



ARTEMISIA SIDNEY MYERS

Person #13 on chart #1

Artemisia Sidney (Sidnie) Myers, was the daughter of Jacob Myers and Sarah Coleman Myers. She was born in Worthington, Richmond County, Ohio, January 24, 1829. Her parents embraced the gospel about the year 1834 and moved to Missouri in 1836 and settled in the eastern part of Caldwell County near Shoal Creek. Her father built the grist mill for Mr. Haun which was afterwards the scene of the massacre. She was baptized in the summer of 1837 when in her ninth year.

The following is from her own story of the Haun's Mill Massacre, as she was an eye witness.

"In 1838 when war broke out against the saints, my brother Jacob Myers, Jr. was living near the mill and had been assisting in running it. My brother-in-law, James Houston, who was

a blacksmith, built and owned the shop in which the massacre occurred. On the 30th of October the most of the brethren who were living in the vicinity of Haun's mill assembled at the mill in order to protect themselves from the mob, among whom was my father and my brother, George. Several had stopped there who were journeying to the Far West, supposing it was a place of safety. They numbered about forty men altogether. A part of about three hundred ruffians from Livingston County came suddenly upon them. My father with my brother-in-law accompanying him, started for home a short time before the mob came upon them at the mill (my brother-in-law's wife was at father's). They had not reached home before they heard the firing of guns at the mill. About dark word came to us that the mobbers were coming and that men, women and children had better hide in the woods as they intended to kill all they could find.

"The men were told to hide by themselves. There were three families at father's house. After the men were gone, the women took the children and went about a mile and a half to the woods and after the children were got to sleep and lights put out, my mother put on a man's coat and stood guard until one or two o'clock when word was brought to us that they had a battle at the mill and two of my brother's were wounded.

"We all now went home and found father there, mother told him that he had better stay with the children and she would go to the mill and see to my wounded brothers. I clung to my mother and wanted to go with her, to which she consented. My brother George's wife also went with us. We lived three miles from the mill. My brother, George, lived one and a quarter miles from the mill. When we came to his house, we went in and found him lying on the bed. When mother saw him she exclaimed, "O Lord have mercy on my boy." He replied, "Don't fret mother, I shall not die." He was very weak from loss of blood.

"The Mormons ran into a log blacksmith shop after their arms. The shop belonged to James Houston, my brother-in-law. The mobbers formed instantly so as to command the entrance into the blacksmith shop and fired upon them. There being no clinking between the logs, the mob fired between these open places. Some of the Mormons got out and succeeded in getting away, but about six were wounded in their flight. The mobbers then ran into the shop and shot all in there who were wounded. One little boy whose name was Smith had crawled under the bellows to hide. One of the mobbers remarked "nits make lice" then shot his brains out. There were eighteen killed.

"I will here relate the manner of his escape in his own words as he told to us after he got better.

'Our guns were all in the blacksmith shop when the mob came unexpectedly upon us, orders were given to run to the shop, the mob formed a half circle on the north side of the shop extending partly across the east and west ends, so as to cover all retreat from the shop. They commenced firing before we could escape with our arms, I looked for a chance to run out but as I rose up to run one fellow behind a tree leveled his gun at me and I had to drop down again. One of the brethren by my side had just loaded his gun when he fell mortally wounded. I seized his gun and raised my hat so that the mobbers could see it, when one immediately came around the tree so I could see him

and leveled his gun at me again. But I was too quick for him, for when I fired he clasped his arms around the tree and slid to the ground. I now thought it was my time to escape. I made two or three jumps from the door when a bullet struck me a little below the right shoulder blade and lodged against the skin near the pit of my stomach. I fell to the ground. Mother, if ever a boy prayed, I did at this time. I thought it would not do to lie there so I arose and ran for the mill dam and crossed over it and ran up the hill, the bullets whistling by me all the time. When I came to the fence and was climbing over it a ball passed through my shirt collar. I walked as far as I could but soon became so weak from loss of blood I had to get on my hands and knees and crawl the rest of the way home. I was so very thirsty and finding no one at home, I crawled to the spring and drank very freely. When I got back to the house I became very sick and vomited a large quantity of blood then I felt more easy. I suffered terribly from this. My food would work out through the ball holes in my stomach.'

