

when Burr turned toward him, and leaning upon the table, looked at the singer till the song was done."

At daybreak, on Wednesday, the eleventh of July, when John Swartwout, to whom had been confided the arrangements for the duel, entered the vice-president's library at Richmond Hill, he found him asleep on a couch. He awoke him, and having seen him depart with William P. van Ness and Matthew L. Davis, he remained there to wait the return of the party.

The incidents of the meeting at Weehawken, after the principals had taken their positions and the answer given to the question, "Are you ready?" as narrated by a well-informed writer, were tragically startling:

"A moment's pause ensued. The word [fire] was given. Burr raised his pistol, took aim, and fired. Hamilton sprang upon his toes with a convulsive movement, reeled a little toward the heights, at which moment he involuntarily discharged his pistol, and then fell forward headlong upon his face, and remained motionless on the ground. His ball rustled among the branches, seven feet above the head of his antagonist, and four feet wide of him. Burr heard it, looked up, and saw where it had severed a twig. Looking at Hamilton, he beheld him falling, and sprang toward him with an expression of pain upon his face. But at the report of the pistols, Doctor Hosack, Mr. Davis, and the boatman hurried anxiously up the rocks to the scene of the duel."

With these three men, Vice-President Burr entered the boat in which they had crossed the river, and was rowed rapidly back to the point from which they had shortly before departed. He and his second made their way to Richmond Hill, where John Swartwout congratulated him for returning unharmed.

The wound made by his ball in the right side of General Hamilton was a mortal one, and the unfortunate statesman died on the following day, about two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Colonel Burr remained at or near Richmond Hill for eleven days after the duel. He was wholly unprepared for the excitement that arose. It never, before the duel, seemed once to have occurred to him that the public, which had seen with comparative indifference so many sanguinary conflicts of the kind, would discover anything extraordinary in this one, whatever might be its result. He supposed, and had good reason to suppose, that, on the day before the duel, he was a more popular and a more important man than Hamilton. Was he not vice-president? Had he not just been voted for by a majority of the freeholders of the city, in spite of Hamilton's most strenuous exertions? Yet, the day after the duel, the dying Hamilton had the heartfelt sympathy of every creature in the town, and Burr began to be regarded with abhorrence."

"Soon after Hamilton died, Burr found it would be best for him to retire awhile from the scene of excitement. On Friday, he wrote to his son-in-law: