

## 8 The Wounded Knee Massacre

By the mid-1880s, the Plains Indians were a defeated people largely confined to reservations. Then, in 1888, a new religion arose, the so-called Ghost Dance, which promised a return to the order existing before the coming of the white man. Warriors on the Sioux reservation in Dakota, encouraged by the still defiant, if defeated, Sitting Bull, began to believe that wearing garments painted with sacred symbols would render the white man's bullets harmless.

Skirmishes between young braves and the army led to several deaths, including that of Sitting Bull. Then troops of the Seventh Cavalry—Custer's old regiment—began searching for arms in an Indian village at Wounded Knee Creek. A shot rang out and the troops began indiscriminately killing the largely disarmed and already surrendered braves, while cannon raked the teepees occupied by women and children. On December 29, 1890, the army slaughtered every Indian in sight. Women and children were hunted down as far as three miles away from the village. Yet throughout the Ghost Dance excitement, not a single Indian raid had occurred on a white settlement.

The ballad, "The Indian Ghost Dance and War," written by W. H. Prather, a black private in the Ninth Cavalry, long remained popular in army barracks. The Indian accounts were recorded stenographically at a council held by delegations of Sioux Indians with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington in 1891.

### W. H. PRATHER\*

The Red Skins left their Agency, the Soldiers left their Post,  
All on the strength of an Indian tale about Messiah's ghost  
Got up by savage chieftains to lead their tribes astray;  
But Uncle Sam wouldn't have it so, for he ain't built that way.  
They swore that this Messiah came to them in visions sleep,  
And promised to restore their game and Buffalos a heap,  
So they must start a big ghost dance, then all would join their band,  
And may be so we lead the way into the great Bad Land.

\*James Mooney, *The Ghost-Dance Religion and Wounded Knee*. (New York, Dover Publications, 1973) pp. 883-886. Reprinted from *The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890* (Washington, D.C., Government Printing Office, 1896).

*Chorus:*

They claimed the shirt Messiah gave, no bullet could go through,  
 But when the Soldiers fired at them they saw this was not true.  
 The Medicine man supplied them with their great Messiah's grace,  
 And he, too, pulled his freight and swore the 7th hard to face.

About their tents the Soldiers stood, awaiting one and all,  
 That they might hear the trumpet clear when sounding General call  
 Or Boots and Saddles in a rush, that each and every man  
 Might mount in haste, ride soon and fast to stop this devilish band  
 But Generals great like Miles and Brooke don't do things up that way,  
 For they know an Indian like a book, and let him have his sway  
 Until they think him far enough and then to John they'll say,  
 "You had better stop your fooling or we'll bring our guns to play."

*Chorus.*—They claimed the shirt, etc.

The 9th marched out with splendid cheer the Bad Lands to explo'e—  
 With Col. Henry at their head they never fear the foe;  
 So on they rode from Xmas eve 'till dawn of Xmas day;

The Red Skins heard the 9th was near and fled in great dismay;  
 The 7th is of courage bold both officers and men,

But bad luck seems to follow them and twice has took them in;  
 They came in contact with Big Foot's warriors in their fierce might  
 This chief made sure he had a chance of vantage in the fight.

*Chorus.*—They claimed the shirt, etc.

A fight took place, 'twas hand to hand, unwarned by trumpet call,  
 While the Sioux were dropping man by man—the 7th killed them all,  
 And to that regiment be said "Ye noble braves, well done,

Although you lost some gallant men a glorious fight you've won."  
 The 8th was there, the sixth rode miles to swell that great command  
 And waited orders night and day to round up Short Bull's band.

The Infantry marched up in mass the Cavalry's support,  
 And while the latter rounded up, the former held the fort.

*Chorus.*—They claimed the shirt, etc.

E battery of the 1st stood by and did their duty well,

For every time the Hotchkiss barked they say a hostile fell.  
 Some Indian soldiers chipped in too and helped to quell the fray,  
 And now the campaign's ended and the soldiers marched away.

So all have done their share, you see, whether it was thick or thin,  
 And all helped break the ghost dance up and drive the hostiles in.  
 The settlers in that region now can breathe with better grace;

They only ask and pray to God to make John hold his base.

*Chorus.*—They claimed the shirt, etc.

(W. H. Prather, 1, 9th Cavalry).

