

LUCY SMITH

HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH, BY HIS MOTHER



Lucy Smith

History of the Prophet Joseph, by His Mother

Biography of the Mormon Leader & Founder

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INTRODUCTION.

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This history of the Prophet Joseph Smith, originally entitled, "The History of Mother Smith, by Herself," was written at the dictation of Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet, by Mrs. Martha Jane Knowlton Coray who acted as her amanuensis. It was taken from the words of Mother Smith and dictated from memory mostly, but she also made use of such historical memoranda of the events related as were within her reach. Of the original manuscript one copy was taken which was left with Lucy Smith, while the original was retained by the writer. This original, Mrs. Coray held in her possession until her arrival in Utah, when she subsequently deposited a copy of it with President Brigham Young.

Lucy Smith died near Nauvoo, May 5, 1855; but years prior to this date, some of her effects were left in the hands of her son, William Smith, among them being the manuscript copy of this history. From William (who was the last surviving brother of the Prophet, and whose death occurred at Osterdock, Clayton county, Iowa, November 13, 1893,) the document fell (surreptitiously it is declared by George A. Smith) into the hands of Isaac Sheen, who was at one time a member of the Church, in Michigan. When, in September, 1852, Apostle Orson Pratt went on a mission to England, he called on Mr. Sheen on his way East, and, being shown the manuscript copy, he purchased it for a certain sum of money, took it to Liverpool with him, where, without revision and without the consent or knowledge of President Young or any of the Twelve, it was published under his direction, in 1853. It was afterwards discovered that the book contained errors, occasioned by its not being carefully compared with historical data. Some of the statements in the preface written by Elder Pratt were also in error; one

especially that the book was mostly written in the lifetime of the Prophet, and that he had read it with approval, was incorrect, since it was written in 1845, the year following his martyrdom. For these reasons, and others mostly of a financial character, it was disapproved by President Young, on August 23, 1865, and the edition was suppressed or destroyed. While some statements contained in the work were considered somewhat overdrawn,—a circumstance easily accounted for when we remember the age of Mother Smith, the losses she had sustained in the death of a husband and four sons, and the consequent lapses of her memory,—its many merits were fully recognized by the authorities, many of whom were greatly disappointed at the necessity of issuing the order to temporarily suppress its further circulation.

Subsequently, a committee of revision was appointed by President Young, consisting of President George A. Smith and Judge Elias Smith, cousins of the Prophet, men personally familiar with the family, and thoroughly conversant with Church history. They were instructed carefully to revise and correct the original work throughout, which they did, reporting their labors to President Brigham Young, to his entire satisfaction. The revised and only authentic copy thus prepared and reported upon was retained by President George A. Smith, and shortly after his death, September 1, 1875, it was committed into my keeping, where it has remained until now.

Recently the question of printing the work as a serial in the Improvement Era came up for consideration, and there was a unanimous sentiment among the members of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. favorable to its publication. The subject was accordingly submitted and explained to President Lorenzo Snow, who gave his sanction, and his hearty approval of the enterprise.

By the presentation of this work to the public, a worthy record is preserved, and the testimony of a noble and

faithful woman—a mother indeed, and heroine in Israel—is perpetuated. The book, besides giving an extended account of the progenitors of the Prophet, and the Smith and Mack families, contains much interesting and valuable information, found in no other publication, relating to the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who, through the will of God, was the chosen instrument to perform the foundation labor for the "marvelous work and a wonder" which God has established as his Church, in the last days.

Believing that both old and young will be pleased as well as benefitted by the perusal of its pages, and praying that it may inspire them with renewed zeal, and create in them additional faith in the great work of the Lord, I commend to the reader this History of the Prophet Joseph.

Joseph F. Smith.

Salt Lake City, October 8, 1901.

CHAPTER I.

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SOLOMON MACK, THE FATHER OF LUCY MACK— EXTRACT FROM HIS NARRATIVE.

