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BRIEF HISTORIES
OF
JEREMIAH LEAVITT
LEMUEL LEAVITT
DUDLEY LEAVITT

Leavitt

JEREMIAH LEAVITT

Jeremiah Leavitt 7th, son of Jeremiah 6th, was born February 10, 1822 at Stanstead, P. Q., Canada.

Jeremiah was just a boy when his father moved he and the family to Kirtland, Ohio to join with the Saints there.

They had been told of the prophet, Joseph Smith, his vision, and the gospel as preached by Mormon. Jeremiah's mother was first to hear of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She, being a humble and prayerful woman knew in her heart that it was true and most important to her and her family. It was permanent, having a sound foundation on which they could build.

She read the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants and any literature she could get from the Latter-day Saints. She knew them to be the words of God.

Jeremiah's mother and Father gathered their children and relatives together and were ready to leave their homes in Canada by July 20, 1835.

They had few difficulties in their 800 miles journey to Kirtland, Ohio. There, for the first time, they were privileged in meeting and hearing the Prophet Joseph Smith preach.

Having spent all their money on the journey thus far, they were compelled to remain at Kirtland for some time until they had earned enough money to travel the remaining 500 miles to Nauvoo.

Upon reaching Illinois, Jeremiah's father took a farm on shares at Twelve Mile Grove. There the family raised a fine crop and had a good living.

Jeremiah had grown into a man by the time they reached Nauvoo. He was a good man being well established with faith in the truthfulness of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

While in Nauvoo, Jeremiah met Eliza Harover, a girl of great faith who had been converted and brought from Washington D. C. by the Prophet Joseph Smith. She had given up home, family, and friends to return to Nauvoo with the Prophet, who was acting as her guardian.

Eliza on seeing Jeremiah for the first time exclaimed, "That is the man I am going to marry!" Of course her friends chided her but she and Jeremiah were attracted to each other from the first and were soon married.

They had 12 children, some of them being born during the time they were crossing the plains. The children were: Clarissa, Lucy Ann, Sarah Priscilla, Mary Ellen; Jeremiah, Louisa, Eliza, Emma, Joseph S., Josiah, Melvina, and Lydia.

Josiah, their youngest child who lived, was the first white child born at Gunlock, Utah.

Jeremiah and Eliza lived at Tooele and Santa Clara, Utah before moving to Gunlock.

Furing their first years at Gunlock, they had much trouble with the hostile Indians living around there. They finally had to kill the Indian's Big Chief, "Menuer". From then on they had much less trouble.

Jeremiah worked as a farmer at Gunlock for the rest of his life. Before planting, he always sprinkled his grain with paris green to keep the grain from going to smut. This one time as he was planting his grain the wind blew the poison dust back and he breathed it into his lungs, causing him to contract pneumonia.

Dudley Leavitt and William Jones were on their way from Gunlock to Mesquite, Nevada. They were camped at Beaver Dams and about 6:00 A.M. Dudley raised up in his bed and said, "William, Jeremiah died at 5 o'clock this morning." He said it with such surity that there were no questions from William. They debated on whether they should turn around and go back to Gunlock or hurry on, complete their business and then return as quickly as possible. They agreed to go on but before they reached Mesquite a horseman overtook them bringing the news that Jeremiah Leavitt had died at 5 A.M. on that 12th day of April in 1878.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF LEMUEL S. LEAVITT

Lemuel S. Leavitt, Mormon pioneer and colonizer was born in Comptan C. Quebeck, Canada, November 3, 1827. He was the son of Jeramiah and Sarah Studevant Leavitt, direct decendants of the pilgrims.

The traits of their pilgrim forefathers were inherent in their souls, for this family upon accepting the gospel of Christ, was one of the first to leave their beloved native soil, and kindred folk to join the Saints in Illinois.

That force which drove the Pilgrim fathers to seek new homes in strange lands, now became the driving force of these brave saints. There was nothing that could hinder this man and woman in their quest for what they believed to be "The Good Life."

Sickness, sacrifice, sorrow, or pain could not discourage them for they were willing and determined to find a place where they could worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their conscience.

Thus we find at the age of 8, Lemuel, accompanying his parents to Illinois. From the first their lot was hard. Their money was gone before they reached their destination, but the father found work in Kirtland and was able to earn a fairly good living. Before long they were able to buy a place three miles from Nauvoo. It was while the family was here that Lemuel became a close friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Through his association with the prophet, his faith in the principals of the Gospel became strengthened and he obtained an undying testimony of its truthfulness. To the end of his days Lemuel had a profound love and deep respect for the great Prophet.

