

CHRISTOPHER LEVETT

King James I:

I suppose I need to introduce myself to this audience. I am King James the First of England. You know, of the King James Bible, and of Jamestown, Virginia. I hear you are gathered to learn about your forefathers. I'm sure you know they first came to the land England as nobles with William the Conqueror and have been rightly respectable ever since. But I'm not so sure you know much about an uncle of yours, who truly was important, in my eyes, to the history of England.

I'm speaking of Christopher Levett of York. He came from a well-established family, with his father being a sheriff. Christopher became a quite notable sea captain. But he was more. Intelligent and educated, he wrote a booklet with tables of measurements for buying timber. Now you folks are accustomed to using books with tables, but this was quite a new sort of thing for us. I made him Woodward of the King's Forests, responsible for caring for and protecting my trees there, as well as locating those trees we would be using for mast of ships. To be a powerful country in my day, you needed many ships, all needing high, straight masts.

And Christopher was an adventurer, also, who got himself in with the right people. I had given the Council for New England almost all power and control of that area. He was granted 6,000 acres in New England. He could select where the land was himself, and he planned to name it York, after his beloved home. He would be its governor. I endorsed his efforts, and urged the people of York to furnish him with men and funds.

He sailed to New England in 1623, three years after the pilgrims had arrived. He helped explore the New England coast. He particularly liked the area of what is now Portland, Maine, and planned to locate his settlement there. He did this only after first making the necessary arrangements with the Indian so they, also, saw him as owning the land. He build the first structure there. On this trip he was made a counselor in my powerful Council of New England.

He returned to England to recruit others to come live in his plantation of York, but alas, the Protestant parliament was given me great bother. They called the Counsel for New England a monopoly and were fighting me for power. The climate was too uncertain for investors, or settlers, to move to a place that they might not have the rights to tomorrow. And along with that, affairs were not good with Spain and France. Settlements in New England were certainly very low on my lists of concerns at this time, and very little settling happened for the next several years.

Christopher was not able to return to New England for five years. But he never gave up his dream. When I died, Charles came to the throne but had similar political difficulties. However, Levett kept petitioning Charles' secretary for an audience with Charles time and time again. Finally it was granted, and that son of mine made one of his best decisions of his reign by listening to your uncle. Levett was right. England needed the resources of timber there if they were to keep a strong navy. It needed a presence there. The English poor needed a place to

invest their efforts to escape poverty. We needed to keep settling in the New World. Charles gave a decree that all the churches were to raise money for Levett's settlement and he declared Levett governor of New England.

It was still a struggle for Levett, though. Money and confidence in the crown were lacking. Christopher wrote his second book, telling of his explorations in New England, what the land was like, what an immigrant would need to bring with him to be successful, how to plant there, etc. While he made several more trips to New England after that as the Council's official emissary, his Plantation of York never became a reality. He was in Salem in 1628 to welcome John Endicott with his 100 emigrants. He was the Council emissary to welcome Gov. John Winthrop to Salem in 1630, with his 1,000 emigrants. By 1640 there were around 20,000 emigrants in Massachusetts. Unfortunately for him, Levett died at sea in 1631, never getting to be a governor of the lands awarded him.

But he left a far bigger legacy. Who knows what England would have missed in colonization without the impetus Christopher gave it with his audience with Charles and with the writing of his book. And for you, who know what you would have missed out on, if he hadn't influenced his nephew John, to choose to colonize in the New World, for it is his nephew John that is your first grandfather in the New England. I personally think that Christopher had a great part to play in the generating of English colonies of America.

DEACON JOHN LEAVITT

Sarah Gilman Leavitt:

I am Sarah Gilman. Mine was a ancient and respected family in England with manors, money and education. They were also free thinkers. They chose a form of Protestantism that encouraged members to think for themselves. They had a lay clergy and used English rather than Latin for their services. When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne and wanted only Catholicism in England, my family was forced to move near the forests of Hingham so they could continue their religious practices in hiding. There they learned the business of timber harvesting and milling. As persecution intensified, we decided to journey to New England to escape the restrictions in England. We landed at Hingham, MA in 1638, when I was 16 years old.

