

However, the Gibson Condie family is not listed in the roster of the Edward Hunter Company, perhaps the roster is incomplete. President Thomas Monson has provided another story as to how the Gibson Condie family came to Utah in the form of an unsigned account written in 1937 by a Gibson Condie descendant. There will be more about the John Sharp Independent Company later in the book. (DCC)

WRITTEN IN 1937

"Gibson Condie was born June 14, 1814, a son of Gibson and Jean Russell Condie. The testimony of Elder Gibson opened the understanding of a Scottish gentleman, Gibson Condie, and his good wife Cecelia Sharp Condie. They were God-fearing people, trying in their weak way to serve God as they best understood. The Bible was their guide, and when they compared this new Gospel with the teachings of the Bible, a new light dawned upon them.

The true Church must conform to the pattern of the primitive Church of Christ. It was contrary to the scriptures and reason that there should be various opposing religions in Christendom. Gibson Condie believed the testimony of William Gibson, obeyed, qualified and was admitted into the fold of the Master's flock. The Condies and Sharps were engaged in coal mining, at peace with all the world, surrounded by relatives and friends, and housed in comfortable quarters in a land they loved. The different sects in Christendom had worldly rewards to offer their converts; the Mormons only sacrifice. Zion was to be built in America, and blessed were they who would build it. Gibson Condie and family were converted in their souls. They were called, and regardless of the consequences they must answer that call.

They sold their possessions and prepared for a hazardous journey across the mighty Atlantic Ocean. With five little children, they boarded a sailing vessel, their worldly possessions in a little trunk. Three thousand miles across the waters, eight long weary weeks on a treacherous sea, night and day nothing but water, eight weeks of watching and waiting, poor food, poor water, no help beyond the length and breadth of that small sailing vessel, and in the midst of this soul-trying condition their child, a boy, Nathaniel Sharp, sickened. Brother and Sister Condie loved that child just as much as we love ours, and when his eyes were closed in death, their heart strings were torn asunder, and to add to their grief the law of the sea must be obeyed. Wrapped in a canvas weighed down with iron, the little body was consigned to a watery grave. As they sailed away, only those parents knew the crushing blow dealt to wounded hearts.

Gibson Condie and his good wife possessed that Spirit; they were comforted by the words, "Not my will, but thy will, Father." (Other information indicates the child was named Peter.)

At last, after days that were weeks and weeks that were months, the ship docked at New Orleans, then sailed up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri (1848). (It was 1849.) Brother Condie's means were now exhausted; 1300 miles separated them from this new Zion, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. He obtained work in the coal mines of St. Louis, and for two years he daily toiled to support his family and save enough to complete the journey.

During their stay in St. Louis, one of God's chosen daughters was born, Ellen Condie Burt, later a mighty mother in Salt Lake City.

In the spring of 1850, early in the morning, some thirty ox teams under the leadership of Cecelia Sharp Condie's brother, John Sharp, started West. (John Sharp of 1820 was Cecelia Sharp Condie's first cousin.) There were no cities in this 1300 miles of wilderness and but few trading posts. The company must carry all necessities required for this three months' journey, under the slow locomotion of ox teams. John Sharp, leading on his horse, must find suitable camp grounds, water and grass, protection from Indians, but still worse, murderers of women and children. But as God guided the wise men toward Bethlehem, He guided the pioneers through the wilderness to build this New Jerusalem. The journey across the plains required three months, ninety days, and 1300 miles (an average of 14-1/2 miles per day), through thunder and lightning, winds and rain, hills and canyons, rivers and swamps, the only shelter a canvas covering four wheels. Yet Gibson Condie and family trudged on seeking their haven of rest. There must have been an unseen power impelling this man on, to strengthen him and lighten his burden, for human endurance can be broken down by physical torture.

There was, for after each night when the evening meal was over, the cattle fed and the camp protected, thanks were returned to God for His aid, and the Spirit of God rested upon them in mighty power. They were fed the bread of life, and drank a spiritual draught that filled their souls.

Three months passed. A message on the whitened skull of a dead animal in Emigration Canyon, two days more, and the journey's end. Clothed in tatters, faces bronzed by sun and wind, bodies lean and gaunt, they were met and piloted into Salt Lake City, strangers in a strange land. A broken wagon, two gaunt oxen, and a determined spirit to serve God were Gibson Condie's possessions on entering this city in 1850.

