



DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS  
LESSON FOR FEBRUARY, 1993

## *Journal of David L. Davis*

Condensed Version  
Researched By Naomi M. Cottam

### INTRODUCTION



When just sixteen years of age, David L. Davis was converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in his native Wales. In 1864, while still a young man, he followed his father, brothers, and sister to the Salt Lake Valley. His mother and one brother had interest neither in the Mormon faith nor in joining the family group.

His journal gives a detailed account of his experiences crossing the Atlantic Ocean, but little information concerning his trek across the Plains. Upon reaching the valley, Davis became involved in the merchandising business, which vocation he followed all of his life.

Davis also had a strong interest in sailing and first sailed crafts on the small Hot Springs Lake just north of Salt Lake City. After the lake dried up, he commanded larger boats to explore the Great Salt Lake, to take a sounding for the depth of the lake, and to explore the possibility of diverting the lake waters into the western desert. He also named some of the bays.

In his forty-five years' experience on the lake, Captain Davis commanded four boats—the *Eureka*, about twenty feet long; the *Water Witch*, twenty-eight feet long, owned by the yacht club; the *Cambria I*, nineteen feet long; and the *Cambria II*, forty feet long. The *Cambria II* could sleep ten to twelve persons and had deck room to accommodate thirty or more people.

Included also was a cook's galley and a toilet room. The *Cambria I* and *Cambria II* were named in honor of the Welch Cambrian Society of which Davis was vice-president.

Although the boats were often used for exploration, they were also used for carrying cargo, for taking friends on pleasure cruises, and occasionally for rescuing other boats in trouble.

Davis was married twice, first to Hannah Jeremy, and, after her death, to her sister Esther (Hetty) Jeremy. He fathered one child by his first wife and eleven children by his second wife, several of whom died at an early age. In his later years, he and his wife traveled extensively around the world. His wife, Esther, filled a scrapbook with newspaper clippings about activities and events which occurred during their lifetimes. The Davis family donated to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers the largest family collection of artifacts ever received by the museum. The collection includes dishes, clothing, canes, handiwork, and many fine pieces of expensive furniture. Also, included are scenic pictures taken in Utah as well as photos snapped on their world tours. The two Alfred Lambourne paintings commissioned by Captain Davis can be seen on the walls of the museum.

The spellings and capitalization in the original journal have been retained, but punctuation has been lightly edited for easier reading.

## JOURNAL

I hereby state that inasmuch that I have had a being upon this earth and also blessed with a knowledge of the Church of the living God, and a standing in the same, therefore, I make this covenant, that with the help of my Father who is in Heaven, my labour shall be to build up Zion and my whole might shall be in establishing truth and righteousness upon the earth in the way that the presiding Priesthood shall dictate, praying God to give me strength to do His will. Amen.

April 20th, 1863  
D. L. Davis



DAVID L. DAVIS

## THE YEARS 1841-1864

I am the second son of Titus and Mary Davis and at present their only living son. I was born at 7 o'clock Sunday morning, January 31, 1841, in a place called Clwtyffwenn, in the parish of Leonwanog [Llanwenog] in the county of Cardigan, Wales.

My father moved from that vicinity to the county of Carmarthen when I was about 12 years of age. I lived with my father and mother until I was about 15 years of age; they kept me in school a good portion of my time. And when I was 15 years of age they agreed for my apprenticeship in the grocery trade with a man of the name of William Gravell. (My father now lived in a place called Gwncyfyn in the county of Carmarthen.) So I spent a little over one year with W. Gravell at Leandile about 4 miles from my father's house. I then left Gravell and went by train to Merthyr Tydfil. I arrived there about Easter 1857. . . .

And on the 1st day of November, 1857, I was baptized for the remission of my sins by Elder Ray Griffiths, and on the 8th day of Nov. I was confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Thomas Davis. I continued as faithful as I could under the circumstances to my God and my holy religion. I was about 12 months in the church before I had the privilege of assembling with the Saints in prayer meeting. . . .

In the year 1863 I began making preparations to go to the valley. My name was sent in for emigration; but the will of God was to be done, so Pres. T. E. Jeremy told me that he wanted me to stop and not go. And so I was ordained an elder on the 22nd day of March, 1863, by President T. E. Jeremy and was told at the time to be at Carmarthen on the 5th day of April. . . .

I was baptized into the Dowlais branch of the Merthyr district of the East Glamorgan conference—so I bid adieu for a short time to the Saints and to my friends and proceeded to Carmarthen by train and arrived there about 6 p.m. Met with Pres. Jeremy and Bywater in the house of Brother Isaac Jones where we spent the remainder of the evening. Slept that night at the Stag's Head Inn and also the three following nights. April Conference assembled at Carmarthen. Bro. D. M. Davies was released from presiding over said conference, and I was appointed in his stead. . . .

[Note: David L. Davis spent the following year as a missionary in Wales. During this time his father migrated to Utah with four of David's brothers and one sister; his mother, however, refused to leave Wales. David visited her several times during the following two years and made the following entries in his journal:]

*Friday, April 29th, 1863.* Went to Llansawell with my uncle; bore unto him a strong testimony of the truth. He said unto me that my mother told him that she would rather go about the country begging than to go with my father to Utah.

*Sunday, June 21st.* Seen in a letter published in the *Mil-lennial Star* of yesterday that the ship *Amazon*, in which my father sailed from London on the 4th of June, 1863, accompanied with four of my brethren and my sister, viz., Timothy, Thomas, John, Henry, and Qwenllian bound for New York enroute to Utah, had put in near Isle of Wight in consequence of head winds. Most all had been sea sick and were off again on the 9th with fair wind after staying two days.

*Friday, October 6th.* Departed and went via Brechfa and Llanfngdd to my mother's where I arrived at dusk. My mother while at Llandile on Saturday heard from a man that had seen my father and children about 600 miles this side of Great Salt Lake City and [said] that they were all well. . . .

*Monday, Nov. 30th.* I received the first letter from my father since his gathering with the Saints in the valley of the mountains. It was dated Willow Creek, Oct. 14th, 1863, ten days after his arrival in Great Salt Lake City. He and the children were all well.

*Dec. 9th.* Visited my mother and read her my father's letter. She was very glad to hear from them—but did not express a desire to go next season.

*Monday, January 11th, 1864.* John Evans received a letter from my brother Timothy bearing date of November, 1863. The news it furnished was altogether cheering, one item of which was that my sister Qwenllyan was married to John Edwards, the teamster who had brought them over.

*Thursday, Feb. 1, 1864.* Received a letter from Bro. Jeremy in which he said he was well pleased with my labors in the past months. He also informed me in his letter that it was likely that I would be released to go to Zion in the coming season.

*March 6th.* Visited mother in company of Bro. Dell. Read

unto her my father's letter. She was glad to hear from him, but the same spirit of unbelief manifested itself. . . .

*April 17th.* Conference assembled at Carmarthen in the large and commodious room of the Three Compasses. Prest. Jeremy was present and also Bro. Stokes, Prest. of Cardiff Conference, with most all of the branch presidents. Had a glorious time all day. I was released from the presidency of the conference, and Bro. Phillip Dell was appointed to preside as my successor. Brother Jeremy started from Carmarthen on Monday.

*Sunday, 24th.* Attended conference at Merthyr, it being general conference for the South Wales Conference. This was the best conference that I ever attended at Merthyr for good feelings; the spirit of God was richly manifested in the speaking and in the countenances of the Saints.

*28th.* Visited my mother on the following morning, bade her adieu. She lost some tears as we parted.

*May 4th.* Departed from Carmarthen by 9 a.m. train for Llanelly. Bade adieu to the brethren and sisters at their own houses respectively. Before I left, some shed tears on parting with me.

