

like a piece of meat, or skin, we lift it up and ask Him to take it and have pity on us.' Their sense of chivalry appealed to him, their vigor of thought and speech. 'You white men come to teach us!' said one of them. 'You white men killed the Son of God. Our people never did anything like that.'

Their mysticism touched him. 'These Indians,' he said in the course of an early speech in New York, 'generally do not pass the age of sixteen or seventeen without getting in some way or other a deep sense, a vivid sense, of some particular spirit who shall be their patron God. It is very common for their boys of that age to go aside and seclude themselves, fast days and nights, until they have got their bodies in such condition that all sorts of strange hallucinations come over them. Then they think they see a musk-rat coming to them, or an elk, and it is singing a song, and they hear the musk-rat say that if in the hour of extremity they will appeal to him and sing that song, his spirit will always come to them and be their guardian spirit. Our boys here of sixteen or seventeen never — at least, I did not — fast day and night for two or three days to get a keener sense of the invisible. I say these people are an intensely religious people. You must not hand them over to mere civilization.'

The singing muskrat and elk are characteristic figures in the folk-lore which provided the Sioux with their religion. The primitiveness of it all may be illustrated by a Dakota tradition, narrated with much earnestness by the old Chief Red Cloud to members of the Black Hills Commission visiting the Red Cloud Agency in September, 1876. It was printed in the June, 1878, number of *Anpao* or *The Daybreak*, a Dakota journal established by Bishop Hare. If the legend seems unduly long, its significance and this opportu-

ity to put it on record may plead in extenuation.

'Red Cloud began by asking Gen. Gaylord, then legal advisor for the Interior Department, whether he, or any of the gentlemen present, had ever heard of a mule's giving birth to a young one. When all had said "no," with some surprise at his curious inquiry, he replied that neither had he or any of the Dakotas heard of such a thing yet, but that after we were all dead it would occur, and with that event the Indian and white races would become one people, and there would be no more wars or trouble between them, for they would then both be alike in appearance, interests, customs, habits, etc. God, he said, had particularly favored you white men in all respects, and given to the Indian that which was of less value, yet we Indians have ever listened to His words and been content with our lot as assigned to us by Him, while you white and highly favored ones have always been disobedient and dissatisfied.

'Again, God sent to the white man his only Son to be his guide and teacher — the best gift possible for Him to bestow; but they despised His teachings and crucified their Saviour. To the Indians God sent His daughter — a woman. She came on earth about the same time His Son came to the whites, and lived and taught among a tribe of the Dakotas on the upper Missouri. They loved, respected, and obeyed her, and have ever treasured her words as the words of God to them, and looked forward to the fulfillment of her prophecies for their people.

'She came in a cloud from Heaven, and was first seen by two young men who were out hunting buffalo. One of these youths was virtuous and desired only what was pure and good, the other was of bad character and evil habits. As they went over

the prairie far from their homes, they saw at a short distance from them a beautiful white maiden with golden hair and perfect form. As they stood filled with admiration for her graceful form, the bad young man suggested that this was an opportunity which they should not lose to obtain for themselves a woman of such rare beauty, and proposed that they should seize and take her captive. The other protested strongly against such a wicked act, but to no purpose. His companion rushed forward, and was about to lay his hand upon her when, suddenly, with a noise like that of a powerful whirlwind, both she and the young man were enveloped in a cloud. This cloud took the form of a cone, beautiful from the top to where it rested on the earth, with colors in order: at the top bright scarlet, then blue, yellow, white and black. The white and black represent the white race, and the others are the colors of the Indians. Scarlet being at the top meant that it was the highest order, and hence the Dakotas prize it above all the rest, and use it and the others for painting themselves, ornamenting their pipes, blankets, etc. The cloud gradually arose and disappeared from sight, but nothing was ever found of the bad young man but his bones lying on the prairie where the cloud had rested.

