

Rhetorical Analysis of Wounded Knee Documents

Prepared as a result of attendance at the
National Endowment for the Humanities Workshop:
Shifting Power on the Plains 2010 (Fort Robinson, Nebraska)

Prepared by: Sherri Hoye

Intended Grade: 11

Subject Area: AP Language and Composition

Goals:

AP Language and Composition students should be able to:

- analyze and interpret samples of good writing, identifying and explaining an author's use of rhetorical strategies and techniques;
- create and sustain arguments based on readings, research and/or personal experience;
- produce expository, analytical and argumentative compositions that introduce a complex central idea and develop it with appropriate evidence drawn from primary and/or secondary sources, cogent explanations and clear transitions;
- demonstrate understanding of the conventions of citing primary and secondary sources;
- move effectively through the stages of the writing process, with careful attention to inquiry and research, drafting, revising, editing and review;
- evaluate and incorporate reference documents into researched papers.

Objective: Students will discern the use of rhetorical strategies (audience, tone and purpose) in the three documents provided related to the Wounded Knee massacre.

Timeline: Three Days

Day One: Provide printouts of the Wounded Knee documents. Ask students to find elements of rhetorical consideration (audience, tone and purpose). Audience elements should be marked in red, tone in green, purpose in blue.

Day Two: Students should present findings through an informal presentation to the class. Include a further discussion on day three regarding diction (word choice) and how that flows into both author's goals in audience, tone and purpose.

Day Three: Students discuss word choice (diction) in the author's considerations of audience, tone and purpose with a view to how this document would have been received by people in 1890.

Materials: Colored Pencils, Primary Source Documents (see documents below)

Evaluation/Assessment: Homework check of highlighted diction in primary source documents, reading comprehension quizzes for primary source documents, class presentation of audience-oriented language contained in primary source documents.

Resources (Primary Source Documents):

LEARNING WITH DOCUMENTS

CASE STUDY: THE WOUNDED KNEE MASSACRE

The tragedy that occurred on Wounded Knee Creek in southwestern South Dakota in 1890 instantly became a metaphor for the failed policies and practices of the United States government and as evidence of the

fundamentally inhumane treatment of indigenous populations nation wide. But like most episodes in history, the events at Wounded Knee and what we can know about those events is ambiguous.

This case study is a model for the use of primary materials to explore complex issues. In beginning work with primary materials, it is helpful to examine secondary sources to provide an overview. “Wounded Knee Massacre (1890)” is an extended version of an entry for the *Encyclopedia of the Great Plains*, which is currently being compiled and edited by David Wishart at the University of Nebraska.

Three transcriptions follow of eyewitness accounts which were assembled by Nebraska State Historical Society Senior Research Anthropologist Richard Jensen. These three documents give very different perspectives of the events that occurred at Wounded Knee, and reflect very different intentions on the part of those reporting the events.

A small selection of newspaper accounts provides an insight into what the outside world was learning at the time, and also show how the involvement of the press helped to shape the events that occurred. Finally, we will examine historical photographs that will serve as out time machines, allowing us to be our own eyewitnesses.

Wounded Knee Massacre (1890)

On December 29, 1890, on Wounded Knee Creek in south west South Dakota, a macabre tangle of events resulted in the death of over 250 people. These people were guilty of no crime and not engaged in combat. A substantial number were women and children. Most of the victims were members of the Minneconjou band of the western Lakota who had been intercepted by military forces after they fled their reservation in North Dakota for refuge in the badlands of South Dakota.

The story begins in October of 1890, when Daniel F. Royer arrived at Pine Ridge Agency, home of the Oglala Lakota, to assume responsibility as agent. His selection as agent could not have been worse. He knew nothing of American Indian people and was irrationally fearful of them, and from the time of his arrival dispatches he sent back to Washington were peppered with warnings of an outbreak similar to the one in Minnesota in 1862 in which hundreds of settlers were killed by Santee Sioux fleeing their reservation.

Royer’s appointment was also ill timed. In 1890, drought replaced the bountiful rainfall of the 1880s, resulting in cataclysmic crop failures and an economic depression. When placed on reservations, native tribes were forced into dependence on the Federal Government for food and clothing. As Royer took his seat as agent, there was widespread anxiety among the Oglala regarding the adequacy of the provisions that the government would supply.

A year earlier the Ghost Dance appeared on Pine Ridge Reservation. Born from the vision of a Paiute named Wovoka (aka Jack Wilson), the Ghost Dance blended the messianic tradition of Christianity with traditional native beliefs. This new religion told of the return of the Messiah, one who had been killed by those to whom he had previously revealed himself. Now he would come to relieve the suffering of Indian people, and promised that if they would but live righteous lives and perform the Ghost Dance in the prescribed manner, that the Euro-American invaders would vanish, the bison would return, and the living and the dead would be rejoined in an edenic world.

As Royer appeared on the scene the Ghost Dance was in full flower. Royer’s paranoid mind saw the Ghost Dance was a war dance that threatened immanent bloodshed. His animated dispatches to Washington urged that troops be sent to protect citizens from war.