I am happy I was invited to talk about my dear husband John. He was a man well-known and highly respected by his community. But this has not always been so. You see, he came to New England as a run-away tailor's apprentice. When he arrived here at age nineteen, he still had two years of his apprenticeship left. I'm not sure, but it seems that his uncle Christopher Levett helped him to come. His name never appears on any ship's log, yet he was there with his Uncle Christopher to greet Gov. Winthrop when he arrived at Salem two years later in 1630.

John settled first in Dorchester, MA in 1628, which became, for a while, the great city of the area. Plymouth had been established just 8 years earlier. John's fruits from his hard work and respectable conduct soon earned him the status of free man in 1634. That was the good and bad news. A freeman was one who was a landowner, belonged to the church and had taken an oath to be a true and faithful subject of the Crown. As a free man he could then vote and hold public office. The bad news was his name was on a list of freeman printed in England. The tailor to which he was an apprentice, seeing his name, legally and lawfully sailed to New England and laid claim to all the property that John had acquired, as payment for the unfinished apprenticeship. Eight years of labor was suddenly gone.

So John had to start over. He moved ten miles east and became one of the original settlers of Hingham. Hingham was the 12th town in Massachusetts. There, again, his industry and character born fruits and he prospered greatly, and once again became a freeman. And he served in many community capacities. Aa all the other men, he served in the militia to protect us against the Indians. John carried such ranks as deputy and captain. He was a representative to the General Court, and served as selectman 7 times. He was also a member of the Governor's Council.

He married Mary Lovett in 1637 and they had five children. But she died 9 years after their marriage, leaving children ages 4 months to 9 years old. Six months later I married John.. I was 24 years old then. I began caring for the five children he had with Mary. A year later all my family but my sister moved to Exeter. They worked much with timber there. My brother built its first sawmill. But John and I stayed in Hingham, and we had 8 children of our own.

John was a Deacon in the church and our religious convictions are shown by the names of our children--all names from the Bible. He helped with the building of our church, which now, in

your day, is the longest continuously-used church in America.

John eventually owned much land. I'm particularly fond of the land of our homestead. It was enlarge upon when the Sagamore Indians gave him some adjacent land on Turkey Hill in appreciation for John caring to the burial of the Chief's mother. All our children were born here. This house, built by our son and grandson, was built 20 years after John's death, and is on the original site of our house. Our descendants lived here for four generations. Two hundred years after John's death it was sold to the Kress family and their descendents still live in it today. The street in front of our home is still named Leavitt Street. The bridge over the Weir River was Leavitt Bridge. And as you roam the city's cemeteries you will see how well loved the name Leavitt is by how often the name was bestowed on residents through the years. John died at age 83, leaving a very large posterity and a legacy of respect for his service to his community and church. I died nine years after John.

MOSES LEAVITT

Dorothy Dudley Leavitt:

I am Dorothy Dudley. My father is The Reverend Samuel Dudley. He is the son of the second governor of Massachusetts. His first wife was the daughter of John Winthrop, who was the first governor of Massachusetts. She died young, as did his second wife. My mother, Elizabeth Northrup was his last wife. From his three wives he had 18 children altogether, with 16 growing to maturity. I am his 16th child.

My father was highly thought of in Exeter. At the time he accepted the position to be their minister, the residents of Exeter were high divided religiously and civically. His ministrations and energy became a major unifier of the city. He was a very popular. He was not only their religious leader, but he also advised, counseled and led in most of the other aspects of community life. He died a year after I married. Not only I, but the entire town felt a great loss.