'The maiden told the good young man that she would meet him at a certain time in a particular lodge, and vanished from sight. She met him according to this appointment, and as the Dakotas had no books she gave to them a pipe (which they still have) that his people might remember her words and the future of the Indian race, which she revealed to him as follows: It was that the Indian, from the first the less favored race, was to be the first to pass away, or rather to be merged into the more favored one. There were yet ten

generations to come, and at the end of those generations a mule should give birth to a young one, and with that event the Indian race and white race should become one. "Now," said Red Cloud (somewhat in error as to his chronology), "seven of those generations have passed away, and but three yet remain to the Indian. This is the decree of God, made known to us by his daughter — you have not the power to alter that decree or to hasten the set time — let us live in peace until the appointed season, and then the Indians will cease as a race, and the white man will possess both them and all else."'

The element of imagination revealed in this legend, joined with the other Indian qualities already mentioned, made the soil of their nature fertile for the labors of a man with just such a nature as Bishop Hare's. The chivalric and romantic elements in him responded quickly to corresponding traits in the Indians. This response was always under the control of a strong element of common sense. His own conception of his duty as a missionary was set forth clearly in a letter which he wrote in 1875 to a clergyman who was planning to join his force of workers. 'You are about to enter a work where a hopeful and kindly heart and a high sense of duty are the first requisites. I pray you to make the possession of them your earnest endeavor. Your duties will be to teach school daily, and to prove yourself a friend of the Indians in every way, however practical and humble, which interested ingenuity can devise.'

Stronger than all the other appeals which the Indians made to Bishop Hare was the appeal of their essential humanity. In June of 1873 he wrote: 'The sum of the whole matter is this: the Indians are Men. We differ from them in *degree*, not in kind. Exactly

where, or nearly where, they now are, we once were; what we are now, they will (if not absolutely, yet according to their measure) by God's blessing yet become. This is my wish. This is my prayer. This is my belief.' Concerning the unexpectedness of their offenses against good order, he wrote in later years: 'All this is thoroughly Indian, but very thoroughly Indian because completely human.' Because so human they deserved in his eyes the same opportunities for development that make other human beings what they are. So many of the opportunities are those of educational training that the problem of schools immediately presented itself with great force. The Indians were all as children, and all needed what good schools could give them. But there was no possibility of giving it to any but the young. Hence the early concentration upon the conduct of boarding-schools. One good reason to hope for their success was naïvely expressed by a Christian Indian, formerly 'one of the most exultant warriors of the dare-devil sort,' who came to Bishop Hare in the early days and asked to have his grandchildren baptized. 'Are their parents Christians?' asked the bishop. 'No,' said the Indian, 'they are not, but I am.' He continued, 'I have noticed that old antelopes are very wild and scary, and our hunters find it very hard to catch them. So they catch the young ones. The old ones come to seek their young, and then our hunters catch them too. And I thought if you would take and baptize these little grandchildren of mine, you might catch their parents too.'

Though the Indians in general believed that their children would develop better if left wholly to themselves, there were those besides the maker of the antelope similitude who saw the value of the new opportunities offered to

them. One of them was reported by Bishop Hare as saying, —

'My friends, all animals take care of their young. No — I am mistaken. One animal does not. It is the mud-turtle. It comes up out of the water and lays its eggs in the sand, and then goes back to the water and leaves them to take care of themselves. When the young turtles are hatched, they run right down to the water. I think the Great Spirit teaches them. Their parents do not.

'We Dakotas, my friends, are those mud-turtles. We are unlike other men. We have not taught our children. The Great Spirit has taught them direct, I think. Otherwise they could not have lived at all. And now I think that as the Great Spirit has been so kind to us when we were foolish, we ought to be very thankful to him and try henceforth to teach our children wisdom as well as we can.'

The wisdom offered to them in Bishop Hare's boarding-schools — long before the principles of industrial training had won their present repute — was that which they needed most for everyday living. 'The ideas which governed me,' he wrote, 'in laying out the whole boarding-school work of the Jurisdiction were that the schools should be plain and practical, and not calculated to engender fastidious tastes and habits which would make the pupils unhappy in, and unfitted for, the lowly hard life to which their people are called; that, as the Indians had not been accustomed to labor, the school training should be such as would not only cultivate their intellect but also develop their physical functions, and teach them to do well the common acts of daily humble life.' The carrying of Christian influences back into their uncivilized homes was of course a fundamental part of the plan.