By mid-November, 1890, President Harrison responded to the fears of an Indian outbreak by ordering troops into the area. Regular troops were sent from Fort Robinson, and on November 18, 1890, the Second Nebraska Infantry left Fort Omaha in two special trains to the cheers of a large crowd of family members and well-wishers. On the train along with the troops as a cadre of newspaper reporters and forty-five Lakota who had just returned from three year tour of Europe with Buffalo Bill Cody.

From that moment on the crisis at Pine Ridge was a significant news item in daily newspapers across the country and around the world. The trains unloaded their travelers at Rushville, Nebraska, on November 20, 1890, and from there troops, reporters, and Lakota showmen made their way to Pine Ridge Agency, where all soon discovered that there was no crisis to be found. The klatch of war reporters found little to report.

Soon a regular fare of rumors, innuendoes, and outright lies began to appear in the national press, fed by merchants who wanted to keep the reporters, and their expense accounts, engaged in the economically

strained communities south of the Pine Ridge Reservation. These fantastic stories fed a growing national anxiety about impending war.

These news stories appear on the reservations as well, where a large number of Lakota who had been educated in the nation's Indian Schools read the reports of troop activities and the rumors of outbreak to all of the members of their community. Thus the press becomes an important factor in the ever increasing anxiety both on and off the reservation.

By mid-December of 1890 the combination of news reports, governmental reports (particularly those of the panic-stricken Royer), and Ghost Dancing, had every nerve in the region on edge. The Western Lakota polarized into political camps commonly referred to in the press as "hostiles" and "friendlies," a distinction that cleaved on whether one was reconciled to a subservient reservation life.

The Ghost Dancers were generally assigned to the "hostiles" camp, and government officials cast a wary eye toward those Lakota people who were Ghost Dance adherents. On December 15, 1890, Hunkpapa holy man, Sitting Bull, was killed. Sitting Bull was the personification of what Euro-Americans both despised and feared. His involvement, if even symbolic, with the death of Custer and his troops made him a target for revenge. His escape to Canada, return to the United States and apparent slap-on-the-wrist punishment further infuriated large segments of the population. Finally, he was seen as a Ghost Dance leader.

His death increased the tension on the reservations, and was seen by many as the fate that awaited all who failed to meekly accept reservation life. To the south, the Hunkpapa's cousins, the Miniconjou Lakota, grew nervous. Their leader, Big Foot, was engaged in the Ghost Dance, and though not considered a major threat, was under close observation by the military.

In an attempt to quiet unrest among the Miniconjou, the military asked a local squatter by the name of John Dunn to talk to the tribe and persuade them to acquiesce to the military's wishes to stay in their own village on the reservation. Dunn's tactics were strange to say the least. He is reported to have told the Miniconjou that the military planned to take their men prisoner and ultimately deport them to an island in the Atlantic. His is further reported to have urged them to flee for sanctuary on Pine Ridge Reservation to the south.

One can well imagine the panic that this advice inspired. On December 23, the Miniconjou left their village in the dead of night and fled southward toward the Badlands. Big Foot soon contracted pneumonia, which slowed the escape to a crawl. Nonetheless, the tribe still managed to avoid the military pursuit for five days. On December 28, The Seventh Cavalry intercepted the ailing Big Foot and his people, and ordered them into confinement on Wounded Knee Creek.

The escape and flight had finally provided the ravenous press with a real story, which, of course, the news-hungry press fattened with allusion to the inevitability of bloodshed. When Big Foot and his band were finally camped on Wounded Knee Creek, the national press breathed a sigh of relief, ironically pronouncing that war had been averted.

On the morning of December 29, Colonel James W. Forsythe convened a council with the Miniconjou. At this meeting he demanded that they surrender all of their firearms, and told them that they would be relocated to a new camp. Each of these demands held special importance for Big Foot and his people.

First, the surrender of valuable firearms left the Lakota vulnerable in two ways. First, with a perceived food shortage, rifles were a means to take game to supplement inadequate government rations. Secondly, if it was the intention of the government to separate the men from their families, guns were the last, if fleeting, hope that the tribe had to avoid a most terrible fate.

Second, the order to a new camp was interpreted by the Miniconjou as exile, probably to Indian Territory in Oklahoma. This fate, to the Lakota, was intolerable.

While these difficult discussions proceeded in the Lakota camp, a number of Lakota began singing Ghost Dance songs, with some rising to throw handfuls of dirt in the air. The troops that surrounded the Lakota were already uneasy at the thought of the eruption of violence, and perceived the singing and dirt throwing as signals to attack.

It was at this tense moment that the fuse was lit. A man named Black Coyote (sometimes called Black Fox) refused to surrender a rifle spotted by a soldier. The two began wrestling over the gun, in the struggle the gun discharged.

Instantly the nervous troops began firing, and within that same instant, the Miniconjou retrieved their weapons and returned fire. The military's rifle fire was complimented with cannon rounds from Hotchiss guns, whose extreme accuracy and exploding shells were formidable indeed.

