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Biographical Sketch

of

William Greenwood

by himself

Pioneer Year 1847

Sailed on the Hanover

Born 7 Aug 1822 in Burnley, Lancashire, England

Married Alice Houghton 30 May 1843

Died 26 Jan 1891

William Greenwood was born August 7, 1822, in Burnley, Lancashire, England. This is the Preface to the History he left for his posterity.

American Fork
Utah Co.
Utah Territory

June 1809

Having up to this date written a little of my life in an old scrap book and being anxious to leave to my posterity a history of my life more full I commence to transcribe and add items as they may occur to my mind, hoping I may be directed by the good Spirit of my God according to my calling in the Holy Priesthood. And all this for the good and benefit of after generations also to give the names of my children, births, etc. , which is in the afterpart of this Book, commencing at Page 316.

I was born of goodly parents, Robinson Greenwood and Elizabeth Cryer, 7 August 1822 in Burnley, Lancashire, England. They were born in Yorkshire in the rural districts. I hope to obtain more full particulars of them before long and put it in this record. Suffice to say they lived to a long age together with my Forefathers. My mother was of a religious mind and belonged to the Baptist Church all her life; hence, she took considerable pains to have we be religious, also. My father was of a worldly moral turn. His occupation was as a merchant miller, and he owned a large flouring establishment and was quite a man of business and that, too, successful.

In my early childhood I was naturally of a serious turn of mind which often kept me from joining in with my companions in that which would bring me to ruin. Being raised in the midst of a large populous city and with many temptations to beset me in my early youth, it has often been a wonder to me how I escaped the many corruptions that were around me, but I have always acknowledged

that God did surely preserve me for a wise purpose, and I do not take the glory to myself – but God, my Heavenly Father.

When but a child I wondered how it was that there were so many ways for people to get to heaven and serve God and how they could all be right. I well recollect when but seven years old being in a very serious state of mind, asking God to show me and give me a testimony of that which was the right way. I received an assurance that it should be given to me in the future.

I received a liberal education up to the time I was fifteen years. Being the youngest son living of seven brothers, I was thought well of by my parents and the more so because I shunned wild company. My father took me in confidence in his business at the age of sixteen years and my prospects in the mercantile life were promising. I continued up to the time I heard the fullness of the gospel to enjoy the confidence and good will of all around; and prosperity, as far as this world's goods, was mine in abundance.

Upon being invited by my former school teacher, Thomas Ward, to go and hear a strange sect by the name of Angelites, merely for novelty's sake, I went. It was in a poor man's house. The preachers were not at all of fine polished type after the manner of the world, but poor fisherman like. I liked their doctrine well. It sounded to me familiar and childlike and simple and so much like the voice of ancient saints. I thought I would seek further and ask God to give me a testimony expecting he would answer my simple prayer – for surely it was simple for I was but a child.

After a diligent perusal of the holy scripture that I was taught to read from childhood, I found them truly to contain the Gospel and the Spirit that attended the preaching of the Elders – caused my eyes to see the true order established in the day of Jesus and the Apostles. My parents and relatives were much alarmed for my safety, for all manner of evil respecting those whom God sent with the Gospel was circulated – but truth is mighty and did and will prevail. I was therefore told in plain terms the conscience if I should become united to such a deluded set and that I was to leave my home, relatives, and

friends, and become a cast-away, The priests raised the warning voice concerning delusion, impostors, etc.

About this time, November, 1840, I became entirely convinced by the remission of my sins and hands laid upon me for the Gift of the Holy Ghost by those called by direct revelation where God and Christ dwells I could not come, but the consequence that I saw would follow - I should have to leave my home and part with all my relatives and forever friends. A few days before I was baptized my father and mother called me into their room, and told me if I followed after that delusion I could no longer have a home with them, and that I should be cut off from all the rights of property, etc., etc. My reply was when my father and mother forsake me the Lord, my God, will take care of me.

I went forth on the 29th day of November 1840 about ten in the morning before number of witnesses. (The water course I was baptized in was right before a Methodist Chapel - just as the people were assembling - it being Sunday morning). Elder Rodger Dewhurst baptized me. I was confirmed the same day in meeting. I returned home at noon, but no sooner did I enter my Father's house than I heard the sentence given by my father: "you can have no home here." I accordingly left, but I can say that God did sustain me and comfort me and made me to rejoice in the midst of all opposition.

In these days, after I left home, I was invited to go and live with my brother, John, in a place called Chorley near Preston, England. My father in the meantime fretted about me and wished me to come home. I wrote to him and told him of the false reports, and that he might depend upon me to be diligent and faithful to him in his business. I returned home and remained some two or three weeks and in this time all manner of evil reports were carried to my father insomuch that he banished me again from his house.

