

“Nay,”

He answered, “sword for sword. I give thee mine,
That all men thus may know whom most the king
Delights to honor.”

All the circling host
Rent the high heavens with shouting, while the king
With his own hands did on the royal sword
To Isak's thigh.

“Rohab the king,” he said,
“Honors thy hardihood, which did not spare
For fear of death or love of self to slay
His dearest, even in his arms, to save
The land. Rohab the king commends thee; gives
Thee highest grace and praise. Rohab the man—”

He paused for one fierce breath, and all the host
Was still, awed by his wrath; but Isak, pale,
Faced him unflinching, though he read his doom
In the king's blazing eyes.

“Rohab the man,”

The bitter words ran on, “cannot forget
How Lutra died. Seek her in paradise,
Where thou hast sent her; say that her lord's woe
Is as his valor, matchless among men,
And not to be assuaged. Rohab the king
Delights to honor thee. Rohab the man
Avenge Lutra's death, and SMITES!”

As fleet

As light the blade that had been Isak's flashed
Downward. Nor Lutra's blood, nor blood of all
The foes of Rohab it had drunk, could glut
Its thirst insatiate as it leaped in greed
To drink its master's.

Then, as Isak's head
Fell as her lovely head had fallen, death
Were not more silent than the awe-struck host.

But Rohab hid his face, and wept—for her.

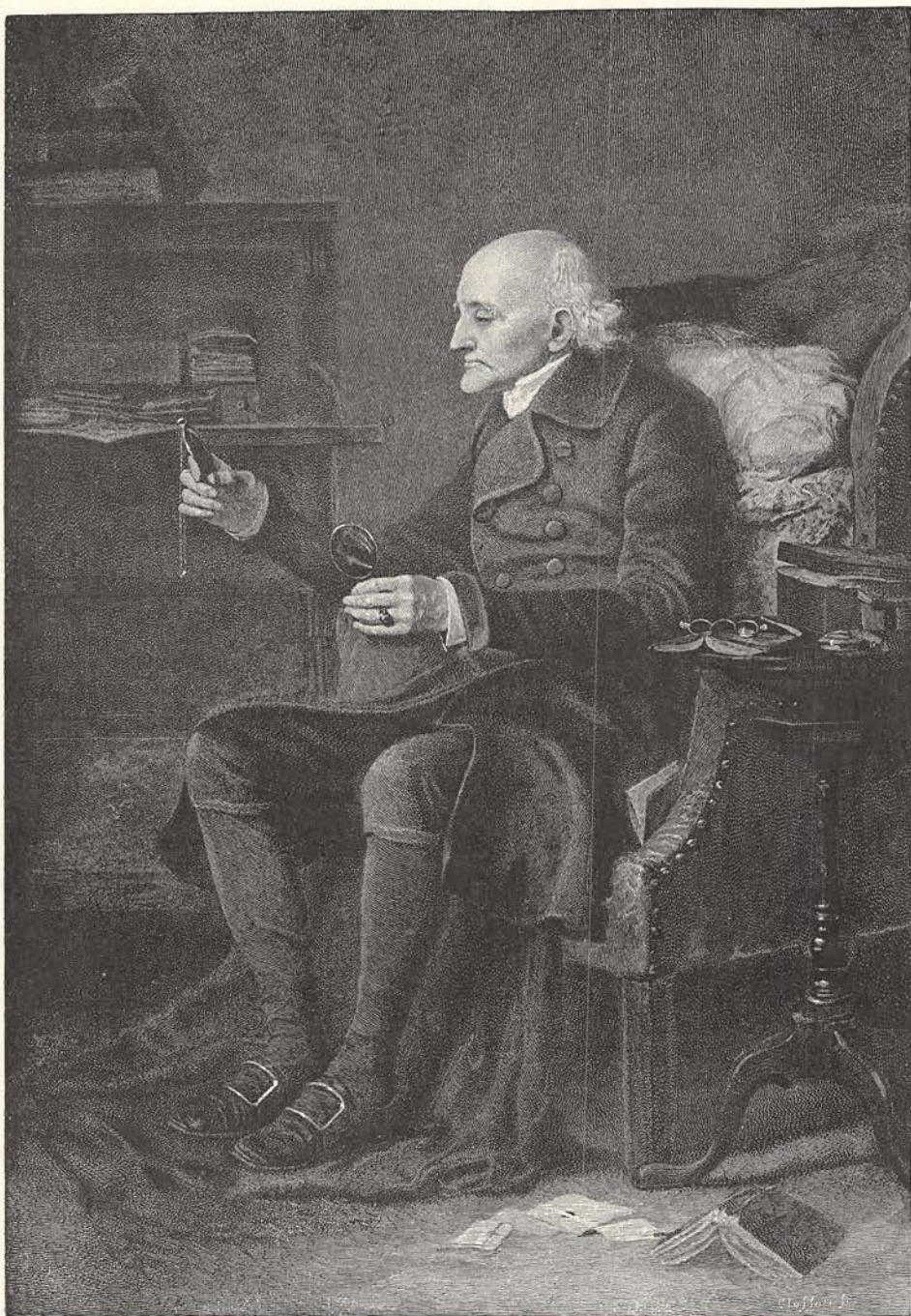
AARON BURR'S CONSPIRACY AND TRIAL.

