

History of Daniel Whipple (1779-1839) written by son

A few sketches of the history of my fore-fathers according to the best information I have been able to gather from my father and others.

My great-great grandfather was among the first settlers of the State of Vermont in the Town of Brattleboro, Windham County. He had one brother also who came over from England, so says the History that Edsom Whipple obtained while getting up the genealogy while on a mission east. He ascertained that there were three brothers, and from them sprang the Whipple that I have ever found in the United States, which are a considerable number. I believe that all by that name have sprung from them as I have ever found any old countrymen that ever heard the name before they came to America.

The above mentioned man, I suppose, died in the town of Brattleboro, at what age I know not. His name I believe was Timothy, though as to this I am not certain—(Samuel was his name—Anor Whipple)

My great grandfather's name was Daniel as I was informed by my father. He also lived and died in the same place as I suppose. I have but little knowledge of him at the most, but have often heard my father tell of seeing him when my father was quite a child.

My grandfather, I have some more knowledge of. He was born in Brattleboro, Windham County, Vermont, in the year of 1749. I know but little of his life until he came to the State of Pennsylvania about the year 1785. He settled in the wilderness on the Susquehanna River, 13 miles from any white inhabitants. Here he lived until the country became more settled and died suddenly of the pleurisy in the 51st year of his age and in the year 1798.

His family consisted of four sons and three daughters of whom my father was the eldest. They were Daniel, Samuel, Richard, and Roswell, Cynthia, Polly and Lucy.

Roswell was a chair maker by trade and lived in Pennsylvania, I think, but I have little knowledge of him after I was 5 years old, when he came to my father's house and brought a set of common kitchen chairs, which were kept in our family 34 or 35 years.

Roswell went to the State of Ohio, Zainsville, Muskeegum County, on the Muskeegum River and built mills there and probably died there but I have not heard from him in many years.

Samuel was a tailor by trade and went to Canada and my father never heard from him after about the year 1800.

Cynthia and Polly, I cannot remember hearing my father say much about, after he left home but whether either of them married I do not know but Lucy married a man by the name of Bingham and went to Ohio with Roswell and was killed in a saw mill.

My grandmother's maiden name was Hildreth (Deborah). She was confined to her bed eight years, before her death, with slow consumption. She died some years, before my grandfather did but I do not know in what year. Her father lived to the age of 104 years and died in Vermont, but what place I do not know. I do not have knowledge of any more family.

My father Daniel Whipple was born in Brattleboro, Windham County, Vermont in the year 1779, Aug. 27. He resided here until he was 6 years old when his father moved to Pennsylvania.

Here they lived until his mother died. How long that was I do not know but when or shortly after she died, he went from his father's house and lived about in different places until he married, which was about the year 1804, at which he was 25 years of age.

At what place they lived when they were married, I do not know, but shortly after he moved to Deposit, a small village in Broom Co. N.Y. Here he followed lumbering most of the time for about 5 years when he moved to Sanford in the same county about 4 miles from Deposit on Acquago Creek in the forest, in a valley between two mountains where the soil was extremely poor and subject to frost in the summer and deep snow in the winter.

Here he built a house and cleared off a farm, of 20 or 30 acres, of the heaviest timber which cost him much labor for which he received small pay as the soil was not productive.

While living at this place, my mother did much towards the support of the family by sewing, carding and spinning wool, spinning flax for her neighbors and by this means clothed her children and mostly fed them.

In this place they lived 13 years. Here four of the children were born, including myself, I being the youngest. My father was not at home but little, being off attending a saw mill or running lumber to Philadelphia, down the River Delaware.

My father laboring hard and having made but poorly thought to seek a better location in some other place in Tompkins Co., in the same state where some of my mother's kin lived. Having found, as they supposed, a better place they returned and made preparations to move. He sold his place and most of his house furniture and hired my cousin Erastus Stuart to haul us to the new location, he staying behind to arrange his business.

We, after three day's travel, arrived at my uncle Nathan Stuart's who married my mother's sister. Here we stayed for several days and then went two miles to my Uncle Jarrid Patchin's and lived with them several months.

My father came here 4 weeks after us and he and Samuel went to moving a block-house which my father had bought and putting it up on the farm he had taken, during which time we lived at my Uncle

Jarrid's.

After having completed the house we moved over to it. This was upon a high hill or mountain where we had an extensive view of the surrounding country in almost every direction.

I was 9 years of age and had to perform a great deal of outdoor labor, such as ploughing, harrowing, cutting wood, making fence, etc. But I will continue the history of my father down to his death and then that of my mother and of the older children, my brothers and sisters and my uncles and aunts and of their families before I commence upon my own.

The winter of 1828-29 was very severe and we living on a high hill where the wind had a fine sweep, we found all we could do to keep ourselves and the cattle alive.

Having passed this winter my father commenced farming, a business he was not much used to but made out very well at it for some years.

The price of grain being very low and money scarce he did not succeed in paying for the land he had taken which was to be four dollar per acre but the interest had run up to about 8 dollars per acre.

Circumstances being as they were he found it impossible to pay for the land, and therefore concluded to sell his improvements and try some other place.

He therefore sold to Josep Baker and Jefferson Collins for the small sum of forty dollars. The improvements had cost him not less than 300 dollars. He then went to the farm of Joseph Teeter, a part of which he rented. He built a house on the part he had taken but this land being very poor he soon gave it up for a bad bargain. During the time he was on those two places he did something at lumbering and shingles which inclined my father to go to Ohio.

In the latter part of the summer of 1833, my father made preparations to remove to the State of Ohio. He therefore sold off evrything he had, his cattle and wagon, household goods etc. etc., in the month of Nov. 1833. He hired a young man by the name of Madison Knettles to take his family to the head of Cyuga Lake, a distance of 12 miles, there to take the Steam boat for Monesuma.

