

civilization that although there were two or three salaried missionaries at the agency not one went out to say a prayer over the poor mangled bodies of these victims of war. The Catholic priests had reasons for not being present, as one of them, Father Craft, was lying in the hospital with a dangerous wound received on the battlefield while bravely administering to the dying wants of the soldiers in the heat of the encounter, and the other, Father Jutz, an old man of 70 years, was at the mission school 5 miles away, still attending to his little flock of 100 children



FIG. 80.—Survivors of Wounded Knee—Marguerite Zitkala-noni (1891).

as before the trouble began, and unaware of what was transpiring at the agency.

A long trench was dug and into it were thrown all the bodies, piled one upon another like so much cordwood, until the pit was full, when the earth was heaped over them and the funeral was complete (plate c). Many of the bodies were stripped by the whites, who went out in order to get the "ghost shirts," and the frozen bodies were thrown into the trench stiff and naked. They were only dead Indians. As one of the burial party said, "It was a thing to melt the heart of a man, if it was