

Columbian
Memorial
Songs,
Historical
Geography
and
Maps.

By
Rufus Blanchard

BLANCHARD & CO.
171 Randolph Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

1892.

A TRIBUTE TO



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2nd



IN SIGHT OF THE NEW WORLD.

COLUMBIAN
MEMORIAL SONGS,
HISTORICAL
GEOGRAPHY AND MAPS.

By Rufus Blanchard.

CHICAGO.
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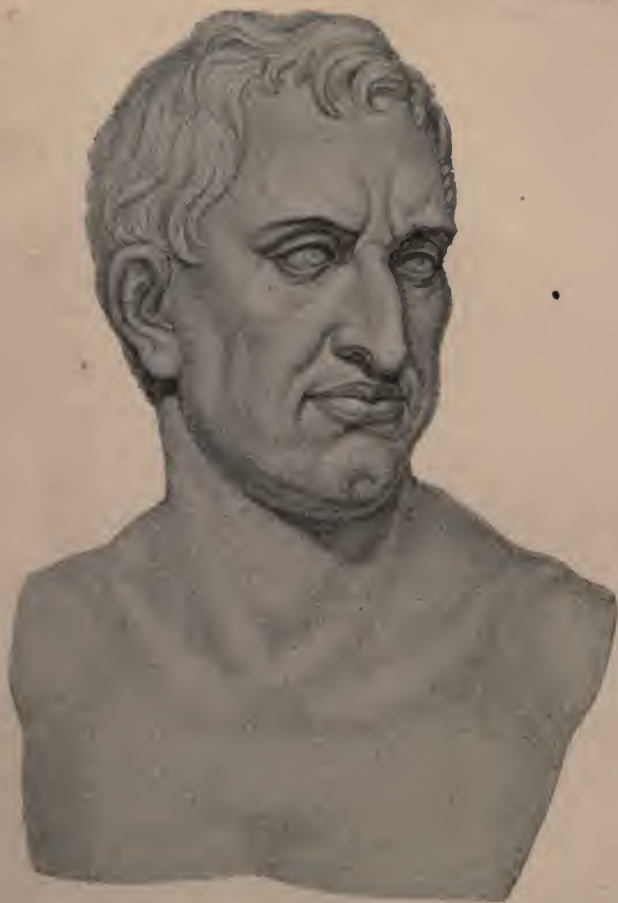
1892

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Christopher Columbus

Taken from the Marble Bust on his Monument at Genoa.

NOTES TO PORTRAIT.

The portrait of Columbus, given in this work, is engraved from a bust executed by Peschiera, a celebrated Genoese sculptor, in 1821. In a memoir of Columbus by D. Gio. Batista Spotorno of the Royal University of Genoa, the following is translated from the Italian and copied to show the sources from which the portrait is taken. The reason given why Peschiera did not model the bust from some of the many oil paintings of Columbus, was because he found no satisfactory proof that any of them had been painted from life. Says the memoir:

“Signor Peschiera was bound, in executing the bust in marble, to copy none of the portraits hitherto published. Nor was it, therefore, meant that he should model an *ideal* head of the hero, but that, having before him a true resemblance, not painted by the lines of the designer, but forcibly expressed in the words of accurate writers, who had lived with that wonderful man, he should form a true effigy of Columbus, which should serve as a model for all future portraits, whose object should be to represent, not ideal features, but the real countenance of the Genoese hero.”

We now come to the description left by Ferdinand Columbus, who was above sixteen years of age when he lost his father. “He was a man of good figure, rather above the middle stature, with a long visage, and rather high cheek bones; neither fat nor lean; he had an aquiline nose, and light eyes; fair, and very fresh coloured. In his youth he had light hair, but after he arrived at the age of thirty it became quite grey.”

In the old collection entitled *Paesi nuovamente trovati*, reprinted at Milan, in 1512, is the following description, taken from a long narrative of a companion of Columbus. “Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, a man of tall and large stature, ruddy, of great understanding, and long visage.”

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PREFACE.

The World's Columbian Exposition is designed to celebrate an event that transcends, in importance, any other study or design of man that history records.

For centuries the theory on which Columbus based his calculations had been understood by philosophical minds, but no one stepped into the crucial arena, pent up as it then was, by religious restrictions and regal servility, to test it, till four hundred years ago, when the hour came and the man. Never before had been one so shackled with derision in formulating plans, so exalted with praise in bringing them to a successful result, or so victimized with malicious envy, after others began to reap the harvest of his genius, as Columbus.

He died in despair, but a recoil came, to do honor to the memory of one whose victory over the ignoble purposes of mankind was not less decisive than over the barriers of nature.

Neither drama nor romance nor poetry can render a just tribute to the subject; but this is no reason why the attempt should not be made to do honor to a cause now engaging the attention of the world.

Chicago, the great frontier city, in her youthful fecundity, in teeming commerce, has taken upon herself the responsibility of doing this; and it behooves her citizens to share this obligation. To this end the following songs are offered to the public, and the historical notes accompanying them, which the writer hopes will add to their value, and enhance their interest, by noting the progress of historical geography, and the science of map-making, as it groped its way through the primitive ages, abreast with Grecian philosophy.

The history of naming America is to be told in this detail.

RUFUS BLANCHARD.

CHICAGO, October, 1892.

DEDICATION.

To you, who wreathed in laurels green,
For flowing numbers smooth and keen,
Who've blessed the world with measured song,
The right to praise, and fight the wrong.

To you, whose imagery divine
Reflect the passions of the nine;
To you, whose lines so oft inspire
The spirit crushed to actions higher;
To you, who make the higher law
In justice strong without a flaw;
To you, who sound the passion's depths
That prudence often intercepts;
To you, who search the vestal throne
Sacred to virgin love alone;
To you, who lift the shadowy veil,
That covers aught in man that's frail;
To you, who weigh in even scales,
Tenacious that the truth prevails.
These lines I have inscribed to you,
Whose charity is ever due
To humbler poets, though their fire
May fall below your model lyre.

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Columbian Memorial.

INTERNATIONAL HYMN.

Air:—"AMERICA."

Oh thou who rul'st the spheres
That roll through endless years,
 To thee we sing;
To thee let nations bow
Whose grateful voices now
Renew the plighted vow,
 To thee our King.

While now assembled here
To celebrate the year
 Centennial;
When o'er the rolling tide
Columbus' fleet did ride,
And joined the western bride,
 Hymenial.

The new world to the old,
Sealed with a ring of gold
 In nuptial tie;
Together thence to live,
And to each other give
What science may achieve,
 Or art supply.

The world is our field,
Since science has revealed
 Her radiant light,
O'er virgin fields to gleam,
And bring a new regime,
Where human footsteps teem
 In centuries' flight.

Roll on, ye centuries old,
Roll on through time untold,
 In changing years;
Leaving the fame behind,
That all the world combined
In council have designed,
 By rival peers.

In all the arts of peace
That on our hands increase,
 And multiply,
To make our living age
The minds of men engage
To garnish history's page,
 Before they die.

Millions have gone before
And passed the open poor,
 Of times demise,
Whose work was just begun
And left from sire to son
As life with them was done,
 A sacrifice.

That knew no narrow aim
Nor any better claim
 Upon its mind,
Than truth and love reveal
To honor public weal
With charity and zeal,
 The two combined.

O'er broad creation's heath
Let the gay laurel wreath
 Be intertwined
Around the manly breast
Whose heart shall be possessed
Of love in man's behest,
 In truth divined.

Four centuries now have fled
Since first Columbus led
 His little fleet
Across Atlantic's tide,
With mystery allied
That man had yet defied
 From her retreat.

Since then the world of thought
Hath many a conflict fought
 With victory crowned.
Reason alone must wield
The sceptre and the shield,
Since science hath revealed
 The ocean's bound.

But Providence has smiled
Upon the Western wild,
 A nation born ;
Unknown to man before,
Has spread from shore to shore,
Between two oceans roar,
 Still in its morn.

Born in a world anew,
This youthful nation grew
 In strength apace,
Unshackled by the toils
That older states encoil
And of their growth despoil
 In grandeur's race.

A scion from the tree
That grew across the sea,
 Old England's shore.
A rival of her fame
That honors still the name
Of her historic dame
 Forevermore.

Let peace and free good will
Our cup of friendship fill,
 And we will drink
And drink and drink again,
With nations o'er the main,
Till friendship's golden chain
 Our hearts shall link.

Be thou, O, God most high,
Exalted to the sky,
 So let it be;
Be thine own will obeyed
Through worlds that thou hast made
As in the Heavens displayed
 Eternally.

THE OCEAN.

Air:—"OLD HUNDRED."
Within thy rolling surges laid
The mysteries that nature made
For human genius to reveal
In service of the public weal.

COLUMBIAN AULD LANG SYNE.

Air:—"AULD LANG SYNE."
Shall olden grandeurs be forgot
 And never brought to mind,
And all their worth remembered not,
 Dear days of auld lang syne?

Shall we forget the wondrous tale
 That poesy has sung
Of him who lifted up the vail
 That o'er the ocean hung?

Then let us tune our voices high
To sing the sweet refrain,
To cherish still, as centuries fly,
Their glories o'er again.

Forgetting not that since those days
The pleasures of lang syne
Have oft been sung in measured lays
Of poetry and rhyme.

And when within the social sphere
That crowns our happiest days,
In auld lang syne we will revere
The goody olden days.

And as the centuries fly around,
Each to its requiem,
Then let Columbus' name be crowned
With honor's diadem.

OUR FLAG.

Air :—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Beneath the bright skies of the beauteous west
O give me a home with contentment possessed,
Where the ocean's soft zephyrs breathe over the lea
In the voices of nature in charmed melody;
This home of our birth that so dearly we prize,
Was the earth's brightest jewel beneath her blue skies,
But silent it slumbered till Colon arose

And pointed the way to its hidden repose;
Repose, repose, its hidden repose
On the breast of the ocean till Colon arose.

O give me a Nation with young blood possessed
Unshackled with titles of royal behest
With muscle of limb and with courage of heart
With genius invested in science and art
“An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,”
O give me the flag of my country's domain
While under its shadow I'll shelter content
And bask in the sunshine of freedom unspent
Freedom, freedom, of freedom unspent
I will bask in the sunshine of freedom unspent.

As it waves in the wind from its folds may be seen
The little red school house in beautiful sheen;
The fireside joys of the family home
From ocean to ocean, wherever we roam.
The plowboy's shrill whistle is heard on the farm,
The song of the milkmaid the twilight doth charm,
And sunburnt and hale is the husbandman's face
While the wife and the daughters in actions are grace.
Our flag, our flag from its standard unfurled,
The freest and grandest ere known in the world.

NATIONAL HYMN.

Air:—"THE MARSEILLES."

Ye sons of earth awake to glory !
The tramp of centuries summons you
As time repeats the olden story
Of Colon venturing o'er the blue;
Of Colon venturing o'er the blue;
Awake and celebrate the hour
When Colon touched the western shore
And did its mysteries explore
And science crown with living power.

Chorus.

Salute, salute the day,
Four hundred years gone by,
Amen, amen, your tribute pay
To genius, destiny.

Four hundred years have wrought their changes,
New nations have sprung into life,
While liberty takes broader ranges
Amidst the din of battle's strife;
Amidst the din of battle's strife;
From o'er the ocean Grecian learning
Has been transplanted to our land,
Flowing west from strand to strand,
Pierian springs are upward turning.

Chorus.

Salute, salute, etc.

Flow on, flow on, ye streams of science
Till ignorance is in the flood—
Till nations rule by just compliance,
To what is best for human good,
To what is best for human good;
Then every man shall be our brother—
Only a rival in what's best,
Omnipotence will do the rest
To cherish interests with each other.

Chorus.

Salute, salute, etc.

WILLIAM AND GENETTE.

Air :—" BONNIE DOON."

'Twas at the hour of eventide—
A witching hour, so lovers say,
When worldly cares are laid aside,
And romance holds the heart at bay,
When William chanced to meet Genette
Amidst the din of katy-dids :
In love each was a novice yet,
And thoughts came up that tongue forbids.

But in these toils the heart takes fire
When youthful blood is all aglow,
And music played on Cupid's lyre
Is tuned to voices soft and low.

While in this mood from William's tongue,
There came some whispers to the maid,
That fell upon her ears among
The glittering shadows of the glade.

The day was set for them to wed,
Propitious to their start in life,
When William to the altar led,
And made the bashful girl his wife.
When opened the Chicago fair,
'Midst strains of music ravishing,
With many hands assembled there
Their choicest offerings to bring.

There is a moral in this tale,
That they who best can see and feel,
Whose sentiments and thoughts prevail,
Most to promote the public weal.
When Nations meet then pleasures teem,
As the Columbian fair will prove,
Where all the World in brief regime,
Inspires the sentiments of love.

CHICAGO'S SOLILOQUY ON HER CHILDHOOD.

Air:—"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection recalls them to view,"
The prairie grasses and river bank wildwood
"And all the loved scenes that my infancy knew."



VIEW OF CHICAGO IN 1821 TAKEN FROM NATURE BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

How oft have I breathed the sweet air of the ocean,
That blushing and dimpling my young form caressed,
The great inland ocean, forever in motion,
Whose silvery vapor enveloped my breast.

Like the flash of a meteor, my childhood has vanished.
It came and it went like a summer night's dream,
And swiftly as thought has maturity banished
The dalliance of childhood that did intervene.

Good bye to those gambols, to come again never,
Good bye to the sand drifts of beautiful sheen,
Good bye to my swift fleeting childhood forever
That came with the dalliance that did intervene.

The chirp of the quail in my ear is still ringing,
So brief has it been since her callow brood came,
But briefer the changes that progress is bringing
To clothe me with manhood, and honor my name.

To clothe me in manhood's becoming attire
Of urban devices in towers and domes,
And sky piercing buildings, that higher and higher
Rise up and o'ershadow our beautiful homes.

My ambitious dreams from the boy to a peer,
Among the great cities that honor the earth
Have exceeded the measure of prophet and seer,
And honored the Nation that gave to them birth.

International now is my trusted vocation,
A tribute to bring to the fourth century past,
That gave an incentive to every Nation,
Their laws to remodel, their theories recast.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

AIR:—"YANKEE DOODLE."

Our Jonathan a brother is
To every earthly nation;
In peace he wears a smiling phiz,
In war he beats creation.

Oh Jonathan, our brother dear!
We're safe in your embraces.
We'll drink to thee a hearty cheer,
Contentment in our faces.

When only in his swaddling clothes
He had a little pop-gun;
It was a terror to his foes,
Especially his shot-gun.

At Lexington he showed his teeth,
When first he pulled the trigger,
And won his infant laurel wreath
By cutting such a figure.

For 'twas a delicate affair,
To face the British lion
While crouching in his sheltered lair—
Of royalty the scion.

When victory the field had crowned
Along Atlantic's margin,
'Twas then ambition had no bound
On nature's wilds enlarging.

As long as land the ocean met
On our Pacific border
And Yankee faces westward set,
Annexing was in order.

