

# From the Deep Woods to Civilization

CHAPTERS IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF AN INDIAN

BY

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(OHIYESA)

*ILLUSTRATED*



BOSTON  
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1916

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Published, September, 1916

Norwood Press  
Set up and electrotyped by J. S. Cushing Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.  
Presswork by S. J. Parkhill & Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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## VIII

### WAR WITH THE POLITICIANS

WHEN the most industrious and advanced Indians on the reservation, to the number of thousands, were ordered into camp within gunshot of Pine Ridge agency, they had necessarily left their homes, their live stock, and most of their household belongings unguarded. In all troubles between the two races, history tells us that the innocent and faithful Indians have been sufferers, and this case was no exception. There was much sickness from exposure, and much unavoidable sorrow and anxiety. Furthermore, the "war" being over, these loyal Indians found that their houses had been entered and pillaged, and many of their cattle and horses had disappeared.

The authorities laid all this to the door of the "hostiles," and no doubt in some cases the charge may have been true. On

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the other hand, this was a golden opportunity for white horse and cattle thieves in the surrounding country, and the ranch owners within a radius of a hundred miles claimed large losses also. Moreover, the Government herd of "issue cattle" was found to be greatly depleted. It was admitted that some had been killed for food by those Indians who fled in terror to the "Bad Lands," but only a limited number could be accounted for in this way, and little of the stolen property was ever found. An inspector was ordered to examine and record these "depredation claims," and Congress passed a special appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars to pay them. We shall hear more of this later.

I have tried to make it clear that there was no "Indian outbreak" in 1890-91, and that such trouble as we had may justly be charged to the dishonest politicians, who through unfit appointees first robbed the Indians, then bullied them, and finally in a panic called for troops to suppress them. From my first days at Pine Ridge, certain Indians and white people had taken every

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occasion to whisper into my reluctant ears the tale of wrongs, real or fancied, committed by responsible officials on the reservation, or by their connivance. To me these stories were unbelievable, from the point of view of common decency. I held that a great government such as ours would never condone or permit any such practices, while administering large trust funds and standing in the relation of guardian to a race made helpless by lack of education and of legal safeguards. At that time, I had not dreamed what American politics really is, and I had the most exalted admiration for our noted public men. Accordingly, I dismissed these reports as mere gossip or the inventions of mischief-makers.

In March of 1891 I was invited to address the Congregational Club of Chicago, and on my arrival in the city I found to my surprise that the press still fostered the illusion of a general Indian uprising in the spring. It was reported that all the towns adjoining the Sioux reservations had organized and were regularly drilling a home guard for their protection. These alarmists seemed

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either ignorant or forgetful of the fact that there were only about thirty thousand Sioux altogether, or perhaps six thousand men of fighting age, more than half of whom had been civilized and Christianized for a generation and had just proved their loyalty and steadfastness through a trying time. Furthermore, the leaders of the late "hostiles" were even then in confinement in Fort Sheridan. When I was approached by the reporters, I reminded them of this, and said that everything was quiet in the field, but if there were any danger from the ghost dancers, Chicago was in the most immediate peril!

Fortunately we had in the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs at that time a sincere man, and one who was deeply in sympathy with educational and missionary work, General Morgan of Indiana. He was a lover of fair play, and throughout my fight for justice he gave me all the support within his power. As I have before intimated, I found at Pine Ridge no conveyance for the doctor's professional use, and indeed no medical equipment worthy the name. The

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agency doctor was thrown entirely upon his own resources, without the support of colleagues, and there was no serious attempt at sanitation or preventive work. I had spent a good part of my salary, as well as funds contributed by friends for the purpose, in the purchase of suitable medical supplies and instruments. Finally, I boldly asked for a team and buggy, also a hospital for critical cases, with a trained nurse, and a house for us to live in. Somewhat to my surprise, all of these were allowed. I was ambitious to give efficient service, so far as it was possible, and I loved my work, though the field was too large and the sick were too many for one man to care for, and there were many obstacles in the way. One was the native prejudice, still strong, against the white man's medicine, and especially against any kind of surgical operation. The people were afraid of anæsthesia, and even in cases where life depended upon it, they had steadfastly refused to allow a limb to be amputated. If I so much as put on a plaster cast, I had no sooner left our temporary hospital than they took it off.