It is possible to reconstruct in some

measure the daily life in St. Paul's School for boys at Yankton Agency where Bishop Hare himself lived in these early years. His son recalls a visit to his father at the school, where he arrived even before the pupils were received.

'The plaster in it had not dried. There was no means of heating it except by sheet-iron stoves placed in each room. The only fuel was cottonwood, which burned like tinder and made the stove red-hot for half an hour, then rapidly died down unless re-fed. On going to bed at night the room was comfortably warm. On rising in the morning its temperature was often below zero, and the dampness in the plaster had turned into frost on the walls. When the cottonwood fire got fairly started, this moisture would trickle down the walls. This went on for many days and nights. As all food had to be hauled by wagon for sixty miles, it was most limited in variety and none too good. The only water obtainable was that of the muddy Missouri River, flowing at the rate of four miles an hour under eighteen inches of ice, and it was customary to send a wagon loaded with barrels to the river, to cut a hole in the ice, fill the barrels with water and drag them about half a mile up the bluff to the School. There was, therefore, no water for ordinary bathing, and very little for any other purpose. The cold was so great, I remember, that even the chickens, which were allowed to roost in the stable where the horses were, all lost their combs through frost-bite. At this time the Indians were still disposing of their dead on scaffolds, and erected one not far from the schoolhouse, upon which they laid a corpse, and then killed a horse underneath in order that the warrior might have something to ride on in the Happy Hunting Grounds. Meat was obtained by killing a steer, quar-

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tering, and then laying it at the foot of the haystack, where it remained frozen for as many days or weeks as passed before it was devoured.'

Writing to the Secretary and General Agent of the Indian Commission in New York, Bishop Hare himself described the effects of a winter storm in his new residence:—

(TO REV. R. C. ROGERS)

YANKTON AGENCY,  
January 8, 1875.

. . . We have now a terrific storm upon us; the mercury 23 degrees below zero; wind blowing almost a hurricane. We quail before it in our stone building. God pity the poor Indians in their tepees! The boys while asleep instinctively hugged themselves, heads and all, under the clothes, and I believe slept through it all. The dormitory looked this morning more like a snow-bank than a bed-room.

On the sounding of the 'Rising Bell,' the boys were lifted from their snowy beds and carried to the other end of the room, from which they scampered away, without much regard to appearances, crying out, 'Osnida! It's very cold!' to the warm wash-room on the floor below.

Our water privileges hardly deserve the name. When the water for this large household of fifty people has to be dipped in buckets from the river and hauled in barrels a quarter of a mile, while the temperature is so low, that what is water one moment is (to exaggerate a little) ice the next. The boys who constitute the Water Squad have done their duty nobly throughout this whole cold term of ten days, during which the mercury has each morning ranged from 5 degrees to 23 degrees below zero. The Wood-Chopping Squad deserves equal credit. Our consumption of fuel in this school and in Emmanuel Hall near by is enormous.

The boys have to cut all the wood in the open air, and, even with the violent exercise of wood-chopping, it is a question often whether they can generate as much heat as old Boreas can cold. Of course, we save them all we can, and they are required to do nothing which the head master and other teachers do not join in.

Three years later, Bishop Hare told something of the efforts the Indian boys themselves made to enter St. Paul's School. He had recently met on the prairie two boys trudging from their homes at Santee, thirty-five miles away. A white boy driving with him exclaimed that he would never walk thirty-five miles to go to boarding-school, and Bishop Hare admitted that as a boy no more would he have done it. But another Indian boy made his way on foot to St. Paul's from Flandreau, a hundred and fifty miles away, and two others from Cheyenne Agency, a distance of two hundred miles. With 'all outdoors' as home to run away to, there were some at first who fled from the restraints of a routine life. There were difficulties, too, with parents: some half or wholly hostile; others so friendly that they made themselves a nuisance by sitting about with loaded rifles on their knees to guard the teachers against possible attacks; all ignorant of the rights of privacy, and walking unbidden into any room the teachers might occupy. But, one by one, the difficulties were overcome.