"After mother had dressed George's wounds we went on to the mill where we arrived just at break of day. I shall never forget the awful scenes that met our eyes, when we got to Haunt's house. The first scene that presented itself in his dooryard was the remains of father York and Mr. Bride and others covered with sheets. So we went down the hill to cross on the mill dam, there stood a boy over a pool of blood. He said to mother, "Mother Myers this is the blood of my poor father." This, with the groans of the wounded which we could distinctly hear, affected mother so that she was unable to make any reply to the boy. We made our way to my brother Jacob's house and found him with his leg broken by a bullet about half way between his knee and ankle and a flesh wound in his thigh. After he fell to the ground the mobbers saw him sitting there holding his leg and one of them ran up to him with a cornucuter to kill him. As he raised his arm to strike, another one of the mob called out to him and told him if he touched my brother he would shoot him, and running up to them he said my brother was a damn fine man for he had ground many a grist for him.

"After the mob had ceased firing, my brother's wife and her sister saw him sitting where he had fallen. They went out and asked two of them to carry him into his house. The mobbers ask them if there were any Mormons in the house. They said there were not. They said to the women, if they lied to them they would throw them into the mill pond. Then they took him up and carried him into his house and threw him on the bed and hurried out of doors as though they expected to be shot the next moment.

"From my brother's house we went to the blacksmith shop, where we beheld a most shocking sight. There lay the dead, the dying and the wounded, weltering in their blood where they had fell. A young man whose name was Simon Cox who lived with my father lay there, four bullets having passed through his body above the kidneys, he was still alive. He said to mother all he wanted was a bowl of sweet milk and a feather bed to lie on. He had just got a pair of new boots a few days before and he told mother how they dragged him about the shop to get them off. He told us to be faithful, and said to me, "Be a good girl and obey your parents." He died in the afternoon about twenty-four hours after he was shot.

After we went back to my brother's house, my father, Jacob Myers Sr., David Evans and Joseph Young with one or two more came and gathered up the dead and carried them to

my brother's and put them into a well which he had been digging but had not yet come to water. They brought them on a wide board and slid them off feet foremost. Every time they brought one and slid him in I screamed and cried, it was such an awful sight to see them piled in the bottom in all shapes. I was in my tenth year at the time. After the dead were buried (which was done in a great hurry), father and the brethren went away and secreted themselves for fear the mobbers would come on them again. The mobbers returned but I do not remember how soon and camped there about twenty days, during which time they killed cattle and hogs to live on. They also took six or eight stand of bees that belong to father, which were at the mill. During the time they camped there they were very civil to the women folks; they chopped wood and brought water for my brother's folks. They wanted to come in the house and sit around the fire, but mother would not allow them to. In the following spring, my brothers had so far recovered as to be able to go on board a steamer on the Missouri River and returned to Ohio where Jacob had to have his leg amputated above the knee. George never became a sound man again. Father moved his family to Illinois in the spring of 1839 and settled near Payson, Adams County, and continued to live in that region till the exodus from Nauvoo."

Note from Warren Foote's history: "Sarah Houston, my wife's, (Artemisia Sidnie Myers Foote) sister and her husband once were members of the Church of Latter Day Saints. He owned the blacksmith shop in which the massacre at Haun's Mill took place. They could not endure the persecutions, so they with some of her brothers went back to Ohio, and finally settled in Wayne, Wayne Co. Mich. "

Miss Myers was married to Warren Foote in Adams County, Illinois. She was endowed in the Nauvoo Temple, January 23, 1846, and after she and her husband started for Missouri, June 17, 1850. It was a wearisome journey of hundred and ten days, arriving in Salt Lake City, September 26, 1850. They moved to Cottonwood in a fort called Union. They lived there until 1853.

They were among the first settlers in Scipio, until 1864, when they were called to Salt Lake City, and she was sealed to her husband in the historian's office September 9, 1864 by George A. Smith. They were again sealed over the altar in the St. George Temple, February 21, 1878. On the 22nd day of May 1867 they were called on a mission to the Muddy in Nevada. When the Muddy Mission broke up Sister Foote left there with a baby two weeks old. She was in a weakened condition so her husband left her and the children in St. George while he went to Long Valley to get located. They stayed in St. George at the home of Bishop Robert Gardners. In May 1871 she left here for Glendale. Their team gave out at Short Creek, but her son, David, came to their rescue with a team procured from William Swapp.