Now Jonathan is growing fast,
And rapidly maturing.
Young as he is his die is cast;
His fame will be enduring.

Forgetting not the honor due,
While centuries are flying,
To him who o'er the ocean flew
And left a fame undying.

A banquet here to all is spread,
Says Jonathan, in greeting
The world, by education bred,
Come, rally at our meeting.

Come, lay aside your busy care,
In fellowship assemble;
Let hallelujahs rend the air
Till earth itself shall tremble.

When next the century comes ahoy
To celebrate, why let it
Be known that I'm your willing boy
To help, don't you forget it.

SOCIAL LIFE.

Air: "AULD LANG SYNE."

Since Joseph, into Egypt sold,
Assumed the royal crown,
As by the ancient prophets told,
Of Biblical renown;

Ne'er came an episode so grand,
So sweeping in its train,
As that the mind of Colon planned
To live through time's refrain.

Genius was lifted to the skies,
Ambition fired the heart,
And dormant energies did rise
To take an active part,

In the amenities of life,
To social circles dear,
That in our day are blithe and rife
When friendship is sincere.

Gude auld lang syne would ne'er have raised
Its throne in every heart,
Unless his deeds that all have praised
In romance played a part.

For romance is the happiest dream
That we with life entwine,
And real life will sweeter seem
When mixed with auld lang syne.

The homes that in the western sphere.
Through Colon's thought divine,
Grew into being, ever dear,
And with them auld lang syne.

CHICAGO MASSACRE.

Lake Michigan ne'er "born to blush unseen,
Nor waste its sweetness on the desert air,"
In nature's negligence was laid between,
Two sylvan shores, a tuneful solitaire,
Till hither came the watchful pioneer,
To reconnoiter on the wild frontier.
Here was an Empire held in nature's hands,
A wilderness of waves and fallow lands,
Peopled with native tribes who ne'er had known,
The servile homage, due a regal throne.

These braves were pleased, when first the pale face came,
To smoke the Calumet, and share their game;
And when Fort Dearborn stood upon their shore,
'Twas just a trading post and nothing more.
Thus to its gate their offerings they brought,
And blankets, guns and fire-water bought.

These friendships sometimes grew by social tie,
And Cupid's darts from charmed quivers fly,
For Eros may invade the color line,
To lend variety to love's design.

Thus smoothly ran these grooves of harmony,
When suddenly there came from o'er the sea,
Of war's alarms, the distant battle cry,
Whose echoes wafted through a frowning sky.

'Twas Jonathan and Johnny Bull, at odds,
Each had unloosed of war the spiteful dogs;
Each vied with each, their subtle arts to ply,
To gain the Indian braves for his ally.

In this attempt our fathers got the best,
And Indian war-whoops rang throughout the West,
Tecumseh came to be a brigadier,
And honored well his epaulets 'tis clear.

Hull at Detroit was pressed by Proctor's fleet,
And General Tecumseh cut off his retreat.
Pending this interim of dread suspense,
Retreat was ordered from Fort Dearborn, whence
Left its garrison along the shore,

When suddenly the braves a volley pour
Into their ranks, and now the drifting sand
Was stained with bloody conflicts, hand to hand,
A proof which side the Indians had espoused,
Shown in their flights of anger, so aroused.

Though overwhelming numbers take the field,
The gallant soldiers still refuse to yield;
In vain they charge upon the swarthy foe,
In vain their little band give blow for blow.

Now dashes Captain Wells along the front,
And in the bloody battle shares the brunt,
And ev'n the women from the sheltered rear—
Intent on victory, and unknown to fear,
Fight bravely as the men, the day to save,
And shield their children from a soldier's grave.

Thus Mrs. Holt, while mounted on her steed,
Honored the field by many a valorous deed,
Brave woman! Shouted the admiring foe,
Who inadvertently their praise bestow,
As she so bravely struck from side to side,
And right and left the enemy defied.

'Twas now amidst the war-whoop's awful sound,
The unloosed darts of Cupid fly around;
Black Partridge—a bold and honored chief,
Whose savage breast essayed to find relief;
Behold him quickly seize his charming fair
While writhing in the tortures of despair,
And in this mood he bore her trembling frame
To Michigan's waves, and there confessed his flame,
Love thus disguised, by outward show to drown,
Gave this aspiring chief deserved renown,
Since notwithstanding his rejected plight,
He still protected his fair captive's right.

For sure it was no crime for him to love,
If honor's bonds his fruitless suit approve,
And let us not forget that nature's creed
Makes no distinctions whither love may lead.

No blush would ripple o'er an Indian face,
Though brought before the mightiest sovereign grace;
The captive lived to memorize the day
On history's page to live through time's decay.

LAKE MICHIGAN.

Our beautiful inland sea,
Our beautiful inland sea,
When shines the sun o'er its billowy breast,
Reflecting tints from its shadowy crest,
In rainbow colors o'er the main,
Vanishing but to live again,
All over the deep, all over the deep,
All over the deep blue sea.

When blows the swelling breeze,
When blows the swelling breeze,
Pressing the sail of the swimming keel,
That through the limpid waters reel,
And the shining shore, the billows lave,
That smooth and white the pebbles pave,
From over the deep, from over the deep,
From over the deep blue sea.

When shines the yellow moon,
When shines the yellow moon,
Spattering bright its golden hue
In glittering streaks before our view,

That tender thoughts our heart inspire
Of her at home we most admire,
 While over the deep, while over the deep,
 While over the deep blue sea.

 Along its rolling lea,
 Along its rolling lea,
Chicago stands a peerless queen
Twixt land and sea to intervene,
Her rising towers and shining domes
O'er shadowing her happy homes
 Beside the sea, beside the sea,
 Beside the deep blue sea.

 We invite you all to come,
 We invite you all to come,
Come to the honored World's Fair here,
That's held in the four hundredth year;
Since westward came the Genoese
The ocean secrets to release,
 From over the sea, from over the sea,
 From over the deep blue sea.

THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

Air:—"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

Oh, say, what has caused such a grateful emotion
Throughout every land that lies over the ocean,
From the Arctic confines, to the sunnier climes,
To the cause of our trust, comes the voice of devotion.
'Tis the centennial year that we celebrate here,
The date that gave birth to the new hemisphere;
And proudly our banners in triumph we'll raise, } Repeat.
The fame of Columbus to honor and praise. }

Let our tributes be paid to the glories, then casting
Their shadows before them, in grandeurs so lasting
With the voice of the Nations, with hearty ovations,
The world's handiwork, in convention contrasting
In the centennial year that is ever held, dear,
While science pervades the terrestrial sphere
With the flags of all Nations in union united,)
In the interests of peace, in fidelity plighted. } Repeat.

The flags of all Nations o'er the ocean are streaming,
And the light of proud science is everywhere gleaming,
The mind's on a strain, by invention to gain
New triumphs in science, for which the world's dreaming,
While the centennial year, we in honor revere
With its glories reflected, through times old arrear,
Then let all our banners be thrown to the breeze,) Repeat.
Our guests to bid welcome from over the seas. }

CHICAGO'S NAME.

Chicago thy name is venerable with years,
So say traditions from the red man's tongue—
Inherited from olden time's arrears,
That in their vortex have the centuries flung.

When Romulus and Remus sustenance drew
From Lupus' hairy but maternal breast,
Who ne'er the lullaby of mothers knew
To hush their heroic infancy to rest;

In speculation's fancy, we may say,
That even then the Indian warrior braves,
Ornate with paint, and plumed with feathers gay,
Paddled their barks along the rippling waves,

That washed the shore, where now Chicago stands;
And here the lassie gave her nuptial plight
Under the stars upon the drifting sands,
To her liege lord beneath their twinkling light.

While promising in troth, through good or ills,
To be his faithful squaw, and share his fate,
And neatly ornament with porcupine quills
The buckskin leggins of her lordly mate.

Here by the river side luxuriant grew
The onion wild, the tangled grass among,
Named by these ancient tenants, Chicagou,
Time honored thus, the name from nature sprung.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Between two oceans everlasting tides,
Through valleys, plains and lofty mountain sides
The Indian lived, and only God he knew,
As the great spirit—his kind Manitou;
Clear were the Heavens, Ghezhigneen wateen,*
Was his Hosanna, with a conscience clean,
Kind Heavens reward, through goodness here below,
Was his firm faith, four hundred years ago.

The shining rivers seamed the forest then,
The morning zephyrs whispered through the glen,
And midst the amplitudes of nature's smiles
The native in his sports the time beguiles
In listless musing, in the narrow field,
That nature parsimoniously had revealed,
And limited for him to see and know
As best he could, four hundred years ago.

In Europe, regal reign by right divine
Fulfilled the measure of each king's design,
And second only to a papal gown
Was regal power, from beneath a crown;
For sure a leverage beyond the skies
Made aught on earth to it a sacrifice;
And this sharp line between the high and low,
In Europe stood, four hundred years ago.

* In the Algonquin language, " My sky is clear."

The longest lane may lastly take a turn,
The smothered fires of thought are bound to burn,
Nature's enchanted voice is never dead
When, by the heart's desire its fires are fed.
Then superstition's rubbish must be burned
Till evolutions destined wheel is turned,
And truth has triumphed over every foe
As Europe showed, four hundred years ago.

To thee Columbus is the honor due,
Whose cosmic thought imparted light anew
To pioneer the way o'er western seas,
To reach the rolling globe's antipodes;
And in your path has Empire's rising star
To Europe waved a welcome from afar,
And while the west reflects its dazzling glow
We'll sing thy worth, four hundred years ago.

AMANDA AND LE CLAIR.

A ROMANCE.

'Twas in the summer morning haze,
The shadows shorter growing;
The flocks were on the hills to graze,
The boys the corn were hoeing,
The forests clad in living green,
In emerald colors vernal,
The brooks were babbling through the sheen
In nature's voice eternal,

The clover reddened broad the heath,
The fern adorned the valley,
While nature's evanescent wreath
With summer's hues kept tally.

Amanda sat beside her wheel,
Her foot was on the treadle,
And lively rocked her limber heel
To win the silver medal.

The case was this, a medal rare
Of sterling silver metal,
Had just been offered by Le Clair
To her who flew the shuttle.

A linen towel was the strife,
To see who best could make it,
From flax around the distaff rife,
As buzzing spindles take it.

Amanda pondered in her heart
The prize, but more the giver,
A rustic youth of guileless art,
Unused to Cupid's quiver.

At least, the bashful youth had ne'er
Embarked on love's wild ocean,
On which his novice bark to steer,
To conquer by devotion.

Not so with sweet Amanda's heart,
For she with love's ideal
Was plying all her winning art
To make the romance real.

And thinking over in her mind,
While swift the wheel was running,
A neat device, unique in kind,
If wrought by fingers cunning,
To weave the name of young Le Clair
Into the web of linen,
With deftly color, debonair,
In threads that she was spinning.

Invention now was on the rack
To make her scheme alluring;
But she was good at bric-a-brac,
With love new plans maturing.
A happy thought now crossed her brain,
'Twas of her crimson flowing;
To lance her arm, be love the pain,
And draw a color glowing.

'Twas Eros who inspired this thought,
Meanwhile the maid assured,
That blood would win the object sought
By this device allured.

The thread thus dipped in sanguine dye
Was coiled within the shuttle,
The reed was set to weave the ply,
Her foot was on the treadle.

But while she sat beside the loom,
To weave the loving token,
Le Clair came gently in the room,
She blushed, but naught was spoken,

And threw her apron on the woof,
In which his name was blended,
But not quite quick enough forsooth,
To hide what she intended.

And now they each in concert blush,
And each became embarrassed,
Each heart beat loud, each tongue was hush,
While eyes could talk though harassed.

The day was set for them to wed,
I wonder they could do it,
And soon he to the altar led
The maid, and not to rue it.

Who now the silver medal took
Was but a question trivial;
Amanda with contentment's look
Said give it to my rival.

Not for your heart, my dear Le Clair,
The happy bride insisted,
I never had a rival there
Ere you and I enlisted.

Long years since in their graves did rest
The pair that thus united.
A grandchild who the gem possessed,
From which their vows were plighted

Displayed it at Chicago's fair,
To show the world a sample
Of handiwork, to late compare
In rivalry's example;

How oft have I breathed the sweet air of the ocean,
That blushing and dimpling my young form caressed,
The great inland ocean, forever in motion,
Whose silvery vapor enveloped my breast.

Like the flash of a meteor, my childhood has vanished.
It came and it went like a summer night's dream,
And swiftly as thought has maturity banished
The dalliance of childhood that did intervene.

Good bye to those gambols, to come again never,
Good bye to the sand drifts of beautiful sheen,
Good bye to my swift fleeting childhood forever
That came with the dalliance that did intervene.

The chirp of the quail in my ear is still ringing,
So brief has it been since her callow brood came,
But briefer the changes that progress is bringing
To clothe me with manhood, and honor my name.

To clothe me in manhood's becoming attire
Of urban devices in towers and domes,
And sky piercing buildings, that higher and higher
Rise up and o'ershadow our beautiful homes.

My ambitious dreams from the boy to a peer,
Among the great cities that honor the earth
Have exceeded the measure of prophet and seer,
And honored the Nation that gave to them birth.

International now is my trusted vocation,
A tribute to bring to the fourth century past,
That gave an incentive to every Nation,
Their laws to remodel, their theories recast.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

AIR:—"YANKEE DOODLE."

Our Jonathan a brother is
To every earthly nation;
In peace he wears a smiling phiz,
In war he beats creation.

Oh Jonathan, our brother dear!
We're safe in your embraces.
We'll drink to thee a hearty cheer,
Contentment in our faces.

When only in his swaddling clothes
He had a little pop-gun;
It was a terror to his foes,
Especially his shot-gun.

At Lexington he showed his teeth,
When first he pulled the trigger,
And won his infant laurel wreath
By cutting such a figure.

For 'twas a delicate affair,
To face the British lion
While crouching in his sheltered lair—
Of royalty the scion.

When victory the field had crowned
Along Atlantic's margin,
'Twas then ambition had no bound
On nature's wilds enlarging.

As long as land the ocean met
On our Pacific border
And Yankee faces westward set,
Annexing was in order.

Now Jonathan is growing fast,
And rapidly maturing.
Young as he is his die is cast;
His fame will be enduring.

Forgetting not the honor due,
While centuries are flying,
To him who o'er the ocean flew
And left a fame undying.

A banquet here to all is spread,
Says Jonathan, in greeting
The world, by education bred,
Come, rally at our meeting.

Come, lay aside your busy care,
In fellowship assemble;
Let hallelujahs rend the air
Till earth itself shall tremble.

When next the century comes ahoy
To celebrate, why let it
Be known that I'm your willing boy
To help, don't you forget it.

SOCIAL LIFE.

Air: "AULD LANG SYNE."

Since Joseph, into Egypt sold,
Assumed the royal crown,
As by the ancient prophets told,
Of Biblical renown;

Ne'er came an episode so grand,
So sweeping in its train,
As that the mind of Colon planned
To live through time's refrain.

