THIS copy of the proceedings at the unveiling of Lorado Taft's "Black Hawk" is one of an edition of six hundred copies, printed from type, on Holland Van Gelder Zonen hand-made paper.

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Lorado Taft's
"Black Hawk"

orado Taft's Indian Statue "Black Hawk"

An Account of the Unveiling Ceremonies at Eagles' Nest Bluff, Oregon Illinois, July the First Nineteen Hundred and Eleven Frank O. Lowden Presiding

From an etching by Thomas Wood Stevens

1912
University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Illinois

"BLACK HAWK"
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To the Cliff Dwellers

Foreword

THE MODEL OF THE STATUE

Foreword

FROM several aspects this work of Mr. Taft's, commonly known as "Black Hawk," seems to enlist interest not likely to be casual. It was spontaneous on his part; it did itself in his mind. Before it took definite shape, even in experimental burlap, this stately figure, representative of a bygone race, haunted this spot, to him its real over-lord, for whose pedestal this crag of rock was made.

The limestone bluff, forming the east bank of the Rock River, has a height, where the statue stands, of 200 feet, and slopes downward to the north and eastwardly away from it. The figure rises forty-eight feet above its natural base. It overlooks the town of Oregon, Illinois, located midway between Rockford and Dixon. The part of the river between the latter cities, a territory some forty miles in extent, has, in the most marked degree of any, the characteristics which caused the Indian tribes to name the river

Sinnissippi (Rock Water). From the site of the statue the bluffs, river-bends, islands and forest make it the natural center of a diversified topography not common in the level, fertile corn belt of northern Illinois. Ganymede Spring, at the foot of the bluff, was so named by Margaret Fuller, then literary editor of the New York Tribune, on a visit here in 1843, who, under a cedar still standing near the statue, wrote one of her poems, and, in her interesting "At Home and Abroad," gives a vivid glimpse of her outlook from there. The people of Oregon, from the first a representative American community, in turn, out of hospitality to the brilliant transcendentalist, named the island of primal forest, which the statue commands, *Margaret Fuller Island.*

For some thirteen years, from each June to October, this bluff has been the summer home of a congenial group of painters, sculptors, writers, educators, musicians, architects, diverse in activities, but with enough in common of general artistic and literary

interest to make "Camp," as they call it, a familiar and pleasantly remembered alighting place for more casual or transitory kindred spirits. These cherished associations held, for one so deeply in earnest as Mr. Taft, an appeal intimately personal, which took note of every aspect and phase of the place, in storm, at sunset, in fragrant June blossomings, and autumn color fest, or winter etchings and modelings. Local lore and legend lent life and meaning — a people curiously alien had left there evidences of their deep attachment to the locality. His sense of the cogency of sculpture in landscape, his resentment of injustice, his admiration of strength and valor, all tended to suggest to this strong, ready champion of every victim of injustice, this departing Sac-Fox, a lingering representative of his virile, individuate race. For here the footprints of his tribe are fresh; the poles of his tepee recently stood; his graves still remind us of him. Here, too, after centuries of resolutely defended retreat, at bay at last, the Indian

realized the hopelessness of the conflict and surveyed reluctantly, but with unconquered spirit, these rich, diversified, smiling, possessable valleys once his. Here his silent forest has been invaded in a lifetime by our noisy manufacturing center. Here, at Stillman Valley, he entered upon the Black Hawk War, his last stand for the valley of the Mississippi.

Here, the white man and the Indian confronted each other — two adverse destinies. They could not live each severally his life in his own way. Here could be either the solitary hunting ground *or* all invading cities; the fishing pool *or* the factory site; the prairie game pasture *or* the cultivated farm; the lone tepee *or* crowded skyscrapers; the trail *or* the railroad,— but not both.

History is at last awarding justice to the vanquished. Now art approves the verdict and pays this tribute to a race which did not lie, which kept its treaties; valued friendship; scorned greed; could be extinguished, but not conquered. Having lain fallow for centuries, free from enervating activities,

seasoned and built up by life in the open, hardened and inured by breasting the elements, the red race possesses, in such of its real representatives as are becoming a part of our American life, self-reliance, character, and intellectual adequacy, fortified by endurance and impregnable composure. We have reached a time, which this event may fitly mark, when this inheritance is contributing to our commonwealth in art, in literature, in oratory, in medicine, even in business, men who are girt and roadready for the winning of the highest civil prizes, and seem to have and to hold to, as a birthright, that simplicity in taste and living which has been largely and is likely to remain a mark of culture and superiority, and a quality of genius.

A distinguished fellow-sculptor of Mr. Taft's—from abroad,—after stating his own high opinion of the latter's place in his art, expressed surprise and impatience that he should devote his activities to America, especially the West. Why not at least accept the inviting chair of art offered else-

where, with its added creative opportunities? The query is natural; the answer obvious. He is a son of Illinois; her citizen by birth; her university is his Alma Mater; her metropolis his home and opportunity, whose splendid future is a subject for him of abiding artistic emotion, the cherished object of his creative conceptions.

All know the steadfast attention which he has given to bettering Chicago's civic condition through the Art Commission, Polytechnic Society, the Art League, the use of school buildings for lectures and amusements, and his kindred activities. The five thousand school children in attendance at the Union League Club Washington's Birthday celebration, at the Auditorium in 1902, are not likely to forget the convincing message of this undemonstrative man, as, moved by the eager response of their youthful enthusiasm, he confided to them his thrill of patriotic exultation as his eyes met the flag on his return from his exile abroad for study and work, and as he illumined loyalty and devotion, and

sacrifice to ideals by illustrations fresh from his art, the clay model, the clay box and the imperishable bronze and marble. Vital to him are these impelling visions which make him an inspiration to the young men of the West, in his and kindred lines, affording him delight in their successes even more than in his own, prompting his indifference to returns, except as they enable him to live in the expression of his ideals.

This daring experiment in his art was hardly to be looked for from this restrained, conservative defender of its established traditions. The reserve in which he cloaks the things which deeply move him is not likely to suggest his prompt directness and intensity in what he does. Across the aisle from him one evening, a partially intoxicated frontiersman, with intolerable brutality, ran amuck among his own group of babes, while the pale wife sat helpless in despair, whereupon this gentle artist took the offender's huge bulk by the clothes, lifted him into the air and fairly flung him into the vestibule of the car,

then quietly returned to his seat and his book. The guests of the July day, of which this booklet is intended to give an account, may permit this somewhat intimate glimpse if they chance to recognize several traits grouped in it.

To some the task involved in this production would have been sacrifice. To him it was life; *his valid response*. The arduous, painstaking attention, the self-denial and disproportionate contribution have given to the spot, whose every attractive phase he knew and held in fond, even affectionate, admiration, to his art which absorbs him, to a race whose dauntless spirit challenged his respect, to a community to whom he felt grateful for their hospitable welcome and sympathetic interest, this silent, imperishable tribute.

As those in attendance knew more or less of Mr. Taft's other work, and had some idea of its relative merit and importance, this record would seem incomplete without some reference to it. This will be found in the

discriminating Appreciation of him by Mr. Fuller, with which the proceedings have been supplemented. The clear-sighted practiced discernment of the writer of it has, however, given to it, in addition, a distinct, gratifying interest of its own.

WALLACE HECKMAN

GANYMEDE, October 20, 1911.

THE UNVEILING OF LORADO TAFT'S "BLACK HAWK"

Program of the Exercises

FRANK O. LOWDEN, Presiding

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The Pine Forest

THE UNVEILING

Mr. Lowden was introduced by Mr. Heckman.