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It may be of interest to tell how this prejudice was in part overcome. One day my friend Three Stars, a Christian chief, came in with his wife, who had dislocated her shoulder. "Can you help her?" he asked. "Yes," I said, "but I must first put her to sleep. You should have brought her to me last night, when it first happened," I added, "and then that would not have been necessary."

"You know best," replied Three Stars, "I leave it entirely with you." In the presence of a number of the wounded Indians, I administered a small quantity of chloroform and jerked the arm back into its socket. She came back to consciousness laughing. It appeared to them a miracle, and I was appealed to after that whenever I dressed a painful wound, to "give me some of that stuff you gave to Three Stars' wife."

Not long afterwards, I amputated the leg of a mixed blood, which had been terribly crushed, and he not only recovered perfectly but was soon able to get about with ease on the artificial limb that I procured for him. My reputation was now established. I had

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gained much valuable experience, and in this connection I want to express my appreciation of the kindness of several army surgeons with whom it was my pleasure to work, one of whom took my place during a six weeks' leave of absence, when I went east to be married.

I had some interesting experiences with the Indian conjurers, or "medicine men," to use the names commonly given. I would rather say, mental healer or Christian scientist of our day, for the medicine man was all of that, and further he practised massage or osteopathy, used the Turkish bath, and some useful vegetable remedies. But his main hold on the minds of the people was gained through his appeals to the spirits and his magnetic and hypnotic powers.

I was warned that these men would seriously hamper my work, but I succeeded in avoiding antagonism by a policy of friendliness. Even when brought face to face with them in the homes of my patients, I preserved a professional and brotherly attitude. I recall one occasion when a misunderstanding between the parents of

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a sick child had resulted in a double call. The father, who was a policeman and a good friend of mine, urgently requested me to see his child; while the frantic mother sent for the most noted of the medicine men.

"Brother," I said, when I found him already in attendance, "I am glad you got here first. I had a long way to come, and the children need immediate attention."

"I think so too," he replied, "but now that you are here, I will withdraw."

"Why so? Surely two doctors should be better than one," I retorted. "Let us consult together. In the first place, we must determine what ails the child. Then we will decide upon the treatment." He seemed pleased, and I followed up the suggestion of a consultation by offering to enter with him the sweat bath he had prepared as a means of purification before beginning his work. After that, I had no difficulty in getting his consent to my treatment of the patient, and in time he became one of my warm friends. It was not unusual for him and other conjurers to call at my office to consult me, or "borrow" my medicine.

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I had some of the wounded in my care all winter. I remember one fine looking man who was severely injured; a man of ordinary strength would have succumbed, but his strength and courage were exceptional, and best of all, he had perfect faith in my ability to restore him to health. All through those months of trial, his pretty young wife was my faithful assistant. Every morning she came to see him with her baby on her back, cheering him and inspiring us both to do our best. When at last he was able to travel, they came together to say good-bye. She handed me something, carefully wrapped in paper, and asked me not to open it until they had gone. When I did so, I found that she had cut off her beautiful long braids of hair and given them to me in token of her gratitude!

I was touched by this little illustration of woman's devotion, and happy in the thought that I was soon to realize my long dream — to become a complete man! I thought of little else than the good we two could do together, and was perfectly contented with my salary of twelve hundred dollars a year.

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In spite of all that I had gone through, life was not yet a serious matter to me. I had faith in every one, and accepted civilization and Christianity at their face value — a great mistake, as I was to learn later on. I had come back to my people, not to minister to their physical needs alone, but to be a missionary in every sense of the word, and as I was much struck with the loss of manliness and independence in these, the first “reservation Indians” I had ever known, I longed above all things to help them to regain their self-respect.