## THE INDIAN STORY OF WOUNDED KNEE\*

**TURNING HAWK**, Pine Ridge (Mr Cook, interpreter): Mr Commissioner, my purpose to-day is to tell you what I know of the condition of affairs at the agency where I live. A certain falsehood came to our agency from the west which had the effect of a fire upon the Indians, and when this certain fire came upon our people those who had farsightedness and could see into the matter made up their minds to stand up against it and fight it. The reason we took this hostile attitude to this fire was because we believed that you yourself would not be in favor of this particular mischief-making thing; but just as we expected, the people in authority did not like this thing and we were quietly told that we must give up or have nothing to do with this certain movement. Though this is the advice from our good friends in the east, there were, of course, many silly young men who were longing to become identified with the movement, although they knew that there was nothing absolutely bad, nor did they know there was anything absolutely good, in connection with the movement.

In the course of time we heard that the soldiers were moving toward the scene of trouble. After awhile some of the soldiers finally reached our place and we heard that a number of them also reached our friends at Rosebud. Of course, when a large body of soldiers is moving toward a certain direction they inspire a more or less amount of awe, and it is natural that the women and children who see this large moving mass are made afraid of it and be put in a condition to make them run away. At first we thought that Pine Ridge and Rosebud were the only two agencies where soldiers were sent, but finally we heard that the other agencies fared likewise. We heard and saw that about half our friends at Rosebud agency, from fear at seeing the soldiers, began the move of running away from their agency toward ours (Pine Ridge), and when they had gotten inside of our reservation they there learned that right ahead of them at our agency was another large crowd of soldiers, and while the soldiers were there, there was constantly a great deal of false rumor flying back and forth. The special rumor I have in mind is the threat that the soldiers had come there to disarm the Indians entirely and to take away all their horses from them. That was the oft-repeated story.

So constantly repeated was this story that our friends from Rosebud, instead of going to Pine Ridge, the place of their desti-

\*[From the Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1891, volume 1, pages 179-181. Extracts from verbatim stenographic report of council held by delegations of Sioux with Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at Washington, February 11, 1891.]

nation, veered off and went to some other direction toward the "Bad Lands." We did not know definitely how many, but understood there were 300 lodges of them, about 1,700 people. Eagle Pipe, Turning Bear, High Hawk, Short Bull, Lance, No Flesh, Pine Bird, Crow Dog, Two Strike, and White Horse were the leaders.

Well, the people after veering off in this way, many of them who believe in peace and order at our agency, were very anxious that some influence should be brought upon these people. In addition to our love of peace we remembered that many of these people were related to us by blood. So we sent out peace commissioners to the people who were thus running away from their agency.

I understood at the time that they were simply going away from fear because of so many soldiers. So constant was the word of these good men from Pine Ridge agency that finally they succeeded in getting away half of the party from Rosebud, from the place where they took refuge, and finally were brought to the agency at Pine Ridge. Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses, Little Wound, Fast Thunder, Louis Shangreau, John Grass, Jack Red Cloud, and myself were some of these peace-makers.

The remnant of the party from Rosebud not taken to the agency finally reached the wilds of the Bad Lands. Seeing that we had succeeded so well, once more we sent to the same party in the Bad Lands and succeeded in bringing these very Indians out of the depths of the Bad Lands and were being brought toward the agency. When we were about a day's journey from our agency we heard that a certain party of Indians (Big Foot's band) from the Cheyenne River agency was coming toward Pine Ridge in flight.

**CAPTAIN SWORD:** Those who actually went off of the Cheyenne River agency probably number 303, and there were a few from the Standing Rock reserve with them, but as to their number I do not know. There were a number of Ogalallas, old men and several school boys, coming back with that very same party, and one of the very seriously wounded boys was a member of the Ogalalla boarding school at Pine Ridge agency. He was not on the warpath, but was simply returning home to his agency and to his school after a summer visit to relatives on the Cheyenne river.

**TURNING HAWK:** When we heard that these people were coming toward our agency we also heard this. These people were coming toward Pine Ridge agency, and when they were almost on the agency they were met by the soldiers and surrounded and finally taken to the Wounded Knee creek, and there at a given time their guns were demanded. When they had delivered them up, the

men were separated from their families, from their tipis, and taken to a certain spot. When the guns were thus taken and the men thus separated, there was a crazy man, a young man of very bad influence and in fact a nobody, among that bunch of Indians fired his gun, and of course the firing of a gun must have been the breaking of a military rule of some sort, because immediately the soldiers returned fire and indiscriminate killing followed.

**SPOTTED HORSE:** This man shot an officer in the army; the first shot killed this officer. I was a voluntary scout at that encounter and I saw exactly what was done, and that was what I noticed; that the first shot killed an officer. As soon as this shot was fired the Indians immediately began drawing their knives, and they were exhorted from all sides to desist, but this was not obeyed. Consequently the firing began immediately on the part of the soldiers.

