money she promised me to help her to emigrate. I learned that Helen was on the way, but that she came only to Saint Louis and stopped there and married Robert Hill. His wife had died a few weeks before the emigrants came along. To say I was disappointed is to put it very, very mildly for I had had several opportunities to get a wife, but had waited for Helen. Her sister, Mary, who was with her until they came to St. Louis, died of cholera at Mormon Grove.

About the 1st of November, I had to go to Salt Lake City. There was a man, *Robert Watson*, who lived in Springville. His wife had died on the plains the year before, and his wife's sister had come in, and as breadstuff was very scarce, he wanted me to take some cornmeal to his sister-in-law in Salt Lake City. When I got to where his sister-in-law was, at her intended husband's house, I found I had been acquainted with her in Dundee. It seemed they were not quite ready to get married, she and *James Boyack*. She wanted to go to Springville with me to see her sister's child. She did not want to go alone, but wanted to take her intended sister-in-law, *Ann Boyack*, with her.

MARRIED TO ANN BOYACK

They both went to Springville with me. *Margery Watterhouse*, for that was her name, knew of the disappointment I had about Helen Mitchel, for they had come in the same company to St. Louis. Margery proposed that I should marry this Ann Boyack, but she was an entire stranger to me. Margery said she was a good woman. I said "Is she a Mormon?" Said she, "She has been baptized, but has been mostly in service and has not had much of an opportunity of attending the meetings." The outcome of it was; I proposed and was accepted by Ann Boyack. We two couples were married by Bishop Aaron Johnson November 23, 1855.

With buying my steers and starting to keep house on an improved scale, several things had to be bought and nothing but wheat could buy. I found I would not have enough breadstuff to get to the next harvest. When my friend, Brother Devenish, learned how my potatoes had gone, he let me have eleven bushels. I was to work for him sometime to repay him. I had taken up ten acres in the Union Field and 20 acres in the West Field. Both pieces had to be fenced and the water got out to both and in separate ditches. One came from Hobble Creek, the other from Spanish Fork Creek. I broke up and

got in eight acres of wheat, paying for it, being done by fence ditching. The Walker War was just closed and we could not leave our tools hidden as we may, for the Indians. In carrying home my spade, I had to go through the sand ridge. There were sego lilies and I dug enough each night for our supper. Less than a pint when cleaned and boiled in milk, which made a good supper.

The water was uncommonly scarce that season. On my eight acres of wheat, I had only 55 bushels and that was so short I had to cut the most of it with the sickle. Some of it I pulled by hand. Our breadstuff was very short, still we always had flour in the house, but I mostly lived on the cornmeal and would have done very well, if I had not been so scared to eat my full for fear we would be right out. We cooked it in milk mostly, which made it go further. Everything was new to my wife. Our way of living was different and more difficult than in Dundee. No goods could be brought in, as the merchants wouldn't bring them in on account of the noise of the army coming to Utah to wipe out the Mormons. It's true we were bad off for the eatables, but we always had milk and butter, flour, cornmeal and potatoes in the house. Brother Devenish saw to that. God bless his posterity. We were not worse off than many of the others.

I once went to Spanish Fork on water ditch business. As her father and mother and brothers and sisters all lived there, except two married sisters, I called on my father-in-law. It happened to be about dinner time. My mother-in-law thought it would be bad not to have her son-in-law eat dinner with them. But she had nothing eatable in or around the house except dried fish. They had had bran, but that was all gone. Many that summer had to live on little else but fish and greens. There was plenty of fish in Utah Lake and plenty of pigweed greens in Springville fields. Harvest came at last and there was plenty for all. This ended my third harvest and experience in Utah farming. The three years in all the three harvests, I had raised for myself, one hundred and thirty bushels of wheat.

THE YEARS '56 and '57

The winter of 1856 and 1857 was what we called the winter of the Reformation. There may have been a few hypocrites among us, but very generally the people were honest and tried to make their wrongs right. Where they had done wrong to their neighbors in word or deed, they tried to make it right. Where they had sinned against our Father in heaven, they solicited His forgiveness. I am just superstitious or what you like to call it to believe that the Reformation had more to do with the keeping back of that U. S. Army than Lot Smith had. I know that the power of God was at work in the Reformation and also the power of the Devil. I will relate an experience that came under my own observation. Springville Ward was divided into four districts. It was customary for the teachers of each district to meet in some private house and attend to any of the district's business.

bought. Lucern was not in the country yet. I used to go to the lake side and cut canebrakes with a sickle, but there was not much feed in them.