On June 18, 1891, I was married to Elaine Goodale in the Church of the Ascension, New York City, by the Rev. Dr. Donald. Her two sisters were bridesmaids, and I had my chum in the medical school for best man, and two Dartmouth classmates as ushers. Many well known people were present. After the wedding breakfast in her father's apartments, we went to “Sky Farm,” my wife's birth-place in the beautiful Berkshire hills, where she and her sister Dora, as little girls, wrote the “Apple Blossoms” and other poems. A reception

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was given for us at Dorchester by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and after attending the Wellesley College commencement, and spending a few days with my wife's family, we returned to the West by way of Montreal. At Flandreau, South Dakota, my brother John had gathered all the family and the whole band of Flandreau Sioux to welcome us. There my father had brought me home from Canada, an absolute wild Indian, only eighteen years earlier! My honored father had been dead for some years, but my brothers had arranged to have a handsome memorial to him erected and unveiled at that time.

Our new home was building when we reached Pine Ridge, and we started life together in the old barracks, while planning the finishing and furnishing of the new. It was ready for us early in the fall. I had gained permission to add an open fireplace and a few other homelike touches at my own expense. We had the chiefs and leading men to dine with us, and quite as often some of the humbler Indians and poor old women were our guests. In fact, we kept open house, and the people loved to come and

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talk with us in their own tongue. My wife accompanied me on many of my trips now that I had a carriage, and was always prepared with clean clothing, bandages, and nourishing food for my needy patients.

There was nothing I called my own save my dogs and horses and my medicine bags, yet I was perfectly happy, for I had not only gained the confidence of my people, but that of the white residents, and even the border ranchmen called me in now and then. I answered every call, and have ridden forty or fifty miles in a blizzard, over dangerous roads, sometimes at night, while my young wife suffered much more than I in the anxiety with which she awaited my return. That was a bitterly cold winter, I remember, and we had only wood fires (soft wood) and no "modern conveniences"; yet we kept in perfect health. The year rolled around and our first child was born — a little girl whom we called Dora.

Meanwhile, though the troops had been recalled, we were under military agents; there were several changes, and our relations were pleasant with them all. The time

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came for the small annual payment of treaty money, and the one hundred thousand dollar payment for depredation claims, of which I have spoken, was also to be made by a special disbursing agent. This payment was not made by check, as usual, but in cash, and I was asked to be one of the three witnesses. I told the special agent that, as I was almost constantly occupied, it would be impossible for me to witness the payment, which would take several days; but he assured me that if only one of the three were present at a time it would be sufficient, and, understanding my duties to be only nominal, I consented.

I was in the office from time to time while the payment was going on, and saw the people sign their names, generally by mark, on the roll which had been prepared, opposite the amount which each was supposed to receive; then a clerk at another desk handed each in turn a handful of silver and bills, and he passed out as quickly as possible. The money was not counted out to him, and he was given no chance to count it until he got outside. Even then, many could not

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count it, and did not clearly understand how much it ought to be, while the traders and others were close at hand to get all or part of it without delay.

Before I knew it, I was approached by one and another, who declared that they had not received the full amount, and I found that in numerous cases reliable persons had counted the cash as soon as the payees came out of the office. A very able white teacher, a college graduate, counted for several old people who were protégés of hers; an influential native minister did the same, and so did several others; all reported that the amount was short from ten to fifteen per cent. When any one brought a shortage to the attention of the disbursing agent or his clerk, he was curtly told that he had made a mistake or lost some of the money.

The complaints grew louder, and other suspicious circumstances were reported. Within a few days it was declared that an investigation would be ordered. The agent who had made the payment and immediately left the agency, being informed of the situation, came back and tried to procure affidavits

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to show that it had been an honest payment. He urged me to sign, as one of the original witnesses, arguing that I had already committed myself. I refused. I said, "After all, I did not see the full amount paid to each claimant. As the payment was conducted, it was impossible for me to do so. I trusted you, therefore I allowed you to use my name, but I don't care to sign again."

