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Biographical Sketch

of

William Henry Chipman

by Eliza C. Christensen

Pioneer Year 1947

Born: 1 Feb 1833, Leeds County, Canada

Buried: 25 Feb 1891

William Henry Chipman, the third in a family of thirteen, the son of Stephan and Amanda Washburn Chipman, was born at Leeds County, Canada, February 1<sup>st</sup>, 1833. He was the second son, being about nine years of age when his Father and family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. They come almost immediately into Missouri where James was born and where they remained with the body of the Saints for three years. Although young he was very active in giving splendid assistance to his father and mother and oldest brother, Washburn in the hardships which were endured at the hands of the enemy. When they run out of bullets, his brother James relates, from the stories of early days gathered at their mother's knee, of how Washburn and Henry would help carve bullets from hard wood.

William Henry come over the Big Mountain in the Fall of '47, located with his folks in American Fork, his father building a log cabin just West and a little South of the present home of the late Washburns', where they resided until the Indians grew so hostile that every one were forced to moved into a fort, protected by a wall made of rocks and mud, Henry helped in the building of this wall.

Henry was endowed with these splendid characteristics of both father and mother neat and tidy, proud of appearance, thrifty, a great desire to hold possessions with an equal desire to share with the ones who were in need. Like his father he had a wonderful taste for fine horses, sheep, and cattle. Was an excellent judge of stock and breed of any domestic animal. At one time his horses were the finest of Utah County. He was one of the first to see the need of a heavier kind of work horse and forthwith invested in the same. He was among the first to introduce the thorobred marino sheep, then very much near the close of his life to mix with his herds the cotswool. He always harped on the question of "What ever you have you have the best." He beautified his yards with ornamental trees, and spacious lawns, fruit orchards, gardens, fields, and barns, thro which strutted the peacock with his many colored tail spread to the sun, and from which all day long you would hear the wild cry of the guinea fowl. We might mention here that there was one domestic animal distasteful to Henry: pigs. He didn't like pigs.

Henry helped his father and brothers clear many acres of brush land, to the north of where his old home stands now and to the borders of the Utah Lake. The toil of land clearing lasted for many years lapping into eve this last generation.

Henry was nineteen when he took wife Martha Smith sister of Warren B. Smith, this union was blessed with two girls. Malissa and Martha. When but twenty-two this partner was taken away leaving him helpless with these two little babes. Two years later he had a dream which was interrupted by Martha's sister Malissa Smith Mott, which terminated in the marriage with Eliza Filcher, who become the mother of nine children, four boys and five girls, then this wife was taken at the approach of a tenth child, which however was never born.

Henry's third wife, Sarah Binns, as you know still lives to bless and relieve at the will of the Father. Aunt Sarah become the mother of Fourteen children, eight boys and six girls, two of the boys passing on in infancy.

A father of twenty-five children, thirteen girls and twelve boys. Of this number one of the daughters, Martha, Henry's second child, died leaving three children, and of the boys four have passed on, James and Joseph in infancy, and John I. and Ira.

The total posterity of William Henry Chipman as near as can be obtained right now is as follows: twenty-five children and six great-great-grand children. Of this number nineteen have passed to the great beyond, leaving a total of one-hundred and ninety-one living. These figures are tentative.

William Henry Chipman was painstaking in the keeping of all religious duties and particular in doing the bidding of those placed over him either in church or civic affairs. He took a pride in his Sunday School work and block teaching. Took an active part in the amusements of the young folks and was at one time supervisor of the young Men's Dancing Hall and Theatre.

The first sewing machine (a Howe) and first piano (an Everett) to come to American Fork, were placed in his home. He was exceptionally fond of music, having a rather sweet voice, we usually

knew the state of conditions by his tunes either sung or whistled. One of his favorite songs was "When you and I were Young Maggie." He was very fond of History and we could say well up in that line of education. His table was always spread to his friends, who meant so much to him, especially in his later years.

At the time of his demise he held many medals for the marksmanship of the several, gunmen's clubs throughout the County and bordering Counties.

Much of his learning was obtained after he married Eliza Filcher who along with her brothers and sisters had ben given educational advantage in England and who was able to assist Henry until he became a number one reader and wrote a beautiful hand, and figured very accurately.

While Henry was extremely thrifty, he was not in the least parsimonious. There are still people living who could testify of the splendid liberality which was meted out to them when they were in need, this was a part of his religion.

The last few years of Henry's life was a period of sickness and suffering, but he never complained or faltered. He remained as constant and steadfast as a human being could. The end came February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1891, surrounded by his wife, Sarah, and the younger of the children, unexpectedly. And as the cortège marched in long procession of horses and wagons, and the town bell tolled the rhythm of a funeral knell, swinging time to the slow step of the horses hoof from home to meeting house, from there to the desolate spot, where the dead are buried, we were numbed with the fact that our father had gone to that great home beyond.