Soon the outnumbered and outgunned Lakota fled, and for several hours intermittent gunfire continued, with the military pursuing the fleeing Lakota. Bodies were found as far away as three miles from the camp.

Firing ceased and by mid afternoon the troops gathered up their dead and wounded, as well as Lakota wounded, and returned to Pine Ridge Agency. The fear of reprisal attack kept troops and civilians entrenched at the Agency until January 3, 1891, when an military escorted civilian burial party proceeded to the site of the massacre. There they buried 146 bodies in a single mass grave. Other dead were accounted for later, bringing the total to over 250 souls.

Photographers accompanied the burial detail and made sixteen photographs of the scene. A snow storm that occurred shortly after the massacre added a cold and grim edge to the carnage pictured.

The photographs sold well, and together with news stories carried the story of the massacre at Wounded Knee to a world-wide audience. Soon the event developed a symbolic meaning that transcended the reality of the tragic loss of life. Wounded Knee became, and remains, the metaphor for the basic inhumanity of a failed government policy toward American Indians.

John E. Carter
Nebraska State Historical Society

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Government Document

Major Samuel M. Whitside commanded the troops that located Big Foot's band on December 28, 1890, and took them to a camp on Wounded Knee Creek. There he was joined by Colonel James W. Forsyth with reinforcements. The next morning a shot was fired that commenced the massacre on Wounded Knee Creek. On January 7, 1890, Whitside appeared before a military fact finding board and testified as to what transpired *National Archives, Report of an Investigation into the Battle of Wounded Knee*.

I had been scouting with four Troops, A, B, I and K, 7th Cavalry, with a view to the capture of Big Foot's or Spotted Eagle's band of Sioux Indians. On the 28th of December, 1890, they were located by scouts of the above command on Porcupine Creek, about 10 miles distant from my camp. Boots and saddles was at once sounded, the command was mounted and moved at a trot for 8 miles, till they discovered the Indians, who quickly formed line of battle. I sent word that Big Foot should report to me. Three Indians moved forward, one stating that he was the representative of his Chief. I had also formed line, and met the three Indians, but declined to converse with a representative, and directed them to tell Big Foot, who was pronounced to be sick and in a wagon, to come forward. He did so, and on my demand of surrender he said that he would do so; that he had nothing to eat, and wanted to come in. They, the Indians, were then marched to the Wounded Knee guarded by the command of cavalry, two troops in advance and two, with two Hotchkiss guns, under Lieut. Hawthorn, 2d Artillery, following the Indians. They were encamped on Wounded Knee, rations were issued, a chain of sentinels, at a proper distance, surrounded the Indian camp. Two troops guarded, while the remaining troops, under my directions, remained fully armed and clothed, sleeping for that night in their tents. The section of the battery was posted on a hill overlooking the camp. To guard against any

mishap a courier had been dispatched, when the capture was first effected, to General Brooke, at the Pine Ridge Agency, to send the second battalion of the 7th Cavalry. The object I had in view was that, by their presence, we could overawe the Indians, and so they would submit quietly to be disarmed. I was convinced, from a hostile demonstration of the Indians at the time of surrender, that otherwise trouble might ensue. Colonel Forsyth, with the 2d Battalion, consisting of C, D, F and G troops and one section of Hotchkiss guns, under Captain Capron, 1st Artillery, arrived about 8:45 that night, and the Colonel assumed command and went into camp, marching by a circuitous route to the rear of my battalion, and he accomplished same apparently without proclaiming their arrival to the Indians. On the morning of the 29th the following disposition of troops was made, at about 8 A.M. (The positions are noted on map hereunto appended marked "A" which map was pronounced by Major Whitside correct.)