They soon found that it was impossible to stay in one place very long. The saints were being persecuted continuously, and this family was soon forced to leave their beautiful new home and go to Mt. Pisgah. They moved in April, and at this time of year their provisions were very low, so it was decided that the father and Lemuel's younger brother should make a trip back to Boneport for provisions. This was the last time the mother and children ever saw the father, for while he was gone he took the chills and fever and died.

This left Lemuel to provide for his mother and five other children.

In the fall they were again forced to move. This time it was to the Bluffs in Iowa. The journey was long and hard and almost more than the mother could stand, for she became critically ill. Up until this time she had walked along the side of the wagon; for only very small children and people who were

physically unable to walk ever rode; but now she was placed in the wagon to continue on the long journey. It was only through her sincere faith in God that her prayers and those of her family and friends were answered and she recovered.

It was late fall when they arrived at Trade Point and here Lemuel left his mother with five children to spend the winter while he continued west to the valleys of the mountains to prepare for the coming of the family the next year.

He worked for months on a surveying project and when his mother and the rest of the family arrived the following October, 1859, he had a log cabin to shelter them and a small vegetable garden, and a fat beef to help furnish their winter's supply of food.

It was at this time he became acquainted and later married one of the beautiful pioneer maidens, Laura Melvina Thompson and they, with several others moved to Tooele. He did very well here and soon had a two story adobe home. He was a very intellectual and industrious young man, two traits that are essential in a colonizer, and from childhood he had been taught principles of truth and honor. He was born a leader and diplomat, cheerful, honest, and sympathetic. These traits were early recognized by Brigham Young and therefore he was chosen by the President to open some of the most difficult missions in the new land.

He had only been in Tooele a few years, when he was called during the year 1856 to go with Peter Maughn to explore and help settle Cache Valley.

Little is known of his work here but before long he received another call from President Young to go to Dixie on an Indian Mission. He was to teach the natives how to cultivate the soil and raise crops. Again he left with his family to go into a strange territory to live and raise his children among the natives. There was no road to travel, merely a broken path. Traveling was extremely slow and difficult. Many times he became discouraged and probably would have turned back, but his mission lay before him and not behind. This was what President Young meant when he informed Lemuel that he would be released from his mission in forty years.

In October 1862, a great tragedy befell the family. The mother died and left eight children under twelve years of age. While the father and children were suffering from their overwhelming grief one of the baby twin girls died.

Their anguish can hardly be described. For here they were, among hostile Indians, isolated by trackless rugged wasteland, hundreds of miles from help and comforting friends.

Within the year Lemuel was asked to go East, and accompany some emigrants back to Zion. This call he accepted as he had always done, unfalteringly.

Among the emigrants was a Danish girl named Betsy Amelia Martinson, whom Lemuel asked to marry. They were very happy together and she was a devoted mother to his children and they loved her, but this happiness wasn't to last, for on August 4, 1867, she died, leaving a small girl of her own to the twice orphaned children to care for.

The children were too young to take care of themselves, and Lemuel couldn't remain at home to take care of them for it took all his time caring for the crops that meant food for them.

There was no help one could hire, and probably if there had been some one, there wouldn't have been money enough to pay for the help. The obvious thing to do was to find some one who would marry him and accept the responsibility of caring for his large family, but this wasn't an easy thing to do. There were no eligible women. The girls usually married at an early age and had families of their own.

There was an English lady, Mary Craige, whose husband had died and left her five children to care for, so she and Lemuel were married. This made a good sized family, but they were all better cared for.

By this time there were quite a number who had settled here at the mission on the Santa Clara river. Their crops were never bountiful and each winter there was a scarcity of food.

The following story was told by Lemuel concerning one of their hard winters:

"Our crops had been very poor. There was never enough water for each man to irrigate his scanty acres. We not only had our own families to feed but often Indians came and demanded bread.

One winter was particularly hard. Our crops were more meager than usual and the winter was extra long and severe.

Our bins, as well as those of most of our neighbors, were getting pretty low so it was decided I should make a trip to Parowan to replenish our supply of flour. At this time this was a hazardous undertaking, for in winter a trip over the snow covered mountains to the north with no roads to follow was a real undertaking, however it was necessary that some one make the trip.

I suffered intensively from cold, yes, and even hunger, but I finally made the trip and returned with 500 lbs. of flour.

Within 12 hours most of the neighbors had come to borrow just a few mixings. We tried to distribute it and make it go as far as we could until we were left with only fifty pounds.