I seemed that so long as I possessed the spirit of the Latter-day work I had no friends of this world, and it seemed all the powers of earth and hell were combined against those who brought the gospel as revealed to Joseph Smith and the Latter Day Saints. I again returned to my brother John's in Chorley and was treated kindly by

my brother and his wife, Catherine (Her maiden name was Barnes). In the meantime I paid a visit to my folks, but the same severe treatment and more so was meted out. An older brother, Robinson, whilst in my father's home took a horse whip and whipped me out of the door.

I had five brothers and one sister living at this time, James, John, Anthony, Jonathan, Robinson and Elizabeth. I had two brothers dead, Thomas and George, and two sisters, Martha and Hannah. My greatest enemy was my brother, Robinson. He will have his reward.

I must now pass on to the time I left my native land to gather with the Saints on the 12th day of March, 1842, I set sail in the ship Hanover from Liverpool, England. I had a pleasant voyage across the sea, though the diet, etc., was so much different. It took me sometime to get used to the fare. But after all I did not feel to murmur against the Almighty. I landed in Orleans the 25th day of April, 1842. We all took passage on a steamboat and landed at the city of Nauvoo the fifteenth day of May.

The first night I slept on shore it was at the house of Brother Richard Withnal who made us welcome though he was poor. The day after my arrival I went to live with one John Robinson on the flat in Nauvoo. I then got work at the mill of Laws and Company.

In fourteen days from my arrival I was taken down with the river complaint or bowel complaint. In the course of my sickness I was reduced to skin and bone, insomuch that every one who saw me gave up and at one time they pronounced me dead. I have always said that I died and then came back to inhabit my tabernacle and do a great work upon the earth. From this time life seemed to be given to me more fully yet I was like a little child – my mind and body alike childish. The Lord from time to time did comfort me in my afflictions and his servants did administer to me – brethren of the Twelve, John Taylor and Brigham Young, I remember in particular. At one time an Holy Angel from the mansions of glory administered unto me, and at the time he stood before me and took me by the hand he told me who he was – and it seemed I had known him before. The brightness of his person was above the splendor of the sun at noon day, and his

words, though simple and easy to be understood – such was their power that they ran through every vein and part of my body. Electricity is no comparison to the sensation that I felt – tongue nor language cannot describe – only can it be known by those who pass through it. Suffice to say, many words of comfort and consolation and promises were given to me, which part has been fulfilled.

About this time, August 1842, I was baptized for my health in the baptismal font in the basement of the Temple then being built. Through my sickness I had hard fare sometimes, finding something to eat. As a general thing people all around were very poor. Brother William Houghton with others did what they could. I recollect one John Rushton who sent me two or three dollars on a store and many would give a good meal when they had it. It seemed to me my memory was taken away, but as I recovered, things in the past were restored and the God of Joseph and Hyrum did keep me safe and the spirit of apostasy was kept from me and I never felt to murmur at my hard lot.

The prophet called upon the Elders to go out to preach in the fall. It was at this time that Bennett and Laws and others turned against Joseph. Many went out on missions and Joseph's name was held up for President of the United States.

On the 29th day of September, 1842 I started in company with Brother Esaias Edwards, on a mission. Our course was north towards Wisconsin Territory. We were blessed in bearing testimony of Joseph against the wicked lies that were circulated by apostates.

In starting out my feet were very tender, and for about 40 miles from Nauvoo the people were very bitter against us. They refused us food and lodgings, but we did not suffer for, according to our day we had strength, and we bore faithful testimony of the mission of Joseph Smith. In the month of November, Bro. Edwards received news of the sickness of his wife and he returned to them. I was left alone. I then traveled down the Mississippi as far as Davenport about 100 miles travel from Nauvoo. The winter was very severe. At this place some of my old shipmates had come up from Nauvoo. William Houghton and family.

At this time I had made up my mind to get married, I made my intentions known to Alice Houghton, daughter of William Houghton. In April or March I remember of a letter coming to Nauvoo informing me of the death of my father and that he had left me one thousand pounds. (\$5000). On the 30th day of May 1843 Alice Houghton was married to me according to the law of U. S.