Some of the people who had moved from the north did not want to go back. Brother Maycock Senior had made a trade with a man from North Ogden. In the fall, I had an offer of a trade from an old man who did not want to go back. John Maycock was going to help his folks up with a load and would be coming back. As neither he or I had been north, we went partly to see the country and I to look at this place which was for trade. The result was I traded with Mr. Bacelhamer, letting him have my home and lot and my patch of land, which was six or eight acres, three-fourths of a mile up the creek. I sold my ten acres of land in the Union Field for one yoke of oxen. My fifteen acres with the certificate, I gave to my father-in-law, James Boyack, Senior.

MOVE TO WEBER COUNTY

We moved to North Ogden in the spring of 1859. I had five acres with water right and one acre of city lot. I bought 20 acres in the West Field with no water right, but a slough ran through it. I cut six tons of hay off it. I bought this and twelve bushels of wheat for the yoke of cattle I got for my Union Field land. I had the best of opportunities to enlarge in North Ogden. Right adjoining and west of my twenty acres lay a large tract of the best of land. But water was scarce. The people there had commenced a ditch. They had made it some miles from Ogden River. With the move coming on and some not returning and some going to Cache Valley, and some to Ogden Valley, it looked to me as if it might be a long time ere the Ogden ditch would be completed. Also my wife did feel very bad to be removed so far from her people. She was one hundred miles from her mother, and I did feel for her. She had a sister move to West Weber that spring. West Weber was about eight miles from us. Of course we went to see her, and her husband. His folks were very anxious that we should move by them. There was land for sale there and they needed help to get the water out, being a new settlement. They could buy me 45 acres of open prairie land from Captain James Brown without water or fence, for one hundred dollars. I finally went and looked at the land. Some of it looked good. Some of it looked as if it would be minerally when the water was put on. I told them to buy it for me. I then sold out in North Ogden. My twenty acres I sold for a yoke of cattle, and my five acres, I sold for a cow and a young horse. My house and lot I sold for a log house and eighteen bushels of potatoes.

The McFarlands (that was my brother-in-law's name) had professed that if I would move, they would help me to move. There were three families of them. I bargained the horse to them for ditching, in fencing my new field. They did help me move my log house. We then moved beside my brother-in-law and his wife. I broke up

One great providence ought to be recorded. We had a very uncommonly heavy rain that year in June. When the people returned, they found a good crop of volunteer wheat ready to harvest. That season I had raised a very heavy crop of potatoes. My father-in-law had no good potato land in Spanish Fork. I furnished them with potatoes, having a piece of good potato ground that I had cleared of willows. I quit hoeing the potatoes, as Brother Devenish advised not to hoe potatoes after they began to set, as the hoeing would do more harm to the crop than the weeds. So the young willows had grown almost as high as our heads. "Well," said Mr. Boyack, "I never hunted for potatoes in such a place as this and find them too, and good ones." I got eight cents a bushel at the cellar door for all my surplus potatoes by the peddlers taking them to Camp Floyd. In the fall, I went over to Camp Floyd with a load of wheat and some watermelon pies, no sugar then. The pies went like hot cakes at 50 cents apiece. The wheat, I got \$1.75 a bushel.

As they were building and digging wells, I got a job hauling rock for their wells at \$4.50 a load. I hauled one load a day. But I found they were giving one dollar a hundred for adobes. I had to turn my oxen out at nights for feed. As I was a little afraid for my cattle's safety, I sent them home and took to making adobes. I made fifty hundred in ten days. That was fifty dollars. A storm came on so we quit making adobes. Two men and I went to get our pay. We found they were out of money, but they gave us vouchers and we could get goods or money off the merchants for the vouchers. The man in the office told us "Do you believe it, but gentlemen, I have paid out more gold in these four weeks' pay out of this office, than you three could have stood up under." I took the vouchers and got the money and goods for it off our own merchant, Dan Wood, in Springville. I would here mention that the first lot of goods that Mr. Wood got in, was a limited quantity of factory sheeting. He let each family in Springville (at least all that called for it) have three yards each. No matter how much money one had, they got only three yards. Those that had no money, each got their three yards for the family too. With my three yards, I got a shirt made and put off my buckskin for I soon got more. Goods were plentiful. Money was plentiful.