I could see that unless another trip was made soon the entire colony would be faced with starvation so the very next morning I set out again. This time I had to go to Beaver which is forty miles further north than Parowan. My brother-in-law owned the mill in Beaver.

When I told him of our dire needs he gave me twice the amount I could pay for, saying he had plenty. He insisted that I take the flour adding, 'I can't let my baby sister's children go hungry'. I think he would have the same for anyone.

On my return trip I had the misfortune of getting both of my feet frozen, but the Saints in Santa Clara were kept from starvation."

During these hard times his wife died. He cared for the family for awhile, then he married another English widow named Mary Ann Morgan who had two sons of her own.

In 1877 Brigham Young again called him to help make a settlement at Bunkerville, Nevada, and again he responded. By this time he had his family well established in Santa Clara, so he married another English widow named Rebecca Gibbons Waite who had six children and he took them to Bunkerville to live.

He made regular trips from Santa Clara to Bunkerville to see that both families were well provided for.

In 1889, Mrs. Waite died. The children that weren't married went to live with the other family in Santa Clara.

It is said by everyone that knew them that Lemuel never in any way showed any favoritisms to any of the children. He loved them all alike, and they in turn loved and respected him.

He was truly a man of noble character. He was honest, truthful, humble, and prayerful--always a man of great faith. He had the gift of healing and also the gift of talking in tongues. He never had an enemy.

At one time he said, "I don't know much about the telephone but I always try to live so that I will be in tune with my Father in Heaven."

A LIFE'S MISSION

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I took my wife and children four,
With old buck and Bery to haul my store,
And with two cows to give us milk,
I traveled to the land of cotton and silk.

There I commenced my toil,
To teach the Indian to cultivate the soil
Lay away his bows and arrows, roaming and savage life,
To cultivate the earth and live a better life.

In a year or two I began to feel kinder, "blue"
And asked President Young when this mission would be through
He told me in forty five years or so,
I could have the privilege to stay or go.

In 63 I was called to assist to fix up a train
And drive an ox team down across the plain,
Over the mountains and rivers I strand,
And brought the saints up to the Promised Land.

In 77 twas Prophets will
To make a settlement at Bunkerville,
Forty years of my mission have past,
And I'm living on the last,
My Father in Heaven if 'tis His will
I'll continue on and my mission fill.

I've raised fatherless children ten,
They have all grown up to be women and men,
Not one will say I musused or led them astray.
Not one from my home or the church have flown,
But have all settled around with ten of my own.

I'm three score years and ten,
I've laid up no money nor honors of men
It matters but little to me what people may think
or say;
I've done the best I could in my own weak way.

MY GRANDPA, DUDLEY LEAVITT

By La Rue Leavitt Christian

My grandpa, Dudley Leavitt, he, who pioneered this land
When it was but a desert waste, of sagebrush, rocks and sand
Was a man we all can honor, and be mighty proud of too,
For he was a man of courage--yet so gentle through and through.
He was forged of brawn and sinew, made on hardships rugged mold
Yet he lived as near to God, as the prophets, born of old.
He knew want, and real privation, such as only pioneers knew,
When he filled the Indian mission, and on the Virgin River too.
But let me start at the beginning--tell his story from the start
May I tell it as he'd have me; may its telling reach your heart.

'Twas in August 1830, that he first saw light of day,
Just o'er the Canadian border at Hartley town, they say.
The eighth child of his parents--he was fourth son born to them.
Jeremiah then was 8 years old, while just three years old was Lem;
And Thomas, had yet to be born, in several years or so.
The four sons who would have the chance to live here long, you know
These four would grow to manhood, and were destined to be
The honored sires of countless folks--of folks like you and me,
Who should, if we are worthy, of our heritage so great,
Be begger, better, people--not just common second rate.

For we came of goodly grandfolks, who could boast a family tree
Of staunch and sturdy pilgrims and of far off royalty.
But every bit as wonderous, as their noble ancestry
Was the faith, our grandsires cherished, and their true fidelity
For they heard the true religion, from their goodly parents--who
Were filled with deep conviction, that what Joseph said was true,
For they listened and they followed, where 'er the Prophet led,
From Canada, to Kirtland, to Nauvoo--where'er he said.
Then when the Prophet died, on Westward they were shoved.
'Twas on this trek their father died--he, that they dearly loved.

Then soon the older brothers, Jeremiah and Lemuel, too,
Went on ahead to Utah, and Dudley was left to do
The task of bringing his mother, and the younger ones than he
Across the desert wilderness--a stupendous task, you see
For he was not then quite twenty, tho of statue strong and broad
Yet he brought the family safely, for he put his trust in God.