The regular agent in charge of our Indians at the time was, as I have said, an army officer, with military ideas of discipline. Like myself, he had been in the field much of the time while the payment was going on, but had officially vouched for its correctness and signed all the papers, and he took his stand upon this. He remonstrated with me for my position in the matter, and did his best to avoid an investigation; but I was convinced that a gross fraud had been committed, and in my inexperience I believed that it had only to be exposed to be corrected. I determined to do all in my power to secure justice for those poor, helpless people, even though it must appear that I was careless in signing the original papers.

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I added my protest to that of others, and the department sent out a Quaker, an inspector whose record was excellent and who went about the work in a direct and straightforward way. He engaged a reliable interpreter, and called in witnesses on both sides. At the end of a fortnight, he reported that about ten thousand dollars had been dishonestly withheld from the Indians. A few of the better educated and more influential, especially mixed bloods, had been paid in full, while the old and ignorant had lost as high as fifteen or twenty per cent of their money. Evidence in support of this decision was sent to Washington.

After a short interval, I learned with astonishment that the report of this trusted inspector had not been accepted by the Secretary of the Interior, who had ordered a second investigation to supersede the first. Naturally, the second investigation was a farce and quickly ended in "white-washing" the special payment. The next step was to punish those who had testified for the Indians or tried to bring about an honest investigation in the face of official

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opposition. Of these, I had been perhaps the most active and outspoken.

The usual method of disciplining agency Indians in such a case is to deprive them of various privileges, possibly of rations also, and sometimes to imprison them on trivial pretexts. White men with Indian wives, and missionaries, may be ordered off the reservation as "disturbers of the peace," while with Government employees, some grounds are usually found for their dismissal from the service.

I was promptly charged with "insubordination" and other things, but my good friend, General Morgan, then Commissioner, declined to entertain the charges, and I, on my part, kept up the fight at Washington through influential friends, and made every effort to prove my case, or rather, the case of the people, for I had at no time any personal interest in the payment. The local authorities followed the usual tactics, and undertook to force a resignation by making my position at Pine Ridge intolerable. An Indian agent has almost autocratic power, and the conditions of life on an agency are

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such as to make every resident largely dependent upon his good will. We soon found ourselves hampered in our work and harassed by every imaginable annoyance. My requisitions were overlooked or "forgotten," and it became difficult to secure the necessaries of life. I would receive a curt written order to proceed without delay to some remote point to visit a certain alleged patient; then, before I had covered the distance, would be overtaken by a mounted policeman with arbitrary orders to return at once to the agency. On driving in rapidly and reporting to the agent's office for details of the supposed emergency, I might be rebuked for overdriving the horses, and charged with neglect of some chronic case of which I had either never been informed, or to which it had been physically impossible for me to give regular attention.

This sort of thing went on for several months, and I was finally summoned to Washington for a personal conference. I think I may safely say that my story was believed by Senators Dawes and Hoar, and by Commissioner Morgan also. I saw the

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Secretary of the Interior and the President, but they were non-committal. On my return, the same inspector who had white-washed the payment was directed to investigate the "strained relations" between the agent and myself, and my wife, who had meantime published several very frank letters in influential eastern papers, was made a party in the case.

I will not dwell upon the farcical nature of this "investigation." The inspector was almost openly against us from the start, and the upshot of the affair was that I was shortly offered a transfer. The agent could not be dislodged, and my position had become impossible. The superintendent of the boarding school, a clergyman, and one or two others who had fought on our side were also forced to leave. We had many other warm sympathizers who could not speak out without risking their livelihood.