Genius was lifted to the skies,
Ambition fired the heart,
And dormant energies did rise
To take an active part,

In the amenities of life,
To social circles dear,
That in our day are blithe and rife
When friendship is sincere.

Gude auld lang syne would ne'er have raised
Its throne in every heart,
Unless his deeds that all have praised
In romance played a part.

For romance is the happiest dream
That we with life entwine,
And real life will sweeter seem
When mixed with auld lang syne.

The homes that in the western sphere.
Through Colon's thought divine,
Grew into being, ever dear,
And with them auld lang syne.

CHICAGO MASSACRE.

Lake Michigan ne'er "born to blush unseen,
Nor waste its sweetness on the desert air,"
In nature's negligence was laid between,
Two sylvan shores, a tuneful solitaire,
Till hither came the watchful pioneer,
To reconnoiter on the wild frontier.

Here was an Empire held in nature's hands,
A wilderness of waves and fallow lands,
Peopled with native tribes who ne'er had known,
The servile homage, due a regal throne.

These braves were pleased, when first the pale face came,
To smoke the Calumet, and share their game;
And when Fort Dearborn stood upon their shore,
'Twas just a trading post and nothing more.
Thus to its gate their offerings they brought,
And blankets, guns and fire-water bought.

These friendships sometimes grew by social tie,
And Cupid's darts from charmed quivers fly,
For Eros may invade the color line,
To lend variety to love's design.

Thus smoothly ran these grooves of harmony,
When suddenly there came from o'er the sea,
Of war's alarms, the distant battle cry,
Whose echoes wafted through a frowning sky.

'Twas Jonathan and Johnny Bull, at odds,
Each had unloosed of war the spiteful dogs;
Each vied with each, their subtle arts to ply,
To gain the Indian braves for his ally.

In this attempt our fathers got the best,
And Indian war-whoops rang throughout the West,
Tecumseh came to be a brigadier,
And honored well his epaulets 'tis clear.

Hull at Detroit was pressed by Proctor's fleet,
And General Tecumseh cut off his retreat.
Pending this interim of dread suspense,
Retreat was ordered from Fort Dearborn, whence
Left its garrison along the shore,

When suddenly the braves a volley pour
Into their ranks, and now the drifting sand
Was stained with bloody conflicts, hand to hand,
A proof which side the Indians had espoused,
Shown in their flights of anger, so aroused.

Though overwhelming numbers take the field,
The gallant soldiers still refuse to yield;
In vain they charge upon the swarthy foe,
In vain their little band give blow for blow.

Now dashes Captain Wells along the front,
And in the bloody battle shares the brunt,
And ev'n the women from the sheltered rear—
Intent on victory, and unknown to fear,
Fight bravely as the men, the day to save,
And shield their children from a soldier's grave.

Thus Mrs. Holt, while mounted on her steed,
Honored the field by many a valorous deed,
Brave woman! Shouted the admiring foe,
Who inadvertently their praise bestow,
As she so bravely struck from side to side,
And right and left the enemy defied.

'Twas now amidst the war-whoop's awful sound,
The unloosed darts of Cupid fly around;
Black Partridge—a bold and honored chief,
Whose savage breast essayed to find relief;
Behold him quickly seize his charming fair
While writhing in the tortures of despair,
And in this mood he bore her trembling frame
To Michigan's waves, and there confessed his flame,
Love thus disguised, by outward show to drown,
Gave this aspiring chief deserved renown,
Since notwithstanding his rejected plight,
He still protected his fair captive's right.

For sure it was no crime for him to love,
If honor's bonds his fruitless suit approve,
And let us not forget that nature's creed
Makes no distinctions whither love may lead.

No blush would ripple o'er an Indian face,
Though brought before the mightiest sovereign grace;
The captive lived to memorize the day
On history's page to live through time's decay.

LAKE MICHIGAN.

Our beautiful inland sea,
Our beautiful inland sea,
When shines the sun o'er its billowy breast,
Reflecting tints from its shadowy crest,
In rainbow colors o'er the main,
Vanishing but to live again,
All over the deep, all over the deep,
All over the deep blue sea.

When blows the swelling breeze,
When blows the swelling breeze,
Pressing the sail of the swimming keel,
That through the limpid waters reel,
And the shining shore, the billows lave,
That smooth and white the pebbles pave,
From over the deep, from over the deep,
From over the deep blue sea.

When shines the yellow moon,
When shines the yellow moon,
Spattering bright its golden hue
In glittering streaks before our view,

That tender thoughts our heart inspire
Of her at home we most admire,
 While over the deep, while over the deep,
 While over the deep blue sea.

 Along its rolling lea,
 Along its rolling lea,
Chicago stands a peerless queen
Twixt land and sea to intervene,
Her rising towers and shining domes
O'er shadowing her happy homes
 Beside the sea, beside the sea,
 Beside the deep blue sea.

 We invite you all to come,
 We invite you all to come,
Come to the honored World's Fair here,
That's held in the four hundredth year;
Since westward came the Genoese
The ocean secrets to release,
 From over the sea, from over the sea,
 From over the deep blue sea.

THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

Air:—"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

Oh, say, what has caused such a grateful emotion
Throughout every land that lies over the ocean,
From the Arctic confines, to the sunnier climes,
To the cause of our trust, comes the voice of devotion.
'Tis the centennial year that we celebrate here,
The date that gave birth to the new hemisphere;
And proudly our banners in triumph we'll raise, { Repeat.
The fame of Columbus to honor and praise.

Let our tributes be paid to the glories, then casting
Their shadows before them, in grandeurs so lasting
With the voice of the Nations, with hearty ovations,
The world's handiwork, in convention contrasting
In the centennial year that is ever held, dear,
While science pervades the terrestrial sphere
With the flags of all Nations in union united, }
In the interests of peace, in fidelity plighted. } Repeat.

The flags of all Nations o'er the ocean are streaming,
And the light of proud science is everywhere gleaming,
The mind's on a strain, by invention to gain
New triumphs in science, for which the world's dreaming,
While the centennial year, we in honor revere
With its glories reflected, through times old arrear,
Then let all our banners be thrown to the breeze, }
Our guests to bid welcome from over the seas. } Repeat.

CHICAGO'S NAME.

Chicago thy name is venerable with years,
So say traditions from the red man's tongue—
Inherited from olden time's arrears,
That in their vortex have the centuries flung.

When Romulus and Remus sustenance drew
From Lupus' hairy but maternal breast,
Who ne'er the lullaby of mothers knew
To hush their heroic infancy to rest;

In speculation's fancy, we may say,
That even then the Indian warrior braves,
Ornate with paint, and plumed with feathers gay,
Paddled their barks along the rippling waves,
That washed the shore, where now Chicago stands;
And here the lassie gave her nuptial plight
Under the stars upon the drifting sands,
To her liege lord beneath their twinkling light.

While promising in troth, through good or ills,
To be his faithful squaw, and share his fate,
And neatly ornament with porcupine quills
The buckskin leggins of her lordly mate.

Here by the river side luxuriant grew
The onion wild, the tangled grass among,
Named by these ancient tenants, Chicagou,
Time honored thus, the name from nature sprung.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Between two oceans everlasting tides,
Through valleys, plains and lofty mountain sides
The Indian lived, and only God he knew,
As the great spirit—his kind Manitou;
Clear were the Heavens, Ghezhigneen wateen,*
Was his Hosanna, with a conscience clean,
Kind Heavens reward, through goodness here below,
Was his firm faith, four hundred years ago.

The shining rivers seamed the forest then,
The morning zephyrs whispered through the glen,
And midst the amplitudes of nature's smiles,
The native in his sports the time beguiles
In listless musing, in the narrow field,
That nature parsimoniously had revealed,
And limited for him to see and know
As best he could, four hundred years ago.

In Europe; regal reign by right divine
Fulfilled the measure of each king's design,
And second only to a papal gown
Was regal power, from beneath a crown;
For sure a leverage beyond the skies
Made aught on earth to it a sacrifice;
And this sharp line between the high and low,
In Europe stood, four hundred years ago.

* In the Algonquin language, " My sky is clear."

The longest lane may lastly take a turn,
The smothered fires of thought are bound to burn,
Nature's enchanted voice is never dead
When, by the heart's desire its fires are fed.
Then superstition's rubbish must be burned
Till evolutions destined wheel is turned,
And truth has triumphed over every foe
As Europe showed, four hundred years ago.

To thee Columbus is the honor due,
Whose cosmic thought imparted light anew
To pioneer the way o'er western seas,
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A ROMANCE.

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The shadows shorter growing;
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The boys the corn were hoeing,
The forests clad in living green,
In emerald colors vernal,
The brooks were babbling through the sheen
In nature's voice eternal,

The clover reddened broad the heath,
The fern adorned the valley,
While nature's evanescent wreath
With summer's hues kept tally.

Amanda sat beside her wheel,
Her foot was on the treadle,
And lively rocked her limber heel
To win the silver medal.

The case was this, a medal rare
Of sterling silver metal,
Had just been offered by Le Clair
To her who flew the shuttle.

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To see who best could make it,
From flax around the distaff rife,
As buzzing spindles take it.

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Unused to Cupid's quiver.

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Embarked on love's wild ocean,
On which his novice bark to steer,
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Not so with sweet Amanda's heart,
For she with love's ideal
Was plying all her winning art
To make the romance real.

And thinking over in her mind,
While swift the wheel was running,
A neat device, unique in kind,
If wrought by fingers cunning,
To weave the name of young Le Clair
Into the web of linen,
With deftly color, debonair,
In threads that she was spinning.

Invention now was on the rack
To make her scheme alluring;
But she was good at bric-a-brac,
With love new plans maturing.
A happy thought now crossed her brain,
'Twas of her crimson flowing;
To lance her arm, be love the pain,
And draw a color glowing.

'Twas Eros who inspired this thought,
Meanwhile the maid assured,
That blood would win the object sought
By this device allured.

The thread thus dipped in sanguine dye
Was coiled within the shuttle,
The reed was set to weave the ply,
Her foot was on the treadle.

But while she sat beside the loom,
To weave the loving token,
Le Clair came gently in the room,
She blushed, but naught was spoken,

And threw her apron on the woof,
In which his name was blended,
But not quite quick enough forsooth,
To hide what she intended.

And now they each in concert blush,
And each became embarrassed,
Each heart beat loud, each tongue was hush,
While eyes could talk though harassed.

The day was set for them to wed,
I wonder they could do it,
And soon he to the altar led
The maid, and not to rue it.

Who now the silver medal took
Was but a question trivial;
Amanda with contentment's look
Said give it to my rival.

Not for your heart, my dear Le Clair,
The happy bride insisted,
I never had a rival there
Ere you and I enlisted.

Long years since in their graves did rest
The pair that thus united.
A grandchild who the gem possessed,
From which their vows were plighted

Displayed it at Chicago's fair,
To show the world a sample
Of handiwork, to late compare
In rivalry's example;

Where lives the spirit great, in sacred shade,
Ideal only in the mortal mind,
Whose faith in him is absolute and blind,
Untempered with imagination blent
That men and gods in unison invent.

Thus Hercules to gods in councils spoke,
But vain he tried their councils to revoke,
And 'twas in vain that he opposed their plan
To open fields anew for God and man,
Wherein the learning taught by ancient Greece
Should in a new found world with time increase.

Neptune was armed to forward this design,
And clothed with power that sea and land combine.
The plan was this—to pass the guarded gate
Of Hercules, while he in love should wait
For Juno's promised advent to his throne,
On Gibraltar's heights, to meet alone.

The artful Juno undertook the case,
But first secured indulgences and grace
To guard her honor, though she secret met
With Hercules, where he his vigils kept.
Then with her peacocks harnessed to her car,
Above the clouds she cleaves the limpid air
'Till Hercules' abode she hovers round,
Lowers her flight and reaches safe the ground.

The god extends a welcome to his guest,
For gods and men are both of love possessed.
Such the divinities the Greeks conceived,
If their mythology can be believed.

This happy god beneath sweet Juno's smiles,
Unconscious of the goddess's subtle wiles,
That like a nymbus gather round his head,
While yearns his heart, with tender passion fed.

He bows, as gods to goddesses should bow,
When love and passion both their hearts endow ;
But Morpheus, unseen at Juno's nod,
Let loose his charms to put to sleep the god.

Next she repaired to Neptune, whose swift fleet
Spread sails to pass the straits, the ocean meet,
While Hercules, entranced by Juno's charm,
Prostrate his strength and paralyzed his arm.

Meantime a friendly god the charm dispelled,
That Juno's cunning art on him had held,
And now restored, he in an inkling
Harnessed two soaring falcons, fleet of wing,

To his light car, to o'er the ocean reel,
Along the wake of Neptune's freighted keel,
And as his car was flying through the skies
Far in the distance he, his object, spies.

Hard the pursued now crowd the flowing sail,
But vain the effort, naught could he avail
In flight before the soaring falcons wing,
Unless some other God a rescue bring.

Fair Juno now with charms and wit beset
Resolved to play the flexible coquette,
And in a trice she plies a peacock's wings

With both her hands, and into ether springs.
Quickly she meets the car of Hercules
In his pursuit above Atlantic's seas.

When he beheld the goddess coming near,
Arrayed with smiles and on her cheek a tear,
His heart relented, and his love returned,
That from the first within his bosom burned.
By his command the flying falcons rest,
While Hercules receives his treacherous guest.

But still she looked so penitent the while,
As through her tears she casts a heartless smile,
And while her honied words appeased his might,
Unseen she sent a dove in airy flight
Back to Olympus where the thunderer stood.
Waving his trident o'er the distant flood.

Prompt he responded to the goddess' call
And o'er the heavens spread a sable pall,
Till thunder clouds in darkness veiled the light,
As he beheld the strain of Neptune's flight,
When Neptune tacked and to the larboard hied
While Hercules kept on across the tide,
So sweetly entertained with Juno's grace
While transient smiles adorn her beauteous face.

Missing his object on the ocean's main,
Lost in the clouds he loath returned again;
The artful Juno waved a sweet good bye,
And left him in profound soliloquy,
A victim to an evanescent smile,
To hide a secret or a plan beguile.

Sure pagan gods these attributes possessed,
Else how could they in mortal souls invest
The faith that in their natures lived and grew,
To lead their action to be just and true.
E'en false religion in that early age
Was not without its moralist and sage.

The danger parried, Neptune gained the lea,
The occident, that studs Atlantic's sea.
His mission thus propitiously begun,
He took his course towards the western sun,
And wisely now relinquished his command,
To reach the chain of lakes across the land,
To good Minerva, who the classics say
Taught how the threads within the loom to lay,
And set the reeds to weave the linen web,
To clothe the human form, to virtue bred.

This goddess representing chastity,
With Neptune sailed across Atlantic's sea;
And now she stretches forth her gentle hand,
To lure two turtle doves beneath her wand.
These birds when harnessed to her airy train,
Flew westward from the ocean's watery main,
And safe the gods and goddesses conveyed,
To where the western chain of waters laid.