BY WALTER S. DRYSDALE.

THERE was bitter partisan prejudice against Aaron Burr before his duel at Weehawken with Alexander Hamilton. The fall of the distinguished ex-Secretary at the hand of the Vice-President heated the public mind until it boiled and hissed with indignation; and from being at the head of a victorious party about to control the country for nearly a generation, Burr sank at once, hooted and hounded, to the lowest abyss. Federalists and Anti-Federalists joined in the cry against the doomed man, and vied

with each other in the choice of terms of execration, until the public were disposed to believe nothing too traitorous and too wicked of one invested by popular imagination with every Satanic quality.

When the announcement was made that the fallen chief was equipping a mysterious expedition to carry the Western States out of the Union, the bitter hate against the man kindled up from the ashes, caught at every improbable report, and flamed a hundredfold intenser than ever. Led by the President's proclama-



LAST DAYS OF AARON BURR.

From a painting by Oliver I. Lay, 1889, in possession of the Century Club, New York.

tion, thundering down the Ohio and the Mississippi, the whole country rushed headlong into the conviction that the murderer of Hamilton was a most crafty and dangerous traitor, when he was only a sharp, ruined lawyer, at bay with his countrymen and with his times, seeking at a dash to become the Napoleon of Mexico.

The disposition to make immaculate saints of the comparatively good, and to blacken the moderately bad into demons, has been illustrated in no case more strikingly than in that of Aaron Burr. Bad enough he was, when weighed in exact balances, but, judged by the standard of the day in which he lived, by no means the *bête noire*, that worst and guiltiest of men, that tradition and hasty biography have painted him. A superior military officer, dazzled by the fame of the French Emperor, a little man in stature like himself, knowing the feeling of the country, and especially of the West, against the Spaniard, he saw no way out of the difficulties which surrounded him so promising as to ride what he esteemed a rising wave into the halls of the Montezumas. Miranda had been petted at Washington and London, and the army of the United States, it was understood, was to have cooperated with the English navy, in certain contingencies, in wresting its American possessions from Spain as the result of his solicitations. Why, then, should not his own government look favorably upon one of its own citizens seeking to compass the same end, in case of Miranda's apprehended failure, or in connection with his success? Had Burr's boats moved down the Ohio in the beginning instead of at the end of 1806, his expedition might have had official countenance and been a splendid success. Had war with Spain been declared, as he expected, after his scheme was in motion, union with the forces at New Orleans, in a rapid move upon Mexico, might have been the pivot of a great and successful war.