On the 17th day of June, 1843, we started for England and had a prosperous journey and arrived in Liverpool on the 22nd of July, 1843. We started the next day and arrived at my native town, Burnley. Many were anxious to see us, some wondered if my wife could talk English. My relatives were anxious to find out and expected that I would have by this time got sick of my religion. They had heard of my hardships but I gave them to understand that Joseph was a man of God and as soon as possible I would get ready to return to America again. When I got what means I could, I made preparations to return. The property was so left that I could only draw \$1000 and the balance in three years; however, I made a proposition to my brother, Robinson, who was left very unjustly sole executor of my father's will. I agreed to throw off \$1,000 in order to obtain the balance. So having got hold of some \$4,000 in my own hands, I could not feel nor see any prospect of enjoying myself. The scenes of my childhood seemed no home to me. Every inducement was offered me to remain. My mother thought I was hard hearted, but the commandments of the Lord were more to me than all my relatives. I wished them well, and hoped some day to do a work for my relatives, and they will yet see the day that I will be a Savior to my father's house.

On the 9th day of December, 1843 we set sail in the ship Rochester from Liverpool. We had a stormy passage across the sea, but arrived safely in New York, Jan. 15, 1844. We stayed two days in New York and then journeyed on, it being winter and very cold. In crossing the Allegheny Mountains we stayed at a place of an old German settler, Statler by name, who kept a tavern. They treated us kindly at this place and we spent some 14 days there and then journeyed on to Pittsburg and stayed about four weeks. At this time my wife was baptized by Bro. Saverg who presided over the

Pittsburgh Branch. Her folks previous to this had all been baptized into the church (William Houghton and family crossed the sea at the time with me in the ship Hanover in 1842).

About the 7th day of March, 1844 we took passage on board a new steamer, Allignippia (the name of an Indian Queen). The captain's name was Joseph Smith. We traveled down the river until we came to Cincinnati, Ohio. In the night between this place and Louisville my wife, Alice was confined of a son about 11 o'clock in the night. She got along first-rate, considering she was traveling. This was the 10th of March 1844. Two weeks from the time we started from Pittsburgh we arrived in St. Louis then we took passage on the steamboat Sarah Ann for Nauvoo. My wife wished me to go on up the river to Davenport where her father lived.

In April I went down the river to Nauvoo to attend conference. On the 6th of April at this conference the Prophet Joseph Smith gave some good instructions on the plurality of the Gods and the Land of Zion being North and South America. This was the last conference that Joseph attended and if any man of this dispensation of the fullness of times ever spoke truth and was inspired of God it was Joseph Smith. He was truly sent of God. After conference I went to see the Prophet and expected to let him have some money and receive some land out on the prairie near the big mound a few miles from Nauvoo. I returned to Davenport, expecting to return to Nauvoo, but my father-in-law was opposed to my returning, and took possession of my money. Not being sufficiently determined, I stopped in Davenport and purchased a farm joining the town (168 acres).

I can truly say that I was far from enjoying myself. The influence of apostates and those who are opposed to the gospel of Jesus Christ was there. I was more and more dissatisfied. In about one year I paid a visit to Nauvoo to pay my tithing. The Prophet Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith were martyred in Carthage Jail on the 27th day of June, 1844. The news came to Davenport and the mass of the people justified the cold bloody deed. In paying a visit to Nauvoo, my wife's father was much opposed to my paying my tithing, etc., insomuch that he came into my house and took away my

carpet bag with the money in and kept it in his possession a few days. About this time one Bro. Raleigh called and stayed with me and told me to fix up my affairs, so as to move down to Nauvoo. In this I was determined to do.

On the 17th of May, 1845, I went down the river and paid in on my tithing and also received my Patriarchal Blessing from John Smith, Patriarch. This visit put within me a determination to live with my brethren and enjoy the teachings of the servants of God independently of all the opposition from my wife's folks, who by this time were bitter enemies of the church and they did all in their power to make my wife of the same spirit. I told her I was going to gather with the Saints to live and die with them and that she could have her choice and if it came to the worse I could forsake wife and children. My father-in-law was very much enraged at me. At this time he fell from a horse and broke his arm, this for a time turned his attention.

In the beginning of August, 1845, I gathered my loose property together such as my furniture and one pony and carriage and moved down the river. The whole town was enraged at me and published about me in the Davenport Gazette. I left my farm and all my outfit, teams, cows, etc. and rented them to Jas. Houghton and John Rigby. I arrived safely in Nauvoo and rented a house of a Smith on Mullholland Street.

In the latter end of August a mob on the outskirts of the city began to put into operation their hellish plans by burning the houses, etc., of the Saints. Father Morley's settlement was burnt out and a general rising of the mob through Hancock Co. commenced. The Saints called upon the Sheriff of the county whose name is Backenstoch. He was truthful and called upon all the inhabitants of the county to aid and assist him to put the law in force. We all turned out (or nearly so) and dispelled the mob.

