

Transcription of “A Short Scetch of My Life” Julia Ives Pack

Julia Ives Pack’s “short scetch of my Life,” is handwritten in black ink in an 8.5 × 12-in. ledger book on white, lined paper, with printed page numbers on the upper outside corners. Many pages are missing in the book, but the original writing of “a short scetch of my Life,” is intact, pages 66 through 74. She then copied these pages, but page 55 is the only surviving page of her copying. Page 55 is her copy of the last six lines of page 70 and the first 27 lines of page 71, in which she added two sentences and added or changed a few other words. This transcription incorporates page 55, which replaces the applicable parts of pages 70 and 72.

Julia used neither periods nor commas, nor did she begin many of her sentences with a capital letter. To make this transcription more readable, we have inserted periods and commas, and a capital letter at the beginning of sentences, without putting them in brackets. We have put all other editorial clarifications within brackets. Julia’s original spelling and grammar is retained. The manuscript is privately held by Annette Frederickson as “A Short Scetch of My Life,” *Document 2: Pack 3*, pp. 55, 66–74, Salt Lake City. The transcription is by Alison Pack, Provo, and David R. Pack, Rexburg, Idaho, July 2011.

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March the 8 1893 a Short Scetch of my
Life Julia Ives Pack

My Father Erastus Ives was born [at] Torrington, Litchfield Co, connecticut 2 Nov 1780, died Watertown, Jefferson Co, NY 3 Sept 1828. My Mother Lucy Paine was born 25 Dec 1782, Amena [Amenia,] Dutches[s] Co, NY. She was married to my Father, Erastus Ives, Dec 1805. They had four children[:] Joel, Jerome, my self Julia, and Henry Ives. My Father died 3 Sept 1828, [at] Watertown, Jefferson Co., NY. My Mother died 20 Oct 1839 at Nauvoo, Hancock Co, Ill. I was born 8 March 1817, [at] Watertown, Jefferson Co, NY. [I] was married to John Pack 10 Oct 1832. Our first child, Ward Eton Pack, [was] born 17 Apr 1834 at Watertown, Jefferson Co, NY. My husband and my self was baptized 8 March 1836 into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints. We imigrated to Kirtland, Geauga Co, Ohio in the spring of 37. There our first Daughter Lucy Amelia Pack was born, 24 june 1837. When she was 19 years old, she was sealed to William Kimbal[[]]. She lived with him some two years [and] had one child, Julia Aline Kimbal[[]]. She is living in Mendom [Mendon], Cache Co, [Utah]. [She is] Married to Joseph Wood [and] has several children. William Kimbal took to Drinking [and] seamed to loose his judgement in gove

ning [governing] his fameley. His first wife, Mary, was jealous of Lucy and used her influence against her until William urged Lucy to take a bill from him. She resisted until he brought David McKenzie came [sic] with him with a bill in his hand for her to sign. She told them she would not sign it until she could see her Father. Her father came home [and] he and Lucy went to President Brigham Young office [and] talked the matter over with him. President Young rather advised her to sign the bill. After she had signed it he said to her do not be discouraged, there is just as good fish in the sea as has been caught [caught] one [in] it. A short time after this Joseph Baker came to visit Lucy. They concluded have to [to have] each other. Joseph

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went to President Young [and] asked his consent to be married. He told him to bring Lucy to his office. President Brigham Young sealed them to each other for time and eternity. She lived with Joseph Baker [and] had several children. [She] died 16 Apr 1874, a faithful Latter day Saint, beloved by all who knew her. We left Kirtland in the spring of 38, went to Missouri, [and] settled in Davis Co, thirteen miles from Daman and twenty miles from Farwest. We were in Farwest at the celebration of the fourth of July 1838. The saints had a good time. The corner stone for a temple was laid that day. It was a general time of rejoicing. It was not long that we had peace. About the first of Sep the mob began to gather against the Mormons [and] made attacks on them, burning houses in some places. We moved in to Farwest [and] stayed there until brigadier General Parks and Doniphan [Doniphan] came on the scene and dispersed the mob and sent them home. We went back to our home. Shortly after, a company of emigrants came bringing word that Levy Wood the husband of Pheby Pack, my husband's sister, had died at Huntsville, Missouri and that she was very sick, her self near 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 mobbers house. There was but one room in the house. The land lady made our 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 [f] for several nights. He had been in the mob camp that was gathered against the Saints at Duwit [Dewitt] on the Missouri river. We started on our

journey the next morning [and] had nearly gotten to the ferry when a company of armed men, about thirty in number, met us, [and] about half past by us. Then the head man wheeled about [and] rode up to our wagon. He enquired if we were mormans. My husband told him we were. he said then we would have to go with them to there camp [and] ordered us to wheelabout. They took us five miles across a new rough road to there camp. The leader