He settled in the 6th Ward and built his first home in the earth, a dugout. He was governed in all things by men of God. As

the years passed, Salt Lake City, Utah grew, and Gibson Condie grew with it. His wife bore him a large family, seven sons and daughters, and today, 87 years after he came to this city, his posterity numbers some 400 souls. His son Peter has filled four missions. Four grandsons, one granddaughter, and two great-grandsons have represented him in the mission field. Surely when Gibson Condie looks down upon the results of his life, he will have no regrets, and in the archives of heaven where records are kept, Gibson Condie and Cecelia Sharp Condie will be numbered among God's elect. Gibson Condie died in 1893. He was a man who was clean both on the inside and outside, who neither looked up to the rich nor down on the poor, too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, who won without bragging, lost without squealing, considerate of women and children and old people, who was willing to take his share of this world's goods and let other people have theirs. God bless the memory of Gibson and Cecelia Sharp Condie."

And so there are two stories as to how the Gibson Condie family came to Salt Lake City: with the Edward Hunter Company and with the Sharp Independent Company. The family appears on the 1850 Utah Census, which was actually taken in 1851, albeit with two too many children, so we know they came in 1850. However, they do not appear on the Edward Hunter Company roster, or on the Sharp Independent Company roster. There are only ten names on the Sharp Independent Company roster, the three Sharp brothers, their wives and four children. Obviously, such a small party would not have crossed the plains alone. We may never know who came in this company. We will hear of the Sharp Independent Company later.

Gibson Condie and Thomas Condie, who, we will later learn, came across the ocean together, did not arrive in Salt Lake City together. Gibson and his family arrived in 1850 and Thomas and his family arrived in 1852.

The daughter of Cecelia Sharp (1833), Elizabeth Crawford Thompson, produced a hand written document in 1922 describing the trip as follows:

HISTORY OF CECELIA SHARP CRAWFORD

As per Libbie Thompson

Mrs. Cecelia Sharp Crawford was born in Clackmannan, Scotland, September 27, 1832. (Married John Crawford April 6, 1853. S. L. C. Utah.)

At the age of thirteen years (fall of 1845) she left Scotland with her parents, Cecelia Sharp Condie with a family of seven children, she, the oldest of seven children.

They were on the ocean sixteen weeks, having bad weather and wind, and drifted around as the wind was terrible. They had sickness on the ship and a brother died and was buried at sea.

They arrived in St. Louis late in the fall and had a hard winter and stayed there one year and a half to get food and clothes. They bought oxen and cows and a wagon and things to "recremt" up with to start to Utah.

My mother worked out in the fields to help keep the family. They left St. Louis in May and arrived in S. L. City in the fall in Capt Hunter's train.

They had many hardships on the Plains, sickness and deaths and trouble with the Indians; she walked most of the way and drove cows and then the oxen got weak and poor and the small children had to walk and then she had to help carry the baby to rest off her mother. And many other things, to gather up wood and chips to make campfires as wood was very scarce on the road. They had one horse in their company and the boy that owned it fell off and broke his leg and then she (Mother) got to ride and drive the cows, in change with others which was a rest.

After they came to Salt Lake City the Captain got a place for my mother to work, so she was so as to help the family, besides keeping herself. They were in need of everything. They lived in a wagon box and shanties for two years before they got a one room house, with dirt roof and floor, but they thanked god for that much. Mother lived in Mr. Hooper's family till she was married to my father, John Crawford, on April 6, 1853 in Salt Lake City. (In the spring of 1852 father, John Crawford, and his bro James rented the farm of Apostle C. C. Rich at Centerville which they worked for two seasons. When the Walker Indian War broke in the summer of 1853, father was one of about thirty-five who was called by Gov. Young to go to Manti to strengthen and support the Settlement.)

So father and mother went and arrived in Manti and lived as was a faithful pioneer there, and had a family of eleven children--six girls five boys and during the time she was raising her family, went out in the field and helped fight grasshoppers, and they saved five acres of wheat which gave them bread stuff for the next year. That was the work of pioneers in those days. She was a faithful woman and in later years she was so as she could help the poor emigrants when they came to Manti and opened her door to them and bid them welcome.

Mother lived in Manti all her life (from December 23, 1853 to the time of her death, March 31, 1892.)

She died a faithful mother and a faithful member of the Church and was true to the end. She died March 31, 1892 in Manti, Utah, and was buried in Manti Cemetery, Sanpete Co. Utah on April 3, 1892.

Elizabeth J. Crawford Thompson,
Sterling, Utah. Dec. 22, 1922.

There are some obvious errors in Aunt Libbie's account, however, we must conclude that perhaps, the three families who came from Clackmannan and spent time in St. Louis came across the plains in three separate companies.

