

every step of his career the most generous recognition of his services and abilities. He knew and was glad that the march of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks, which had been the inspiration of armies for over two thousand years, would be replaced, for the next two thousand, by the resistless tramp of Sherman and his army.

Grant was always famous among his soldiers for the rare quality of courage in the presence of danger. But the country is indebted to him for a higher faculty, which met and averted a peril of the gravest character.

One of the most extraordinary and singular men who ever filled a great place was Andrew Johnson. He was a human paradox of conflicting qualities, great and small, generous and mean, bigoted and broad, patriotic and partisan. He loved his country with a passionate devotion, but would have destroyed it to rebuild it upon his own model. Born a "poor white," hating with the intensity of wounded pride the better and dominant class, in a delirium of revenge and vindictiveness he shouted, "Treason is odious and must be punished," and by drumhead court-martial or summary process at law would have executed every one of the Confederate generals and left behind a vendetta to disturb the peace of uncounted generations.

Between their execution and this madman appears the calm and conquering force of General Grant, with the declaration: "My parole is the honor of the nation." When, swinging to the other extreme, and in the exercise of doubtful power, the President would have reversed the results of the war by reorganizing a government upon the lines which he thought best, he was again met by this same determined purpose, exclaiming: "My bayonets will again be the salvation of the nation."

General Grant will live in history as the greatest soldier of his time, but it will never be claimed for him that he was the best of Presidents. No man, however remarkable his endowments, could fill that position with supreme ability unless trained and educated for the task. He said to a well-known publicist in the last days of his second term: "You have criticised severely my administration in your newspaper; in some cases you were right, in others wrong. I ask this of you, in fairness and justice, that in summing up the results of my presidency you will only say that General Grant, having had no preparation for civil office, performed its duties conscientiously and according to the best of his ability."

The times of Reconstruction presented problems which required the highest qualities of statesmanship and business. In the unfamiliarity with the business of a great commercial nation General Grant did not, however, differ much from most of the men who have been successful or defeated candidates for the presidency of the United States. It is a notable fact that though we are the only purely industrial nation in the world, we have never selected our rulers from among the great business men of the country. And the conditions and prejudices of success present insuperable obstacles to such a choice.

Yet Grant's administration will live in history for two acts of supreme importance. When the delirium of fiat money would have involved the nation in bankruptcy, his great name and fame alone served to win the victory for honest money and to save the credit and prosperity of the Republic. He, the first soldier of his time, gave the seal of his great authority to the settlement of international disputes by arbitration.

The quality of his greatness was never so conspicuous as in the election of General Garfield. He carried with him around the world the power and majesty of the American nation—he had been the companion of kings and counsellor of cabinets. His triumphal march had belted the globe, and through the Golden Gate of the Pacific he entered once more his own land, expecting to receive the nomination of his party for a third term for the presidency. In the disappointment of defeat and the passions it involved, the election of the nominee of that Convention depended entirely upon him. Had he remained in his tent, Garfield would never have been President of the United States; but, gathering all the chieftains, and commanding them, when they would sulk or retire, to accompany him to the front, his appearance in the canvass won the victory.

He was at West Point only to be a poor scholar and to graduate with little promise and less expectancy from his instructors. In the barter and trade of his Western home he was invariably cheated. As a subaltern officer in the Mexican War, which he detested, he simply did his duty and made no impress upon his companions or superiors. As a wood-seller he was beaten by all the wood-choppers of Missouri. As a merchant he could not compete with his rivals. As a clerk he was a listless dreamer, and yet the moment supreme command devolved upon him the dross disappeared, dullness and indifference gave way to a clarified intellect which grasped the situation with the power of inspiration. The larger the field, the greater the peril, the more mighty the results dependent upon the issue, the more superbly he rose to all the requirements of the emergency. From serene heights unclouded by passion, jealousy, or fear, he surveyed the whole boundless field of operations, and with unerring

skill forced each part to work in harmony with the general plan. The only commander who never lost a battle, his victories were not luck, but came from genius and pluck.