My father, Solomon Mack, was born in the town of Lyme, New London county, State of Connecticut, September 26, 1735. His father, Ebenezer Mack, was a man of considerable property, and lived in good style, commanding all the attention and respect which are ever shown to those who live in fine circumstances, and habits of strict morality. For a length of time he fully enjoyed the fruits of his industry. But this state of things did not always continue for a series of misfortunes visited my grand-parents, by which they were reduced to that extremity, that a once happy and flourishing family were compelled to disperse, and throw themselves upon the charity of a cold, unfeeling world.

My father was taken into the family of a neighboring farmer, where he remained until he was nearly twenty-one years of age, about which time he enlisted in the service of his country.

I have a sketch of my father's life, written by himself, in which is detailed an account of his several campaigns, and many of his adventures, while in the army. From this, I extract the following:

At the age of twenty-one years, I left my master. Shortly after which, I enlisted in the services of my country, under the command of Captain Henry, and was annexed to the regiment commanded by Col. Whiting.

From Connecticut, we marched to Fort Edwards, in the state of New York. We were in a severe battle, fought at Half-way Brook in 1175. During this

expedition, I caught a heavy cold, which rendered me unfit for business until the return of warm weather. I was carried the ensuing spring to Albany.

In the year 1757, I had two teams in the King's service, which was employed in carrying the general's baggage. While thus engaged, I went one morning to yoke my team, but three of my oxen were missing. When this knowledge came to the officer, he was very angry, and drawing his sword, threatened to run it through me. He then ordered me to get three other oxen, which I accordingly did, and proceeded with the baggage to Fort Edwards, and the next day I returned in order to find my missing oxen.

While I was performing this trip, the following circumstance occurred. About half way from Stillwater to Fort Edwards, I espied four Indians nearly thirty rods distant, coming out of the woods; they were armed with scalping knives, tomahawks and guns. I was alone, but about twenty rods behind me was a man by the name of Webster. I saw my danger, and that there was no way to escape, unless I could do it by stratagem; so I rushed upon them, calling in the mean time at the top of my voice, Rush on! rush on my boys! we'll have the devils. The only weapon I had, was a walking staff, yet I ran toward them, and as the other man appeared just at that instant, it gave them a terrible fright, and I saw no more of them.

I hastened to Stillwater the next day, as aforementioned, and finding my oxen soon after I arrived there, I returned the same night to Fort Edwards, a distance of seven miles, the whole of which was a dense forest.

In 1758, I enlisted under Major Spenser, and went immediately over Lake George, with a company who crossed in boats, to the western side, where we had a bloody and hot engagement with the enemy, in which

Lord Howe fell at the onset of the battle. His bowels were taken out and buried, but his body was embalmed, and carried to England.

The next day we marched to the breastworks, but were unsuccessful, being compelled to retreat with a loss of five hundred men killed, and as many more wounded.

In this contest I narrowly escaped—a musket ball passed under my chin, within half an inch of my neck. The army then returned to Lake George, and, on its way thither, a large scouting party of the enemy came round by Skeenesborough, and, at Half-way Brook, destroyed a large number of both men and teams. Upon this, one thousand of our men were detached to repair immediately to Skeenesborough in pursuit of them; but when we arrived at South Bay, the enemy were entirely out of our reach.

The enemy then marched to Ticonderoga, New York, in order to procure supplies, after which they immediately pursued us, but we eluded them by hastening to Woodcreek, and thence to Fort Ann, where we arrived on the 13th day of the month. We had just reached this place, when the sentry gave information that the enemy was all around us, in consequence of which we were suddenly called to arms. Major Putman led the company, and Major Rogers brought up the rear. We marched but three-quarters of a mile, when we came suddenly upon a company of Indians that were lying in ambush. Major Putman marched his men through their ranks, whereupon the Indians fired, which threw our men into some confusion. Major Putnam was captured by them, and would have been killed by an Indian, had he not been rescued by a French lieutenant.