Aaron Burr was an ambitious man, specious, scheming, unscrupulous. His tastes were military, and he had only entered upon the law when the condition of the country had removed all chances for advancement in the camp. He had carried with him from the field a soldier's weakened moral convictions, and his contact with professional practice had no ten-

dency to strengthen them. The active temperament of his father predominated over the reflective faculties inherited through his mother. He was strong in his passions, and, missing the control of religious principle, was not restrained from licentiousness by the honor of the Chesterfieldian gentleman, which he made his guiding star. He was patient, tasteful, painstaking, courageous. There was no fatigue in his perseverance. He was calculating, critical, censorious; but his criticisms upon men and measures were seldom large and fair, and his hesitancy to approve of the opinions and methods of his contemporaries was apt to be expressed with bitterness.

While the muscles of his face were trained never to betray his feelings, he was morbidly sensitive and revengeful. His energies were whipped to their highest efforts to show that "little Burr" was the equal and superior of men of larger size and pretensions. His range of knowledge was extensive, and his insight keen. Socially he was a gentleman, with polished, courtly manners. His moral nature was dwarfed, and he excluded everything of a spiritual character from his consideration. He was an eminent practical lawyer, able to serve his client with the law's delays, doublings, and shiftings. He delighted to be seen through a mist, and took trouble to gather mystery about his person, his plans, and his opinions. He was really neither better nor worse than the class to which he belonged; and as a politician, in one of the stormiest periods through which the country has passed, he had most of the traits, not even exaggerated, which mark the smooth, adroit, manipulating manager of a party, such as the State of New York has seen as conspicuously as in Burr's case more than once—men of the same type, who have risen to be candidates for Senators' places, for Governorships, and for even higher positions.

Burr's expedition occurred only three years after the purchase of Louisiana, before the public mind had become accustomed to the disappearance of French officials from the Southwest, and while the Spaniards were haughty and aggressive in the neighborhood of the Gulf. The Scotch-Irish of the West and their descendants intensely hated the Spaniards and French. At the same time the tie between them and the old States of the

East was weak. The toiling emigrant in his log cabin cherished a not unnatural jealousy of the richer and more luxurious people of the seaboard. Frequently the traders upon the river suggested that an alliance with the Spaniards or French, which would secure the free use of the Mississippi and the Gulf, would be of more advantage to the West than a continuance in the Union. This was never a prevalent sentiment, however, national dislike to the people speaking foreign languages more than balancing any danger from this source.

The purchase of Louisiana had left only the Spaniards on the southern border, but they were known to be exciting the Indians against the States, and to be bitterly hostile. In 1806 nothing but the threat of Napoleon, in the spirit of the old family compact, that a war of the United States with Spain would also be a war with France, held back Jefferson's administration from aggression. About then the Spaniards advanced twelve hundred men to Nacogdoches, and Wilkinson, then in command of the United States forces, hurried up six hundred regulars to the Sabine to meet them. In July, 1806, it was believed throughout the country that war with Spain was inevitable. When Aaron Burr took his exploratory trip through the Southwest on the expiration of his Vice-Presidency, he had noted the intensity of the Western feeling against Spain, and had heard the reproaches and complainings of the disaffected Kentuckians against the central government at Washington. Filibustering on the part of citizens had not yet come to be a defined offence, though the government had pronounced against French expeditions into Spanish territory, gathered upon United States soil, and led to invasion by French officers. Miranda had not been allowed by President Adams to approach him, but it was not disguised that when he sailed it was next to certain that if success were probable, he would be supported by both the American army and the British navy. The death of William Pitt at the opening of the year 1806 had broken up this arrangement, and the Miranda expedition to Venezuela, carrying with it the best wishes of the people and of the administration, proved a failure.