This lake is a small lake in the center of part of the State of New York. It is 40 miles long and 8 or 9 miles wide. A small steamboat named DeWitt Clinton was the only boat that ran upon it except small boats.

We arrived at the lake late in the evening and stood ourselves in the warehouse till morning, and then took the boat for the bridge. This bridge was built across the foot of the lake two miles long.

Here we shipped aboard a canal boat and went to Montesuma, seven miles. Here we had to ship again on board another boat for Buffalo, where we arrived in six days.

Buffalo is at the foot of Lake Erie, in the state of New York. Here we shipped again on board of the old Pennsylvania steamboat for Cleveland, Ohio.

The first night we were on the boat we witnessed the long to be remembered signs in the heavens above.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning I heard the watch come down into the cabin where I lay, and tell the passengers of the sight to be seen in the sky. I immediately got up and went to the upper deck of the boat to behold to wonderful sight.

And a wonderful sight it was for the stars were flying in every direction through the heavens. I stood and looked at them till I was nearly chilled through, for it was very cold. I returned to my bed wondering what such a thing could mean. My father did not go up to see it.

In the morning the wind blew almost a hurricane and very cold. The Lake rolled in tremendously and the Captain was afraid to start out and here we lay for three days, but the wind did not cease but rather increased.

The passengers were so anxious to go that the Captain said he would go or go to hell trying, for he could stand it if they could. So on the fourth morning he put out but found rough weather and we all wished ourselves back in Buffalo again.

We went on 12 miles to Point Evernew on the Canadian side where we anchored and lay three days. A severe snow storm came on with heavy wind which drove several boats back to Buffalo.

On the 4th day we started from there and went as far as Erie in Pennsylvania where the boat belonged. Here the Captain had the boat drawn up and said he would not go any further that winter so we had to make the best shift we could for Cleveland.

Here we stayed 3 days when the Fairpoint steamboat came up with heavy freight and passengers for Cleveland. Here the most of the passenger of the Pennsylvania shipped on board, the Sheldon Thompson, which doubled her cargo. This boat was out of repair and dangerous at best. We had to pass from one boat to the other. As it was raining and freezing it was extremely dangerous. After having got aboard this boat we went on toward Cleveland and we had no chance to lie down or even to sit down as the passengers were so thick in the cabins, so we spent the night standing up, amused with jokes and fun of some of the large crowd.

The next day we arrived at Fairport, in Ohio and stayed till the next day for repairs. The boat started on towards Cleveland and we met a heavy snow storm which came on with such fury as to cause the Captain to turn back to Fairport again. Here we stayed another night.

The next day we started a second time for Cleveland which we made out to gain as the day was fair. We

had then been two weeks on Lake Erie and landed almost without money, food or clothing, as we had lost some clothing on the boat.

My father hired a cart-boy to take us out of the city that we might have some chance to get to Eaton in Lorain County, the place of our destination.

Having gone a few miles we came across an old farmer going home from Cleveland. We got him to take us out to his house. Here we stayed over night and left all our goods in a barn and pursued our journey on foot in the mud, a distance of 20 miles. My sister was sick and hardly able to walk. We got as far as Ridgeville that night and stopped at the house of a Mr. Kibby who treated us with great kindness.

On the following day we arrived at George Tiffany's in the town of Eaton, Lorain Co., Ohio, the place of our destination.

We found our relatives settled in the woods half leg deep in water in a small log shanty with a few acres cleared around them.

On arriving at my brother's house to our surprise we found Sylvanus Aldrich and his family living in the same house. This was my half brother, my mother's oldest child. He had come from the state of New York. We had not seen him in many years.

On meeting with our friends we somewhat cheered, notwithstanding our hard fare and past troubles.

Here we lived through the winter in a house 14 by 16 ft., all together, 15 in number. We were mostly dependent on them for our provisions as we could not earn anything, as my father was sick all winter.

In the Spring my father assisted George in building another house and we lived in the old one and my father worked in the sawmill of Mr. Abby and I chopped for 5 dollars an acre through the summer.

In the fall we moved to Carlisle and took a sawmill belonging to Phineas Johnson in the village of La Forte. Here we lived until the spring of 1838, when we moved to Elyris, the county seat of Lorain County.

Here my father took a small piece of land of Herman Ely on which we lived and worked for a year doing job work of different kinds for a living.

In the spring of 1839 we moved across the river and took another small piece of land on which was a good orchard.

We repaired the house and fences on this land and did much hard labor and raised considerable corn, vegetables, etc., which with what we earned other ways made ourselves quite comfortable.

On the 18th of Sept., 1839, as my father and I were gathering corn with a yoke of yearling steers, the

only team we had at the time. The weather was wet and unhealthy and we both were taken sick at the same time. My father was taken with inflammation of the bowels and I was taken with the bilious fever.

On finding ourselves in a bad state we sent for Dr. Howard, a skillful physician who attended us faithfully but in spite of all endeavors my father died on the 9th day of his illness.

Thus ended the days of Daniel Whipple, at the age of 60 years and one month. He was a man of remarkable strong constitution. He had very little sickness in his life except that once he fell from a building and hurt his back which made him grow crooked as he grew older.

He was a man of good morals but did not belong to any church at the time of his death, although he had been a Methodist for a few years of his life, but had left them on account of inconsistency of some of their doctrines and notions.

Had he lived to hear the Gospel he would have embraced it no doubt, for he condemned all churches because they had not the gifts and ordinances according to the order that Christ and Apostles taught. He also told me that if I lived to be fifty years old in all probability, I would see it. In less than one year after his death the gospel was preached in the same house that he died in, by Elder John Hughes. My father did not live quite long enough to hear it.