*6th, Friday.* This being my last day at Llanelly, therefore made good use of the time in visiting the Saints and bidding them good-bye. Spent the night in the company of Bro. Dell, sisters Michael, Emmy Morgan, and the sisters Williams at Bro. David Williams' house. The time we spent very merrily together. Sisters A. Michael and E. Morgan had provided us with jolly repast in the way of good cakes, tea, buns, biscuits, oranges, figs, nuts, etc., upon which we enjoyed ourselves first rate. Spent the remainder of the night by singing, etc.

*7th, 1864.* Gathered my clothes from the house of Bro. John Thomas and other places. Packed them up and bade adieu to Sister Sarah Williams, who could not refrain from shedding tears as we parted. Now after hiring a cart to carry my luggage, accompanied by Bro. Dell, Sisters Ann Michael and Mary Williams, I went towards the station. In ten minutes the train came to bear us off from my true friends. I made no delay, but popped in one of the carriages in the main train, and looking out in the meantime for those that I had left, I plainly saw the glittering tears rolling down the cheeks of Sister Michael. In a few minutes I was at Heath and, a short time afterwards, I was at Merthyr Station where Bros. Jeremy and Bywater were in wait for me.

7-14. At Merthyr assisting Prest. Jeremy in getting up the emigration business. Had to make tickets for the emigrants for the sea and railway journey. . . .

17th. At Merthyr taking charge of the brethren and sisters who came by train from Swansea and Llanelly, etc. Took all their luggage down to Caffval rail and got it weighed ready for the morning. The London and North Western Railway sent some trucks for our luggage, also three passenger carriages, and a man to take charge of them.

Wed. 18th. [This] day of May is a day never to be forgotten in my history and probably in the history of all those who accompanied me from Merthyr on that beautiful morning of May. At an early hour many scores of people collected together, and some never to see their old dwellings and friends probably anymore; yet with all, they seemed joyful and with quick steps wended their way towards the Tafs Vale Station accompanied by their friends who had gathered together to give them a final adieu. The spectators, who were many in number, were struck with astonishment at the spirit prevalent. Among the Saints, indeed, the God blessing, hand shaking, and the pocket handkerchief wafting were truly a sign of cordial feeling never to be met with except in connection with the Gospel of the Son of God.

At 9 a.m. we were all in the cars, and the shrill whistle of the engine gave us all to know that the time was up for us to proceed on our journey, and forthwith we glided down the line at rapid pace via Abergwyfn, Hereford, and Crewe, until I actually got sick of the rattling and whistling of the locomotive. We arrived at Liverpool at 6 p.m., had our luggage taken to the lodgings, and rested overnight at Water St.

19th. Taking our luggage to the ship which laid at the Bramly Movr Dock. The vessel's name is Gen. *McLellan*, a fine three-masted ship of 1800 ton register; slept on board the vessel, watched four hours as guard to prevent the luggage being stolen.

20th. At 10 a.m. we were towed down the river where we remained all day.

21st. Had a meeting on board. Bros. Taylor and Cannon spoke. Prest. Jeremy was elected president over the Saints on board and Bros. Bull and Bywater as his counselors. It fell into my lot to preside over one of the wards which consisted mostly of Scotch women without their husbands.

At 6 p.m. the anchor was hoisted, and a tug by the name of Bro. Jonathan towed us out. The provisions were served out.

22nd, Sunday. The tug left us in the morning about 8, and the sails were spread to the winds which blew very fine from the S.W. Ship traveling in the evening about four or five miles an hour. The mountains of Wilde Wales is to be seen on our left with their high peaks piercing the clouds—their presence has caused many reflections to pass through our minds. Indeed it is a grand sight to view their towering peaks from the ship's board, and bidding them good-bye would be something unnatural had it not been for the word of the Lord which calls upon all His people to flee from amongst all the nations of the earth, and thereby escape the judgments which are to be poured [out] upon the ungodly.

The ship's passengers are divided into 12 wards, each of which is to get its cooking done in regular order, commencing with the First Ward on the first day and the Second Ward on the second day, when, of course, the first will come last, etc.: and the hour of eight is appointed for each ward to meet in prayer night and morning, thereby all is going on harmoniously together.

P.S. One of the sailors sprang overboard on Saturday afternoon on account of ill treatment received from the boatswain. He swam for sometime and was picked up by a pilot boat.

Monday 23rd. Arose at 6 a.m. Got up on deck and washed myself, breakfasted, and went down to my ward for prayers. Weather raining and a little wind blowing rather coolish from the north; one of the sailors was handcuffed and tied to the rigging this morning for stowing himself below deck and refusing to work. In the evening the weather becomes finer . . . all the sails except hind ones were flapping loosely to and fro. Ship going about 3 knots. Ireland is in sight today. Sea very still, some fish were seen spouting up in the water at about 200 yards distant of us; some called them whales, but I think it was porpoise or sea pig.

Some dancing on deck. A meeting of the ward was held this evening. Prest. Jeremy presiding. Attended prayer meeting at 8:30 p.m. and after taking a stroll on deck went to bed about 10:30.

Tuesday, 24th. . . . [The ship] goes about 10 knots, with 22 sails spread out to the breeze—weather rather misty. We are leaving the vessel that started from the Mersey the same day

we did a long way after us. Evening: Much seasickness prevailed among the sisters who are paroled on deck by their friends, like so many jockies exercising mountain ponies. The sea is in white breakers as far as the eye can reach. . . .

*Wed. 25th.* The old *McClellan* makes but very little progress; the sea has altered its appearance from that of a rugged sheep pasture to a beautiful plain as if it were of glass, heaving slowly to and fro without a ship in sight. The sails are flapping loosely, which makes progress very slow. We don't travel more than a mile and a half per hour. The scene was majestic to witness. There has been some dancing on deck, 600 miles distant from Liverpool.

*Thurs. 26th.* Many were sea sick last night, but as yet it has not troubled me with its sickly influence. Thank God for it, and I think that I have preserved myself to a great extent from it by rendering a helping hand to those that were sick, cooking them a little gruel, etc., when they were unable to go for it themselves. . . .

*Friday, 27th.* Got up and dressed myself at 4 a.m., after which went and got the tins of my ward ready for their allowance of water; attended prayer at 8; took a cup of coffee and a biscuit for my breakfast. The provisions were served out today. It fell unto my lot this time as it did the first time to serve out the tea, mustard, and pepper. Who would have thought that I would be handing out these things on the mighty deep, but time is a revealer of many things. . . . Had some Welsh singing on board this evening; the English singers have lost their singing appetite by sea sickness; therefore, the Welsh have it all to themselves. . . . Six vessels in sight during the day.

*Saturday, 28th. Up at 5 a.m.* . . . Got my dinner cooked. . . . It consisted of some pea soup and a tin of rice pudding, all of my own making, which, of course, was very palatable. Everyone has to shift the best he can here, and if he has a desire for making fun of anyone, he will have plenty to do to make it of himself. A bachelor's life is not altogether agreeable, especially when a person begins to get tired of it, but there is one consolation to be found for that class of individual on board the *McClellan* where you can find some scores of young ladies, and I think I may say in the words of Charles Dickens, "the Pick and flower of England"; but for all this David L. seems to be waiting for some future period.

The movement of the ship in her onward march over the waves, sometimes heaving up and the next instant plunging down to the very heart of the rolling waves as though she wanted to bury her whole cargo in a watery grave, makes my temporal desk flutter like a fixture in the halfpenny swing of John Brown's fair.

What makes it more beautiful still is the white caps borne by the waves which glitter like myriads of diamonds in a bright span of cloudless sky. The weather is delightful, and more delightful still is the fact that we are making 8 or 9 miles every hour towards reaching our desired port.

*30th Monday.* Up at 4:30. After attending to my duties, took a walk around the deck and seated myself for sometime on the forecastle. When some of my companions shouted out "fish in sight," a rush to the next convenient place on the bulwarks followed, where we could see a regiment of what was called sea pigs or porpoises. They were about 5 ft. long with a head resembling that of a pig. They came so near as to touch the ship, and again dashing away at a fearful rate cutting the water with their sharp fins as they went along. No one asked them whither they came or whither they went. Seen a bird today flying over the waves without a solitary place to rest its weary wings.

Most of the passengers are getting rid of their old companion, the sea sickness. The deck is often the scene of diverse amusements, singing, dancing, and children playing in every form and manner; and all of a sudden all these different sizes and grades may be seen thrown together into one living heap by a slight motion of the ship.

Attended a concert on the main deck when many of the brethren and sisters favored us with songs and recitations suitable to the occasion.

*June 1.* The sea is lovely to look at from our moving castle which glides smoothly along its green flat surface. A concert was held on deck which drew together a large audience, and much cheering and clapping of hands ensued. . . .

*June 3, Friday.* Got up at 6. Wind blowing a gale from the West. Whistling in the riggin' like some thousands of pigs hanging up by their tails would do; the waves also are running to a terrible height, and often may be seen through their white foam right over the deck. A great many passengers have been sprinkled today, if not before, and that pretty thoroughly too.

*Sunday, the 5th.* I slumbered away the time until 5 when I turned out feet foremost, and, after a few staggering exertions, got myself into my boots and pants thence went on staggering from post to post and side to side until I reached the main deck. An awful and majestic sight offered itself before me. The sea was running mountains high, covered with white foam, and throwing itself high into the air.

The wind blew a very strong gale from the N. and the old *General* with its living freight pitching head foremost into the very heart of the waves, but up again as high as ever with some tons of water rushing down the sides of its fore-castle. The old *General* weathers out the gale triumphantly, although there are three of the sails torn into ribbons by the strength of the wind.

*9th Thursday.* Up at 4:30. A clear atmosphere. The sun rising majestically on our right hand. The ship gliding along smoothly over the glittering surface of the mighty deep. At noon three or four icebergs of a gigantic magnitude were visible on each side of us, although their appearance is very grand as they float along on the watery main, yet there is a chilly blast sweeping over them which makes the traveler drag his cloak and wrap it closer around him than he would do on the 9th of June in old Cambria.

We are near the regions of the Newfoundland Banks. A very large iceberg close on our left. Had a glance at her through the captain's glasses. It was a grand sight for one who had never seen her fair set before. It was within  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile to the ship. It was as white as the most clear snow I have ever seen, and as near as I could guess, was about 50 or 60 ft. out of the water, that being one-third of her real height. The first mate declared it to be near 500 feet in height out of the water. Saw about a dozen icebergs during the day. Retired about 9:30 p.m. to my berth.

*Friday, June 10th, 1864.* Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, my sleep was interrupted by the rolling motion of the ship and the rattle of tins and boxes coupled with the doleful cries of women and children who thought the ship was going down. And at this time, the ship pitched and dived her fore-castle into the heart of the waves which for a time impeded her onward progress; but in a few seconds the water rolled away off

the fore-castle, and the gallant *General* proceeded on his way in spite of the fury of the elements.

The ship stood at an angle of 40 degrees when the heavy roller struck her, and it follows as a matter of course that the water should find its way down the fore-castle hatchway, which it did in torrents and made the occupants of that part of the vessel (which were bachelors) rather uncomfortable; but the rushing sound of it created quite a panic among the women and children who were on midship. Seeing so many icebergs on the preceding [day] had many believe that we had struck one of the floating castles in the darkness of the morning.

Many of those weak in the faith gave themselves up for lost, but others that were stronger struck up a lively tune; and in a few seconds the whole ship was lit up by lanterns. The wind blew from a point near the south, which sent us nearly on our right course. Eleven sails were spread out to the wind, 3 on each mast and 2 on bow. It kept on blowing furiously all day, and the ship rolled tremendously on its beam ends.

Night came on and the ship continued to roll, which kept most of the passengers awake all night. This is the worst weather we have yet experienced on board the *McClellan*, but the old maxim is remembered, "Never mind the weather when the wind blows fair."

*Thursday, June 16th.* . . . Went so far as being able to see Cape Sable, or Sable Island, which is on the extreme S.W. end of Nova Scotia—it was about eighteen miles distant. . . . We are within 700 miles of New York.

*Friday, June 17th.* Got out of my bunk at 6 a.m., ran up on deck with neither coat nor hat to see how we were going along. . . . We have now 25 large squares of canvas spread out to receive the welcome breeze. Weather very fine; the crew are engaged in preparing the vessel for port.

*Saturday, June 18th.* . . . The *General* has a very commanding attitude today—standing quite erect and gliding smoothly over the water at the slow but sure rate of 2 or 3 knots. The night is more beautiful than the day on account of the beautiful moon which illuminates the surface of the still water and shining in one silvery ray from the ship to the very verge of the horizon. Everything around us is quiet, except an occasional flock of birds. . . .

*Sunday, June 19th.* The most beautiful morning that ever

dawned on us while on the sea. . . . A crowded meeting was held on the upper deck in which it was unanimously resolved to offer to Captain Trask a testimonial of our good wishes to him for his gentlemanly conduct to us as emigrants.

*Monday, June 20th.* . . . The sailors are cleaning the ship ready for port. Our coal has been gone for several days past; consequently, wood is being used for fuel for cooking, and this morning the fire happened to be rather fierce and the flames from the galley funnel caught and ignited the lower mast stay sail. The cry of "fire" was shouted by some nervous and excited individuals, and the result was that some sisters who were lingering on deck, and half dead from sea sickness, were much terrified by the cry and appearance of fire in the canvas. Two of them fell into a severe convulsive fit. . . . The fire was instantly quenched by emptying one bucket of water above it. The fracture occasioned by the fire is large enough for a span of horses to hop through. . . .

*Wednesday, June 22nd.* . . . Sighted a pilot boat, and in a few more minutes the pilot came on board amid the cheers of the hundreds who had crowded the deck.

*Thursday, June 23rd.* Sighted land and about 8 p.m. threw anchor in the capacious harbor of New York.

*Friday, June 24th.* Busily engaged in preparing the luggage for landing. Slept on deck and guarded part of the time.

*Saturday, June 25th.* A steamer and a barge came alongside to take away our luggage and a busy time followed. . . . We, the porters, were towed on board the barge by the steamer to the Castle Gardens wharf where we gave our respective names and ages. Thence we went on board the barge again and sailed up the river about a mile and shipped our luggage on board the *St. John*, a very large and beautiful steamer which sails the Hudson River. And at 5 p.m. we steamed up towards Albany which place we reached in safety. After day break here again we had to shift our luggage in carts to the railway station a distance of about one and one-half miles, and by two o'clock p.m. we were all in the cars en route for Rochester, which place we reached on Sunday morning.

*June 26th.* We stayed on the east side of the town and on the eastern bank of the Genesee river a few yards above the falls which are said to be from 80 to 90 feet high, quite perpendicular. It is beautiful scenery. I, along with two others, bathed

a little below the falls. It was very pleasant, being my first dip in American waters.

We were off again by evening, and by nightfall we reached Buffalo where we . . . crossed the Canadian border . . . then traveled in Canada until the next morning when we crossed part of Lake Huron to the State of Michigan, then traveled on the Michigan Central R.R. until we reached Chicago, which place we left for Quincy. We stayed a night at the last mentioned place. . . . The morning was beautiful and the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi, rolled past us in silent majestic triumph. Soon after breakfast the main part of the company crossed the river to West Quincy and straightway proceeded to St. Joseph. . . .

In the evening we started on our journey over the Hamilton and St. Joe R.R. I will here remark it is the roughest I ever traveled over, being laid down on the flat prairie without much of any filling under the rails. However, we kept on traveling all night and the next day we reached St. Joe in safety. We found the rest of the company engaged in moving on board the boat, and in an hour we were sailing up the dirty waters of the Missouri River in the steamboat *West Wind*, which boat had been attacked a fortnight before by "gorillas," a hostile band of rebels which were filling the country endangering life and property. Thanks to our Heavenly Father whose protecting hand is always over His children, we were permitted to sail in safety. We reached Wyoming City, Nebraska, on Sunday evening July 6, 1864, where we laid over that night the best way we could on the grass. Next day we pitched our tents—everyone after his own fashion. . . .

We had just laid down when an overhanging cloud opened and gave us a most hearty welcome in the shape of a thunder storm which drenched the occupants of the brush tents and made them fly for shelter like drowned rats to some better prepared than themselves. When I and my companions were found, we were comfortably asleep. The next day showed the extent of the havoc done by the rains. Every tent had its occupants run away in desertion and next morning had the comfort to see their luggage all soaking wet and had nothing dry to change.

I remained at Wyoming City, Nebraska, but a short time. Before the week was out, I was driving a five yoke team for a man by the name of John Judge Kerr, a freighter for the Salt

Lake merchants. The work was altogether strange to me, but I soon got used to it and won for myself the reputation of being the fastest yoker in trains. We traveled without any accident and very little sickness and reached our desired home on the sixth day of October, 1864. I spent a week in the city visiting and making friends, and on Saturday evening, October 15th, reached Willard City where my father lived. I tarried with him awhile until I thought it was time to go and do something for my living in the new country. So one morning I took my sack on my shoulder and started for Salt Lake City in quest of employment.

I reached the City on the third day, and on the week following, I started working for William Jennings of the "Eagle Emporium."

### THE YEARS 1865-1866

On the 4th day of May, 1865, I was re-baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by an elder of the name of George A. Jones and confirmed by Bishop Raleigh on the same morning, in the 19th Ward. And on the following day I received my Endowments in the house of God; and on the Monday following, I was ordained one of the Seventies and joined the 25th Quorum meeting at that time in Brother Robert Campbell's house. . . .

On the 21st day of October, Saturday, I was married in the House of God to Miss Hannah Jeremy, the eldest daughter of Thos. E. Jeremy. The ceremony was performed by Elder George Q. Cannon in the presence of President Young and T. E. Jeremy. We both took dinner at my father-in-law's and soon after began moving our few things to a place I had previously rented. . . .

The snow is very deep—over two feet in the valley. A very bad snow storm last night and all day yesterday. Had a few friends in to dinner with us to enjoy Christmas.

1866—*Wednesday, 8th of August.* . . . Hannah my beloved wife, presented unto me a beautiful, healthy, well-formed infant daughter, being, by the blessing of our Heavenly Father, the fruit of our marriage. This has awakened in my bosom a feeling of deep gratitude unto our Heavenly Father, which by His blessing I hope to retain and strive through our weakness to teach the offspring which He has given unto us to fear Him and walk in His ways.

*Thursday, Aug. 23rd.* Since writing the above my heart has been rent asunder by the sudden and unexpected death of my ever beloved and truly affectionate wife Hannah. This has nigh broken my heart. Our life together was but a short one—even ten calendar months, but it was the sweetest period of my life. In this period I realized what happiness in its Heavenly form is; but now at her death, my home is left unto me desolate. I feel as though I was just awakened from a Heavenly dream, when everything around was happiness and pleasure divine, unto the cares and troubles of this world and the buffeting of Satan.

Hannah, my wife, was weak and delicate in health, often complaining of an illness in her lungs and a severe pain in her left side which coupled with the hard trial of childbed fever proved at last fatal unto her. During her sickness, she was never heard to complain of her situation, but ready to bear everything if she should get well to be a blessing to myself and her little one. About eleven o'clock in the morning of her last day she suddenly asked me to bring to her the little one, saying that she had not seen her that day. I brought her the little one according to her desire. She embraced it with a motherly embrace, after which I said to her: "My dear, you can afford to try to get well on her account." It was her answer: "I can endure anything for you and for her," fondly embracing and kissing me . . . "I was just thinking this morning that many had to leave when life was dear to them as it is now unto me."

She was the kindest and most affectionate of wives, the will of her husband was the desire of her heart. She went and left me in the prime of life. I have deeply felt and mourned her loss, but not like one without hope, for our parting is only for a time. I have laid her down with the full assurance that she shall yet be returned to me in the glorious resurrection of the just.