Here Neptune now again assumed command,
And quick a sailing craft was fully manned.
Along the shining lakes they quickly speed,
And at Chicago's portage plant a seed,

To bear its fruit in eighteen ninety-three—
The fourth centennial in chronology,
Since first Columbus followed o'er the sea,
Where gods had been before by Jove's decree.

You who perchance may read this fabled dream;
Consider how events through ages teem,
Nor can they vary from what is to be,
Known or unknowing mortals can not see.

But metaphysics never need decry,
Our actions, if we keep our powder dry,
As said the Puritans, whose faith and creed
Took care their persons to defend and feed.

'Tis pleasant sure to feel to us allied
A destiny in favor of our side.
It is no myth that what we wish to gain,
Must come through labor of an active brain.

The sages round the Mediterranean sea,
First taught the science of astronomy.
They understood the model of the earth,
But knew not how its circling form to girth.
And let us not the pagan rites accuse,
Of any act that science might abuse.

Columbus dared their theory to test,
And set his spreading sails toward the West,
And soon a scientific world of thought,
Beheld the wonder that his genius wrought.

It was no transient thought that crossed his brain,
That made him venture on the untried main.
The instrument that Greek philosophy
Had careful nurtured to maturity.

Ne'er did a planted seed produce such fruit,
Nor such a simple truth such creeds dispute,
Nor by its subtle strength, thus undermine
Such theories false, that priests had called divine.

Of all beliefs with which the world is curst,
The most tenacious always is the worst;
Whose advocates are wont to hypnotize
Their victims for a mental sacrifice;
While metaphysics plants a living truth,
To live robust in a perennial youth.

Asia thou Alma Mater of mankind,
Whence came the science that the fertile mind,
Of Greece or Egypt gave a rising world,
To Europe first, then o'er the Atlantic hurled,
When died the fifteenth century away,
In fame and grandeur never to decay?
Hoary with years thine ancient tablature
Became the germ of Europe's literature.

Could we but lift the veil that time has cast,
O'er empires born to die in centuries past,
Whatever else our wondering eyes might see,
Behind would vanish an eternity.
But we're admonished now to look ahead,
While not unmindful of the noble dead.

With grateful hearts we celebrate the year
That all the world of progress holds so dear,
The year sublime with inspiration fraught,
Revealing truths that "*Credo*" changes not.
To thee, Columbus, be all honor paid!
You proved a law that all the world obeyed;
While Plato, Strabo, Hanno, Ptolemy
Pointed to you the way across the sea,
All honor to those sages of the past,
Whose souls upon a vestal throne are cast,
The inspiration of our living age,
Peerless their fame on learnings honored page.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Air:—"SWEET HOME."

The flags of all Nations that shadow the seas,
To our shores we will welcome, and fling to the breeze,
For to Jonathan's hearthstone, each one is a guest,
And to them will our flag touch the blue water's crest.
The path of the ocean shall ever be free
To sails that are set for America's lea,
When they bring us the tidings of friendship sincere,
Then our flag will respond with a National cheer.

Chorus.

The stars, the stars on a blue ground designed,
The red and the white streamers flung to the wind.

The world on our fair has a claim from the past,
Of the four hundred years, and the blessings they've cast,
Improving and raising the grade of mankind,
Far more than Columbus himself ere divined.
And now let the flags of all Nations combine,
In the aegis of peace, at the sacredest shrine,
Ere erected to honor the great Genoese,
Whose memory shall live as the centuries increase.

Chorus.

The stars, the stars, etc.

How many sweet homes have grown up in the land,
That grew from the work of his thought and command,
The homes that are sheltered, the old flag beneath,
What more could we ask its broad folds to bequeath?
While the stars of the firmanent twinkle to earth,
Let the stars of our flag ne'er dishonor their birth.
Let it ever be said that the white red and blue
To justice and honor will ever be true.

Chorus.

The stars, the stars, etc.

While the mists of the mountains in silvery hue,
In negligence dance in the Welkin's soft blue,
While the circling tides rise and fall on the lea,
Circumvolving the breast of the billowy sea.

Let the glorious memories that hallow our fair,
Be consigned to the light of eternity's care,
To live while our flag shall in triumph arise;
Commingling its blue with the azure-tint skies.

Chorus.

The stars, the stars, etc.

PROGRESS.

The curtain fell on time's demise,
E're Egypt came upon life's stage,
Who knows what empires took their rise
Within that prehistoric age.

The germ from which all Nations grew,
Or Egypt's fame, or India's lore
Has filled the world both old and new
With thoughts that sages thought before.

There's nothing new beneath the sun,
Said Solomon with wisdom fraught,
And ever since the world begun,
A school of morals has been taught,

In literature sacred deemed,
From ancient or medieval writ,
Through which our social laws are gleaned,
And modified our age to fit.

Long since that mystic age has past,
From grand Olympus' giddy heights
Did Jupiter his thunders cast—
The god of gods in power and might.

Yet Homer wrote beneath that wand,
That universally then reigned,
In numbers smooth and rhythm grand
An idyl, that his age has framed.

"Greece nurtured in her glory's time"
Grew up the germs of literature,
That English classics made sublime,
To live, while Nations shall endure.

"When liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew,"
Then Rome assumed the royal role,
And empires held in her control.
Carthage by her was swept away,
While Nations faltered in decay.

Then rose the star of Bethlehem,
When old religions were effete,
And to the blest Jerusalem,
The Christian made his loved retreat,

Then history's variegated page—
Ornate with evolution's brand,
Was marked with change and battle's rage,
All round the Mediterranean's strand.

The Roman empire in decay
Became the field for conquering swords;
Mahomet rose and in his day
O'erran Arabia with his hordes.

The soil of Europe stained with blood
And bootless conquest, in its train
Made rivalry, where brotherhood
Might otherwise have had its reign.

But lo! Another world was found,
Where neither tyranny nor creeds
Were planted in its fallow ground,
To hedge the way that virtue pleads.

Then grew to life the pioneer—
The grandest type of human kind—
The class unused to servile fear,
Nor to the faults of rulers blind.

To these, is due our country's fame,
Whose flag is raised in freedom's name,
Whose constitution knows no creed,
But covers all its subjects need.

Its spirit animates the world
Whereon our flag has been unfurled.
'Tis there the laws are modified;
To human rights are they allied,
The germ of which Columbus gave,
When he first crossed Atlantic's wave.

TO THE OCEAN.

Give me the ocean in repose,
Far o'er its ever dimpling face,
Blushing, as may a dew-tipped rose
In nature's captivating grace.

Each nation of the teeming Earth,
On its domain their interest share,
Inherited by right of birth,
The boon, unchallenged, everywhere.

And to all Nations now we say,
This highway passes by your gates,
And by these presents here we pray,
That you all join the world's great States

To celebrate the eventful year,
That o'er the sea Columbus sailed,
Buoyant in hope, unknown to fear,
Eureka! lo his plan prevailed.

Smile on! Fair ocean—deep and blue,
While all the Nations far and near,
Join hands with us in homage true,
To him whose memory we revere.

INVOCATION HYMN.

Air :—AMERICA.

God of creations plan,
Thy humble servant man,
 Invokes thy care;
Before thy throne we bow,
And pray thee to endow
Us with thy blessings now,
 And hear our prayer.

The world's great heart is moved,
Its conscience has approved
 By sentient thought,
Our celebrating here,
The work that all revere—
So great, so vast, so dear,
 Columbus wrought.

Four hundred years are spent,
Since inspiration sent
 Columbus west,
In fame to lead the van,
The ocean's breadth to span.
Its virgin path to scan,
 O'er its wild crest.

With one united voice,
Subjects and kings rejoice;
 The vail is turned
That lifts ambition higher,
That stimulates desire,
And fans to flame the fire,
 That in them burned.

Behold a tempting prize,
That o'er the ocean lies,
 Was first the thought,
That royal minds possessed,
Who dreamed that empires west,
Beneath their crowns should rest,
 With strength distraught.

But evolutions hand,
The fate of nations planned,
 In broader type.
New governments arise,
That freemen improvise,
Imperialism dies
 Before the light.

Could we prophetic scan
The destiny of man,
 By science wrought.
The curtain that would rise
Would blind belief surprise,
As truth with science flies
 To objects sought.

Of kings the sacred gem,
Set in each diadem,
 Was right divine.
But in the western plain,
Beyond the ocean's main,
Where freedom held the reign,
 A new design,

On Europe soon recoiled,
That tyranny despoiled,
 Spontaneous grew;
And common law construed—
Each royal mandate stood,
For universal good,
 Each nation knew.

Now, on one common plain,
The world can meet to gain,
 By peaceful arts,
New flights in learning's ways,
That in the future lays,
Throughout each coming phase,
 That change imparts.

Where rests the unsheathed blade,
That cuts the tangled braid,
 By ignorance spun?
Who now can play the seer,
To in the future peer,
And bring the object near,
 In search begun?

FLYING.

Air:—AMERICA.

What may our future be,
By genius's decree,
 Invests our brains—

To cleave the vault of blue,
As birds their flights pursue.
Is this for us in lieu
Of railroad trains?

Are we to soar above,
To imitate the dove
And birds that sing?
Are we by easy flight
To reach the giddy height,
And wed our heart's delight
While on the wing?

With parson, book in hand,
Robes fluttering in the wind,
To join the two;
And then the happy bride,
Her lover by her side,
To angels' grace allied,
Responds, "I do."

Then, like an angel fair,
She cleaves the cloudless air,
Her groom beside;
And with her troubadour
Together they explore,
As on the wing they soar,
The world, world wide.

Pray tell us, at the Fair,
Who will assemble there,
Is this to be?

What else, for us in store,
Lies through the open door
That genius may explore?
We'll wait and see.

THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

Astrology once ruled the world around
The Mediterranean Sea, for fame renowned,
Where first Phœnician vessels dipped their keel,
In its salt waves before the wind to reel.

'Twas then the Arabians, in their mystic light,
Saw visions in the stars that rule the night,
And in their twinkling maze, stern fate's decree
Foreshadowed men's and nations' destiny.

The hidden secrets of the milky way,
That belts the Heavens, in its dim display,
Was suited to the Arab's magic lore,
That opened to futurity the door.

And in this vein there runs a legend old,
That seers in futurity have told—
A motto suited to the present day,
“Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.”

'Twas in the Orient, this star arose,
Where lived our ancient mother in repose,
From whose prolific womb was Europe stocked,
Its early nations, in her cradle rocked.

Atlantic's waves could not their progress stay;
"Westward the Star of Empire takes her way."
Columbus destined first to lead the van,
The Star of Empire leaped Atlantic's span.

And when began the work of founding states,
Above the rights of kings, the impending fates
Appeared upon the ever changing scene,
To settle issues that might intervene,

Ere independent nations had their birth,
To rank among the empires of the earth.
And what these fates ordained has been fulfilled,
Less by the sword than by good fortune willed.

EMPIRE'S WAVE.

Asia, thou alma mater of mankind,
From whose prolific womb was Europe stocked,
Older than history are thy time worn days.
Was ancient Greece one of thy cherished sons,
And did the poet Homer wisdom learn
From olden Hindo lore of antique fame?
Or did Hellenic Greece, to glory rise,
Without instructions from its sacred books?

Whence came the light that blazed around the shores
Of Mediterranean's Eastern sea, to shine
Through Europe's broad domain in future years,
To wake its nations to a higher life?
Whence did Phœnician grandeur take its flight,

And Egypt, thou of venerated fame,
Whose patent antedates the sculptured walls
Of Thebes—in ruins mouldering into dust—
The sport of fancy's dream and listless thought,
Ere rose the guiding star of Bethlehem?

Out of these glories, Rome and Carthage grew,
But buried in their turn in times recoil,
Have still their records left upon its page,
As landmarks on the hidden path that traced
The western sun on its diurnal way,
Towards the occident's extreme confines.

Out of this wreck of empire's fallen thrones,
To the arena, nations new arose,
With youthful pith and vigor in their limbs,
As when the frost of winter kill the stalk,
The warmth of spring its vigorous growth renews,
Till autumn sears it with its fatal touch.

Lo, from the west creations new arise,
As empire o'er the ocean quickly flies,
To verify of science's claim the dream
Now realized in our new regime,
Chicago has the honor now to celebrate,
The great event, that oped the book of fate.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN METRE.

Air:—OLD HUNDRED.

Our father, who in Heaven doth reign,
 Thy name be hallowed in refrain,
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
 On earth, as 'tis in Heaven begun.

If others may against us sin,
 As we forgive them from within,
 Grant us a like reprieve, O Lord,
 According to thy promised word.
 Not tempted, but from evil led,
 Give us each day our daily bread;
 Thine be the kingdom, glory, power,
 Amen, amen forevermore.

Thus, we invoke thy Heavenly care,
 Abiding with us at our fair;
 Inspire the world in rivalry,
 With peace and magnanimity.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S COURTSHIP.

Air:—"YANKEE DOODLE."

'Twas in the month of early June
 When Nature's decked in flowers;
 When birds their tenor voices tune,
 To cheer the dawning hours.
 When in the east the coming sun
 The vaulted welkin shaded,
 A prelude to the day begun,
 When Luna's lig'ht had faded.

'Twas at this evanescent brief,
That Ruth awoke from dreaming,
Leaped from her couch and o'er the heath,
Along her way was teeming.

Her path laid o'er the fallow lawn
Where sedge and grasses blended,
And laurel shrubs the hills adorn,
For nature's grace intended.

But nature on the landscape spread,
Had naught compared in beauty,
To agile Ruth, as on she sped
Of Eros' spoils, the booty.

On went the maid, she knew not where,
As if a fairy bound her,
To trace these vales a solitaire,
Amidst the charms around her.

When lo! a voice came through the air,
As soft as zephyr's chiming,
Through piny foliage, here and there,
In rhythmic cadence rhyming.

'Twas muffled through the laurels dense,
As in her ear it chanted
The name of Ruth, in love's suspense
Till his fond wish was granted.

Ruth knew the voice, and felt the dart
That flew from Cupid's quiver,
For now she knew her yielding heart,
Its fortress must deliver

To him, who, like herself, did roam
In quest of nature, smiling,
On youthful hearts of love, the home
Uncertainty beguiling.

“Come to my arms my Jonathan,”
Cried Ruth to her fond lover;
The lad, astonished, thither ran,
While blushing to discover,
His faithful heart’s and soul’s desire;
And then in sweet caresses,
Their vows they plight, with Nature’s lyre
To chant the charmed duresses.

The sun peeped o’er the distant gray,
And streaked the heather olden,
Prophetic of the nuptial day,
To make their hearthstone golden.

In seventeen hundred seventy-six,
In Philadelphia’s keeping,
The wedding party met to fix
A declaration greeting.

That here, upon their nuptial day,
Among the world of nations,
They raise their standard here to pray,
For recognized relations.

France first the invitation graced,
And Jonathan saw glory,
In future pride not yet effaced
By time’s repeating story.

The beauteous bride that shared the nest
In Jonathan's new mansion,
Bore children for the distant West
For national expansion.