The enemy rose like a cloud, and fired a whole volley upon us, and as I was in the foremost rank, the retreat of my company brought me in the rear, and the

tomahawks and bullets flew around me like hail stones. As I was running, I saw not far before me a windfall, which was so high that it appeared to me insurmountable, however, by making great exertions, I succeeded in getting over it. Running a little farther, I observed a man who had in this last conflict been badly wounded, and the Indians were close upon him; nevertheless I turned aside for the purpose of assisting him, and succeeded in getting him into the midst of our army, in safety.

In this encounter, a man named Gersham Bowley, had nine bullets shot through his clothes but received no personal injury. Ensign Worcester received nine wounds, was scalped and tomahawked, notwithstanding which, he lived, and finally recovered.

The above engagement commenced early in the morning, and continued until about three o'clock p. m., in which half of our men were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners. In consequence of this tremendous slaughter we were compelled to send to Fort Edwards for men, in order to assist in carrying our wounded, which were about eighty in number.

The distance we had to carry them, was nearly fourteen miles. To carry so many thus far, was truly very fatiguing, insomuch that when we arrived at the place of destination, my strength was about exhausted.

I proceeded immediately to Albany, for the purpose of getting supplies, and returned again to the army as soon as circumstances would admit.

Autumn having now arrived I went home, where I tarried the ensuing winter.

In the spring of 1759, the army marched to Crownpoint, where I received my discharge. In the same year, I became acquainted with an accomplished young woman, a school teacher, by the name of Lydia Gates. She was the daughter of Nathan Gates, who was a man

of wealth, living in the town of East Haddam, Connecticut. To this young woman I was married shortly after becoming acquainted with her.

Having received a large amount of money for my services in the army, and deeming it prudent to make an investment of the same in real estate, I contracted for the whole town of Granville, in the state of New York. On the execution of the deed, I paid all the money that was required in the stipulation, which stipulation also called for the building of a number of log houses. I accordingly went to work to fulfill this part of the contract, but after laboring a short time, I had the misfortune to cut my leg, which subjected me, during that season, to the care of the physician. I hired a man to do the work, and paid him in advance, in order to fulfill my part of the contract; but he ran away with the money, without performing the labor, and the consequence was, I lost the land altogether.

In 1761, we moved to the town of Marlow, where we remained until we had four children. When we moved there it was no other than a desolate and dreary wilderness. Only four families resided within forty miles. Here I was thrown into a situation to appreciate more fully the talents and virtues of my excellent wife; for, as our children were deprived of schools, she assumed the charge of their education, and performed the duties of an instructress as none, save a mother, is capable of. Precepts accompanied with examples such as hers, were calculated to make impressions on the minds of the young, never to be forgotten.

She, besides instructing them in the various branches of an ordinary education, was in the habit of calling them together both morning and evening, and teaching them to pray; meanwhile urging upon them the necessity of love toward each other, as well as devotional feelings towards Him who made them.

In this manner my first children became confirmed in habits of piety, gentleness, and reflection, which afforded great assistance in guiding those who came after them, into the same happy channel. The education of my children would have been a more difficult task, if they had not inherited much of their mother's excellent disposition.

In 1776, I enlisted in the service of my country and was for a considerable length of time in the land forces, after which I went with my two sons, Jason and Stephen, on a privateering expedition, commanded by Captain Havens. Soon after, we set sail we were driven upon Horseneck. We succeeded, however, in getting some of our guns on shore, and bringing them to bear upon the enemy, so as to exchange many shots with them; yet they cut away our rigging, and left our vessel much shattered.

We then hauled off and cast anchor; but, in a short time we espied two row-gallies, two sloops, and two schooners. We quickly weighed anchor, and hauled to shore again, and had barely time to post four cannon in a position in which they could be used, before a sanguinary, contest commenced. The balls from the enemy's guns tore up the ground, cutting asunder the saplings in every direction. One of the row-gallies went round a point of land with the view of hemming us in, but we killed forty of their men, with our small arms, which caused the enemy to abandon their purpose.

