

MASSACRE ROCKS

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Massacre Rocks is a conspicuous lava formation about two miles west of a ravine in which an Oregon Trail emigrant train was ambushed in 1862. One of a series of skirmishes involving several wagon trains scattered over many miles of road, August 8 to 10, this incident occurred during North Idaho's gold rush to Florence and Elk City. Indians in the Snake country had been restless for several years, and the intrusion of miners into their lands made the situation worse. After the Ward Massacre in Boise Valley in 1854, passage over the Oregon Trail had become increasingly dangerous in Shoshoni and Bannock lands. By 1862, small parties traveling by themselves often got into trouble. Those who did not follow Goodale's cutoff encountered Indian resistance across much of southeastern Idaho; some were besieged east of Fort Hall on August 8, but most were caught in country occupied by Pocatello's band farther west. Pocatello had become a prominent Shoshoni leader before 1860, and by 1862 he concluded that emigrant wagons would have to be excluded from his lands--an area extending west of American Falls past Raft River and City of Rocks to upper Goose Creek and upper Humboldt deserts in Nevada. Pocatello's resistance diverted a substantial portion of Idaho gold rush traffic to Goodale's Cutoff that summer, but California wagons could not avoid Pocatello's barrier at City of Rocks. Some Oregon and Washington emigrants also were trapped shortly before they reached Massacre Rocks.

South of Massacre Rocks a number of Indian attacks occurred at City of Rocks during the first two weeks of August. A Methodist train numbering forty persons felt the wrath of the Indians on August 3. It was thought that fifteen women and children were carried off and all but one man killed. Like many other such incidents reported at the time, this one may not have occurred. August 6 found the Indians attacking a party of seven packers from the Willamette Valley near the same place, with one of the group killed. The remaining six escaped with their lives but little else.

On the ninth of August, an Iowa train encountered some of Pocatello's band at the mouth of the City of Rocks canyon. This group consisted of more men and wagons and consequently fared better than the others. They were attacked at noon and immediately corralled their wagons. The Indians, after one unsuccessful attempt, recovered forty-three head of stock left outside the barricade on their second try. The Indians harassed the circled wagons the remainder of the day and sporadically throughout the night. The next morning while the Indians were holding a council, the men of the train surprised them and drove them away. In all, the party suffered only two wounded but lost fifty head of cattle.

Around August 8, the Smith Train from Warren County met a worse fate. All eleven wagons of this group, along with sixteen horses, were taken and five persons were killed. The survivors, left with no provisions were saved by Mormons who found them wandering near their settlements to the south.

Further west near Massacre Rocks Pocatello's forces struck again. Henry M. Judson recorded in his diary on August 9:

Soon after 4 oclck we meet Jack returning on a strange horse in great haste to inform us that a party of 150 Indians have attacked a train ahead--have killed one

man mortally wounded another Slightly wounded 3 men--driven off the stock & pillaged the train & Jack had stayed all night with Capt Kennedy's train & was riding along alone and nearly ran on to the Indians--He caught a horse which had broken away from them left his pony & mounted him & hurried back, to hurry up to the scene The Newbern Colony & Capt Kennedy trains, & then came back for us--He also went back to the next Ox train 3 or 4 miles in the rear & informed them of what was going on--we drove very late till long after Sundown & when we reached the place learned that a mule train from Iowa City had first been attacked & nearly at the same time the attack on the Ox train of 13 wagons Cha's Bullwinkle of New York a little in advance of the Ox train was first killed--his 4 horses & \$6000 in money taken--The party with the Ox train ran behind the bluffs after trying to form a Corral--3 men with good rifles got behind a bluff & fire till one is wounded & they retire having seen five Indians fall--The ground is covered with feathers--flour--corn etc.--Jack returns & reports having seen the Indians going over the hills driving their stock--About a mile from the scene we camp for the night & soon the Ox train comes up making us pretty strong--The other trains have gone ahead to find grass Our two trains put out a strong picket guard of which I form one of the last watch--All quiet though we believe we are watched--travel not less than 30 miles.