We declined to accept the compromise, being utterly disillusioned and disgusted with these revelations of Government mismanagement in the field, and realizing the helplessness of the best-equipped Indians

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to secure a fair deal for their people. Later experience, both my own and that of others, has confirmed me in this view. Had it not been for strong friends in the East and on the press, and the unusual boldness and disregard of personal considerations with which we had conducted the fight, I could not have lasted a month. All other means failing, these men will not hesitate to manufacture evidence against a man's, or a woman's, personal reputation in order to attain their ends.

It was a great disappointment to us both to give up our plans of work and our first home, to which we had devoted much loving thought and most of our little means; but it seemed to us then the only thing to do. We had not the heart to begin the same thing over again elsewhere. I resigned my position in the Indian service, and removed with my family to the city of St. Paul, where I proposed to enter upon the independent practice of medicine.

## XII

### THE SOUL OF THE WHITE MAN

**M**Y last work under the auspices of the Government was the revision of the Sioux allotment rolls, including the determination of family groups, and the assignment of surnames when these were lacking. Originally, the Indians had no family names, and confusion has been worse confounded by the admission to the official rolls of vulgar nicknames, incorrect translations, and English cognomens injudiciously bestowed upon children in the various schools. Mr. Hamlin Garland and Dr. George Bird Grinnell interested themselves in this matter some years ago, and President Roosevelt foresaw the difficulties and complications in the way of land inheritance, hence my unique commission.

My method was to select from the personal names of a family, one which should be rea-

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sonably short, euphonious, and easily pronounced by the white man in the vernacular; or, failing this, a short translation in which the essential meaning should be preserved. All the brothers, their wives and children were then grouped under this as a family name, provided their consent could be obtained to the arrangement.

While fully appreciating the Indian's viewpoint, I have tried to convince him of the sincerity of his white friends, and that conflicts between the two races have been due as much to mutual misunderstandings as to the selfish greed of the white man. These children of nature once had faith in man as well as in God. To-day, they would suspect even their best friend. A "century of dishonor" and abuse of their trust has brought them to this. Accordingly, it was rumored among them that the revision of names was another cunning scheme of the white man to defraud them of the little land still left in their possession. The older men would sit in my office and watch my work day after day, before being convinced that the undertaking was really intended for their benefit

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and that of their heirs. Once satisfied, they were of great assistance, for some of them knew by heart the family tree of nearly every Indian in that particular band for four generations. Their memories are remarkable, and many a fact of historic interest came up in the course of our discussions.

Such names as "Young Man of whose Horses the Enemy is Afraid", "He Kills them on Horseback", and the like, while highly regarded among us, are not easily rendered into English nor pronounced in the Dakota, and aside from such troubles, I had many difficulties with questionable marriages and orphaned children whose ancestry was not clear. Then there were cases of Indian women who had married United States soldiers and the children had been taken away from the tribe in infancy, but later returned as young men and women to claim their rights in the tribal lands.

I was directed not to recognize a plurality of wives, such as still existed among a few of the older men. Old White Bull was a fine example of the old type, and I well remember his answer when I reluctantly

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informed him that each man must choose one wife who should bear his name. "What!" he exclaimed, "these two women are sisters, both of whom have been my wives for over half a century. I know the way of the white man; he takes women unknown to each other and to his law. These two have been faithful to me and I have been faithful to them. Their children are my children and their grandchildren are mine. We are now living together as brother and sisters. All the people know that we have been happy together, and nothing but death can separate us."

This work occupied me for six years, and gave me insight into the relationships and intimate history of thirty thousand Sioux.

My first book, "Indian Boyhood", embodying the recollections of my wild life, appeared in 1902, and the favor with which it was received has encouraged me to attempt a fuller expression of our people's life from the inside. The present is the eighth that I have done, always with the devoted cooperation of my wife. Although but one book, "Wigwam Evenings", bears both our

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names, we have worked together, she in the little leisure remaining to the mother of six children, and I in the intervals of lecturing and other employment. For the past twelve years our home has been in a New England college town, and our greatest personal concern the upbringing and education of our children.

None of my earlier friends who knew me well would ever have believed that I was destined to appear in the rôle of a public speaker! It may be that I shared the native gift of oratory in some degree, but I had also the Indian reticence with strangers. Perhaps the one man most responsible for this phase of my work, aside from circumstances, was Major James B. Pond of New York city, the famous lyceum manager. Soon after the publication of "Indian Boyhood", I came from South Dakota to Brooklyn by invitation of the Twentieth Century Club of that city, to address them on the Indian. Major Pond heard of this and invited me to luncheon. He had my book with him, and after a good deal of talk, he persuaded me to go on the lecture

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platform under his management. He took the most cordial interest in the matter, and himself prepared the copy for my first circular. His untimely death during the next summer put a damper upon my beginning; nevertheless I filled all the dates he had made for me, and finding a growing demand, I have continued in the field ever since.

My chief object has been, not to entertain, but to present the American Indian in his true character before Americans. The barbarous and atrocious character commonly attributed to him has dated from the transition period, when the strong drink, powerful temptations, and commercialism of the white man led to deep demoralization. Really it was a campaign of education on the Indian and his true place in American history.

I have been, on the whole, happily surprised to meet with so cordial a response. Again and again I have been told by recognized thinkers, "You present an entirely new viewpoint. We can never again think of the Indian as we have done before." A great psychologist wrote me after reading "The Soul of the Indian": "My God!

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why did we not know these things sooner?" Many of my hearers have admitted that morality and spirituality are found to thrive better under the simplest conditions than in a highly organized society, and that the virtues are more readily cultivated where the "struggle for existence" is merely a struggle with the forces of nature, and not with one's fellow-men.

The philosophy of the original American was demonstrably on a high plane, his gift of eloquence, wit, humor and poetry is well established; his democracy and community life was much nearer the ideal than ours to-day; his standard of honor and friendship unsurpassed, and all his faults are the faults of generous youth.

It was not until I felt that I had to a degree established these claims, that I consented to appear on the platform in our ancestral garb of honor. I feel that I was a pioneer in this new line of defense of the native American, not so much of his rights in the land as of his character and religion. I am glad that the drift is now toward a better understanding, and that he is become the ac-

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knowledgeed hero of the Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, as well as of many artists, sculptors, and sincere writers.

I was invited to represent the North American Indian at the First Universal Races Congress in London, England, in 1911. It was a great privilege to attend that gathering of distinguished representatives of 53 different nationalities, come together to mutually acquaint themselves with one another's progress and racial ideals. I was entertained by some well known men, but there was little time for purely social enjoyment. What impressed me most was the perfect equality of the races, which formed the background of all the discussions. It was declared at the outset that there is no superior race, and no inferior, since individuals of all races have proved their innate capacity by their standing in the universities of the world, and it has not seldom happened that men of the undeveloped races have surpassed students of the most advanced races in scholarship and ability.

One little incident caused some of the

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delegates of the Asiatic peoples to approach me with a special friendliness. I was at a committee meeting where the platform of the Congress was being drafted, and as the first paragraph was read, I noticed that the word "Christian" appeared several times. I rose and said, "While I am myself a believer in the simple principles of Christianity, we who are met here are not all of that religion, and I would suggest that we substitute a term to which we can all subscribe, since we meet here not in the name, but in the spirit of Christianity, of universal brotherhood." Several sprang up to second the motion, among them Mr. John Millholland and Dr. Felix Adler, and as I saw Mr. Edwin D. Mead of Boston near by, I began to feel more at home. I was invited by some oriental representatives present to visit them in their own country, but as I was tied up with Chautauqua engagements, I had to take the next boat for home.