It was in July of 1806 that Burr, thoroughly convinced that nothing could pre-

vent war with Spain, bought four hundred thousand acres of land on the Washita, of the Baron Bastrop assignment, for forty thousand dollars, paying down five thousand. Had Burr started on his adventure at the beginning instead of at the close of this year, his movement would likely have been popular beyond precedent, and East and West would have flocked to re-enforce him. There would then have been no chance of misconceiving or misrepresenting the object he had in view. But the crisis passed, and, contrary to his expectation, no war came. The moment was lost, the chance for precipitating war was gone, and his scheme as originally concocted had either to be entirely abandoned or prosecuted very cautiously, with almost every probability of its being misunderstood and thwarted. He persevered in it, without well adapting it to the change of circumstances, made no efforts to guard it at points where it provoked remark and woke suspicion, and pressed on with unwarranted enthusiasm, until his boats grounded in the swamps of the Mississippi, and he was a prisoner, charged with high treason against the United States.

Aaron Burr was no friend of the Constitution of 1787, distrusted the permanence of the Union, and was accustomed to speak disparagingly of the government. But it was a common opinion of the time, boldly expressed by many leading men, that republicanism in America had no future, and would be sure to end in disunion. Burr, admiring Napoleon's decided way of doing things, went further than this, and was in the habit of boasting that with a few hundred men he could throw the entire administration into the Potomac, and make himself Dictator; but in this he did not speak understandingly. On the 3d of November he was charged by Davies, the attorney for the United States, before the court at Frankfort, Kentucky, with having in preparation an enterprise contrary to the laws of the United States; for by this time the country was filled with rumors of some mysterious scheme for military aggression that he was agitating. He denied the charge indignantly, met it promptly and fairly, and gave his word of honor to Henry Clay, who defended him, that the charge was unfounded. Upon his death-bed he declared solemnly that he had never entertained any project for disunit-

ing the States. The country made up its mind, in a paroxysm of alarm, that Burr meditated the rankest treason, and meant to seize the Mississippi Valley and add it to Mexico, to be wrested from the Spaniards in order to create an empire for himself and his daughter, Theodosia. He was, according to rumor, to lead the disunion party, not yet extinct in Kentucky, and dissolve the bond that held West and East to the administration at Washington.

Burr's scheme, shaped after conference with Wilkinson and others, and dependent for success on war with Spain, could never have been altered in details to suit a state of things different from that in which it was first conceived. If war did not occur, he seems to have felt certain of his ability at any time to precipitate hostilities through the commander-in-chief of the army of the Southwest. At the same time his relations with Wilkinson were never so exactly defined as to make reasonable any such dependence upon his old companion at Quebec. Or, if the first matured scheme of the enterprise were at all changed, it must only have been by Burr's amplifying it to dimensions it was not originally intended to assume, and by complicating it where at first it was simple and perhaps practicable. From beginning to end, as it was conducted, the expedition was wild, poorly arranged, and insanelly executed.

As the year 1806 was drawing to a close, four good-sized bateaux, rowed by a handful of hardy men, wakened the echoes down the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers. A few were from the Atlantic States, but the majority were sturdy adventurers, whose sharp eye and steady hand had been acquired by a free hunter's life in the West. At the bottoms of the boats lay their rifles; their tanned shoulders were covered with motley shirts; many of them hid their faces under coarse broad-brimmed hats, and many had no hats at all. Now the boats glided with the current, and then the steady pull of the practised rowers caused them to shoot rapidly forward.

On the shores of the river as they advanced were concealed parties from Ohio, Virginia, and Kentucky, ready to pounce upon them. The conspirators reached the mouth of the Cumberland River unmolested. Here they were joined by two boats, the whole party making in all thirteen boats and sixty men. The flotilla

now took in a quick, wiry little commander, whom all recognized as Aaron Burr, the ex-Vice-President of the United States. Harman Blennerhasset, the short-sighted Irish gentleman from whose little island home and at whose bidding the first few boats had cast out into the stream, reported immediately to Burr, and submitted himself and his party to his orders. With Wilkinson and the troops of the United States ready to join with him at New Orleans or in its neighborhood, Burr's expedition of sixty men has an interpretation that, with a little difficulty, may be considered the plan of a sane mind; but Burr moving on Mexico at the head of sixty men, with Wilkinson uncommitted or liable to prove false to his promises, was a madness almost without parallel. At the critical moment the sixty men and their commander stood alone; Wilkinson was not with them.

