

the assassins after they had run out on us not to kill them, but they had no mercy on them, clubbing [them with] their guns and beating out their brains.

Some of the murderers were white men and some I supposed were Indians from their dress. At the close of the massacre there was eighteen children still alive, one girl, some ten or twelve years old, they said was too big and could tell, so they killed her, leaving seventeen. A man, I afterwards learned to be named John Willis, took me in his charge (the children were divided) and carried me to his house next day in a wagon; he lived at Cedar City and was a Mormon; he kept me there that winter. Next spring he moved to a place called Topersville [Toquerville]. I stayed there about a year, until Dr. Forney had us children gathered up and carried us to Santa Clara, from there we went to Salt Lake City and remained two months, from there we came back to the states. I know that most of the party that did the killing were white men. The Mormons got all the plunder. I saw many things afterward.

John Willis had, in his family, bed clothes, clothing, and many other things that I recognized as having belonged to my mother. When I claimed the things, they told me I was a liar, and tried to make me believe it was the Indians that killed and plundered our people, but I knew better, because I recollected seeing them kill our folks, and knew many things that they carried off that I saw in their possession afterward. I saw Willis during the massacre; he carried me off from the spot; I could not be mistaken. Living with him made me know him beyond a doubt. I saw them shoot the girl after we were gathered up. I had a sister that was nearly grown, and four brothers that they killed. I was the youngest child of our family—the only one that was spared. They kept the children all separated whilst we remained with them. The scenes and incidents of the massacre were so terrible that they were indelibly stamped on my mind, notwithstanding I was so young at the time.

REBECCA DUNLAP EVINS, "MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE:
THE BUTCHERY OF A TRAIN OF ARKANSANS BY MORMONS AND INDIANS
WHILE ON THEIR WAY TO CALIFORNIA RELATED BY ONE OF THE
SURVIVORS," *FORT SMITH ELEVATOR*, 20 AUGUST 1897, 2/1-3.

Monticellonian

Almost forty years have rolled away since this country was horrified from Maine to California by the report of what is known in history as the Mountain Meadow Massacre. The details of this bloody crime, that for hellish atrocity has no parallel in our history, are familiar to very few of the present generation, although they were impressed indelibly upon the minds of our elders. To the majority of people the story of this massacre has almost become a myth buried in the obscurity of a forgotten past.

What, then, was the surprise of some of our townspeople a week or two ago when an elderly gentleman who was in the city trading, incidentally

remarked that his wife was a survivor of the Mountain Meadow massacre, and that he had rescued her from the Mormons while she was but an infant.

This old gentleman excited the curiosity of his auditors at once, being a very intelligent, interesting talker, but as his wife was waiting for him he did not have time to talk very much about the tragic drama in which his wife played such a thrilling part. In the course of his conversation, however, he said that his wife was the youngest of three sisters who survived the massacre, that he lived in Calhoun county and that he had brought his wife to this county on a visit to her eldest sister, Mrs. Rebecca Evans, who lived on a place belonging to Mrs. Lyle, about nine and one-half miles northeast of Monticello.

Learning that Mrs. Evans was about 7 years old at the time of the massacre, and thinking that she would be able to recall some particulars of that horrible butchery, in company with Dr. Tarrant of this city, we went out to call on her not long since. We found her living in an humble log house, with her husband and five children. They are merely tenants on Mrs. Lyle's place. Time has dwelt [*sic*] somewhat roughly with Mrs. Evans, and she does not look younger than her forty-six years imply. She is, however, a very pleasant lady and talked freely of the massacre through which she passed years ago, although she cannot speak even now without a great deal of emotion of this butchery of her loved ones; and an expression of horror appears at times upon her face, such as she must have felt when she saw on that fateful September day 120 of her people tomahawked and pierced with arrows, crushed with stones and mutilated with bullets and knives—victims of Mormon fanaticism and hatred.

Mrs. Evans says this train of emigrants left what was then Carroll county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1857. In the train she had a father and mother, five sisters, one brother, an uncle and an aunt and ten or twelve cousins. She says her father and uncle were well off and had \$30,000 in money with them, besides a large number of fine stock. There were about forty heads of families in this train when it entered Utah, most of them hailing from Arkansas. It is said to have been one of the finest trains that ever crossed the plains. They were making their way to California. Mrs. Evans says they received hostile treatment from the time they entered Utah.