In company with my brethren about the 1st of Sept., I went out, commanded by Stephen Markham. Everything connected with the mob fled before us. We camped a day or two at a farm house, three miles from Green Plains, the general camping place of the mob. It was owned by Col. Williams. The mob upon hearing of us fled to

Warsaw and then across the river into Missouri. We then took up our line of march to Carthage and fell in with forces from Nauvoo under Bishop Miller and others Friday evening. The forces surrounded Carthage. The mob that was there fled in all directions leaving all to us, but our orders were "not to hurt or destroy anything."

In the morning we took up our line of march for Warsaw. The mob kept out of our way and scattered in all directions. In the evening we got to Warsaw and halted in the main part of town. The men had fled, leaving only women and children. It was then agreed to return home to Nauvoo. We arrived about midnight and were glad to get home.

Two days after this my little daughter, Elizabeth Alice, died on the 8th day of September, 1845.

All this time the Temple was being finished so that endowments could be given. I went up the river to Davenport to sell out my farm, etc., as I was determined to move out west. The authorities of the land called upon the Twelve to agree to leave the State in mass as the church agreements were entered into to leave in the spring. Previous to this time I had purchased a new brick house and lot from one John Pickles. I paid him for it as per agreement and knew at the same time that I should have to abandon it. I let Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball have \$500 (it was part of the means received for my farm). After October conference preparations were entered into to make wagons, etc., and to give endowments in the Temple. In Jan. 1846 I received, in connection with my wife, Alice, endowments and on the 6th of Feb. received the sealing of the new and everlasting covenant and was adopted into President Brigham Young's family. I was ordained a seventy in the 31 Quorum of Seventies on the 9th day of October 1845.

In February the Twelve were hunted for their lives. Writs were got out and tried to be served upon Brigham more especially. At one time they waited at the Temple door and Bro. Wm. Miller came to the door and the officer served a writ upon Miller taking him to be Brigham Young. They conveyed him to Carthage and then found out their mistake. In this month the Twelve with many others crossed the

river into Iowa and began to travel westward. Not having my business settled up I was detained from starting with the Twelve; however, I let my carriage and harness and one horse go to assist the company besides money to assist.

I had occasion to go to Davenport to receive the balance of my pay for my farm, etc. My wife's folks made threats as to what they would do when I came up, but I escaped unhurt. I bore my testimony to Moses Houghton and wife, Betsy, and also to one Robert Jackson, whom I assisted from England, he having apostatized. I told them they would yet remember me when God's judgments should go forth to punish this nation for killing the anointed of God, and the Saints will stand in holy places.

On the first day of May, 1846, myself and wife, Alice, Joseph and Benjamin, my two little sons, also Brother Richard Withnal and family (seven in number) and like the ancients we journeyed on through the rain and mud trusting to the Almighty God of Jacob to lead us. We journeyed on to Council Bluffs and the church made preparations to stay for the winter around the country – some on the east and some on the west side of the Missouri River.

The Mormon Battalion was called out by the government to try our loyalty. They thought we should refuse to let 500 of our best men go to fight against the Mexicans. My teamster, Walter Barney went, but I went into Quarters on Little Pigeon. It now is a sickly time, many of the Saints laid down their lives through the hardships they were called to endure and through so many being destitute of the comforts of life. In the month of Sept. I was taken with the chills and fever and all expected me to die.

Little Pigeon is some 7 or 9 miles from the Missouri River. There lived in this little grove in the hills many of the families of Saints – Allreds, Hegberts, Ivins, Chipmans, Taylors, and many others. The Twelve and the main body of the church rested for the fall and winter across the River. The east side was called Council Bluffs and the west side Winter Quarters.

As soon as the Spring of 1847 dawned preparations were commenced to be entered into. A majority of the Quorums of the

Twelve with many others were in readiness to start by the first of April, 1847. their course was westward. Their object was to seek a place that the saints might rest in peace from their enemies and be far from a wicked world. From the first introduction of the gospel Joseph and his Brethren were like the hunted deer on the mountains and our foes were continually on the alert, but their hopes now were that we should go into the wilderness and there perish with hunger. Away went the noble band of pioneers trusting in God to lead them, few in number, seeking for country they knew not where.

In the month of May, 1847 I started down the river with some two or three to obtain an outfit, provisions, etc., I wanted to follow out after the Pioneers. I exchanged considerable property such as clothing, my watch, etc. I was blessed in obtaining bread stuff, etc. In the middle of June, 1847 I left my little house that I had wintered in, and felt full of faith to follow the servants of the most high God. I joined the main camp on the Horn River (Started June 31, 1847). There were about 560 wagons, teams, cows, etc. We traveled up the Platte River in companies of 50 and 100, wagons having captains of 10's, 50's and 100's. Sometimes all the wagons would be in sight at one time. It truly was a wonder to all and could our foes have seen us they certainly would have acknowledged we deserved salvation temporarily and eternal to see hundreds of men, women, and children rejoicing to leave our homes and lands we had bought and paid for trusting in God to bring us safe through to our journey's end.