At Camp Floyd, wagon covers were sold cheap. That army coming was the greatest blessing Utah could have had at that time. The very rope that they brought to hang the Mormons with, for they had a wagon load of rope for that purpose, was sold cheap. They stayed in Camp Floyd until near the outbreak of the Civil War. Johnston, being a Southern man, sold or destroyed what he could not take with him, so that the North could not get the benefit of it. The Lord truly made the wrath of man to the benefit of His Saints. That fall, I bought two cows and several head of young animals, but winter feed was scarce. Corn fodder, straw and hay was not to be

One night we met (I was a teacher) in Brother Terry's home for business. That night there was a difficulty to be settled between a Brother VanLeeuwen and a Brother Brown. After considerable talk by these parties and the teachers, Brother VanLeeuwen was quite willing, as he was the injured party, to forgive and let the damages go, if Brother Brown would acknowledge his wrong. But Brother Brown was very stiff about that. While the teachers were exhorting, Brother Brown got possession of a devil or some very extraordinary evil power. The brethren laid hands on him and rebuked the devil, commanding it in the name of Jesus to come out of him, which it did. However, it took straight-way possession of the teacher. They cast him out there also in the name of Jesus, which it immediately obeyed, but went into another.

I was acting secretary for the meeting. We had a candle to let us see and especially to let me see to write. As candlelight was very scarce, Sister Terry had taken the opportunity to get the benefit of the light. She was sewing at the opposite side of the table from me, where I was writing. Just as the brethren, in the name of Jesus, commanded the devil to come out of this third brother, he came right straight to me and struck me on the breast, but did not enter. It went across the table and entered Sister Terry. Sister Terry threw up her hands, and cried out, "Oh my God!" The brethren came and laid hands on her and also commanded the devil "In the name of Jesus to come out and leave this house." President Steven Perry dismissed the meeting immediately.

"Now," says one, "did you see the devil?" Well not with my natural eyes, but I knew he came straight to me from the brother that the brethren were administering to and struck me on the breast. I cannot describe the hurt, but if a strong man had struck me with all his force with a clenched fist, it would not have been any harder. I knew as he struck me but did not enter, that he went across the table, the north half of the table, and into Sister Terry.

In the summer of 1857 Brother Brigham had invited a select party to celebrate the 4th of July at the head of Cottonwood Canyon. Brother and Sister Devenish were invited, so they got my wife and me to take care of their children and things while they were gone. Before they came back the word reached Springville that the army was on the way to Utah. I met a man on the street who told me this news. I cannot describe how I felt, but this I said, "Well, we are in the hands of the Lord."

In the summer of 1857 I again rented Brother Devenish's farm. Brother John Maycock and I worked together in harvesting his and mine. My steers were growing, but not quite broke. Brother Maycock had a yoke of cattle about six years old, also a pair of four-year-old steers broke. One day he said to me, "I have a mind to trade you my old cattle for those steers of yours. I can drive two yoke of steers as well as one yoke, and they will be growing, if you can pay me the difference." I had nothing I could pay the difference. I had one yearling

steer. Generally I went to Brother Devenish for advice in my affairs. I was telling him of Brother Maycock's proposition. Brother Devenish said "That's the best thing you can do. I have a yearling heifer that I will let you have to help the trade." "Oh, but Brother Devenish, how can I pay you for the heifer?" "Never mind," said he, "I will want you to water for me next summer." Between Brother Maycock and Brother Devenish, I got a good team of cattle.