She was glad to reach Glendale and have a place to call home. (Note from Warren Foote's journal: Warren and Artemisia found two or three other families from the Muddy, one of whom was Royal J. Cutler, son of Harmon Cutler.) The log cabin left by the former settlers were covered with split cedar, then dirt, when it rained they leaked like a fiddle. These former settlers were driven out of Glendale by the Indians. They left a hand mill and after a little repairing they succeeded in grinding their corn. It was kept in constant use.

Brother James Leithead, the first Bishop of Glendale, got the basement stones, and water wheel in position ready for the water mill, about January 1872. Although there were no bolts nor smutter it was a great improvement over the hand mill.

In 1874 they started the United Order here. Sister Foote was rated as an outsider, as she did not believe it to be a true order, and did not join it. It lasted one summer. After the organization of the Relief Society in the Glendale Ward, Sister Foot was sustained as counselor to three different presidents.

(Note from Warren Foote's journal: "January 24, 1882. This being the fifty third anniversary of my wife's birthday, my daughters, Mary Irene and Artemisia [both married to Morton Brigham Cutler] got up a surprise dinner and a little before noon all my living children with their families [those who were married] began to gather in and to my wife's surprise, my daughters began to set the table, and to put upon it a well prepared and sumptuous dinner. It was a very interesting gathering. There were all my posterity now living, by both of my wives, gathered in my new house, a sight I never expected to see again in this life. There were eleven of my sons and daughters and fourteen grand children. There were two son-in-laws present, [Oscar Beebe had not yet got home from the Muddy, Castle Valley] and two daughter-in-laws. The time passed off very pleasantly and will long be remembered.")

Warren indicates in December 1884 Artemisia suffered from poor health as he states: "My wife continued to get worse through this month. She cannot eat anything without distressing her terribly. She is suffering very much and all we can do for her does not seem to do her any good. She worked herself down during the fall, drying fruits. Her ambition would not let the apples go to waste, but how much better it would have been to let them rot on the ground than for her to suffer as she is now suffering

"The year 1884 closes with great sorrow and anxiety in my family because of the sickness of my wife. I do not feel to give her up, for I do not think her work in this life is done. We had intended to go to St. George this winter and work in the Temple but this sickness prevents us. I cannot leave her bedside but a few moments at a time day or night. My faith is that the Lord will yet raise her up from this bed of sickness to live many years yet."

Artemisia's poor health continued through 1885; by March "Artemisia continues very bad. We got the sisters to sit up with her nights. I sat in her room day after day watching over her. I could not read a newspaper, for the least rustling of paper or the snapping of the fire would set her crazy. She could sleep but little. Nights, the least noise would startle her. She is nothing but skin and bones. She cannot eat but barely enough to keep her soul and body together. There are but very few that thinks she can live. She has had several bad spells when it appeared as though she was just gone, and some thought she was dying, yet I did not feel to give her up. Her pains were so severe at times she begged of me to ask the Lord to take her. I could not for the spirit had whispered to me at a certain time when I sat at her bedside all alone and meditating on her condition that she should live. Therefore my prayer was continually that the Lord would give her strength to endure and overcome the disease preying upon her. I called the elders in several times to administer to her.

"May 18th while I was eating breakfast, my wife being left alone in the room took a notion to get up and go out of doors and got a terrible fall in some way. We heard her fall and ran out, and found her lying with her back badly bruised and also her face. We carried her in and put her on the bed, and found that she could not turn herself. On examination we found that she had struck her back across something and bruised her backbone and nearly broken it... Now after her fall my wife became more natural in her mind and was not so nervous, notwithstanding she was badly hurt.

"June. She began to get better from this time, but very slowly. She looked like a living skeleton. August. My wife is still gaining slowly.

"September. My wife continues to improve slowly. I can leave her long enough to stir around out of doors, and do some work. She has had a long siege of it and has suffered more than tongue can tell."

(Throughout the next three years entries in Warren's journal indicate his wife continues to improve. In January 1888 an entry reads "my wife has continued to improve in health, so that she is able to do considerable work about the house."

Her son, George Foote, adds: My mother was very industrious, generous to a fault and taught her children to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong. She told me her brothers used to wrestle with the Prophet Joseph and were a good match for him. She was well acquainted with the Prophet in Nauvoo.

She was sworn assistant post-mistress. She was also a fine needle woman. Sister Foote was the mother of eleven children, six boys and five girls. She was taken with stomach trouble and was an invalid for eighteen years. During this time she did needle hand work and fancy work, which she gave to her friends and relatives.