

tropical scenery, old maps and charts, the first books published on the new discoveries, original autograph letters and documents, of which the most precious was the original commission given to Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella, and signed by their own hands, which was guarded by an American soldier night and day, lest some covetous relic hunter should carry it off. It is no small proof of the confidence reposed by the Spanish Government in the management of the Exposition, that this unique and precious document should have been trusted so far from home, in this western world, to which Columbus found his way under its royal encouragement.

Among the multitude of pictorial illustrations of the history of Columbus and his times, was a series of more than eighty copies of portraits of the explorer, including a copy of every portrait known to exist—among others a copy of Hogarth's notable picture of the Episode of the Egg. As some of the portraits represented him as a mere lad, or a very young man, long before he had arrived at any celebrity or even consequence, one could not but wonder how far they were authentic, and how they had been originally produced. But in such a place it does not do to be too critical as to literal truth. The portraits of the other historical personages connected with the history of the discoverer or his discoveries, are both interesting and historical. Among the actual relics of his expeditions and of the first settlements on the new continent or its adjacent islands, there were many objects most interesting from their nature or associations. Among these were one of the original anchors of the Santa Maria—the other being in the Government building of Hayti, and an old-fashioned cannon from the same ship—probably the one the firing of which so overawed the simple islanders. Near this, by a curious conjunction, was the old bell presented by Ferdinand to the first town founded on the island of Hayti, or Hispaniola, and named after Queen Isabella—the first church-bell which ever awoke the echoes in the New World. One could look at it with more satisfaction, if it were not for the knowledge of the crimes and cruelties of so-called Christians, which had even there preceded its peaceful chimes. Besides the bell are many other relics of this town of Isabella, brought from the island of Hayti by a U.S. man-of-war. They included a number of rusty tools and implements of all sorts, among which we can see the old clumsy form of the scissors used four hundred years ago. Still more interesting were the relics of the savage life of the islands visited by Columbus. We see the rude canoe excavated from the trunk of a tree the fishing and hunting implements used by the people of Watling's Island and others of the first spots visited by Columbus. There was an old arquebus, too, of that age, which suggested comparison alike with the rude savage weapons near it, and with the Remingtons and Martinis of our own time. Finally, as if to mark the sharp contrast of fortune within the history of this one man, there was a bolt from the fetters worn by Columbus, when thrown into prison by his jealous rival Bobadilla, and taken from Hayti to Spain in chains. There was a picture of the house in Seville in which he spent his last days, and lastly—strange witness to the brief span of the most illustrious life—there was a little crystal case containing what is declared to be a portion of the dust of the great explorer, taken

from the casket which enclosed his remains in the cathedral of Havana. A fac-simile of the old metal casket in which they were found was also shown. Of all the personal relics, however, the most interesting to many were the autograph letters and will of Columbus himself written in the stiff and crabbed characters so difficult to decipher, by reason of their contractions as well as their crabbedness, and signed with the familiar yet unfamiliar words, "Cristoforo Colombo," or a contraction of the same. Among the maps and charts hung on the walls there is a map of America, marking all the places in the New World named in honour of its discoverer—including four in Canada. So, that, as has been well said, if the honour of giving a name to the whole continent was stolen from Columbus and given to Vespucci, that continent has herself done what she could to remedy the injustice. Among the photographs were some very beautiful views of the original La Rabida, its cloisters, garden and library, as well as those already referred to, of places and buildings specially associated with his history, both in the Old World and the New. Altogether, the reproduced monastery and its interesting exhibits furnished such an object lesson of the history of Columbus and of the discovery of America as must fix them on the mind of any intelligent visitor, young or old, better than any amount of reading could ever do. And when we consider how many millions of people have passed through its chambers, it will be seen that it has presented an educational influence of no slight value, and one most happily in keeping with the name and purpose of the Exposition.

