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Indians had been dancing until nearly morning, and the house was consequently left unguarded.

At daybreak on Monday morning, December 15, 1890, the police and volunteers, 43 in number, under command of Lieutenant Bull Head, a cool and reliable man, surrounded Sitting Bull's house. He had two log cabins, a few rods apart, and to make sure of their man, eight of the police entered one house and ten went into the other, while the rest remained on guard outside. They found him asleep on the floor in the larger house. He was aroused and told that he was a prisoner and must go to the agency. He made no objection, but said "All right; I will dress and go with you." He then sent one of his wives to the other house for some clothes he desired to wear, and asked to have his favorite horse saddled for him to ride, which was done by one of the police. On looking about the room two rifles and several knives were found and taken by the police. While dressing, he apparently changed his mind and began abusing the police for disturbing him, to which they made no reply. While this was going on inside, his followers, to the number of perhaps 150, were congregating about the house outside and by the time he was dressed an excited crowd of Indians had the police entirely surrounded and were pressing them to the wall. On being brought out, Sitting Bull became greatly excited and refused to go, and called on his followers to rescue him. Lieutenant Bull Head and Sergeant Shave Head were standing on each side of him, with Second Sergeant Red Tomahawk guarding behind, while the rest of the police were trying to clear the way in front, when one of Sitting Bull's followers, Catch-the-Bear, fired and shot Lieutenant Bull Head in the side. Bull Head at once turned and sent a bullet into the body of Sitting Bull, who was also shot through the head at the same moment by Red Tomahawk. Sergeant Shave Head was shot by another of the crowd, and fell to the ground with Bull Head and Sitting Bull. Catch-the-Bear, who fired the first shot, was immediately shot and killed by Alone Man, one of the police, and it became a desperate hand-to-hand fight of less than 43 men against more than a hundred. The trained police soon drove their assailants into the timber near by, and then returned and carried their dead and wounded into the house and held it for about two hours, until the arrival of the troops under Captain Peckét, about half past seven. The troops had been notified of the perilous situation of the police by Hawk Man, who had volunteered to carry the information from Sitting Bull's camp. He succeeded in getting away, assisted by Red Tomahawk, although so closely pursued that several bullets passed through his clothing. In spite of the efforts of the hostiles, the police also held possession of the corral, which Sitting Bull had filled with horses in anticipation of his flight. When the cavalry came in sight over a hill, about 1,500 yards distant from the camp, the police at the corral raised a white flag to show where they were, but the troops, mistaking them for hostiles, fired two shells at them from

Murder