

A FIGHT WITH THE HOSTILES

BIG FOOT'S TREACHERY PRECIPITATES A BATTLE.

CAPT. WALLACE OF THE SEVENTH CAVALRY KILLED, WITH MANY INDIANS AND SOLDIERS—LIEUT. GARLINGTON SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. D., Dec. 29.—Big Foot's braves turned upon their captors this morning and a bloody fight ensued. The trouble came when the soldiers attempted to disarm the Indians, who had surrendered to Major Whiteside. This move on the part of the troops was resisted, and a bloody and desperate battle at close quarters followed, in which the Indians were shot down ruthlessly and in which the lives of several soldiers were sacrificed.

Capt. George W. Wallace was killed, and Lieut. Garlington and fifty troopers were wounded.

Big Foot's band, numbering 150 warriors, surrendered yesterday to Major Whiteside, who, with the Seventh Cavalry, had been in readiness to intercept the hostiles who were making for the Bad Lands. This party of warriors had previously escaped while being taken under escort by Col. Sumner to Fort Bennett. They made no show of resistance when offered by Major Whiteside the alternative to surrender or engage in battle, and were marched to the old camp on Wounded Knee Creek, where they were surrounded by the troops, while couriers were sent to Gen. Brooke for reinforcements.

This camp is about twenty miles from Pine Ridge Agency. With the Indians thus captured were the immediate followers of Sitting Bull, and all were in a sullen and ugly mood. They had been closely pressed by Col. Sumner's troopers, and were harassed on every side by the cavalry. They had made a forced march for the Bad Lands, accompanied by their squaws and children, who were suffering for food.

Col. Forsythe arrived at the camp early this morning, bearing orders from Gen. Brooke to disarm Big Foot's band. Col. Forsythe assumed command of the regulars, which comprised two battalions of 500 men, with Hotchkiss guns. It was feared that the Indians would offer resistance, and every precaution was taken to prevent an escape and to render the movement successful. Col. Forsythe threw his force around the Indian camp and mounted the Hotchkiss guns so as to command the camp, and at 8 o'clock issued the order to disarm the redskins.

The preparations were quickly made. The command was given to the Indians to come forward from the tents. This was done, the squaws and children remaining behind the tepees. The braves advanced a short distance from the camp to the place designated and were placed in a half circle, the warriors squatting on the ground. A body of troops were then dismounted and thrown around the Indians, this force, comprising Company K, Capt. Wallace, and Company B, Capt. Varnum. The order was then given to twenty Indians to go to the tents and get their guns. Upon returning it was seen that only two guns were brought. A detachment at once began to search the village, resulting in thirty-eight guns being found.

As this task was about completed, the Indians, surrounded by Companies K and B, began to move. All of a sudden they threw their hands to the ground and began firing rapidly at the troops not twenty feet away. The troops were at a great disadvantage, fearing to shoot their own comrades. The Indians, women, and children then ran to the south, the battery firing rapidly at them as they ran. Soon the mounted troops were after them, shooting them down on the wing on every side.

The engagement lasted fully an hour and a half. To the south many took refuge in a ravine, from which it was difficult to dislodge them. The Indians from cover kept up a constant fire on the soldiers, who replied, picking off the redskins at every opportunity. The Hotchkiss gun was also run up so as to command the ravine, and a withering fire was poured upon the reds. It is estimated that the soldiers killed and wounded number about fifty. Just now it is impossible to state the exact number of dead Indians. There are more than fifty, however, killed outright.

The Indians were shot down wherever found, no quarter being given by any one. Capt. Wallace was killed by a blow of a club on the head, and Lieut. Garlington of arctic fame was shot through the arm at the elbow.

The soldiers pursued the red skins who attempted to escape from the ravine, and few of the band of 150 who surrendered yesterday escaped. To say that it was a most daring feat, 120 Indians attacking 500 cavalry, expresses the situation but faintly.

It could only have been insanity which prompted such a deed. It is doubted if by night either a buck or a squaw out of all Big Foot's band is left to tell the tale of this day's treachery.

The members of the Seventh Cavalry have once more shown themselves to be heroes in deeds of daring. Single-handed conflicts were seen all over the field.

The Indians were not all armed with guns, many of them having only pistols or knives and clubs. They fought with desperation, and after the first surprise were greatly at a disadvantage. After breaking through the line that surrounded them they were at the mercy of the mounted troopers, the ground for some distance being unbroken.

After the first volley the Indians threw themselves upon the troopers who surrounded them, and who were so completely taken by surprise that they were unable to return the first fire, and could only fight with their clubbed guns or small arms.

Before the battle was over another skirmish occurred near the agency this afternoon. One of Col. Forsythe's troopers of the Seventh Cavalry was fired on by some Indians who went out from the Rosebud Camp, near Pine Ridge, and on their return they fired into the agency. This caused a skirmish, in which two soldiers were wounded. Owing to the absence of the cavalry there is great trepidation here. Indian scouts who have just come in say that but few of Big Foot's men are left alive.