When I was 17, I accepted marriage to Moses Leavitt. Fourteen years my senior, he was socially very acceptable to my family. His father John had bought land here in Exeter many years ago, and at age 14 Moses received ownership of some of that land. When he moved here to Exeter from Hingham he was not lonely. His Grandfather and Grandmother Gilman lived here along with his three Gilman uncles. His half-brothers Samuel and Jeremiah Leavitt lived here and two other brothers would live in the area. They were all very much involved with lumber mills and ship-building. (Incidentally, this was an area that your Uncle Christopher Leavitt had marked for its great timber possibilities.)

My husband also became one of the most prominent men in the area. He was a selectman at age 29 and served as one for over 31 years. He was the representative to the General Court several times. He was on a body that oversaw loans. A deacon in the church, he was on another body that oversaw the building of a new meeting house and to the replacing of ministers that died or moved. When asked, he just might say, however, that one of the most delicate matters given him was determining who sat in which pew in the new church. After one year of pondering, his committee finally arrived at the carefully crafted seating chart.

On the more serious side, two years after our marriage, a corrupt judge said that the Exeter land, which we had bought from the Indians in a deserted state, was not ours, but belonged to a descendent of Robert Mason. When we sent a representative to appeal to the king, the judge had us harassed while the representative was gone. The city sent our grandson-in-law Nathaniel Weare on this dangerous mission. The court did grant Mason legal ownership of the land, but then all we residents refused to move, and no one could force us off the land, and no one would buy our lands from Mason. Finally, twenty-five years later, the courts withdrew Mason's rights to the land. There are other stories of non-compliance to timber laws deemed unjust in our history as residents of Exeter. We have felt the chafing of unjust rule and learned to value independence.

But unjust laws were not the only difficulties of our lives. We had hostilities with the Indians from time to time. The Gilman Garrison, the oldest house still standing in Exeter, was built by Moses' Gilman grandfather as a fortress against attack. It had a tunnel leading to the water, so people could escape by boat, it needed. Moses was as involved as others in the militia. King Philip's Indian War began 6 years before we married. Moses responded with the rest of the militia to the Oyster River raid, and during the intermittent French and Indian wars, which began eight years into our marriage, and lasted beyond our lifetimes. New Hampshire was often hit hard during these times of conflict.

I cared for our 12 children. Despite the difficulties of our lives, we had the joy of seeing them all reached adulthood. I died before Moses did. He died at age 81. In his will he divided justly among his children his broad holdings in land, houses, shares and a great sum of money, for he had a lucrative trade in white pine ships masts. How we loved and served and fought for Exeter and its people. How we loved our freedom and lives in this part of a new world.

JOSEPH LEAVITT

Jonathan Wadleigh:

Good afternoon. My name is Jonathan Wadleigh. Joseph Leavitt became my son-in-law, and its a pleasure to be here to tell you about him. Now, you need to know right off that I knew Joseph very well before he married my daughter Mary. Our families were next door neighbors and our families were of equal social status. I was a captain in the militia and served often as selectman. I think his father Moses and I served at times together. We were for certain on the same committees responsible for building the new meeting house and also on the one for dispensing loans.

Community service ran in my family's blood. They first settled in Maine in 1639, in the area where Christopher Leavitt would have had his plantation had he been able to. Then they moved to Dearfield, 15 miles from Exeter. My family was known for their sound judgement, honesty and integrity and were often asked to be arbitrators in disputes among neighbors. Many served as selectman and moderators. When one of my neighbors described me this way, he could of been talking about most my family. He said: "I remember [Jonathan Wadleigh] well. I remember his unflinching honesty and if I were his worst enemy or if he were mine, I would trust him for honest dealing. He never gave random opinions." This is the kind of people I came from. This is the kind of family Mary came from.

Oh, and I didn't tell you about her mother's father, Nathaniel Weare. Not only did he represent Exeter twice before the king's council in England, but he served as a commisisoner assigned to get agreement on some form of government for the colonists in the late 1600's. He also was a highly respected individual..

Living as neighbors with the Leavitts and doing community service with his father, I kind of watch Joseph grow up. I was impressed with young Joseph, and as he aged, he grew and grew in my estimation. In fact, I eventually made him the lone executor of my will, leaving him to close the affairs of a very large estate and leaving almost all that I had to him and Mary.

Now Joseph was born in 1699, just before the turn of the 18th century. He lived 93 years, so he saw most all the happens of the 1700's. He was the sixth child of Moses and Dorothy. His trade became that of barrel maker. This fit hand in hand with the timber and shipping companies of his families. After all, if you don't have barrels, you don't have any containers for shipping goods.

He was raised at the time of Indian hostilities. The second French and Indian war was going on when he was born and didn't end for another 14 years. Exeter suffered greatly during this time. He saw his father go off with the militia and went with his family some nights to the garrison for protection. At age 25 he was on a scouting expedition to Lake Winnipisaukee. This is the first recorded time he was called to take up arms, but not the last. He fought in at least five significant battles during these French wars for the next 20 years.

At age 28 he married my Mary, then age 24. Three years later his father died and he inherited 70 acres to add to the already 30 he owned. Mary and he had nine children. Mary and Joseph's first and last child were born in Deerfield, 15 miles from Exeter, but the middle children were born in four other towns. Maybe it was because of the laws that required you to live in a town to purchase land there. He did own land in each of these town at his death. Three of their last four children were born in Exeter, so we were around them alot after they married.

The last French and Indian War began in 1754. In 1755, with Joseph serving as a sergeant, and with his oldest son Nathaniel at his side, they were nearly killed with the rest of their company at Fort Duquesne, a French Fort. They were among the few rescued that day by a young British Army Colonel named George Wahington. Joseph was age 56 years and Nathaniel was age 28. I died a year after this battle. Seven years later this 74-year period of fighting finally ended. Mary lived with four years of peace before she died.

Joseph remarried a year later, at age 64, to Sarah Gilman. You're right, she was a distant relative of his. He lived another almost 30 thirty years. I wish I could say happily ever after, but remember, there was still the Revoluntioinary War between this time and his death. But we'll let his son Nathaniel tell those stories. His estate was meager when he passed away-- a bed, one book, a gun and articles valued at 1 pound sixteen pence. Ninety-three years full of war and the birthing of a republic. This quiet hero is buried on a wooded hillside, a "stone's throw" from his Deerfield home. An example to us all of enduring well.

NATHANIEL LEAVITT

My name is Nathaniel Leavitt. I am the first-born son of Joseph Leavitt and Mary Wadleigh. My father lived 93 year. But I lived to be 97 years old. I saw the French-Indian Wars, the turmoil and tyranny before the revolution, fought with my neighbors for freedom from England, and saw the Constitution established. I even lived to see us victorious again in the War of 1812. I saw all this before I died on quiet Leavitt's Hill in Grantham, New Hamsphire.

My wife was Lydia Sanborn. Her father was a patriot and leader in New Hampshire's struggle for independence. My wife's mother was of the Dearborn family. Her Dearborn and Robie progenitors were some of the original settler of Exeter.

We married in 1752. In about 10 years the French and Indian Wars would cease, but oppression would be increasing, as Parliament erroneously tried to increase control over the colonists. I can almost tell you the history of the conflicts by the birth of my children. My oldest, Joseph, was born the year we were saved by George Washington at Fort Duquesne. Lydia was born the year I marched with the Crown Point expedition. Moses was born at the height of a small pox epidemic, that somehow spared our family. Jeremiah was born in a time of prosperity but tension. Nathaniel was born at the time of the Stamp Act. The act was finally repealed the year Dudley was born. John was three months old when the Boston Massacre occurred.

