

Preface to Part II (cont'd.)

indeed true, it is painful to conclude that, whatever his education, Sitting Bull still remains an unmitigated savage.

Editor.

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Come, Father, now when snows invest the ground,
And lake and stream with frosty chains are bound.
Come while Winter reigns with icy sheen;
Or come in summer, when the flowery queen
Has sway, and all our northern world is green.
Oh, there's nothing like the summer
When it blazes from on high,
In impassioned glow embracing
All the earth and all the sky.
Then, beside the purling waters, -
'Mid the forest's densest shade, -
'Mid the throng of Nature's murmurs, -
Let our listless limbs be laid.
Let us list the hum of insects, -
List the whisperings of the breeze.
Fan us with your waving branches, -
Bend above us, forest trees!