All the bucks were led out of their tepees, except Big Foot, who was sick in a tent, and were formed in a semi-circle. Then Colonel Forsyth, through an interpreter stated that inasmuch as the Indians had surrendered, they must give up their arms. They, the Indians, held a consultation, when twenty bucks were told off in the semi-circle and ordered to go to their tepees and bring out their arms. After being absent for a few minutes, they returned, producing two broken carbines, and stated that that was all they had. After a brief consultation between Colonel Forsyth and myself, I stating that it was useless to proceed in this way to accomplish the purpose of disarming, Colonel Forsyth called out Big Foot, and through an interpreter directed him to demand of his band their arms. Big Foot consulted with his bucks and reported to Colonel Forsyth that they had no arms, that they, the arms, had all been destroyed on the Cheyenne [River]. This notwithstanding the fact that the Indians had met me the day before fully armed. To prevent the intercourse between the bucks and the squaws, the latter in their tepees (the bucks had been passing to and fro against orders that had been given and seemed to be exciting the squaws, two troops B and K, who had been in line between the camp of the troops and the Indians, were turned in, dismounted into the position between the bucks and their tepees as indicated on the map, and it was decided to make a search in the tepees for missing arms. For this purpose Captain Wallace and a small detail of six or eight men were ordered to make the search, beginning on the right, Captain Varnum, with about the same number of men, to begin on the left. As a result of this search about 40 arms were found [illegible] out of the way, the squaws making every effort to conceal the arms by hiding and sitting on them in various and other ways, evincing a most sullen tone. After completing the search of the tepees it was decided to search the bucks in the semi-circle, who sat or stood with their blankets about them. While the search was carried on in the village, a ghost dancer was haranguing the bucks in a loud and excited tone, dancing the while. The search of the bucks was commenced by Captain Wallace and Varnum and a small detail, some six men, superintended by me. When a few Indians had been searched and but two arms discovered, a medicine man suddenly rose, spoke in a loud tone of voice, threw some dirt in the air, one shot was fired by an Indian and was instantly followed by a volley from the west of the Indians, who had all jumped to their feet for the purpose, and thrown their blankets on the ground, and commenced firing to the two Troops B and K, formed at right angles, as described, firing through these troops and their own tepees. At least 50 shots were fired by the Indians before the troops returned the fire. Some 25 or 30 Indians were seen to fall. The survivors then broke through the troops and their village and followed by their squaws and their ponies, which had been turned loose, many having been previously packed by the squaws, and all left camp in a rush in three directions, majority up the ravine, some across the same and through the chain of sentinels to the south, some up and past the mounted troop facing east. The mounted troops then pursued the renegades, who fought viciously and did severe execution in a most determined fight in which many were killed and wounded. The troops were cool, and in one instance at least that came under my observation directed a party of squaws, who showed themselves to a place of safety, guarding them through the fight.

Reminiscence of a Lakota Participant

In the fall of 1906 **Joseph Horn Cloud** described his experiences at the Wounded Knee Massacre. At the time of the massacre Horn Cloud was about fifteen years old and living with his parents on the Cheyenne River Reservation. The following section begins a few days before the massacre when Big Foot's band is on Cherry Creek about 100 miles northeast of Wounded Knee. *NSHS RG8, Ricker Tablet 12, pages 33-78.*

The Indians hitched up their teams and moved up the creek to the south about six miles, then bore off on the ridge toward the east about three miles. Here they stopped and had a council and decided to go to Pine Ridge. Big Foot still held out, but the sentiment of his people being against him he gave in to the overwhelming pressure.

Red Cloud, No Water, Big Road, Calico, and Young Man Afraid of his Horses had been sending overtures to Big Foot to come over and join with the friendly Indians and help make peace, and they had promised if he would do this and peace was brought about, that they would give him a hundred horses. Big Foot, now seeing that opposition was of no avail, concluded to accept the offer and if a peaceable settlement of the difficulties was had, to get the horses....

Big Foot was unable to proceed any farther, being a very sick man. On the 28th the camp was astir early and began the march up Yellow Thunder Creek toward Porcupine Creek. By noon they had proceeded fifteen miles, and as they reached the hills skirting Porcupine on the east four Indian scouts were discovered watering their horses in the stream. A few Indians made a dash upon them and captured two, Old Hand who was a half brother of Little Bat, and another. The other two made their escape. After the capture of these scouts they all halted on the Porcupine for dinner. The Indians did not learn from their captives of the soldiers being on Wounded Knee. On the passage from White River to Porcupine, while they passed a number of houses no person was seen except Francis Mayock, a crazy Irishman who was guarding a house belonging to Condelario Benavidez. He told them all the Indians had gone to the Agency to get annuities or to do fighting.

About 2:00 o'clock p.m. they hitched up their teams and started for Wounded Knee. Having crossed the Porcupine and raised up to the top of the hills on the other side they saw a cloud of dust rising and when they had descended on the other side the soldiers had also come over the hills from the west, and the two columns met here on Pine Creek, the soldiers crossing it and taking position in line of battle facing the approaching Indians who had hoisted a white flag. Four Hotchkiss cannon had been run out a few yards in front of the line of soldiers. Pine Creek is a dry creek two miles east of Porcupine butte.

A white-haired officer with an interpreter asked for Big Foot and the wagon in which he lay was pointed out. They went up and the officer asked: "What is your name?" "My name is Big Foot." "Where are you going?" Big Foot answered: "I am going to Pine Ridge to see the people." "Why do you go to Pine Ridge?" Big Foot replied: "I am going because they sent for me." "Do you want peace or to fight?" inquired the officer. "No," said the chief. "My great fathers were friendly to the white people and died in peace, and I want to die the same." The officer then said, "If you are telling me the truth I want you to give me 25 guns." Big Foot answered: "I am willing to give you the 25 guns; but if I do I am afraid you will do some harm to my people. Wait till we get to the Agency and we will decide as we please. I will give you all you ask and will return to my home." Big Foot's strength was failing; he spoke slowly and in faltering accents. The officer said, "All right," and extending his arm, the two shook hands. Big Foot continuing, said: "I am going to see the Pine Ridge people to make a peace for them and the white people; and if I make a peace I will get a hundred horses for a reward."