Sunday Aug 10th. By 4 oclk we are on the road & about 3 miles ahead find the Newbern-Kennedys & the wrecks of the mule train of 11 wagons & the Ox trains all together--We go into camp for the day & the Ox train close upon us--Have just 13 wagons in the whole camp today--We learn that in addition to the murder of yesterday two men from the mule train were found dead beside the road One a Mr. Hunter of Iowa City & the other an Italian who with his partner was with us over Sunday when we first struck the Sweet Water river It is believed that these depredations are instigated & led by Morman men with white blood in their veins--During the forenoon the men are buried--stock closely watched while about 35 men armed start back to the scene of the murders to reconnoiter Our camp is a sorry one today--scarcely a smile to be seen & the jokes are infrequent--Capt Kennedy sells at auction the effects of the dead to supply the pressing wants of the poor wretches who have been robbed--A fine lot of books are sold & among them I noticed an Unabridged Webster's Dictionary--brought \$3.00 Hank bought a little paper which enables me to continue this narrative We have in camp 4 men going east with pack animals just from Salmon & Powder Rivers--We invite one of them to dinner & just as we sit down an express rider comes from below for the Dr to attend Capt Kennedy who led the volunteers this AM--He reports that about 5 miles back from the road they come upon the Indians 20 in number with the stock--The Indians are armed with rifles which carry 200 yds & at the first fire a part of the volunteers stampede--Capt K in trying to rally them is mortally wounded--They fall back to the road where is an ox train of 10 or 12 wagons & when our informant left were trying to keep the Indians at bay--Our dinner table is immediately deserted Joe &

Jack with our guest L. Billman of Iowa joining a party to go to their assistance which is immediately off Capt Bristol with a few more soon follow making a reinforcement of 30 or 35 men--Our camp is on the alert--the stock brought close in--Of course speculation runs high--many surmise as to the number--objects etc. of the Indians are made--All are agreed that they are led by a good proportion of white men--perhaps renegades & perhaps not from Salt Lake--Some think they have recognized men seen at the ferry of the Pont-Newf--This evening our men return along with Capt Walkers train & the small one before mentioned--The fight today as they report it was a very serious affair--The party of the morning were 7 or 8 miles from the road when they discovered the Indians & then began a running fight for that distance Six Indians & some ponies are known to be killed--4 of Capt Kenneddys company are killed & 3 wounded himself among the latter & tis feared mortally--Two of his men who were killed were left among the Indians from necessity--Joe & Jack with 14 others went far out among the hills to look for the dead & wounded They have had a hard time & are nearly tired out--The wailings of the friends of the killed & wounded can be heard throughout the camp & are truly heart rending--One of the killed was scalped--Joe this morning caught in the river a fine lot of Chub--Some of our boys were left behind yesterday near the falls to fish & came late to camp & knew nothing of the disturbance till they reached camp--They caught a fine mess of fish & among them a nice trout or two--John is on guard tonight

Monday Aug 11th. Capt Kennedy is reported better & some hopes are entertained of his recovery--An effort is made to start a mounted party of 100 men to recover the bodies of the 2 missing men but Capt K's advice strongly urged is taken & the idea is abandoned--A young lad by the name of Adams who with his brother was with the party yesterday lost his brother in the engagement--His sister is the woman who was mortally wounded on Saturday--He is a brave boy & tis known he killed an Indian His grandfather was killed by Indians in Kentucky--The names of the men killed yesterday are C. Leeker & Geo. Adams--the missing & believed to be killed are Noonan & Wm Motes--All of Iowa The Italians name was Massimo Lippi--I saw one of Mr. Bullwinkel's cards on which beside his name was 374 Sixth Avenue New York--A couple in Capt K's train were to have been married yesterday but postponed the ceremony indefinitely--Just at dark last night Capt Dan's Co which we left at Green River ferry came up & we had last night a tent city of probably 600 souls--The Iowa City Mule train conclude to travel with us & the Capts all conclude to go to Raft river 13 miles distant with their trains--Twas a fine sight when all rolled out on to the road about 9 oclk this AM--considerably over 200 wagons & mostly with long Ox teams & making a continuous train near or quite 3 miles long--About 2 miles from Camp our train leading we come to a pretty stream with a succession of small falls varying from 2 ft to 6 or 8 in height between the place where we ford it & its mouth. 3 miles farther we enter an ugly looking Canon of about a mile in length though a good road--Our Capt with his gun takes the top of the bluff on

