

'General Hamilton died yesterday. The indignant federalists or tories, and the embittered Clintonians, unite in endeavoring to excite public sympathy in his favor, and indignation against his antagonist. Thousands of absurd falsehoods are circulated with industry. The most illiberal means are practiced in order to produce excitement, and, for the moment, with effect. I propose leaving town for a few days, and meditate also a journey of some weeks, but whither is not resolved.' * * * *

"On Saturday evening (the twenty-first of July), a barge lay off a little wharf behind Richmond Hill. At ten o'clock, Burr, surrounded by a party of his friends, left his residence, and walked down to the river. The barge came alongside, when Burr, accompanied by his unswerving friend Swartwout, and a favorite servant, stepped aboard. The boat was immediately pushed off, and its prow turned down the river. All night the bargemen plied their oars, while Burr and his companion lay in the stern, and, at intervals, slept. By nine o'clock on Sunday morning the boat was opposite the lawn of Commodore Truxton's residence, at Perth Amboy, in New Jersey."

When information had been conveyed to the hospitable naval officer that the vice-president of the United States desired his hospitality, he at once went to the wharf and gave him a courteous welcome to his home. After breakfast, Mr. Swartwout returned to New York, and on Monday morning the vice-president was taken by Commodore Truxton in his carriage to Cranberry, about twenty miles distant, and from that place Mr. Burr proceeded by various conveyances to Philadelphia.

On the second of August, John Swartwout communicated to him by an express the verdict of the coroner's jury to the effect that "Aaron Burr, esquire, vice-president of the United States, was guilty of the murder of Alexander Hamilton, and that William P. van Ness, and Nathaniel Pendleton were accessories." He also wrote him that "Governor Lewis speaks of the proceedings openly as disgraceful, illiberal, and ungentlemanly. In short, a little more noise on their side, and a little further magnanimity on ours, is all that is necessary. In all this bustle, judicious men see nothing but the workings of the meanest passions."

Influenced by his friends, he, in company with Marshal Swartwout's brother Samuel, a young man of two and twenty years, and attended by his servant, Peter, embarked about the middle of the month of August, for the island of St. Simon, off the coast of Georgia. After a month's sojourn there, he visited his daughter's home in South Carolina. Thence he passed northward to Virginia, where at Petersburg, he was prevailed upon to partake of a dinner with which he was honored by members of the republican-democratic party. There he wrote to his daughter: "Virginia is the last state, and Petersburg the last