My son Stephen, in company with the cabin boys, was sent to a house not far from the shore, with a wounded man. Just as they entered the house, an eighteen-pounder followed them. A woman was engaged in frying cakes, at the time, and being somewhat alarmed, she concluded to retire into the cellar, saying, as she left, that the boys might have the cakes, as she was going below.

The boys were highly delighted at this, and they went to work cooking and feasting upon the lady's sweet cakes, while the artillery of the contending armies was thundering in their ears, dealing out death and destruction on every hand. At the head of this party of boys, was Stephen Mack, my second son, a bold and fearless stripling of fourteen.

In this contest the enemy was far superior to us in point of numbers, yet we maintained our ground with such valor that they thought it better to leave us, and accordingly did so. Soon after this, we hoisted sail and made for New London.

When hostilities ceased and peace and tranquility were again restored, we freighted a vessel for Liverpool. Selling both ship and cargo in this place, we embarked on board Captain Foster's vessel, which I afterwards purchased; but, in consequence of storms and wrecks, I was compelled to sell her, and was left completely destitute.

I struggled a little longer to obtain property, in making adventures, then returned to my family, after an absence of four years, about pennyless. After this I determined to follow phantoms no longer, but devote the rest of my life to the service of God and my family.

I shall now lay aside my father's journal, as I have made such extracts as are adapted to my purpose, and take up the history of his children.

CHAPTER II.

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HISTORY OF JASON MACK.

Jason, my oldest brother, was a studious and manly boy. Before he had attained his sixteenth year, he became what was then called a Seeker, and believing that by prayer and faith the gifts of the gospel, which were enjoyed by the ancient disciples of Christ, might be attained, he labored almost incessantly to convert others to the same faith. He was also of the opinion that God would, at some subsequent period, manifest his power as he had anciently done—in signs and wonders.

At the age of twenty, he became a preacher of the gospel. And in a short time after this, he formed an acquaintance with a young woman of wealthy parentage.¹ She was the pride of the place in which she resided, not so much on account of her splendid appearance, as the soundness of her mind, and her stately deportment, joined with an unaffected mildness of disposition, and a condescension of manners, which were admirably suited to the taste and principles of my brother. Jason became deeply in love with her, insomuch that his heart was completely hers, and it would have been as easy to have convinced him that he could exist without his head, as that he could live and enjoy life, without being united with her in marriage. These feelings, I believe, were mutual, and Jason and she entered into an engagement to be married, but, as they were making arrangements for the solemnization of their nuptials, my father received a letter from Liverpool, containing information that a large amount of money was collected for him, and that it was ready for his reception.

On account of this intelligence, it was agreed that the marriage of my brother, as my father desired that he should accompany him to Liverpool, should be deferred until their return. Accordingly, my brother left his affianced bride, with a heavy heart, and with this promise, that he would write to her and his sister conjointly, at least once in three months during his absence. In three months after his departure, according to agreement, a letter arrived, which indeed met with a very warm reception, but it was never followed by another from him. A young man who kept the post office where she received her letters, formed in his heart a determination to thwart my brother, if possible, in his matrimonial prospects, in order to obtain the prize himself. He commenced by using the most persuasive arguments against her marrying my brother; but not succeeding in this, he next detained his letters, and then reproached him for neglecting her. Being still unsuccessful, he forged letters purporting to be from a friend of Jason, which stated that he (Jason Mack) was dead, and his friends might cease to expect him. He then urged his suit again, but she still rejected him, and continued to do so until within four months of Jason's return, when she concluded that she had wronged the young man, and that he was really more worthy than she had expected. The time also which Jason was to be absent having expired without his return, she believed that the reports concerning his death must be true. So she accepted the hand of this young man, and they were united in the bonds of matrimony.

As soon as Jason arrived, he repaired immediately to her father's house. When he arrived there, she was gone to her brother's funeral; he went in, and seated himself in the same room where he had once paid his addresses to her. In a short time, she came home; when she first saw him she did not know him, but when she got a full view of his countenance, she recognized him, and instantly fainted.

From this time forward, she never recovered her health, but, lingering for two years, died the victim of disappointment.

Jason remained in the neighborhood a short time, and then went to sea, but he did not follow the sea a great while. He soon left the main, and commenced preaching again, which he continued until his death.

1: The name of this young woman was Esther Bruce; she was from the state of New Hampshire.

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LOVISA AND LOVINA MACK.

The history of Lovisa and Lovina, my two oldest sisters, is so connected and interwoven that I shall not attempt to separate it.

They were one in faith, in love, in action, and in hope of eternal life. They were always together, and when they were old enough to understand the duties of a Christian, they united their voices in prayer and songs of praise to God. This sisterly affection increased with their years, and strengthened with the strength of their minds. The pathway of their lives was never clouded with a gloomy shadow until Lovisa's marriage, and removal from home, which left Lovina very lonely.

In about two years after Lovisa's marriage, she was taken very sick, and sent for Lovina. Lovina, as might be expected, went immediately, and remained with her sister during her illness, which lasted two years, baffling the skill of the most experienced physicians; but at the expiration of this time she revived a little, and showed some symptoms of recovery.

I shall here relate a circumstance connected with her sickness, which may try the credulity of some of my readers, yet hundreds were eye witnesses, and doubtless many are now living, who, if they would, could testify to the fact which I am about to mention.

As before stated, after the space of two years she began to manifest signs of convalescence, but soon a violent re-attack brought her down again, and she grew worse and worse, until she became entirely speechless, and so reduced that her attendants were not allowed to even turn her in

bed. She took no nourishment except a very little rice water. She lay in this situation three days and two nights. On the third night, about two o'clock, she feebly pronounced the name of Lovina, who had all the while watched over her pillow, like an attendant angel, observing every change and symptom with the deepest emotion. Startled at hearing the sound of Lovisa's voice, Lovina now bent over the emaciated form of her sister, with thrilling interest, and said, "my sister! my sister! what will you?"

Lovisa then said emphatically, "the Lord has healed me, both soul and body—raise me up and give me my clothes, I wish to get up."

Her husband told those who were watching with her, to gratify her, as in all probability it was a revival before death, and he would not have her crossed in her last moments.

They did so, though with reluctance, as they supposed she might live a few moments longer, if she did not exhaust her strength too much by exerting herself in this manner.

Having raised her in bed, they assisted her to dress; and although, when they raised her to her feet, her weight dislocated both of her ankles, she would not consent to return to her bed, but insisted upon being set in a chair, and having her feet drawn gently in order to have her ankle joints replaced. She then requested her husband to bring her some wine, saying, if he would do so she would do quite well for the present.

Soon after this, by her own request, she was assisted to cross the street to her father-in-law's, who was at that time prostrated upon a bed of sickness. When she entered the house he cried out in amazement, "Lovisa is dead, and her spirit is now come to warn me of my sudden departure from this world." "No, father," she exclaimed, "God has raised me up, and I have come to tell you to prepare for death." She conversed an hour or so with him, then, with the assistance of her husband and those who attended upon her that night, she crossed the street back again to her own apartment.

When this was noised abroad, a great multitude of people came together, both to hear and see concerning the strange and marvelous circumstance which had taken place. She talked to them a short time, and then sang a hymn, after which she dismissed them, promising to meet them the next day at the village church, where she would tell them all about the strange manner in which she had been healed.

