

HISTORY OF
JOHN WOODLAND JR.

BY

MARGARET MALEWA WHITAKER GLENN

Name of Board and House in Princess Ann Co. Va.

We are told when lower Norfolk became a company in 1638, Elizabeth Reweves was the name of the Parish and the Rector was John Willson. Three years later the Vestery of Lynnhaven was elected Bishop. Norfolk Co. was cut off from Princess Ann. Co. in the later part of 1700.

John Woodland Jr.

Son of John Woodland Sr. and Mary Brown Woodland and is my great grandfather.

John Woodland Jr. was born 27 of March 1776, Princess Ann Co. Va. and first married Ruth McGeeke, September 21, 1813. To this union was born two little daughter, but he was not to enjoy his little family for long. In 1815 his wife Ruth died of the dreaded disease known then as cold pleg, and within 10 days the little daughters were laid to rest by the mother's side, of the same disease. We do not have the names of these daughters. Discouraged, and broken in spirit he left Virginia and later drifted into Illinois, remaining single until he was forty two years of age, when he met and married Celia Stapleford, child of Noah Stapleford and Polly Saunders Stapleford, and to this union they were blessed with fourteen children. My Grandfather, Thomas Stapleford Woodland, was the fifth child and my mother's father. At this time Noah Stapleford was operating a ferry. John Woodland Jr. was hired and at this time met the daughter Celia Stapleford, and in the spring of 1818, they were married. After this marriage he settled three miles from Albany Edward Co. Illinois. While there 10 of the 14 children were born to them. About 1835 The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints sent our missionaries to Illinois. In the month of April these elders held a meeting at Albany, John Woodland Jr. in company with Captain Jefferson Hunt, attended this meeting, this being the first opportunity of hearing the gospel taught by the real apostles of God. On his way home after bidding Hunt goodnight he felt impressed to pray, at first unseen power tried to overcome his desire, and it seemed as if he would smother, but he continued to pray and soon this feeling left, and the spirit of testimony, took its place. From that time on he knew the things he heard that night were true. (Captain Hunt became the captain of the First Company in the Mormon Battalion, who later helped settle San Bernardino, California. He was the father of Sophronia Hunt Coffin, wife of the late William Coffin Sr. of Downery, Bannock Co., Idaho, who is now in her 94 years, last month August 27, 1942. He was a real pioneer also, for after filling all calls made by President Brigham Young, likewise the call of the government, he last of all pioneered Marsh Valley, Idaho, now Onedia, near the town of Oxford, Oneida Co. He was laid to rest thirteen years later in 1879. He was the son of Captain Thomas Hunt and Martha Hamilton of revolutionary fame, so he was a red blooded pioneer and a life long friend of the man who is the subject of this story.)

Kate Kunt, sister of Captain John Hunt married William Woodland, half brother of John Woodland of this story.

Returning to the story

Soon after this night named by John Woodland Jr.; these two good men were baptized. Brother Hunt soon became dissatisfied and wanted to sell his home, so he might join the saints in Missouri. Woodland purchased his home.

Woodland bears testimony to his family, that a messenger from God appeared to him and showed him his future home in the West and telling him to go in search of it. Next morning he began to make preparation to leave. When Hunt called he told Hunt if he would wait the course of a few days, he would join him on his trip to Missouri. In search of his new home, unfolding to Hunt all he had seen and heard from the messenger the night before; also explaining the scene so vivid, that he knew he would know the place when he saw it.

Explaining his dream thus--there was a grove of trees on the land, and in

the midst of the grove there was a tree, about 25 feet taller than the rest of the grove, and that he should place his back against this tree and take 25 steps to the west and there he would find a clear spring of water bubbling up through white sand. Packing their horses with blankets, provisions and an axe, they wended their way to Missouri, which at this time was the very frontier of the west.

Within a few days Hunt found a place suitable and they camped and built a log hut. He then asked Woodland where they should go now. I am impressed to go northward. They rode about two miles north and found a grove of small trees, with one in the center much taller and as this came into sight Woodland threw up his hand and exclaimed there is the tree. Following instructions given him he placed his back to the tree and took 25 steps west and found the spring, calling Hunt to come and have a drink. When Hunt drew near he showed surprise for there was a fine spring bubbling up through white sand. There they camped and built another log hut to comply with the law. On returning home he sold out, and took his family back to his new in a unsettled part of the frontier. At that time those kind of lands were called "Squatter's rights". One year later the Prophet Joseph Smith called on Woodland and exclaimed "Brother Woodland you have a pretty place here, what would you take for it to be used for a stake in Zion; where upon Woodland answered, if it is the Lord's will you may have it, the Prophet stood for a moment with his head dropped so his chin rested on his breast, then turned pale and a bright light shone around his head, then he raised his head, and placing his hand on John's shoulders he said, "I won't take your place that the Lord showed you in a vision and you had faith enough to seek it out. But I seal this property unto you and posterity for time and all eternity, telling him never to sell it, and later he was offered large sums of money for it, but he remained there until he and his family were driven out by mob violence.