MR. LOWDEN: *Ladies and gentlemen, I shall try to emulate in brevity my Brother Heckman. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mrs. Peattie, who will read an original poem, "The Pine Forest," and I will add, for the information of those who do not live in this vicinity, that this pine forest is situated a few miles below us on the other side of the river.*

MRS. PEATTIE:

THE PINE FOREST OF ILLINOIS SPEAKS

We are old and wise — aye, old and free.
We were men of the plains;
We held the earth and the sky in fee,
Ours were the woods and rains.

We taught the copper-skinned man:
We gave him shelter and food;
Water he drew from the stream that ran
Beneath the tower and spire

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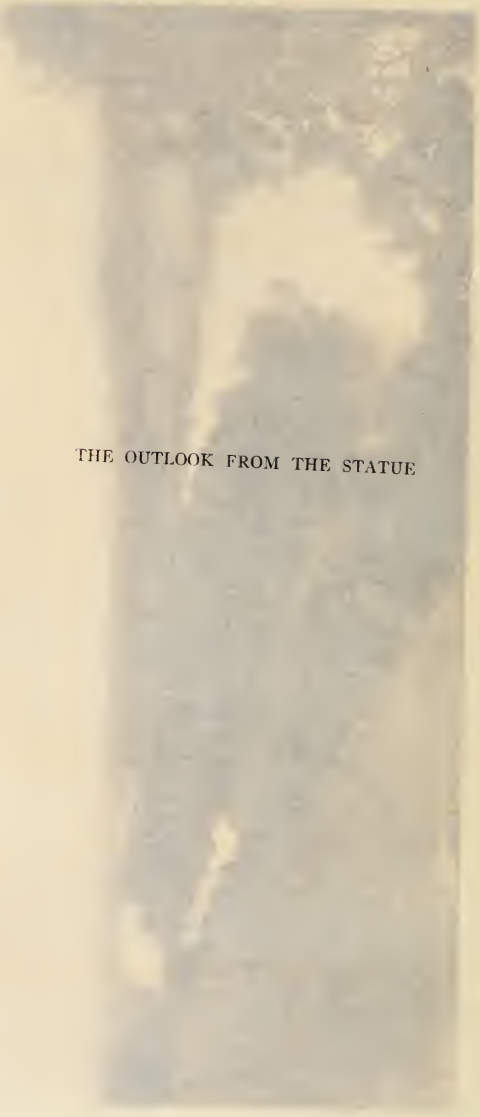

THE OUTLOOK FROM THE STATUE

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We are old and wise — aye, old and free,
We saga-men of the plains;
We hold the earth and the sky in fee,
Ours are the winds and rains.

We taught our songs to the copper-skinned man;
We gave him shelter and fire;
Water he drew from the stream that ran
Beneath the tower and spire

Of our castled rocks. He rested here,
After the hot day's chase;
And through our branches the dawn-light clear
Fell on his sleeping face.

He has vanished quite—we know not how—
With his arrow and his wier;
The timid flocks of the men with the plow
Wander where leaped the deer.

But we have our friends, tho' we be so old;
For those we have a place
Who must face the heat and weather the cold
And live by nature's grace.

The little furred creatures our housemates be,
We entertain the birds,
The thoughts of the mole, the hopes of the bee
We set to rhymed words.

We are the voice for the voiceless ones,
And he who listens well
May hear in our mournful unisons
The grief he dare not tell.

And we have laughter, splendid and wild,
For those who exult in life;
We have lyrics to offer to lovers mild,
For the striving we have strife.

Call as you will, we can answer you,
Whether you laugh or mourn,
For we are the song-smiths, and we knew
The themes e'er you were born.

Above your acres of corn and grain,
We stand, a living choir,
To put life's prose into rhyme again,
While the dreams of youth suspire.

We are old and wise — we are wild and strong,
Yet the vassals of your will.
Ye are the masters, for right or wrong:
We wait upon ye still.

We who have seen ye come and depart,
Who have given ye song and shade,
Should greed or ingratitude enter your heart,
Must fall with the fall of your blade.

The Pine Forest

Oh, walk in the night down our scented aisles,
  Your eyes in thankfulness lift
To where the moon of summer smiles
  Through the branches' toss and shift!

Or come at dawn when the pale light creeps
  Softly, sweetly alway,
Through the cloistered gloom of the farthest
    deeps,
  With its holy promise of day.

Or come from your heavy tasks at noon,
  On our tawny carpets lie;
The peace of the woods shall be your boon —
  The peace of the earth and sky.

The roads that wind to the town away
  Convey our friendly call:
"Come hither, weary brothers, pray;
  Come rest ye, brothers all!"

Oh, fend for us, that we may still
  Sing on in shine and rain —
Thrive by your love, live by your will,
  The guardians of your plain.

And we will coax reluctant skies
  To shed their showers for you;
And make it our benign emprise
  To store the dripping dew.

Your children's sons shall visions see,
  Adream beneath our shade;
So shall our debt of fealty
  To you and yours be paid.

The Indian

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Mr. Lowden. I might say that the orator on this occasion is entirely worthy of the theme of this wonderful statue by Mr. Taft, which we are here to-day to unveil. It is now my pleasure to introduce Mr. Edgar A. Bancroft, the orator of the day.

THE INDIAN

Mr. Bancroft. Ladies and Gentlemen: All primitive peoples are of absorbing interest, because of the light they shed on the origin of the human species. They help us to trace the slow stages of the emergence of mind over animal instinct and cunning through skill and sagacity, into reason and contemplation; and finally into a poetic, artistic and religious imagination, expressed in a written language. Tradition, folk-lore and mythology reveal in dim fashion only the childhood of our race. Its origin and infancy are unknown.

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When the first Europeans came to America they found a new race, wholly ignorant

of the experiences, the strifes and the customs of the rest of the world. They found the American Indian, a true child of nature, born, as his legends have it, of the Earth, the all-nourishing Mother, and the Sun, the all-vivifying Father; a simple race that roamed the woods and the prairies, camping where the night found them, living freely their individual lives, little influenced or restrained by authority or the power or pressure of numbers. The rigors of climate, the mastery of wild animals and trees and plants, for food and raiment and shelter, made them strong and self-reliant. Like the wild fowl and the bison, they journeyed and lodged in ever-changing groups, supplying their daily needs wherever they were, and always at home, no matter how widely they fared. Thus came courage, self-mastery and more than Spartan hardiness.

Beyond all other races they developed man's physical powers and had a full natural equipment for all emergencies of the wilderness life. Skillful, hardy, enduring, they

needed not our weapons and tools to supplement their strength and prowess. Their keenness and quickness of perception have been matched by the white man only in fancy and fiction. We imaginatively contrive the detective skill that the Indian had and exercised in his daily life. Though he had no written language, the various tribes had created their own Esperanto; and wherever he went he read unerringly the sign language written in spoor and bitten leaf, in broken twig and bending sapling, and in the gestures of the stranger. Camping here and there he needed a city no more than the antelope or the beaver. He knew how to find in nature food, weapons, medicines and countless aids and allies. The mysterious and useful properties of every tree and plant from root to leaf were his best inheritance. Knowledge of them came out of the unknown past, as did he himself.

"It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if by secret sign he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew."

Though he sometimes had so-called villages, and even federations, these were uncertain, often remote and transitory. It was at the council fire or in the circle of braves, beneath the sky, that his fortunes were most influenced. Leadership came by demonstrated ability; by the wisdom and virtue to lead. He had what men in all times have admired as the attribute of heroes: self-sufficiency for every condition. He was ready without warning or preparation, and he was unflinching in the face of death. Unlike his masterful white brother, he was modest and reserved, and of few words. Vanity and posing were foreign to his nature. His dignity and simplicity compelled the admiration of all historians, friendly and hostile.

