

*BIOGRAPHY*  
*of*  
*JULIA IVES PACK*

*Compiled*  
*by*

*VELDON R. HODGSON*  
*HISTORIAN*  
*The JOHN PACK FAMILY ASSOCIATION*  
*17 June, 1995*

*JULIA IVES PACK*

*BORN: 8 March, 1817, Watertown, Jefferson County, New York*

*DIED: 23 June, 1903, Kamas, Summit County, Utah*

*FATHER: ERASTUS IVES*

*MOTHER: LUCY PAINE*

*PIONEER: 1 April, 1848 - September 1848*

*COMPANY: Captain HEBER C. KIMBALL*

*HOW: By Ox Team and Wagon*

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*PIONEER: 1 April, 1848 - September, 1848*

*HOW: Ox Team and Wagon*

*SPOUSE: JOHN PACK*

*BORN: 20 May, 1809, St John, St John, New Brunswick, Canada*

*DIED: 4 April, 1885, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah*

*MARRIED: 10 October, 1832, Watertown, Jefferson County, New York*

*THEIR CHILDREN:*

| <i>NUMBER</i> | <i>NAME</i>                   | <i>DATE OF BIRTH</i>     |
|---------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| <i>1.</i>     | <i>Ward Eaton Pack</i>        | <i>17 April, 1834</i>    |
| <i>2.</i>     | <i>Lucy Amelia Pack</i>       | <i>24 June, 1837</i>     |
| <i>3.</i>     | <i>George Caleb Pack</i>      | <i>6 November, 1840</i>  |
| <i>4.</i>     | <i>John Pack, Junior</i>      | <i>5 October, 1843</i>   |
| <i>5.</i>     | <i>Julia Pack</i>             | <i>5 October, 1845</i>   |
| <i>6.</i>     | <i>Don Carlos Pack</i>        | <i>22 August, 1847</i>   |
| <i>7.</i>     | <i>Eleanor Philotte Pack</i>  | <i>22 August, 1849</i>   |
| <i>8.</i>     | <i>Erastus Frederick Pack</i> | <i>17 June, 1853</i>     |
| <i>9.</i>     | <i>Merritt Newton Pack</i>    | <i>1 May, 1856</i>       |
| <i>10.</i>    | <i>Sedenia Tamson Pack</i>    | <i>20 May, 1858</i>      |
| <i>11.</i>    | <i>Joel Ives Pack</i>         | <i>9 September, 1860</i> |

Julia Ives Pack and her husband were baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 8 March, 1836 on her birthday, at Watertown, Jefferson County, New York. They were baptized in a frozen stream of water, in which, a hole had been cut in the ice for this purpose. She and her husband, John Pack along with her mother, Lucy Paine Ives, and their first child, Ward Eaton Pack, migrated to Kirtland, Geauga County, Ohio, in the spring of 1837. Her husband's father and mother, George and Phylotte Greene Pack had preceded them. They located there, on the Chagrin River.

All of the family, including the parents and grandparents, left Kirtland in the spring of 1838 and traveled to Daviess County, Missouri by wagon. They endured much privation, persecution and over exposure to the elements there. Julia's father-in-law, George Pack, and one brother-in-law, Levi Woods, died from over exposure and disease near the Grand River in Daviess County. At Far West, because of the mob activities, there were twenty members of the family, who were forced to live in a single room log cabin, with a dirt floor, and no chinks between the logs, during the severest winter weather. The family moved across the Mississippi River to a place in Pike County, Illinois, four miles from Perry, Illinois. Her mother died an early death 20 October, 1839, at the home of Stephen Markham, in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, at the age of 56 years. She was completely worn out by the mobbings and hardships.

Julia and her mother-in-law Phylotte Greene Pack were members of the Relief Society at Nauvoo, being admitted at the sixth meeting, which was held in the Lodge Room, 28 April, 1842.

