

Sitting Bull Agency

A few days later, Special Indian Agent Cooper, who had been sent out from the Indian Office in Washington to investigate conditions, came to me and announced, "Major, I have instructions from the Indian Office to investigate you on charges," and after argument showed me a copy of a telegram from Agent Royer to the Indian Commissioner, reading as follows, "McGillycuddy is here abusing the administration, inciting the Indians to disturbance, and doing me dirt and I want him removed."

Along came an official letter from Pres. Harrison's Indian Commissioner Morgan, an ex-Baptist preacher, calling my attention to the interview in Washington Star, and remarking "Your attention is called to the fact that during your incumbency as Indian Agent at Pine Ridge, many grave charges were made against you, and it is not to be presumed that with your memory of those charges, you will now make statements that you can not substantiate; hence you are called upon for an explanation."

I replied that I had a very vivid recollection of those old charges, as I had been tried before Cleveland's Secretary of the Interior Lamar on the same, but not convicted; but in that connection I failed to see how those old charges had anything to do with his feeding the Indians "through Texas Beef" in violation of the contract, and I would look further into the matter and advise him."

I was at that time consulting engineers for the Union Pacific Railroad, so I got access to their books, and traced the 5,000 head of beef from the time the same was loaded on to the cars at Clayton and Amarillo Stations, Texas, the prior Agency, until received at Pine Ridge, and so informed the Commissioner.

Naturally I became a "persona non grata," to politicians, contractors, and others, both Republican and Democratic.

Late in November, when the

(Newspaper Clipping--Name not given.)

SITTING BULL

When the news was telegraphed from the Standing Rock agency last winter that the great warrior and chieftain, Sitting Bull, was dead, I instinctively exclaimed, he had been murdered. I was then nearly two thousand miles from the wigwam where the famous chief of the Sioux nation met death at the hands of the Indian police. A few days ago I visited Ft. Yates and there, unsolicited, heard expressed the deliberate judgment of men who were familiar with all the circumstances, that the killing of Sitting Bull was nothing more or less than cold blooded, premeditated murder. Not satisfied with the life of the old patriarch himself, we were told that his son, a mere youth, was aroused from his innocent slumbers in his aged father's tepee, dragged from his bed and shot dead while the agonizing cries of his mother and sister were piercing the silent night air imploring mercy from the judgment seat of the Great Spirit. We were also told that the feeling of disgust among the Indians for a government that tolerates such atrocities is universal and enduring.

The major in his report to the Ind. Com. Morgan made many false statements about me and you. I send you the paper. He knew that he was lying about me while he wrote it. Will God ever punish him for his double-dealing.