When the Pilgrims from the old world found these people it was like going back to the Garden of Eden or to that fair place in Mesopotamia. It was indeed a Garden of Eden, where primitive man seemed still fresh from the hands of the Creator. But how did the intruders regard him? We excavate

the earlier homes of our race in distant Asia or Africa to find some blurred marks on broken stone — some relics of that far distant day. We search the dust-heaps of the past for records of aboriginal peoples; yet on this continent, unspoiled by cities, or by the arts and vices of civilization, was such a race, which had won, unaided, "dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air." But the first-comers perceived none of this. They saw only simple savages who had furs and maize and beans and potatoes, which the white men sorely needed in the early days when winter or hunger imperiled their lives. But when the numbers of the pioneers had grown and their days of danger and need had passed, they saw the Indian blocking their path, holding beautiful valleys and plains they coveted. And that their selfish interest might not lack religious sanction, they called him a pagan that resisted their religious belief — for he held only a child's faith in the Great Spirit.

They found here also a race of orators —

quiet, laconic, wise, dramatic and picturesque; orators like Logan and Red Jacket, Tecumseh and Keokuk, who spoke wisdom, who spoke power, with action suited to the word. Within the memory of men still living such orators have stood forth for their tribes, like yon heroic image, to answer the request or the demand of the Great Father at Washington. On such an occasion in Iowa, scarce a generation ago, the chief said: "You came a few years ago proposing treaty; you found my people thus" — wrapping his tall, lithe form closely in its buffalo robe, standing erect, and facing with firm gaze the messenger, as that figure stands to-day. "You came proposing treaty, and you found my people thus. We treated with you; we signed your paper; we gave part of our lands. And now my people are thus" — throwing wide his hands, the great robe fell from him, and he stood, like his tribe, neglected, naked, his people scattered and overcome.

This race was poetic without a written language; it found poetry in all the phenomena

of nature — in the colors of sunrise and sunset, in the shadows of clouds, and the deep glooms of storm and night. The hues of foliage and of the wild life appealed to them, and in their pottery, blankets, and by the coverings of their tepees they showed these colors, or told in rude drawings the controlling incidents of their simple lives. Is there not poetry in a people whose word for "beautiful" has this caressing sound — "lōlōmei"?

Their weakness in contending with the great forces of nature — the tornado, snow, and the lightning, and the fearful mysteries of disease — made them a thoughtful and religious race. These mysterious and terrible phenomena were the gods of their religion. The majesty of the storm, the roar of the winds, and the lightning and the thunder — these all spoke to them of forces above and beyond them, as the stars and the moon and the sun have spoken through all the ages, — not of forces malign, but of friendly powers, ever present to aid and protect them. Out of their simple experience and

education, in the school of nature, grew a race, strong, virile, resourceful, sagacious, brave and true; with its own story of its origin, with its own explanation of the mysteries of the natural world.

Their folklore attributed the Flood to the folly of man, and not to the anger of the Great Spirit. Their explanation of the Milky Way, by a story of the coyote dragging the stolen bag of stars across the blue vault of Night, after opening its corner to see what it contained, probably answers the question, "How came the stars there?" as well as any of our ancestors could. In their religion there was no fall, but only, and always, a rising. With them evil was never the major good, nor intolerance the proof of piety. They went, care-free and unafraid, into the pathless woods and across the shoreless seas of waving grass and flowers. The mountains were not forbidding to them; the wild animals, small and large, were their kinsmen; and the Great Spirit — Manitou — dwelt everywhere. Their pantheism was

more simple and more sincere than the Greeks', and their stoicism was more genuine.

Their faith taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. But their chiefs and medicine-men had never made a class which attempted to monopolize God, or limit brotherhood by tests of color, customs or dogma. Even the best of our immigrants, the Puritans, proclaiming liberty to worship and freedom from oppression, showed the quality of their brotherhood by mistreating, murdering and robbing their red brothers; their brotherhood was a narrow one, as Hooker and Roger Williams soon found. The Indian's was universal in fact. The Great Spirit he worshiped was the All-Father, and taught him kindliness and fidelity, not only to the Indian, but to the white brother as well.

Our ancestors came here, and should have mingled in friendship with this race of such basic virtues; simple dignity, self-mastery and quiet courage. Instead of that, the whites were overbearing, distrustful, covetous

and contemptuous. The two races met in antagonism or joined in debasing warfare, or plunder or vices. The Indian freely offered us the winnings of the chase, and those products of the soil which he had developed here. He offered us his simple art in weaving blankets and baskets, his pottery, and all the rude implements and weapons effective for his time and needs. We gave him handfuls of trinkets for domains greater than any king has owned. We gave him a few bright stuffs for valleys beyond price. We ignored his simple virtues. We thrust upon him our destructive vices. We made treaties — and we broke them. We met in solemn, peaceful conclave, and then, having won his confidence, we betrayed it. Through three centuries the history of the Indian and the European is the history of the fidelity on the part of the Indian and perfidy on the part of the white race. No treaty was ever strong enough to hold us. They were children in all barter, because the things they had were largely held in common. They

had no accumulations of useless things, and so no envy, or greed, or dishonesty. They lacked that skillful self-seeking so essential to business success. They did not know the value of their possessions. They had enough; what one had all were welcome to. Their hospitality was wholly generous — a tribute of man to man. Where they lodged was food and shelter for any red man passing that way, or any white man who came in need, or in friendly spirit.

And yet the Government of the United States meant well toward this wonderful, primitive people. Our policy was right in motive, but wrong in method and administration. It dealt with them as wards, but it dealt with them *en masse;* keeping them together, their land was a large and ever-coveted possession. We began by treating with them as independent tribes or nations; but soon drove them like cattle from the lands we had solemnly guaranteed to them forever. We did not patiently and consistently seek

their development through the individual, by personal helpfulness and sympathy.

Our great Christian Anglo-Saxon race has shown only ruthless power to the Indian, while the Spaniard and the Frenchman have Christianized him. When King Philip was finally hunted to his death, how to deal with his youthful son was mercifully referred to the clergymen of Massachusetts Bay. After earnest consideration, they reported that it would be right to kill him. But they finally sent him to the West Indies.

When we send out teachers, to educate and civilize the Indian, the fundamental condition is that the teacher shall not know nor learn the language of his wards. Our custom is to regard our clothes, and our implements, and our food, and our housing, as the sum of our civilization. Can we cut the bonds of human sympathy thus, and trample upon all their sacred rites and customs, and keep a barrier between the Indian and the white teacher, and then expect the civilizing power of a dominant

race to commend itself to that simple people? In the heart of the Arizona Desert, I awoke one morning to the sound of musical voices like the warbling of birds; they were the voices of the Hopi women coming down five hundred feet of steep path to carry back their stone jars of water to their homes, upon the lofty mesa. Strange that in that hot desert those gentle savages should prefer their stone houses, with thatched roofs, high upon the wind-swept mesa, to the frame cabins, *with iron roofs*, which the Great White Father builds for them on the sand.

Instead of meeting the Indian upon a common basis of humanity; instead of observing his ethnic value, and dealing kindly with him, we have considered him only a savage. As old Ben Franklin, the wisest man yet born this side the Atlantic, said: "*Savages we call them, because their manners differ from ours*, which we think the perfection of civility, *and they think the same of theirs.*" Savages? Yes, they did many savage deeds. They wrought many bloody

pages in the history of our country. But why? You and I have lived long enough to answer why. The Indian wars of our time we know, and, the records prove, were cruel, needless wars; if our soldiers won, it was without honor; if the Indians won, it was without hope.