The officer spoke to the people and said that Big Foot was in a bad place, and said that he should be put into his ambulance, at the same time motioning to some of his men to bring up the ambulance. Big Foot was then taken out of his own wagon in a blanket and removed to the officer's conveyance. The Indians and soldiers now started for Wounded Knee about five miles away, the Indians being ahead and the ambulance containing Big Foot being in the lead. This was flanked on either side by a sergeant and a soldier mounted. There were about 40 Indians on horseback; they were flanked on each side by a line of

cavalry soldiers. The rest of the soldiers were in the rear of the column. On this movement from the Cheyenne the Indians had ridden either in wagon or on horseback.

It was nearly sunset when this procession reached the camp on Wounded Knee.

When they crossed W. K. Creek on the bridge they passed by the door of the trader's store and some of the Indians went in and bought candles, sugar, coffee, bacon, etc....

The Hotchkiss cannon were in front of the guards at the foot of the hill. He does not know the exact number of the guns; says there were three or four.

Colonel Forsyth came out from the Agency at night, arriving about 11 p.m. with Capt. Taylor's scouts and some wagons.

The first thing after the guard had been changed in the morning, an old Indian named Wounded Hand harangued the camp telling the people that there was going to be a council with the soldiers. Then all the young men came forward and sat down in the circle with the old men in front of where Big Foot had slept the night before. Then Big Foot was by direction of an officer brought out on a blanket and laid down near the eastern extremity of the half or three-quarters circle or council. On his left was his brother, on his right was Horned Cloud, father of Joseph Horn Cloud. Just behind Big Foot stood old man Wounded Hand. The Indians set quietly in the circle looking at the officers. Capt. Wallace was standing just behind Horned Cloud and John Shangrau, interpreter was in the group. Capt. Wallace thinking from the costume of Joseph Horn Cloud who was in citizen clothes that perhaps he belonged to the Pine Ridge Indians asked John Shangrau who he was. Shangrau said, "You ask him; he talks English." Wallace asked Joseph his name and he replied, "Joseph Horned Cloud." "Where is your father?" continued the Captain. Joseph pointed to his father near him in the section on the east side (and north of the eastern end of the council). Horned Cloud was sitting at Big Foot's right, with a fur cap on his head. He was smoking and passing his pipe to Wounded Hand who was standing behind him. The Captain asked Joseph if he was sure that he belonged to this outfit, meaning Big Foot's band. Joseph said "Yes." An officer spoke up (it must have been Major Whitside and said to Big Foot "Big Foot I want 25 guns. Yesterday everybody had a gun. I want 25 of them." Big Foot said, "All right." He said to the people, "Bring 25 guns. If I was able to talk I would talk for you, but I can not talk." Blood was flowing from his nose, he was stiff and weak.

The young men went to their quarters and brought out 25 guns and laid them down in the center of the circle. The officer then said, "I want five more." The young men went again and brought forward five more guns. Then the officer demanded five more, and added, "I want them all." Big Foot said: "Bring them all, boys." They answered back to Big Foot, "There are no more guns." Then the officer said, "What have you done with all the guns? I will send the soldiers to get the guns themselves." Big Foot said, "All right, let them do it." Speaking to his followers he said, "Boys, do not be mad; let them do it." The soldiers went back into the Indian camp, took sacks out of wagons and emptied them on the ground; went into tents and everywhere examining, picked up some old shot guns, knives, tomahawks, arrows and awls; and they searched the persons of the women.

While this was going on the same officers said to the Indians, "I want you all to stand in a rank before the officers." There were 125 in the council, including Joseph Horn Cloud. Continuing he said, "I want the same number of soldiers to stand in front of the Indians and take their cartridges out of their guns and cock them and aim at their foreheads and pull the triggers. After this you will be free. Afterwards you will go to the Agency and I will give you nine beeves." Some of the Indians were getting wild at such talk, and some said, "Now he sees that we have nothing in our hands so he talks this way." Others said, "We are not children to be talked to like this." A man cried out: "Take courage! Take courage!" Big Foot spoke up: "Yes, take courage! There are too many children and old people," meaning in these words addressed to his people, that they should be calm; because there were so many old men and women and little children that they must keep their patience and take no risk and bring on danger.

Two or three times Big Foot was raised to a sitting posture by his brother Iron Eye on one side and Horned Cloud on the other; he wanted to address his followers and encourage them to be patient and remain cool and do nothing to bring on trouble, but he could not sit up but a moment and then had to be laid down to rest.

The maudlin talk of the officer set all the Indians to murmuring. Capt. Wallace spoke to Joseph Horn Cloud and said, "Joseph, you better go over to the women and tell them to let the wagons go and saddle up their horses and be ready to skip, for there is going to be trouble; for that officer is half shot." Joseph started and when he came to the guards they would not let him pass, but Captain Wallace seeing this motioned to the guards to let him through, and he went on.