Tension continued to mount when Josiah was born. The year after Jonathan was born 75 men from Exeter raider Fort William and Mary, carrying away the British stores of cannons, guns and ammunition. It was also the year The First Provincial Congress was held, against the crown's will, in Exeter. The year Stephen was born, Exeter hosted the Second Provincial Council and this town of 2,000 became the center of the rebellion in New Hampshire.

By 9:00 a.m. the morning after the battles at Concord and Lexington, 108 Exeter men were provisioned and left, ready for battle. Eleven with the name of Leavitt were among those who marched that day. Our last two children were born in 1776. In January of that year New Hampshire adopted the first written state constitution. In June New Hamsphire adopted the first Declaration of Indepence. This was three weeks before Thomas Jefferson's document.

As I had joined my father in battle with the French and Indians, now I fought these battles with two sons at my side. Your Jeremiah was then 16. He being the oldest at home, he helped the family cope there. Lydia gave birth to two girls and our one-year old Stephen died.

The war lasted seven years. When it was over, we had our independence, but Exeter had lost its role as ship-builder. We needed new space to seek a living. I moved to Grantham, in western New Hampshire in 1793. Most my children moved to Grantham and we settled close together. At one time there were nearly fifty Leavitt's attending the school on Leavitt's hill. Our seventh son, John was the first to permanently settle there. He later fought in the war of 1812. He cared for me in my old age. Our cemetery is located on John's farm, which was next to the last farm on the road to Leavitt Hill.

JEREMIAH LEAVITT & SARAH SHANNON

Sarah Sturtevant Leavitt:

I am happy to be here to tell you about the lives of my in-laws, Jeremiah and Sarah Shannon Leavitt. While Jeremiah was still a young man, the Revolutionary War began. At first he helped care for a large family while the older men were off to battle. But at age 19, he also became a soldier. It turns out that he served with a man who would be his brother-in-law after the war--when he married sweet Sarah Shannan. He married her when he was 24 and she was 20. The Shannon's, who were Irish, lived 12 miles away from Exeter, in Chester.

He was a rather independent soul. Jeremiah was often noted by others as a "remarkable man." He was the first of the family to go to Grantham, New Hampshire, 100 miles away from Exeter. There their first son was born. They didn't stay there long at all. Instead they went back to the Exeter/Chester area, as well as further north into what would be Canada. They were some of the first settlers of Hatley, Quebec. Happily, there were some other distant relatives who chose to live in that area. It was just opening up for settlement.

The lands of Hatley was settled primarily by English and American settlers. It contained rich soil, was heavily timbered, and had many lakes in the area. Jeremiah and Sarah raised 10 children there. However, he died at age 56, when the youngest child was 12. The oldest child Weir was married by that time. Jeremiah and I married the same year Father Jeremiah died. Nathaniel and Lydia also married that year. Mother Sarah carried on by herself raising the five youngest. Happily, her married children settled around her and stayed close

Eventually the prime money crop of Hatley became potatoes, and more than that, potato whiskey. There became 23 distilleries in the area, and the population suffered greatly from drunkenness and its accompanying evils. I was raised very strictly, and with a great knowledge of the Bible. I was never satisfied by any of the religions about me, because I could always prove them false by the Bible. One night I had a spiritual experience. I didn't know at the time what it meant, but it happened the same year and season, perhaps the same day, that Joseph Smith's prayer opened the heavens.

We first heard of the Mormons in a Baptist paper. What they wrote was so far-fetched that no person of common sense would believe a word of it. "One day one of my husband's sisters asked me to take a walk with her. She had heard the gospel preached by a Mormon and believed it and had [been] baptized. She commenced and related the whole of Joseph's vision and what the Angel Moroni had said. . . . It came to my mind in a moment that his was the message [I had been waiting for]. I read the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants. I knew it was the word of God and revelation from Heaven and received it as such. Many of us did. A couple [Hannah, Weir oldest girl] were baptized, but most didn't have the opportunity then. So "the next thing [to do] was to gather with the saints. I was pondering over in my heart how it was possible for such a journey . . . but the voice of the Spirit said [loud, clear and plainly] 'Come out of Babylon'. . . . [Then] I knew the way would be opened for us to gather with the Saints." We were ready for our journey of 800 miles on July 20, 1837. We were going to Kirtland.