Once, when General Crook was leaving upon an Indian campaign, a friend said to him: "It is too bad you are going out in the hot summer, into the Western desert, on such an enterprise." And General Crook answered, "Yes, it is too bad; but the worst of it is that I am going against a people who, I know, are in the right."

At Hampton one day a lady of thoughtless curiosity, observing among the girls in that school one of swarthy complexion, approached her and said, "Are you an Indian?" And the maiden very simply replied, "Yes." "And are you civilized?" the lady asked, and again the maiden quietly answered, "Yes; are you?"

General Miles was once entertained at Hampton, and some of the most exemplary boys in the school were brought forward to greet him. As they came forward, one Indian boy passed the General with his hands behind him. He was at once ordered to his room for this strange conduct. When later an explanation was demanded as to why he had refused to shake hands with the great general of the American army, he answered: "I couldn't shake hands with the man who killed my father."

When Ouray, the Ute chief, visited Carl Schurz, then Secretary of the Interior, he brought his wife, Chepata, with him; and the Secretary was so pleased with them, that he asked them to his home in Washington. Some years afterward the great chief died, and his widow sent this message to Mr. Schurz, through the Indian agent: "My husband never forgot the kindness you showed us in Washington. Now that he is dead, I wish to send you the things I value most, his powder horn and his tobacco pouch; and

this I will do, if you will accept them without making any return, because you know this is a gift of friendship, and I cannot make it unless you will treat it so."

When General Grant sent a gift to Chief Washtenaw, the bearer waited to hear what message should be returned to the President. Washtenaw gathered his warriors about him, and, standing forth, he said to the messenger: "Washtenaw feels thankful in his heart. The Indian always feels a kindness there. The white man feels it in his head and can speak his thanks because the head has a tongue; the Indian cannot, because the heart has no tongue."

Do we admire heroism? On what fields has greater heroism been displayed than in many of our Indian wars — early and late — when, in defense of ancestral lands, the red men, with bows and arrows or inferior arms, fought trained soldiers to the death? The language of King Philip's early biographer fits many a leader among them: "He fought and fell — miserably, indeed, but gloriously

— the avenger of his own household, the worshiper of his own gods, the guardian of his own honor, a martyr for the soil which was his birthplace, and for the proud liberty which was his birthright."

We meet, however, not to recall this more than a century of dishonor, so much as to recall the character and simplicity and fidelity, the courage and poise and native dignity of these sons of the virgin soil. We meet to celebrate, here and now, the union of this past heroism with a high and noble art, which out of that heroism can portray and preserve its epic, its tragic greatness.

There the sculptor has placed, imperishably, the Indian; not sullen, not resentful, not despondent, not surrendering; but simple, unflinching, erect; with the pathos of his past in his face, the tragedy of the future in his eyes; but with the dauntless courage of a man in his whole figure and attitude.

In this sublime art, there is no uncertainty of line, no mere suggestion that loses itself in mystic significance, which many have

sought in their separate ways. This is not of that symbolic art which tries to suggest what it is not competent to portray. As in the Moses of Michael Angelo and the Lincoln of Saint Gaudens, so here, in the Indian of Lorado Taft, there is seen the man, not alone in his figure and features, but the man as he was in his very heart and soul. Many artists have painted, sketched, and modeled an Indian. Only to-day, *the artist* has created, forevermore, *the Indian.*

We can read a tragedy there, but it is a tragedy that does not depress, that does not appeal for your sympathies; it is a hopeless fight, but not a surrender; it is a lost cause, but not a lost leader. It stands there, not only as a monument to a simple, kindly, faithful, virile race, but, also, I hope, as a reminder to those of a different blood of the perfidy which marked our contact with them throughout their history. I trust it stands there, not merely to rebuke our sins of the past, but to point the way to a different and

far more humane and intelligent treatment of this noble race.

To-day we read the first page in the last of the priceless books of the Sibyl. Shall we let that last book be destroyed, as the others have been; or shall we see that the remnants of this race, which has developed character, courage and all the traits that we recognize as the marks of men, are worthy of something better than to be put out upon the desert spots of our country, to be given only such portions of their own heritage as we can not use? Shall we not look upon them as they are, a newer, a fresher, a stronger race than ours, capable of bringing to us their virtues, if we greet them as they greeted the men of the old world? They still possess value to us, and this country still has opportunity for them.

Let not their virtues die; and let not our justice longer sleep!

Response—Ohiyesa

Response—Ohiyesa

Mr. Lowden: *It is now my pleasure to introduce Ohiyesa of the Sioux* (Dr. Charles E. Eastman), *who will make a response to Mr. Bancroft's address.*

Ohiyesa: Ladies and Gentlemen, and Mr. Bancroft: The sentiment you present to-day is worthy of the occasion, the true trail of the race you speak of to-day. I have appreciated all that is worthy of knowing in the wonderful and brilliant progress of modern civilization. While I have seen all that you have acquired in your enlightenment, your laboratory, your electricity, your chemistry, and your wonderful mechanical development and machinery, I have not once lost my head and forgotten that which was put into my very soul by an untutored woman, with the help of nature. I have known what is beauty. I have known what is justice. I have known what is wrong. I have known all the beauty of living and being in perfect harmony with any human

soul that would enter my tepee or shed. It was put into my soul by one who claimed no Christian teaching, by one who knew nothing of that concrete knowledge that ages have accumulated. Only every morning, standing before the sun in the pure air, she beheld the trees and flowers, the prairies and rivers, and tried to feel in herself the wonder and beauty of His love. She, who observed in every rock and every tree, in fact in every phase of nature, that pervading power of life, that quickening sweet love of Him who poured His blessing upon everything from lowest to highest development and thing, without discriminating. He who pours out His blessing on all is the only example we have. Why should we recognize any other, or say we are the only pebbles on the shore?

We are quick to feel that death is not far off if we do not have a meal for three days. We all scream if we have a toothache. This human body is weak, and strength and intelligence are accumulated by these limitations of that which is supreme, that the native

Indian loved so well. He taught us these beauties, in His sunshine and His quickening love, and that beyond is a life infinitely beautiful to come. But we cannot speculate upon that if, when we are ready to enter, He send us back or send us somewhere else. (Applause.)

Why, the Indians say, it is He who gives me this beautiful world and can give me a more infinitely beautiful abode. It is His business — I cannot infringe upon it. I trust Him forever.

He, who stood against the tree in prayerful attitude at sunrise and at sunset, and saw the beautiful river flowing down the green valley, was conscious of His love and observed these beauties in life — he was not a mere untutored savage. He, whom this day we have met to commemorate by this monument, was not a common man. He was not a steerage passenger from Hungary, or other Slav state. (Applause.) Neither was he a half-breed of all mixtures that come from abroad. He was a child of long lineage of

that simplicity of life who understood what life was; who was taught never to say, "This is mine"; who was taught never to let a man go hungry when he had a mouthful left; who was taught to run fifty miles for a friend or stranger, and not turn round and ask, "How much am I going to get for this?" He, who would do any kind act to any stranger, was not an untutored savage. He had no books, at least not human-made books, but he knew the great mysteries to himself printed on these trees and rocks and rivers. They had a sermon for him, morning and evening. He who stood, as this monument shall stand, was not a heathen: he, who never knew a hell or had a devil in him, until the missionaries came here. (Applause.)