The following day according to promise, she proceeded to the meeting house, and when she arrived there a large congregation had collected. Soon after she entered, the minister arose and remarked, that as many of the congregation had doubtless come to hear a recital of the strange circumstance which had taken place in the neighborhood, and as he himself felt more interested in it than in hearing a gospel discourse, he would open the meeting and then give place to Mrs. Tuttle.

The minister then requested her to sing a hymn; she accordingly did so, and her voice was as high and clear as it had ever been. Having sung, she arose and addressed the audience as follows:—"I seemed to be borne away to the world of spirits, where I saw the Savior, as through a veil, which appeared to me about as thick as a spider's web, and he told me that I must return again to warn the people to prepare for death; that I must exhort them to be watchful as well as prayerful; that I must declare faithfully unto them their accountability before God, and the certainty of their being called to stand before the judgment seat of Christ; and that if I would do this, my life should be prolonged." After which, she spoke much to the people upon the uncertainty of life.

When she sat down, her husband and sister, also those who were with her during the last night of her sickness, arose and testified to her appearance just before her sudden recovery.

Of these things she continued to speak boldly for the space of three years. At the end of which time she was seized with the consumption which terminated her earthly existence.

A short time before Lovisa was healed in the miraculous manner before stated, Lovina was taken with a severe cough which ended in consumption. She lingered three years. During which time she spoke with much calmness of her approaching dissolution, contemplating death with all that serenity which is characteristic of the last moments of those who fear God, and walk uprightly before him. She conjured her young friends to remember that life upon this earth cannot be eternal. Hence the necessity of looking beyond this vale of tears, to a glorious inheritance, "where moths do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

The care of Lovina, during her illness, devolved chiefly upon myself. The task, though a melancholy one, I cheerfully performed, and, although she had much other attention, I never allowed myself to go an hour, at a time, beyond the sound of her voice while she was sick. A short time before she breathed out her last moments, which was in the night, she awakened me, and requested that I would call father and mother, for she wished to see them, as she would soon be gone. When they came, she said, "Father and mother, now I am dying, and I wish you to call my young associates, that I may speak to them before I die." She then requested me to place her in a chair, and as soon as the young people who were called in, were seated, she commenced speaking. After talking a short time to them, she stopped, and, turning to her mother, said, "Mother, will you get me something to eat? it is the last time you will ever bring me nourishment in this world." When my mother had complied with her request, she eat a small quantity of food, with apparent appetite, then gave back the dish, saying, "There, mother, you will never get me anything to eat again."

After which, she turned to the company, and proceeded with her remarks, thus:—"I do not know when I received any material change of heart, unless it was when I was ten years old. God, at that time, heard my prayers, and forgave my sins; and ever since then I have endeavored to serve him according to the best of my abilities. And I have called you here to give you my last warning—to bid you all farewell, and beseech you to endeavor to meet me where parting shall be no more."

Shortly after this, holding up her hands, and looking upon them as one would upon a trifling thing unobserved before, she said, with a smile upon her countenance, "See, the blood is settling under my nails." Then, placing the fingers of her left hand across her right she continued thus, "Tis cold to there—soon this mortal flesh will be food for worms." Then, turning to me, she said, "Now, sister Lucy, will you help me into bed."

I did as I was directed, carrying her in my arms just as I would a child. Although I was but thirteen years old, she was so emaciated that I could carry her with considerable ease.

As I was carrying her to bed, my hand slipped. At this she cried out, "Oh! Sister, that hurt me." This, indeed, gave me bitter feelings. I was well assured, that this was the last sad office I should ever perform for my sister, and the thought that I had caused her pain in laying her on her death bed, wounded me much.

Soon after this, she passed her hand over her face, and again remarked, "My nose is now quite cold." Then, slightly turning and straightening herself in bed, she continued, "Father, mother, brother, sister, and dear companions, all farewell, I am going to rest—prepare to follow me; for

"Death! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

"In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downwards from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain

"Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long Forever there!

"See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

"He is a God of sov'reign love,
Who promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

"Prepare me, Lord for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away."