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

HUSBAND GIBSON CONDIE:

BORN: 14 Jun 1814 PLACE: Sauchie, Clackmannan, Scotland
 CHR.: 18 Jun 1815 PLACE: Sauchie, Clackmannan, Scotland
 DIED: 19 Nov 1892 PLACE: Salt Lake City, S. L., UT
 BUR.: 20 Nov 1892
 MARR: 10 Dec 1844 PLACE: Clackmannan, Clckmn, Sctl.
 FATHER: GIBSON CONDIE:
 MOTHER: Jean RUSSELL:

WIFE Cecelia SHARP:

BORN: Apr 1812 PLACE: Westfield, Clackmannan, Scotland
 CHR.: 9 Apr 1812 PLACE: Clackmannan, Clackmannan, Scotland
 DIED: 17 Jun 1892 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
 BUR.: 19 Jun 1892 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
 FATHER: Peter SHARP:
 MOTHER: Cecelia SHARP:

CHILDREN

1. NAME: Mary CONDIE:
 BORN: 29 Oct 1845 PLACE: Drum Gray, New Monkland, Lanark, Scotland
 DIED: 1 Jul 1922 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
 BUR.: 5 Jul 1922 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
 SPOUSE: James Cowan WATSON
 MARR: 6 Aug 1864 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT

2. NAME: GIBSON Sharp CONDIE
 BORN: 29 Oct 1845 PLACE: Drum Gray, New Monkland, Lanark, Scotland
 DIED: 9 Feb 1936 PLACE: Springville, Utah, UT
 BUR.: 12 Feb 1936 PLACE: Springville, Utah, UT
 SPOUSE: Elizabeth WHITAKER HATTERSLEY:
 MARR: 8 Nov 1866 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
 SPOUSE: Esther May Palfreyman
 MARR: 15 Jan 1880

3. NAME: Peter CONDIE:
 BORN: Abt 1848 PLACE: Newmonkland, Lanark., Scot.
 DIED: 1849

4. NAME: Ellen CONDIE:
 BORN: 27 Apr 1849 PLACE: St. Louis, S. Lo, MO
 DIED: 30 Aug 1931

SPOUSE: Peter John BURT:

5. NAME: Robert Sharp CONDIE:
BORN: 20 Sep 1851 PLACE: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT
DIED: 18 Jun 1918 PLACE: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT
BUR.: 20 Jun 1918 PLACE: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT
SPOUSE: Harriet Frances POWELL:
MARR: 16 Feb 1873 PLACE: Salt Lake City,S.Lk,UT

6. NAME: Elizabeth Ann CONDIE:
BORN: 8 Jul 1853 PLACE: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT
DIED: 9 Oct 1945 PLACE: Nephi,Juab,UT
BUR.: 12 Oct 1945 PLACE: Nephi,Juab,UT
SPOUSE: John Smellie COWAN:
MARR: 15 Jul 1872 PLACE: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT

7. NAME: Peter Sharp CONDIE:
BORN: 3 Apr 1855 PLACE: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT
DIED: 26 Feb 1939
SPOUSE: (Jennette) Janet WATSON:
MARR: 28 Aug 1876

8. NAME: Thomas Sharp CONDIE:
BORN: 20 Jun 1857 PLACE: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT
DIED: 3 Feb 1951 PLACE: Salt Lake City,S-Lk,UT
SPOUSE: Margaret Ellen WATSON:
MARR: 1879

End of group record

The eighth child in the second family of Gibson Sharp Condie, one of the twins, born in Scotland in 1845 was Richard Gibson Palfreyman Condie born in Springville, Utah, on July 5, 1898. He was a B.Y.U. graduate and attended the New England Conservatory of Music. He married Blanche Mendenhall and had five children. From 1937 to 1974 he was associated with the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir, the first twenty years as assistant conductor under Spencer Cornwall and the last seventeen years as conductor of the Choir. His regular occupation was professor of music at the University of Utah, where he taught vocal performance.

When Faye Carol Crawford, my sister, was about nineteen years old, she worked one summer in Richard Condie's home. As she recalls, the Tabernacle Choir was on an European tour that summer, and she cared for the Condie children. Grandmother Crawford told her later that Richard Condie was related to the Crawfords, but she was uncertain about the relationship. Faye Carol Crawford and Richard Gibson Palfreyman Condie are first cousins, two generations removed, with common ancestor Cecelia Sharp of 1812. Faye's Grandfather, Nathaniel Crawford and

Richard G. P. Condie were first cousins, (Well, at least half first cousins,) despite their difference in age. Nathaniel's mother, Cecelia Sharp was born in 1833, while Richard's father, Gibson Sharp Condie, half brother to Cecelia, was born in 1845. Nathaniel was born in 1861, when his mother was twenty-eight years old. Richard was born in 1898, when his father was fifty-three years old. Richard Condie died in Salt Lake City on December 22, 1985.

Thomas Sharp Condie and Margaret Ellen Watson had a daughter, Gladys Condie, who married George Spencer Monson. They had a son, Thomas Spencer Monson, who is, in 1994, a member of the Twelve Apostles of the LDS Church, and a member of the ruling First Presidency for the past several years.