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of there gang came up to our wagon [and] ordered my husband to take his valice and follow them, saying we take you for a spie [and] said to me you can bid your husband good by. You will never see him again, at the same time saying you can go to that house, pointing to a log house across a hollow. I told him I would not go one inch [and] said if my husband dies I will die with him. [I] stepped my foot on the wheel of the wagon [and] was about 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 horse, saying I am not afraid of them; I will be back soon. They took him through a patch of hazel brush to an open place covered with grass. Sashdel [Sashel] Woods told him, here will be your grave. We are going to kill you unless you will deny Jo Smith. My husband told him that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God [and] said to him you profess to be a preacher of righteousness [righteousness] and so do I. [I] will meet you at the day of judgement. There was five or six of them. They talked around enquiring who would shoot him. None seemed really willing to do the deed. Finally a man standing by our wagon held out, let that damned Mormon go. Soon they came back with him [and] ordered him into his wagon, saying if we were ever seen in that county again it would be at the peril of our lives. They sent the same company back with us to the ferry that took us [and] saw us across the river. we went on to our sisters at Huntsville [and] found her very sick. She was completely delirious with cholera and was near her death. We stayed two weeks [and] done all we could for her, then put a bed in our wagon, placed her on it with her little child six months old [and] left three other children at Huntsville. They were in the house with a Mormon family by the name of Amos Herick. We started on our journey home [and] got as far as Carlton a small town forty miles from our home. At a grogshop in this town was several of the mob that took us prisoners.

They knew us and said, there is the ones we took prisoner. Let us go for Sashel Woods. A man jump on to a horse and went full speed for some place. We went a short distance through a peace of timber. We then left the road and started for home across the prairie. In that country the ground is very sick. In times of storm the water will cut down deep and on top the gully will be narrow. Two or three times during the night we came to these places. My husband would unhitch the horse and get it over the gully. Then we would draw the wagon across by hand, it being a light wagon something like the delivery wagons we have now days. We reached our home shortly after day light [and] found my husband's Brother Rufus [Rufus] Pack there sick with chills and fever. The mob had returned and were annoying the Saints by driving the people out of their houses and burning their dwellings. My husband's Father was taken sick a few days after we reached home and died. We could not move him to far west. He was so very sick we watched over him until the end of his life. The next day [we] took him to far west [and] held his funeral and returned home the same day. [We] staid up all night [and] loaded up our wagons with what we could [and] started for far west the next day. When we reached there my husband bought some logs for a house [and] laid them up and chinked the cracks with wood with out plastering [and] we moved in to it. It was the last house towards Goose creek out of the city of far west. There was twenty of us in this one cold room. The mob came against far west [and] our leading men. The Prophet and others, were delivered up to them. Our city [was] surrounded by a mob guard. Two over them stood in front of our door for weeks.

William Bosley and Eleanor Pack his wife was with us. She is my husband's sister. William Bosley was in the crooked river battle when David Patten was killed. The mob were after all that were in that battle to

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take them prisoners. William came to my husband saying I can never get away unless you go with me. They started and got by 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 made in the top to hold the grain. We had a spring pole [pole] with an iron [iron] wedge in the end of the pole to pound the corn. Of

this we made bread. Some of the time we ground wheat in a hand mill, mixed brand and all and made bread. During these two weeks Ruphus Packs was [sic] wife was taken sick. I went to Parley Prats house, a small room that he had put up for his stable in which his family was living [and] asked permission of his wife, who was on her bed sick with one of her children by her side, to bring our sister there for her confinement. There was a small space at the foot of Sister Prats bed where I made our sisters bed. She was laying on this bed when Parley came to bid his wife and fameley good by before going to prison, he being garded by two men while doing so. There came a severe snow storm after our men had given up there fire arms and sined a paper at the point of the baronet to confiscate all of there property to pay the expences of driving us out of the state, which we had to leave before the last of Apr 1839 or be exterminated. After the mob went home we moved out on log creek six miles from Farwest. My Mother Lucy Ives was with us. We staid there until the 8 of feb 1839. My Mother joined teams with William Huntington [who] moved out of Missaura with his fameley [and] Crossed the river at quincy, Ill where she remained until towards fall the same year. She moved to Nauvoo [and]

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lived with the family of brother Huntingtons until his wife died. She then went to Steven Markams [and] lived there until she Died 20 Oct 1839. She was completely worn out by the mobbing and hardships we had to pass through. We crost the missiipy at Atlass [and] settled four miles from Pery [Perry], Pike Co, Ill. [We] moved to Nauvoo, Hancock Co, Ill in the month of Apr 1840. The 6 Nov 1840 our second son, George Caleb Pack, was born. We were acquainted with Joseph Smith the prophet and Hiram Smith the patriarch [and] have often listened to there teachings. In Aug 1843 I was sealed to John Pack for time and Eternity by Hiram Smith. John Pack stood proxy for his father George Pack. Philotte Greene, his mother, was sealed to George Pack for time and Eternity. Our 3[rd] son, John Pack, jun was born 5 Oct 1843. On 27 jun 1844 Joseph and Hiram Smith was slain in Carthage Jaile by a mob[;] also John Tailor was wounded four times, one bullet striking his watch, which was the meanes of saving his life. The dead bodies of Joseph and Hyrum were brought to Nauvoo, a soryful sight to behold. I saw them after they

were placed in the Nauvoo Mansion, where thousands gazed up[on] them in silent grief. That was a sorrowful time for the Saints. My husband was away at the time on a mission with Ezry [Ezra] T Benson in the state of New Jersey. Our second Daughter, Julia Pack, was born 5 Oct 1845. December 1845. We received our ordinances in the Nauvoo Temple, also our second anointings, Parley P Pratt officiating. My husband and my self worked in the temple some time after. The 8[th] day of Feb we left Nauvoo in 1846, crossed the Mississippi river and camped on Sugar Creek with many of our brethren and sisters who had left Nauvoo about that time[.] We had no shelter but our wagons in the dead of winter. We staid there until the first day of March, the camp being organized in hundreds and fifties and tens. We started out on that day for the Rocky

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mountains.