Early in September they came to the home of a prominent Mormon, Jacob Hamlin, on the northern slope of the Mountain Meadows. Here they were told that there was a large spring about four miles distant in the southern part of the Mountain Meadows. So the train, went on to the spring and encamped there for the night. After camping at this place for three days and nights, on the fourth day, in the morning just before light about sixty Mormons, disguised as Indians, and a number of Indians attacked the train. The Indians were ordered to stampede the cattle and drive them away from the train. They then commenced firing on the emigrants. The fire was returned by the emigrants, who had corraled their wagons. The Mormons and Indians had the

train completely surrounded and they were cut off from the spring. For about eight days the siege lasted, the emigrants fighting like lions. The Mormons finding they could not whip them by fair fighting, decided to destroy them by treachery. Accordingly, John D. Lee, Haight and Higbee had their paint washed off, and dressing in their usual attire, took three wagons and drove down towards the emigrants' corral as if they were traveling on their [sic] ordinary business. Mrs. Evans says her 8-year-old sister, Mary Dunlap, who was dressed in white, went out towards them and waved a white handkerchief in token of peace. The Mormons in the wagons waved one in reply and advanced to the corral. The emigrants, no Indians being in sight at this time, came out, and walked [talked] with these leading Mormons for an hour or an hour and a half. The Mormons told the emigrants that the Indians were hostile, and that if they gave up their arms it would show the Indians that they did not want to fight. If the emigrants would do this the Mormons promised to pilot them back to the settlements.

Mrs. Evans, when asked if they did not suspect treachery, says that they did not, and if they did they were about famished from thirst, and were ready to accept almost any terms in order to get out of their distressing situation.

The emigrants having agreed to these terms, delivered up their arms to the three Mormons with whom they had counseled. The women and children started back towards Hamlin's house, followed by the men. The Mormons, with the arms, came along by the side of the men. Mrs. Evans says after they had proceeded about a mile on their way back to Hamlin's house they came to a cluster of scrub oaks and sage bushes on both sides of the road. About this time Higbee, who was with them, gave the signal to fire by shooting off his pistol, when a volley poured in from each side and the butchering commenced. Who can picture the horrors of the awful scene? From every bush, demons of destruction leaped forth to revel in crime and in blood. The Mormons and Indians shot down in cold blood the defenseless men, women and children, then pierced them with bows and arrows, then cut their throats with knives. With savage whoops and yells, these devils pursued their victims in every direction. Innocent girls fell upon their knees and prayed for mercy, but their cries were unheeded. The massacre commenced about 5 o'clock in the evening. In one-half hour's time, 120 men, women and children lay cold in death, horribly mutilated and disfigured.

Mrs. Evans says that she ran and hid behind a sage bush when the massacre began. Two of her older sisters were killed right near her, and were lying dead by her side. She heard her baby sister crying and ran to find her. She found her entwined in her mother's arms, but that mother was cold in death. This sister, whose name was Sarah, and who was about a year old at this time, had been shot through her right arm, below the elbow, by a large ball, breaking both bones and cutting her arm half off. Seizing her sister in her arms, Mrs. Evans rushed back to the sage bush where she had been hiding. She

remained here until she saw a white man, who proved to be Jacob Hamlin.¹ She went up to him and begged him to save her and her little sisters. She says that Hamlin was the only white man that she saw who belonged to the massacring [*sic*] party. She remembers distinctly that Hamlin was dressed in a suit of green jeans. After the massacre was over, she saw quite a number of white men washing the paint from their faces.

Mrs. Evans says that she and her sister Louisa begged not to be separated from their baby sister, Sarah. Jacob Hamlin finally agreed to take the three sisters to his home. Just seventeen children survived this horrible massacre, the oldest of whom was not over 8 years of age. All of them were placed in one wagon, several of them being wounded, while the clothing of nearly all of them was bloody with the gore of their kindred. A son-in-law of John D. Lee drove the wagon to Hamlin's house, where all the children were kept that night. What a pitiful sight these orphans, some of them moaning in pain, all of them bereft of parents and kindred, must have presented, as they were driven away from the scene of this horrible butchery!

On the day after the massacre, Lee and the other Mormons started off with the rest of the children, leaving Rebecca, Louisa and Sarah Dunlap with Jacob Hamlin. After the lapse of several weeks, Mrs. Evans says she went back to the scene of the massacre with some Mormon girls. None of the dead bodies had been buried, but wild animals and buzzards were eating the flesh from their bones. She was only able to recognize one corpse and that one was Jack Baker, a very prominent character among the emigrants. She recognized him by his long beard.

