The following is an excerpt from the biography of Jacob Foutz by Grace Foutz Boulter and Mary Foutz Corrigan with additional material compiled by Lael S. Larsen. His wife, Margaret Mann recounted the story of the Hauns Mill Massacre as she remembered it years later:

Sister Foutz said the Saints had thought all was amicably adjusted after the meeting they had with the mobbers the day before, and Brother Evans had gone to inform the brethren, her husband among them, that all was well. It was about the middle of the afternoon of that day when all of a sudden, without any warning whatever, sixty or seventy men with blackened faces, came riding up, their horses at full speed. The brethren ran for protection into the old log blacksmith’s shop. Being without arms they were helpless when the mob rode up to the shop and without any explanation or apparent cause, began a wholesale butchery by firing round after round through the cracks in the log wall of the shop.

Sister Margaret Foutz goes on to tell, “I was at home with my little family of five children and could hear the firing of guns. In a moment I knew that the mob was upon us. Soon a runner came telling the women and children to hasten into the woods and secret ourselves. This we did in all haste without taking anything to keep us warm; and had we been fleeing from the scalping knife of the Indian we would not have made greater haste. As we ran from house to house, gathering as we went, we finally numbered about forty or fifty women and children.

“We ran about three miles into the woods and there huddled together, spreading what few blankets and shawls we chanced to have upon the ground for the children. There we remained until two o’clock the next morning before we heard anything of the result of the firing at the mill. Who can imagine our feelings during this dreadful suspense? When the news did come oh what terrible news! Fathers, brothers, husbands, inhumanly butchered.

“We now took up the line of march for home, but alas what a home! Who would we find there? Now with our minds full of the most fearful forebodings, we retraced those long dreary miles. As we were returning I saw Brother Myers who had been shot through the body. In that dreadful state he had crawled on his hands and knees about two miles to his home.

“After I arrived at my house with my children I hastily made a fire to warm them, and then started for the mill, about two miles distant. My children would not remain at home as they said ‘if father and mother are going to be killed we want to be with them.’

“On the way to the mill, in the first house I came to there were three dead men. One a Brother McBride, was a terrible sight to behold, having been cut and chopped and mangled with a corn cutter. I was told that he was a survivor of the Revolutionary war.

“I hurried on, looking for my husband and finally found him in an old house covered with some rubbish. He had been shot in the thigh. I there rendered him all the aid that I could, but it was evening before I could get him home.

“I saw thirteen more dead bodies at the shop and witnessed the beginning of the burial which consisted in throwing the bodies into an old dry well. So great was the fear of the men that the mob would return and kill what few men that was left, that they threw the bodies in head first or feet first as the case might be. When they had thrown in three, my heart sickened and I could not stand it more. I turned away to keep from fainting.

“My husband and another Brother had drawn dead bodies over themselves and pretended to be dead. By
so doing they saved their own lives and heard what some of the mob said. After the firing was over two little boys that were in the shop begged for their lives, but one of the mob said ‘they will make Mormons’ and put the muzzle of his gun to the boys’ heads and blew their brains out.

“Oh what a change one short day had brought! Here were our friends dead and dying, one in particular asked me to take a hammer and give him relief by knocking his brains out, so great was his agony. And in all this we knew not what moment our enemies would be upon us again. All this suffering, not because we had broken any law - on the contrary, it was part of our religion to keep the laws of the land - but because the evil spirit was at work among the children of men.

“In the evening Brother Evans got a team and wagon and conveyed my husband to our home. He carried him in and placed him on the bed. I then had to attend him alone, without a doctor or anyone to tell me what to do for him. Six days later my husband, himself, helped me to extract the bullet which was buried deep in the thick part of his thigh and was flattened like a knife. We did this with a kitchen knife.

“During the first ten days the mob came every day with blackened faces (more like demons from the infernal pit than like human beings) cursing and swearing that they would kill the old Mormon preacher, who was my husband. At times like these when human nature would quail, I have felt the power of God upon me to that degree that I have stood before the mob fearless and although a woman and alone, those demons in human shape had to succumb to the power which they knew not of. During these days of danger I sometimes hid my husband out in the woods behind our home and covered him with leaves. When he was able to sit up he was dressed as a woman and put at the spinning wheel. In this way his life was protected. Thus during my husband’s illness was I harassed by mobocratic violence.”


Margaret Mann Foutz, 1876
Pleasant Grove, Utah Territory

“I am now in my seventy-sixth year; the mother of twelve children, fifty-two grand children and twelve great grand children. I have witnessed the growth of our American government under that inspired document, the Constitution of the United States, and have rejoiced under the wise administration of pure and good laws. And I have also witnessed law set at defiance, and mobocratic violence run rampant, yea verily; when the wicked rule the people mourn.”

Source: Jacob Foutz bio.pdf, page 27-28