Having not kept a daily journal I have not the dates of our arriving at the different points. Two days before we arrived at the Pacific Springs, we heard of the Pioneers, this is the first we heard of them. Also I must say here that one item of my journey was that I had a horse stolen from me, together with some ten or eleven more horses, my two ponies and I thought everything of for they were a good team for fourteen or fifteen hundred pound weight. It was some thirty miles west of Fort Swimie. It was supposed to be Indians. We felt their loss very much, still we journey on. We met the Pioneers at Pacific Springs, and rejoiced to meet with the noble band of Pioneers. We heard from them that they had found a place for the oppressed of

the Almighty now wandering in the wilderness. And I must here say that after having my ponies stolen, my oxen began to fail, having had to put my goods from my pony wagon in the others. My wife also had two small children, Benjamin and Margaret Ann, that could not walk. We continued our journey over deserts and high mountains following on the track of the pioneers. It was almost impassable going through the narrow passes of the mountains. At last we burst forth into open space – a beautiful valley, a place of rest from our foes and fury of mobs. And my prayer is that I may be worthy to live and inherit this land and be ever faithful to the church and Kingdom of God.

We arrived at the Old Fort Oct. 28, 1847 – a day ever to be remembered me and my wife, Alice. She had to carry in many places her two smallest children over the mountains because of the dangerous roads. But, we felt thankful that we were brought safely through to a resting place for our weary feet. I purchased a log house partly put up by Patriarch Jno. Smith and got into the same in a few weeks. We had a floor which was sawed by Bro. Hess, one of the Battalion boys. I gave him some bread stuff for it. I also took in one of the Battalion boys, Robert Egbert, in January 1848. I renewed my covenant by baptism.

I acted as clerk of the High Council through the winter season, but kept no diary. We had good meetings with the Quorums. It was a scarce time for bread and we had to be put on allowances. I divided up with my brethren making things last out by eating poor beef, roots and greens.

I took up my city lot, Sat. 6, 1848 – Block 52, Plot B.

The Quorum of Seventies which I have the pleasure of being a member of meet at Pres. George C. Rigger's every Sun. evening at early candle light. The meeting on Sept. 6, Pres. H. C. Kimball spoke on the Potter and showed how necessary it was to be pliable in the hands of the great potter. Also Pres. B. Young said if we make all things right with our God we should be sure to make all things right with our fellowmen.

Dec. 6, 1848, I moved into a house which I have built on my lot. It is adobe. One front room and a bedroom and pantry. Previous to my final move into my new house I had my feet frozen in going up to Redbutte Canyon. My shoes came all to pieces in getting my wood together and I came from the head of the canyon home in bare feet. The freezing was intense, but they soon got well again. I dedicated my house and my family to the God of My Fathers. Very much snow during the month of December, 1848.

Jan. 5, 1849. Today the 31 and 30 quorums of Seventies joined in a festival. Together myself and wife, Alice, enjoyed ourselves very much. It is very cold.

Jan. 11. Pres. Young today spoke of a certain council that was organized in the days of Joseph; also spoke of those who were blessed with a good crop last year and that they were speculating out of their brethren obtaining a great price for the same. If they did not repent they would go to hell. There was plenty of bread to supply at $\frac{3}{4}$ per head.

This spring up to the 18th day of May 1849 has been very good for putting in grain. I dedicated the seed and the ground to God, trusting in Him for the increase. Up to Aug. 3, 1848 I have been blessed in my efforts to raise bread for which I am thankful to my God and give him the praise forever. I sent my first grist to the mill.

July 24, 1849. Today was the grand first celebration of the arrival of the Pioneers into the valleys. The first Presidency and Quorum of the twelve was escorted to the Old Bowery made of mud and stakes by 24 young ladies and 24 young men. Also the veteran fathers, bishops of the different wards and a brass band. On their arrival at the bowery they were saluted by shouts from the people of Hosanna, and long live the Governor of Deseret. Also the procession moved around the bowery singing, "We are the true born sons of Joseph of Zion". The Declaration of Independence was presented to Pres. Young by 24 young men and which we had read. Many interesting remarks were made on the boon of liberty and of the fallen liberty that was meet out to us being driven from our homes in Illinois and Iowa. The whole people then partook of a rich feast

which was carried on in great order by the wards being organized in 10. The wards set tables. When they were cleared away short speeches were given and singing was conducted. It is a day long to be remembered.