He was a child of nature, he was generously treated by the Almighty, and he wants to be the same to everybody. He, whose warfare was as a game of football — for fun. They knew no other, until the white man came to Christianize the Indians, and

butchered them in the woods. And, when ten thousand Indians were brought together and butchered, it was a congregation of religion. It was the works of religion. They came to convert the Indians, they said, and it seemed they had to butcher them as soon as they converted them. They were not horrified by those deeds and scenes. They saw the work done. History makes apologies for them.

But we understood—we had human hearts. We loved our homes, our valleys and our prairies — but we had no business here. We had no civilization. You had plenty of it, my brothers, and the more you have the more you're afraid of your brother, and the more strong doors you have, the more strong locks, the more policemen to protect you. It is one of the most wonderful things to the Indian: the more civilized you are, the more you cannot trust your brother. We cannot understand it, when you have that most superb injunction, that golden rule of Christ; and in fact there is no race I

know lives closer to that golden rule than the Indians themselves, and I have often thought, when I see your civilization, that Christ was an Indian and not a white man. (Applause.) Because civilization has a different method than he.

In your civilization you have competition. What is competition? Nothing but gambling. You say, "I do not tell how I sell to my neighbor." If you can beat the other fellow out of five cents, you do it. You combine and make the trusts, and then you stand and cry out against them. What are you going to do about it? What have you done with the things the Indians loved, the maize they had? Innocent cereal it was. But what has become of the Indian maize? All gone into barrels. What wonderful civilization you have, what heads for business! You preach against the evils of whiskey, and keep on raising the innocent cereals and manufacturing whiskey of it at the same time. You are the most wonderful half-

breeds we Indians have ever known; made of contradictions from head to foot.

I shall never forget the time when a number of chiefs went into Chicago with me, fifteen or sixteen years ago. As we were going up the street from the station, one stopped me and said, "But, little one, where in the world are these people fleeing to on the Chicago street? What wolf is behind them?" And I said, "No wolf behind them; the almighty dollar is in front of them!" (Applause.)

Another chief stopped before we crossed the street and gave a grunt. I said, "What is the trouble?" And he said, "After these people are dead three years, they are still walking." Wonderful observation they have looking into a man's eye, and they understand the character of the person in a flash.

I pointed to the windows of one of the skyscrapers, and I said, "There are hundreds of rooms up there back of those windows, and hundreds of people in there working hard; some with hair turned gray; some-

times it comes off entirely. Their cheeks turn ashy, their eyes not quite so clear as they were, but there they are; that is their business, and they become and look old before their time, but really they are lovely people."

Then again, just before we crossed State street, one chief turned around and gave a grunt. I stopped and asked, "What is the trouble?" And he said, "I think I saw a little girl with false teeth." I said, "No wonder! See how they run and push. They get crushed, their limbs are broken, maybe cut off, eyes put out, teeth put out, but they can get others, and it is a most wonderful thing, they look better than the old ones." The best leg a man can have is the one that is manufactured. They go to an office and a man puts in an eye, in place of the old one, that is clearer and bluer, whether he can see with it or not. He can get a set of teeth, more beautiful than the old pair, and, in fact, if you examine the white man from head to foot, the chances are you will find

he is pretty much made up. (Applause.) A few of that Indian tribe that was brought up in Peoria saw the morning sun rise above the river, saw the evening sun set, saw the delicate tinted cloud and in the evening saw the moon and stars, and through those lights he saw the spirit of the earth, and knew instinctively that he was but a molecule, an atom in this world, and felt that he must be in harmony with the rest of the molecules and with the spirit of the world, and he always tries to be so, always looking up to the spirit above.

Even if you should go to the Indian reservation at this time, at the Fourth of July, and see the Indians make celebration, gathering together from their tepees, you would see the old Indian, standing exactly like that monument stands, looking over the vast valleys of the Des Moines. There he stands in silent prayer. He is not a man who prays in words. The Great Spirit knows our every thought. He needs no words of human communication, no articulation. He who

sees you in every attitude and mood needs no shouting to know your wants. You must be in child-like simplicity, and have no false modesty about you, but stand before him as a child and let him grant your needs. You, when you pray, ask two or three hundred things in a minute. The Indian does not ask anything.

Standing so absolutely silent there, he sees the whole beauty of this world and his love in every phase of nature shines. He fears nothing. He cares nothing for hunger and physical hardships. If he brings in his deer in January, dragging it behind him with frosty hands, the first thing he asks his wife is, "Are the other hunters successful?" And if she answers no, he says, "Divide the deer; distribute it among the tepees and keep only a kettleful." Where in the world can you find a more literal following out of the principles of that wonderful preacher along the shores of Galilee? You have your philanthropists, with their surplus of money. You do not sacrifice anything. There are many

of you pure Christians, but, as a race, you have practices that take away a great deal of devotion. The Indian is on the same trail as you are. We are becoming Americanized, but we pray we may save some of this original honesty, and in this great national life at Washington, show you the politics of an honest people. (Applause.) A wonderful love of their country, and their government, you American people have, and still springs up in your hearts when those who are in the government's service can show that they have been sent there at duty's call, and not on a pile of grafting and tainted money.

Did you ever see or hear the duty call of the Sioux Indian at midnight, whether in January, February or July; in the cool midnight hear, "Brave Hawk, you are needed at the Council!" Brave Hawk may be asleep; maybe his wife is wakened by the call, and rouses him. He gets up and wraps up in his robe, as the monument stands today, walks across the campus in front of

the circular rows of tepees. He utters not a word. He stands before the Council — still not a word. A drum is struck, and perhaps one will get up and dance. There stands Brave Hawk. He says not a word. The pipe is held up to him and he takes four puffs. The drum strikes again. The chief of the Council speaks: "Brave Hawk, you are required to run to-night, up and down, over the country, probably sixty or seventy-five miles, and report to-morrow night." He doesn't turn around and ask, "How much am I to get for this?" He cannot. It is duty's call. He goes back to his tepee and says, "Wife, give me an extra pair of moccasins." He may need an extra pair. If he is not married, his mother will wait on him and tie them to his belt. He throws away all extra garments, and, without a sound, he disappears in the darkness. He is gone all night and the next day, and some time the next night you hear him singing, maybe on the hill. Immediately the drum is struck. He is ushered in. He has scoured

all the surrounding country; watched everything; saw how the buffalo were moving and how the enemy was moving. There was no necessity for lying or falsifying; nothing to be gained. His honor was called upon. He has executed his duty. He has answered duty's call, and it was so in all times. This man, from childhood, had been trained to be a man, in the most noble sense of the word, as Mr. Bancroft has well described. In fact, he has stolen my oration. I have to make one up as I go along. He took all my speech, and I have to make one up.

The Indians were a noble people. Their characteristics are expressive of this hill and winding river. Over the spreading prairies of Illinois, into the Mississippi Valley, across the river, and to the Rockies farther west, the white man pushed them. And here was Black Hawk, in the bosom of this most fertile valley. He had imbibed this very pure air, not quite so pure now; this pure water, then not so contaminated as it

is now. Here he was nurtured by untutored parents and Nature. She took him in her lap and showed him the wilderness with all its rough virtues. He took them into his soul and needed no more wonderful civilization.

When the crisis came Keokuk, chief of the Sacs, supposed to be good, big Indian, who has good recommendation paper, and that sort of thing — Keokuk fled and left the valley to the white man. Then Black Hawk was heard calling upon the Pottawotamies and the Winnebagoes, to help him defend the land he loved. When they came to him he said he never would have signed Rock River away, and you must fight for it. There they had touched a sensitive ground. He loved the graves of his father and mother, these corn fields and this beautiful valley. This was his natural shrine. He often stood here, as this monument shall stand forever, calling upon him who never denies the Indian. He fought for his country and he fought to his sorrow, for these sneaks,

the Pottawotamies and Winnebagoes, deserted him within a month and left him with a handful of men to hold the whole valley, and went up into Wisconsin. Finally he fled across the Mississippi, when the Sioux, my own tribe, joined the white soldiers and crossed the Mississippi.

This man had misfortunes pile upon him, and when worse and worse came, he gave himself up and stoically said to the Winnebagoes, "Do as you please with me. Brave Black Hawk shall not shed any tears." And the sneaking Winnebagoes took him over to the military officers, and probably got their old military suits with their bright buttons, out of it, by delivering Black Hawk to them.

Such was the treatment he received. Through it all he stood, with the courage and manhood so typical of his race, and so I feel thankful to-day, fellow-citizens, that this brave, simple and deserving hero has been honored by this monument — a monument to his honor — and I feel sure that no intelligent North American Indian can

fail to appreciate such a tribute to one of my race.

This monument shall stand, as every day, no doubt, Black Hawk himself stood, in silent prayer to the Great Master at sunrise and at sunset. So may this monument stand in silent prayer, proclaiming, to generations to come, that after all we are children of the same Maker, and we are all brothers. (Applause.)

Response—Wynnogene

Response—Wynnogene

Mr. Lowden: *I now have the very great pleasure of introducing Wynnogene of the Oneida-Iroquois* (Miss Laura M. Cornelius), *who will make a further response to Mr. Bancroft's address.*

Wynnogene: Like the faint whispers of the last leaf upon the oak, when the north-west winds have done with summer, is the Indian's message to you. The ancient oracles are still. For him, even the golden glory of October's sun is set. No eagle plumes wave before my eyes as I look among you. The race is not here to-day. The race is not here, to rejoice with me for this great moment. And perhaps I may be pardoned that my vision grows dim as I look upon this mute magnificence before us, — dim because

> "Tears from the depth of some divine despair
> Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
> In . . . thinking of the days that are no more."

And dim, too, because this beautiful tribute, so long delayed to a deserving people, comes

at last so freely given, so nobly conceived, so grandly memorial.

While it is with deep thanksgiving that I am thus privileged to represent the American Indian on this occasion, I have accepted this lofty honor with a profound regret that a Red Jacket, a Dehoadilun, or an Oskanundunah is not here to immortalize in fitting speech an event which is the first of its kind in America,—an event to which the American Angle, no less than the Indian, must point with pride and gratitude in his heart as time mellows the pages of our history.

For my part, I cannot think of anything more long-enduring, more grand in its significance, or more sublime in spirit than that which has the power to warm the hearts of two races in a common inspiration. The American Revolution was such an influence, and the hazardous frontier. Indeed, it is not so long ago since the oppressed of other lands stood side by side upon our shores tingling to their temples in the glow of a common purpose. It is not so long ago since

the dangers of the wilderness beyond the Alleghanies gave birth to the real American Nation, no longer dependent upon the frontier of Europe for their initiative. But to-day it is not war, not the unbroken path in the wilderness, not the thirst in the desert, not the loneliness of the open plain, nor the treacherous pass of the mountain that bind us together. Wars and frontier are gone. The sentiments are growing out of other things: out of interests that, mayhap, are more universal in their appeal; sentiments that go beyond the immediate self and are made of the larger sympathies for all men. Let me quote one of your literary artists, who says:

"The modern sympathy includes not only the power to pity the sufferings of others, but also that of understanding their very souls." This is the sympathy which has brought us so pleasantly together here. This the sympathy which alone can make the past redeemable. This the sympathy that mothers the Arts. And lo, in its wake the

earth grows more beautiful to the eye. How your poet has here caught an insight into the very soul of the Indian! How, with that kind of feeling which comes as the flowering of a people's culture, he has made of this place in the wood a Mecca to the lover of Art! To-day I have come to feel, in a degree I never before felt, that the American people may enter a large claim for worldly recognition in that art which is the hardest of the Fine Arts to attain, Sculpture.

You may recall how, some years ago, a British statesman and scholar asked, "Where are your American poets?" I cannot question the definition of poetry in the Briton's mind when he asked that question. Nor can I here discuss with you the relative merits of our own sweet singers. Sufficient to say that, while one must admit the wild imagination of Poe and the rugged profundity of Whitman, he cannot compare them, or the gentle race of the New England *fireside* poets, with the laureled bards of the Aegean or British Isles. And, however much of beau-

tiful song has been produced in this country, the fact remains that, before Homer and Milton, we must admit that in the whole history of the American nation there has yet been no conception that, in sublimity of theme, in dignity of treatment, in fidelity to atmosphere, can be called the American Epic.

But now what is this carving in stone, whose every line is full of the stately measure of the Epic? What is this story, whose silent eloquence melts the heart as you look upon it?

"Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both?"

Done in a medium which has the first place in the esthetic hierarchy. Done to endure, as no other of the Fine Arts, the ravages of Time. Oh, I care not what the canons may be that divide one Fine Art from another. The Indian honored the prophet when he came. So let him alway, whether that

prophet carry in his hand the brush, the quill, or the chisel.

To me this Statue has gone beyond the limitations of speech. It has long passed the bounds of verbal expression. Were its essence to take other forms, I am certain we should hear in it the strains of beautiful music. Within its idealism is locked a great oratorio. Naught but the solemn harmony of some deep-toned sacred music could carry its meaning.

And perhaps, too, were we to look closer, we should find its noble lines returning to the boundaries of inland seas and crescent moon, or back to the stateliness of cathedral elm,—find its hopes sailing the cloud-flecked blue overhead, its heroism leaping precipice and break with the daredom of the awful Tawasentha Niagara. Aye, the spirit that has been caught in this marble mold is as large as Nature itself. If this is not the American Epic, I ask what can be?

Rightly is its subject the American Indian. He who knows the throes of a Gethsemane.

He who knows the blood-sweat of anguish. He who has sounded the very depths of a national tragedy, and done it after the teachings of his fathers, without a murmur. He who, too spiritual to survive the ravages of a material age, has been misunderstood and has passed under the ignominy of false charges. He who, like the Greek, belonged to a hero age they could not comprehend. Yet when all is done, calmly he draws his simple robe about him and stands there mute and upright, looking boldly back upon it all, even as the eagle faces the glaring sun. Looking back to the East. Aye, even back to the welcome lodges of his fathers, surveying the past, as one who has finished the journey of life. How recently he himself stood there, with these words upon his lips:

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us.
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you:
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom,
When you come so far to see us.
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rock and sand-bar,
For your birch-canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.
Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us."

How recent! I can seem to scent the aroma of the tobacco, as it smoked in rising circles from the peace-pipe. I can almost whiff of the savory sweetness of the new corn steaming in the old brown bowl, the chief's brown bowl, waiting for the hungry white guest. Could I but leave him there; could I but leave them there, around the warming fires of the wigwam, giving and partaking each of the other's graces. Could I have been able to-day to say to all the American people, as I am able to say to this group, there is no debt but the debt of gratitude

between us, how different had been the course of American history.

But perhaps it has always been so that the makers of a nation's glories have been individuals; some in statecraft, some in other mediums have come to herald new events, establish new régimes for the multitudes. It is an appreciable fact that to-day it is to the free mind of the artist we must turn for justice to the American Indian. To him we owe the debt of gratitude for establishing those subtle and most enduring impressions of an age and a people, which the American people, as a people, can only comprehend with time. But I am not here to unearth the long story of infamies, the great tragedy upon which this Moch-Pe-O-Zon-Za gazes. Rather I have come to thank you for the Indian where great thanks are due.