After repeating this hymn, she folded her hands across her breast, and then closed her eyes for ever.

Having led my readers to the close of Lovina's life, I shall return to Lovisa, of whom there only remains the closing scene of her earthly career.

In the course of a few months subsequent to the death of sister Lovina, my father received a letter from South Hadley, stating that Lovisa was very low of the consumption, and that she earnestly desired him to come and see her as soon as possible, as she expected to live but a short time.

My father set out immediately, and when he arrived there, he found her in rather better health than he expected. In a few days after he got there, she resolved in her heart to return with him at all hazards. To this her father unwillingly consented, and, after making the requisite preparations, they started for Gilsum.

They traveled about four miles, and came to an inn kept by a man by the name of Taff. Here her father halted, and asked her if she did not wish to tarry a short time to rest herself. She replied in the affirmative. By the assistance of the landlord, she was presently seated in an easy chair. My father then stepped into the next room to procure a little water and wine for her. He was absent but a moment; however, when he returned it was too late, her spirit had fled from its earthly tabernacle to return no more, until recalled by the trump of the archangel.

My father immediately addressed a letter to mother, informing her of Lovisa's death, lest the shock of seeing the corpse unexpectedly should overcome her. And as soon as he could get a coffin, he proceeded on his journey for Gilsum, a distance of fifty miles.

She was buried by the side of her Sister Lovina, according to her own request.

The following is part of a hymn composed by herself, a few days previous to her decease:—

Lord, may my thoughts be turned to thee—
Lift thou my heavy soul on high;
Wilt thou, O Lord, return to me
In mercy, Father, ere I die!
My soaring thoughts now rise above—
Oh fill my soul with heavenly love.

Father and mother, now farewell;
And husband, partner of my life,
Go to my father's children, tell

That lives no more on earth thy wife,
That while she dwelt in cumbrous clay,
For them she prayed both night and day.

My friends, I bid you all adieu;
The Lord hath called, and I must go—
And all the joys of this vain earth,
Are now to me of little worth:
'Twill be the same with you as me,
When brought as near eternity.

Thus closes this mournful recital, and when I pass with my readers into the next chapter, with them probably may end the sympathy aroused by this rehearsal, but with me it must last while life endures.

CHAPTER IV.

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LIFE OF STEPHEN MACK.

My brother Stephen, who was next in age to Jason, was born in the town of Marlow, June 15, 1766.

I shall pass his childhood in silence, and say nothing about him until he attained the age of fourteen, at which time he enlisted in the army, the circumstances of which were as follows:

A recruiting officer came into the neighborhood to draft soldiers for the Revolutionary war, and he called out a company of militia to which my brother belonged, in order to take therefrom such as were best qualified to do military duty. My brother, being very anxious to go into the army at this time, was so fearful that he would be passed by on account of his age, that the sweat stood in large drops on his face, and he shook like an aspen leaf. Fortunately the officer made choice of him among others, and he entered the army and continued in the service of his country until he was seventeen. During this time he was in many battles, both on land and sea, and several times narrowly escaped death by famine; but, according to his own account, whenever he was brought into a situation to fully realize his entire dependence upon God, the hand of Providence was always manifested in his deliverance.

Not long since I met with an intimate acquaintance of my brother Stephen, and requested him to furnish me such facts as were in his possession in relation to him; and he wrote the following brief, yet comprehensive account, for the gratification of my readers:

I, Horace Stanly, was born in Tunbridge, Orange county, Vermont, August 21, 1798. I have been personally acquainted with Major Mack and his family ever since I can remember, as I lived in the same township, within one mile and a half of the Major's farm, and two miles from his store, and eight miles from Chelsea, the county seat of Orange county, where he conducted the mercantile and tinning business.

My eldest brother went to learn the tinning business of the Major's workmen. The Major being a man of great enterprise, energetic in business, and possessed of a high degree of patriotism, launched forth on the frontiers of Detroit, in the year 1800 (if I recollect rightly), where he immediately commenced trading with the Indians.