Of course there were other memorial figures of Columbus besides the famous group over the Peristyle which represented his triumphal progress into Lisbon. The spirited figure waving a flag, in front of the Administration Building is a feature of every view of that superb central palace. A fine statue also represents the discoverer in the act of commanding his mariners to sail. In the Art Gallery, of course, one met Columbus and his caravels in almost every room. Russia had some of the largest canvases, representing the approach by sunrise to the new and strange coast. Italy gave us "At Sea on XII. October, 1492." Germany had a modern rendering of "Columbus and the Egg," by Zimmermann, and an etching or engraving by Horte, of "Columbus Scoffed by the Council of Salamanca." Belgium had a charming landscape by Carbin—a view of Cogoleto, near Genoa—said to be the birthplace of Columbus. Spain, of course, had several large paintings in honour of her hero, including one very large canvas in the Spanish Government building. In her gallery, we had a picture of Columbus presenting the trophies of his quest before Ferdinand and Isabella; another of Isabella dictating her will, and still another of Columbus himself on his deathbed, performing the same sad ceremony. Russia gave us a whole group of large Columbian pictures, by Ivan Almazovsky: "The Farewell of Columbus in Palos before going to sea," the arrival of the little flotilla on the American shore, the landing of Columbus with his suite at San Salvador, the scene of mutiny in the storm on the Santa Maria, and an incident in the youth of Columbus—saving himself on the mast of a merchant ship which had been set on fire by a

Venetian galley off the shores of Portugal. In one of the galleries was a picture of the savages on the island, watching from a cliff with eager curiosity the approach of the strange foreign vessels, bearing the pioneers of the new race which was eventually to destroy and replace their own. "The survival of the fittest may be inevitable, but man's inhumanity to man" has traced its accomplishment in lines of blood all through our world's history. May we not hope that, in the New Era, for which this great Columbian Exposition seems to have been preparing the way, the course of progress may be guided more happily by the influences of peace and the far-reaching bond of the brotherhood of man. For the great watchwords of civil and religious liberty and human brotherhood, have certainly been recognized as the guiding influences of this wonderful World's Fair, which, even though it is now a thing of the past, will exercise a powerful influence for good for years to come. One could hardly even travel to Chicago, and watch the troops of pilgrims forever pouring into the trains from back-woods villages as well as from distant cities, from our Canadian towns and farms, as well as from the remote lands where the very name of Chicago had been unknown before without being impressed by this hope. The big, dusky city on Lake Michigan, with her wonderful energy and progress, has certainly in a few months altogether altered the associations with which we have formerly regarded her—which now it seems a sort of desecration to mention in the same breath with the beautiful "white city"—the fairest material vision of this century. It may be most poetically fitting that the vision should disappear as mysteriously as it arose, and should not suffer the vulgarizing influence of use and wont—that its memory should act only as a spur to stimulate human power to still higher achievements. Yet while there lingers round it the pathos which accompanies the "passing away" of the fairest things with our "Ave" there must mingle the exultant sense of having secured a new possession—a mental picture—or rather many mental pictures, which must often

"Flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude!"

Many a time and oft in dreams—waking or sleeping—we shall walk with untired feet, among the white palaces and colonnades—under the glorious Peristyle, over the classic bridges of the Grand Canal, and among the flowery pathways of the Wooded Island, beside the still waters, or the cool plashing fountains, pure in their shimmering whiteness, or gorgeous in the iridescent splendour of their prismatic colouring. Before us in the mysterious galleries of memory shall still hang the long array of pictures glowing with the soft hues of mountain, lake and stream, or with the vivid, throbbing transcription of human emotion, life and history. And back and forth through the wondrous web shall flash, like a brilliant web, the many-tinted life of the "Midway" with mosque and minaret, grey turret and palm thatched hut mingling in a rich-hued, complex background to the statuesque repose of the fair, white Vision whose beauty shall be the ever-fruitful theme of many a fireside talk, many an eloquent lecture, many a poet's song. And yet, all that she was to seeing eyes, the full force of the spell she exercised over responsive souls that saw in her a type and symbol of the onward progress of humanity towards a fairer goal; all this has not been, and never can be fully told.