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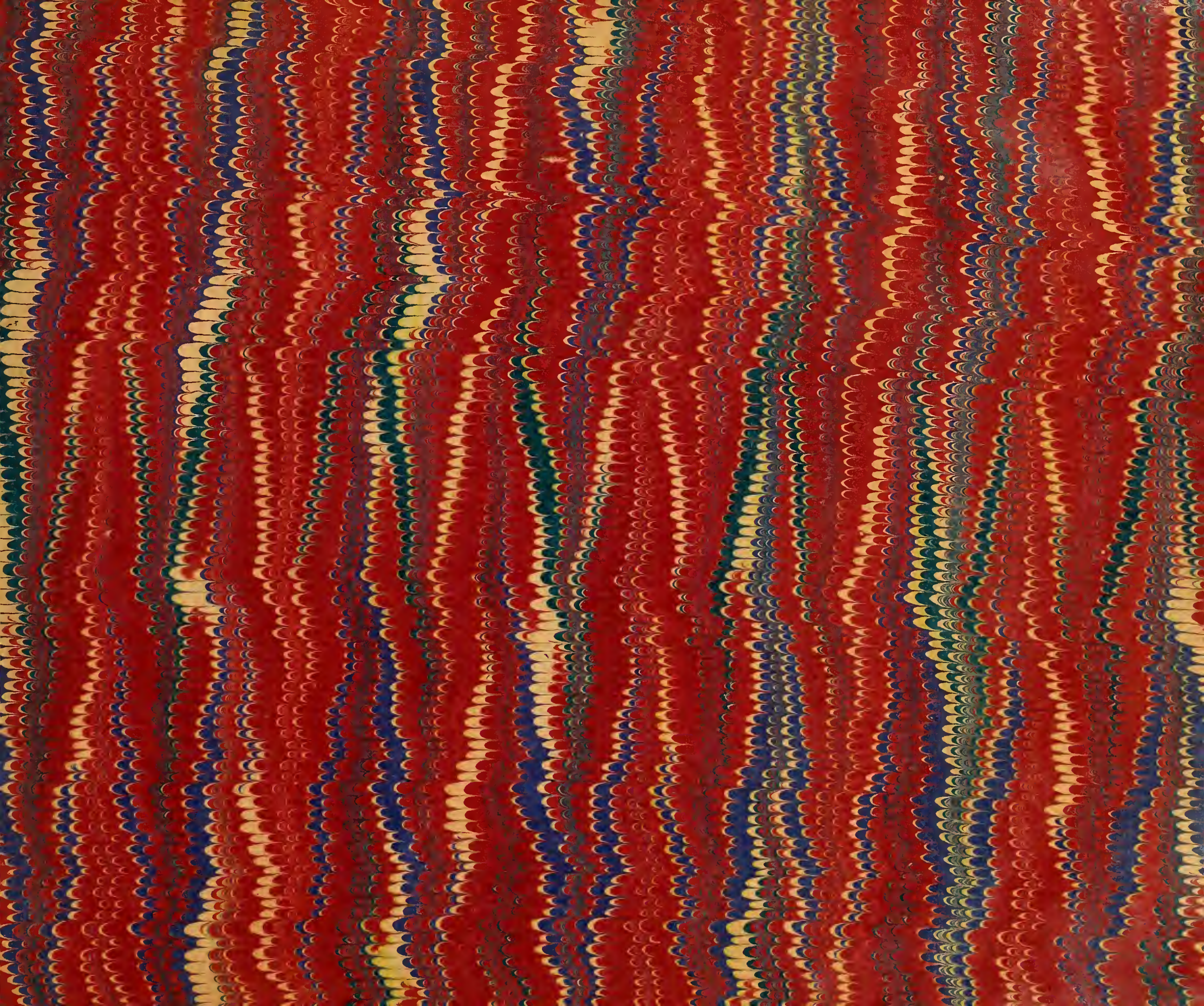
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.













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Souvenir of the Dedicatory Ceremonies  
of the Iowa State Building,  
at Jackson Park, Chicago, Illinois,  
October 22, A. D. 1892.

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FROM "WONDERFUL CHICAGO" AND THE WORLD'S FAIR  
BY GEO. W. MELVILLE CHICAGO.

## IOWA STATE BUILDING

JACKSON PARK



# Iowa Friends of the World's Columbian Exposition

## Program of Ceremonies of Dedication.

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OVERTURE,—Barber of Seville,—Rossini,	Iowa State Band
INVOCATION,	Rev. T. E. Green
PRESENTATION OF THE BUILDING TO THE GOVERNOR OF IOWA,	James O. Crosby, Pres. Iowa Col. Commission
DEDICATION AND TENDER TO THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION,	Governor Horace Boies
RESPONSE,	Director-General Geo. R. Davis
MUSIC,—Reminiscences of all Nations,	Iowa State Band
POEM,—The Ballad of Columbus,—Maj. S. H. M. Byers,	Mrs. Lucia Gale Barber
SONG,—Star Spangled Banner,	Mrs. Ida Norton, accompanied by Iowa State Band, with Audience joining in the Chorus
ORATION,	Hon. E. P. Seeds
DOXOLOGY,	Audience, accompanied by Iowa State Band
BENEDICTION,	Rev. T. E. Green
MUSIC,—Iowa Columbian March,—Prof. Phinney,	Iowa State Band

F. N. CHASE,	} Committee on Ceremonies.
S. B. PACKARD,	
HENRY STIVERS,	

Education to eliminate discrimination

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
of the world's population is increasing  
at an ever increasing rate. This is  
due to a number of factors, including  
the fact that the world's population  
is now over 6 billion, and is expected  
to reach over 9 billion by the year  
2050. This is a significant increase  
in the number of people on the planet,  
and it has a number of implications  
for the world's resources and the  
environment.



# Iowa Officials of the World's Columbian Exposition.

Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture, W. I. BUCHANAN, Sioux City.

## U. S. COMMISSIONERS FOR IOWA.

W. F. KING, Mt. Vernon.

JOSEPH EIBORCK, Des Moines.

### ALTERNATES.

JOHN HAYES, Red Oak.

CHARLES E. WHITING, Whiting.

## MEMBERS OF WOMAN'S BOARD OF U. S. COMMISSIONERS FOR IOWA.

MRS. WHITING S. CLARK, Des Moines.

MISS ORA E. MILLER, Cedar Rapids.

### ALTERNATES.

MRS. IRA F. HENDRICKS, Council Bluffs.

MISS MARY B. HANCOCK, Dubuque.

## IOWA COLUMBIAN COMMISSION.

Pres., J. O. CROSBY, Garnavillo. V.-Pres., J. F. DUNCOMBE, Ft. Dodge. Secy., F. N. CHASE, Cedar Falls. Treas., WM. H. DENT, LeMars.

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

S. H. MALLORY, Chariton.

H. W. SEAMAN, Clinton.

S. B. PACKARD, Marshalltown.

### AUDITING COMMITTEE.

THEO. GUELICH, Burlington.

S. B. PACKARD, Marshalltown.

HENRY STIVERS, Des Moines.

### ON COMPILATION OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL, HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL INFORMATION.

CHAS. ASHTON, Guthrie Center.

J. O. CROSBY, Garnavillo.

J. W. JARNAGIN, Montezuma.

## DEPARTMENTS.

"A" Live Stock,	S. B. Packard	"F" Woman's Work,	J. O. Crosby
"B" Agricultural and Dairy,	F. N. Chase	"G" Manufactures and Machinery,	H. W. Seaman
"C" Horticultural,	Wm. H. Dent	"H" Education and Fine Arts,	J. W. Jarnagin
"D" Mineral and Geology,	J. F. Duncombe	"I" Forestry,	Theo. Guelich
"E" Press	Henry Stivers		

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Address of James O. Crosby,  
President of the Iowa National Guard

Prayer by Rev. Thos. E. Green, D. D.,  
Chaplain of the First Regiment Iowa National Guard.

---

We praise Thee O Lord: We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. Thou art the ruler of the nations and the King of Kings. By Thy sovereign will have the bounds of the earth been set, and out of the counsels of Thy wisdom have the nations been established.

We praise Thee for all Thy manifold mercies, and especially at this time for the Providence that called into being this our western world, and has made and preserved for us our beloved nation.

And as we give Thee thanks so we supplicate Thy continued blessing. We pray for our land and nation. Preserve it from peril, establish it in righteousness, and fill it with Thy fear and obedience to Thy law.

Bless we beseech Thee the President of the United States; in this his hour of sore distress, manifest to him the comforts of Thy grace. We pray for the Governor of our state, and for all who are over us in authority. May they be men of clean hands and pure hearts, whose strength is in Thee and in Thy righteousness.

Bless our Commonwealth. Save us from sin and iniquity and establish us in prosperity and peace.

Accept we beseech Thee the work which we now dedicate to humanity, and therefore to Thee. May it serve its purpose in the advancement of Christian civilization, in the building up of the brotherhood of humanity and the proclamation of the Fatherhood of our God. And so may Thy blessing be upon us, and Thy mercy upon our children—and to Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, shall be glory and honor, now and evermore. Amen.

Chaplain of the First Regiment Iowa National Guard.  
Prayer by Rev. Thos. E. Green, D. D.

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Bless our Commonwealth. Save us from sin and iniquity and establish us in prosperity and peace. Accept we beseech Thee the work which we now do for to humanity, and therefore to Thee. May it serve its purpose in the advancement of Christian civilization, in the building up of the brotherhood of humanity, and the proclamation of the Fatherhood of our God. And so may Thy blessing be upon us, and Thy mercy upon our children - and to Thee Father, Son and Holy Ghost, shall be glory and honor now and evermore. Amen.



# Address of James O. Crosby, President of the Iowa Columbian Commission.

National celebrations in great measure show forth the character of the people constituting the nation.