Mother Sarah, at age 62, was as determined as the rest of us to go. Yet I wonder what thoughts went through her mind as she stopped to say goodbye to her husband's grave. Little did she, or the rest of us know, that only one of her children would make it all the way to the Rocky Mountains, where the real gathering in peace would take place.

JOHN LEAVITT

Franklin Chamberlain:

Seven of Mother Sarah Leavitt's ten children left Hatley with us. There was around 60 person. Why, I think we took a tenth of the population of Hatley when we moved. Three of Sarah's children had married Rowells from next door. Sarah and William Rowell lived away in Vermont and didn't move with us. Lydia's husband, Thomas Rowell, had recently died and he stayed behind. But Lucy Rowell, your grandmother, did come along. Her husband was your grandfather John. I led the company of Leavitt's to Kirtland, being the oldest and the husband of Rebecca. For reason I'll keep to myself I never joined the Mormon Church, but I was their leader that day. I had the best outfit, so Mother Sarah rode with us.

At Buffalo, NY, Nathaniel's family left us to travel on Lake Erie to Michigan. He died before we saw him again, though his orphans were later joined with us. There were great flocks of people going to Kirtland at the same time as us. But there was also great tension in Kirtland, with the banks just having failed and people wanting to place blame somewhere. Many were blaming Joseph Smith and emotions were high. We stayed in Kirtland for a week. Even though Joseph Smith was in hiding at that time, we were able to hear him preach before we had to leave. Some in Jeremiah's family were baptized there. We saw their temple, even went upstairs to see the Egyptian mummies and papyri they were storing up there.

The town and countryside was too full. There was no room to settle, so we had to move on. Jeremiah and Sarah and your grandparents John and Lucy stayed in that county for a while, living about 10 miles apart. John and Lucy were not yet converted to the Mormon faith. They had two daughters born to them while in Ohio. And they had one daughter die. That was Cinderella, at age 14. While living in Burton, Ohio there was a neighbor named Brown there with three of his children. Eventually two of the sons would marry John Leavitt's girls, once they were in Michigan.

We Chamberlains and the rest of the family went further west. We settled at the end of 1837 in a spot called Twelve Mile Grove, about 20 miles south of Chicago. Twelve Miles was a translation of the Indian name for the place that meant "Twelve Miles Away from Everything Else." Four of our families lived here: Mine, Betsey and her husband James Adams, Hannah and her husband Horace Fish, Weare's family, and Mother Sarah. We were among the first to settle the area. It was one of the finest places you could imagine. The bad part was there was disease in the soil, and there were deaths, including Weare's and Mother Sarah's. Jeremiah caught up with us there later, but John never did move here. When Jeremiah and Sarah arrived later, they had with them Nathaniel's orphaned children.

A year after we settled here was when the Mormon had their great troubles in Missouri and were driven out. Here in Twelve Mile Grove, some Mormon missionaries came through and preached to us. One was named King Follett. Once the Mormons had established Nauvoo, around 1840, most all those of the family who had settled with us moved to Nauvoo. We didn't. But five years later, a year before the Mormons were driven out of Nauvoo, we moved to Black Oak

[some say Oak Lawn], Cook County, Illinois near to Chicago. John's family moved that same year to Cambria, Hillsdale, Michigan. The Brown children moved with them. Lucinda married Benjamin Franklin Brown and Orilla married Philander Brown. But remember, your Grandmother Ellen Brown isn't a relative of theirs.

Your family seemed to flourish in Cambria. They acquired land, began farming, helped construct roads and worked on the Southern Michigan Railroad. They were very enterprising and accomplished almost everything they set out to do. One of the first things they did was gather sap and made maple syrup to sell. I think John died there in Michigan in 1852, though some say it was in Exeter. They also had one son born there who died 6 months later.