Who now can misunderstand him who stands there against the sky, carved in stone, in the mighty truth of him? What dilettante can rob him of his dignity? What ignorance

can abuse him? Aye, what baseness can touch him? Calmly he draws his simple robe about him and stands there, mute for that which has no defense, looking upon the nations of men, as they come challenging all to all that is lofty in spirit. Perhaps it is worth a national tragedy to go down to posterity an inspiration to all men. As I look upon him for the last, my heart within me says: Amen; there let him stand, defying the very elements, defying injustice, defying defeat, so upright, so self-contained, so self-sufficient.

"O every wind that nods the mountain pine;
O aching Time; O moments big as years—
Each, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth!"

The Trail Makers

The Trail Makers

Mr. Lowden: *It is now my good fortune to introduce to you one who has been associated with this camp from the beginning, Mr. Hamlin Garland, who will read an original poem, "The Trail Makers".*

Mr. Garland:

THE TRAIL MAKERS

When from their small, smug fields, in other lands,
Our Pilgrim fathers, minded to be free,
Set eager feet to alien sands
Between the forest and the sea,
They faced the somber, chartless deep
Of elm and pine, with curious care,
Timid as wolf-confronted sheep,
Their hands were bent in piteous prayer.

To them, the thicket was a snare;
The red men, Satan's sons of hell;
Witches rode the midnight air
And every tarnlet held a spell,

And when the west grew dark with rain
  And winds came roaring through the oak
They longed for home with poignant pain —
  Poor, tender-footed, urban folk!

Not one knew how to camp or trail,
  Or make his bed down in the snow;
Not one but seemed foredoomed to fail —
  To each and all the clouds spoke "woe."
With pious exhortation and repeated pledge
  Their leaders held them, gloomy band,
Shivering on the land's drab edge —
  There on the pitiless, barren strand.

Ships came and went. Beneath the cold
  Children sickened, women died,
And strong men, weakened and grown old,
  Upon their God in anguish cried.
Shuddering, hopeless, through unending days
  They watched and waited till the suns of
    Spring
Set all the granite hills ablaze
  And brave brown birds began to sing.

At last the wilderness became a friend.
Hell's minions brought them meat and corn
And necessary woodcraft, in the end,
Conveying knowledge of the snake and thorn.
The sachem gave his peaceful pipe,
His warm skin coat, his silent shoes,
And when the wildling fruits were ripe
The red babes taught them which to choose.

Adventurous boyhood, quick to trace
The subtile pathways linking hill and stream,
Explored each camp and fishing-place,
Hearing with joy the Sagamore's dream.
Pathless no longer, but generous as fair,
The wilderness allured to further quest;
Daring was born in sunset flare,
A passionate longing for the mystic West.

Through peace and war, from age to age,
This red guide wrought the settler to his type.
Inured to toil, contemptuous of the rage
Of wintry wind, daring the grizzly's gripe,

Behold this grandson of an Oxford clerk,
With keen, stern eyes and strong, brown face,
Pursuing the wild beast in the dark —
Master of woodland and the chase.

Behind him Europe's eager millions pressed,
Before him fled the bear and deer
Steady, remorseless, toward the West
He swept, this newborn pioneer,
Warring, winning, dying on the way —
And everywhere the red man's trail he trod
And everywhere in ruins lay
The red man's hope, the red man's God.

One by one, all tribal lines were crossed;
One by one, opposing chieftains fell.
Word by word, their very speech was lost,
Till not one singer lived to tell
The story of his vanished race.
The trails they made grew dim with grass,
And roaring cities filled the place
Where red-brown maidens loved to pass.

From Moosatoc to Mitch-i-gan,
From Iroquois to Northern Cree,
The lines of conquest broadening ran,
Till all the world, from sea to sea,
Was covered by the white man's plow;
Till, like a chained eagle, desolate and grim,
The Sitting Bull, with harsh, unyielding brow,
Fell — and was dust upon the desert's rim.

With him a whole world vanished, never to return,
An epic world of freedom and the chase.
No longer may his camp-fires burn,
By moonlit lake or woodland's space.
Like exhalations of the rain-wet morn,
In shuddering thunder, dim and far
Vanished his buffalo, hoof and horn,
Before the clanking railway car.

Aye, they are gone, those strong, brave men!
No more the Pawnee sweeps the sod
On bold, swift raid! Never again
Shall trail of Kiowa be trod.

Corralled are Cheyenne, Wichita and Ute!
In scattered huts, debased and grey
Lakotan singers, sorrowful and mute,
Await the closing of their bitter day.

Bloody, braggart, childish — cruel, if you will —
This savage taught our people to be free.
He kept our poets' hearts a-thrill —
We swept him from the earth, yet see
How from our rivers, vales and peaks,
Like banners, flame the names he gave!
Monadnock, Alleghany, Shawano, each speaks
With deathless tongue above his grave.

Without his legends, wars and creeds,
Our Nation's story would be thin and dry,
Our heroes stripped of half their deeds —
Selfish and mean and small, shall we deny
So much of justice to their warrior dead?
Black Hawk, Tecumtha, Roman-Nose —
Did they not fight for home? Their blood was shed
To check the march of paleface foes.

Guiltless as the panther in our artists' eyes,
  Bold as the Greek in grace of limb,
His songs, his deeds, his signal cries,
  Shall live in story after him.
Need made him what he was. As bee
  Or serpent crawls or stings or flies,
So this man warred at God's decree
  And died beneath unpitying skies.

And so to-day, freed from all hate and dread,
  Here, midway of the land they fought to
    save,
We meet in tribute of the storied dead,
  Whose ashes mingle in a common grave.
To him who died in exile, chieftain still,
  A victim of our greed, with broken heart,
We raise this sentinel of the hill,
  This splendid symbol of remorseful Art.

O splendid, vast, primeval land!
  O men of plain and wood and peak!
To you I raise the signal hand,
  To you I call, for you I speak!

O kingdom of the sunset glade,
  The swift wild horse, the birch canoe,
For you this halting verse is made,
  To you this statue, over-due.

Long after our short course is run,
  When not one red-maid's cheek shall glow
Beneath the kiss of prairie sun,
  When Sauk and Fox and Navajo
Have merged to one composite race,
  The wondering traveler will scan
This vast and brooding face,
  And say, "This was the first American."

The Sculptor

(Calls for Mr. Taft.)

MR. LOWDEN: Mr. Lorado Taft.

MR. TAFT: Ladies and Gentlemen: I have had my say — yonder.

I might add that if ever I did anything spontaneously, it was this. It grew out of the ground. That is what I hope it may suggest.

It happened in this way: Every evening as these shadows turn blue we walk here on the bluff.—We have always been very faithful in going to Mr. Heckman's house several times a day, paying gayly our tribute of homage and affection, and we have always stopped at this point to rest and to enjoy the view. This is our fourteenth summer here, and it may be that the contemplative attitude has become a habit. As we stand here we involuntarily fold our arms and the pose is that of my Indian — restful, reverent.

It came over me that generations of men have done the same thing right here. And so the figure grew out of the attitude, as we stood and looked on these beautiful scenes.

About four years ago I saw some men erecting a reinforced concrete chimney at the Art Institute, and the thought came to me, as I watched them, that by using a plaster mold instead of the cylindrical forms, I could make a "reinforced concrete" Indian.