Not only were the Western States and Territories in commotion to arrest the course of Burr's insignificant flotilla, but Jefferson, who had issued his formidable proclamation on the 27th of November, exposing and denouncing the expedition, was thoroughly alarmed, and was bringing all the resources of the general government to bear against the thirteen boats and sixty backwoodsmen. It was now December. The flotilla had descended to Bayou Pierre, and Natchez was only thirty miles beyond. General Wilkinson was Governor of the new Territory of Louisiana, then only three years in the possession of the United States. Burr had been in communication with Wilkinson; he had talked his expedition thoroughly over with him when, shortly before, visiting the country. Wilkinson, sure of war with Spain, and seeing a grand opportunity in a dash upon Mexico, had probably helped to shape the whole original plan. Their relations were supposed to be sufficiently understood on the setting out upon the expedition, but the mysterious Burr sent forward by a sure hand a full letter in cipher, then more used than now, communicating his intentions. If Wilkinson had completely committed himself to the expedition, which does not appear probable, calmer consideration or the course of events had led him to waver. There was no war with Spain; the government at Washington, which the West had expected to break down, was stronger than ever. To take part with Burr and lead the Unit-

ed States forces against Mexico, even if he were able to attach them to his fortunes, was to prove treacherous to his trust and traitorous to his country with no chances favoring success. The letter in cipher which had been intended to lead Wilkinson to active co-operation, and which in its very terms was taking for granted that Wilkinson needed still further to be influenced, was sent on to President Jefferson with the Governor's interpretation. Burr professed to consider Wilkinson thoroughly committed to him past extrication, while the rough, red-faced soldier in command on the Spanish border felt himself sufficiently free to make a choice between duty to his government and subordination to an adventurer starting without full consultation with him on a hopeless raid against Mexico.

In Louisiana at this precise time there was a small demonstrative French population, dissatisfied with Napoleon's sale of the country west of the Mississippi to the United States. Beyond these were the proud vindictive Spaniards, with whom difficulties were daily occurring, which were universally expected to force the Union into war with Spain, and to open a clear way for some expedition against Mexico. The people of the Western States had recently come out from the excited political canvass which placed Jefferson at the head of the nation convinced of the hopeless weakness of the central government. Jealous of the East, they were familiar with the rumors of revolution and change. Hardy and adventurous, and still nursing the hatred of the dons produced by the closing of the Mississippi upon their commerce, they were eager for incursions into Spanish provinces, and jubilant that one of the foreign nations encamped on the borders of the West had drawn down its flag and withdrawn to its own continent. In the East there was but little confidence in the working of the still untried Constitution, and baffled and broken politicians, soldiers, and civilians were looking beyond the Alleghanies for a new and broad field in which to acquire fame and fortune.

When State and national authorities, however, combined against Burr, the discontented spirits of the West were checked. The dissatisfaction of Kentucky, which had been smouldering among the adopted citizenry and others since the admission of the State into the Union,

blazed up high, and was then, almost in a moment, quenched with the disarming of Burr's flotilla. When the Mississippi militia came upon the handful of boats and their ragged crews at Bayou Pierre, the expedition scattered its sixty misguided men to the winds, and sank in desolation on the Mississippi flats. On the 13th of January, 1807, a small Mississippi troop served a warrant of arrest upon Aaron Burr. He entered bail to answer proceedings before a civil court, indignant at the abandonment of Wilkinson, as he termed it, and assured of his ability to show that his scheme involved no treason against his country, but was intended to subserve her best interests. Baffled in every attempt to disentangle his expedition, Burr crossed to Mississippi in a few days, and disappeared in an old broadbrimmed hat, faded yellow pantaloons, and a boatman's out-of-the-elbow jacket.

