**Survivor Account of Nancy Saphronia Huff**

***Nancy Saphrona Huff was the daughter of Peter and Saleta Brown, and was 4 years old at the time of the Massacre.***

**I was born in Benton County, Arkansas, in 1853. My father started to move from that county in the spring of 1857, with the ill-fated train bound for California. I was then a little past four years old. I can recollect my father and mother very well, as (well as) many little incidents that occurred about that time. I recollect we were in a small prairie after passing through Salt Lake City. One morning I was woke up by the firing of guns, and learned that our camp had been attacked, we supposed, by Indians. Some of the men folk were wounded. The men dug a ditch around our camp, and fortified the best they could.**

**The fighting went on at intervals for six days. Soon afterward a party that we thought to be friends came up with a white flag, and said that they could protect us. They said they would help us get to Cedar City safely. When we had got out a short distance from the wagons men began to shoot at us, and then rushed upon our people from both sides, killing everybody they came to.**

**Some of the murderers were white men and some I supposed were Indians from their dress. When the massacre was over there was eighteen children still alive. One girl was ten or twelve years old, they said she was too big and could tell, so they killed her. A man, I afterwards learned to be named John Willis, took me in his charge. He was a Mormon. I stayed there about a year. I know that most of the party that did the killing were white men. The Mormons got all the plunder.**

**John Willis had many 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 saw them kill our folks. 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 was the youngest child of our family—the only one that was spared. 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."**

**(“The Mountain Meadow Massacre: Statement of one of the Few Survivors,”*Daily Arkansas Gazette*, 1 September 1875)**