

I am Duncan McArthur. I was born the 22nd day of May in 1796 in Thornton, N.H. the 11th child and last son of my father, John McArthur.

My father was a good Scottish man. He died in Vermont in 1816. I was 20 at the time. He was living then near my older brother Andrew's farm in Chelsea.

My father, John, was born approximately 1758 at Glenlyon Paris Fortingall, in County Perth, Scotland. Father often told me of the beauties of his homeland. He said, "Glenlyon is a most beautiful spot 'tis a narrow glen - the sides of which are formed by the loftiest mountains in all the Shire. Thru it runs the river Lyon. 'oft times the mountain sides confine this wild, struggling river to hardly 8 yards wide. Numerous streams descend the mountains to swell this mighty river, the course of which is the beautiful Loch Lyoa and it empties 40 miles down into the Tay, below Taymouth Castle. 'Twas in the many caves on these mountain sides that my ancestral father found shelter during the wars with the hated English and during the frequent battles with hostile Clans. "Twas my ancestral Father who fought so gallantly with Robert Bruce to defeat the hated Edward of England.

The soil is rich in Glenlyn, the valley level, but the crops rarely reach perfection due to the untimely weather conditions. But the mountain affords excellent pasturage for our sheep. The quality of which surpasses all the Glen in the Perthshire Highlands. 'Tis a satisfying sight to see the honors bestowed on our sheep at the annual fair at Inverwich. Our Parish church is also in the hamlet of Inverwich. Twas just a good healthy walk away.

Ah..it 'twas a grand country! No mortal man could ever paint such a wild, romantic alpine scenery as God created in Glenlyon"