

Grouard's entrance into the Sioux village did not have a very soothing effect upon his nerves. From the moment of his capture he had been constantly looking forward to the end of his troubles in death by torture. His knowledge of the Indians had been somewhat limited, it is true; but his former experience as a captive did not tend to lighten the terrible load that weighed down his young heart. He knew that he had no means of communication with his captors; he did not even understand their simplest signs nor comprehend a word they said. His position was a terrible one, but his fate, whatever it might be, was only conjectural.

Several of his captors escorted him through the main portion of the village, and it appeared to Grouard that every tipi had been emptied of its inmates to witness his arrival. What seemed particularly perplexing to him was the silence maintained by the redmen. They crowded about the animal he rode, and impeded its progress in their anxiety to look into the captive's face; but they gave no sign of anger, and raised no shout of triumph.\*

79 "It is the calm," thought Grouard, "that precedes the storm. They are reserving their shouts till the fires are lighted about the stake to which they intend to burn me."

After what seemed an age to the captive, his guards stopped in front of a large lodge, and he was dismounted and led inside. Once within the tipi, he glanced hastily about to view his surroundings. His eyes were sore and swollen from exposure, and he was nearly dead from the cold, but he immediately discovered that he was not the only occupant of the lodge. Almost within touching distance from him, his eyes riveted on Grouard's face, stood the savage who had struck to earth the Indian who was making an attempt to kill him when his capture was effected. A bright fire burned on the ground in the middle of the lodge, and reflected itself upon the massive face of the tipi's owner. For the second time in his life Grouard stood face to face with the most redoubtable Sioux warrior of the age. He was the guest of no less a personage than Sitting Bull himself.

At that time the Sioux chief was thirty-six years old, and in the prime of a magnificent savage manhood. His head was crowned with a profusion of long, black hair, which he wore brushed from a low forehead. His face was massive and swarthy. His eyes were large and expressive, while the mouth was large and the lips thin, indicating cruelty. His shoulders were broad and heavy, and his body tapered symmetrically. His wearing apparel consisted of breech-clout and leggins, a buffalo robe doing service as an overcoat. Grouard states that in all the year of his enforced residence with the Sioux he never knew Sitting Bull to rise to the dignity of a boiled shirt, although photographs said to have been taken of the chief in later years show him to have grown somewhat aesthetic and particular in this regard.

80 The only bodily defect Grouard noticed about Sitting Bull was a well-defined limp. The cause of this, he afterward discovered, was a wound in the left foot. The story of his receiving it is short and out of place here:

The Sioux and Crows were constantly at war, and the latter were ever on the watch for their merciless and raiding enemy. During one of these scalping excursions, two war parties became tangled up on the banks of the Porcupine. The Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, ever ready to set an example to the young braves of his tribe and keep aflame the terror the Crows associated with his name, challenged the Crow leader to single combat. While the braves on

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