Mrs. Evans says the report they were kindly treated and well cared for while in hands of the Mormons, is false. To the contrary she says they were only half fed and half clothed and harshly treated.

Mrs. Evans and her sisters did not long remain at Mountain Meadows, but soon moved with Hamlin to the fort of Santa Clara. They remained in the hands of Hamlin for nearly two years, before they were rescued. The rescue of these children from the Mormons was an undertaking involving a great deal of difficulty and danger. United States Indian Agent Dr. Forney, Deputy Marshal [William] Rogers and Capt. James Lynch, with a body of United States troops, took part in the rescue. The children were kept for some time in Salt Lake City. Capt. Lynch then carried the children back to their homes in Arkansas and other states wherever they had relatives. He carried the three Dunlap girls back to Carroll (now Boone) county. Their uncle, James Dunlap, who was then living at Carrollton, took all three of them and treated them as his own children.

Here they lived uneventful lives, attending school, and doing pretty much what other girls do, until Rebecca was 23 years of age, when, as usually hap-

¹Jacob Hamblin was in Great Salt Lake City during the massacre, but Mrs. Evans might have confused him with his brother, Oscar Hamblin, who was present.

pens, she, too, had her dreams of love fulfilled and was united in marriage to Mr. Evans, who carried her to Calhoun county to reside. There they lived until December 15, 1895, when they moved to Drew county, where they now reside. They have five children.

Louisa Dunlap was married to James Linton in Boone county in 1876. They have five children . . .

MARTHA ELIZABETH BAKER, "SURVIVOR OF A MASSACRE:

MRS. BETTY TERRY OF HARRISON VIVIDLY RECALLS

MASSACRE OF WESTBOUND ARKANSAS CARAVAN

IN UTAH MORE THAN 80 YEARS AGO,"

BY CLYDE R. GREENHAW, *ARKANSAS GAZETTE*,

SUNDAY MAGAZINE SECTION, 4 SEPTEMBER 1938, 6.

. . . Mrs. Terry celebrated her 86th birthday anniversary March 7. Even at her advanced age, she never ceases to work, and with eyes still strong enough to see to read, write and sew, she pieces quilts for her children and has completed many handsome articles. She finished a quilt last winter and spent many days this spring tearing carpet strings. She has lived most of her life here, and has been an active member of the Baptist church since early girl hood. She continues to attend services regularly. Mr. Terry died 11 years ago. The couple reared nine children, three boys and six girls, five of whom are still living. An entry in the family bible reads, "Married, January 25, 1874, J. W. Terry to Martha Elizabeth Baker, both of Boone county, by the Rev. Calvin Williams."²

When kinsmen press her for a story she sometimes tells that of the massacre, saying, "The wagon train to California made up of folks from our neighborhood and Missouri, was said to be the richest and best equipped that ever started across the plains, with goods, wagons, buggies, carriages and hacks. There were 30 extra good teams of mules and horses in addition to a large number of extra horses, and about 600 to 800 head of cattle, and one of the finest blooded stallions that had ever been seen in the Ozarks at that time.

²Ironically, George Calvin Williams, the itinerant Baptist minister who married Miss Baker, later joined the LDS church and became a polygamist. "I got along with the Mormon people alright until we were driven into Mexico for polygamy," he recalled. There he became acquainted with Apostle George Teasdale and "a man who went by the name of Horten and who was Sunday School Superintendent." Someone eventually told Williams the man was actually "Isaac C. Haight, the man that give the orders to kill all the women and children at Mountain Meadows Massacre." This information, Williams recalled, "made my blood boil for I had 13 blood relations murdered there by the orders of this man, now a High Priest in the same church with me." Williams held his tongue but went to Teasdale and "told him plainly that Mexico wasn't big enough to hold Horten and I both, and that one of us better get out of Mexico and do it quick." Williams never saw Haight again. He wrote to LDS president John Taylor "to know if the Church was held as a cloak to cover and conceal cold, black hearted murderers. He never answered my question but wrote me a very sympathetic letter, advising me not to let the misdeeds of others cause me to make a shipwreck of my faith." Williams was excommunicated for apostasy on 17 December 1895. See Williams, *The Life and Religion*, LDS Archives.