The whole country East and West, in those days of slow travel and difficult postal communication, was still ringing with the wildest reports of the revolutionary expedition, when Burr, for whose apprehension a reward of two thousand dollars had been offered, was recognized in his strange disguise at a tavern in Alabama. A backwoods lawyer hung upon his track like a hound, had him arrested, and never left him until, on the 26th of March, 1807, after an overland travel of twenty-one toilsome days, he was delivered to the authorities at Richmond. It was Captain, afterwards Major-General, Gaines who, at the head of a file of dragoons from Fort Stoddart, had arrested Burr; and it was Major, afterwards Major-General, Scott who conducted the self-possessed ex-Vice-President before Chief Justice Marshall. Burr had been seized in his rough boatman's dress, and only doffed it when he reached Richmond. The charge immediately brought against him was misdemeanor, and bail was entered for his appearance on the 22d of May, 1807, the Grand Jury in the mean while to investigate the charge of high treason. Blennerhasset and a few others concerned in the flotilla were joined with him in the judicial proceedings. Burr was committed, vehement in his complaint against the administration, and not without reason, for the severe manner in which he had been treated, which would have been inexcusable, he insisted, under the worst military despotism.

The 22d of May, 1807, opened with an intense excitement in the metropolis of Virginia. Throngs pressed into the city from the break of day, from all the neighboring region. Carriages swept along the streets filled with finely dressed ladies and gentlemen with powdered wigs and showy buckles, whipping in from their estates in the adjacent country. Upon the bench with Chief Justice Marshall sat Cyrus Griffin, the judge of the District of Virginia. Calm, dignified, as competent to try the most important case which had as yet presented itself in the American republic as the best judge who had ever worn English ermine, Marshall was then in the very prime of mental and physical vigor, having only passed his fifty-second birthday.

If John Marshall was the great judge of the day, Wirt, on the side of the prosecution, and Luther Martin, on the side of the prisoner, were two of the most skilful lawyers. William Wirt was then about thirty-five, and had been associated by Jefferson with George Hay, the prosecuting attorney, son-in-law of Monroe, as one of the most expert advocates of Virginia. Alexander McRae, the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, acted with them. Hay was shrewd and alert, but scarcely equal to the occasion. McRae was keen, sarcastic, and indefatigable. On Wirt mainly rested the herculean and impossible task of fastening the charge of treason upon the prisoner. Wirt joined to the other ordinary talents of the lawyer a great fulness, ease, and force of declamation, which was apt to carry juries. Burr led on his own side, dressed with his accustomed scrupulous neatness. He brought a cool head, a quick sight, and a moderately fluent tongue to bear adroitly in his own behalf. Joined with him in his defence was Edmund Randolph, an elderly gentleman who had been a leader in the Convention for framing the Constitution, and afterwards the successor of Jefferson as Secretary of State under Washington. He was second cousin to John Randolph of Roanoke, and had resigned his Secretaryship at the capital under serious suspicions. There were also John Wickham, one of the ablest lawyers in Richmond; Baker, a lame lawyer, who, if he depended upon a crutch, had a full compensation for his bodily weakness in a ready wit, a fertile brain, and an exhaust-

less tongue; and Benjamin Botts, the father of John Minor Botts, a man of unconquerable will and fine ability. But Luther Martin, of Maryland, was, next to Burr himself, the bulwark of the alleged conspirator. Versatile, unscrupulous, fond of a vulgar joke, given to extravagant profaneness, and never in better condition than when stimulated by huge draughts of wine or brandy, Luther Martin was esteemed as one of the best lawyers of his time. He, too, had been a member of the Philadelphia Convention from which issued the Constitution, and had come prominently into notice in the impeachment of Judge Chase before the United States Senate, at the close of Burr's chairmanship of that body, when his sharpness, strength, and fitness for conducting a defence gave him a high place in the judgment of Burr. The tilt of the Richmond trial was between Martin and William Wirt. It was the 30th of August before the trial was completed.

The preliminaries of the trial were scarcely over when Burr touched the marrow of the case by requesting the court to instruct the jury that certain classes of evidence must be thrown out. This elicited a long and angry discussion. The charge against Burr was at first only misdemeanor; but the prosecuting attorney, fearing that he might forfeit his bail and disappear, surprised the court on the third day of the trial with the motion that the prisoner should be held for high treason. In the debates on this motion, Botts insisted that to prove treason against Aaron Burr, an actual and not merely an intentional war upon the country must be shown; in which actual war an overt act of treason must have been committed by Burr; which act must have been committed in the district in which he was tried, and must be proved by two witnesses. This was admitted by the court to be a fair statement of the law of the land concerning treason. It was decided, too, by the court that there could be no admission of proof for a treasonable intention until an overt act of treason had been proved.

On the 28th day of May, which was the sixth day of the trial, Luther Martin arrived, and at once took the lead for the defendant. It was plain that the Attorney-General would not be able to secure a commitment on the charge of treason, and that days and months were likely to

be consumed in an endless wrangle over vexed questions. The Chief Justice accordingly interposed the suggestion that the prosecuting attorney should withdraw his motion, and Burr's friends should enter a sufficient bail for his appearance. The amount of bail was doubled, Luther Martin becoming one of the principal sureties, and taking the opportunity to express unlimited confidence in the honesty and patriotism of his client. This was, indeed, saying no more than Andrew Jackson had publicly said for Burr. The trial was thus brought back to the point where on the 26th it had been interrupted by Hay's motion. Wilkinson, upon whose testimony the case was acknowledged very much to depend, had been expected every day, but had not yet appeared; nor was it until the 15th of June that he reached Richmond.

Until his appearance the time was spent in excited dispute among the lawyers. The principal point of debate was a request made by Burr for the legal process known as "*sub pœnâ duces tecum*," to be issued by the court to the President of the United States, requiring him to produce Wilkinson's letter of October 21st to the President, and the orders sent by the government to the army and navy from about that time down to the date of Burr's arrest. This was resisted by the prosecution as though it involved personal indignity to the Executive, and was so regarded by Jefferson himself. It was decided by the court that the order should issue. When Wilkinson was placed under examination on the 15th of June, his testimony called forth all the resources of the counsel on both sides. The fierce contest was at its height on the 24th of June, when the Grand Jury, headed by the eccentric John Randolph, came into court, and formally indicted Burr and Blennerhasset for treason and for misdemeanor. Burr was now sent to the city jail. Public feeling, which at first had set decidedly against him, had begun to change, and by this time was flowing in his favor. From the city jail, which was a rough and filthy residence, on complaint being made by his friends, he was transferred to the penitentiary. On the 13th of July the court adjourned until the 3d of August, and at the close of July Burr's only child, his accomplished daughter Theodosia, the wife of a South Carolina planter, joined her father in his

three comfortable rooms in the third story of the prison.

The principal witnesses against Burr were General Eaton and General Wilkinson. The evidence may be summed up in a few words. Burr had been in the habit of talking wildly about the crazy Constitution, and the certainty of the Union expiring in a convulsion. Among most intimate friends, and with others sometimes when more than usually confidential, he had not hesitated to speak, with a military accent, of throwing the administration at Washington into the Potomac. The expedition which he had arranged was meant to seize Spanish territory, out of which a great Pacific empire was to be formed, over which Burr and Theodosia were to reign after the Napoleonic manner in France. Wilkinson was to stand at their right hand, only second to Aaron Burr. His expectation was strong that affairs in the United States would so shape themselves that the Western States and Territories would break loose from the Union, and join their fortunes with the more splendid Mexican Empire. It was possible, in carrying out his plans, that, to obtain the necessary money, New Orleans might be seized and the bank plundered, though this was only dimly revealed as a very natural suspicion through the thick veil in which the adventurer's scheme was necessarily hidden. No state of actual war was shown to have existed in which Burr was guilty of any overt act of treason. No two witnesses showed, nor did any one claim that there ever had been, on the part of Burr any overt act of treason in the district in which the trial was taking place.