A very pleasant occasion of my meeting men and women distinguished in literature, was the banquet given to Mark Twain on his seventieth birthday. Another interest-

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ing meeting was the dinner given by the Rocky Mountain Club of New York to fifteen western governors. I believe I was the only speaker there who was not a governor! When I addressed the Camp Fire Club of America, composed largely of big game hunters in all parts of the world, I began by telling them that I had slept with a grizzly bear for three months, and often eaten with him, but had never thought of giving him away. They seemed to enter into my mood; and when I went on to tell the old chief's story of the beaver woman with one hand (she had lost the other in a steel trap) and what she and her descendants did for the tribes of men and animals, as compared with the harm wrought by the too hasty builders of a frontier town, I could not ask for a more sympathetic audience.

It has been my privilege to visit nearly all sections of our country on lecture tours, including semi-tropical Florida and the Pacific coast, the great prairie states, and almost every nook and corner of picturesque New England. I have been entertained at most of our great colleges and universities, from

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coast to coast, and had the honor of acquaintance with many famous and interesting people, among whom I might name almost at random, W. D. Howells, Hamlin Garland, Ernest Thompson Seton, Dr. George Bird Grinnell, authors; Lorado Taft, sculptor (at the unveiling of whose colossal Black Hawk I was privileged to officiate), Edwin W. Deming, Ernest Blumenschein, and other noted artists; Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler, pianist; John Hays Hammond, engineer; Presidents G. Stanley Hall, Ernest Fox Nichols, Eliot, Stryker, Harry Pratt Judson, Dr. Luther Gulick, and other noted educators; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, several bishops, and prominent clergymen of all denominations, together with a large circle not so well known to the public, but whose society has been to me equally stimulating and delightful.

Like every one else who is more or less in the public eye, I have a large correspondence from unknown friends, and among the most inspiring letters received have been those from foreign countries, where, until the outbreak of the European war, I had not

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only generous critics, but translators of my books in France, Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Denmark. I am frequently asked to recommend to readers books on all phases of Indian life and art, also to criticize such books both in print and in manuscript.

My work for the Boy Scouts, whose program appeals to me strongly, has given me a good deal of practice in camp management, finally leading to the organization of summer camps for both boys and girls on charming Granite Lake in the hills of southern New Hampshire, where my whole family are enthusiastic helpers in the development of this form of open-air education, patterned largely upon my own early training.

From the time I first accepted the Christ ideal it has grown upon me steadily, but I also see more and more plainly our modern divergence from that ideal. I confess I have wondered much that Christianity is not practised by the very people who vouch for that wonderful conception of exemplary living. It appears that they are anxious to pass on their religion to all races of men, but keep very little of it themselves. I have

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not yet seen the meek inherit the earth, or the peacemakers receive high honor.

Why do we find so much evil and wickedness practised by the nations composed of professedly "Christian" individuals? The pages of history are full of licensed murder and the plundering of weaker and less developed peoples, and obviously the world to-day has not outgrown this system. Behind the material and intellectual splendor of our civilization, primitive savagery and cruelty and lust hold sway, undiminished, and as it seems, unheeded. When I let go of my simple, instinctive nature religion, I hoped to gain something far loftier as well as more satisfying to the reason. Alas! it is also more confusing and contradictory. The higher and spiritual life, though first in theory, is clearly secondary, if not entirely neglected, in actual practice. When I reduce civilization to its lowest terms, it becomes a system of life based upon trade. The dollar is the measure of value, and *might* still spells *right*; otherwise, why war?

Yet even in deep jungles God's own sunlight penetrates, and I stand before my own

## *The Soul of the White Man*

people still as an advocate of civilization. Why? First, because there is no chance for our former simple life any more; and second, because I realize that the white man's religion is not responsible for his mistakes. There is every evidence that God has given him all the light necessary by which to live in peace and good-will with his brother; and we also know that many brilliant civilizations have collapsed in physical and moral decadence. It is for us to avoid their fate if we can.

I am an Indian; and while I have learned much from civilization, for which I am grateful, I have never lost my Indian sense of right and justice. I am for development and progress along social and spiritual lines, rather than those of commerce, nationalism, or material efficiency. Nevertheless, so long as I live, I am an American.

**THE END**