I think I was a little foolhardy or I never should have begun it, and I am sure I never could have carried it through alone. Good fortune sent to my aid Mr. Prasuhn, a young sculptor of the Art Institute, who had previously done much work as a civil engineer, and who knew all about cement. He became interested in my project and undertook the enlargement and the cement work. Of the latter I knew nothing and depended absolutely upon him. Thus my share in the work was practically limited to the six-foot model. Mr. Prasuhn occupied himself with the details, and ever since our Colos-

sus was started has put in most of his time here, often working nights as well as days. Late last night I came over, and he was still hard at it. Such devotion is certainly rare. The statue is a memorial to Mr. Prasuhn, as well as to the Indian. I am not sure but that my deputy hopes to be buried here. I am glad to be able to pay this tribute to him.

But I am not here to make an oration, and anything that I could say would surely be an anti-climax after the eloquence to which we have listened.

I want to invite you all to our little settlement over there. We shall be glad to have you see how we live, and to visit during the time that remains.

Conclusion

Mr. Lowden: I just wish to say one word, if I may. I know that I voice the sentiment of all who live in this vicinity when I say that we feel ourselves under everlasting obligations for what Mr. Taft has done. Some day I trust our children may be able to say that this statue, erected on as beautiful a site as exists anywhere beneath the sun, was the beginning of an American Barbizon.

Before I close, I want to read to you a few lines from Black Hawk's autobiography. I know that all of you who live upon the Rock River will quite sympathize with the reason which he gives for the war he made in this valley. In a speech, when a guest of honor of the whites at Fort Madison, after the Black Hawk war — and the whites of those days were not likely to make as a guest of honor a very bad Indian — in response to a toast proposed to him he said:

"It has pleased the Great Spirit that I am here today. The Earth is our Mother — we are now on it

with the Great Spirit above us — it is good. I hope we are all friends here. A few summers ago I was fighting against you. I did wrong, perhaps, but that is past — it is buried — let it be forgotten. Rock River was a beautiful country. I liked my towns, my corn-fields, and the home of my people. I fought for it — it is now yours — keep it, as we did."

I venture to say that there is no one within the sound of my voice who will fail to feel the distinction that this heroic figure has given to this scene. It will mark this valley long after we are gone. I say again that we owe much, not only to Mr. Taft and Mr. Heckman, but to the whole camp which spends its summers here. I want them to know, as I know, that the people of this vicinity appreciate their contribution to this valley, and wish for them many, many happy years. (Applause.)

Lorado Taft: An Appreciation

Lorado Taft

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WHEN Art finally established a Church in the new regions of the Middle West Lorado Taft, one might say, became its first missionary bishop. To preach the gospel of beauty *in partibus infidelium* required earnestness, enthusiasm and a pronounced taste for travel. During some years the devoted evangelist ranged actively [illegible] that lay between Pennsylvania and Colorado, and the conversion of heathenesse went [illegible] way. Thanks to Mr. Taft, as much as to any other agent, the great central section of our country has gradually risen to the consciousness of beauty, to the toleration of beauty, to the appreciation of beauty, and to a keener sense of beauty as desirable and indispensable.

But while Lorado Taft gave a good part of his best years to the outdoor ministry that forms so important a feature of our evangel, he has always personally and passionately against being known mainly as a [illegible]

LORADO TAFT

From a Painting by Ralph Clarkson

Lorado Taft: An Appreciation

WHEN Art finally established a diocese in the new regions of the Middle West, Lorado Taft, one might say, became its first missionary bishop. To preach the gospel of beauty *in partibus infidelium* required earnestness, enthusiasm and a pronounced taste for travel. During some years the devoted evangelist ranged actively over the virgin tracts that lay between Pennsylvania and Colorado, and the conversion of heathenesse soon got under way. Thanks to Mr. Taft, as much as to any other agent, the great central section of our country has gradually risen to the consciousness of beauty, to the toleration of beauty, to the appreciation of beauty, and to a keener sense of beauty as desirable and indispensable.

But while Lorado Taft gave a good part of his best years to the copious discourse that forms so important a feature of any evangel, he has always protested, and justly, against being known merely as a "talking

sculptor." While some will say that his expenditure of fluent speech, always marked by a high seriousness of purpose and a delightful *intimité* of manner, was designed for the "winning of the West" to art, others, fully as well informed, will maintain that his two thousand lectures on art subjects really supplied the only basis upon which the proper work of the practicing artist could be securely conducted. There is reward for the park fountains, soldiers' monuments and portrait busts and statues with which the young American sculptor must perforce begin his public career; but definite remuneration for the larger and loftier projects which are sure to develop in the brain of the maturing man is much less a certainty — indeed, several of Mr. Taft's adventures into the ideal have yielded only the recompense that comes from a consciousness of having done rightly the right thing. Others of them, making a special appeal to particular individuals or to a particular section of the public, have fared more fortunately. Thus, while

his great groups, "The Solitude of the Soul" and "The Blind," have long remained but studio pieces, other works, such as the "Columbus," at Washington, and the "Fountain of the Great Lakes," in Chicago, will soon fill the public eye and set an indisputable seal upon a well-won fame.

Mr. Taft's missionary days are now past. The era of the saddle-bags is over, and the word is now preached from a fixed pulpit. From the wide and elaborate range of studios on the Midway the gospel goes forth with as much fervor as in the earlier years spent upon the road, and with even a higher degree of intensification than during his days of teaching at the Art Institute and of lecturing in the extension department of the University of Chicago. Mr. Taft's instruction has possessed a strong creative side. He has always had the happy faculty of contriving large *projets* to provide co-operative play for the wits and fingers of many students. This method has reached even more felicitous development since he has enjoyed possession

of his own work-shops and the support of a band of selected followers.

If such advantages are enjoyed at "The Midway Studios," they are none the less present at his summer quarters, Eagle's Nest Camp, on the Rock River, near Oregon, Illinois, to which attractive and inspiring spot the activities and personnel of The Studios are commonly transferred in June. It is to this artistic organization, directed by one dominant hand and infected from one central source of inspiration, that the noble figure of "Black Hawk," commemorated in the present volume, is due.

This creation, a notable study of the interrelations between sculpture and landscape, is, like many other of Mr. Taft's works, a monument of disinterestedness. The idea came and insisted upon expression. The reward is solely in the work itself, and in the generous recognition of a friendly public — and of that intimate group in which the general appreciation finds a nucleus. The history of the Statue is one of a generous and

determined lavishing of effort, regardless of material reward, on the working out of a fine idea to its fullest and best. The characteristic illustrated here is exhibited almost as pointedly in the great Columbus monument, now assembling at Washington. To complete this conception, in accord with his highest promptings, the artist handsomely added two figures of heroic proportions beyond the stipulations and expectations of the case; completeness at whatever cost or sacrifice.

The Midway Studios are still fecund of ideas. The greatest idea of them all, designed for the monumental decoration of the public parkway between the University of Chicago and the Studios themselves, and offering one of the most comprehensive syntheses of sculpture and landscape architecture yet attempted in this country, still awaits the favor and patronage that shall transform a vast and comprehensive conception into a concrete reality. Indeed, it is projects like this that bring our artist into

direct association with architectural interests and sympathies, just as his "History of American Sculpture," a genial and thorough work, published in 1903, brings him into close connection with literary interests and sympathies. Such are the relationships that enlarge the field from which a rich nature draws still further sustenance.

In these directions, and in others more distinctly civic, is Lorado Taft constantly striving for the advance of art and for the betterment of general conditions. Indeed, it is largely as a citizen, giving freely of his best for the common good, that he has taken firm hold upon the friendly appreciation of his own town, as well as upon that of art-lovers throughout the West.