Nine days were spent in arguing the inadmissibility of indirect evidence, and in settling the point that a direct act of treason must first of all be proved. When the decision of Judge Marshall was rendered that before any evidence showing intention could be admitted, the fact of treason must be shown in some distinctly treasonable act, the trial was virtually settled. Seldom has such a debate been heard in England or America as that which began on the 20th of August. Wirt, on the part of the prosecution, excelled himself in splendid declamation, while Luther Martin, more than his match in ability, and with the master-position to maintain, tore in shreds the evidence of-

fered, and battered into the finest dust the strongest positions of the prosecution. With a memory singularly retentive, great quickness in perceiving and taking an advantage, and with an immense fertility of resources, he moved steadily upon the intrenchments of the Attorney-General, and the abandon of a convivial man, never absolutely sober, only seemed to bring his faculties more under his control, and to mass his forces for overwhelming victory. His final speech occupied fourteen hours, in which he traversed the whole line of testimony adduced by the prosecution, and showed that no treasonable act of any weight

whatever had been established against the prisoner.

Randolph concluded the debate on the 29th of August. After Luther Martin's torrent of bitter sarcasm and storm of fiery eloquence it was the mere pattering of a summer's shower. Judge Marshall summed up in a decision which required three hours to read, the point of which was that no overt act of treason had been shown against Aaron Burr, and that, accordingly, the jury must acquit him. In accordance with this decision the jury, on the morning of August 30, 1807, returned their verdict of not guilty, and the prisoner was released.

OUR EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IF it were sought to express in one phrase the expectations of those who are planning the Columbian Exposition of 1893 in Chicago, it could best be done by calling it a Venetian spectacle. In all that governs its best effects, as it will burst upon the vision of the multitude, it will suggest Venice. Especially at night will it call to mind what the poetic comprehension conceives that Venice might appear if she were in gala attire, and her beauties, seen under a flood of electric light, were effectively concentrated along two miles of the Adriatic shore.

This is written while nature, still gaudy in autumn raiment, hesitates at the edge of the approaching winter of 1891. Chicago has been visited, the site of the projected Columbian Exposition has been examined, and the men and women who have undertaken to arrange the major details of the great fair have willingly offered their forecasts of the finished work. The labor of preparation is, in point of time, still a year from that appointed stage of completion when, in October, 1892, the Columbian anniversary is to be celebrated with several days of pageantry and festivity. After that seven months will be consumed in storing the buildings with exhibits; and then, in May, 1893, the great fair will be opened to the inspection of the world.

Even in New York, where there has been keen disappointment over the failure to secure the fair, it is at this writing evident that the shrewdest business men

have come to regard the projected exposition as likely to prove a complete triumph of American enterprise and skill. Not all who feel compelled to sink an already weakening local prejudice beneath national pride are even now willing to predict artistic and material success for Chicago's undertaking. But it is in Wall Street that is heard the first note of confidence in the success of the undertaking, and it is scarcely necessary to say that in Wall Street the finer and more delicate aspects of the case are not likely to receive recognition, particularly in those bulletins in which financiers seek to convince their correspondents that we are on the eve of three years of prosperity. The basis and reasoning in these bulletins are that the movement and sale of our enormous food products will bring about the first year's prosperity; that next will occur a year distinguished by great railroad extension, to be paid for out of the first year's transportation earnings; and that there will then follow a year given over to the profitable task of entertaining the foreign visitors to the World's Fair.

Following this hopeful financial view, there is a growing belief that the exposition will not fail from an artistic point of view. The broad and liberal spirit which led its projectors to seek the aid of the most distinguished architects of the country is reassuring to those who have doubted whether our fair would vindicate American taste at the same time that it would display our wealth and progress.