one side & Hollingshead the other & so we go through--Keeping a sharp eye out for Indians--We are not molested & soon after one oclk we reach Raft river a horridly crooked little narrow stream & camp on its west bank--many of us have walked the whole 13 miles & carried guns & I have not been so tired on the trip as today--After about an hour & a half the Ox trains begin to come in & bedlam has begun--drivers yelling at their teams--children crowing & hallooring--cattle bellowing etc. all combine to make up a deafening hubbub & till all are finally settled in their respective Corralls confusion reigns supreme--We hear by Billman of the McLaughlins a few days ahead of us--John writes home & I give Mr. Billman a letter of introduction to Charley I this eve for the first time get the names of the wounded in the fracas of Saturday & Sunday--They are beside those before mentioned

Jas. Crawford	E. A. Sullivan
Tho's J. Adams	John Miller
Tho's Bradford	John Patterson
John Walker	Ephraim Taylor
A. J. Cassady	

An Italian of the name of Giovanni Benvenuti from St. Paul Minn.

Tuesday Aug 12th We this morning bid good bye to Manning - Mellus - Parkes - Lockwood - John Jones - Roberts - Owens - Smith - Dr. Jones - Dickey & Westfall - They take the Cal road up Raft river bound for Southern Oregon while we keep our eyes straight ahead--No tears are shed & no regrets expressed--In fact we feel considerably relieved & think we have had our train purged of many a contrary--stubborn disposition & shall have less contention & fault finding--the above refers to only a part mentioned--We roll out with the Iowa City train attached to ours making us still one team more than before they joined us & the above mentioned party left--As soon as Kennedy's party bury the young woman Miss Elizabeth Adams who died last night they follow us close in our wake all day

(Henry M. Judson Diary of 1862, Omaha to Oregon. Nebraska State Historical Society #358. MS953.)

Hamilton Scott noted, August 9:

Passed the American Falls on Snake River. This is one of the natural curiosities. The water falls forty or fifty feet over rocks and makes a great roaring noise. When we stopped for dinner there was a man came riding back and told us the Indians were then robbing a train about four miles ahead and they wanted assistance. Some of the men started immediately the rest hitching up without finishing our dinner and drove on as fast as we could punch our teams along but before we got there the Indians had driven the emigrants away and had taken all their stock and provisions, clothing and everything. They had gone leaving the

empty and naked wagons even taking the covers off the wagons. It was only a small train of eleven teams. There was not less than two hundred Indians that made the attack. There were only twenty five men in the train and a few women. They killed one man and wounded another in the arm and seriously wounded one woman who was shot in the neck. We took them all in and hauled their wagons to a suitable camping place about four miles away. We will make arrangements to take them along with us. Here we found a horse train of about twelve wagons that was attacked at about the same time that the other train was. Eight of their horses were stolen and two of their men killed. The next morning Sunday, August 10, Captain Kennedy with thirty five armed men started in pursuit of the Indians to recover the stolen property. When about nine miles from camp a band of Indians came on their horses meeting the party. The Indians at once raised a white flag. One of the boys shot at them. The Indians immediately raised a Warwhoop and began circling our boys. They fought them for about three miles killing two of our company and wounding several others. Captain Kennedy mortally wounded, shot through the side just above the hip bone. Tom Newman and one other missing supposed to be killed. There is now four or five trains camped here.