Joseph told the women to saddle the horses and be ready to run. He went to catch his own horse which was just in the rear of this Indian camp but in front of the line of guards. They helped him to catch the horse; then he brought him in and hitched him to a wagon. Then he returned to the Council. He went through the ranks of soldiers and immediately in rear of the council, and then he saw the deaf man making a big cigarette out of bag paper. He was standing and three cavalry sergeants (they each had three yellow stripes or chevrons on their arms) were moving toward him from behind. They seized him before he knew they were there, two taking hold of his arms, the others trying to take the gun away from him. Before the sergeants had come up, this man who was deaf, had been holding up his gun in both hands over his head and telling the Indians that this was his own gun, that it had cost him a good deal of money, that if anybody wanted it he must pay for it, for he would not give it up without pay. As soon as this was said the three sergeants approached him from behind as above stated. Just as the struggle between him and the sergeants began someone cried: "Look out! look out!" These words were scarcely uttered when the gun went off elevated in the air at an angle of about 45 degrees and pointing eastwardly. Instantly there was a volley from the soldiers standing around the circle. These shot the men in the back.

Before this point was reached I should have said that the searching party was going around on the inside of the circle or council and taking the guns, and had gotten pretty well around toward the east extremity of the circle when the firing broke loose. There were a few of the warriors at this end who had not been searched and still had guns. They were near the deaf man who was gesticulating and talking about his gun.

Another omission: Just before Capt. Wallace sent Joseph to tell the women to saddle up, the Medicine Man was swinging his arms and singing ghost songs and marched around inside of the circle. He was a Rosebud Indian named Good Thunder. (He was wounded. Afterwards he was an Episcopal preacher on the Rosebud Reservation for a while; then he quit and has done nothing since.) Shakes Bird went round on the outside of the council singing ghost songs.

When the shooting began the women ran to the ravine. The shooting was in every direction. Soldiers shot into one another. Many of the Indians in the circle were killed. Many of them mingled with the soldiers behind them, picking up guns from dead soldiers and taking cartridge belts. They took guns they had turned over and the cartridge belts they had turned over with them. Many Indians broke into the ravine; some ran up the ravine and to favorable positions for defense.

Beard (who is a brother of Joseph Horn Cloud, but is not called Horn Cloud, called Beard only); and William Horn Cloud, David Horn Cloud, who is now called White Lance, and is a brother of Joseph; and George Shoot the Bear and Long Bull both cousins of Joseph; and two old men, one of whom belonged to Big Foot's band and the other to Sitting Bull's band; and a woman called Helena Long Bull and a little son, these all took refuge in the pocket in the ravine, and here William Horn Cloud was killed, and here Beard killed four soldiers, one being stabbed with a knife (a sergeant) the others being shot. White Lance received three wounds in his right leg and one slight [wound] on top of his head; he was borne from here up the ravine by George Shoot the Bear and Peter Stand.

Some cannon were moved to the bank of the ravine & some were planted on Cemetery Hill.

When the firing began there was soon so much smoke enveloping the scene that nobody could be seen with distinctness. There was no wind to clear it away. It hung like a pall over the field. Through rifts in the smoke heads and feet would be visible. Women were killed in the beginning of the fight just the same as men were killed. Women who were wounded and had babies digged hollow places in the bank and placed the little things in them for safety, some women made places for themselves and crawled into them for

protection; some women were found lying dead with dead infants on their breasts; one mother lay dead; her breast covered with blood from her wound, and her little child was standing by her and nursing.

Before the burial party came out from the Agency the Indians had been over the field, especially was this true of Short Bull who belonged to the Rosebud Reservation. Short Bull who was with the hostiles came on to the field from the Agency and gathered up his relatives who were in the fight.

The soldiers shot women the same as they shot men. Beard was wounded while in the pocket first in his shoulder close to where the collar bone joins the shoulder, and the bullet ranged down his back nearly the whole length of his body; he was wounded the second time in his right leg. Men, women and children, boys and girls fled in a stream up the road and around the northeast corner of the big field and within close range of the cavalry. A great many women and boys and girls were killed along here. Some turned off into the field to get out of reach of the cavalry fire and a number were killed in this field. Joseph Horn Cloud passed up this road and went around the field and crossed over south to the canyon or ravine and went into it, and then out of it again, following the road on the north side of the field back into the fight where the cavalry was; there he soon went to a lot of horses that had collected from all quarters, some with harness, some with saddles on—all a little way northwest of the cavalry; and here he caught three horses, first one, then a second, and then a third, all of which were successively wounded; then he got two more and with these he went up to the hill a few hundred yards from the cavalry and northwest of the field; he heard a woman behind him call him “Brother, come and help me!” He turned back to her. She had a baby on her back. She was crying. The horses were unmanageable; they were hard on the bit and the best he could do was to circle around her in a wide circuit. At last I got up to her, and he jumped off his horse and told her to get on, this horse had a saddle on, but she could not mount, as the horse kept turning; while she was trying to mount and while her foot was in the stirrup she was knocked to the ground by bullets; the infant was strapped to her back all the time; she arose and Joseph still assisting her she succeeded in getting into the saddle; Joseph threw the saddle from his own horse, which was rearing in the air, but catching by the mane he seated himself on his back, and then went over to the band of horses again and caught two more; he gave one of these to Chief Dog, a policeman at the Agency who was a cousin to Joseph and wounded in the face; the other horse he gave to a Pine Ridge Indian; then Joseph came back again to the fight; this was after noon; he came back behind the cavalry this time; when down here the cavalry moved up west to the top of the hills and crossed and went down west and crossed Fast Horse Creek. Joseph followed far to the right out of reach of their bullets; the cavalry came back in a few minutes and Joseph fell in behind and followed; the cavalry resumed its old position; Joseph went over to the head of the ravine or one branch of it; here he heard the Pine Ridge Indians who had come; some soldiers had advanced up the north side of the ravine and turned the head of it and got around some of the Indians who had streamed up there; these Pine Ridge Indians coming at this moment released the prisoners, as the soldiers fell back; these released Indians went with the Pine Ridge Indians back to Pine Ridge. Joseph stayed around about an hour. In the meantime he went up toward the pine hills and over the head of the ravine; here he saw his brother Beard coming out of the ravine, he was the last to leave it, the firing all ceased and the battle was at an end.