According to your Uncle John Quincy Leavitt, the family heard the gospel of Jesus Christ preached by the Mormon Elders for the first time in Cambria. The missionary who taught them was a William Folsom. He was descendent of the Gilmans and the Dudleys back in Exeter. Your Uncle John Quincy said all accepted it. He, his sisters that were married to Franklin and Philander Brown left to join the saints. He says that Mother Lucy left with them in 1854. We believe she died near the Platte River in 1858. Their company reached Salt Lake in 1860.

However, Lyman and his wife, Ellen remained behind. So did his sisters Flavilla and Sarah. In 1862, Lyman and Ellen did stayed with us a year, before heading west. And Lyman's sister Sarah married my son in 1859 and stayed with us here in Michigan. Occassionally we saw family as they were traveling through. But it was rather lonely to have our families so far away from us while we stayed here in Michigan.

LYMAN LEAVITT/ELLEN BROWN

James Elbert Leavitt:

Hi kids and cousins. It's great to have a chance to share with you what I remember about my father. Now, my memory isn't someone else's memory, and sometimes we end up with things remembered differently. But all I've got is what my memories are, so that is what I'll be sharing with you today.

Father was born in Canada and moved to Michigan. When he was about 25 he married my mother, Ellen Adell Brown, who was 21 at the time. I was born a year later, in 1858. Florence was born two years later. Then another two years later, in 1862, we moved to Black Oak, Ill and stayed with uncle Frank Chamberlain. I went back and forth into Chicago with him to sell and buy.

But come 1863 and we were on our way to the gold rush in California. There were five wagons in our company, all horse teams. We were traveling with mother's sister and her husband Spencer and some of his people. We arrived in Salt Lake City on July 26. Father had a sister at Centerville, a brother and sister in Farmington, and a brother and sister in Ogden. They were all members of the church. They were very desirous that we stay and settle among them. He being the one of a large family that hadn't embraced the gospel, they did all they could to persuade him to stay.

When they did decided to parted with the wagon company it was a great trial for my mother. Her sister was the only blood relative she had this side of Michigan. Father joined the church after a year in Utah. My mother was baptized two years later.

We settle in Centerville, where my brother Charles was born 1864. He was a twin and the sister was stillborn. Lyman Elroy was born three years later. We were in Centerville one more year before Father was called to help settle the Muddy Valley in Nevada.

We joined the major company going there at St. George. Five days out of St. George a hard thing happened. The Indians stole 65 head of horses and mules one night. We only had 7 left. Four of those 7 were ours because I had turned them out late and they went up a different hollow for feed. Only two horses were broke to ride. Father and another man rode out all that day and until 2:00 a.m. trying to find them, but couldn't. So at daybreak the next day, they sent someone on mule to the Muddy Valley 35 miles away, to get help from them. The good people came and rescued us, but we started there at great disadvantage.

Living on the Muddy was very difficult. We dug one 5-mile canal, only to have it filled with sand time and again after windstorms. We finally relocated the town site by 2 miles, and called it St. Joseph. This was where Ellen was born. The Muddy Valley was very hot. Barefooted children would carry a cloth or piece of brush, etc. When coming home from school, they would run as far as they could stand it with their barefeet before putting the cloth, or piece of brush down to stand on. Then after their feet cooled, they would run the next distance. Along with

this you had to watch out for rattlesnakes, sidewinders, scorpions and centipedes by the thousands. And we had many problems with Indians stealing, especially livestock.

Once when father was 60 miles from home sawing timber he became very sick and could not travel. He was four miles from camp. A man by the name of Price Nelson insisted on carrying him back to camp on his shoulders, Price resting as he needed to. Father never forgot this man's kindness and they were always great friends after that.