Gibson Condie, Reminiscences And Diary

We are going to return to Clackmannan, Scotland, and tell again the story of trip to America on the ship Zetland in the words of one, another Gibson Condie, who made the trip with Gibson Condie and Cecelia Sharp. This is a slightly edited transcript of a document in the LDS Church archives written by Gibson Condie, born 1835 and died 1913, who was a nephew of Gibson Condie of 1814 who was married to Cecelia Sharp of 1812, which describes Clackmannan before the voyage of the Zetland, the description of the voyage to America and their subsequent journey to Utah. As far as I can tell, his Mother, Helen Sharp, and Cecelia Sharp, our great great grandmother, were cousins, both going back to Peter Sharp and Janet McMillan, who were both born in the middle 1740's. These two cousins married brothers, Thomas and Gibson Condie, albeit our Cecelia Sharp (1812) had first been married to Nathaniel Sharp. As far as I know, Thomas and Gibson Condie were the only clackmannan Condies that came to Utah, although there was an Edward Condie who arrived in Utah in 1850. Probably all Utah Condies are descendants of Peter Sharp and Janet McMillan, as are we. The two Condie families, Thomas and Gibson, came to America on the ship Zetland in January 1849, arriving in New Orleans on April 2. As far as I can tell, Gibson had not been previously married. There are many Gibson Condies. I am unaware of the specific significance of the name Gibson.

After reading Gibson Condie's account of the voyage to America and the trip across the plains to Utah, their trip is more vivid in my mind than the trip later on the same ship made

by the three Crawford siblings. He describes events at sea; the drunken first mate, the fire on board, moving a fellow travelers cooking pot from the fire and replacing it with your own, sailing through the Caribbean Islands, seeing and visiting a slave ship. He describes hardships; illnesses, the death of children, the lack of food to buy, the necessity to build their own wagons. In the narrative he mentions Negro slaves, a mentally retarded person, and American Indians. To us, his comments on these subjects would not be P. C. (Politically Correct). However, that was nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. (Don Crawford)

"As far as I can trace back of my ancestors is my great grandfather George Condie. He lived in and around Clackmannan Scotland. I understand that he had three wives, one at a time. The names are: Effie Simpson, Mary Patterson and Mrs. Miller. The first of her name I do not know. Each wife had seven children by him. He lived to a good old age. Next is my grandfather, Gibson Condie, and his wife Jane Russell. They lived in and all around Clackmannan. The children she had are the names Jean, Robert, Thomas, George, Mary, also another Jean Gibson, and John, Mary Ann, and George. The last three named died when they were children. I find Jean Condie married to Francis Patterson, Robert Condie married to Janet Hutton, John Condie married to Jean Russell.

Gibson Condie married to Cecelia Sharp in 1844, my father, Thomas Condie, married to Helen Sharp daughter of Luke Sharp and Janet White August 21, or 22, 1830. On my Mother's side, my great grandfather Peter Sharp, married to Janet McMillan and also Mary Adamson, he having two wives. My grandfather, Luke Sharp, to Janet White, my Grandmother. The names of their children as follows: Peter, William, Margaret and Helen, my Mother. Peter Sharp married to Mary Strang. William Sharp married to Cecelia Sharp. Margaret Sharp married to Thomas Strang. I will commence on Father's side. Father was born in Dunfermline in Fifeshire, Scotland, September 27, 1805. A few years afterward, his Father, Gibson, moved to Clackmannan with the family, and then my Father, Thomas, while young went and worked in the coal mine. Worked in the mines until grown up to young man, and then left that work and went to work running an engine drawing up coal. He worked at that a few years. At that time he went and got married to Helen Sharp, August 21 or 22, 1830. He then left that job and went into business selling provisions, groceries, and had a license to sell liquors of all kinds, and tobacco. He continued that business for a length of time. He changed the house and rented another place owned by Mr. John Gray in Hloa. There were a great

many buildings on the place. Father had charge of them all. Father kept then a few cows and also a number of acres, land cultivated in grain, also pasture for the cows to eat. Father then had a large trade of business. Kept stabling for horses, having a large sign put on the front of the house, a brown and in large gold letters, "Callod Crown Inn". My Mother had children in Clackmannan, Scotland, Janet born August 4, 1831, Jean born 1833, died in two weeks after born, Gibson born March 10, 1835, Helen born July 24, 1837, Margaret born November 19, 1839, Thomas born February 9, 1842, Jean Sharp Condie born 1844 died 1846, Mary born in 1846, all in Clackmannan.