August 11. We have buried five men side by side. We think it is not safe to go back to hunt the other two men for fear we lose more. Newman was seen to fall in the battle. We hitched up and drove thirteen miles and camped on Raft River. Captain Kennedy very poorly. The loss of property and money was today estimated to be fifteen thousand dollars.

(Hamilton Scott, A Trip Across the Plains in 1862. Idaho State Historical Society vertical file.)

On August 11, 1862, John C. Hilman wrote the following letter to a friend, Mrs. Bronson of St. Louis:

On the 8th of this month I wrote you and sent the letter by a Mormon to Chandler Co., Salt Lake to be mailed.

That was the first opportunity I got of sending a letter since the upper crossing of the Platt. I little thought when I wrote you on the 8th that an occurrence was to take place next day and the day following, and which will long impress itself upon my mind, and that we were in the very midst of a great danger and seemed to be almost entirely unconscious of it. I will relate what happened as nearly as I can: On Saturday about 5 p. m., I was riding ahead of the train a mile or so in search of grass and a camping place at which we might remain over Sunday. On looking up the road ahead of me I saw a horseman coming towards me in a hasty manner.

This was a rare thing to see any person coming eastward, and especially in so hasty a manner. On his approaching me, I discovered that it was a man belonging to our wagon, and who had left us on the day previous to overtake a

friend of his who he learned was in a train two days ahead of us. The first thing he said to me was "My God, John, the Indians have massacred a train and robbed them of all they had and they are only a short distance from us." I at once became conscious of our extreme danger and turned back to inform the train and bring up the wagons which were lagging behind and I expected an attack to be made any moment. Learning that two ox trains were ahead of us and going to camp at or near the battle field, we pushed on to overtake them.

In an hours driving we came to the place where the horrible scene took place, but found the Indians had run off the stock, taking the provisions, clothing, etc. of the train, but left the wagons which the ox trains ahead of us had taken and gone on in pursuit of grass. I found quite a quantity of blood, and fragments of such things as emigrants usually carry with them, and it was evident that the Indians had done their hellish deeds in a hasty manner and left.

The place selected by them for the attack was the best on the road and not far distant from the road which turns down to Salt Lake, which I learned is 175 miles south of us. Here we pushed on endeavoring to overtake them, but only got a short distance on account of the darkness and were obliged to camp on the vary ground where the Indians had, a few hours previous, made ring with their pandemonium like shouts, and red with the blood of innocent men and women. We at once put out a strong picket guard on the surrounding hills, got a hasty supper in the dark, staked out mules in the sage brush and hoped the night would be a short one. Nothing happening, we pushed on at daybreak for the ox teams and grass, which we found in a camp five miles distant, and here we camped during the day.

I found three men killed and several wounded, one woman mortally wounded and the wagons which the Indians had left. Two of the men killed were from Iowa City, A. J. Winter and an Italian whose name I did not learn. The other man was from New York City, Bulwinkle was his name and it is said had some \$6000.00 which was taken from him. All were buried here but the affair did not end here.

Some thirty men from the two ox trains and the trains attacked the previous day, started out in pursuit of the Indians and their stock. After travelling some seven miles in the direction in which the Indians went they came suddenly upon them and a fight immediately commenced. At the first fire three fourths of the white men ran and the red men pursued, and after a running fight of some three miles, the Indians ceased their pursuit.

In this fight, three of the white were killed and five severely wounded, one I think mortally. After we learned of the fate of the last party the greatest excitement prevailed in camp and a small party went to their assistance to recover the dead and wounded, one of which was not found and one had been scalped, the first scalped man I ever saw. Late in the evening both parties returned and two more ox trains came into camp making now some two hundred wagons and 400 men and 300 women and children.

This morning we all started together after burying the dead and came 13

miles to Raft River where we all encamped for the day, and where I am writing this.

Here the road forks, one for Oregon and Washington, and the other for California.

(Hilman letter included in Hamilton Scott Diary.)

H. F. Swasley gave the following account to the Quincy Union (Illinois), October 28:

Seeing an account of the massacre by the Indians on the train of George W. Adams, while crossing the plains, recently published in the "Sacramento Union", and observing some inaccuracies, I deem it of sufficient interest that a correct statement of the circumstances should be published, as Adams was formerly a resident of this county, and quite a number of those who were killed at the time have friends in this and the adjoining counties.

The train was quietly wending its way on the road, about ten miles this side of the American Falls of Snake river, but were very much scattered, when without any previous warning, they were attacked by from seventy-five to one hundred mounted Indians, who commenced a rapid fire from their ponies. Adams formed his wagons as speedily as possible into a corral shape, and his men prepared themselves as well as circumstances would permit to make a defense, but to little account, for the Indians would ride in on their ponies to within long range fire, and then retreat to reload. Meantime they were rapidly forming a circle around the camps, when the little band, finding that their only hope was in retreat, left their wagons. It was in this retreat that three men were killed and several wounded--among the wounded was a lady. Towards evening several trains came along and the fugitives gathered into camp. Newman & Kennedy's train took up the survivors, and that night a corral of eighty-six wagons was formed, while a little later Thompson's train of twenty wagons came up and camped in the vicinity, which made us feel more safe. The next morning, August 10th, a company of forty well armed and mounted men, under the lead of Captain Kennedy, started out to recover if possible the stolen stock. About five miles off from the road they came upon a camp where there were about three hundred well armed Indians, who charged upon the little band of Kennedy and forced them to retire. In this skirmish three of our party were killed by the first fire and several wounded--Captain Kennedy mortally. On arriving at camp we found that Captain John Walker's train of forty-six wagons had come in during our absence; a double guard was posted, the fires put out, and the band of emigrants spent the night in administering such remedies for the wounded as were at hand. The next morning a company of volunteers went back to the place of attack and found five bodies, which they brought in; and, beneath the shadow of the inhospitable Snake river mountains, we laid them down in their final resting place. On Tuesday morning, Miss Elizabeth Adams, a highly accomplished and beautiful young lady, who was wounded in the retreat of Saturday while assisting her mother to escape, died, and was buried amid the sobs of strong hearted men, and the quivering lips and

moistened eyes of the company, showed that she had endeared herself to all by her gentleness and self-sacrificing bravery. The place where the company was camped was at the junction of the Oregon with the main California road and here Kennedy's train left us, taking the Oregon road. Captain Kennedy and one of his men undoubtedly died afterward, as they were very severely wounded.

We now had a company of one hundred and twelve wagons, and the several trains joined for purposes of mutual defense. John Walker was unanimously elected Captain of the company. He made a selection of twenty well armed men, and mounted them on the best horses in the company, who acted as scouts, keeping in advance and closely examining the ravines and canons near the road. A similar number were placed in the rear to guard against surprise from that quarter, while all who were not engaged in driving teams or stock were required to keep at convenient distance from each other one each side of the train. In this manner we started from Raft river. Wednesday we passed a place where a wagon had been robbed and burned; here we found the bodies of five men murdered, and almost entirely denuded of flesh. They were, doubtless, returning Californians.

This night we were attacked again, but the night was dark, and none of our party were wounded; some of the stock was out of the corral but under the cool directions of Captain Walker, we got them all safely in, and then whenever the flash of a gun could be seen, our fire was directed to it. Several rounds were fired, but without any apparent effect, while the savage war-whoop served to keep us wide awake. At last a loud shriek from our besiegers, and the sudden cessation of their fire led us to believe that we had given some important Indian a severe wound. We were troubled no more that night, nor in fact any more from that time, as they were doubtless convinced that the vigilance with which Captain Walker guarded all points was more than they bargained for, and it is owing to his prudence and bravery that we had no further trouble, as we could every once in a while see Indians on the adjacent hills watching us, while their signal fires gave us warning that they were constantly in our vicinity.

