

Wks of SB

Preface

It has frequently been stated in the newspapers, since the unexpected exhibition of fighting qualities by Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph, that those warriors are not the ignorant savages their names and positions would indicate; but that they have in fact both been educated at institutions of learning. Full confirmation of this idea is found in the following letters from S^B- one of them addressed to CJ- which have just been handed me by an army officer lately arrived from the West.

According to his account of the letters, they ~~have~~ were given him at one of the upper posts by one Du Frene, the father of whom one of the letters is addressed." (Canadian or No French)
Letter brot to post, DFSr absent, and young man got it..Sr with Eng tourists "visiting the wonders of the Yellowstone"

"On the seal- of red sealing-wax--which secured the outer envelope, was impressed the device of a buffalo bull sitting upon his haunches. This Du Frene cut around with his pocket knife, so as to preserve it from injury" Finding the enclosure was for CJoseph, and knowing that his father would not lend himself to any improper designs of SB, he opened it. "with no little curiosity" but could not read Latin and showed it to the officer. He showed it to Gen Crook. "As General Crook, however, did not deem them" (the papers) "of any high official importance, the officer, in accordance with his request, was permitted to retain them, and was thus enabled to place them at the disposal of

THE EDITOR

The letter (in French) is a request from SB to Du Frene Sr, to forward the enclosure to Chief Joseph, with whom SB says he has often made the effort (me servir des paroles du poete.) "Entre les ombres d'Academe de chercher de verite."

Follows a Latin selection, together with a Sapphic poem.
The translation is worthy of the Latin verse:

"The time for use of warlike arms is past:
Our savage valor finds its goal at last.
To the long wanderings of our wearied feet
No place is open for a safe retreat;
For now upon me, pressed, with sullen frown,
The British lion sits unjustly down.

The verse goes on to express his willingness to treat with the Commissioners on the way to meet him in Canada

"I don't decline. Besides, up here, methinks,
It is a fearful interval 'tween drinks.

He then invokes the Indians, his fellows, and urges them to plead with Great Father for the right to hunt undisturbed, promising that he will bury the hatchet then. That he has shed enough blood, and has won undying fame.

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