In Clackmannan, it was a mining district (coal). The coal mines generally had monthly pays. Father trusted them until they had their pay from their master. I think in 1847, Elder William Gibson introduced the Gospel of Jesus Christ in this place. There were many converted in the church and were baptized in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints. A few of the many were John Sharp, the Russells and Hunters and Pattersons. It caused an excitement in the place for a new religion coming in. There was feelings against Mormons. They slandered them of their character and calling them false prophets to come in the last days to deceive the elect. My Mother was the first in the family to embrace Mormonism. John Sharp baptized her in 1847. The branch began to increase in members. Elder John Sharp was appointed to preside over the branch. My Mother was disparaged by her friends and relatives, they had no good word for her, she had been deceived by false prophets. My father was very bitter against Mother joining that wicked sect. Father was a great reader in the Bible. He had a good memory. He could quote passages in the Bible to prove, in his own way, that Mormonism was not from God, but from the devil. John Sharp and other elders would come to Father's house and discuss for hours with him. Father was bitter for months against Mormonism. Mother had no peace. Father would abuse her. She prayed continuously before the Lord to help her endure all the trials and be able to overcome.

Elder William Gibson had a discussion with a Baptist Minister named Scott. It caused many to come to hear for themselves, also, at another time Elder John Sharp had a discussion with two or three diviners or ministers. It lasted two days, or three days. There were hundreds went to hear for themselves. They were surprised that a coal miner, John Sharp, to debate with three learned men from the college. When these ministers came into the meeting with the same feelings that great giant that we read in the Bible about little David. He thought he could kill him, but the Lord was with him. The result was that little David slew him and took the sword from the giant and cut his head off.

So it was with John Sharp. The Lord was with him and gave him his holy spirit to advocate the principles of the gospel, to expound the scriptures which were laid down by our Savior and his Apostles. He spoke boldly and testified that he knew that he embraced the same gospel that was taught anciently, and also knew that Joseph Smith was Prophet of God. He confounding them. So it is with the Elders when they rely on the Lord they will confound them.

Shortly after, Mr. Alexander Dow from Dunfermline came to Father and sold him tinware and Japanware. An old acquaintance of Father, he heard Father was very bitter against Mormonism. He reasoned with him on the principles of the gospel, and said to Father he knew that Mormonism was true. He told Father the vision he had and related to him what he thought. The tears came flowing from his eyes while he was relating. Those that had embraced the gospel and had that knowledge and turned to aside and denied their Lord and master he knew there doomed to be turned over to the buffeting of fate until he paid the penalty. Father was then satisfied that Mr. Dow was in earnest. Father's heart began then to soften towards the Latter-Day-Saints. Then my sisters Janet, Helen, Margaret and myself went and we were baptized. I was baptized by elder Patterson, and confirmed by William Patterson in the fall of 1848.

We went to the meetings they began then to come into the church in their testimony meetings. The spirit of the Lord was poured out powerful among the Saints. The gifts of healing and prophecy the gift of tongues and interpretation and other blessings. Elder John Russell presided the Clackmannan branch. John Sharp presided before and left with other Saints in August 1848 went to America. Father then shortly went and got baptized in Dunfermline by brother Alexander Dow, and confirmed by elder William McMaster who presided in Dunfermline branch. Father then went to emigrate to America with the body of the Church.

Before then Father and Robert Bonner leased a coal mine. They were in partners. Bonner swindled Father about one hundred and fifty pounds. Father then failed in business. He could not pay his bills. He then left Clackmannan. Mother then took charge of the affairs, and settle up the indebtedness, left the account book of parties owing to Father for them to collect over one hundred pounds. Also left the furniture goods in the store to pay the creditors. I assisted Mother to settle satisfactorily to all parties.

We then began to pack up and leave our native land and bid farewell to our friends. The names are my grandfather Gibson Condie, my uncle Robert Condie and his wife, Janet Hutton, and their children. My uncle John Condie and his wife Jane Russell. On Mother's side my uncle Thomas Strang and his wife, Margaret

Sharp, and family; uncle William Sharp and family. Also my aunt Mary Strang and family, wife of deceased of my uncle Peter Sharp; also my uncle Francis Patterson and his wife Jean Condie and family. Father was in business fourteen years. In the count of that time, he was honorable in all his dealings.

Mother then hired a team to take us all and boxes to the depot about seven miles distant, and then we boarded the train bound for Glasgow, and arrived all safe. There we met Father. We stayed a few days there, met some of the relations. We then went aboard steamer to take us to Liverpool. It was a very rough passage. There were many Hundred on the steamer, no place for us to sleep. Was very cold then. Had to wake up all night. We were very cold and tired. We were very thankful that we all arrived safe once more on land.

It was on Christmas Day, on Sunday to be in Liverpool, England, that I had heard or read about in school. I had no idea then that I would have the privilege of seeing England. The people thought if you went a hundred miles away from home they would be astonished going that distance. There are folks in Scotland that live where they were born and die in the same town. They do not care for traveling, satisfied where they be. I was surprised in Liverpool. Bands of brass instruments would play in the streets on Sunday. It was different in Scotland where I was raised. Any kind of instrument playing on Sunday was forbidden. They were very strict in observing the Sabbath Day, more so than in England. They would not allow someone to go fishing, playing ball, playing marbles. If you was to shave yourself, or blacken your shoes, or if any kind of play what ever, it was strictly forbidden. Under the laws of that land they would be prosecuted and be punished.