The names of those killed in the several attacks were George W. Adams and his sister Elizabeth Adams, from Madison, Iowa; M. O. Tappl, Wisconsin; A. J. Hunter, Iowa City; Charles Bullurickle, New York City; George Teaser (scalped), Iowa; Wm. Mottes, Washington County, Iowa; Thomas Newman, Wapaloo, Iowa; and Thomas Paul, Fremont, Iowa. Seriously wounded--John K. Kennedy. Wounded--James Crawford, John Walker, Jno. Miller, E. Taylor (seriously), Thomas Bradford, P. O. Sullivan, A. J. Cassidy, John Papperson and Giovanni Bennetti (Italian).

The amount of stock lost at American Falls massacre, including horses, mules and cattle, was ninety head. Cash taken, \$17,500, while the total loss in wagons, provisions, clothing, etc., cannot be less than \$30,000. The above account, without burthening your columns with the details, is correct; being an abstract of facts as written on the spot.

As most of the killed and wounded were from Iowa and Wisconsin, it

might be the means of bringing to the notice of their friends the facts, if some of the papers in those states would copy. I would request that they copy as much of this as will give such notice to the friends and relatives of the wounded.

Another report of the matter, though not as accurate, originally appeared in the Silver Age (Carson City, Nevada) and was reprinted in the San Francisco Evening Bulletin, September 27, 1862:

The "Silver Age" says: Among those who arrived here on the 23d of September, overland were S. B. Smith and family of Keokuk, Iowa, S. Johnson and family, J. Oswalt and family, and John Accord and family of Shelby county, Missouri--altogether 17 persons, with four wagons drawn by mules and horses in fair condition. They started May 4th and have no casualties to report. They conversed with some of those who escaped from the massacre of Capt. Adam's train on Lander's cut-off and have given us all the information they possessed. It seems that Capt. Adam's train was the first one over the cut-off this year and had experienced no trouble until after passing Salmon [actually American] Falls. At this place Charles Bullwinkle had taken a little liquor and was free in showing his money and nice firearms--one of which he sold to some of the whites or Indians who loaf around the ferry at the Falls. After the train had passed on some distance, and while Bullwinkle was nearly a mile in advance of the train, he was shot dead by the identical gun, no doubt, which he had sold. The rest of the train was instantly attacked and a number were killed before they could form any sort of defense. Capt. Adams had stepped to his wagon to get his money, when Lizzie Adams was shot in the shoulder and fell dead at his feet. [Miss Adams died 3 days later on August 12 and was buried near Raft River]. This flurried him so that he appeared to have lost his presence of mind, and before he could think of saving anything, he was also murdered. Eight [nine] persons are known to have been killed outright, while ten others were wounded, and a part of them got away with those who fled and were afterwards picked up by Wood's [actually Walker's] train, which was a few days behind. This train consisted of 111 wagons, and were also attacked a number of times. They sent out a party to bury the dead of Capt. Adam's train and to gather what was left of any value. Everything that was worth taking had been tied on the oxen by the robbers, and the balance--flour, feather beds, etc.--destroyed. One young man was found scalped, and other bodies were found that had been chained to trees with their own log-chains, and burned to death. [This is an exaggerated account as many reported massacres of that time were.] A stock of a silver-mounted gun, which belonged to Bullwinkle, was found among some rocks, and was taken to camp where it was put up at auction and bid off at \$43. The money, with provisions and clothing, was handed over to the destitute survivors, most of whom came on with Capt. Wood's [actually Capt. Walker's] train. They know that white men were concerned in the massacre, for some 15 were seen lying on a high bench of land beckoning and directing the Indians. Bullwinkle had \$7,000 of his own money; Adams had \$3,000, and the

others had enough to make the sum of about \$20,000, all of which was lost by the pillaged train, exclusive of their stock, wagons, clothing, food, and the valuable lives taken by the fiends in human shape, who appear to infest that part of the route for no other purpose than to murder and rob for a livelihood. An Indian afterward told some of them he "heap likee whites; he live with um white man's wife." No doubt referring to the kind of people that were helping on these massacres. It is said that five families were since killed on the same road.