Joseph had his brother Sherman killed in the Council, also his father; and his mother and his sister Pretty Enemy were killed in the ravine back of the Indian camp; and your brother William killed in the pocket Beard's wife and his son Tommy were killed in the camp.

Reminiscence of a Euro-American Participant

Peter McFarland was another eyewitness who described the massacre fifteen years later. *NSHS, RG8, Ricker Tablet 31, pages 75-108.*

Peter McFarland, Packmaster at Fort Robinson, of Pack Train No. 3, says.

He was a gov't employee driving team for the Quartermaster Colonel Humphreys who was in charge of all the teams at Pine Ridge. (He is General Humphrey's now). Humphreys was the Quartermaster at P. Ridge then. McFarland was assigned to Capt. Chas. W. Taylor, Chief of Scouts, and served under him and Lieut. Guy Preston.

McFarland went out from the Agency after Christmas (probably the 27th with a four-line team which was in charge of Capt. Taylor, hauling grain, ammunition tents, etc; went with the 7th Cavalry. Camped that night at Wounded Knee when the battle came off. Baptiste Gamier with some of the Indian scouts went out on the morning of the 28th and captured 2 or 3 of Big Foot's scouts who were watching the troops. He brought them in and they were kept in McFarland's tent. Baptiste saw on the night of arrival at W. K. some of Big Foot's scouts hovering around. Next morning he went out and got behind these scouts and captured them. He discovered the location of Big Foot's camp on the Porcupine and on his return he conducted the 7th Cavalry out to the camp and Big Foot's band was brought in, arriving about, as it seems to him, as late as 2 or 3 in the afternoon. Tents had been put up by a detachment which had been left behind in the camp of the 7th at W. K., for the Indians to occupy, but on their arrival they would not occupy them for they seemed to want to camp near the dry gulch. They pitched their tepees in an irregular half moon. About 10 or 12 Indians sat up all night manifesting no desire to lie down; they stayed over by McFarland's tent where Big Foot was lying therein on Mc's buffalo overcoat.... Big Foot was very sick with pneumonia and had a white cloth tied around his head as though he was in pain. Little Bat [Baptiste Gamier] was at Mc's tent also and he sat up all night talking with the Indians in a low tone; they seemed to be discussing and talking over affairs. Bat told Mc that as Mc was lying in the tent asleep & was 20 yrs. old, that he himself stayed up all night to watch, saying that if the Indians had broke out that they would have killed Mc. & Bat was keeping them engaged in conversation to keep them quiet. Big Foot and Mc slept together in some tent. Big Foot was a man of large stature. A close chain guard was placed around the Indians and it encompassed the Scouts. That is, the tent occupied by the scouts and Bat and Mc was in the enclosure.

On the east side of the ground enclosed by the chain guard are tents put up by the troops for the Indians to occupy when they came in, but which they would not use. He says it was understood that there were 319 Indians of all kinds in Big Foot's band brought in; this is what Bat told him.

About 8 o'clock in the morning four dismounted troops were formed in a circle within the enclosure formerly made by the chain guard which had now been taken up....

The night or day before, word was dispatched to the Agency stating that Big Foot's band was captured and more troops were wanted to help disarm them. Four troops came out in the night accompanied by Col. Forsyth. Before his arrival Capt. Whitside had been in command of the 4 troops and transportation of the 7th. These four troops which came in the night were camped behind the hill at the north and out of sight of the Indians. About the time the battle started Mc saw these 4 mounted troops dispersed to the southwest of the camp up on the high land evidently to prevent the Indians, if they should break away, from gaining the hills in that direction

The Indian warriors were ordered to come into the oblong "circle" and to bring their arms and turn them over. They showed reluctance, evoked downcast—mad—but finally 60 or 70 or more out of 129 warriors came straggling in. They were asked to give up their guns, but none had any. Then they returned to their tepees. They all had on ghost shirts, which were covered up by their blankets. All had on the war paint; many had on their war feathers; some of the ponies were decorated with feathers in their tails and striped with the paint of battle. After awhile they began to come back; this time they sat down on the ground. Now 2 or 3 were taken at a time from the main body to the west end of the oblong "circle," the guns were received there by a soldier who carried them out through the guard

and piled them on the ground 30 or 40 feet away and beside the wagon to which the team was attached ready to haul them at once to the Agency. Lieut. Preston was sitting down on the pile of guns when the fight began. The search produced only 8 or 10 old frelocks.