When the steamer arrived in Liverpool, when the passengers got on shore or land there were a great many hacks ready for passengers to get in. They would take you to the hotels or to places you wished to go to. Each hotel or boarding house had their cabs ready all the time. We entered one of the cabs. They drove us to the hotel. The proprietor's name O'Brian, Irish. Father made arrangements then to have two rooms, everything furnished. We were very comfortable while living there a few days.

Father thought having nothing to do he would clean his shot gun, being very dirty and rusty. He took it to pieces. He had a cup of vitriol on the table. He then used the vitriol on the gun, and then got through, he then turned aside to put the gun away. No sooner he turned aside my little sister Mary picked up the cup and drank of the contents, which was half full. My parents being aware of it they concluded that my sister Janet and myself should go right away and find some Mormon elders.

We had not then any acquaintances. It was at night. We traveled the streets to find where brother Orson Pratt (he then was president of the British Mission). At last we got to see him. We told him how things was. He said he could not come with us, but there was a committee held that night, showing us the way to go. We then arrived where the Saints had gathered at a house to worship the Lord. We then informed them that we came for by request of Apostle Orson Pratt for two or three of the brethren to go with us. They came along with us then they administered to Mary and rebuked the poison from her system or body, and promised her she would live and recover from that deadly poison. No sooner had their hands off her head than she began to vomit all that deadly poison which was in her body. The skin of her throat and tongue came also shortly. After the occurrence my little sister got poisoned, the land lady O'Brian, a good lady very kind and charitable, when she heard of the circumstances came down very sorrowfully. She advised us to have a priest. She was a Catholic, and said they had great faith when the priest sprinkled the holy water upon the sick. They say that hallowed water came from the River Jordan where our savior was baptized. I find the Catholic, they carry water from the River Jordan. They keep it sacred. When they are sick they then sprinkle it something like the elders when they administer they anoint them with oil. Mother thanked Mrs. O'Brian. Mother had more faith in our church. She had seen the power of God made manifest in restoring the sick, even with her own children while they were living in Clackmannan. We thanked the Lord in restoring little Mary again to be in our circle again. Mrs. O'Brian was surprised to find the little girl get better. She asked Mother how it was. Mother told her how we do it in our church. If any are sick, send for the elders of the church, and they will anoint them with oil.

And shortly after, my uncle Gibson Condie and his wife with her two daughters, Cecelia and Mary, and William Hunter and family and a few more families of Saints from Clackmannan going to America. Apostle Orson Pratt chartered a ship for the Saints, those going to New Orleans, America. Father then went to the office and paid for us to go.

The name of the ship Zetland, a fine ship. The commander Captain Brown. We was delayed three weeks longer than we expected on account of the ship not being ready. We all went on board the Zetland. There were over four hundred Saints composed of English and Scottish. Brother Orson Pratt and a few other elders came on board the vessel and organized us and appointed brother Orson Spencer as our president with his two counselors brother James Ure and brother Mitchell. Brother Pratt then stated to the Saints "If you would follow the direction and advice of those

brethren we have appointed all will be well with you." He also blessed the Saints as he gave them some good counsel, and advised how to be clean and not forget their prayers and live as Saints and respect the ship's officers, all would be well with them. He promised them, the ship would arrive in New Orleans with the Saints all safe. It was a time of rejoicing to the Saints to have Apostle brother Pratt giving us such good counsel and advice filled with the spirit of the Lord, promising us in the name of the Lord that all would be well with us and arrive in safety. Also, the beautiful hymns sung for the occasion. Farewell hymns. And then orders were given to set up ship.

A steamer came along then and pulled us out of the dock into the Irish Channel, with faith send to God, a last look at the native land, while many shed tears parting with their friends and singing their farewell hymns. It was very touching almost to everyone. When we was in the Irish Channel the steamer then returned back again to Liverpool, accompanied by several of the elders.

Our ship was then left to herself. Then the ship began to toss to and fro. The buckets or cans would tip over. I would say we left Liverpool January 29, 1849. The people then began to be sick, began to vomit. They could not sit up or eat anything. They called it sea-sickness. Everyone goes to sea, they generally have that attack. Lasts three days and sometimes longer. A person do not feel like eating. They feel as though they could not last. I was about a week myself before I was able to be around again.

Shortly after we left the dock the first mate got drunk and neglected his duty while we were in the Irish Channel. It was very dangerous, the sea full of rocks, and our ship had a narrow escape from being dashed to pieces. She ran against some rocks. The Captain thought there was something wrong. He then saw for himself the danger of the vessel, and he then took charge and changed the course of the vessel. He then took first mate into custody. He was not permitted to be on deck on day time, only at night. His office was took from him. He was a prisoner all the way to New Orleans. The Lord was over us and preserved us from the jaws of death.