Two months after the incident, the editor of the Walla Walla, Washington, newspaper published an excerpt from the journal of William Redhener. (Washington Statesman, October 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5):

Saturday, August 9.--Camped within a short distance of the American Falls, on Snake River. Here we learned by one of our party who had gone ahead that a train of thirteen wagons which were ahead had been attacked and that our assistance was needed immediately. We accordingly moved forward: but before arriving at the scene of action we met a woman who had been shot through the breast, and also a number of children, who were in a perfect state of frenzy. The woman died within a few hours after her arrival.

When arriving at the scene of action we found three dead men and five others wounded. Their stock had all been stolen, together with all their provisions. One of the party, named Bullwinkle, from New York city, was killed and robbed of between six and seven thousand dollars. All of the effects of the party were taken,--even their beds and clothing.

From this unfortunate came we started, but before traveling far we found two wagons which had been upset and robbed. Here we found a dead man lying but a short distance from the camp.

Traveled two miles further and found two wagons and a dead man lying near. Here we camped for the night and buried the dead.

Here I wish to state that Capt. Kennday, one of our number, acted an honorable part, and proved himself worthy of the gratitude which was exhibited by the emigrants on the occasion. He succeeded in raising a company of forty men, all of whom did good execution in Indian fighting. Capt. K. killed nine Indians. Of the volunteers four men were killed and seven wounded.

The emigrants are suffering everything from the Indians this season. It seems as though the devil had taken possession of all the tribes.

Charles H. Harrison sent the following account of the affair to the Iowa City State Press (Idaho World, March 31, 1911, p. 1, c. 6-7):

Thinking that, perhaps, some tidings of the Iowa City "Salmon River party," would be of interest to some of your readers, have ventured to write you a brief communication; and in doing so it becomes my painful duty to send you the sad intelligence (which will bring sorrow to the hearts of many of your readers,)

of the death of Andrew J. Hunter, who was shot by the Snake Indians, in an engagement we had with them, on Saturday last, August 9th, the circumstances of which I will briefly relate.

Our train at the time of the attack consisted of eight wagons, having been joined by one wagon from Leavenworth and one from Minnesota; we had seventeen men, but five of them had stopped to fish, and were prevented by the Indians from joining us in time to render us any assistance.

We were passing through a very broken and rocky country, about twenty miles below the American Falls, on the Snake river, not for a moment harboring any suspicions of danger, when our hindmost wagon, which was about three hundred yards in our rear, was suddenly attacked by some twelve or fourteen Indians. They came out of a ravine on the left of a road, and commenced the attack with bows and arrows, riding along side and shooting at the two men in the wagon, one of which was wounded in three places, but they still urged on their horses, until the Indians shot one of their animals, and by this means succeeded in stopping their teams and upsetting their wagon. The two men then left their team and ran up to us, amid a perfect shower of arrows and bullets.

Mr. Hunter, who was Captain of our little train, gave orders to the men to get ready their firearms and prepare for fight, and right speedily was the order obeyed, considering the surprise in which we were taken, together with the fact that perhaps not one of us had ever been called upon to defend our lives or property by the use of such weapons. The Indians then began to circle round us, yelling and discharging their guns at random into our midst. They could not have chosen a better place to attack us, as there was a little ravine on either side of our wagons. After discharging several shots at us in this manner, some of them rode up one of the ravines and dismounting, crawled up through the sage brush--which was very thick--to within a short distance of us, and we had no indication of their whereabouts until we heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and the death-dealing missile came whizzing through the air, striking Hunter in the neck. He sank to the ground, and spoke but a few words before he expired. The savage yell which rose from these pirates of the plains denoted their satisfaction in the deed, and again the bullets came whistling through the air, penetrating our wagons, or burying themselves with a dull thud in the ground around us.