When the warriors collected the second time Big Foot, assisted by another, came out into the "circle" and in the center kneeled down and remained there and in that position until he was killed. Shortly after the search began the medicine man began to chant his war song. The Indians had their arms [weapons] concealed under their blankets. When the search began to bring out the good weapons the medicine man still singing facing the rising sun, his back to the Indians waving his arms, he stooped down and with both hands gasped some soil and threw both arms outwardly scattering the dust. Instantly came an Indian volley. The fight was on with deadly effect. It was at close quarters and hand to hand. The Indians used guns, knives and war clubs. The women fired from the Indian tents. Philip Wells was wounded early in the action. Capt. Wallace was also killed near the east end of the "circle." Lieut. Preston, at the beginning of the action, mounted his horse and within an hour was at the Agency with word of what had happened...

The center of the fight was on the "circle" One of the Indian scouts was High Back Bone who was thought to be half crazy. Early in the action he was seen by a soldier to flourish his revolver and whether it was excitement or a bad heart which was his incitement is not known, but his actions being seen, his running around was interpreted to mean that he had turned against the whites, and when he got down by the officers' tents a soldier shot him down.

Where the center of the fight was were 50 or more Indians killed.

After the fight had continued awhile and the smoke rose so the field could be seen and the soldiers had been formed in line, and some soldiers were formed in line on the top of the hill by the artillery, the Hotchkiss guns on the hill fired into an Indian wagon. Several Indians were firing on the soldiers from behind this wagon. The shell sent into it knocked it into pieces and killed a number of warriors.

During the progress of the fighting an Indian, slipped into the tent belonging to the Scouts and occupied by Bat and McFarland, and he got Bat's gun and shot 2 soldiers. McFarland saw the smoke from Bat's rifle coming out of the scouts' tent. Mc was standing behind his wagon which had been overturned; one of his mules was shot and the others, when the mule fell, cramped around and tipped the wagon over. When Mc saw what this Indian was doing (he saw two men fall when the shots were heard from the tent) he ran forward and notified some soldiers in the line, and as they could not fire from that position without striking the tents of troops nor without hitting some of the horses, they ran back to the first tent in the officers' row and from here they fired 2 or 3 volleys into the Scouts' tent. An officer with the men who were firing on this tent told a trooper to go up to the tent and fire it; he said he would fix it and he ran up and cut it open where upon the Indian on the inside shot him in the breast and killed him instantly. This firing party continued to shoot into the tent while Mc ran up to the top of the hill where the cannons were and told the officer in command of the artillery that a Hotchkiss gun was wanted down on the bottom to shell the tent. One cannon was brought down and a few shells were thrown into the tent. Then a soldier ran up and set the tent on fire and it was quickly burned down, and his clothing took fire and he was burned and bloated up 2 feet high. He was found to have a bullet hole through his body and it is not known whether he had been killed by a rifle shot before the cannon was brought into requisition. Bat's gun which he had been using was burned a little on the stock. It was his best gun.

All the foregoing occurred in about three-quarters of an hour.

The Indians were pushed back into the gulch; some crossed it, others went up the gulch. Those who crossed fell back one by one going up the rising ground to the southwest where they made a stand; the mounted cavalry above their position had before this time moved around to the west to get out of line of fire and here they found something to do in pursuing Indians who had escaped by running out of the gulch at the upper end or head. A lot of Indians were killed by these mounted men who had one of their number shot through the body. A Hotchkiss gun was run out on the flat in front of the Indian tepees and towards the gulch. From here a searching fire was kept up on the Indians who were lying low in the gulch, whenever and wherever one was seen to move, as they often did in shooting at the

troops, a shell would be dropped where he was which either killed him or hunted and chased him out, he would spring right up and march toward the soldiers singing the death song, and was quickly killed by the watchful soldiers.

A straggling fire was kept up till the middle of the afternoon. This was due to the fact that the gulch was occupied by Indians who did not show themselves, but when a soldier got exposed a concealed Indian would pick him off. So it was not only extremely hazardous but was almost certain death to advance towards or along the gulch, and this Hotchkiss gun was kept in action to drive them out whenever the position of an Indian was discovered or from any sign suspected. The gun was moved from position to position as was found necessary. A lieutenant with this Hotchkiss was wounded while the gun was doing its work against the Indians in this protected part of the field....

A rumor got in circulation that a large force of Indians was coming from among the hostiles at the Agency. This was late in the afternoon. Troops began making breastworks out of the bags of oats in the supply wagons, by carrying them up and putting them down on the hill north of the flat. This work had not gone far when there came an order to load up and start for the Agency. The dead and wounded soldiers and the wounded Indian women and children and the train and troops moved in and arrived at the Agency about one o'clock next morning. The Agency was all excitement, nobody being in bed.