First thirteen children made the group,
Their fireside home to brighten,
But now a gay and festive troupe,
The Nation's prestige heighten.

Full forty-four, their number, knows,
Around our flag to hover,
A tower of strength, who dare oppose—
Born of a cherished mother.

From Asia's shore to Europe's coast,
A half way goal comprising,
Where freedom makes no empty boast,
Inventions improvising.

Four hundred years of time unrolled
From centuries' wheel in motion,
Have now revived the memories old
How Colon crossed the ocean.

And how the genesis of man
Has westward since been teeming,
Till sentient thought the earth can span,
Like light electric gleaming.

OUR COUNTRY.

Air :—"OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

Our country still clad in the robes of its childhood,
Elastic and gay, in its vigor and prime,
Ornate with the beauty and charm of the wildwood,
And fanned by the winds of its genial clime.

While now in the days of its halcyon pleasures,
In ample profusion spread out to its hands,
In the mountain's and valley's unlimited treasures,
And in the broad plains of its verdure-clad lands.

And now at the end of four centuries fleeting,
Since first did Columbus the Ocean explore,
In friendship, extends to the nations a greeting
To visit our Fair upon Michigan's shore.

Our broad inland sea, with its bosom e'er heaving,
Like the tide-swelling Ocean, dilating its breath,
Like the heart of the continent, living and breathing
The air of Dame Nature, that's never at rest.

The Old Oaken Bucket, whose memories we cherish
We'll hang from the curb of Lake Michigan's well—
Sweet childhood's bright emblem, that never can perish,
But live in the heart, the old story to tell.

Now venerable fathers, who live o'er the ocean,
Thy children invoke, and invite you again,
To come to our aid in this work of devotion,
To honor the one who first crossed the wild main.

EVOLUTION.

“Many a vanquished year and age
Of tempest’s breath and battle’s rage,”
Have overspread the changing earth
Since mystic nature gave it birth,
And writ its history in the rocks,
Upturned to sight by earthquake shocks.
The age that carved on monuments,
In nature’s touch that ne’er relents,
The mysteries of chronology,
In every spot above the sea,
From height to depth, on every hand,
Replete with evolution’s brand.

Each continent that studs the main,
Redeemed from ocean’s broad domain,
In varied outlines, has been wrought
That wind, and tide, and time have brought,
But powers that held the book of fate,
Since time began to formulate
The ocean’s bounds, the land’s reserve,
The mountain’s chain, the river’s curve,
Decreed, that in the rising West,
The grandeur of the world should rest.

Here inland seas have been outspread
By living springs and rivers fed,
And on their verge a city made—
A center to the world of trade.
Chicago is its name, well known,
Throughout the earth’s remotest zone;

Peerless she stands and world renowned
Unrival'd in her laurels crowned.

Then why should not the nations meet
To lay their tributes at her feet,
She who these honors will repay
With interest at no distant day,

In the necessities of life
For which the world's in endless strife.

In science a novitiate,
She bows with reverence to each State,
Whose deputies shall honor her,
In grateful council to confer,
And celebrate the passing year,
That all the world has held so dear.

The year that o'er the trackless wave,
Unto the world Columbus gave
The charm that ignorance o'erturned,
As all mankind the secret learned
Of the new world, that crowned the West,
That all the wants of man possessed,
With superstition left behind,
That had so long enslaved the mind.

There was a page immaculate,
Where rivalry could emulate,
And share the genius of the age,
In which all thinking minds engage.

Then new inventions filled the world,
New nations' banners were unfurled,
Young blood, infused in youthful veins
Soon stimulated human brains,

And high ambition mounted higher,
For where shall rest the heart's desire,
When tempted by the gates ajar,
That open where new glories are,
Within the wilds and solitudes
Of nature's boundless amplitudes,
O'erspread with sylvan shadows hung,
The mountain, glen and vales among,
Enriched by many an autumn dress
Of leaf mould, in the wilderness.

Or where the emerald prairie maze
Has vanished in the summer haze,
And with the distant welkin blue
Is lost in a dissolving view.

Lo ! from the ocean's billowy breast,
A fleet is coming to the West.
It bore a score or two of men
A mighty sword, a mightier pen—
The first installment of a tide
To human destiny allied.

It pierced the wilderness of waves,
Whose everlasting motion laves
The wilderness of virgin shore,
That never had been known before.

Westward the tide of progress goes,
To conquer all who may oppose
The fiat of the sword unsheathed,
To gain the right by might bequeathed.

Survive the fittest, was the rule,
Adopted in the invader's school
And "lo the Indian whose mind
Sees God in clouds or in the wind,"
Vanished before the conquering sword
And left behind an empty void.

Now all things must be built anew;
States were mapped out, large cities grew,
And multiplied from sea to sea,
As if intent on rivalry;
The western world against the old,
The stalwart youth becoming bold
Away from the paternal roof,
While laboring for his own behoof.

Now, dear old world where we've begun,
Started from that, which you have done,
And in our emulating strain
Goodfellowship has held the rein,
Forevermore, so let it be,
As long as tides roll o'er the sea.

CHICAGO TRUST.

Air:—"ON LINDEN WHEN THE SUN WAS LOW."

Not long ago within the past,
Time's transient shadows flying past,
Upon a wilderness were cast,
That now is called Chicago.

Ev'n then the place this name possessed,
A wild on Michigan's heaving breast,
A landscape in the distant west,
A portage of tradition.

Where reverence for the Manitou,
The only God the Indian knew,
Was his protection, ever true,
In nature's lone amenities.

But lo! There came a new regime
In civilization's dawning gleam,
As westward ho! its votaries teem
To occupy Chicago.

The Indian vanished from the place,
And followed West his wandering race,
And of his blood left but a trace
Among the new invaders.

No marks by him were left behind,
No monuments by him designed,
No one to mourn his ill starred wind,
That canceled his inheritance.

He played his part upon life's stage,
Who knows how long his golden age,
That smoothly ran in his presage
In nature's tranquil dalliance.

When Moses in the rushes smiled,
And Pharaoh's daughter took the child,
And through her love the deed beguiled,
Who then lived at Chicago.

Who else but them could here invest,
Their all in such a wilderness,
Or who but them abide the test,
Of such a life enduring.

The curtains raised, and changed the scene,
The Indian fled, the acts between,
The tiller plows the heather green,
And city building follows.

Who questions evolution's reign,
Its tide of justice, though not plain,
Must ever follow in their train,
Survive the fittest substitute.

Such is the rule that here applies,
Where all our love of country lies,
And where our dearest social ties,
Are blended in alliance.

The world to us is growing near,
From east and west it meets us here,
And sentient thought that all revere,
Becomes our inspiration.

While fruitage from its stock mature,
Shall with the Nation's life endure,
And in its heart shall rest secure,
Its cherished souvenirs.

Chicago! this to you in trust,
Is given to your keeping first,
To honor him whose flesh is dust,
Whose soul shall live eternal.

And as the future centuries run,
Let this good work, that we've begun,
Through every land beneath the sun,
Rehearse Columbus' memory.

ACROSTIC.

Tell me the tales of the olden time,
How the seamew screamed his weird chime,
Ever in distance, where the sea mists dance,

What a will of the wisp, with a sea muffled lisp,
Over the ocean, a mystery spread,
Revealing no clue, to the place where it led,
Letting no light from its shrouded crest
Divine the new continents, in the far west,
Since geology raised them above the blue sea.

Crowning each coast with a sea beaten lea,
Oh, the mystery that lurked in the wilderness ocean,
Little was known, of its tides or its motion,
Ubiquitous ever, its sources or bounding,
More especially, the wall that dammed up its surrounding;
But theories multiplied, about what they knew naught,
Inasmuch as their knowledge respecting it grew not,
And never went farther than doubtful belief,
Nor ever came aught that could bring a relief,

Enough to substantiate logic or science.
Xerxes the Persian then bid Greece defiance:
Persia thus worsted in battle retreated
O'er the Ægean sea, dejected, defeated;
So she never made war on the Grecians again,
In the age of their triumph on Platea's plain.
The sum of the matter, may now be related,
In the days that Columbus' time antedated,
Of all that was known, ere the age of his birth,
No one had discovered the way round the earth.

POETRY.

Some say the age of poetry is past,
Would such a wish be father to the thought?
Must prosy words imagination blast,
That charm the heart, in tender passion wrought?
Must youth's volition measured be in mail?
And all our aspirations hedged around
With toils inflexible, by which to veil
Ideal views of pleasure's sunny ground?
The man who measured numbers may despise,
Let him not throw a wreath on Shakespeare's shrine,
Let him not smile upon the sunset skies,
Nor praise the beauty of unique design.
Nor in the poetry of motion dance
The ravishing quadrille, to music's swell,
Nor in the social walks of life advance
Beyond the limits where a prude may dwell.

And when he to the altar leads a maid,
If he a victim finds for sacrifice,
'Twill be a business venture, like a trade
In stocks or bonds, at marketable price.

His heart impervious to sentiment,
He offers her his nuptial vows to share,
She measures out a business like consent,
The match negotiated on the square.

Nor song nor music need his balance tempt,
'Twould be a lavish waste of precious pearls,
From such eccentric pastime he's exempt,
'Twould not be business to such chronic churls.

Let him not visit the Chicago Fair,
Lest his tenacious vigils may be shocked;
But let him stay at home, a solitaire,
By tuneful poetry and romance mocked.

Let no poetic tribute mark his tomb,
When back to dust his body shall return;
Let not the flowers shed their sweet perfume,
Nor zephyrs sigh, nor drooping willows mourn.

Ah ye! who have not felt the sacred charm
Of poetry to lift your standard higher,
To in the hearts of loving ones embalm
The memories of sanguine youthful fire;

What have you lived for, in your pilgrimage
Through life's eventful and dissolving view;
What lasting tribute made in life's presage
To make a graceful monument prove true.

NEW YORK'S INAUGURAL GREETING.

Air "Star Spangled Banner."

O! say what has caused such a wonderful charm,
Throughout every land, by the broad ocean bounded,
From the school house, the forum, the mill and the farm,
In grateful emotion, the voice has been sounded.
'Tis the four hundredth year, since the bold pioneer,
So buoyant with hope, and undaunted by fear,
On Atlantic's broad bosom set sail for the West,
On the wilderness path of its billowy breast.

On the twelfth of October New York leads the van,
To honor Columbus, in truth and devotion,
Where in the wide world, could the day and the man,
Be honored so highly, this side of the ocean;
There our standards shall rise, till beneath the blue skies,
They shall tell to the world, where the true honor lies,
For lifting the veil, that hung over the west,
That had hidden the land, on the ocean's broad breast.

Around our fair city a landscape is spread,
Ornate in the beauties of nature reposing,
With our beautiful river, eternally fed,
By the springs from the mountains, its valley inclosing,
And our commerce clad bay, with its tidal washed lea,
From the waves of the sea, to the Nation is free.
These grandeurs were hid, till Columbus made known,
The world of the west, where they slumbered alone.

Let thousands of voices united then sing,
The day to make glad, with a festive thanksgiving,
For the blessings of freedom and comfort they bring,
To the genial world of amenities living,
New York is its center, acknowledged to be,
Where the flag of the free, on Atlantic's bold lea,
So gallantly waves, to the world a good cheer,
From our mast heads a generous welcoming here.

MERIT.

Four hundred years have now their coil unrolled,
From off the wheel of times' ne'er ending chain,
Since the grand landmark that Columbus made,
Has set its seal upon the continents.

Toward the path that only honor knows,
Can all mankind now turn their willing feet,
No dogmas now can block the open way,
Or cramp the aspirations of the mind,

In new inventions made for human weal,
Whether or not they tally with belief,
Or break the fallow ground of sentient thought,
Or walk in paths, not trod by man before.

'Tis fitting now that in this teeming age,
We call a halt, and take a breathing time;
In the far depths of North America,
Is the spot named for our rendezvous.

Ye who best represent the busy world,
Your grateful tributes at its scepter lay,
That shadows here its page immaculate,
On which to write degrees of genius found.

Nations! To what grand heights have you attained,
In rivalry, where science led the way—
That arbiter, to which the world unbends,
That throne, majestic and imperial.

And in the rising arts mechanical,
What progress have you made with study fraught,
In the great path, that flying centuries tread,
With steady pace toward infinitude.

Pierian waters rolling on their way,
The dawn of light, revealing a new day,
Perfunctory education in decay,

Have followed evolution's swelling tide,
That will the destinies of man decide,
When liberty and knowledge are allied.

Be this the fruitage of Chicago's Fair,
Where may an honest world their notes compare,
With justice blindfold, sitting in the chair.

Whereof, of kindred man the brotherhood
Shall be the only watchword understood,
Merit the claim, for everlasting good.

THE NAME OF AMERICA.

"The rose by any other name would smell as sweet."
Columbus, 'tis a tribute to your worth,
That lays our humble offerings at your feet,
To thee, whose living fame has filled the earth.

What if thy name marks not the land you gave,
It is emblazoned on the temples there,
To live, when empires sink beneath the wave,
Their cities lain in ruins everywhere.

Still will survive all these, the magic thought
That on a wondering world so subtly fell,
And to its hungry soul the knowledge brought,
That superstitious dogmas did dispel.

America, the nations gather at your shore,
But not in honor's homage to your name;
But unto him who opened first the door,
That of the world of progress lit the flame.

You sought for India o'er the watery west,
A simple thought, that truth would justify;
You found a world reposing on its breast,
Beneath your own familiar star-lit sky.

You pierced the vestal throne of cosmic thought,
Beneath the rubbish of inertia laid;
You tested that which theories had taught,
You showed the way! You spoke! The world obeyed!

BURIAL OF COLUMBUS.

Air:—NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD.

Weary and sadly he went to his grave,
His fame and ambition resigning,
As visions of glory from over the wave
Had vanished, as years were declining.

Quiet and silent they laid him to rest,
When the light of his life had ceased burning;
To his own mother earth, his consoling behest,
Unto dust his frail body returning.

Oh bury, oh bury me o'er the wild wave,
Was the wish of our hero when dying,
Let me rest where the Occident's waters shall lave
The shore where my body is lying.

On a green western island his body now lays,
To honor his dying desire,
While nations unite in rehearsing his praise,
With song and with harp and with lyre.

And the light that once burned in this casket of clay
Shines brighter and brighter before us,
As time rolls along on its track of decay
To leave brighter visions before us.

Ho! Ye nations assembled to honor his name,
Who have reaped of his genius the fruiting,
Wreath his memory with laurels of honor and fame,
That eternity's hand is recruiting.

AUTOGRAPH LETTER

— OF —

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

ADDRESSED TO

THE EMBASSADOR, MR. NICOLO ODERIGO.