He left his family in Tunbridge, on his farm, and while he was engaged in business at Detroit he visited them—sometimes once in a year, in eighteen months, or in two years, just as it happened.

I visited Detroit, November 1, 1820, where I found the Major merchandising upon quite an extensive scale, having six clerks in one store; besides this, he had many other stores in the territory of Michigan, as well as in various parts of Ohio.

His business at Pontiac was principally farming and building, but in order to facilitate these two branches of business, he set in operation a saw and flour mill, and afterwards added different branches of mechanism. He made the turnpike road from Detroit to Pontiac at his own expense. He also did considerable other public work, for the purpose of giving employment to the poor.

He never encouraged idleness, or the man above his business. In 1828, having been absent from Detroit a short time, I returned. The Major was then a member of the Council of the territory, and had acted a very conspicuous part in enhancing its prosperity and

enlarging its settlement; and it was a common saying, that he had done much more for the territory than any other individual.

In short, the Major was a man of talents of the first order. He was energetic and untiring. He always encouraged industry, and was very cautious how he applied his acts of charity.

Respectfully by
Horace Stanly.

My brother was in the city of Detroit in 1812, the year in which Hull surrendered the territory to the British crown. My brother being somewhat celebrated for his prowess, was selected by General Hull to take the command of a company, as captain. After a short service in this office, he was ordered to surrender. At this his indignation was roused to the highest pitch. He broke his sword across his knee, and throwing it into the lake, exclaimed that he would never submit to such a disgraceful compromise while the blood of an American continued to run through his veins.

This drew the especial vengeance of the army upon his head; and his property, doubtless, would have been sacrificed to their resentment, had they known the situation of his affairs. But this they did not know, as his housekeeper deceived them by a stratagem, related by Mr. Stanly, as follows:

At the surrender of Detroit, not having as yet moved his family hither, Major Mack had an elderly lady, by the name of Trotwine, keeping house for him. The old lady took in some of the most distinguished British officers as boarders. She justified them in their course of conduct towards the Yankees, and, by her shrewdness and tact, she gained the esteem of the officers, and thus secured through them the good will of the soldiery, so far as to

prevent their burning (what they supposed to be) her store and dwelling, both of which were splendid buildings.

The Major never forgot this service done him by the old lady, for he ever afterwards supported her handsomely.

Thus was a great amount of goods and money saved from the hands of his enemies. But this is not all: the news came to her ears that they were about to burn another trading establishment belonging to the Major, and, without waiting to consult him, she went immediately to the store, and took from the counting-room several thousand dollars, which she secreted until the British left the city. The building and goods were burned.

As soon as the English left the territory, he recommenced business, and removed his family from Tunbridge to Detroit. Here they remained but a short time, when he took them to Pontiac; and as soon as they were well established or settled in this place, he himself went to the city of Rochester, where he built a sawmill.

But, in the midst of his prosperity, he was called away to experience another state of existence, with barely a moment's warning, for he was sick only four days from the time he was first taken ill until he died, and even on the fourth day, and in the last hour of his illness, it was not supposed to be at all dangerous, until his son, who sat by his bedside, discovered he was dying.

He left his family with an estate of fifty thousand dollars, clear of encumbrance.

CHAPTER V.

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LYDIA MACK, THIRD DAUGHTER OF SOLOMON MACK.

Of my sister Lydia I shall say but little; not that I loved her less, or that she was less deserving of honorable mention; but she seemed to float more with the stream of common events than those who have occupied the foregoing pages; hence fewer incidents of a striking character are furnished for the mind to dwell upon.

She sought riches and obtained them; yet in the day of prosperity she remembered the poor, for she dealt out her substance to the needy, with a liberal hand, to the end of her days, and died the object of their affection. As she was beloved in life, so she was bewailed in death.