He first settled in Tooele, where he showed a wisdom rare
In his dealings with the Indians. He was always strictly fair.
Here, the greatness of his soul, and his understanding heart
Began to show itself, in the way he took the part
Of friend to erring Indians, of mediator too.
With trust in God, he always did the very best he knew.

'Twas here that he was married in eighteen fifty-three
 To comely Mary Huntsman--he then was 23.
 Just two years later, Dudley decided they should go
 With Jacob Hamblin to the south. His wife agreed, and so
 With wife and babe, and mother, and his younger sister too
 And his second wife, Maria (Who was very young and new,
 And was Mary's younger sister--one she'd wanted him to wed
 For 'twas right for him to have her, for so the prophet said.)
 So in eighteen fifty-five, my grandpa Dudley went
 With Jacob and their families, back where Jacob first was sent,
 To the Santa Clara Country, a wild unsettled place
 Where hardly any white men 'till now had showed their face.

They had to fight the weather, the river, and the sod
 They conquered them, because they lived so close to God.
 They asked him for the sunshine, and for the rain to fall;
 What'er their need they'd do their best, then on His help they'd call.
 The Indians were a trial, but with Jacob, Grandpa, too
 Was blessed in knowing what to say and knowing what to do.
 He went on Indian Missions. Many times his life near lost
 But he never reckoned it was hard, or thought about the cost.
 He lived in Gunlock and in Hebron, in Clover Valley too
 And later still in Bunkerville--when these settlements were new.
 There was constant fear from Indians, and trials of every kind,
 But my Grandpa, Dudley Leavitt, never seemed to mind.

Besides his first two wives, he married, other women three.
 There was Thirza and Jeanette, and Martha too, you see.
 These wives gave grandpa children--in number forty eight,
 With 263 grandchildren--a goodly lot for one to rate.
 There were 65 from Mary and from Maria 72.
 Thirza's lot was 73--now that was quite a few.
 Jeanette had 47, and Martha's lot was 6
 Any more it seems to me, would put our housing in a fix.

Now if today we knew how high that number runs
 I'm sure it would astound us, how numerous we've become.
 Take Uncle Henry's family, that started out with ten
 Has grown til now it's 46. Now take my father, then,
 He started out with only seven, and now we're fifty-eight.
 If we had counted on Uncle List, or on our Aunt Mame Waite
 I'm sure we'd find that they, are more than these we've said.
 And if every one were counted, I'm sure there be at least 2000 head
 Of folks who claim as their grandsire, that man we do revere,
 My Grandpa, Dudley Leavitt, that we all love so dear.

Yes, my Grandpa, Dudley Leavitt, had with all his might to strive.
 And that's quite a bunch of women most any one will tell,
 For one lone man to handle, but my grandpa did it well.
 He treated all alike, and no favoritism showed,

They lived like loving sisters, each one sharing part the load,
And the children that they bore, could hardly ever tell,
Which woman was their mother, for they loved them equal well.

My Grandpa, ruled his household with a gentle, loving hand,
And raised them all God-fearing, for he took unwavering stand
That they must observe the Sabbath, and be faithfull in their prayers.
And be honest in their dealings, and in all of their affairs,
And he set a good example by the kindly things he did.
He cast "bread upon the water", but always kept it hid.
For the help he gave he never wanted other folks to see
The folks he helped will tell you, he was full of charity,
That his heart was good as gold, and big enough to take
An orphan child into his home, or perhaps to even make
The greatest sacrifice he could, or share in any way,
That those in need might have as much as he would have that day.

My Grandpa, Dudley Leavitt, was not afraid of work.
He taught his children that no task, was hard enough to shirk.
He raised them to be thrifty and to keep their bodies strong
In every way he tried to teach them not to do a wrong.
He never cared for honors, or for prestige, or for fame,
Just for a pure and honest heart and for a goodly name,
And when his grand old body was laid away to rest
His children knew he'd gone to join the very best.

For you see, all the days of his life, he had fought his way
through
Now he'd finished the task he was given to do.
And he'd got his last call. He'd received the glad word
From the chambers above of his father--our Lord.
He could hear Him now say, "Well and faithfully done
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."
And those good wives of his, shared his great honor, too,
For they stood by his side, all the way through

But what of us here, who are gathered today
The descendants of them who have long passed away.
Will we fight our way through? Will we finish our task?
Will we keep the good faith, right on to the last?
Are we honest and good and have we true charity?
That is the challenge to you and to me !

May my grandpa dudley, be able to say
To all of us here assembled today,
"Well and faithfully done. I'm as proud as can be
Of every last one that belongs here, to me."