SIR:—It is impossible to describe the solitude which your departure has caused among us. I gave the book of my privileges to Mr. Frco. di Rivarolo, in order that he might forward it to you along with a copy of the missive letters. I beg of you, as a particular favour, to write to Don Diego, to acknowledge their receipt, and to mention where they are deposited. Another copy shall be finished, and sent to you in the same manner, and by the said Mr. Fr^o. You will find another letter in it, in which their Highnesses have promised to give me all that belongs to me, and to put Don Diego in possession of it, as you will see. I am writing to Signor Gian Luigi, and to the Signora Caterina, and the letter will accompany this. I shall depart in the name of the Holy Trinity with the first favourable weather, with a considerable equipment. If Girolamo da Santo Stefano comes he must wait for me, and not entangle himself with any one, for they will get from him whatever they can, and then leave him in the lurch. Let him come here, and he will be received by the King and Queen until I arrive. May our Lord have you in his holy keeping! March 21, 1502, in Seville.

At your Commands.

S.
S. A. S.
X. M. Y.
X Po FERENS.

A fac simile of the above letter will be found on pages 90 and 91.

+

Pinner / La semana. - nos habia
desfado no se puede decir, el libro de mayo. Se
habia, de amor fr^o de libertad, ya que se le - bu, no
habia de tanto masaf. - hab, del habido y el lugar
que por may y. - ello + os pudo por may, lo v. - may
no digo, o lo tal si acobaron, y. - os - brar
por la misma quita / y el mismo m. - v. fr / - ellos
falle. - y. - figura m. - a. - S. - a: m. - p. - met. -
de m. - dar todo lo que p. - me - y. - poner a pos. -
de todo no de como b. - y. - al S. - m. - a. -

EXPLANATIONS OF COLUMBUS' AUTOGRAPHS.

The initials of the signature in this letter are supposed to stand for either the Latin names, *Servus supplex Altissimi Salvatoris*, or the Spanish words, *Servidor sus Altezas Sacras*, both of which have the same meaning.

X
Xristos.

M.
Maria.

Y. stands for
Yosephus
or
Ysabel.

X po FERENS is the Spanish of Christopher.

There are but few copies of Columbus' letters to be found in literature and consequently but few of his autographs. The foregoing is a translation of the preceding *fac simile* of his letter, taken from a collection of authentic documents from original manuscripts, published in Genoa, and translated and reprinted in London in 1823.



ARMS OF COLUMBUS

AFTER HAVING RECEIVED HIS TITLE, ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN, VICEROY,
AND GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE EAST INDIES, ETC.

Historical Geography.

The history of Asia, the mother of nations, and of Egypt, is too old for our chronology. That of Europe is so modern compared to it that America seems like her next youngest sister learning her A, B, C, from the same horn-book, and her civilization from the same fountain head. Here was the goal we started from, and from this European foundation let us build up the Historical Geography in our own continent.

Here came the Spanish, the French, the English and the Dutch, asserting their respective claims to it, backed by the sword. Europe was up in arms to fortify and adjust these trans-Atlantic claims; but the issue was finally settled by very eccentric turns in the fortunes of war.

As the English colonies gradually took on the forms of nationality, new questions vexed the brains of kings, and new issues complicated the situation till the thirteen English colonies found themselves confederated together by a political destiny that self-preservation had made necessary.

The seedling stalk had now become the trunk. It bent before the storm that assailed it, but did not break, and here began the political history of North America, released from the toils of effete political bonds. The shackles to American progress were cast off, and thrown into the ocean, that was strewn with the wrecks of royal ambition.

From this time forward the United States transcended the influence of foreign powers on North American soil, and its geographical changes were largely fashioned by her sword or controlled by her diplomacy.

Geography is the father of History. In prehistoric times Asia emptied her teeming population into Europe. It was the Mediterranean sea that enticed this migration, and on its friendly shores a new civilization was created, that never could have grown into being in Asia. There was no other sea in the world that bisected the lands of a hemisphere, and rolled its tide against two continents, all the way through a zone of mildness.

When this human wave moved along its northern shore, the lakes, rivers and valleys of Europe, possessing the elements necessary for the

growth of nations—here they began, and under new conditions have come up to their present standard in law and religion, essentially different from that of Asia.

The next great human wave crossed the Atlantic, say three thousand years later than that which came from Asia to Europe, where it found a continent equally propitious to national growth, but without as many geographical subdivisions suited to the wants of separate nations as boundaries. For this reason America has now, and ever must have, a less number of nations than Europe, compared to its area, for want of geographical limits to each, if for no other cause.

Let us commence with the dawn of geographical science, and briefly follow its slow progress as it discovered its path by the light of the stars from place to place over the wilderness, plains of unknown lands and the wilder domain of the ocean.

Greece is the spot to begin at, for whatever Egypt, Phœnicia, Arabia, Persia or India knew before its time, such knowledge was a sealed book to Europe till she (Greece) had produced a new edition of the work, enlarged and improved.

Homer, who lived in the tenth or ninth century before the Christian era, traveled through Greece, the island of Crete, and along the Phœnician coast of the Mediterranean sea, which countries he described with comparative accuracy. Beyond these, on every hand, were the creations of fancy, told in poetry and mythology by others before him, as well as himself and some who succeeded him.

To illustrate the geography of his time this accompanying map has been inserted. No map had ever been made at so early a period, and this has been distorted to represent with as much fidelity as possible what Homer, Hesiod and others described. The distortion of the portions occupied by Greece, Phœnicia and Egypt might seem unnecessary, but it is made in accordance with some of the earliest maps of the country, copies of which have been preserved. No positively accurate maps of any part of the European world were ever made previous to the sixteenth century, and none of the western world, for a century or more later.

The eastern portions of the Mediterranean sea are all the parts of the map here presented which can be recognized as approaching correctness. Beyond this then known part of the world, in every direction were fields for romance and mythology only, as will be readily seen, and still beyond

these lands of fabled wonders rolled the ocean around them, to whose limits no bounds had been set, even in imagination.

This map is based on the popular idea at that time that the earth was a plain, circular in form, of which Greece occupied the center. Beneath its surface were the infernal regions, where the wicked were punished,



and the entrance to this abode was located near the western extremity of the borders of night, where the Cimerians dwelt, a happy people, though enveloped in perpetual twilight or under a clouded sky, but prob-

ably, not total darkness, as some writers assert to have been the supposition.

THE NAME HYPERBOREANS

Has a signification on which much has been written in ancient classics. The origin of the human race has been traced from them in speculative theory, fortified by the well known fact that northern peoples have been infusing fresh blood into the veins of southern nations, ever since the records of history began; hence, this people were supposed by the ancients to enjoy an immunity from the cares and ills of ordinary mortals, and the term of their lives was set at a thousand years.

THE LÆSTRYGONES

Were a giant race of cannibals, according to the mythology of that age.

THE ELYSIAN ISLANDS,

Whose name suggests their signification, were located on the western borders of the world, and guarded by nymphs of the river ocean.

THE LOTOPHAGI

were a race of people who lived on a plant called the lotus. The names Cyclops, Cave of Æolus, Pigmies and Amazons are classical and mythological. Other names on the map need no explanation as they are approximately correct as to their locality and well known to history.

Thales and Anaximander, who lived in the fifth century, B. C., were the first Europeans to take up the subject of geography on scientific principles.

Thales studied astronomy at Memphis, in Egypt, and could calculate eclipses, but not their exact day or hour. He corrected the Egyptian calendar from 360 to 365 days to the year, but this correction was not immediately adopted by the Egyptians.

Anaximander, his pupil, was the first one to map out the earth, or rather such parts of it as were then known.*

Eratosthenes, the second one entrusted with the care of the Alexandrian library, says: "The chief design of this map was to make a mathematical division of the whole earth, rather than a delineation of the land

* Previous to this, maps of special localities had been made by the Egyptians centuries before the Hellenic Age of Greece, for a description of which see C. P. Daly's address of 1879 before the American Geographical Society of New York.

and water on it." It was called a sphere by some of the early writers, and said to have been made on metal. The description of it by Eratosthenes would favor this inference.

Hecataeus, who was born 549 years B. C., wrote a book of "Travels Round the Earth," giving a description of the Mediterranean sea and Southern Asia, as far as India. He also made a map which improved Anaximander's map, inserting in it, besides other matter, the rivers and stations from the eastern coast of the Ægean sea to Susa, at that time the capital of the Persian empire, situated one hundred miles north of the extremity of the Persian gulf. Long since it has been lying in ruins. This map was taken to Sparta by Aristagones, a Grecian historian, and presented to King Cleomenes for examination previous to the Ionian Revolt, whence no trace of it has come to light, but in *The Lan. & Lit. of Ancient Greece*, by Mure, Vol. IV., a copy of it is inserted, drawn from recorded descriptions.

Thales, Anaximander and Hecataeus were all of Grecian stock, born at Miletus, the capital of Ionia, colonized from Crete.

Herodotus, who was born B. C., 484, at Halicarnasus, a Dorian city of Greece, was the next to contribute to the still very small knowledge of geography then current at the literary emporium of Europe. He published a map of the travels he made, a *fac simile* copy of which, is herewith reproduced, taken from the geography of Herodotus. It only shows the countries he visited, and not the names of the hundreds of cities and many rivers, etc., which his books describe.

By comparing this map with that of what was known of the world in Homer's time, it will be seen that discoveries had been made in every direction. On the west was the Pillars of Hercules, on the south, the Great Desert of Africa, the Red sea and the Arabian sea, which he calls the Erythræan sea. On the east was India and the rivers Indus, Tigris and Euphrates, and the Caspian sea, and on the north the Black sea, which he calls the Euxine, and many towns which the geography of Herodotus mentions, that are not put down on the map here shown.*

Herodotus was an accomplished writer, much quoted, but was not a profound scholar, like his predecessors who had established scientific

* This map is a *fac simile* of Bokirk's which he published to illustrate ancient geography. It was reproduced by T. Talbot Wheeler, and from the latter copied for this work.

principles in geography, while he had only described countries. He evidently had no just conceptions of the spherical form of the earth.

He says: "The Greeks on the Pontus say that the river ocean begins at the place where the sun rises, and that it flows round the whole earth, but they do not prove it. * * * The person Hecateus, who speaks about the ocean, since he has referred his account to some obscure fable, produces no conviction. I know of no such river at all. Homer, perhaps, or some other of the earlier poets, finding the name, introduced it into poetry."



Geography as a science had now progressed sufficiently to cause speculation as to grand divisions of the world, and names for each.

The most important of these to the Grecians was the one on which they lived. Its inhabitants were whiter than the Egyptians and Carthagenians on the south side of the Mediterranean sea, and they named it

EUROPE,

From the Phœnician word, *Urappa*, which signifies "The land of fair people." This name was first applied, only to their own locality; and as farther discoveries proceeded, the same name designated them till Europe was found to be divided from Asia, by natural limits not then known.

Another derivation of the name is from Europa, daughter of the King of Tyre, of Phœnicia, whose fame is invested with classic mythology. The name

ASIA

Has an earlier origin than that of Europe. Homer derives it from a city of Lydia, of that name, where ancient geography was studied.

Herodotus says: "According to the Lydians, Asia was called after Asius; hence a tribe in Sardis was called the Asian tribe." There was a Lydian poet of that name (Asius). Did Herodotus mean him?

Other Greek authors give Asia, the daughter of Oceanus and Thetis, as the origin of the name. A mythological source, but not necessarily an improbable one.

The Greeks gave the name Libya to the country south of the Mediterranean, but not without discussion, whether the Nile or the Arabian gulf was the dividing line between it and Asia; that is, before the true magnitude of this gulf was made known to them by Herodotus. Hitherto they had only seen its northern extremities, which were jagged inlets, and knew nothing of the watery belt which these inlets formed to the ocean. Subsequently they gave the name Africa Propria to Carthage, and later still Cæsar gave the name

NEW AFRICA

To Numidia, a province adjoining the then Roman Province of Carthage. Ultimately the name designated the whole peninsular continent.

The Punic word Feric—an ear of corn—has been given by linguists as the origin of the name, which seems consistent with the fame of Egypt, its northern part, for producing cereals.

In this age of rapid transit from one part of the world to another and equally rapid exchange of ideas, it seems almost incredible, that Greece alone was the great dispensatory to Europe of learning and philosophy, when Egypt, Phœnicia and Carthage, all situated on the shores of the same sea, had for ages, even before the days of Homer, enjoyed a high state of civilization and learning.

While Greece had been emerging from barbarism and making advances in civilization, the Phœnician cities of Tyre and Sidon had explored the entire shores of the Mediterranean sea with their trading vessels, in doing which they had founded the city of Carthage, the first great rival of Rome. They also founded Marseilles, of France, and Cadiz, of Spain,

both of which have survived the changes through which the countries in which they are situated have passed, and preserved their identity to the present day. Marseilles was called by its founders Massalia, Cadiz they called Gades, from Gaddin, the meaning of which in the Phœnician language was the western extremity of the world.

This name was also applied by them to the Straits of Gibraltar, called also the Pillars of Hercules by the ancient Grecians, as well as the Phœnicians before them.

Lempriere says that the Phœnicians dedicated a temple to Hercules on the Island of Gades, beyond the straits, which is conclusive evidence, that the Grecians inherited this divinity from them, as it was before the days of Homer, when Gades was discovered, and received its name from the Phœnicians.

After the Phœnicians had passed through this "jumping off place," and unveiled its mysteries, the Carthagenians followed, and in their wanderings down the coast of Africa discovered the Fortunate Islands, now the Canaries. To the north the Phœnicians traded with the ancient Britons, exchanging the precious wares of Sidon for the tin of Cornwall.

These discoveries were unknown to the Greeks, who had all the while been speculating in geographical science, like a young student without a master.

She, like all the rest of Europe, in her earliest days, was uncivilized and unlearned, but there was something in her geographical position, as well as in her blood that stimulated her to improve her condition.

She never became a wealthy state like Phœnicia or Persia, to the east of her, but she rose to a far higher grade of civilization than any of her older but effete neighbors, who lived in luxurious palaces while she, tenanted in humble abodes, began to study from the great book of nature, and continued her researches till she became the fountain head, whence the learning, first of Rome, and subsequently all Europe began, and grew to its perfection in the sixteenth century.

Though Pagan, Grecian literature is not offensive to the sentiment of the nineteenth century; but indispensable to the wants of its institutions of learning, as well as its state policy and its morals.

Only brief accounts of Phœnician and Carthagenian discoveries have been preserved. After their ships had passed the Pillars of Hercules, Grecian literature informs us that they continued their discoveries till they had visited the coasts of the ancient Britons on the north, and south-

wardly had followed the coast of Africa nearly to the equator, but their discoveries were not followed by any practical results. They took pains to preserve their secret from other nations, lest their monopoly of the commerce of the then known world should be broken, and its profits shared by commercial rivals.

Pending this inert regime, Alexander, the great Macedonian, carried his conquests through Asia Minor to the river Indus, and as Strabo justly observes, "made known the East."

He was the first European to open commercial relations on a grand scale with the country that is now British India.

THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA

Was built at the deltas of the Nile, as the commercial emporium of the Mediterranean, in which to concentrate trade from the far East. Merchandise was transported from India up the Red sea, thence over-land to the Nile, and down its waters to Alexandria, thence to countries toward the west.