President Brigham Young kindly sent Brother George Q. Cannon to attend the services. In the funeral they preached a pleasing and an interesting discourse. It was he that married us in the House of God. He also blessed our little daughter in the presence of our friends at her mother's funeral services. I named her after her mother and her mother's sister and also her Grandmother. So her name is Hannah Sarah Davis. The little one was 14 days old when blessed by the servants of the most High God on the 22nd day of August, 1866. . . .

*Saturday, Sept. 22nd.* Since writing the above, death has

again visited my family, and this time its heavy hand has been laid upon my darling infant daughter, who was taken sick about a week ago. I prayed much and fervently in her behalf, but to no avail—administered to her the ordinance of the laying on of hands. But she gradually sank under the influence of the heavy pain which pervaded her system for the last three days of her life. She died yesterday (Friday) . . . afternoon and was buried at her mother's side today (Saturday). . . .

A few days ago I received a letter from my father. He consoled me in his usual fatherly manner. . . .

On the death of my beloved wife, I gave up my rooms to another family, and moved my little household furniture unto my father-in-law's and lived with them, where, at the hands of my mother-in-law and my sister-in-law Esther, my infant daughter had the tenderest care. . . She hardly was out of [Esther's] arms for the four weeks she lived motherless.



ESTHER DAVIS

I also found care, attention, and loving kindness from them all, which I hope to live long enough to repay. I lived with them as a boarder until the later end of November in the same year. My father-in-law, T. E. Jeremy, gave me another great blessing, viz., the hand of Esther, his second daughter, in marriage. We married on the 29th day of November 1886 (Thursday), in the House of God. President H. C. Kimball officiating. . . . We moved that evening to our own house, occupying the lower rooms. John Mitchell and his mother occupying the upper rooms. . . .

### THE YEARS 1867-1868

On Wednesday, the 28th of August 1867, . . . my wife, Esther, presented unto me a fine and handsome son. She was very ill for many hours, but by the blessing of God she was delivered without injury. Sister Williams attended to her. . . .

*Nov. 6, 1867.* Today Esther took our boy to the Ward meeting to be blessed which was done by George Morris. She has named him David Jeremy Davis. . . .

*Sunday, Nov. 30.* Rained yesterday and today almost all day. Met at the Temple Block with the martial band, of which I am a member, to arrange matters pertaining to a party which is to come off next Sunday. Went to meeting at 1 p.m. Brother Orson Pratt preached very effectively to the Elders of Israel upon the necessity of education, to gain knowledge from all the best books in addition to the revelations of the Lord. Brother Woodruff followed, bore testimony and said he had on record every sermon delivered by the first presidency and many of the Twelve, also every item of importance that has transpired in this church. He encouraged the Elders to keep a journal for themselves of the dealings of God with these people. The Tabernacle was thinly filled owing to the condition of the roads.

*Monday, Dec. 1, 1867.* Today was commenced the School of the Prophets at the Council House. David O. Calder, principal. This school is the Deseret University—branches of which are supposed to be established in every settlement throughout the territory. . . .

*January 1, 1868.* Another year has dawned upon us; the old one is gone with all its trials, its darkness and sunshine, its commotion and strife, its wars and rumors of wars. . . .

The Pacific railroad is being made very rapidly. The eastern section has come somewhere into the Black Hills, while the western has proceeded as far as the Sierra Nevada mountains. Gold was discovered last summer on the Sweet Water beyond Green River. It is said to be very rich. Hundreds are wintering there this winter, and hundreds from the city own claims there.

Many deaths have taken place in this city this year past, especially amongst the children; the measles, whooping cough, diarrhea, and canker have been very fatal, but with that exception, the community has been exceedingly blessed. We have had abundant crops, although the grasshoppers visited us in swarms, at times thick enough to darken the air and shade the light of the sun. They destroyed all in Malad and some places in Cache Valley where they appeared in the spring, but other places have been more lucky. There is abundance of wheat for \$2.00 pr. bushel and flour at \$5.00 per sack.

Peace and prosperity are visible on every hand; buildings,