Going to Adam--Ondi--Ahman, there was one child born there (Solomon), he is buried at Elba, Idaho. Mrs. Woodland's mother (Poly Stapleford) died. The mob was so violent, no one was able to leave the camp in order to build a coffin, so they placed the mother in a clothes box, which was so short that the feet and ankles were exposed beyond the end and it was mid winter in the year 1838. Sometimes I wonder how many of us would be able to endure such trials.

Their only shelter was their wagons and some brush braced in the form of a tent with some quilts thrown over the brush. While in this camp the mob came and was going to take his wagon, saying it was the only one strong enough to carry their cannon. He told them the first one that touched it would be hit over the head with an axe. General Clark the leader of the Militia forbade any one touching him or his wagon, ordering his clerk to give Woodland a permit to pass from the state unmolested. Woodland refused the order unless Clark wrote it himself, for ~~the~~ fear that others would think it was bogus. So with Clara's pull he left the state of Missouri, leaving all property behind for the mob, except his family and what he could carry on the wagon.

On the way to the Far West they camped in a grove of trees, and when he and his children were in front of the camp, when he heard a noise, and looking up he called the attention of others in the company, with his wife, and they saw a chain of chariotes, moving through the air, (William Woodland says I was just a youngster at the time but I bear witness that they were much the same as the trains of today.) They were loaded with people dressed in white, flying over the far West and settling there. Then my father John Woodland Jr. said, the people of the Far West are saved.

We were driven out of the town by the mob, so we camped on the bottoms a

short distance way. It was at this time that the prophet sent word to my Brother James Woodland to leave the state for the mob was seeking his life; soon preparation were made for his departure, as he was leaving. The father called the boy's mother to his side and said, another look on your son for it is the last time you will see him alive, and it was, for he was never seen or heard of again, except the next day two new y made grave were located, one of which was supposed to have been his.

They were then moved to Adam, Co. Illinois and remained there and endured all the hardships that were endured for four years then went to Nauvoo, Hancock Co. where the rest of the Saints were. They were driven out in the Midwinter of 1845 and they too crossed the Mississippi River into Pottowattome Co. Iowa, so called by Moscut. During all these hardships these faithful people kept the first commandment God gave Adam. Multiply the earth. For children were born during the way in many camps. Some were not so good as the Indian camps, for provisions were scanty, because so little could be taken with them. The mob compelled them to leave their valuables behind. In October 1850 John Woodland arrived in great Salt Lake Valley at the age of 74 years, with most of his family still with him. He arrived with the William Snows Co. He passed away Nov. 8, 1868, at the advanced age of 92 years 7 months and 13 days, and is buried in the old cemetery at Willard Utah. They moved forward and spent the winter of 1850 and 1851 in Salt Lake Valley and in the spring of 1851 moved to Willow Creek, Box Elder Co. now know as Willard City, Box Elder Co. Utah. He he built a new home, finished raising his family and on a day in November he passed away at the age of 92. My mother told this of her memories of her Grandmother Celis Stapisford.

When I was a child grandmother was getting along in years would walk around always watching the roads and trails coming from the mountains, and when asked what she was looking for would say I am watching for my boy. Years after she passed away emigrants coming from California told the brothers and sisters of James Woodland that there was a man for whom the town of Woodland, California, was named, resembled them so much that they were sure he was their brother, that the mob was supposed to have killed. He also had one small foot the same as their brother but they never were able to prove the story written and turned in by a great granddaughter.

MARGARET MALINA WHITAKER GLENN

~~the salt lake valley in 1870 men~~
This man came to Willard 1857

When Willard was incorporated into a city, he married twice, the first wife bore 10 children, 8 of which grew to maturity and the second wife bore him 5 children, all grew to maturity, he improved his farm until his death and is resting in the new cemetery at Willard; his wife and oldest son are also resting in the same cemetery by his side.

The old Cemetery where his parents and most of his children are resting is in the path of the many cloud-burst floods that descend on that cemetery from the east mountains of the Mighty Wasatch Range and many times the people of that community have been called on to mourn from the ravages of those floods.

Mrs Margaret Malena Glenn

This line of Ancestry dates back to Irish Royalty line of Dukes before England took over