This route had less land carriage than that which the Phœnicians and Carthagenians hitherto had used; and Alexandria soon became the principal commercial emporium of Europe. The map herewith, which is copied from Freeman, shows the countries conquered by Alexander, and also the Indies, whose trade was so coveted by the ancients. It is worthy of mention that his conquests covered the present territory of British India, that grand old country whence came the sacred books of the prehistoric ages. They also embraced Egypt, not less distinguished for her ancient learning.

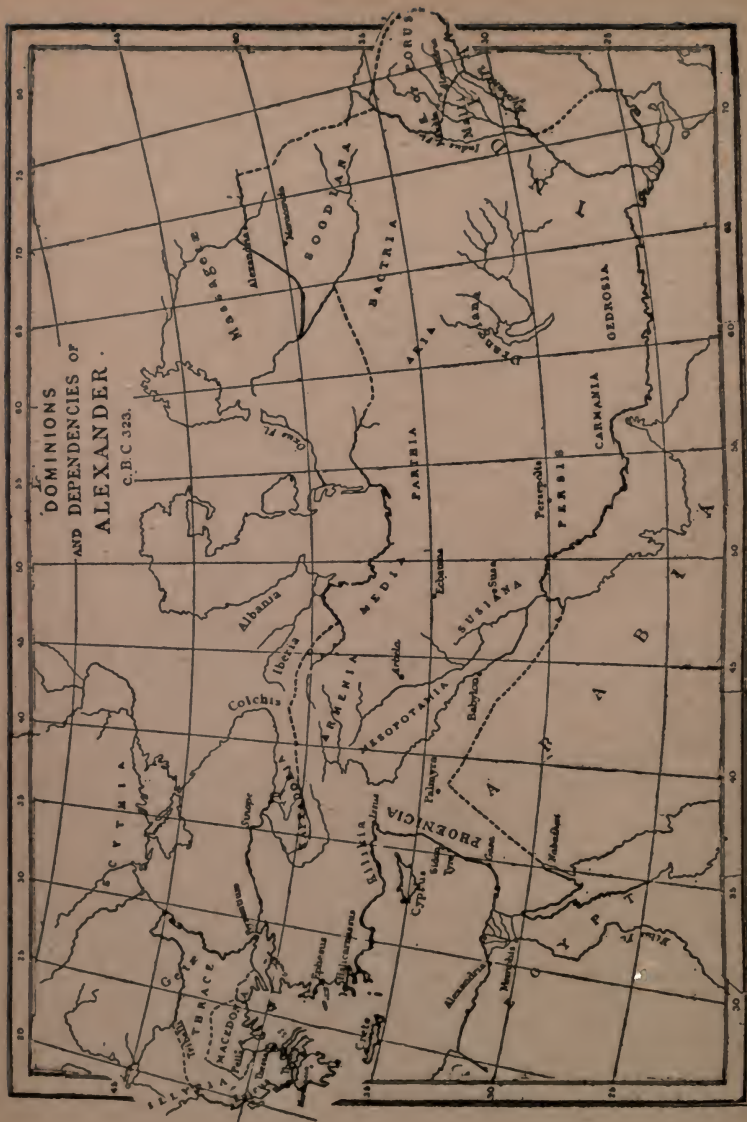
Macedon was not geographically suited to enter into this trade, but Egypt had an advantage over all the other nations along the shores of the Mediterranean in water carriage to India, and this natural facility did not escape the eye of Alexander, who even in his military fame did not lose sight of the practical.

This map does not extend far enough east to show Carthage, but it can be seen on the one following it.

The dynasty of the Ptolemies in Egypt was begun by one of Alexander's generals, and continued till B. C. 30, when this kingdom was reduced to a Roman province by Augustus.

During all this time Egypt was a resort for the literati of the then known world, to consult the Alexandrian library, which had been established there by Ptolemy Philadelphus, about B. C. 280. Euclid, the father of geometry, was his tutor.

C. B. C 323.





The map herewith shows the Roman Empire in its greatest extent, its limits being indicated by a dotted line and by rivers. Britain, all but the Northern part, the land of Picts and Scots, was included in it.

NOTES.—In the map of the dominions of Alexander it will be seen that his empire extends much farther to the east than that of Rome, as seen in the map of the Roman Empire. Both empires included Greece, Egypt and the countries on the eastern borders of the Mediterranean and Black seas.

Neither empire ever extended much north of the Danube. Here were the tribes, who, savage and uncivilized as they were, were the fathers of the present nations of Central Europe, through a line of inheritance, too intricate to unravel without a lifetime of study. Nor is it necessary to trace this thread of European history, in order to note the progress of geographical science, from its beginnings, on the shores of the Mediterranean sea, to its growth and development on the continent of North America. The maps herewith, while they illustrate the progress of geography, do not by any means illustrate ancient history. The best epitome and the best map illustrations of that intricate subject may be found in Labberton's Historical Atlas, the merits of which challenge honorable mention in these columns.

Though the Normans or Scandinavians were hardly known in history A. D. 117, the era represented by the map of the Roman Empire, yet their country is located to show where they subsequently came from, and made their power felt throughout Europe, from their native land, so remote from the more effeminate, though aggressive nations of its Southern borders. Except these Norman names this map is a copy of Freeman's.

The map of the dominions of Alexander is also copied from Freeman, which shows the country as it was B. C. 325. But it ought, in justice to Mr. Freeman, to be stated, that the name Phœnicia, at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean sea, has been added, not to give the premise, that the Phœnicians were positively there at that time in their glory, but to show where they had been, when they were the great power on this "Great Sea," as it was then called.

HIPPARCHUS,

A native of Nicæ, of Macedonian stock, made great improvements to the astronomy of Thales. He was the first to observe that the summer interval between the vernal and autumnal equinox, was seven days longer than the winter interval between the autumnal and the vernal; hence, the elongated or eccentric form of the earth's orbit.

He divided the starry firmament into forty-nine constellations, and gave many names to stars. He also divided the globe into sections by parallels of latitude and longitude, reckoning longitude from the Canary Islands, the same as we reckon from Greenwich.

Without mentioning the works of other early cosmographers who wrote on geography and astronomy previous to the age of Ptolemy,



CLAUDIUS PTOLEMY.

let us consider the works of this greatest of all geographers of ancient date. He was born at Pelusium, on the Nile, in the first century. His name would indicate that he was of Macedonian origin. The Ptolemy map, herewith shown, is a reduction of his map published by Gio Malombra, in Venice in 1574, with the mountains left out to give more room for the names.

A few names have been added, but the main features of it are the work of the great originator himself.

It is an older copy than the writer has hitherto seen reproduced in English literature, and consequently the most valuable, as it approximates nearer to the first design of its author.

In offering this map to the public he calls it, as translated literally, "*Way or manner of making the description of the world on a plane which will have proportionate measure and correspondence with that which is round or spherical form.*"

Again he says: "*The whole of the globe which the earth and the water comprises is divided into 360 degrees.*" As his map shows, he only gives Europe, Asia and Northern Africa, and from reading his geography, an impression prevails that the side antipodal to these consists of water.

Southern Africa he does not attempt to show, as it was not known in his time.

In his book entitled "Great Construction," he gives the position of 1,022 fixed stars, placing the earth in the center of them. His system of astronomy was the accepted one, till that of

COPERNICUS

Had substituted it in the sixteenth century. We have now very briefly followed the progress of geography and astronomy down to the first century of the Christian era, and even then how little was known in detail of the world.

All Asia, except the southwestern portion, all Africa, except the shores of the Mediterranean and Red seas, the northern portion of Europe and the entire western hemisphere were yet behind the veil which geographical and astronomical science were destined to lift.

The conquests of Rome had spread over the known world, almost, as the accompanying map copied from Freeman will show. Arabia had not been included in it except its northern verge.

Hibernia (Ireland), Scotland and Scandinavia had escaped it.



EXPLANATIONS.—The names on this map are in Latin, as will be seen. The heavy line running through Indicum Mare (the Indian ocean) is the equator. The left hand column running north and south of this line gives temperature by numbers, the equator being numbered 12, the numbers increasing by fractions and integers, both northwardly and southwardly. Off the coast of Lybia he gives the name, Mare Atlanticum (Atlantic Ocean), and south of this name he gives the Canary Islands, then called Fortunate Islands, and put down by him Fortunatæ. To the north he gives Hibernia (Ireland) and Albion (England), across the channel from which is Gallia (France) and Hispania (Spain). The Great sea (the Mediterranean) he does not name, but gives names of islands in it familiar to our present geography. Many other names to the east on this map may readily be identified with present names. In his degree line both on the north and on the south, he numbers the longitudinal lines as we do now, but gives only 180 degrees, which shows that he intended that his map should represent only one-half of the globe. In the right hand column he numbers the parallels of latitude, from which it will readily be seen, that his map stopped on the north at 63 degrees, not attempting to show to 90 degrees at the pole, and on the south stopped at 15 degrees.

ROME,

Even in the zenith of her glory, did not venture to attack these nations, or rather tribes, whose poverty did not tempt invasion, or if it did, whose ferocity forbade it. But when Rome had reached these limits her aggressive policy began to tone down to a defensive one.

Cæsar invaded Ancient Briton to strengthen his Gallic possessions, but he did not venture far into the island. The real conquest of Britain was made by Agricola, A. D. 64.

It is now an unsolved problem what portion of the fathers of the present English race succumbed to the Roman arms, but the best ethnological research credits but a small one, giving by far the greater portion to the Saxons, who inhabited the country across the North sea, on the Elbe and the Weiser, and to the Normans of Scandinavia, who then as now inhabited Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

The decline and fall of the Roman Empire dates from its division under Dioclesian, A. D. 292, to the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet, II. May 29, A. D. 1453. To this place the seat of the Roman Empire had been removed by Constantine, A. D. 328, and here Grecian and Roman literature had been preserved, through all the centuries of destructive warfare that had been visited upon the empire during its decline.

Down to the time of Constantine Rome had been Pagan. He embraced Christianity, and as a prudential measure felt the necessity of transfer-

ring the seat of government to another place. The selection was the best which Europe afforded, in a commercial point of view.

It had long been known in classic poetry and history as Byzantium, and to this day, European nations look upon it with covetous eyes, none of which are allowed to take it from Turkey, lest so valuable an acquisition, in the hands of a thrifty nation, would give it a dangerous vantage ground over the rest of Europe.

The Ottoman conquest, which crushed out the last vestige of Roman power at the taking of Constantinople, together with other wars in those eventful centuries, brought to light the general geography of Europe, but less by the aid of science, than by the practical work of invading armies, and the exodus of nations, or rather tribes, from one locality to another.

This work went on till nearly all Europe was changed from the transient abiding places of peoples, bound together only by confederated compacts, to its present conditions of nationalities, whose respective countries are sharply defined by limits; and whose state policy is under control of an emperor, a king or a constitution.

While other nations had done the rough hewing for this work, it was reserved for the Normans to give it its finishing touches.

In speaking of this people, says Macaulay, referring to their establishing themselves in Normandy, France, in 912: "Their valor and ferocity had made them conspicuous amongst the rovers whom Scandinavia had sent forth to ravage western Europe. * * * At length one of the feeble heirs of Charlemagne ceded to the strangers a fertile province (Normandy). In it they founded a mighty state. * * * The Normans rapidly acquired all, and more than all, the knowledge and refinements which they found in the country where they settled. Their courage secured their territory against foreign invasion. They established internal order, such as had long been unknown in the Frank empire. That chivalrous spirit which has exerted so powerful an influence on the morals and the manners of the European nations, was found in its exaltation among the Norman nobles."

This race was of gothic extraction, and had wandered in prehistoric times to the extreme north of Europe, there to harden up, ready to take a hand in the remodeling of the continent, after the waste that had marked the fall of Rome.

In the twelfth century they founded the kingdom of The Two Sicilies in

the heart of the Roman Empire, and put to flight the Roman armies who stood sentinels over this province. But ere they had done this, and ere they had established their dynasty in Great Britain, their mariners had turned the bows of their small vessels westwardly and discovered Iceland in A. D. 860. In 874 a Norwegian colony was planted there, and has held the country ever since. In 986 Greenland was discovered and colonized by them. In A. D. 1000 Biorn was driven by a prolonged gale from the coast of Greenland within sight of an island off the coast of North America, whence he returned with the first favorable wind. Induced by his report of western lands, Eric the Red, in 1002, sailed with thirty-five men to make discoveries in the same direction. He reached the coast seen by Biorn, and steering along it in a southerly direction, he came to a heavily wooded shore which he named Markland (the country of wood). Farther along he found a pleasanter shore with safe anchorage, where he landed and built huts. The country abounded in grapes, for which reason he named it Vineland.

In three years this force returned to Greenland. In 1007 a wealthy Greenlander, named Thorfin, sailed for Vineland with sixty followers, among whom were his wife Gudrida and five other women. These adventurers traded with the natives three years, when Thorfin, with his wife and their son Snorra, the first white child born in the western hemisphere, returned to Iceland, where Thorfin died a few years later.

The widow, after the death of her husband, made a pilgrimage to Rome, as a pious rite, returned to Iceland and died in a cloister which her son had established there.

Other adventurers followed to visit Vineland, but could get no tidings from the colony. It had doubtless been destroyed by the natives or captured and adopted by them into their tribes.

Adam, a German chronicler, who came from Saxony to Bremen in 1076, verifies this Icelandic account, and other good authorities do the same.

These discoveries were the result more of accident than science. Had they been made when Europe was bent on opening a trade with India, as in Columbus' time, they would not have been forgotten, but followed up and utilized.

Since their date the waves of invasion have rolled over Europe, and these waves quickened the ambition of its nations; gave them ideas to be put in practice in the twilight of the fifteenth century, when new



Thorfin and Gudrida on the shore of Vineland.

and untrodden paths were to be opened for human industry on the antipodal portions of the then known world.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, the little state of Portugal made herself famous among the nations of Europe, by exploring the western coast of Africa, with a view of finding a passage to India by water.

Her geographical location was admirably adapted to facilitate such an undertaking, she being nearer by sea to this coveted goal than any other nation of Europe.

Repeated attempts in this direction, chiefly under the guidance of Prince Henry, resulted in the doubling of the southern extremity of the continent in 1487, but not till after the death of the prince. The name Cape of Good Hope was given to this point of land a few years later by the king, his father.

This discovery produced a profound sensation among the mariners of the Mediterranean, and made Portugal a resort for amateurs in this new and important industry.

Prominent among these was Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa. He had been educated in geometry and astronomy, and had seen much service in his youth as a sailor, ever since the age of fourteen, says Dr. Robertson.

In 1477 he visited Thule, Iceland, and in this voyage explored the Northern Ocean as far as the 73d degree.

After having served in a naval warfare against the Venetians, he went to Lisbon, enlisted in the Portuguese service, and while thus employed married the daughter of Bartholomew Prestrello, a mariner who had discovered the Madeira Islands during their explorations down the African coast.

Of the cosmographers of that age, Columbus was not alone in his convictions that India could be reached by sailing westwardly.