After the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the family left Nauvoo, 8 February, 1845, crossing the Mississippi River and camped on Sugar Creek with many of their brothers and sisters in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The first day of March, 1845, a company of Saints was organized and they began the long journey to the Rocky Mountains. The company arrived at Cutler Park the 1st day of August, 1845. Julia drove a team of horses most of the way. The company then moved to Winter Quarters, Nebraska, 1 September, 1845. Her husband, John Pack, was called to be a Major in Brigham Young's Company of Saints who travelled to Great Salt Lake Valley. John was among a party of eight horsemen, who first entered the Salt Lake Valley, 22 July, 1847. The rest of the company entered the valley, 24 July, 1847. John Pack, among others, left the Salt Lake Valley, 16 August, and returned to Winter Quarters, he arrived there in late October, 1847.

Julia came to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848 with her husband, two of his wives, Nancy Aurelia Boothe Pack and Ruth Mosher Pack, along with all of their children, in the Heber C. Kimball company. This company arrived in Salt Lake City in September, 1848.

A Relief Society was first organized in the 17th Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah, 16 August, 1856. It was reorganized 13 February, 1868, with Miranda Nancy Johnson Hyde as president. The officers and visiting committees of the Relief Societies met at Josephine Haywood's home.

Julia Pack was admitted as a member of the Relief Society Thursday afternoon, 13 February, 1868.

The minutes of the Salt Lake City 17th Ward Relief Society show the following, "Thursday, 27 February, 1868, a committee to appraise the value of donated articles, such as rags for rag rugs, straw for straw hats, quilts, which were made by a group of members living on one block, etc., was called. Julia Ives Pack was called to be the president of that committee." She acted in that capacity until 2 July, 1868.

Then, on that date, we find the following entry: "It was motioned and passed that Mrs. Julia Pack be the President of the Visiting Committee in place of Mrs. Davis, who has gone north." She held that position until the death of Sister Hyde, 24 March, 1886 (almost 18 years).

The Relief Society of the 17th Ward was then reorganized with Bathsheba Wilson Bigler Smith as president, Julia Ives Pack as First Counselor. Julia served in that position until 16 August, 1894 (8 years). The Seventeenth Ward Relief Society Presidency was then reorganized again, with Bathsheba Wilson Bigler Smith as president, Julia Ives Pack as first vice president and Sophia Nuttal as second vice president. Julia served in this position until 10 May, 1896, at which time, she moved to Kamas, Summit County, Utah and joined the Relief Society Organization there.

Julia bore eleven children, seven sons and four daughters, nine of whom grew to maturity. Her second daughter, Julia Pack died at the age of 5 months at Cutler Park, after the arduous journey from Nauvoo. Julia Ives Pack's seventh and last son, Joel Ives Pack, was kicked by a horse and died at the age of almost eleven years.

At Kamas, Merrit Newton Pack built an addition to his house, where Julia lived until her death. She was a wonderful woman with a strong personality and undaunted courage, exceptional vigor of body and mind kind and

free-hearted. She was an ardent defender of the truth, self-sacrificing, and had all the qualities that go to make up a noble and exceptional character. Her motto was: "Do everything at the proper time, and never be behind time."

Julia Ives Pack died June 23, 1903. Funeral services were held in her home at Kamas, then her body was taken to Salt Lake City where a funeral was held in the 17th Ward, June 25, 1903. Interment was in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

A more detailed account of some of these events in her life follow below in her own words:

"My father, Erastus Ives was born at Torrington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, 2 November, 1780. He died at Watertown, Jefferson County, New York, 3 September, 1828. (Julia was only eleven years old at that time.)

My mother, Lucy Paine, (the daughter of Judge Ephraim and Mary Thompson Paine) of Amenia County, New York, was born 25 December, 1782 at Amenia, Amenia County, New York.

My father and mother were married in December 1805. Their children were: Joel, Jerome, Julia, and Henry. My mother died 20 October, 1839, at Nauvoo, Illinois. I was born 8 March, 1817, at Watertown, Jefferson County, New York.

I was married to John Pack, 10 October, 1832. Our first child, Ward Eaton Pack, was born at Watertown, Jefferson County, New York, 17 April, 1834.

My husband and I were baptized 8 March, 1836, into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We migrated to Kirtland, Ohio, in the spring of 1837. There, our first daughter, Lucy Amelia, was born 24 June, 1837. We left Kirtland in the spring of 1838 and went to Daviess County, Missouri, twenty miles from Far West. We were in Far West at the celebration on 4 July, 1838 when the cornerstone for a temple was laid. The Saints had a good time. It was a general time of rejoicing.

About the first of September the mob began to gather against the Mormons, made attacks on them, burning houses in some places. We moved into Far West and stayed there until Brigadier General Parks and Mr. Donovan came on the scene and dispersed the mob and sent them home. We went back to our home. Shortly after, a company of immigrants came, bringing word that Levi Wood, husband of Phoebe Pack, my husband's sister, had died at Huntsville, Missouri. They also brought word that Phoebe was very sick, unto death. My husband and I started next day to go and look after them. Our first day's journey took us within five miles of Grand River Ferry. We stopped all night at a neighbor's house. There was but one room in the house, and the landlady made us a bed on the floor. About the middle of the night, the man of the house came home, complained of being very tired and that he had not had his boots off for several nights. He had been in the mob camp that was gathered against the Saints at Dewitt on the Missouri River. We started on our journey the next morning and were nearly to the ferry when a company of armed men, about thirty in number, met us. About half of them had passed when the head man wheeled about, rode up to our wagon, and asked if we were Mormons. My husband told him we were, and he told us we would have to go with them to their camp. He ordered us to wheel about. They took us about five miles across a new rough road to their camp. The leader of the gang came up to our wagon and ordered my husband to take his valise and follow them, saying, "We take you for a spy." He said to me, "You can bid your husband goodbye. You will never see him again. You can go to that house," pointing to a log house across the hollow.

I told him I would not go one inch, I said, "If my husband dies, I will die with him." I put my foot on the wheel of the wagon to jump to the ground when my husband took hold of my hand and whispered to me: "You stay with the wagon and take care of the horses. I am not afraid of them and will be back soon." They took him through a patch of hazel brush to an open space covered with grass. Sachel Woods, a Methodist minister said: "Here will be your grave, we are going to kill you unless you will deny Joe Smith." My husband said: "Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God. You profess to be a preacher of righteousness and so do I. I'll meet you at the day of judgment."

There were five or six of them. They talked around inquiring who would shoot him, but none seemed really willing to do the deed. Finally a man standing by our wagon called out - "Let that damned Mormon go." Soon they came back with him, ordered him back into his wagon, saying if we were ever seen in that country again, it would be at the peril of our lives. They sent the same company back with us to the ferry and saw us across the river. We went on to our sister at Huntsville and found her very sick. She was completely salivated with calomel and was near her death. We stayed two weeks and did all we could for her, then put a bed in our wagon, placed her upon it with her little child six months old. We left the three older children with a Mormon family, Amos Herrick.

We started on our journey home and got as far as Carlton, a small town forty miles from our home. At a grog shop in this town were several of the mob that took us prisoners. They knew us and said: "There are the ones we took

prisoners. Let us go for Sachel Woods." A man jumped on his horse and went full speed for somewhere. We went a short distance through a piece of timber, then left the road and started for home across the prairie. Two or three times during the night we came to deep narrow gullies cut by the storms in the rich soil. My husband would unhitch the horses, get them over, then we would draw the wagon over by hand, it being a light wagon something like the delivery wagons we have now. We reached our home shortly after daybreak and found my husband's brother, Rufus Pack, there sick with chills and fever. The mob had returned and were annoying the Saints, driving them out of their homes and burning their dwellings.

My husband's father was taken sick a few days after we arrived home. A few days later he died. The next day we took him to Far West, held the funeral and returned home the same day, and stayed up all night, loaded our wagons with what we could, and started to Far West. The next day when we reached there, my husband bought some logs for a house, laid them up and chinked the cracks with wood without plastering it, then we moved into it. It was the last house of the city towards Goose Creek. There were twenty of us in this one cold room. The mob came against Far West. Our leading men, the Prophet and others, were delivered up to them and our city was surrounded by the mob guard. Two of them stood in front of our door for weeks.