Cæsar surpassed him because he was both a great soldier and a great statesman; but he was immeasurably inferior to Grant because his ambition was superior to his patriotism. Frederick the Great and Napoleon I revelled in war for its triumphs and its glory, but General Grant, reviewing that most superb of armies beside the Emperor and Von Moltke and Bismarck, electrified the military nations of Europe by proclaiming his utter detestation of war. The motto which appeared in the sky at the consummation of his victories, and was as distinct as the Cross of Constantine, was, "Let us have peace." Under its inspiration he returned to Lee his sword. He stood between the Confederate leaders and the passions of the hour, and with his last breath repeated it as a solemn injunction and legacy to his countrymen. As his spirit hovers over us to-night, let the sentiment be the active principle of our faith. He meant that political divisions of our country, inevitable and necessary for its freedom and prosperity, should not be upon sectional lines. A Solid North has been broken. The Solid South must disappear. On these broad lines, supplemented from time to time with the immediate questions of the hour, partisanship is always within patriotic limits, and the successful party is the best judgment of the people.

We leave this hall to carry into the Presidential canvass our best efforts for the success of the principles in which we severally believe, the parties which we severally love, and the candidates we honor; but let us labor to bring about such conditions all over this country that we may fight our political battles under the common banner of patriotism and peace.

COLUMBIAN ORATION

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATORY CEREMONIES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR
AT CHICAGO, OCTOBER 21, 1892

THIS day belongs not to America, but to the world. The results of the event it commemorates are the heritage of the peoples of every race and clime. We celebrate the emancipation of man. The preparation was the work of almost countless centuries; the realization was the revelation of one. The Cross on Calvary was hope; the cross raised on San Salvador was opportunity. But for the first, Columbus would never have sailed; but for the second, there would have been no place for the planting, the nurture, and the expansion of civil and religious liberty. Ancient history is a dreary record of unstable civilizations. Each reached its zenith of material splendor, and perished. The Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman Empires were proofs of the possibilities and limitations of man for conquest and intellectual development. Their destruction involved a sum of misery and relapse which made their creation rather a curse than a blessing. Force was the factor in the government of the world when Christ was born, and force was the source and exercise of authority both by Church and State when Columbus sailed from Palos. The Wise Men traveled from the East toward the West under the guidance of the Star of Bethlehem. The spirit of the quality of all men before God and the law moved westward from Calvary, with its revolutionary influence upon old institutions, to the Atlantic Ocean. Columbus carried it westward across the seas. The Emigrants from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, from Germany and Holland,

from Sweden and Denmark, from France and Italy, from Spain and Portugal, under its guidance and inspiration, moved West, and again West, building States and founding cities until the Pacific limited their march. The exhibition of arts and sciences, of industries and inventions, of education and civilization, which the Republic of the United States will here present, and to which, through its Chief Magistrate, it invites all nations, condenses and displays the flower and fruitage of this transcendent miracle.

The anarchy and chaos which followed the breaking up of the Roman Empire necessarily produced the feudal system. The people, preferring slavery to annihilation by robber chiefs, became the vassals of territorial lords. The reign of physical force is one of perpetual struggle for the mastery. Power which rests upon the sword neither shares nor limits its authority. The king destroyed the lords, and the monarchy succeeded feudalism. Neither of these institutions considered or consulted the people. They had no part, but to suffer or die in this mighty strife of masters for the mastery. But the throne, by its broader view and greater resources, made possible the construction of the highways of freedom. Under its banner races could unite, and petty principalities be merged, law substituted for brute force, and right for might. It founded and endowed universities, and encouraged commerce. It conceded no political privileges, but unconsciously prepared its subjects to demand them.

Absolutism in the state, and intolerance in the Church, shackled popular unrest, and imprisoned thought and enterprise in the fifteenth century. The divine right of kings stamped out the faintest glimmer of revolt against tyranny, and the problems of science, whether of the skies or of the

earth, whether of astronomy or geography, were solved or submerged by ecclesiastical decrees. The dungeon was ready for the philosopher who proclaimed the truths of the solar system, or the navigator who would prove the sphericity of the earth. An English Gladstone, or a French Gambetta, or a German Bismarck, or an Italian Garibaldi, or a Spanish Castelar, would have been thought a monster; and his death at the stake, or on the scaffold, and under the anathemas of the Church, would have received the praise and approval of kings and nobles, of priests and peoples. Reason had no seat in spiritual or temporal realms. Punishment was the incentive to patriotism, and piety was held possible by torture. Confessions of faith extorted from the writhing victim on the rack were believed efficacious in saving his soul from fires eternal beyond the grave. For all that humanity to-day cherishes as its best heritage and choicest gifts, there was neither thought nor hope.