In early ages the conquests of arms were made the greatest occasions for long continued and enthusiastic celebrations, and the order of exercises indicated what the people deemed best calculated to express their joy and admiration and to afford them their highest pleasure and gratification.

The savage chieftain celebrated his success upon the war path by midnight orgies with the weird war-dance and superstitious sacrifices.

In A. D. 70, a Roman army occupied Palestine menacing Jerusalem, because the Jews failed to pay to Rome the stipulated tribute money. The presence of the army alone, was not enough to bring the tribute, and Titus destroyed the city, razing its walls to the ground.

He returned to Rome with 60,000 prisoners, and by the Senate was accorded a triumphal procession. The prisoners built the Coliseum with a seating capacity of 87,000, and upon its completion in A. D. 80, One Hundred days were spent in celebrating with games and shows, gladiatorial combats to the finish, and contests with wild beasts. The triumphal arch of Titus and the Coliseum still stand to perpetuate the fame and glory achieved in the destruction of Jerusalem.

A few years later, when the emperor Trajan returned from the Danube after his conquest of the Dacians, again the Coliseum was thrown open, to celebrate his victory, and for 120 days, for the entertainment of the people, the Dacian prisoners were compelled to fight with wild beasts and to butcher one another to make Roman holiday. The statue of the Dying Gladiator perpetuates the memory of that butchery, and the column of Trajan and the forum in ruins, bearing his name, are reminders of the history of the close of the first, and the beginning of the second centuries of the Christian Era.

The destructive wars of Napoleon Bonaparte are commemorated in Paris by triumphal arches in Place du Caroussel and Place de l'Etoile; and in Place Vendome rises a column modeled after the column of Trajan. The galleries of France glare with highly imaginative representations of the Napoleonic wars. A turn of the kaleidoscope, and standing on the field of Waterloo, we see a mound of earth 150 feet high, on the summit of which the British Lion triumphantly looks defiance over the site of Napoleon's headquarters at Belle Alliance.

Pomp and glitter with the excitement and victories of war, have educated men to hero worship of the military chieftain who through blood and carnage attains signal victory; and the sculptor's and the painter's art are exhausted to cultivate admiration for military achievements; and they are commemorated in song and story.

In the progress of the world's civilization, the cultivation of the arts of peace is resulting in victories, which if not so glittering, are more beneficial to mankind, lifting them to a higher and better plane of life.

Friendly contests among the nations in the arts, sciences and industries which benefit mankind, are celebrations that stimulate the world to the building up of all the nations, in those things that make a people great and prosperous and happy. Such are the conquests of peace. No ruined cities or devastated fields follow in the path of such victories. From them some noble structures are left as monuments to perpetuate their memory, like the beautiful Crystal palace of Sydenham, the palaces of Industry and Trocadéro in Paris, and the Horticultural and Memorial Halls in Fairmount Park, at Philadelphia.

When in 1876 our nation celebrated the centennial anniversary of its birth by such an exhibition, the different sections of our Union were drawn into closer relations of amity, and our nation with the other nations of the world; while the central thought of Republican Liberty, that "MANKIND IS CAPABLE OF SELF GOVERNMENT" was sown like the seed of the sower that, in the parable, went forth to sow.

Acts that are truly great and far-reaching in their influence, in human estimation grow with the lapse of centuries.

Four hundred years ago, Christopher Columbus discovered America, which in effect was the discovery of a new world and joining it to the old. For a brief period following his heroic discovery he was treated with marked favor, but afterward, there were few to do him honor, and neglected, he died in poverty. After four centuries his courage, skill, daring adventure and grand achievement have come to be appreciated in the new world which he discovered, and popular sentiment decreed that its fourth centennial must be celebrated with a world's Fair.

The Congress of the United States recognized this decree in the following words: "Whereas, it is fit and appropriate that the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America be commemorated by an exhibition of the resources of the United States of America, their development, and of the progress of civilization in

Address of James O. Crosby.

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chivalry; and the army commander in general and the  
blood and courage and signal victory; and the struggle and  
admitted a new hero worship of the military chieftain who through  
brave and glint with the excitement and victories of war, have

[illegible]



the new world," and enacted that this commemoration shall be a World's Columbian Exposition to be inaugurated in the year 1892, in the city of Chicago, in the state of Illinois.

The location was most happy, for its citizens, in leading characteristics, are like Columbus, energetic, courageous, daring and persevering. As the storm spirit was unable to deter the great navigator from pressing on in his voyage of discovery, so the fire fiend spreading devastation through the heart of this city, sweeping away its noblest structures like chaff before the wind, could not deter its citizens from pressing forward in the building of the finest and greatest city that was ever constructed in so short a time, since the creation of the world, and it has been truly said that one of the greatest exhibits of the exhibition, will be the city of Chicago itself.

With characteristic energy and boldness they entered upon the herculean task of preparing for the reception of the world upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence never before equalled, and the result of their labors is to-day before us.

While the bill was pending before Congress providing for the Columbian Exposition, the 23rd General Assembly of the state of Iowa, passed an act approved April 15th, 1890, making an appropriation and providing for an Iowa Columbian Commission charged with the duty of devising and executing plans to creditably represent at such Exposition, the agricultural, mineral, mechanical, industrial, educational and other resources and advantages of the state.

When the President of the United States in pursuance of the act of Congress had issued his proclamation, our Commission issued an address to the people of the state, invoking their aid to place Iowa in her exhibit before the world in the position to which she is justly entitled, that we might be enabled to compare with other states our condition and capabilities, and our Nation with the other Nations, and setting forth that this Exposition "will be a school of observation to the farmer, of technical education to the artisan, of design to the manufacturer; it will stimulate progress in the sciences, arts and industries that benefit mankind; it will advance knowledge, dispel conceit and prejudice, and cultivate friendship between individuals, States and Nations."

"There is no other means of diffusing knowledge in so short a time, so wide and varied in its scope, to an extent so great and far reaching in its refining and elevating influence."

"It is desirable that the greatest possible number of our people should attend the Exposition, and devote as much time as they can give to the study of its mammoth collection of object lessons, for it will be an opportunity the value of which is beyond computation."

It was deemed of first importance that a commodious building should be erected as a headquarters for the numerous visitors from our state that would avail themselves of the advantages here to be gained, and an early application for a site on which to build, resulted finally in the acquisition of this delightful location on the

shore washed by the waves of Michigan, the head of the great chain of American lakes.

It is a fitting locality to serve as a headquarters for our beloved state that lies within the embrace of the two great rivers of the West, the Missouri and Mississippi, within that temperate zone that gives health and vigor to its people;— and with a soil of great fertility, irrigated by nature, seed time and harvest never fail. Providence has spread its gifts with bountiful hand throughout its borders.

In 1854 when it became my home, there was not a mile of railway within its limits, and the population numbered 326,000. Now, it is enveloped in a network of 10,000 miles, extending into all of its ninety-nine counties, affording railway facilities for its 2,000,000 inhabitants and its \$474,000,000 worth of annual products. This marks the progress of Iowa.

Designed by Iowa Architects, Josselyn and Taylor of Cedar Rapids, under the supervision of the Executive Committee, Commissioners Mallory, Packard and Seaman, this structure has been prepared in which to install a collective exhibit of Iowa products, not for competition, but to show the wealth of the resources of our state.

Spacious apartments are provided, attractively decorated, in part by the skill and labors of the ladies of our state generously contributed, for the accommodation of Iowa visitors, where kindly attention will be cheerfully bestowed to minister to their comfort and make their stay pleasant; a place to welcome friends, to greet the stranger, to write and to receive letters, to read the home papers, to gain information in general about the exposition; a place where weary ones can rest and be thankful that they are citizens of the Hawkeye State; in short, as complete a home as we can make it, and from its highest pinnacle floats our National Banner;

"As it floated long before us,  
Be it ever floating o'er us,  
O'er our land from shore to shore;  
There are freemen yet to wave it,  
Millions who would die to save it,  
Wave it, save it evermore."

In its constellation of states there will be no star that in patriotism shall shine brighter than Iowa.

And now in behalf of the Iowa Columbian Commission, to you Governor Boies, as the chief Executive Officer of the State of Iowa, I present this structure, to be by you dedicated to the uses and purposes for which it is designed.

the new world." It is certain that this country was not built by the city of Chicago, in the state of Illinois.

The location was not happy, for its citizens, in building character, are like Columbus, energetic, courageous, daring and persevering. As the storm spirit was unable to enter the great navigators from pressing on in his voyage of discovery, so the fire brand spreading devastation through the heart of the city, sweeping away its noble structures like chaff before the wind, could not hinder its citizens from pressing forward in the building of the highest and greatest city that was ever constructed in so short a time, since the creation of the world, and it has been truly said that one of the greatest exhibitions of the exhibition, with the city of Chicago itself.

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"There is no other source of disseminating knowledge in so short a time so wide and varied in its scope, to be exact so great and far reaching in its results and elevating influence."

"It is desirable that the greatest possible number of our people should attend the Exposition, and devote as much time as they can give to the study of its manifold collection of object lessons, for it will be an opportunity, the value of which is beyond computation."

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shore was had by the action of the Board of the Great Lakes of American Lake.

It is a fitting locality to serve as a headquarters for our beloved state that lies within the embrace of the two great rivers of the West, the Missouri and Mississippi, within the temperate zone that gives health and vigor to its people—and with a soil of great fertility, irrigated by nature, soon time and harvest never fail. Providence has spread its gifts with liberal hand throughout its borders.

In 1854 when it became independent, there was not a railroad within its limits, and the population numbered 32,000. Now, it is enveloped in a network of 10,000 miles, extending into all of its ninety-nine counties, affording a ready outlet for its 2,000,000 inhabitants and its \$474,000,000 worth of annual products. This marks the progress of Iowa.

Designed by Lewis Architect, Joseph and Taylor of Cedar Rapids, under the supervision of the Executive Committee, Commissioners Maloney, Richard and McLean, this structure has been prepared in which to install a collective exhibit of Iowa products, not for competition, but to show the wealth of the resources of our state.