A wise accommodation of means to ends appears in an account of an early commencement at St. Paul's where the 'meritorious,' the 'very meritorious,' the 'most meritorious,' pupils received as prizes respectively a pair of

chickens, a pig, and a heifer apiece, to be held conditionally until the school course was finished, and to become their absolute property when they should graduate with the certificate given to those who had won their teachers' commendation. In manifold ways the basis was laid in the work of the boarding-schools for an ultimate success with the mission at large, which must have seemed in those days of small beginnings hardly more tangible than a dream.

In representing the government to the Indians, in the days when they knew it chiefly through rapacious agents and commissions which generally contrive to get the better of land bargains, Bishop Hare had frequent opportunities to show himself the Indians' friend. The government itself promptly recognized the value of such fair-minded service as he was ready to render. Directly and indirectly, acting himself upon government commissions, meeting and corresponding with the President and the Secretary of the Interior, urging the use of military power where a merely sentimental churchman would have counseled against it, constantly leading the Indians forward on the road to self-helpfulness, he exerted an influence of the highest value. Through thirty-seven years his service in the cause to which he gave himself in early manhood continued unbroken except for the vicissitudes of uncertain health. The fruit of his labors, measured by mere statistics, stands as one of the most extraordinary achievements of civilizing missions. Measured by the truer tests of personal character and of the love and admiration of a community on which so rare a character stamped itself, the work of Bishop Hare becomes a national possession.

## THE BIGNESS OF THE WORLD

BY HARRIET MONROE

'WHY doesn't Kipling write his masterpiece?' I said to an Observer the other day, and the Observer replied laconically, 'He can't.'

'But why can't he?' I persisted.

'I don't know,' said the Observer, 'unless it's the bigness of the world.'

And so I followed this hint of the bigness of the world, its relative bigness, compared with the dimensions of any earlier world that ever inhabited this planet.

The littleness of the world is a commonplace; we meet our friends by chance at a festa in Assisi, at a snake-dance in Walpi, or a carnival in Caracas, and exclaim platitudinously, 'How small is the world!' Yet the encounter proves not our contention, but its reverse; not the smallness, but the vastness, of this modern world of closely gathering nations, of this hurrying epoch wherein minutes and life-times are gone before the individual has had time to measure his stature against the huge bewildering human mass.

What was the world of Euripides, the world to which he appealed, whose feeling and activity he expressed? A little cityful of people under a templed hill — no, not even a cityful, but the elect thereof, a few hundreds of men and a handful of women, whose applause was the whole round wreath of fame, and from whose yea or nay there was no appeal. Even the other Greek tribes did not exist for Euripides — those unfavored Lacedæmonians and Thebans who gathered together in sordid cities beyond the shadow of the Acropolis;

and for him the other races of the earth were a dim outer fringe of fabulous barbarians, as remote and inaccessible and unreal as are to us those later children of myth and dream, the inhabitants of Mars.

Virgil's world was a little larger; it included not only the intellectuals of Rome, but somewhat, though remotely and condescendingly, those sophisticated Athenians who sat in judgment upon the crude culture of their conquerors, even though their own was no longer creative. Petrarch's world was a neighborly coterie of little Italian courts, all keen for his latest verselet, all exaggerating its importance. Racine's world was France, as Rostand's world essentially remains, in spite of vaporous praises and solid royalties which come to him from over-seas. For France still sets intellectual boundaries which her filial sons escape but little; and France meant to Racine, as it means to Rostand, Paris, though in Racine's time it was a small Paris of the court and the salons, while in Rostand's it is a larger Paris of the boulevards.

Shakespeare's world was little London — an aristocratic and Bohemian little London. France and Spain did not count for him, Italy was a mere treasure-trove of romantic stories, and the immense background which was beginning to appear — America, Africa, and the rest — was still vague on the horizon, a fabulous region of savages and mystery. The world of Pope and Addison was even a lesser London, a