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Sitting Bull was kept nominally a prisoner, away from his people, the Huncpapas, at Ft. Randall on the Missouri River, down near the Nebraska Line until 1883, when he was allowed to return and take up his home with his band, near Ft. Yates on Grand River, in North Dakota, but he held aloof from the agency, he remained the reactionary, and as the prophet and sacred dreamer, steadfast in his adherence to the Indian ideals of his people, and was respected and looked up to by them.

Then in the Fall of 1890 came the mysterious Ghost Dance, the Messiah Craze, spreading over the Indian Country from British America to Texas, among all the Indians West of the Missouri, just where or how it originated has never been decided, probably near Walkers Lake Nevada.

It was the outgrowth of the Missionary teaching, promising the second coming of our Savior, The Great Spirit (Wakan Tonka, the Great Mystery) was to send his son back to save the people, to bring back the buffalo, and repossess his Red Children of their cherished hunting grounds, of which they had been despoiled by the White Man, for was it not so written in the good book, the bible.

There was threats of outbreak, the U.S. Army was put in motion, and all strategic points occupied, and the religious movement ordered suppressed, this but added fuel to the flames, stirred up the old racial antagonism, and added the war like spirit to the newly awakened religious fervor.

Sitting Bull began again making medicine, and became the Prophet of his people in a new crusade, to recover the "Holy Land", this was but natural.

With the aid of ~~icking~~ Bear the leading medicine man, he organized the Ghost Dance among the Huncpapas, and the Government deciding that the movement should be suppressed, his arrest was ordered.

Resisting this arrest he with his son Crow Foot, and himself, with several others, were killed by the Indian Police under Red Tomahawk and Bull Head, sergeants, on Dec. 15th. 1900.

In the Spring of 1879 after many years service on the frontier, and among the Indians, as an engineer in the Western Explorations, and as Surgeon of Cavalry in the Indian campaigns, I was under President Hayes, appointed U.S. Indian Agent in charge of the Red Cloud or Pine Ridge Agency in Dakota, of 9,000 semihostile Plains Indians, scattered over 4,000 square miles of country, at the age of twenty nine.

Early in my official career I realized the importance and necessity of acquiring the ability of being able to put yourself in the other mans place, and get his point of view, and I to quite an extent succeeded, and thereby secured the confidence of the Indians, I gave them a home government, replaced the U.S. Troops present at the agency, by the original mounted Indian Police of the service numbering fifty, and for the succeeding seven years, i.e., until 1886 never had a soldier on the reservation — except as a visitor.

In 1886 under the democratic President Cleveland clashing with the political heads of the Indian Service in Washington, on matters of policy, resulted in my severing my connection with the service, and I settled down in the Black Hills, one hundred and eighty miles North,

Early in November 1890 the Ghost Dance had arrived at Pine Ridge, largely by reason of the fact that Chief Red Cloud was reactionary in his make up, and a close friend of Sitting Bulls, and a sympathizer,

Soon Gen. Brooks the Department Commander was ordered onto the reservation with a thousand men, which naturally added to the excitement, and danger of trouble. the "political agent" had lost confidence in his police, and had called for troops.

As a member of the Governors Staff of Dakota, I was ordered onto the reservation to look after the interests of the settlers, investigate, etc,

All of my old Indians welcomed me, the chiefs, including Red Cloud, begged of me to have the troops taken away to prevent a clash with the young fighting element, but the troops had been ordered in, and their presence had to be justified, I argued with Gen. Brooks, but it was useless, I offered if he would move the troops over the Nebraska line, to settle the trouble in a day, and the Chiefs backed me in the offer.