Spacious apartments are provided, attractively furnished, in part by the skill and labor of the ladies of our state, generously contributed, for the accommodation of Iowa visitors, where kindly attention will be cheerfully bestowed to minister to their comfort and aid in their stay, pleasant; a place to welcome friends to greet the stranger, to write and to receive letters, to read the home papers, to gain information in general about the exposition; a place where weary ones can rest and be thankful that they are citizens of the Hawkeye State; in short, as complete a home as we can make it, and from the highest pinnacle floats our National Banner;

"As it floated long before us,  
Be it ever floating o'er us.  
For our land from shore to shore,  
There are freemen yet to wave it,  
Millions who would die to save it,  
Weave it, save it evermore."

In its constellation of states there will be no star that is brighter than shall shine brighter than Iowa.  
And now in behalf of the Iowa Columbian Commission, to the Governor Board, as the chief Executive Officer of the State of Iowa, I present this structure, to be by you dedicated to the use and purposes for which it is designed.



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## Dedication by his Excellency, Horace Bours, Governor of Iowa

Mr. President of the Iowa Columbian Commission:

I am assured by those who have perfected the arrangements for this occasion that the day assigned me is a purely formal one.

Before discharging this, permit me in behalf of the people of our State to express to you and those associated with you their gratitude for the faithful and efficient manner in which you have discharged your duties as members of that Commission, and the pride we all feel in the work you have thus far accomplished.

And now, Mr. President, as the representative of the citizens of Iowa, I accept from your hand this beautiful edifice and in their name dedicate it to the noble purposes for which it was constructed. It will largely assist in bringing to the attention of the world the many achievements of the State which our magnificent bounty has produced. And to the President of the World's Columbian Exposition, for and in behalf of my people, I tender this building a contribution from their hands to the great work which he has been called to preside, believing it worthy of those who present it, and hoping it will prove of substantial assistance in the accomplishment of that grand success which we earnestly pray may crown his efforts and make this the greatest and the best of all the World's Expositions.



# The Ballad of Columbus, by Maj. S. H. M. Byers.

Read by Mrs. Lucia Gale Barber.

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It was fourteen hundred and ninety-two,  
The close of the New Year's day,  
When the armies of Catholic Ferdinand,  
The flower of all the Spanish land,  
At the siege of Granada lay.

Ten thousand foot and ten thousand horse  
And ten thousand men with bows  
Were on the left, and as many more  
Had stormed close up to the city's door,  
Where the Darrow River flows.

And the king held levee, for on that day  
Great news had come to court—  
How on the morrow the town would yield,  
And the flag of Spain, with the yellow field,  
Would float from the Moorish fort.

There were princely nobles and high grandees  
That night in the royal tent ;  
And the beautiful queen with the golden hair  
And shining armor and sword was there—  
On the king's right arm she leant.

It was nine, and the old Alhambra bells  
Tolled out on the moonlit air ;  
And over the battlements far there came  
The murmuring sound of Allah's name,  
And the Moorish troops at prayer.

"Hark !" said the king, as he heard the sound,  
"Hark, hark ! to you bells refrain—  
Five hundred years it has called the Moor ;  
This night, and 'twill call him nevermore—  
To-morrow 'twill ring for Spain !"

Then spake a guest at the king's right hand :  
"To-morrow the end will be ;  
Hast thou not said, when the war is done  
And the Christ flag floats o'er the Moslem one,  
Thou wouldst keep thy promise to me ?

"Thou wouldst give me ships, and wouldst give me men  
Who would dare to follow me ?  
Help thou this night with thy royal hand,  
And I'll make thee king of a new-found land  
And king of a new-found sea.

"For the world is round, and a ship may sail  
Straight on with the setting Sun,  
Beyond Atlantis a thousand miles,  
Beyond the peaks of the golden isles,  
To the Ophir of Solomon.

"So I'll find new roads to the golden isles,  
To the gardens that bloom alway,  
To the treasure-quarries of Ispahan,  
The sunlit hills of the mighty Khan,  
And the wonders of far Cathay.

"And gold I'll bring from the islands fair,  
And riches of palm and fir  
Thou shalt have, my king ; and the lords of Spain  
Shall march with the Christ flag once again,  
And rescue the Sepulchre."

But the nobles smiled and the prelates sneered,  
With many a scornful fling ;  
"Had not the wisest already said  
It was but the scheme of an empty head,  
And no fit thing for a king ?

"And were it true that the world is round,  
And not like an endless plain,  
Were our good king's vessels the seas to ride  
Adown the slope of the world's great side,  
How would they get up again ?

"And the land of the fabled antipodes  
Was a wonderful land to see,  
Where people stand with their heads on the ground,  
And their feet in the air, while the world spins  
round"—  
And they all laughed merrily.

But the king laughed not, though he scarce believed  
The things that his ears had heard ;  
And he thought full long of the promise fair,  
And he knew that the day and the hour were there,  
If a king were to keep his word.

So he said, "For a while, for a little while,  
Let it bide, for the cost is great ;"  
But the guest replied ; "Nay, seven years  
I have waited on with my hopes and fears ;  
And soon it will be too late."

Then spake the queen, "Be it done for me.  
Here are jewels for woe or weal ;"  
And she took the gems from her shining hair,  
And the priceless pearls she was wont to wear,  
And she said, "For my own Castile."

\* \* \* \* \*

There were three ships sailing from Palos town,  
Ere the noon of a summer's day,  
And the people looked at the ships and said,  
"God pity their souls, for they all are dead ;"  
But the ships went down the bay.

(ready to go)

[illegible]



And an east wind blew, and the convent bells  
Rang out in sweet accord,  
And the master stood on the deck and cried,  
“We sail in the name of the Crucified,  
With the flag of Christ our Lord!”

They were ten days out when a storm wind blew—  
Ten days from the coast of Spain—  
And the sailors shrived each other and said,  
“God help us now, or we all are dead!  
We shall never see land again.”

They were twelve days out when an ocean rock  
Burst forth in a sea of fire,  
As if each peak and each lava cliff  
Of the red-hot sides of Teneriffe,  
Where a sea-king’s funeral pyre.

And the sailors crossed themselves and said,  
“Alas, for the day we swore  
To follow a reckless adventurer—  
Though it be at last to the Sepulchre—  
In search of an unknown shore.”

And they spoke of the terror that lay between,  
Of the hurricanes born of hell,  
Of the sunless seas that forever roar,  
Where the moon had perished long years before,  
When an evil spirit fell

And ever the winds blew west, blew west,  
And the ships blew over the main.  
“They are cursed winds,” the mariners said,  
“That blow us forever ahead—ahead;  
They will never blow back to Spain.”

But the master cited the Holy Writ;  
And he told of a vision fair,  
How a shining angel would show the way  
To the Indus Isles and the sweet Cathay,  
And he “knew they were almost there.”

But a sea-calm came, and the ships stood still,  
And the sails drooped idle and low,  
And a seaweed covered the vasty deep  
As darkness covers a world in sleep,  
And they feared for the rocks below.

It was twelve that night when a breeze sprang fresh,  
As if from a land close by,  
And the sailors whispered each other and said,  
“God only knows what next is ahead—  
Or if to-morrow we die.”

It was two by the clock on the ship next morn,  
And breathless the sailors stand,  
With eyes strained into the starless night,  
When, lo! there’s a cry of “A light, a light!”  
And a shout of “The land, the land!”

There were weeping eyes, there were pressing hands,  
Till the dawn of that blessed day;  
When the admiral, followed by all his train,  
With the flag of Christ and the flag of Spain,  
Rode proudly up the bay.

In robes of scarlet and princely gold,  
On the New World’s land they kneel;  
In the name of Christ, whom all adore,  
They christened the island San Salvador,  
For the crown of their own Castile.

And the simple islanders gazed in awe  
On the “gods from another sphere;”  
And they brought them gifts of the Yuca bread,  
And golden trinkets, and parrots red,  
And showed them the islands near.

They told of the lords of a golden house,  
Of the mountains of Cibao,  
The cavern where once the moon was born,  
The hills that waken the sun at morn,  
And the isles where the spices grow.

From isle to island the ships flew on,  
Like white birds on the main,  
Till the master said, “With my flags unfurled,  
I have opened the gates of another world—  
I will carry the news to Spain.”

It was seven months since at Palos town,  
Ere the noon of that summer’s day,  
The good ships sailed, with their flags unfurled,  
In search of another and far-off world—  
And again they are in the bay.

Twelve months have passed, and the king again  
Holds levee with all his train,  
And Columbus sits at the king’s right hand,  
And, whether on sea or upon the land,  
Is the greatest man in Spain.

And the queen has honored him most of all—  
She has taken him by the hand:  
“Don Christopher thou shalt be called away:”  
And a golden cross on his heart there lay,  
And over his breast a band.

And ships she gave, and a thousand men,  
With nobles and knights in train;  
And again the convent bells they rung,  
And the praise of his name was on every tongue,  
And he sailed for the west again—

To the hundred islands and far away  
In the heats of the torrid zone,  
To gardens as fair as Hesperides,  
To spice-grown forests, and scented seas  
Where no sails had ever blown;

And up and down by the New World’s coast,  
And over the western main,  
With but the arms of his own true word,  
He lifted the flag of the blessed Lord  
And the flag of the land of Spain.

And he gave them all to the king and queen,  
And riches of things untold;  
And never a ship that crossed the sea  
But brought them tokens from fruit and tree,  
And gems from the land of gold.

Three times he had sailed to his new-found world,  
Five times he had crossed the main,  
When, walking once by the sea, he heard,  
By secret letter or secret word,  
Of a murderous plot in Spain—

How that envious persons about the court  
Had poisoned the mind of the king  
By many a letter of false report,  
By base suspicion of evil sort,  
And words with a traitorous sting

And an east wind blew, and the convent bells  
Rang out in sweet accord.  
And the mariner stood on the deck and cried,  
"We sail in the name of the Crucified,  
We sail the flag of Christ our Lord!"