Dec. 18, 1850. The past year I rejoice that the Lord is rolling forth his work in the earth. Plagues are stalking abroad pretending that the time of His coming draweth nigh. God has blessed me in my labors.

In the year 1851, I moved from Salt Lake City to American Fork City.

1852 and 1853. I am struggling and working hard to raise my little family of small children, being seven in number.

Up to January 1855 the past year has been a year of plenty of every kind of bread stuffs, and a great draft in the United States for the War between Russia and the combined powers of England, France, and Turkey.

This spring of 1855 has been very favorable for putting in the small seeds. A very early spring. At this date, May 10, the grasshoppers have hatched out and they appear to cover the face of the whole country and as numerous as the sands upon the sea shore. The grain and every green thing is devoured by them. And all other settlements around appear to be sharing the same fate. But the hand of the Lord is in this, and will eventually work out for the good of his faithful, for it is written that judgments must begin at the house of God first, and then God will in His own due time remember the wicked and ungodly. I am at this time laid up, having severely cut my right foot with an ax on the instep and I feel to say that the hand of the Lord is in all this, and over all his Saints for good. Suffice to say that the year of 1855 will be a year long to be remembered by the Saints in the mountains for the destruction of crops and cattle.

May 18, 1856. Up to this date there is a good prospect for raising grain. I feel to write the following. Half past seven p.m., Feb. 23, 1856 brought forth a daughter whom we named Rachel. My family now numbers six sons and three daughters. My wife, Alice enjoying good health for which I thank God.

My oldest son, Joseph Robinson is a good trusty boy. He was 12 years old last March 10 and he promises to be a good man and now assists his father in putting in grain. My prayer is that he may be useful in building up the Kingdom of God and be worthy to be trusted in the things of the Kingdom.

My son, Benjamin is a stout boy. Ten years old and can work with any boy his age when he has a mind to, but he is of a stubborn disposition, and the way he sets himself he will go ahead. My prayer is that the powers of the holy priesthood may ever turn him in the right path and have power over him to control him and do a good work in the Church of Jesus Christ. I feel to say he will and his face be like a flint.

The next is my daughter Margaret, nine years old last February 25, 1856, an example to her sex, a lover of home, trusty to her mother, industrious and ever attentive to her smaller brothers and sisters. She is inclined to be backward in company and shy to strangers. May the Lord preserve her long upon the earth to be a pattern of good to all around her, and be a mother in Israel and a stay to principles of virtue in the circle she shall move in which she promises fair to be a pattern.

My daughter, Alice, seven years old is inclined to be careless, but quick to learn, no care not trouble upon her mind. But will still make a smart woman of a healthy constitution. May she yet be a bright star in the Kingdom of our Redeemer.

Next is my son William, six years old, rather small in stature, but a mind and body full of activity and never still - only when asleep, inclined to be a consequence in his mind and actions bold and resolute. May he be bold in the principles of the Gospel of Jesus and grow up to be a good man.

Next is my son Samuel, four years old (March 3, 1856). A peaceable and amiable disposition, very little to say, generally a great favorite of his sister, Margaret. Never inclined to quarrel with any person, very distant with grown persons, and ever with his father and mother, easy to be controlled especially by mild means. May he live long on the earth to bear his father's name to the latest

generations and all his enemies who seek to hurt his peaceable disposition may they not prosper. He is young though very stout in body and contented. May he ever be and do right.

Next, my son, Jacob, three years old, February 25, 1856. He is a smart boy, wide awake to what is going on, not easily cheated and well calculated to fight his way through this world, not afraid nor timid. May he be valiant in the Redeemer's cause, and never swerve from the principles of the Kingdom of God upon the earth. He is a stout, healthy boy. May he be strong in the faith of the gospel.

Next my son, Alma, about two years old, quite a child. Of late he has been sickly but now is growing healthy and stout. May he grow up to be a great man in Israel.

Next is my daughter, Rachel, a few months old. May she be preserved to a good old age and bare sons and daughters in the kingdom of God.

It is now May 25, 1856. The past year, the later part, there has been a great reformation amongst the Saints. Everyone going forth and renewing the covenants of being baptized, and Pres. Jedediah M. Grant, one of the First Presidency of the church, fell as a martyr to reformation through his excessive labors preaching and baptizing the people. Also this year the emigration from the old country came over the plains with hand carts, and though starting late in the season many laid down their lives in consequence of the severe cold in the mountains and hunger, but the Saints in the valley responded nobly to the call by sending out teams and provisions and they were brought in - being the month of December, 1856.

May 21, 1857, I was ordained under the hands of Pres. Joseph Young and others of the seven presidents of the 44th quorum of seventies.