William Bosley and Eleanor Pack, his wife, were with us. She is my husband's sister. He was in the Crooked River Battle when David Patten was killed. The mob was after all who were in that battle to take them prisoners. William came to my husband saying: "I can never get away unless you help me." They started out, got past the guard and went to Huntsville. My husband was gone two weeks. During his absence we got out of flour. We had a log set on end with a mortar in the top to hold the grain, a spring pole with a wedge in the end to grind the corn. Of this we made bread. During these two weeks, Rufus' wife was taken sick. I went to Parley Pratt's home, a small room he had put up for his stable in which the family was living, and asked permission of his wife who was in her bed sick with one of her children by her side, to bring our sister there for her confinement. There was a small place at the foot of her bed where I made a bed for our sister. She was lying in this bed when Parley Pratt came to bid his wife and family goodbye before going to prison, he being guarded by two men while doing so.

There came a severe snowstorm, after our men had given up their firearms and signed a paper at the point of a bayonet to give up all of their property to pay the expense of driving us out of the state which we had to leave before the last of April 1838 or be exterminated. After the mob went home, we moved out on Log Creek, six miles from Far West. My mother, Lucy Ives, was with us. We stayed there until the 8th of February 1839. My mother joined teams with William Huntington and moved out of Missouri with his family, crossed the river at Quincy, Illinois, where she remained until fall. The same year she moved to Nauvoo, lived with the family of Brother Huntington until his wife died. She then went to Stephen Markham's and lived there until she died, 20 October, 1839. She was completely worn out by the mobbing and hardships.

We crossed the Mississippi River at Atlas and settled four miles from Perry, Pike County, Illinois. (While they were living here, her husband performed a number of short missions, leaving his wife Julia to care for the family, which she was happy to do.)

We moved to Nauvoo, in April 1840. November 6, 1840, our second son, George Caleb, was born. (They lived in the Mansion House, taking care of it for three years.) We were acquainted with Joseph and Hyrum Smith and have often listened to their teachings.

In August 1843, I was sealed to John Pack for time and eternity by Hyrum Smith. Our third son John Pack, was born October 5, 1843. June 27, 1844, Joseph and Hyrum Smith were slain in Carthage jail by a mob, and John Taylor was wounded four times, one bullet striking his watch which saved his life. The dead bodies were brought to Nauvoo, a sorrowful sight to behold. I saw them after they were placed in the Nauvoo Mansion where thousands gazed upon them in silent grief.

October 5, 1845, our second daughter, Julia was born. December 1845, we received our ordinances in the Nauvoo Temple and our second anointings, Parley Pratt officiating. My husband and I worked in the Temple some time after. On the 8th of February 1846 we left Nauvoo, crossed the Mississippi River and camped on Sugar Creek with many of our brothers and sisters who had left Nauvoo about that time. We had no shelter but our wagons in the dead of winter. We stayed there until the first day of March.

The company being organized in hundreds, fifties and tens, we started on that day for the Rocky Mountains. I drove a horse team most of the way. We arrived at Cutler's Park the first day of August 1846. There our little Julia died August 30. (The casket was made of the lumber from a chest in which Julia had carried her treasures.) We

buried her on a mound near by. On September 1st, we moved down with the camp to Winter Quarters. In the spring of 1847 my husband was called to be one of the pioneers to the Rocky Mountains. They were led by the twelve, Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. They were organized in a military organization, the officers of which were as follows: B. Young, Lieutenant-General; Jesse C. Little, Adjutant; Stephen Markham, Colonel; John Pack and Shadrach Roundy, Majors; Thomas Tanner, Captain of Artillery. They started on the journey the forepart of April 1847. During the absence of his father, our fourth son, Don Carlos was born August 22, 1847, in Winter Quarters. The pioneers returned the fall of 1847. On April 1, 1848, we left Winter Quarters and started for Salt Lake Valley in Brother Kimball's company. We reached the Valley in September of 1848. (John obtained a lot in the city plot, located on the present corner of First North and the West Temple Streets. He and their son, Ward Eaton, proceeded at once to get timbers from City Creek Canyon. The timbers were hauled to what is now Liberty Park, and then sawed into lumber. They build an adobe house, thirty feet wide and sixty feet long, which faced north, on this lot. This home had one large room, which was used later for the first classes of the University of Deseret. The University of Deseret later became the University of Utah.)