They were ten days out when a storm wind blew—  
Ten days from the coast of Spain—  
And the sailors shivered each other and said,  
"God help us now, or we all are dead,  
We shall never see land again."

They were twenty days out when an ocean took  
Terror to its heart in a sea of fire,  
As it leaped back and each lava cliff  
To the red-hot sides of Tenerife,  
Where a smoking funeral pyre

And the sailors crossed their belts, and said,  
"It is for the day we swore  
To follow a sailor's ways; never  
I should be so at last to the Neptune  
In search of an unknown shore."

And they spoke of the terror that lay between,  
Of the torturing pain of hell,  
Of the anguish seen that I never tell,  
When the moon had perished long years before  
And an evil spirit fell

And when the moon was high west,  
And the ship blew over the main,  
"The moon was my guide," the mariner said,  
"I will show you forever a shard—a shard;  
They will never blow back to Spain."

And the mariner told the Holy Word,  
And he told of a vision that  
He saw a shining angel who showed the way  
To the Indian Isles and the snow-capped  
And he knew that "there shines there"

But a sea-breeze came, and the ships soon fell  
And the sails drooped, and the  
And a darkness covered the vasty deep  
As darkness covers a world in sleep,  
And they feared for the night's fall

It was twelve days out when a breeze  
As it came a land breeze,  
And the sailors shivered each other and said,  
"God only knows what next is ahead—  
Or if to-dragon we die!"

It was two days out when the ship next morn'  
And breathless the sailors  
With eyes strained into the starless night,  
When, of their cry of "A light! a light!"  
And a shout of "The land, the land!"

There were weeping eyes, there were pressing hands,  
Till the dawn of that blessed day,  
When the sun smiled, followed by his train,  
To the shores of Spain, and the bay of Spain,  
I led forward up the bay

To the bay of a quiet and princely kind,  
Of the New World, that I first knew,  
In the name of Christ, who in all things  
First christened the island San Salvador,  
For the crown of that royal Canalic

And the simple windows raised in awe  
To the words from another shore:  
"And they brought the gifts of the Indies,  
And golden trinkets and precious  
And showed from the islands near

They told of the land of the golden house,  
Of the mountain of Olivas,  
The great shore where the moon was  
The hills that were the great  
And the hills where the great

It was ten days out when the ship  
To the white birds of the main,  
Till the mariner said, "With my flag-staff  
I have owned the bay of another world—  
I will carry the news to Spain."

It was seven months since the ship  
To the moon of that summer's day,  
The good ships sailed with their flags unfurled,  
In search of another and far-off world—  
And again they are in the bay

Two months out when the ship  
His love with all its train,  
And the sailors shivered each other and said,  
And a mother on a rock upon the bay,  
Is the dearest man in Spain

And the queen has honored him in most of all  
She has taken him to the land;  
"Don Christof her name," he called away,  
And a golden cross on his breast there lay,  
And over his breast a word

And ships she gave, and a two  
His words and his train,  
And the queen of the land was  
And the queen of the land was  
And the queen of the land was

To the land of the north and the south,  
In the bay of the north and the south,  
To the land of the north and the south,  
To the land of the north and the south,  
To the land of the north and the south

And up and down by the New World,  
And over the western main,  
With but the arms of his own men,  
He lifted the flag of the land of Spain,  
And the flag of the land of Spain

And the queen, then, in the land of Spain,  
And the queen of the land of Spain,  
And the queen of the land of Spain,  
And the queen of the land of Spain,  
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The queen, then, in the land of Spain,  
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Now that envious persons about the court  
Had poisoned the mind of the king,  
By many a letter of false report,  
By base suspicion of evil sort,  
And words with a traitorous sting



And the king, half eager to hear the worst,  
For he never had been a friend,  
Believed it all, and he rued the hour  
He gave to the master rank and power,  
And resolved it should have an end.

So with cold pretence of the truth to hear,  
And with heart that was false as base,  
A ship was hurried across the main,  
With Bobadilla, false knight of Spain,  
To take the admiral's place.

O that kings should ever unkingly be!  
O that men should ever forget!  
For that fatal hour the false knight came,  
To the king's disgrace and the great world's shame  
The star of Columbus set.

They took the queen's cross from off his breast,  
And chains they gave him instead;  
And iron gyves on his wrists they put,  
Vile fetters framed for each hand and foot—  
“'Twere better they left him dead.”

For he who was first of the new-found world,  
And bravest upon the main,  
Who had found the isles of the fabled gold,  
And the far-off lands that his faith foretold,  
Was dragged like a felon to Spain.

But the whole world heard the clank of his chains,  
When he landed in Cadiz bay;  
And fearing the taunt and the curse and scoff,  
The false king hurried to take them off,  
At the pier where the old ship lay.

But little it helped, or the king's false smile,  
As he sat in his robes of state;  
For wrong is wrong, if in hut or hall,  
And the right were as well not done at all,  
If done, alas! too late.

And little it helped if, here and there,  
The mantle of favor stole  
Across his shoulders, to hide the stain  
Of a broken heart or a broken chain—  
They had burned too deep in his soul.

So the years crept by, and the cold neglect  
Of kings, that will come the while;  
Forever and ever 'tis still the same—  
Short-lived's the glory of him whose fame,  
Depends upon a prince's smile.

And long he thought, could he see the queen,  
Could he speak with her face to face,  
She would know the truth and would be again  
What once she was, ere his hopes were slain;  
And he sighed in his lonely place.

And on a day when he seemed forgot,  
And darker the fates, and grim,  
A letter came, 'twas the queen's command,  
“Come straight to court,” in her own fair hand,  
And she would be true to him.

But alas for man, and alas for queen,  
And alas for hopes so sped!  
He had only come to the castle gate,  
When the warder said, “It is late—too late,  
For the queen, she is lying dead.

And the king forgot what the fair, good queen  
With her dying lips had said;  
And he who had given a world to Spain  
Had never a roof for himself again,  
And he wished that he, too, were dead.

Slow tolled the bells of old Seville town,  
At noon of a summer's day;  
For up in a chamber in yonder inn,  
Close by the street, with its noise and din,  
The heart of the New World lay.

Perhaps the king, on his throne close by,  
No thought to the tolling gave;  
But over a world, far up and down,  
They heard the bells of Seville town,  
And they stood by an open grave.

And the Seville bells, they are ringing still,  
Through the centuries far and dim;  
And though it is but the common lot  
Of men to die, and to be forgot,  
They will ring forever for him.

At the pier where the old ship lay,  
The raised long lance to take them off,  
And to ring the alarm and the alarm bell,  
When he landed on Gull's bay;  
But the whole world heard the tank of his cannon.

Was dragged like a felon to Spain,  
And the French lands that his faith forbade,  
Who had found the tales of the failed gold,  
And passed upon the name,  
For he was part of the new-found world.

"There better they left him dead,"  
His father's name for each hand and foot,  
And from his worstest they put,  
And change they gave him instead;  
They took the golden cross for a gold,  
The star of Columbus set,  
To the king's palace and the great world,  
For that great heart the king's hand came,  
O that man would ever forget!  
O that things should ever making him!

And she would be true to him,  
A letter came, twice the power's command,  
And darker the face and the name,  
And a day when he heard the name,  
And she would be true to him.

And he signed in his lonely place,  
His name was there, ere his name was there,  
And he signed in his lonely place,  
And he signed in his lonely place,  
And he signed in his lonely place.

Deposed as on a prince's smile,  
Showered with the gifts of his noble name,  
For ever and ever his still the same,  
Of him that will come the while;  
No more was there, and the world he left.

That had found too deep in his soul,  
A broken heart of a broken name,  
To pass his neighbor, to the main,  
The name of a name,  
And he signed in his lonely place.

It done, that too late,  
And the right name was well not done at all,  
For it was a name, it is not a name,  
And he signed in his lonely place,  
But he signed in his lonely place.

They will ring for ever for him,  
Of their name, and to be named,  
And though the name is the same,  
I have the name, and the name,  
And the name is the same.

And they stood by all the name,  
I have the name, and the name,  
And they stood by all the name,  
And they stood by all the name,  
And they stood by all the name.

The name of the name is the same,  
Of the name, and the name,  
Of the name, and the name,  
Of the name, and the name,  
Of the name, and the name.

And he signed in his lonely place,  
A broken heart of a broken name,  
To pass his neighbor, to the main,  
The name of a name,  
And he signed in his lonely place.

But he signed in his lonely place,  
And the right name was well not done at all,  
For it was a name, it is not a name,  
And he signed in his lonely place,  
But he signed in his lonely place.