July 24, 1857. Being invited by President Young to accompany Bishop L. E. Harrington with others from American Fork Ward to celebrate the anniversary of the noble pioneers at the head waters of Big Cottonwood Canyon with the First Presidency and a large company from nearly all parts of the territory. My wife, Alice, accompanied me. We started about noon, July 22, and arrived on the

camping ground about 3 p.m. on the twenty-third. The order of the day was for everyone to enjoy themselves in the best manner possible. There was music, singing, praying, preaching, and going forth in the dance. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves to the full in the midst of the good influence that always surrounds the servants of God, for truly the first Presidency are surrounded continually by the power of the almighty God of Jacob and it is powerfully felt and realized by all that have any degree of the spirit of God.

March 26, 1859. My wife Alice brought forth another daughter whom we have named Mary Ellen.

This year, 1859, nothing of very particular occurrence, but the powers of darkness are cunningly at work seeking to lead away the unwary, yet all the exertion got up to hurt the servants of God prove futile and God has prospered my labors and endeavors to sustain my family.

July 29, 1860. My wife again brought forth a fine son whom we named Joshua.

A.D. 1860. This is an eventful year. The purposes of the Almighty are rolling on. The rebellion commencing at South Carolina as was prophesied by Joseph Smith, the great prophet of the last days, though they murdered him in cold blood. God has decreed that the United States shall be brought to feel his wrath and indignation in his own due time. On July 1, 1860. I was called to be second counselor to Bishop L. E. Harrington.

1861 - The remnant of the army that came up against Utah, or the Kingdom of God, this spring left no more to return having been completely frustrated in all their efforts, and soon scarcely a vestige left of them.

1862 - This year my son, Joseph Robinson, went to the States to the frontiers as a teamster to gather the poor and returned all right.

1863 - The War in the United States still continues. The south is growing weaker all the time.

1864 - My son, Joseph R. volunteered to go back as night guard to assist in the emigration. Being a wet season he took cold and never

survived. We never heard of his illness. The first news we heard was by Bro. Bull coming to us bringing the news that he in trying to bring him in with a carriage, he got out at Bear River and got something to eat and then got into the carriage and died in a few minutes. He was buried on the Weber at Chalk Creek, 40 miles from Salt Lake City, September 16, 1864. And thus he ended his youthful career in dutiful service in the kingdom and gave his life in assisting to gather the Saints and build up the kingdom that shall stand forever. He has gone to rest with faithful ones to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. His mother's heart was broken when his pony, caring his boots and saddle, were returned home without him.

This year Emma Julian Mercer (widow of John Mercer, and having three sons) was sealed to me for time, and a son was born unto us on Jan. 30, 1865. We name him William Julian Greenwood.

[Emma died the 12 Feb 1865. Emma is sealed to her first husband, John Mercer. William, being a year old when his mother Emma died, went to live with John Mercer's first wife, Nancy Wilson. After Nancy died, her oldest daughter Libbie and her husband Bishop Warren Smith raised William. This is the home that William knew.]

1868 – This year there has been a great overturning of mechanizing in Utah. Cooperative Institutions being established in the different cities. The President of the Church put forth his exertion and means to establish a parent coop institution so as to supply the Branch Institutions. A very heavy business was done and money was plentiful. The Union Pacific Railroad is now building and soon to be completed. I took an active part in establish the American Fork Cooperative Institution. I put in \$100.00 to commence with. The object of the Institution is to get all interested in the same and sustain it. Each one to put in some, but not to allow a monopoly of capital, but carry out home industry, etc. Our Institution runs very successfully, turning over means or capital after thereby making good profits. I assisted to make the first purchase of goods and acted as secretary, keeping all accounts.

1869 – The U.P.R.R. was completed and other lines, which means quite a change in the freighting of goods to this Territory.

On March 22 of this year I married Bertha Eyring.

1871 – Being called on a mission to the United States at the October Conference, in company with Bro. John Hindley and Bro. Washburn Chipman of American Fork, also many others of the elders, I started from home, bid farewell to friends and home. At 5 a.m. left Salt Lake City for Ogden and there joined with a car load of Elders for mission. I keep a journal of every day's journey, which I have on a memorandum. Until my return said memorandum gives a full detailed account, almost every hour, while on a short mission. Arrived back home February 25, 1872 at 11 p.m.

1874 – March 5. I was ordained a High Priest under the hands of Pres. A. O. Smoot and others and set apart to be first counselor to Bishop L. E. Harrington having acted as counselor since July 1, 1860 yet not being ordained to the High Priest Quorum but belonging to the Seventies, 31st and the last one of the presidency of the 44th Quorum of Seventies. President Smoot was mouth. Bro. John Hindley was also ordained a High Priest, etc. and second counselor to Bishop Harrington in place of Bro. James Clarke who died March 15, 1873.