On August 22, 1849, our third daughter, Eleanor Philotte, was born. My husband was called on a mission to France with John Taylor and Curtis E. Botton at the conference held October 6, 1849. He was gone three years. There were 12 of us in the family, and we worked hard and supported ourselves while he was gone. The family consisted of: my husband's mother, myself and six children; Nancy Booth and child, and Ruth Mosher and child. These women are my husband's wives. My son, Ward Eaton, was our main help, he being only fifteen years and six months old. We raised our bread, fought crickets and went through all hardships in common with our brothers and sisters. The Lord blessed us and gave us comfort under all our hardships. We made most of our clothing and took wool on shares, bought a loom, learned to weave and made our own cloth, and were comfortably dressed. (Julia, with the help of her sons, Ward Eaton, age, 15 years, George Caleb, age, 10 years, and daughter, Lucy Amelia, age, 12 years, fenced and cultivated a small farm in West Bountiful, Davis County, and raised grain and vegetables. In the year, 1852, increasing the acreage of cultivated land, they harvested by hand, 750 bushels of wheat, 250 bushels of oats, 150 bushels of corn, and plenty of vegetables. John Pack, who came home in the fall, was well pleased to find his family so prosperous.)

Our fifth son, Erastus Frederick, was born June 17, 1853. In the spring of 1856 my husband was called on a mission to Carson Valley to help settle that valley. That was the year of the famine. People went short on food and had to dig roots to help out their provisions. We lived on rations and divided our flour with those who had none. When our wheat was harvested after the scarcity, we had twenty-two bushels. Myself and the children gleaned from the harvest field, gathered heads of wheat, put them on a wagon cover, beat them with sticks and held it up to the wind to blow out the chaff. It made fine flour. Merrit Newton, our sixth son, was born May 1, 1856. I placed him in his cradle under the willows while I gleaned wheat.

In the spring of 1858, Johnston's Army was expected in Salt Lake Valley and it was feared that they would be hostile and make war on the people so we were counseled to move south. My son Ward's wife, Elizabeth Still, was so very sick that I could not go when the rest of the family went. I stayed and took care of her until the morning of May 19 when she died. The next day, May 20, our fourth daughter, Sedenia Tamson, was born. When my baby was two weeks and two days old, we started south. The same day the army came into town but they were peaceable. We came back to our homes in a few weeks, which we were very glad to do. September 9, 1860, Joel Ives, our 7th son, was born. He lived to be almost 11 years old. He died from the kick of a horse. He was a fine little fellow.

Philotte Pack, my husband's mother, died January 6, 1866, firm in the faith in her ninety-sixth year. She and I were both members of the Relief Society at Nauvoo, being admitted at the sixth meeting, which was held in the Lodge Room April 28, 1842. A Relief Society was organized in the 17th Ward (Salt Lake City, Utah) with Miranda Hyde as president, July 19, 1868. The officers and visiting committees of Relief Societies met at Josephine Haywood's. At that meeting I was appointed president of the visiting committee of the 17th Ward Relief Society. I held that position until Sister Hyde died. After her death, the Relief Society (of the 17th Ward) was re-organized with Bathsheba Smith as president. She chose me as her 1st counselor, which position I hold at the present time, August 15, 1894. On August 16, 1894, the society was reorganized with Bathsheba Smith president; Julia Ives Pack, 1st vice president and Sophia Nuttal second vice president. I held this place until May 10, 1896, when I moved to Kamas and Joined the Society there."

## SOURCES OF INFORMATION

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