## Oration by Judge Edward P. Seeds.

As citizens of the Commonwealth of Iowa, we have gathered here upon the shores of the ever-throbbing lake, whose waves kiss a landscape spreading away to the west in one long vista of grassy, cultivated beauty; here in this wonderful city of Chicago,—the most marvelous evolution of municipal growth, business energy and unconquerable faith known in history, for the purpose of dedicating this building to the services of the Columbian Exposition, in exhibiting in material form the growth of our noble state. The purpose, the place, the time are all filled with inspiration, and, let us hope, prophetic of splendid victory for good government and individual character. The States of our Union are here in no jealous rivalry. Each glories in the garnered results of all the others. They were born into the life of our Republic at different times and sprang from various and dissimilar causes. They have not alike the same number of talents, but none, upon this occasion, brings her talents without usury, or tarnished with the dirt of burial. Each commonwealth pours into the lap of this wonderful city the richest productions of her farms, the surprising creations of her workshops, the varied product of her roaring furnaces and busy manufactories, the noblest and best results of her intellectual efforts: in fact all that is truest and best in her history. And this, that the citizenship of the world may see and realize that our people have been blest, materially and intellectually, and we hope spiritually, as no other people upon the earth; that other nations as they study this wide-spread and far-reaching expansion of life may take therefrom inspiration to utilize and adopt all that is truly good and wise in our growth. Each state, necessarily, from its geographical position, its climatic conditions, and other physical environments, together with its historical development, has an individuality peculiarly its own. Upon such occasions as these, when for months the state will stand forth in the full light of day, “to be seen and read of all men,” that individuality becomes dynamic in its expression; it prompts the state to spread a wide canvass, and to paint her picture in grand relief; to lay the colors on with a heavy brush, yet with the touch of a skilled artist; to so arrange the background as to catch the light of history at every coigne of vantage. The artist who paints this picture for

Iowa must not only be a master in technique, an adept in coloring, and skilled with the brush, but beyond and above all, he must have the inspiration of the poet, and the vision of the prophet in order that the grace and charm which clings to such a subject, like the perfume to the rose, may be caught and made to live. The speaker is aware that he is not the artist which such a work of art demands; but he trusts that he may gather into a general outline the prominent facts of Iowa's short and luminous history, and so present them that your loyal and loving imaginations may fill up the outline with beauty, and so be held in proud remembrance until the artist shall come to paint our picture in elegant and charming prose for the delight of the future. That such an artist will come admits not of a doubt. A great occasion demands and will produce its interpreter.

Geographically Iowa is centrally located in relation to the territory of our nation, and is located in fruitful embrace by two of the mightiest rivers of the earth—the Mississippi and the Missouri. While upon the north and south it is bounded by the two powerful and growing states of Minnesota and Missouri respectively. Within the area so circumscribed lies 55,000 square miles of the most productive, well watered, undulating and beautiful land that the sun enriches with its wealth of heat and light in all its yearly journey. There is probably less waste land to the amount of arable land than in any equal area of soil in the wide world. Its position too, as to climatic conditions could not well be improved; in the winters the cold is of that bracing, invigorating character, which locks and conserves the productive elements of the soil, and at the same time makes vigorous and vitally active the powers of the human body; while the warmth of our summers brings into lavish activity all of the productive forces of our protean soil. Our springs and autumns are nature's poems; filled with the music of purling streams, the anthems of rustling leaves and sighing branches, the melody of the sweet-voiced meadow-lark; made beauteous with the profusion of prairie flowers—the butter-cup, the daisy, the violet and golden-rod; and glory crowned with the yellow, russet, brown and red of autumnal fruitage. A beautiful land indeed! The seat of no fabled

## Oration by Judge Edward P. Seeds.

Iowa must not only be a center of material and technical progress, but also a center of intellectual and spiritual progress. Above all, the first law of the imagination of the poet and the vision of the prophet in order that the state and citizen which cling to such a subject have the power to live. The speaker is aware that he is not the artist which such a work of art demands; but he trusts that he may gather into a general outline the present and future of Iowa's short and luminous history, and so present them that your loyal and loving imagination may fill up the outline with beauty and so be held in proud remembrance with the artist shall come to paint our picture in elegant and charming prose for the delight of the future. That such an artist will be no artist not of a doubt. A great occasion demands and will produce its own artist.

Geographically Iowa is centrally located in relation to the territory of our nation, and is located in fertile lands by two of the mightiest rivers of the earth—the Mississippi and the Missouri. While upon the north and south it is bounded by the two powerful and growing states of Minnesota and Illinois respectively. Within the area so circumscribed lies 55,350 square miles of the most productive and fertile land in the world, well watered, undulating and beautiful land that the sun warms with its wealth of heat and light in all its yearly journey. There is probably less waste land in the amount of arable land than in any equal area of soil in the wide world. Its position too, as to climatic conditions could not well be improved; in the winter the cold is of that bracing, invigorating character, which rock and conserve the productive elements of the soil, and at the same time makes vigorous and vitally active the powers of the human body; while the warmth of our summers brings into lavish activity all of the productive forces of our prairie soil. Our springs and streams are nature's power, filled with the music of running streams, the softest of rushing leaves and something branches, the melody of the new-mown meadow-lark; under the shadow of the golden-brown of prairie flowers—the buttercup, the daisy, the violet and gold-rod; and glory crowned with the yellow, russet-brown and red of autumnal foliage. A beautiful and happy! The seat of no fabled

As citizens of the Commonwealth of Iowa, we have gathered here upon the shores of the ever-flooding Lake, whose waves kiss a landscape spreading away to the west in one long vista of grassy, cultivated beauty; here in this wonderful city of Chicago—the most vigorous evolution of municipal growth, business energy and unceasing activity in history, for the purpose of dedicating this building to the memory of the Columbian Exposition, in exhibit of the growth of our noble state. The purpose of the place, the time are all filled with inspiration, and let us hope prophetic of splendid victory for good government and individual character. The States of our Union are here in no jealous rivalry. Each glories in the general results of all the others. They were born into the life of our Republic at different times and sprang from various and dissimilar causes. They have not alike the same number of talents, but none, upon this occasion, brings her talents without rivalry, or tawdry with the gift of burial. Each commonwealth pours into the lap of this wonderful city the richest productions of her farms, the surprising creations of her workshops, the varied products of her mines and busy manufacturing, the noblest and best results of her intellectual efforts; in fact all that is finest and best in her history. And this, that the citizenship of the world may see and realize that our people have been best materially and intellectually, and we hope spiritually, as no other people upon the earth; that other nations as they study this wide-spread and far-reaching expansion of its may take therefrom inspiration to utilize and adopt all that is truly good and wise in our growth. Each state, necessarily, from its geographical position, its climatic conditions and other physical environment, together with its historical development, has an individuality peculiarly its own. Upon such occasions as these, when for months the state will stand forth in the full light of day, to be seen and read of all men, that individuality becomes dynamic in its expression; it prompts the state to spread a wide canvas, and to paint her picture in grand relief to lay the colors on with a bold and yet with the touch of a skilled artist; to so arrange the background as to catch the light of history at every angle of vantage. The artist who paints this picture for



Hesperides, but a present and visible paradise full of unnumbered beauties. Historically our commonwealth has but recently become a product of articulate Time. For three centuries after the discovery of this continent our land slept in the bosom of the great unknown, with only an occasional whisper that there was a land "of pure delight" far beyond the towering heights of the Alleghenies. When the cruel and senseless edicts of kings and the fierce oppression of bigotry in the old world was driving the brave and true-hearted into the rugged wilderness of our Atlantic coast, the land now known as Iowa was the home of the buffalo and the Indian. The population upon our eastern shores had become quite numerous; the first stirrings of National life were being felt; the prophecies of a New Nation were being uttered, when in 1673, Joliet and Marquette, two French missionaries, floating upon the placid waters of the Mississippi first gazed upon the flower-decked prairies of our Iowa. The white man was now looking upon a far-reaching picture of Nature's loveliness, and we may well believe that visions of future greatness, as to the occupants of the land before him, began to take shape in his historical consciousness; a vision not unfolded in words, but handed down from generation to generation, with the potency of unuttered thought, until it burst into a reality in this century. The two missionaries must pass away, and a century sift its dust upon their tombs, ere that vision begins to assume form and fashion; a century of struggle and storm; a century in which freedom, emerging from the pit of slavery, grapples in deadly strife with monarchical pretension and aristocratic greed and triumphs. A century without which the history of Iowa might have been one of darkness and sorrow, instead of joy and gladness. During these years, slow going, the population upon the Atlantic coast increased greatly, and pushed, amid multitudinous difficulties, over the mountain wall, and obtained a footing upon the eastern edge of the Mississippi valley. Not until 1788 did any white man look again upon the soil of Iowa. Then it was that Julien Dubuque, a French Canadian, staked a claim upon the picturesque site of the present prosperous, wealthy and enlightened city named for himself. The vision of the Frenchmen of a century before had begun to take form. Iowa was to be. Beginnings are proverbially slow. The inertia of great masses is not easily overcome. The wider the room in which any given expansive force is to act, the less effective the force; so it was only when the energy, hope and practical business activity of the people in the eastern portion of our country became so confined as to need an outlet, that the population rolled through and over the magnificent

states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois and entered into the Promised Land. It was about the year 1833 that this onward moving tide of civilization first made permanent settlement upon the eastern borders of our state. A year or so on either side of that date is immaterial to the general fact. The places upon which they pitched their tents were pleasant to look upon, but there was nothing about them to suggest that in a few short years those sites would be occupied by the energetic, progressive and handsome cities of Keokuk, Ft. Madison, Burlington, Davenport, Muscatine and Dubuque. Gathered at nightfall around their camp-fires, these pilgrims of the prairies, tired, lonely and no doubt homesick, their eyes may have been rested and their souls exalted, by gazing upon a scene more enchanting than any of the marvelous creations of a Michael Angelo; a scene to them of passing beauty simply, but in truth a scene fresh from the brush of the great Creator and carrying in it a prophecy of the future. At their feet moving in majestic grandeur were the blue waters of the Mississippi; its waves, faintly breaking on the grassy banks, seemed to the homeless pilgrims, to be chanting a requiem over their happy past, and yet its music entered into their unuttered musings with that gentle touch of nature which soothes and at the same time engenders courage. The wide, rolling, grass-covered prairies stretched in unbroken loveliness, except where broken by the rippling waters of the merry stream, far into the west; there the great luminary of day was just sinking from sight, bathing the earth and sky in one transcendent flood of golden light; just before it sinks behind the golden-tipped line of our western boundary, there might have been seen athwart its red disk the rushing, plunging shadow of the buffalo, and closely following the dark, savage silhouette of a red warrior, his form erect and defiant, his visage stern with wrath yet over it all the shadowed fear of final defeat; for one moment he stands in haughty defiance, and then warrior and buffalo plunge in the Sun and are gone. As the myriad stars, in their silvery splendor, swing out their lights in the dark vault of heaven, the lonely pioneers on the margin of the river might have guessed the prophecy in the scene—the dawn had risen upon Iowa, and its ancient denizens must depart.