**TURNING HAWK:** All the men who were in a bunch were killed right there, and those who escaped that first fire got into the ravine, and as they went along up the ravine for a long distance they were pursued on both sides by the soldiers and shot down, as the dead bodies showed afterwards. The women were standing off at a different place from where the men were stationed, and when the firing began, those of the men who escaped the first onslaught went in one direction up the ravine, and then the women, who were bunched together at another place, went entirely in a different direction through an open field, and the women fared the same fate as the men who went up the deep ravine.

**AMERICAN HORSE:** The men were separated, as has already been said, from the women, and they were surrounded by the soldiers. Then came next the village of the Indians and that was entirely surrounded by the soldiers also. When the firing began, of course the people who were standing immediately around the young man who fired the first shot were killed right together, and then they turned their guns, Hotchkiss guns, etc., upon the women who were in the lodges standing there under a flag of truce, and of course as soon as they were fired upon they fled, the men fleeing in one direction and the women running in two different directions. So that there were three general directions in which they took flight.

There was a woman with an infant in her arms who was killed as she almost touched the flag of truce, and the women and children of course were strewn all along the circular village until they were dispatched. Right near the flag of truce a mother was shot down with her infant; the child not knowing that its mother was dead was still nursing, and that especially was a very sad sight. The women as they were fleeing with their babies were killed together, shot right through, and the women who were

very heavy with child were also killed. All the Indians fled in these three directions, and after most all of them had been killed a cry was made that all those who were not killed or wounded should come forth and they would be safe. Little boys who were not wounded came out of their places of refuge, and as soon as they came in sight a number of soldiers surrounded them and butchered them there.

Of course we all feel very sad about this affair. I stood very loyal to the government all through those troublesome days, and believing so much in the government and being so loyal to it, my disappointment was very strong, and I have come to Washington with a very great blame on my heart. Of course it would have been all right if only the men were killed; we would feel almost grateful for it. But the fact of the killing of the women, and more especially the killing of the young boys and girls who are to go to make up the future strength of the Indian people, is the saddest part of the whole affair and we feel it very sorely.

I was not there at the time before the burial of the bodies, but I did go there with some of the police and the Indian doctor and a great many of the people, men from the agency, and we went through the battlefield and saw where the bodies were from the track of the blood.

**TURNING HAWK:** I had just reached the point where I said that the women were killed. We heard, besides the killing of the men, of the onslaught also made upon the women and children, and they were treated as roughly and indiscriminately as the men and boys were.

Of course this affair brought a great deal of distress upon all the people, but especially upon the minds of those who stood loyal to the government and who did all that they were able to do in the matter of bringing about peace. They especially have suffered much distress and are very much hurt at heart. These peace-makers continued on in their good work, but there were a great many fickle young men who were ready to be moved by the change in the events there, and consequently, in spite of the great fire that was brought upon all, they were ready to assume any hostile attitude. These young men got themselves in readiness and went in the direction of the scene of battle so they might be of service there. They got there and finally exchanged shots with the soldiers. This party of young men was made up from Rosebud, Ogalalla (Pine Ridge), and members of any other agencies that happened to be there at the time. While this was going on in the neighborhood of Wounded Knee—the Indians and soldiers exchanging shots—the agency, our home, was also fired into by the Indians. Matters went on in this strain until the evening came on, and then the Indians went off down by White Clay

creek. When the agency was fired upon by the Indians from the hillside, of course the shots were returned by the Indian police who were guarding the agency buildings.

Although fighting seemed to have been in the air, yet those who believed in peace were still constant at their work. Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses, who had been on a visit to some other agency in the north or northwest, returned, and immediately went out to the people living about White Clay creek, on the border of the Bad Lands, and brought his people out. He succeeded in obtaining the consent of the people to come out of their place of refuge and return to the agency. Thus the remaining portion of the Indians who started from Rosebud were brought back into the agency. Mr Commissioner, during the days of the great whirlwind out there, those good men tried to hold up a counteracting power, and that was "Peace." We have now come to realize that peace has prevailed and won the day. While we were engaged in bringing about peace our property was left behind, of course, and most of us have lost everything, even down to the matter of guns with which to kill ducks, rabbits, etc, shotguns, and guns of that order. When Young-Man-Afraid brought the people in and their guns were asked for, both men who were called hostile and men who stood loyal to the government delivered up their guns.