Being called to go on a mission to England by the First presidency I toiled day and night to get ready. I left my home on the morning of September 8, 1874 in company with Br. Henry Eyring, my brother-in-law and other elders. I arrived home March 18, 1875. In consequence of poor health in England due to the damp wet climate it was not wisdom to stay longer, hence I was released and returned home. But can say I enjoyed my mission and could I have enjoyed good health it would have been a pleasure to remain longer.

Nov. 14, to Dec. 13. My wife Bertha brought forth my daughter, Charlotte. My son Stephen Edward died whilst absent on my mission.

Up to the year 1883 I have been toiling and laboring and trying to do my duty. Congress is trying to pass restrictive laws against the L.D. Saints. My son, Alma, is on a mission to New Zealand. Bp. Wm. Bromley is our Bishop to fill the place of Bp. Harrington who died in

June this year. He brought a very good report of the labors of my son, Alma, in that far off land.

In 1880, the first raid of the deputies of the U.S. was made in Jan. arresting the Bp. Wm. Bromley, Bro. Wm. Grant and Br. Warren B. Smith, got out of their way and are going on the underground or in exile. Other raids made in 1880, myself expecting to be arrested, but escaped. Great excitement prevailed through the settlements of the Saints. The leading authorities got out of the way. The cause of this arrest was against those who practice the plurality of wives, and many families are left destitute of their husbands and fathers. My son, Joshua, this fall returned from a mission to England just in time to see his mother in her last stage of sickness and attend her funeral. My son, Alma, returned the year before from New Zealand. I felt proud that I had two sons counted worthy to go on missions to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, and their mother felt proud before her death of the same.

On the 13th of November 1886 at 45 minutes past 12, my dear wife, Alice Houghton Greenwood, departed this life after a lingering sickness of nearly two years. She was patient and enduring in her affliction and seemed to have a great desire to live. We have journeyed on through the changing and shifting scenes of this probation, going through many trials of poverty and persecutions, having seen compelled to leave our home in the State of Illinois. Still we have enjoyed many times, yet though separate a short time we hope to enjoy an eternal existence in the glory of those who have received the fullness of the everlasting gospel. I was with her to the last moment of her life and her last breath was peaceable and she fell asleep to rest until she shall be raised again to a glorious resurrection which is not far distant. The day she was interred in the American Fork Cemetery which was Monday, November 15, it was an awful stormy day. Scarcely anyone was able to go to the cemetery except my seven sons and five son-in-laws and a few brethren to consecrate the grave and inter the body, but peace be to her ashes until the trumpet of the arch angel shall sound and the dead who die in the Lord shall arise, and join each other to go forth and help to perform ordinances for the redemption of Adam's great family.

Spring 1889 – My sons removed the remains of wife, Alice. I never felt satisfied where she was buried. The lot she was moved to is close to the gates entering the cemetery on the left hand as you enter through said gates. We put up a very nice marble monument over her grave.

1887 – May 22, having for sometime prepared to go to the Temple at Logan to do work for the dead and living, myself and wife, Bertha E. started on the 9 a.m. U.C.R.R. to Salt Lake City and stayed all night in Salt Lake, my wife having gone on the 4 p.m. train, May 22, to visit friends in Ogden. Met her in Ogden May 23, started on the 10 a.m. U.N.R.R., arrived in Logan at 2:15 p.m. same day, put up at Sister Curtis's, her husband being on the underground. Performed labor on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, also the week after on the same days. The joy and happy feeling and solid pleasure I never experienced in those few days. I truly was drawing near to God, His Son Jesus Christ, and holy men who have of this stage of action long, long ago, also those who have taken part in this the dispensation of the fullness of times. We started homeward from Logan June 3, stopped in Salt Lake on Saturday and arrived in American Fork Sunday evening – all safe.

Unfortunately the old scrapbook is lost and this is the end of his transcriptions from it.

William Greenwood was prominent in the settlement and development of American Fork, financially, socially, morally and intellectually. He was the first school teacher there. Until the death of Bishop L. E. Harrington he served as his counselor and on the reorganization of the Bishopric he was again chosen Counselor to Bishop Wm. M. Bromley.

He died January 26, 1891 after an illness of two years with Bright's disease. During his many days and long, weary nights of constant pain a murmur never passed his lips. He bore his burden with the patience of Job, the courage of Paul, the love of John the Beloved, and the faith of Abraham.

A portion of his numerous family were at his bedside. He was the father of nineteen children and sixty-four Grandchildren.

At this time, January 26, 1939, his posterity numbers several hundred who revere his memory and are proud of their lineage.