Let us for a moment consider who these pioneers were, and what their character, as they stand upon our soil for the first time in 1833. This is an initial point in our history—in truth, here and with these men and women our history begins. Previous to this time Iowa is mentioned only in connection with other large areas of land; its existence had been but a whispered one; it had no civilization, it had

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 Iowa was the home of the buffalo and the Indian. The population  
 upon our eastern shores had become quite numerous. The first  
 rings of National life were being felt; the population of a New Nation  
 were being stirred, when in 1803, John and Meriwether, the French  
 missionaries, venturing upon the great waters of the Mississippi, met  
 grazed upon the forest-covered prairie of our Iowa. The white man  
 was now looking upon a far-reaching picture of Nature's loveliness,  
 and we may well believe that visions of future greatness, as to the  
 occupants of the land before him, began to take shape in his histor-  
 ical consciousness; a vision not unclouded in words, but a hatched down  
 from generation to generation, with the galaxy of unnumbered  
 thought, until it burst into a reality in this century. The two mis-  
 sionaries must pass away, and a century still its dust upon their  
 tombs, yet that vision begins to assume form and fashion; a cen-  
 tury of struggle and storm, a century in which freedom, emerging  
 from the pit of slavery, grapples in deadly strife with monarchical  
 pretension and aristocratic greed and triumph. A century with-  
 out which the history of Iowa might have been one of darkness and  
 sorrow, instead of joy and gladness. During these years, slow  
 going, the population upon the Atlantic coast increased greatly,  
 and pushed, and pushing, over the mountain wall,  
 and obtained a footing upon the east, on edge of the Mississippi  
 valley. The year 1788 did not see any white man look again upon the soil of  
 Iowa. Then it was that John Indian, a French Canadian, seeking  
 a claim upon the picturesque site of the present prosperous, wealthy  
 and enlightened city named for himself. The vision of the Frenchman  
 of a century before had begun to take form. Iowa was to be. The  
 gains are proverbially slow. The inertia of great masses is not  
 easily overcome. The white room in which may given expansive  
 force is to act, the loss of the force so it was only when the  
 energy, hope and practical business activity of the people in the  
 eastern portion of our country became so confirmed as to need an out-  
 let, that the population rolled through and over the magnificent



no promise. But now we are in the presence of the genesis of a commonwealth—and what it shall *be* depends upon what those homeless wanderers *were*. They were to be the fathers and mothers of a people who now and here proudly and confidently challenge the admiration of the world. Is our challenge justified? Who were the pioneers of 1833? They were the commonality from the states of New England, New York, Ohio and Indiana; men and women who thought that they could make more of life and its opportunity in the far west. They had descended from a yeoman stock that had upon innumerable battle fields in this and the old world defended the rights of man. Were they a people blessed with an abundance of material wealth? Far from it. They may have had the bare necessities of life, but that was all. But in their characters they had the wealth of the ages; their souls were filled with that indomitable courage which knows no moral fear; their minds were stored with that wholesome knowledge which teaches one to grasp at Nature's resources and transmute them into agencies for man's benefaction; they possessed a faith that surmounted the things of time and sense, and saw the completion of man's nature in the radiant beauty of a higher life. They were not educated in the learned institutions of the east; but they had studied deeply in the University of Nature and had treasured up and made a part of themselves her lessons of manhood and womanhood. They knew the value of education though, and sacrificed much that those who came after them might drink deep and long at the fountains of knowledge. They never had rested in the lap of luxury, but they had learned well that lesson, first taught by the Almighty, that labor is honorable in all men; and that the sun-browned face and the calloused hand is the best diploma man can possess. In the presence of such evidences of graduation from God's University the dilettanteism of the 400, the sensualism of the court, and the aristocracy of slavery alike shrink away. Those women may not have graced the salons of the rich and cultured; their forms may never have been robed with the silks and satins of the orient; their days were probably spent in the hard cares of household drudgery; but in nobility of soul, in sweetness of disposition, earnestness of character and true courage they never had superiors. Their kisses were inspirations, their smiles were benedictions, while their words of love and instruction wrought miracles in the human soul. Motherhood never found more lovely caskets than in those lonely, unknown, immortal women who watched by the river brink in 1833. From such women are born noble sons and lovely daughters; sons and daughters who rear monuments more

endurable than stone or brass to their memory as they build a commonwealth founded in courage, love and truth. Those men and women have gone to their reward, but the soil of Iowa is sanctified by the presence therein of their dust. May we hold them in sweet and lasting remembrance!

From this time forward our history becomes more marked and important. In 1846, after various efforts, Iowa took her place in the sisterhood of states. There she has taken an important place. In every effort for the amelioration of the condition of humanity she has been in the foremost ranks. She determinedly set her face like a flint against the crime of slavery; and when that crime had brought upon this Nation the mad passion of war, she sent to the front 75,000 of her sons to emphasize her protest against the wickedness of that system; to aid in maintaining the integrity of the Union; to uphold the nobility of manual labor. Into the varied character of our history since we became a state, other than it is developed in our industrial, intellectual and moral growth, we can not enter to-day. Industrially, our progress has been phenomenal; and its direction and amount is the necessary outgrowth of our conditions and personal characteristics. It is no easy undertaking to present in a compact form, and yet vividly, the many factors which go to make up the industrial life of a people; to bring before your imagination the thousands and thousands of acres of grain, waving in the summer's breeze; to present to you the equal or greater acreage of maize, which stands like great banks of swaying emerald, until by the alchemy of the Sun's rays it is transmuted into fields of gold; to lead before you the countless herds of meek-eyed kine, and recite to you the tales of their production of milk and butter—tales which sound like stories of the Arabian Knights, but are true as Holy Writ itself; to ask you to listen to the rolling thunder as it tells of the approach of an army of horses which equal in speed, beauty and power the far famed steeds of Araby the Blest; to summon from a hundred thousand farms the innumerable concourse of Chicago jewels, and hush their unmelodious voices in your presence; to take you into our myriad workshops, and into the darkness of our mines of coal and there show you our intelligent artisans turning the crude material into articles of use and beauty; to take you along our handsome streets, and broad highways and with conscious pride point you to our palatial stores, our humming factories, our noble public buildings, and tell you how they are all developed from the crude, inartistic buildings of 1846—in a word, to hang before you a word-painting, even in faint outline, that would do justice to Iowa's





present grandeur is for me impossible. I can only submit to you a column of figures—the driest of facts—the indices simply of the possible, for they can not, in truth, unfold to you the fact. Nor can I give you the figures for a series of years, for it would be too voluminous, and make of this faint effort of an oration a catalogue of names and figures, instead of an inspiration, as it ought to be. I have chosen as years for comparison 1849–50 and the year 1891. In so doing I have chosen the earlier year somewhat arbitrarily, and with no idea of picking out one of less relative prosperity than those immediately preceding it, but mainly because I have had access to the statistics of that year and not to those preceding it. The time which has elapsed from 1850 to last year is indeed short, it is but a span, and yet what a marvelous growth is exhibited by this small array of figures! To understand how incomprehensible these figures are, you have but to ascertain the ratio of increase for any given number of years, say five, and apply that to the half century of our existence as a state, and the result will surprise you by its vastness. In 1850 our population was 192,124, or about one-sixth as many as now inhabit this one city; at the present time our population is at least 2,000,000. This represents the unity of our present brain power.

In 1849–50 our industrial condition stood about as follows:

Wheat, bushels.....	1,530,581
Oats, “ .....	1,524,345
Corn, “ .....	8,656,799
Potatoes, “ .....	282,368
Butter, pounds.....	2,171,188
Cheese, “ .....	209,840
Horses.....	38,536
Cows .....	45,704
Swine .....	323,247
Other cattle .....	91,000
Sheep.....	149,960
Value of live stock on farms.....	\$3,689,275

At the first glance these figures may seem large, and to the average citizen, who has no occasion to hunt about in musty records or to burden his mind with figures, it may seem that any enlargement of them to any great extent will be an attempt to impose upon one's credulity. When we strike the million figure we have about reached the limit of average computations, and anything above it has the air of oriental exaggeration. However that may be the following statement of production is substantially correct, and in-

dicates what Iowa citizens accomplished along one channel of their activity in 1891.

Corn, bushels,.....	335,031,598
Wheat, “ .....	27,586,000
Oats, “ .....	115,810,800
Rye, “ .....	2,051,400
Barley, “ .....	4,528,669
Potatoes,“ .....	25,828,250
Hay, tons.....	5,582,800
Butter, pounds.....	168,690,715
Cheese, “ .....	5,000,000
Horses.....	1,095,300
Mules.....	42,739
Sheep.....	452,000
Hogs .....	5,921,100
Milch cows.....	1,278,612
Other cattle.....	2,680,247

These amounts, together with various smaller items, which belong to the part of our industry known as agricultural, aggregate in money value the enormous sum of \$474,097,710. Are you able to comprehend it? But this is not all there is of our industrial life. Take our coal. Nearly one-half of our state is underlaid with this heat producer. It is produced in 26 Counties. During the year 1889 there was mined 4,061,704 tons, valued at \$5,392,220; and there was distributed in wages among 9,198 employees \$2,903,291.

It must not be forgotten that in 1850 the production of coal was of little consequence; and at the same time our manufactories amounted to nothing. It is true that we are principally an agricultural state, but that does not preclude the possibility of our having a large capital in manufactories. The truth is that we have over \$100,000,000, invested in those institutions, and there is hardly a town of three thousand inhabitants in our state, from which may not be seen daily the smoke from a factory. This accumulation of ever-changing forms of wealth is carried from place to place, from farm to market by means of over 8,440 miles of rail ways, the total earnings of which in 1890 was \$43,102,399. ; and the number of employees was 27,580.