At threshing time I found I had raised over three hundred bushels of wheat. Our food famine was past, but now we found ourselves destitute of clothing. None or very little goods had come in on account of the army. If they had come, having lost our crops by grasshoppers and drouth, we had little to buy with. I believe I was a fair sample of the people. My clothes I had brought with me were about worn out. I had managed to buy or trade with the Indians for buckskin pants, a buckskin shirt and a straw hat. These were my week-day clothes. I had a Sunday pair of pants made of the end of a Scottish Tartan plaid, which I had brought with me. The other part made a good shawl for my wife. My wife made a Sunday shirt for me out of two of her bedgowns. I had moccasins for Sunday shoes. I went barefooted all the week. I thought myself as well dressed on Sunday as the rest. I saw several of the brethren come to meeting barefooted. There was but very little home manufacturing yet. There were some tanneries, but the shoes from them, when they got wet, were not much better than rawhide. I did get one pair of shoes for winter each year.

We had a water power threshing machine in Springville in 1857. I was hauling my wheat there to be threshed, when up came a great rain storm for over three days. I lost over thirty bushels by the rain, but blessed storm, it was snow back in the mountains and so deep that the army had to camp where they were for the winter. It was with difficulty that our men who were out on business there, and knew the roads, got in.

In the spring, the move commenced in Springville. All those that had teams were invited to go and help the move. I went up at conference time. I met lots on the move, but such a sight. There were teams of all kinds, a pony and an ox, a cow and an ox, youngsters, and wagon covers patched and torn. Some had quilts sewed together for wagon covers. There were old women and children on foot. Some were driving loose young stock, some driving a cow or heifer and some driving pigs. All were so ragged. Where they were going was south. I was touched at the sights I met, so that I cried like a baby, although all were strangers to me.

I attended conference. I remember two remarks I heard Brigham Young say that day. One was, "Some say I'm not a prophet, but one thing I claim is that I have been profitable to the people, and would be more profitable if they would obey my counsel." Another remark he said: "Many ask me, 'Brother Brigham, do you think we will come back this fall?' I will answer this question at once for all. I do not

know. I have to do as I am dictated by the Spirit day by day. Now, the dictation is: Move south, Move south, it's clear in the south." It had been prophesied by Joseph that the Saints would become a great and mighty people yet in the Rocky Mountains. At that time we could not be said to be a great and mighty people. Therefore, it was the belief of many, if we did go away, we would return and yet become a great people. That was the reason for the question, "Will we come back this fall?"

I started back that evening with luggage that belonged to two families. Brother Scroggies and Sister Simons went as far as opposite Little Cottonwood. As there was a big black cloud in the west, I took Sister Simons' feather bed off the top of the load and put it under the wagon. But, lo! it rained so, that there was a big pond all about me on the feather bed. As I moved, the water followed me. I had to sit up from about one o'clock until daylight. Although the next day was a fine day, it was next afternoon ere I got dry. I was called upon to go for another load, but could not possibly go myself. I let my team go on the promise they would be taken care of. They were gone longer than I expected. When they came back, as I turned them out of the corral next morning, one of them ran against the wagon, then the fence, then into the fence ditch. He had been pulled blind. The roads with so much travel were cut up, especially between American Fork and Pleasant Grove. I learned that instead of one load from Salt Lake to Springville, they took one first from Salt Lake City to Cedar Valley, then one from Salt Lake to Springville. The ox could not get his living on the range. Although we tried hard to restore his sight, we could not. I had to hire a pasture for him at five cents a day and let him run there until he got some flesh on him, so as the meat would sell, but at a low price. It took all I got from him and my cow to get another one.

The U. S. Army, having laid out in the snow all winter, seemed to have cooled off a little. The Peace Commissioners were sent to confer with "those terrible Mormon leaders." The outcome of that conference was that the army might come in, but camp near the city. Forty miles away they camped in Cedar Valley. The U. S. judges who had been sent to Utah and then returned to the States had given terrible reports of the Mormons. When they left us, they only of themselves bereft us. Their objection as reported of themselves was, "We cannot live there. There's no loose women." Judge Drummond, who sat on the judicial bench with a (I was going to say a lady, but it was not his wife) reported that the Mormons had destroyed all the U. S. records. The Peace Commissioners, when they came, found all the books and records intact. Well, these judges have all gone now to where justice and even-handed judgment will be handed out, and not by U. S. judges. The soldiers, when they came in, walked through Salt Lake City streets as peaceable as whipped dogs. The Mormons returned to their homes sooner than the fall, but after great loss and sacrifices.