

# Life Sketch of Mary Tiffany

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## Taken from The Journal of Nelson Wheeler Whipple

(1777-1845)

**Father: Samuel Tiffany**

**Mother: Abigail Curtis**

**Spouse: Daniel Whipple**

My mother, Mary Tiffany, was born in Berkhemsted, State of Connecticut in the year 1777. She went with her father to Cortland in the same state and lived there until about the year 1800.

I am not certain whether she came to New York or Pennsylvania when she left her native state. I do not know exactly the time she was married to Aldrich, her first husband, nor when she was married to my father, but her first marriage must have been about the year 1798 and her second about the year 1804, as near as I can learn.

After she was married to my father she labored faithfully to help support her family. She was a woman of great patience and strong mind and good character. She never allowed her children to keep bad company or use bad language or contend with each other of anything that could be called bad behavior in anyway.

She raised a family of eight children and lived to see them all men and women grown and able to take care of themselves. She used to say that if she could live to see this she would be willing to die. But after she joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, she said that if she could live to see Nauvoo and hear instructions from the authorities of the Church that she would then be willing to leave this world. This she also lived to see.

She was baptized in Litchfield, Medina County on the 23rd day of June 1842 by Elder John Hughes. She came to Nauvoo with me in 1843 or rather to Knox County, Illinois where we stayed till the next year and moved to Nauvoo in 1844, on the 9th day of May. Here she enjoyed herself well in having instructions from the servants of God from time to time. She was smart and active as women generally at forty until she was taken with her last illness.

She was a woman of rather less than middle size, fair complexion, hair and eyes dark. She had double teeth all around, many of which were sound at her death. She was remarkably strong constitutioned and never kept her bed three days at a time after her sixteen years of age, at which time she had a slight attack of consumption (tuberculosis of the lungs), of which she was cured by a skillful physician.

A few days before she was taken sick she walked to Almira's, a distance of one and a half miles apparently as smart as when was young. She was taken with a violent fever and was deranged considerably for several days, but was rational before she died.

I called on Dr. Burnseisal to attend her but he said it was extremely doubtful whether she would recover. After three days she did not appear to be in pain, but slept most of the

time until the ninth day of her illness. On the night of her death my self and my first wife Jane, and my sister Gerna were with her. My sister was also sick at the time and was not able to help take care of her and my wife and I took turns in attending her in the night.

She appeared to feel much better and wished me to comb her hair. I did so and she talked cheerfully and told me to lie down and rest. My wife was lying down on a bed by the fire. We had prepared this bed to lie on when she did not need our assistance.

I accordingly went and lay down and as I did so my wife raised up and said she thought my mother did not breath natural, upon which I got up again and went to her bed. I thought she was asleep but behold she did not breathe again. She appeared to go to sleep before I lay down and she lay precisely as she did and looked perfectly natural. Sept. 17, 1845.

Thus ended the days of Mary Tiffany. She lived a life of toil and hardship but she ended her days in peace.

We were obliged to keep her for three days before she was buried because there were eleven buried the day my mother was and four left unburied that had been dead for several days.

I tried to get someone to make her coffin but could not and had to make one myself and being quite out of health at best, I was not able to go to her grave. She was taken and buried by William Huntington who was sexton at that time in Nauvoo.