A fair index of the industrial standing of a people may readily be gained by consulting the bank accounts. Last year in the savings banks (and they usually represent the common laborer,) the deposits aggregated \$20,821,495. While in the state banks the deposits were \$12,960,211. It is hardly possible that any citizen of this





proud Nation, whether his home be in Maine or Texas, or in our own loved state, can be other than greatly pleased by such a showing of the industrial forces of one of the Commonwealths of our land. But if this was all that we had to bring to this exhibition, if we only had the material to call the world's attention to, I question if we would have much worthy a noble people's consideration. Thank God that our material is but the pedestal upon which is reared a character for true manhood and womanhood unsurpassed, as I believe, in the whole world! And that character has for its inner motive the intellectual and moral life of our people. Our intellectual life is represented principally by two factors; the common school system, together with its cognate system of higher education, and the public press. In 1850 the number of schools were few indeed; the accommodations poor and the system of education crude and mechanical in the extreme. In 1891 the statistics of the common schools were as follows:

Children of school age.....	668,541
Enrolled in public schools.....	503,755
No. of teachers.....	26,769
No. of school houses.....	13,129
Value of school houses.....	\$13,184,914

The total expenditure for school purposes is now over \$6,000,000 annually. We have over 20 institutions entirely given to higher education. The character of our instruction in these schools is of the highest. Our teachers are in the front ranks as educators, and are ready and anxious to adopt all improved methods whereby our children may obtain the requisite knowledge for life's work in the most scientific manner. That our educational system is doing good work, and is entitled to our most earnest praise and acknowledgement is shown in the fact, that in 1880 and 1890 the census showed that our people had the least amount of illiteracy among them of any state in the Union, and of a consequence of any people on the earth. The greatest power to-day for all purposes is the Press. Find the general character of that instrument of progress and you can at once tell the general character of the people.

The press takes up the ideas, the thoughts, the aspirations of a people and spreads them broad cast. It makes possible the permanent good accomplished by the schools, though, unfortunately, it may be the active means of turning the rational product of the school to bad ends. In our state in 1850 the press was of that crude make that characterized all the instruments of progress of that day.

There were but a dozen or so of papers published in our wide domain, and they were principally given to the spreading of local news. The telegraph and the railroad had not at that time made it possible to bring daily to the editor's table the facts of the world, and hence he did not see or feel the necessity of writing leaders, which should present the good or bad principles behind the daily facts for the consideration of the people. Now that is all changed; not alone do the papers come to our homes laden with a multiplicity of fact but there is with them the editorial, from which the newspaper takes a large part of its character. In 1890 there were published in our state 756 newspapers. Of these 47 were daily and 646 were weekly, the balance being tri-weekly, monthly and fortnightly. Our daily press is exceptionally free from the vice of some of the metropolitan dailies, which find their greatest force in spreading, with great particularity the latest social scandal, the brutal action of *things*, masquerading as men, in their efforts to eclipse the dogs in fighting, or in retailing fully the rascality of the previous day. Our dailies seem to appreciate the fact that they enter pure homes, they are read by noble boys and lovely girls, and that they are responsible for their growing characters. The weekly press is unquestionably the bulwark of our homes and of our morals. With hardly an exception they are ably edited, carefully sifted that nothing impure enters their columns, and filled with the character of general literature which aids in moulding good lives. Our state is too new to have developed any great strength in the line of pure literature; though a number of our citizens have become authors of very creditable works. In the line of art our state has produced some paintings and statuary, which conclusively demonstrate that the artistic faculty is present with our people. But art in its highest form can not be produced while a people are given over principally to the accumulation of material wealth; and yet, that is necessarily our present condition. Not that we choose the latter in preference to the former, but because the conditions are such as to compel us to take the direction which we do. But our intellectual development, our moral growth are both in the direction which will, if not turned aside by the lack of faith or religious aspiration, ultimately lead to an artistic expression. Our moral life is shown in our homes and our religious institutions. And I believe that the power of our state is found in this department of our life. Iowa is great and prosperous; Iowa has taken a foremost position in this Nation, not because she has a broad and fruitful soil, not because she has the material elements which enter into the activities of our modern life, not because she has





splendid schools and wide-awake newspapers, but because she has pure and God fearing homes, and the institutions in every hamlet and town and upon her wide prairies, which stand for a higher and a better power than is found in man alone. Iowa has never forgotten that there is a God.

Thus imperfectly, but in truthful effort, have I endeavored to present to you in words, the political, material, intellectual and moral history of one of the foremost Commonwealths of this Nation; a Commonwealth of which we are all proud to be citizens. In a more substantial, in a more concrete manner will the evidences of these great elements of our prosperity be presented to the admiring gaze of the peoples of the earth in the months which are to follow at this Exposition. No true citizen of Iowa can feel insensible to the splendid opportunity thus offered his state, and duty and pleasure alike should move him to do all in his power to so present the evidences of our marvelous growth, as to leave a lasting impression for good upon every individual who attends this Fair, and to advance to a higher plane the already enviable reputation which we possess as a people. But, my fellow-citizens, we will fail, and sadly fail of seizing the supreme opportunity of this occasion, if we are simply satisfied with a magnificent display of our farm products, of our herds and flocks, of the workmanship of our shops and manufactories, of our mines and railroads, of our school system, and the various evidences of our intellectual productiveness. This must constitute the basis, but it ought not to be the glory and truth of the impression which is to be the permanent impression made by our state. Who now puts his knowledge-seeking interrogation, as to Greece or Rome in this form: "What did Greece do, or what did Rome do?" Who cares for the simple fact, *solely*, that Greece conquered at Salamis, or that three hundred patriots died at Thermopylae in defense of their country? Such facts have been repeated many times since, in their essence. Why waste time reading of the victories of Cæsar, or of the stern, and oft-times barbarous rule of the City by the Tiber? Who cares whether those ancient people had few or many cattle, good roads or bad ones, one lyceum or a dozen, homes of luxury or of poverty? Not that all these things are not of interest and importance to the historian or the sociologist, but they are of little importance to the world at large. But our interrogation becomes instinct with life, it is of importance to all men when put in this fashion: "What was *the Greek*, or what was *the Roman*?" "I am a Roman citizen," meant much, not of herds, and houses and schools, but as to character. That character stood for the supremacy of law, justice and

order; and that character is Rome's gift to the world. Rome's influence on earth to-day is through the power of that gift. The Roman citizen, the man, the woman, were the authors of that gift. To be a Greek meant, not to be identified with great battles, with goat-raising, and with money-getting, but to be a lover of the beautiful—whether in form, thought, or deed; and it is this character of the Greek, not of Greece, which has saved that Nation from being buried beneath the waters of oblivion. Out of the things which are called material, out of the acts which make history, is evolved that which characterizes a people and the individual; and that character is the crowning gift of the people to posterity. In a few months all this wonderful aggregation of wealth will have been dissipated to the four quarters of the globe. The multitudes of the world's citizens will have returned to their respective homes with generalized impressions of this Exposition. No brain is large enough, no memory is strong enough, no imagination is vivid enough to take into itself, call up and illumine the myriad facts which will be here presented. Only general impressions, which the individual is forming in his mind as he passes about among the exhibits, can become permanent and of future importance to him. What is to be the general impression that Iowa is to make as its permanent addition to the stock of the World's good? Shall it not be that her men are honest, intelligent and noble; her women lovely, true and queenly? Each of our citizens while here, whatever be your avocation in life, should endeavor to impress upon all with whom you come in contact that Iowa has none but gentlemen and ladies, none but loyal and intelligent persons in all her broad domain, none but men and women of broad culture, high thought and noble aspiration. You should remember constantly that here you are the walking, living epitome of all our history. Iowa has made you what you are; show the world that her production is almost an ideal one.

And, in conclusion, let us hope that when the world has given its final verdict upon this wonderful Exposition, when it has formed its supreme impression of the peoples represented here; that that verdict, and that impression as to Iowa will be, her citizenship is the true flower of righteous self-government, and then may we feel that our history is justified by her supreme production—a CITIZEN.

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### BENEDICTION.

The Blessing of God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, be upon you and remain with you always. Amen.

splendid schools and wide awake newspapers, but houses and farms and God fearing homes, and the institutions in every hamlet and town and upon her wide prairies, which stand for a higher and a better power than is found in man alone. Iowa has never forgotten that there is a God.

True, imperfectly, but in tentative effort, have I endeavored to present to you in words, the political, material, intellectual and moral history of one of the foremost Commonwealths of this Nation; a Commonwealth of which we are all proud to be citizens. In a more substantial, in a more concrete manner will the evidences of those great elements of our prosperity be presented to the admiring gaze of the people of the earth in the numbers which are to follow in this Exposition. No true citizen of Iowa can feel inaccessible to the splendid opportunity thus offered by state, and duty and pleasure alike should move him to do all in his power to so present the evidences of our marvellous growth, as to leave a lasting impression for good upon every individual who attends this fair, and to advance to a higher plane the already enviable reputation which we possess as a people. But, my fellow-citizens, we will fail, and sadly fail of realizing the supreme opportunity of this occasion, if we are indifferently satisfied with a magnificent display of our farm products, of our herds and flocks, of the workmanship of our ships and manufacturing of our mines and railroads, of our school system, and the various evidences of our intellectual productivity. This must constitute the basis, but it ought not to be the glory and triumph of the impression which is to be the permanent impression made by our state. Who now asks the knowledge-seeking investigator, as to Greece or Rome in this form: "What did Greece do, or what did Rome do?" Who cares for the simple fact, namely, that Greece conquered at Salamis, or that three hundred patriots died at Thermopylae in defense of their country? Such facts have been repeated many times since, in fact or in fiction. Why waste time reading of the victories of Caesar, or of Napoleon, and oft-times barbarous rule of the Czar by the Tsar? Who cares whether those ancient people had few or many cattle, good roads or bad ones, one lycium or a dozen, homes of luxury or of poverty? That all these things are not of interest and importance to the historian or the sociologist, but they are of little importance to the world at large. But our investigation becomes in itself with little or no interest to all men when put in this fashion: "What was the Greek or what was the Roman?" "I am a Roman citizen," meant much, not of herds and flocks and houses and schools, but as to character. That character stood for the supremacy of law, justice and

