

DALLAS HERALD

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Since our last we have received minute particulars of the frightful tornado that recently carried desolation and death to the village of Cedar Hill, and neighborhood. In the limited extent to which it prevailed, this frightful tornado, in its destroying fury and terrible power, exceeded anything of the kind of which we have any account. The tornado at Natchez many years ago, and that which visited Vicksburg some eight or ten years since, destroyed more life and property only because they had more material to operate upon; but we are of the opinion they were neither of them so terribly violent and furious as that which literally swept the village of Cedar Hill from the face of the earth.

The storm commenced about one hour by sun. It appeared the "Two gathering clouds, like moving armies" one from the north and the other from the south, came in contact about a mile south of Cedar Hill and strove for the mastery in one of these terrific elemental contests that strike the beholder with awe and terror. So equally matched were these opposite forces that neither could gain the complete ascendancy, and the contending forces were blended into a terrific whirlwind, which "issued forth with sudden burst and hurried the whole precipitated air down in a torrent."

Those who saw it at this time represent the clouds and storms as descending suddenly to the ground, involving the earth in the darkness of night. Tornadoes generally tend upwards, but this especially at first, rushed down, with all its power and fury towards the earth, so much so that the ground was literally ploughed up and picketed with spars and fragments of timbers torn to pieces by the wind. Fence-rails

were broken and torn into splinters; wagon-tires broken and twisted into fantastic shapes; wheels, torn to pieces, and the axles twisted or broken off. Large new ploughs were carried half a mile, broken into fragments; everything on top of the ground blown away, and posts and timbers, fixed in it, torn up and blown away or torn to pieces. Even the grass on the prairie was shorn off as with fire or scythe.

The fury of the storm, as it approached Cedar Hill, was first severely felt at Mr. Rape's, better known as the old place of U. Bagget. Mr. R's house was unroofed. It then swept away the residence of Wm. C. Hart, at Cedar Hill, injuring him severely. The dwelling and storehouse of Mr. Berry, partner of M. M. Miller of Pleasant Run, was dashed to pieces. The storehouse was deserted by its inmates. Mr. Berry and Henderson Hart took refuge in Berry's house just in time to be in the house when it was dashed to pieces—killing all the inmates except Henderson Hart, who was dangerously wounded. The very foundations of these buildings were removed, and the foundation timbers and the mutilated bodies of the dead were scattered about in every direction. All the goods in the store, except a very few heavy articles, were blown entirely away. A piece of silk, doubtless from the store, was found in the neighborhood of Cedar Spring, on this side of the river, 20 miles from Cedar Hill. A hatbox, containing one hat, fell the next day on the premises of Mr. Tucker, near White Rock Creek, 25 miles from the place; and another hat has been found on Rowlett's Creek, upwards of 30 miles off. Other articles have been found nearer the scene of disaster. In this family (Berry's) five persons were killed—Mr. Berry, his wife, child, Mr. Dickson, a clerk in

the store, and a Negro woman. None of the family are left to mourn. Berry's skull was broken and his brains scattered on the ground. Mrs. Berry's face and body were frightfully lacerated, and the other bodies much bruised. Mr. Dickson fled from the house, and seeing that he was about to be carried away, seized a post fixed in the earth, around which he was whirled until he was tied just to it by his clothes. The post was then torn up and driven by all the fury of the storm to the ground, and driven about the body of the unfortunate young man fastened to it until every bone in his body was broken, and his flesh dreadfully mangled. When found, he was so securely bound to the post that he had to be disengaged by cutting his garments.

Mr. John Hart and family were the next sufferers. Himself, wife, and child were killed, being all the family we believe. The body of Mrs. Hart was shockingly torn and mutilated. The little child was carried several hundred yards, and its head was transfixed with a splinter. It was not found until the next day. Mrs. Allen, wife of Jacob Allen, is the last in the list of fatal casualties. We have not learned the particular in her case. Every house in the little village was razed to the ground and, except small portions of the foundations of some, blown away.

We give below a corrected list of the wounded:

Henderson Hart, dangerously, (skull fracture)

Wm. C. Hart, severely

James Donaldson, severely

Wm. Spence, severely

Jacob Allen, slightly

2 children of Mr. Allen, slightly
Thomas Hart and wife, slightly
W. White and wife, slightly
Mr. Hartman, slightly

And various other persons
bruised and scratched.