Another circumstance: Our galley, fireplace, got on fire. We were all frightened: Our vessel being on fire and no way to escape, only to jump into the sea and be drowned. We succeeded in checking the flames, having in our favor all. We all felt thankful to our Heavenly Father in preserving us. Two narrow escapes we had.

On Sunday, the Captain gave permission for the Saints to have their meetings on deck, and it was well attended. Good order prevailed. Generally the Captain and most of the crew

would listen very attentively and came regularly to our meetings. The Saints were well pleased with their president brother Spencer, and they greatly respected the Captain, always at his post if they were in danger.

We enjoyed ourselves pretty well on the ship. We would amuse ourselves, all kinds of games, playing checkers, we would set our hook and line by the side of the ship, catch the fish, it was a grand sight to see the beautiful fishes of all kinds. They were very large. There were many a day that I have been amused to see them play around the ship. The sailors set their hook and line hanging by the side of the ship. One day the sailors hauled out a dolphin on deck. It was a large fish, larger than a horse. We were scared to see this monster. The sailors cut it in pieces and gave to the passengers. Some would eat, others did not care about it.

If there were any sickness on board we would see the sharks follow the ship for days. I think we lost two children to death on the voyage. They sewed them up in a sheet and throw them over board. The sharks then are ready to devour. It is a very sad affair to throw the dead over board to be ate by the sharks.

Our health generally was very good. The provisions we had they were a variety, very good, and enough to spare, we lived well. They were all satisfied with the provisions we had. If there was any quarreling on the ship it would be around the galley or fireplace, on account of their pots on the fire. They would remove their pot to one side then would put their's. They would get angry and have hard words one with another. While on ship a man wished to be baptized. On his request it was granted to him.

It was a grand sight to see. Jamaica Island, when we came in sight, the natives in their canoes would come along and bring different kinds of fruit to sell. They would get in our ship. I should think we would be two miles from land. We would then see other islands day after day. The largest of the islands is Cuba. The natives with their canoes would come from out of sea and sell fruit, fishes and nuts, and when we saw the islands, say from two to five miles, we all felt thankful to our Heavenly Father to see once more land at a distance. We had been four weeks when we could not see land, only the great water all around us.

A few days more we come to the Gulf of Mexico's fresh waters. It was a grand sight to see the dividing line between the Atlantic Sea salt and the Gulf fresh water. You would have thought there was a wall built expressly to separate the salt and fresh water. As far as the eye could see you would have thought it was a solid wall.

I consider we were greatly blessed, enjoyed health and strength, having good times on the ship, free from disease. We

were about nine weeks on the ship. While we was in the Gulf we could not go any further. I think we stayed a day waiting for a steamer to tug us up the river to New Orleans. There was another vessel waiting also in the Gulf. That ship came from Africa with a load of slaves, Negroes, to sell. A steamer came along and took both ships. Ships on each side of the steamer. We would go over to the other ship and see the Negroes how they were fed on corn bread, and this was the first that I ever tasted, corn dodgers. They gave us some to eat, I like it very much.

I think from the Gulf, New Orleans is about one hundred miles. We arrived all safe from Liverpool to New Orleans. Arrived New Orleans, April 2, 1849, is over five thousand miles. The surrounding soil around New Orleans down the river is like a paradise. The slaves, Negroes, were sold at this place, commanding a high price at auction, the same as they do selling horses.

Here we left New Orleans by steamer, bidding a-dieu to the faithful ship Zetland, also the Captain and officers, for St. Louis. We continued going up the river occasionally landing at places to get wood cut in cord wood for the engines. It is a beautiful country all the way up the river. Here then we arrived all safe. I think the distance from New Orleans to St. Louis eighteen hundred miles. We arrived at night.

While on the steamer my Father was sleeping or dozing that night. One of the sharpers came along took Father's watch, cut the chain. Father then reported to the Captain. That was all about it. It appears there are a class of men on the steamers who steal and plunder for a living.

The next morning Father thought he would go on shore and take one of our boxes on his shoulders. He walked along one of the planks. It appears the plank sprang up. He then lost his balance and he and the box fell in the river. He sank, and looking he saw some loose ropes hanging down the sides of the steamer. He swam and grasped one of the ropes and climbed himself on deck. We were surprised to see him on deck, all his clothes wet. No one saw him fall in the river. He undressed and put on dry clothes. We were all thankful to our Heavenly Father in preserving Father from being drowned.

That day we all went on shore with our boxes, and I think it was the first part of April we arrived in St. Louis. Here we found some of our old acquaintances from Clackmannan. They came here in 1848, the Sharps, Fifes, Wilsons and others. They advised us to come to Grove Diggins, seven miles from St. Louis. Father and all of us went. It is a coal mining place.

