

his retreat, ceased on the bluffs from aggressive fighting.)

"When the fight commenced here," I asked, pointing to the spot where Custer advanced behind the Little Big Horn, "what happened?"

"Hell!"

"You mean, I suppose, a fierce battle?"

"I mean a thousand devils."

"The village was by this time thoroughly aroused?"

"The squaws were like flying birds; the bullets were like humming bees."

"You say that when the first attack was made off here on the right of the map, the old men and squaws and children ran down the valley toward the left. What did they do when this second attack came from up here toward the left?"

"They ran back again to the right, here and there," answered Sitting Bull, placing his swarthy fingers on the words "Abandoned Lodges."

"And where did the warriors run?"

"They ran to the fight--the big fight."

"So that in the afternoon, after the first fight, on the right hand side of the map, was over, and after the big fight on the left hand side began, you say the squaws and children all returned to the right hand side, and that the warriors, the fighting men of all the Indian camps, ran to the place where the big fight was going on?"

"Yes."

"Why was that? Were not some of the warriors left in front of these intrenchments on the bluffs, near the right side of the map? Did not you think it necessary,--did not your war chiefs think it necessary,--to keep some of your young men there to fight the troops who had retreated to these intrenchments?"

"No."