

the truth." With this the conversation ended as to the particular subject.

Further the affiant sayeth not.

Rex E. Lee

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3 day of April A.D. 1931.

SEAL:

Dodd L. Greer

Dodd L. Greer, Notary Public.

My commission expires January 12, 1933.

Statement given by Andrew Corry, who was born April 28, 1846 in Illinois, Cook County, in a wagon box, and as he puts it, he has been "a waggin ever since". He is now eighty-five years old, is six feet six inches tall, and straight as a tree, and is a fine looking man. He has eight children, forty-one grand children, and twenty-nine great grand children. He has given every one of his children a home, owes no man and has money enough to live on.

"I came to Utah when I was two years old and have lived here for eighty-three years, and I have been through the mill.

I knew John D. Lee very well and many a time I have stayed at his home. I was on the jury that convicted him, and I was the last man to give in to have him executed. President Young furnished the evidence and the witnesses that convicted John D. Lee. Do you believe it? It is true nevertheless. I know for I was there at the court at the time of the trial. It was the same as Nephi killing Laban. Better for one man to die than for a whole nation to dwindle in unbelief.

John D. Lee was the sacrifice. He paid the penalty, but just the same he was a good man. They never published that thing correctly. I knew John D. Lee was not altogether to blame. He was caught in the snare. I couldn't give in with the jury. Granger took me to one side and talked and reasoned with me, but I felt miserable, just as though the devil had some power over me. Finally S.S. Barton, a juror, told me a dream he had. "We, the jury, were all in a field harvesting, and had our rifles with us. A flock of blackbirds rose up from everywhere and scattered away." These blackbirds represented the apostates and mob. They wanted Brigham Young, and John D. Lee knew it. It meant that some one must be the white goose. As in the dream, a flock of white geese flew by and we shot at them, killing one. Then the great flock of blackbirds rose. Lee was the white goose.

I still disliked very much to give in to the jury for I knew that Lee was not the only one responsible for the deed, but some one had to be sacrificed, so at last I gave in, and immediately I felt so relieved and happy that I gave in and the evil influence left me. Lee was as much a sacrifice for the Church as any man had ever been. The Lord did the best He could at all times with the people He had to work with. The Lord has been merciful to me and has shown me the Gospel and I am grateful to Him for doing so.

I have always had a great respect for John D. Lee and his family. I lived right here and knew all the men on the jury and I also knew the witnesses. The mob didn't want Lee; they wanted the Mormon church. There were all of one hundred white people killed in the massacre. I was thrunderstruck that such a thing should ever happen among our own people. The Saints had been so persecuted in Missouri that when they got here they had the spirit of revenge, which was certainly wrong. You can't make wrong right by another wrong. But still I don't feel like taking the mob into my arms.

The men in it met and decided to report to Brigham Young that Indians came down from the north and burned the wagons, etc., of the immigrants, but that was not true, for there were no Indians came down from the north and after the first outbreak of the struggle, there is no record of any Indians taking part in the massacre. This plan to attack the immigrants was in no way John D. Lee's original plan; he was influenced by some of the more influential men. At the time the meeting was held to decide what would be done concerning the travelers, the committee sent a runner to ask Brigham Young his advice. Did they wait for the answer? No. If they had it never would have happened, but they took the thing upon themselves and attacked before the runner returned.

The spirit that prevailed then is shown in the following story: Mrs. Corry's brother-in-law went on a mission in the East, and he was compelled to hide from the mob, and a man took him into his home and protected him. They became good friends. Later Laney returned to his home in Parawan where he was living when this band of immigrants came through. The man who had befriended him was among them. They recognized each other, and Laney took the man to his home and kept him over night. In the morning giving him some vegetables from his garden. That night two men called Laney out of the house. He walked over to the fence to talk to them and as he did so one of the men jerked a picket from the fence and knocked Laney down. Laney's wife came to the door and cried, "You have killed my husband!" The man answered, "He deserved killing." He wasn't dead, but from then on he had queer spells and later on he became mentally unbalanced. The two men were Mormons. Laney's son lives in Parawan now and at one time he showed Mrs. Corry the house in which his father lived, and the fence by which his father met with the accident. What men do, however, does not make the church untrue.

John D. Lee was a good man and was not fanatic. C. J. Arthur often said of Lee, "That poor man was dragged into that affair. Why did all the others hide?"

Satan persecuted the church from the beginning. He followed us here to the mountains. He has brought Babylon in here and they are taking it into their arms.

Signed Andrew Corry

Andrew Corry

State of Utah) SS
County of Iron)

Before me William Dalley, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Iron, State of Utah, on this day personally appeared Andrew Corry, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same of his own free will.

Given under my hand and seal of office this 11 day of March 1932. A.D. 1932. My commission expires March 11, 1933)

William Dalley

Notary Public
Residing at Cedar City, Utah.

Mrs. Inez Lee and others of the families of Jacob Hamblin and John D. Lee.

My Dear Friends:

Having promised to give you a brief sketch of the character and to what degree of honor or confidence were the two above mentioned held by the community in which they lived and in what way were they connected with the much talked about Mountain Meadow Massacre. I was intimately acquainted with Jacob Hamblin, having been a close neighbor for several years, and was quite familiar with John D. Lee.

I feel that it would be quite fitting before entering on the task to give a short sketch of my own life as it may serve as a background for what I may inject into this statement. My people (the Watsons) became identified with the Mormon faith early in the forties and I was born in England in April 1850 about seven years before the Mountain Meadow Massacre was committed in 1856. I was selected by my mother as a pioneer and as a magnet that would surely land the family in the valley of Salt Lake. I drove cows from Florence on the Missouri River to Ogden City, arriving there Sept. 1862. We passed the spot where Lot Smith burned the Johnson's Army commissary wagons, listened with mouth and ears to the comments indulged in by those who knew a lot about that incident. I herded cows over the Morris town site on the Weber River where the cannon had destroyed the log houses and had compelled the surrender of the Morrisites, an off-shoot of the Mormon Church. The history of these events was then fresh as was the gruesome tales told of the Mountain Meadows horror. After a couple of