Fifty years before Columbus sailed from Palos, Gutenberg and Faust had forged the hammer which was to break the bonds of superstition, and open the prison doors of the mind. They had invented the printing press and movable types. The prior adoption of a cheap process for the manufacture of paper at once utilized the press. Its first service, like all its succeeding efforts, was for the people. The universities and the school men, the privileged and the learned few of that age, were longing for the revelation and preservation of the classic treasures of antiquity, hidden, and yet insecure, in monastic cells and libraries. But the first-born of the marvelous creation of these primitive printers of Mayence was the printed Bible. The priceless contributions of Greece and Rome to the intellectual training and development of the modern world came afterward, through

the same wondrous machine. The force, however, which made possible America, and its reflex influence upon Europe, was the open Bible by the family fireside. And yet neither the enlightenment of the new learning, nor the dynamic power of the spiritual awakening, could break through the crust of caste which had been forming for centuries. Church and state had so firmly and dexterously interwoven the bars of privilege and authority that liberty was impossible from within. Its piercing light and fervent heat must penetrate from without.

Civil and religious freedom are founded upon the individual and his independence, his worth, his rights, and his equal status and opportunity. For his planting and development a new land must be found, where, with limitless areas for expansion, the avenues of progress would have no bars of custom or heredity, of social orders or privileged classes. The time had come for the emancipation of the mind and soul of humanity. The factors wanting for its fulfillment were the new world and its discoverer.

God always has in training some commanding genius for the control of great crises in the affairs of nations and peoples. The number of these leaders is less than the centuries, but their lives are the history of human progress. Though Caesar and Charlemagne, and Hildebrand and Luther, and William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell, and all the epoch makers prepared Europe for the event, and contributed to the result, the lights which illumine our firmanent to-day are Columbus the discoverer, Washington the founder, and Lincoln the savior.

Neither realism nor romance furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus. The mystery about his origin heightens the charm of his

story. That he came from among the toilers of his time is in harmony with the struggles of our period. Forty-four authentic portraits of him have descended to us, and no two of them are the counterfeits of the same person. Each represents a character as distinct as its canvas. Strength and weakness, intellectuality and stupidity, high moral purpose and brutal ferocity, purity and licentiousness, the dreamer and the miser, the pirate and the puritan, are the types from which we may select our hero. We dismiss the painter, and piercing with the clarified vision of the dawn of the twentieth century the veil of four hundred years, we construct our Columbus.

The perils of the sea in his youth upon the rich argosies of Genoa, or in the service of the licensed rovers who made them their prey, had developed a skillful navigator and intrepid mariner. They had given him a glimpse of the possibilities of the unknown beyond the highways of travel, which roused an unquenchable thirst for adventure and research. The study of the narratives of previous explorers, and diligent questionings of the daring spirits who had ventured far toward the fabled West, gradually evolved a theory which became so fixed a fact that he could inspire others with his own passionate beliefs. The words "that is a lie" written by him on the margin of nearly every page of a volume of the travels of Marco Polo, which is still to be found in a Genoese library, illustrate the skepticism of his beginning, and the first vision of the New World the fulfillment of his faith.

To secure the means to test the truth of his speculations, this poor and unknown dreamer must win the support of kings and overcome the hostility of the Church. He never doubted his ability to do both, though he knew of no man

living who was so great in power, or lineage, or learning that he could accomplish either. Unaided and alone he succeeded in arousing the jealousies of sovereigns, and dividing the councils of the ecclesiastics. "I will command your fleet and discover for you new realms, but only on condition that you confer on me hereditary nobility, the Admiralty of the Ocean and the Vice-Royalty, and one-tenth of the revenues of the New World" were his haughty terms to King John of Portugal. After ten years of disappointment and poverty, subsisting most of the time upon the charity of the enlightened monk of the Convent of Rabida, who was his unfaltering friend, he stood before the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, and rising to imperial dignity in his rage, embodied the same royal conditions in his petition. The capture of Granada, the expulsion of Islam from Europe, and the triumph of the Cross aroused the admiration and devotion of Christendom. But this proud beggar, holding in his grasp the potential promise, and dominion of El Dorado and Cathay, divided with the Moslem surrender the attention of sovereigns and of bishops. France and England indicated a desire to hear his theories and see his maps while he was still a suppliant at the gates of the camp of Castile and Aragon, the sport of its courtiers and the scoff of its confessors. His unshakable faith that Christopher Columbus was commissioned from heaven, by his name and by Divine command, to carry "Christ across the sea" to new continents and pagan peoples, lifted him so far above the discouragements of an empty purse and a contemptuous court, that he was proof against the rebuffs of fortune or of friends. To conquer the prejudices of the clergy, to win the approval and financial support of the state, to venture upon that unknown ocean, which, according to the beliefs of the age, was