order, and that character is Rome's gift to the world. Rome's influence on earth to-day is through the power of the law. The Roman citizen, the man, the woman, were the authors of that gift. To be a Greek meant not to be identified with great battles, with court-riding, and with money-making, but to be a lover of the beautiful—whether in form, thought, or deed; and it is this character which has saved the writers of oblivion. Out of the things being buried beneath the waters of oblivion, which are called material out of the acts which make history, is evolved that which characterizes a people and the individual; and that character is the crowning gift of the people to posterity. In a few months all this wonderful aggregation of wealth will have been distributed to the four quarters of the globe. The millions of the world's citizens will have returned to their respective homes with repatriated impressions of this Exposition. No brain is large enough to carry its memory enough, no imagination is strong enough to take into the cell, up and flashing the myriad facts which will be here presented. Only general impressions, which the individual is forming in his mind as he goes away, among the countless, can become permanent and of future importance to him. What is to be the general impression of this fair? Shall it not be permanent addition to the stock of the world's goods? Shall it not be that her men are honest, intelligent and noble; her women lovely, true and cheerful? Shall of our citizens while here, whatever be your avocation in life, should endeavor to impress upon all with whom you come in contact that Iowa has none but gentlemen and ladies, none but loyal and intelligent persons in all her broad domain, none but men and women of broad culture, high thought and noble aspiration. You should remember constantly that here you are the walking, living, talking citizens of our history. Iowa has made you what you are; show the world that her production is almost an ideal one.

And, in conclusion, let us hope that when the world's eyes are turned again verily upon this wonderful Exposition, which has turned to supreme impression of the people's reputation here, that the very best, and that impression as to Iowa will be her citizenship in the true flower of righteous self-government, and then may we feel that our history is justified by her supreme production—a CITIZEN.

## DEDICATION.

The blessing of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit be upon the Exposition, and remain with you always. Amen.









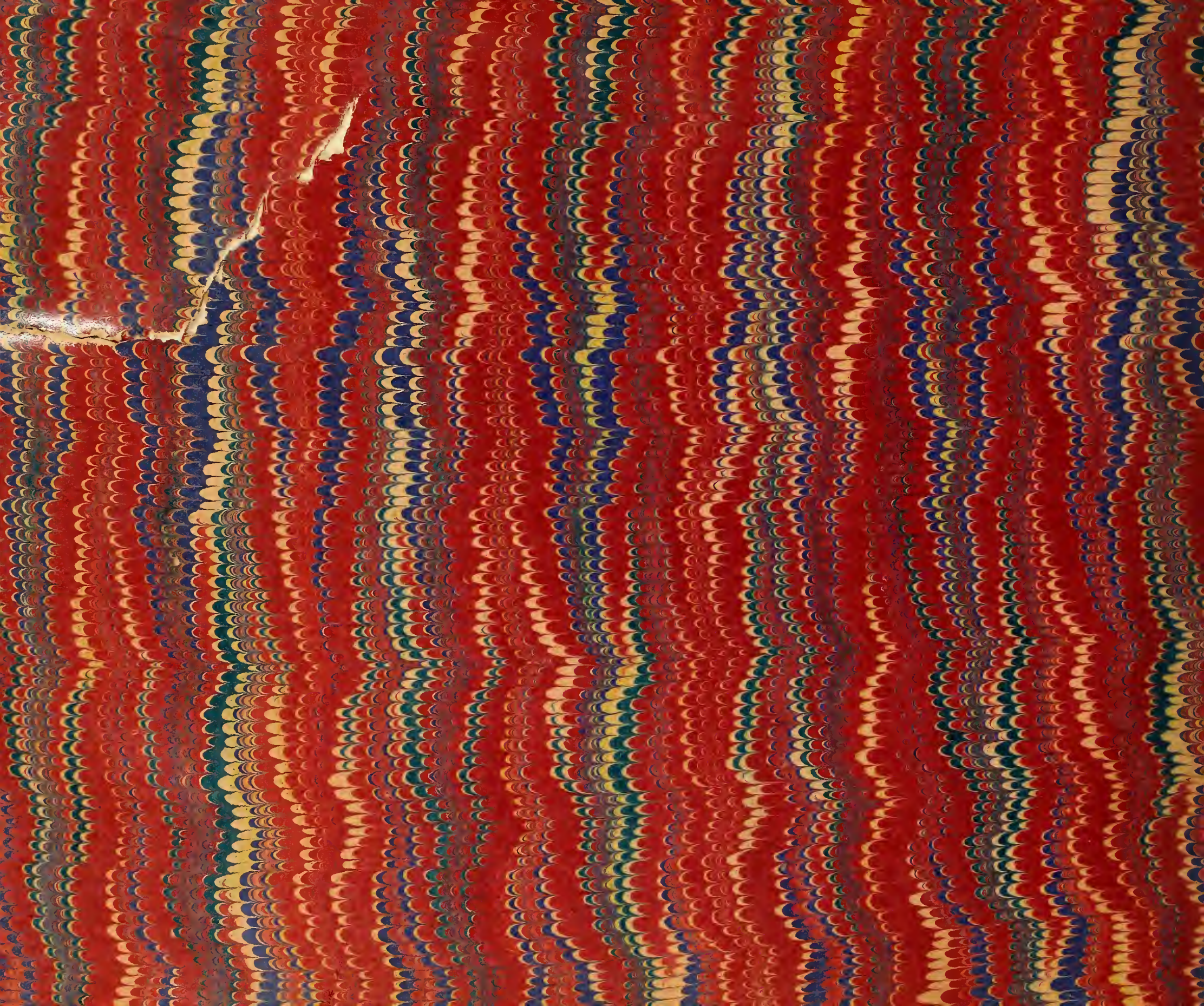




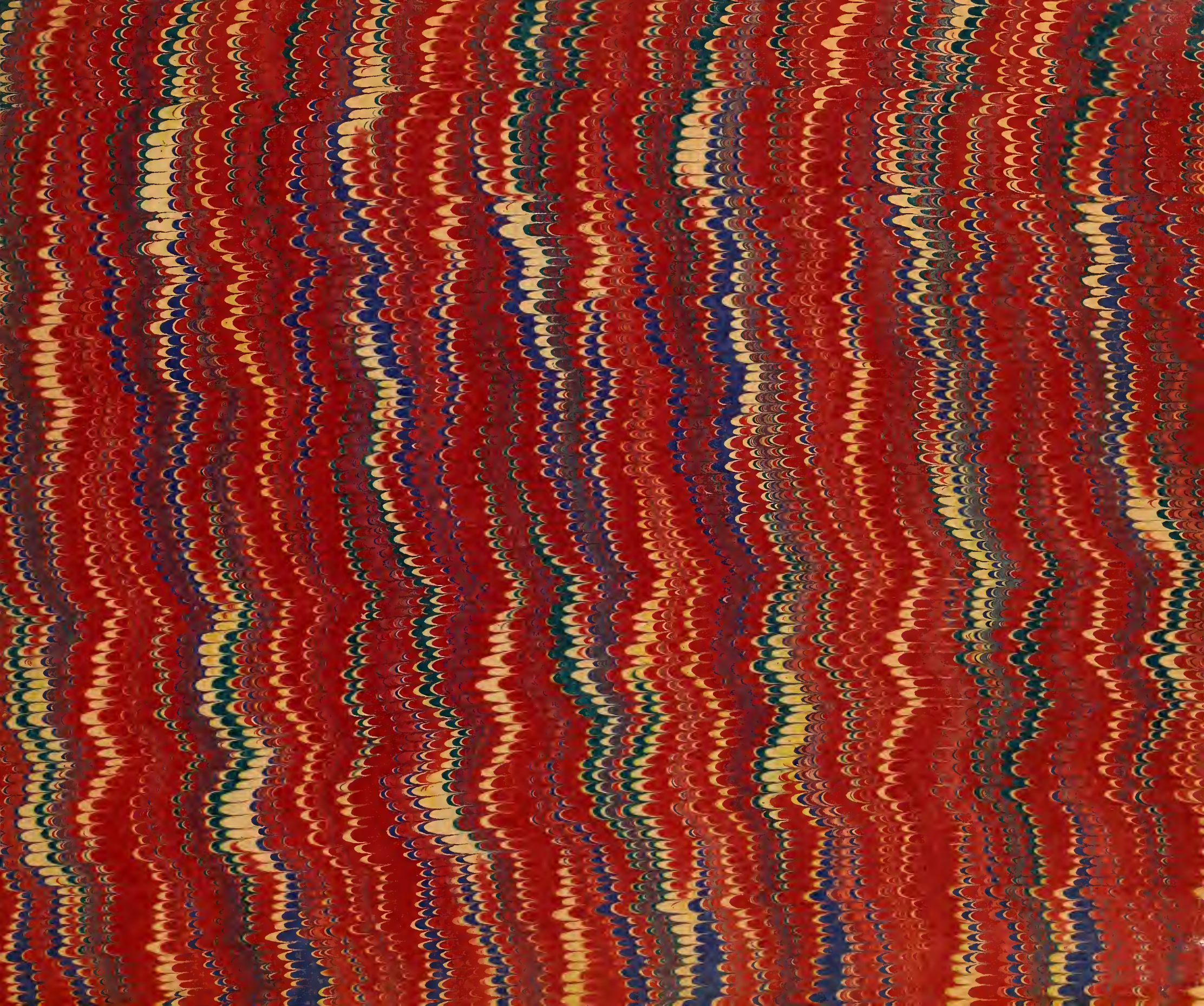














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