Borders were clarified and St. Joseph was found to be in the State of Nevada. The State levied back taxes on the Muddy River settlers, which they could not pay. With Pres. Young's permission they voted to abandoned the settlement by night. They cached what things they couldn't carry so they could come back for them later. Mother says she was never happier than as they left, watching the Muddy Valley get further and further away.

We relocated for a time at Long Valley. Crops were just grewing good when the grasshoppers came and cleaned it all up. Father went north to see what he could do. He found his old friend and partner Abe Kimball at Corn Creek, running a threshing machine. He offered father a job, so we moved there, arriving on August 27, 1871. We bought a place in Kanosh and made our home there for many years.

Father served a mission for a year in the Illinois and Michigan areas and was second counselor to Bishop King. After he returned from is mission, he took a second wife, Ann Eliza Hakes. Then came the fateful time when he was called on yet another mission--to settle the Mesa area in Arizona.

He accepted the call. Mother decided not to go with him. Her children were here, marrying, putting down their roots. She chose to stay near them. What a painful decision it was for her. It was a sad day that Lyman drove off while Ellen stayed behind. A neighbor later told of how often she saw Ellen out in the garden, watering her roses with her tears. He returned one time to see her, bringing her some money. She used the money to arrange for her burial. Thus their time together ended.

ELLEN ON HER OWN

Lasca Leavitt Watkins: (Riki Staheli)

Ellen continued with life in Kanosh and with her children. At age 42, she had three children married, and Roy and Ellen still at home. Ellen, the youngest, was 12. Grandmother independently provided for herself. They had land they still farmed. She had the first sewing machine in Kanosh. She sewed many suits and helped with burial clothes, making all her own patterns. She made hats. She wallpapered, whitewashed walls and raised bees. And she involved herself with service. Grandmother was never too busy to help care for the sick or dead. As her granddaughter I remember clearly that she always kept a clean apron handy to loan to her neighbor when the neighbor wanted to go to town. She was Treasurer in the Relief Society for 15 years and made temple aprons for as long as she lived. Dear Grandmother died at age 66.

LYMAN IN ARIZONA

Avis Laverne Leavitt Rogers:

When Father left Kanosh, he and Ann Eliza had three children. Their family would eventually have 11 children. They were among the original settlers of Mesa, Arizona. Later we moved further out in the country, just north of where the present-day temple is located. He had a great love for wide-open space and the gospel. Their house was near the jail, and he often went and sat outside the jail window and sang to the prisoners. It was his way of doing missionary work and brightening their day. Father was always serving others. And he was a good singer, story-teller and poet.

Our family was in Mesa 16 years. Then a mission call came again, this time to be Bishop in Pine, Arizona. He was 68 at the time. This is a poem my sister wrote about this event:

...One day a visitor came to our home
And talked long to Father, in low solemn tones,
When he had gone, Pa sat long in his chair.
His face was pale as he smoothed back his hair.

It was long before he spoke a word,
Pondering and praying, he never stirred.
He had just been given a proposition,
Again called forth to fill a mission. . . .

His land so carefully tended,
His stock he loved so well,
The things he'd made for lifelong keeping,
He now would have to sell.

We children cried and pleaded--
No, none of us wanted to go.
Mother never said a thing,
Went on with sorting and careful packing.

When the wagons were loaded at last,
At each friend's house as we drove past,
Friends came out to wish us well.
Mother just smiled, her lips tight and pale. . . .

The first year and the crowded rooms!
Often one longed for the home far away.
But Father would comfort us and say,
 We can never doubt that God knows best.
 All efforts directed by Him, He will bless.

Father was bishop in Pine for four years and lived there for another eight. Several times in his life he was told by the Spirit of things that were to come concerning him and his family. He apparently knew his life was drawing to an end. He ate a Sunday dinner with a friend, and told him to note that that would be Father's last Sunday dinner. During the next week he cut down a large tree. The next day he died.

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