Shortly after Father one day went to St. Louis and bought two cows for eleven dollars. Pork could be bought at one cent per pound, sugar brown twenty pounds for a dollar, good whisky

twenty cents per gallon. Other things were very cheap. Coal miners was making good wages, laboring men the same. The people lived well. It was the custom, if you visit any house, they would bring out a gallon jug of liquor and treat you. We had to follow the custom, the same as they. There were mostly all Mormons here, mixed with English and Scotch, and a few Americans. They were a branch, presided by a Elder John Easton. They had very good meetings. Father and I, we went in the coal mines and we worked a few months. We made good wages.

My sister Janet was married to Joseph Sharp. Brother to John Sharp from Clackmannan, August 28, 1849, married by Elder John Easton. Shortly after we arrived Mother was confined to a son, shortly died in confinement. We named him Robert. Cholera set in Grove Diggins, raging fearful, also in St. Louis. All along the river there were many thousands attacked by the destroyer, hundreds died of that plague. I have seen able bodied men being attacked. They would not live many hours. The Saints were attacked as well as the gentiles. I have seen the fathers and mothers and children only one left to tell the tale. I well remember. They called a prayer meeting at night to implore their Heavenly Father to bless and comfort those who were bereft. Children lost their parents. Mothers lost their husbands, and they were very humble and sorrowful, all alone in the world, no one to attend to their wants and to stay the plague. We did have a good time, the spirit of God rested upon these speakers, the gifts of tongue and interpretation, the spirits of prayer and singing, it was a comfort to the Saints. And that time in St. Louis a fire broke out destroying many blocks. Hundreds of houses, mostly stories in the main heart of the city. You could see the blaze of the fires at night for miles around. It was a fearful sight to look at.

I went to St. Louis the next day and saw the ruins. There were millions of dollars destroyed. That large fire quenched the plague. The cholera abated. My little sister, Mary, took sick and died. She was going on three years old. In that part of the country, fever and ague prevailed. Father was attacked with that disease. It lasted for weeks. Many a time he told his family he would have to die. He suffered fearfully, and he had no hopes for recovering, but the Lord had mercy on him. He gradually recovered again.

One day Father went to St. Louis. There was an auction selling condemned government guns. They were in large boxes, I suppose about fifty in a box. They were barrels, the stocks were not there. Father bought, I think, a couple of boxes. They were rifle barrels or augers. He went to a gun smith, if they would stock them. Arrangements were made, prices was fixed. He was a German. He then stocked the guns. Father then went around

selling them.

Father was anxious to leave that part of the country, being unhealthy. He wanted to go up river to Council Bluffs, Iowa. He then made arrangements to leave. We left about the first of March, 1850. We lived in Grove Diggins about eleven months. We engaged a team to take our luggage and ourselves to St. Louis. We left behind my sister Janet and husband, also my uncle Gibson and family. They were all going to start that spring for Salt Lake City. They were to buy wagons and oxen in St. Louis. There were many of the Saints that year going to Salt Lake City. Brother Nathaniel Felt presided in St. Louis.

Then we made arrangements to go by steamer to St. Joseph. We continued our journey by steamer up the river. My Mother was sick. She had a miscarriage on board. She had to be packed in her bed by four men who took her ashore in St. Joseph, Missouri. We stayed until Mother got better. We were thankful to see Mother getting better. She had a narrow escape of death. Some thought she could not live, her being so low, but the Lord preserved her for a wife purpose. Father and brother Joseph Slinger made arrangements with a man, his first name Henry, he called himself a brother in the church. He had three yoke of cattle and a good wagon. We then continued our journey by land for Council Bluffs.

The road then was very muddy in March. Brother Slinger and wife, having a large family, they were English. Both families had to walk all the way, except the mothers and small children. We had a fearful time in traveling, going through mud holes. The wagon would get fast in the mud. The women would get out of the wagon, if there were any holes in the road. We would pry on the wheels. Sometimes we would unload. The cattle, sometimes, would not pull out the empty wagon. Sometimes the cattle had too much corn, they were foundered, they would not pull, they were bulky. It tried all our patience. Our clothes were in mud. We continued that for days. We did not travel many miles a day in that condition. We were all getting tired of our journey. I would not like to pass through that same ordeal.

We arrived in Kainesville, Council Bluffs, after a tedious journey, very dirty, anxious to change our clothes and to have a good wash, to clean our bodies. We were very thankful again to have another resting. First thing, Father wanted to buy a place. He enquired for places who were selling. All around Council Bluffs, they were mostly all Mormons. They were driven from Missouri and Illinois and came here to have a start, and thus continue to go with the body of the church in the Rocky Mountains. Father then found one who wanted to sell out. His name Enos Curtis, his place on the Mosquito Creek, one and one half miles east from Kainesville. He went and saw for himself. There