We then moved to a position about fifty yards in advance, and a little to the left of the road, where the ground was higher and better circled for defense.

Soon after arriving at this point a bullet passed through the coat sleeve of A. J. Cassady, cutting through his shirt, but not touching his arm. A moment after, he fell, seriously, but not dangerously wounded by a ball in the hip. Matters looked doubtful about this time, and our position seemed very critical, but we kept on firing whenever we could see an Indian, although with little hopes of hitting them, for they rode like demons, turning their horses here and there, now sitting erect in their saddles, now throwing themselves flat along their horses' backs, or completely hiding themselves behind the bodies of their ponies. Whenever we shot we would swing our hats and howl our defiance at them in a manner which

seemed to scare them more than our bullets. They kept around us for about two hours, when they withdrew, carrying with them the plunder from the captured wagon, and driving off two mules. We then moved to a place of greater safety, about a quarter of a mile from the scene of action, and camped. Here we waited in a state of deep suspense for the return of our comrades, four of whom came safely into camp, but the body of the fifth--an Indian from St. Paul--was found by some of them lying in a ravine pierced through by a rifle ball. Toward night we were joined by two large trains, and rejoiced that we were once more in comparative safety.

Some of our men also brought us the sad intelligence that an ox train of twelve wagons had been taken by the Indians three miles back, who took everything in the train, leaving the familiee [sic] that composed it entirely destitute. In this train there was one man killed, one woman, it is feared, fatally wounded, and several men slightly.

The next day, Sunday, about nine o'clock, we laid the remains of our fellow travelers in their graves. There was at this time nearly two hundred wagons on the ground.

The body of Mr. Hunter was followed to the grave with deep sorrow, not only those who had long known his many virtues and endearing qualities of head and heart, but also by many who had met him on the plains for the first time, and had already marked him as a man of unwavering integrity and honor. We laid him to rest by the roadside, by the banks of the Snake River.

On Sunday thirty-seven men went to try to recover the property from the Indians, but were repulsed with a loss of four killed and fourteen wounded. The wounded are all doing well.

We apprehend no further danger as we will now travel with over one hundred teams.

Captain Medorem Crawford, Commander of the 1862 Emigrant Service, in a letter to the Secretary of War, noted:

On the 31st of August, before reaching Raft river, we passed the graves of five men; from the inscription on the headboard of which we learned that they had been killed by Indians on the 9th, and immediately after crossing Raft river we found the grave of a Miss Adams, who was shot on the 9th and died on the 12th of August, doubtless belonging to the same party. On the 3d of September we found a notice that an emigrant train had a skirmish with the Indians, in which one Indian was killed and one white man wounded. Near the same place and about the same time a Mr. Phillips left his camp, alone and unarmed, for the purpose of fishing, and is supposed to have been taken, as nothing has since been heard from him, and fresh Indian signs were found in the vicinity.

These are all the evidences of Indian depredations that have come under my observation, and I am satisfied that many of the statements published on this subject are greatly exaggerated.

(U.S., Congress, Senate. The Report and Journal of Captain Medorem Crawford
1862. Sen. Exec. Doc. 17, 37th Cong., 3d sess., January 8, 1863, p. 12.)

In their operations near Massacre Rocks and City of Rocks, August 9 to 12, Pocatello's band retaliated for a long sequence of attacks by emigrants, a few of whom had gone out shooting Indians along their route west through Shoshoni lands. Six months later, Colonel Patrick Edward Connor's California volunteers responded by wiping out a Shoshoni winter camp--including some of Pocatello's band--at Bear River north of Franklin. A series of Shoshoni treaties followed before another year's emigration reached Pocatello's country. By that time, southern Idaho had gained a large permanent population in a mining region that had not been occupied in August, 1862, and Indian relations entered a new phase with a constant stream of freight and stage traffic along roads that had been used only a few weeks each year by emigrants. Systematic attacks against emigrant trains came to an end with Pocatello's resistance to Oregon and California trail migration in 1862.