Further Particulars and Incidents

Fortunately, the track of this frightful tornado was narrow, extending in width only a little upwards of 100 yards. It appears also to have been erratic in its course. It proceeded in nearly a north direction until opposite the Methodist Church, where it suddenly wheeled around and pursued a southwest direction.

The killed were shorn of every particle of clothing and so besmeared with mud as to be undistinguishable, one from another. Everything in the store of Miller and Berry, and in the dwellings, of families, goods, clothes, furniture, etc., is entirely lost. The trunk of Mr. Berry, containing several drafts and money to the probable value of \$2,000 or \$3,000, made of the most substantial materials and bound with iron bands, was torn into atoms, a few fragments of it having been found in the vicinity. Fragments of the showcase, money-drawer, and articles of furniture afford proof of the utter destruction of everything of the kind. When the storm abated and the sun shown out, the air was full of white objects, supposed to be goods and papers from the store, and furniture and clothing from destroyed dwellings.

Taking an easterly direction, the tornado demolished the residence of Milton Merrifield, Mrs. Vaught, and the Methodist church and campground houses. It next blew down the houses of Mrs. Donaldson, Mr. James Stewart, H. R. Brotherton, and the Methodist Church that camps on Five Mile Creek. The last that we hear of its power was in a mitigated form at Thomas Harris' on Five Mile, on the Dallas and Lancaster road, lifting his house from its foundations and removing it a short distance, and blowing down some out buildings at these

places but little injury was done to persons. Some of Mr. Brotherton's family were slightly injured. Some were absent and others fled from the approach of storm and got out of its track, which was narrow. Much injury will result to crops. The fences are all blown down level to the ground.

At Cedar Hill the timbers were torn into fragments, and driven into the ground with such force that it is said to be dangerous to walk over the ground at night for the sharp spars and splinters which cover the earth, all driven securely in and leaning one way, so thick that a person in falling could not come in contact with some of them. A fence rail was driven through an ox and an ash plank into a tree. The foundation of Masonic Hall, just laid of heavy green timber, was torn up and some of the timbers carried away.

Birds were killed in the air and found cleanly picked of their feathers. Stock were killed on the prairie; 4 horses, 23 cows, 19 sheep and 6 hogs were found at and near the village killed, and some of them torn to pieces by the storm. Many others are horribly mutilated.

The Distressed

Those that are among the survivors of this calamity are in the most distressed condition. They are left without shelter, without clothes, or anything to eat, and most of them without any means of any kind. If ever there was a case that appealed to the active benevolence of our nature, it is that of these unfortunates. The people of the surrounding country, with a promptitude and alacrity that deserves the highest praise, are doing all in their power to relieve the most urgent necessities of the sufferers. On Thursday last some 300 persons from the surrounding country were collected where the village once stood and were engaged in removing the dead stock and repairing the damage as far as they could. A committee of citizens has been raised to procure subscriptions. One of the committee has

been among us and we learn our citizens have subscribed liberally. Let those who have money give it freely, and those who have not can give something—clothes, provisions, or labor.

We can make no estimate of the loss in property. We presume M. M. Miller's loss is considerable. The loss of houses, furniture, fencing, stock, etc., will make a pretty heavy aggregate. Mr. Miller made a narrow escape. He was on his way from his store at Pleasant Run to Cedar Hill to spend the night at the latter place, and was within five miles of the latter when the storm swept over it. The dead bodies were collected by the citizens and placed in a wagon, kindly furnished by Mr. Nugent, and carried to Mr. Little where they were received with every attention which a generous humane respect for the dead would prompt, and that was requisite for the decent interment. And here we cannot forbear saying that reports are in circulation, implicating the conduct of a prominent individual near Cedar Hill, in inhuman disrespect for the dead, and a refusal of that hospitality to the distressed that would spring spontaneously from every generous heart. We have suppressed the facts, as given us by a correspondent, and the name of the individual implicated, because it is an exhibition of human nature in a form so debased and ignoble that we are unwilling to believe it without further evidence. We wish to give him an opportunity of clearing himself of the imputation.

In view of the terrific fury of this dreadful tornado, surpassing in its power and terrible majesty anything we have heard of before, we are almost led to exclaim with all reverence, however,

The strife of friends is on the
battling clouds.

The glare of hell is in the
sulphurous lightnings,

This is no earthly storm.

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