The Phoenicians, Egyptians, Macedonians and Venetians had carried on an overland trade with India, in the order in which they are mentioned, ever since the grandeur of Tyre and Sidon had been proverbial,* both in civil and canonical history; and how to reach this oriental source of wealth by water, was the problem to be solved. In the solution of this question speculations as to the dimensions of India, and how near

* See Robertson's Hist. of India.

it was to the western shores of Africa were of the first importance. Paul of Florence, a man of great learning, entirely coincided with Columbus, that the westward course to reach India was the nearest. Ancient Greek authorities were consulted, and it was found that Aristotle had expressed an opinion that the Pillars of Hercules were not very distant from the eastern coast of India. Seneca, the Roman moralist, many centuries since his time, had expressed the same opinion.

It is said by C. Edwards Lester, in his work on America, that Columbus conferred with Americus Vespucius on the subject, and that the latter expressed an opinion that India might be reached from the west, if a continent then unknown did not intervene.*

But whatever either the ancient or modern scientists thought on the subject, Columbus was the only one whose zeal led him to combat popular prejudice, and take up the matter in a practical way.

His great designs were fulfilled when his three little vessels dropped their anchors on the coast of an island in the western world, on the 12th of October, 1492, whose native name was Guanahani.

HE NAMED IT SAN SALVADOR.

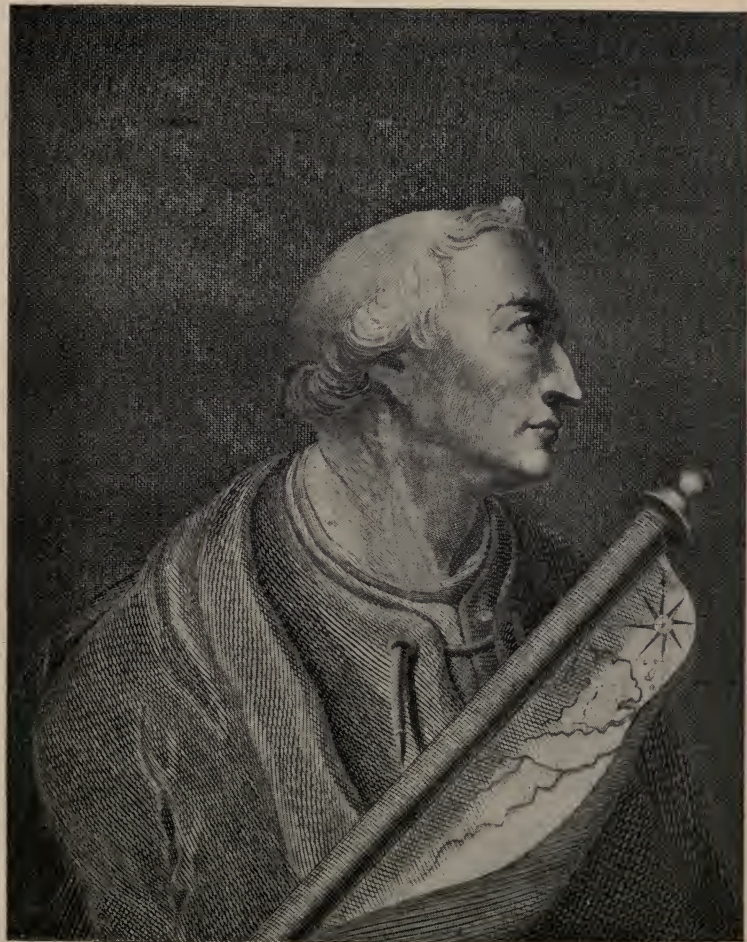
Queen Isabella, of Spain, after much persuasion from Juan Perez, a scientific ecclesiastic, Louis de Santangel, minister of the crown for Arragon and Quintanilla, minister of the crown for Castile, yielded to the overtures of Columbus, gave his undertaking her royal sanction, and offered to pawn her jewels to defray its expenses.

But Santangel, in a transport of gratitude to the queen, kissed her hand, and to save her such a humiliation, advanced seventeen thousand florins from the treasury, while Perez, the good ecclesiastic, obtained subscriptions among his parishioners, to furnish one-eighth of the expenses of the outfit, which was the portion Columbus himself had agreed to advance.

He visited several islands on his first voyage to the Western World, and supposed them to be adjacent to the coast of Asia.

To this opinion all Europe at first inclined, and for this reason the whole group were called the West India Islands on Enciso's geography of 1519, the first Spanish work to map the whole of what was then known in the west.

* Lester gathered the materials for his book during his official service in Spain under the United States Government, about 1840.



AMERICUS VESPUCIUS.

that Columbus had discovered islands in the western hemisphere. The above date precedes that of Columbus' discovery of South America, and whether it was an island or a continent that was first seen is a matter of indifference, as to the merit of originality in the principle involved.

Cabot did not stain his record by unjust pretensions, and magnanimously acknowledged this truth by claiming, only a secondary place to



VIEW OF MARBLE SLAB ERECTED AT HAVANA IN
HONOR OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Columbus, who, as he wrote, "*had done a thing more divine than human to saile by the west into the easte where spices grow, by a map that was never knowne before.*"

He was the first to express doubts as to the lands discovered being the Asiatic coast. Others might have speculated and doubted, but all the theories on the subject, and all the maps published previous to 1515, and many later than that, were based on the supposition, that the newly known lands belonged to the Asian coast.

Western discoveries had four classifications, *Quattuor Navigationes*. Those of Columbus consisted of the West India Islands, of which was Cuba, at first supposed to be a part of the Asian coast, and the northern coast of South America.

and even as such unjustly, was ultimately made to cover the two continents of the western world.

The name America first appeared on Schoner's Globe of 1520, fac-similes of which have been reproduced in several works on American history. The North American locality of this map is a conjectural drawing, and named Cuba, which shows that its projector was behind the record, Cuba having been sailed around, and proven to be an island in 1508. The name America appeared on several other maps soon afterward, some of whose projectors protested against its injustice.

The fame of Columbus had been clouded by a lack of official patronage. He had died in comparative obscurity. Americus stood high in popular favor, not only on account of his literary associations, but of his connection with a commercial house in Seville of great wealth and influence, that furnished outfits for exploring expeditions. Under these time serving influences, his name received a momentum, that sent it beyond the limits, whence justice could recall it.

In 1541, the first globular map of the celebrated Mercator came out, the western part of which is herewith produced. It was the first radical change from the old (but grand for its time) system of Ptolemy. On his map, the name America appeared, half on North and the balance on South America.

He was a pet of Charles V. Why did not that mighty monarch influence him to put the name Columbia, instead of America, on his map, which immediately became famous, and carried such weight and influence with it?

Mercator's map was the first that showed the two continents connected together without intervening inlets. It delineated the general contour of both, with a reasonable approximate to correctness. But yet nearly another century passed before explorers relinquished the search for an inlet, through which a western passage to the Indies could be made.

The Straits of Magellan, which its hardy discoverer entered in 1519, are shown on this map, to which Mercator gave a choice of names, either that, or Patigonicum, after the giant race of natives, that lived on its borders. Magellan gave the name to the Pacific Ocean, whose waters he was the first to sail over. It will be observed that the name Hispania Major is placed in the centre of the continent of North America indicating that its entire area was claimed by Spain, Baccalarum Regio, to the north, Florida and Hispania Nova to the south, being subdivisions of it.



Baccalarum Regio, meant by the Spaniards, the realms from Florida to Labrador.

Thus far the progress of geographical science has been followed from its dawn on the Mediterranean sea to what may justly be called its meridian on the shores of North America. Of its fundamental principles nothing was left to be learned, when the charm was dispelled that revealed the Western World to light, and released thinking minds from a heavy strain, to demonstrate truth on false premises.

Ever since the second century the geography of Ptolemy had been the basis on which that of the entire earth had been established, an improvement on which, was presumed to be impossible, till practical experiments had enforced convictions that logic had failed to do. Even for many years after the discovery of the Western World cartographers, instead of making new projections for maps, had made various emendations and additions to Ptolemy's maps, as already alluded to.

What was this Western World, of which only glimpses of its coast had been seen? Was it Asia, a group of large and small continents and islands besprinkled over the ocean by the forces of nature, or was it an entire new continent with adjacent islands?

The colonial system of Spain in the Western World was begun on the island of Hispaniola, St. Domingo. Columbus was its first governor. There was no wealth there except such as could be obtained from the soil by agriculture, at least before its mineral resources had been discovered. The colonists were a wretched, jaundiced set of nondescripts, vainly toiling against fate. They had expected to find gold, but many had found graves.

Discontent grew into open mutiny. Their complaints were laid before King Ferdinand. He, too, was disappointed with the results of Columbus' discoveries.

They did not pay expenses. The admiral (Columbus) was not fit for governor, so the malcontents said. Under this strain, the king sent Francis de Bovadilla to take his place. Thither he went, arrested Columbus, shackled him and sent him to Spain. The captain of the vessel on which he was thus ignominiously placed, received his distinguished prisoner with concealed emotion, put to sea, was soon out of sight of the new governor and beyond his influence. Under this immunity from censure, he offered to remove the chains from him. But no! The tenacious admiral determined to wear them till removed by the order of the king.

On his arrival at Spain the news reached the king's ears, and orders promptly came to set the prisoner at liberty. Columbus demanded a restoration to his governership of Hispaniola, but this was refused. Bovadilla was soon removed, and Ovadno put in his place, but discontent continually arose in the general turmoil of the time.

Hispaniola was the original center of Spanish power in the New World; whence issued expeditions to make discoveries and conquests, to christianize the natives, as claimed, to search for gold, and to annex new realms to the crown, or rather to extend Spanish rule over the entire Western World, all of which Spain then claimed as her own.

This monstrous pretension had already received the sanction of the pope, and he was a bold prophet who dared to peer into futurity far enough to call it in question.

Diego Colon, the son of Columbus, was appointed governor of Hispaniola in 1509. Next year the conquest of Cuba was effected by 300 men under Velasquez, by order of the governor. Not a Spaniard had been lost in this expedition, which annexed a province to Spain, still bearing its native name, which, with Porto Rico, are all she now retains of her once universal empire in the Western World.

This easy conquest was an incentive to undertake others. Attention was now turned toward what ultimately proved to be the main land, but, though its coasts had already been seen by navigators, but a vague idea was entertained of them.

Among the adventurers who had come to the newly discovered islands was Vasco Nunez, better known as Balboa, a man of good Spanish blood, but a spendthrift who had exhausted his fortune, and was unable to pay his debts. To escape the vigilance of his creditors, he caused himself to be headed up in a cask, and sent as freight aboard a vessel bound for St. Domingo. When fairly at sea the mysterious cask burst open at the astonished view of the passengers, and Balboa walked forth on the deck of the vessel with the air of a relieved bankrupt.

Like many men of our own time he was not fitted for the sharp rivalry of trade. Though modest and unassuming by nature, he was strong in council and an able commander, who knew how to secure the respect, and even the affection of his subordinates.

The work of colonizing the mainland had already been put in course of preparation by Juan de la Cosa, whose map is herewith shown, but no success had yet been attained. It was easy to rob gold from the natives,

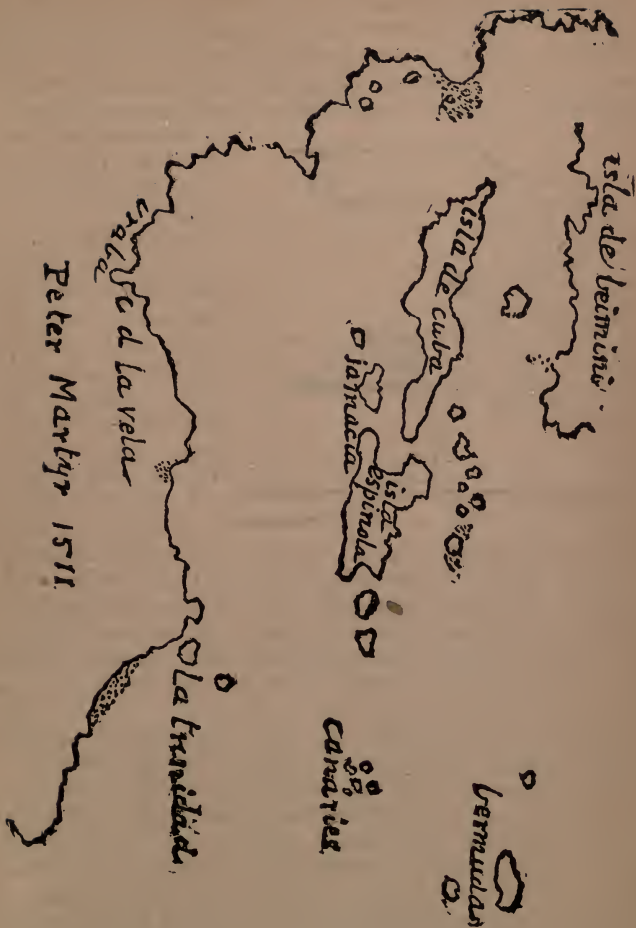
but a slow and toilsome work to enforce wealth from the soil, especially of the torrid zone of the isthmus.

A settlement had already been made at San Sebastian, but not a permanent one. Over sixty Spaniards had been killed already by the poisoned arrows of the natives, among whom was Cosa himself.

Balboa was here, and at his suggestion the colony crossed the inlet Gulf of Uraba to a spot known as Darien, and there established the town of Santa Maria, the first permanent foothold of the Spanish on the continent. Balboa grew to favor in the estimation of the colonists, and soon became its governor, but his great achievement was his discovery of the Pacific ocean when at the head of sixty-seven men he pioneered his way across the isthmus, and on the 25th of September, 1513, beheld these waters. Transported with the grandeur of the scene before him, he named them the South sea, and took solemn possession of them in the name of his master, the King of Spain, claiming for him dominion over them.

His discovery was the admiration of Europe, but through the jealousy of other Spanish officials, plots were formed against him, and in an evil hour Charles V, under the strain of them superseded him by the appointment of Pedrarias, as governor of the Darien colony. He was a man of immobility, as far as sentiment or passion was at stake, except the passion of envy. Pending his official term, Balboa had made many successful incursions among the natives, and secured large amounts of gold, and had made himself very popular among his soldier colonists. A Spanish colonist always meant a soldier, and a soldier meant a defender of "the faith." But when Pedrarias arrived on the ground with his authority to displace him, Balboa retired with due obedience to the mandate of the king, which was not to be called into question.

And now he set about new plans of invasion, destined never to be put in execution. Pedrarias hated him. His talents were too great as an explorer and military leader to play the subordinate with consistency, but Balboa, always fertile in plans, conceived the idea of marrying his daughter, and thus allay his malicious envy. Pedrarias consented, and all went smooth for a time; but at last even this tie was insufficient to placate his jealousy, which kept pace with the growing popular favor of Balboa; and Pedrarias arrested him under a charge of conspiracy to revolt, tried him by false evidence, condemned and executed him with the spite of a demon; feasting his eyes on the red stream that poured from his body, as its head rolled from the block of the executioner.



Peter Martyr 1511.

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