I drove a horse team most of the way. We arrived at Cutlers Park the first of August 1846. There our little Julia died 30 Aug. We buried her on a mound near by. First Sept [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. The Pioneers 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[:] Brigham Young, Lieutenant General[;] Jessie C Little, Adjutant[;] Steven Markham, Colonel[;] John Pack and Shadrack Roundy, Majors[;] Thomas Tanner, Capt of Artillery.

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They started on their journey the fore part of Apr 1847. Born in Winter quarters [was] our fourth son, Don Carlos, on the 22 Aug 1847, during the absence of his Father. The Pioneers returned in the fall of 1847 to winter quarters. In the spring of 1848, the first of Apr, we left winter quarters and started for Salt Lake Valley in Brother Kimball's Company [and] reached the valley in Sept 1848. Aug 22 1849 our 3[rd] Daughter was born, Eleanor Phyllote Pack. My husband was called on a mission to France in Company with John Taylor and Curtis E Bolton at the conference held 6 Oct 1849. He was gone three years. There was twelve of us in [the] family. We worked hard and supported our selves in his absence. Our family consisted [of] my husband's Mother, my self, and my six

children, Nancy Booth [and] one child, Ruthe Mosier [and] one child. These women are my husbands wives, and there two children. My son Ward Eton Pack was our mane help, he being oneley 15 years and six months old. we raised our bread, fought crickets, and went throu gh all hardships in comman with our brothers and sisters. The Lord blest us and gave us comfort under all of our hardships. We made most of our clotheing, took wool on shares, bought a loom, lea rned to weave and make our own cloth, and were comfortable drest. Our 5[th] son, Erastus Frederick Pack was born 17 June 1853. In the spring of 1856 my husband was caled to go to Carson Valley on a mishan to help settle that country. That was the year of fam in[:] people went short of bread and had to dig roots to help out there provisions. We lived on rations and divided our flour with those who had not. When our wheat was harvested, the first flour we had after the scarcity was twenty two bushels of wheat. My se lf and children gleaned from the harvest field. We getherd the heads of wheat and placed them on a wagon cover [and] beat the grane out with sticks, held the graine up in pans to the wind and let the chaff blow out of it. It made fine flour.

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Merrit Newton Pack, 6[th] son, was born 1 May 1856. I placed him in his cradle under the willows while I gleaned wheat. In the spring of 1858 Johnstons army was expected to Salt Lake City. It was feared they would be hostile and make war on the people. We were counceled to move south. My sons wife, Ward Etons Elizabeth Still, was so very sick I could not go when the rest of the fameley went. [I] staid and took care ove her. The morning of the 19 May 1858 she died. The nest day, the 20 1858, our fourth Daughter was born, Sedenia Tamson Pack. When my babe was two week and two dayes 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. 9 Sept 1860 Joel Ives our seventh son was born. He lived until nearly eleven years old. His death was caused by the kick of a horse. He was a fine little fellow. Philotte Pack, my husbands Mother, died Jan 6 1866, firm in the faithe in her ninety 6[th] year of her age. She belonged to the relief society in Nauvoo, admitted a member of the Relief society at Nauvoo at the sixth meting held Apr 28 1842.

My self, Julia Pack, was admitted a member of the relief society the same day at Nauvoo the 6[th] meting held in [the] lodge room, Apr 28 1842. There was a relief society organized in the seventeenth ward Salt Lake city to look after the poor and nedy. Nancy Merrinda Hide[was] President, her coucelor Serepty Haywood [and] Sarah Reece her councelor. July 9, 1868 the officers and visiting commity [committee] of relief society met at Joseph Haywoods. At that meting I was appointed President of visiting commity of seventeenth ward reliefsociety [and] held that position untill Sister Hide died. After her death the society was reorganized, Sister Bathsheba W Smith President[;] she chose me her first counselor, Hariet Preston second counselor, [the] position I hold at this time Aug 15 1894.

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I held the office of councilor untill the 16 Aug 1894, when the 17 Ward Relief Society was reorganized by [sic] Bro John Nuttall[:] Sister B W Smith President, Julia I Pack first vice president, Sophia T Tutall 2 vice president, Emma J Bull secretary, Laura H Miner treasure. I held this place until the 10 may 1896. I then moved to Kamas Summit Co Utah [and] joyned the Relief Society in this place soon after.

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