

"The country overflows with the productions you want. \* \* \* \*

"Adieu, my dear friend. Your enterprise will call for the exertion of all your talents, your industry, and your discretion. I feel a strong confidence in your success. My most ardent wishes you will have."<sup>1</sup>

After inconsequentially loitering in England and in different countries on the continent of Europe for four years, Aaron Burr returned to the United States on the fourth of May, 1812, arriving at Boston under the name of A. Arnot. He immediately made known his return to Samuel Swartwout, from whom, fifteen days later, he received a letter in which he joyously found a complimentary welcome and a cordial invitation to visit his constant friend.

After a voyage of nine days, he found himself at the door numbered 66, in Water Street, in the city of New York.

"I knocked and knocked," he narrates in his diary, "but no answer. I knocked still harder, supposing they were asleep, till one of the neighbors opened a window and told me that nobody lived there. I asked where Mr. Swartwout lived. Of that she knew nothing. I was now to seek a lodging. But very few houses were open. Tried at two or three taverns, all full; cruised along the wharf, but could not find a place. It was now midnight, and nobody to be seen in the street. To walk about the whole night would be too fatiguing. To have sat and slept on any stoop would have been thought no hardship; but then the danger that the first watchman who might pass would take me up as a vagrant and carry me up to the watch-house was a *dénouement* not at all to my mind.

"I walked on, thinking that in the skirts of the town I might meet at that hour some charitable *personne* who, for one or two dollars and *l'amour de Dieu*, would give me at least a bed; but seeing, in an alley, a light in the cellar of a small house, I called and asked for a lodging; was answered yes; shown into a small garret, where were five men already asleep; a cot and a sort of coverlid was given me. I threw open the window to have air; lay down and slept profoundly till six. Being already dressed, I rose, paid for my lodging twelve cents, and sallied out to 66 Water Street, and there had the good luck to find Sam alone. He led me immediately to the house of his brother Robert, and here I am, in possession of Sam's room in Stone Street, in the city of New York, on this 8th day of June, anno Dom. 1812, just four years since we parted at this very place."<sup>2</sup>

On a certain day in that same month the following announcement was pub-

<sup>1</sup> The private journal of Aaron Burr during his residence of four years in Europe. Edited by Matthew L. Davis, vol. i., pp. 30, 31, 33, 51, 52, 55, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63, 65, 68, 70, 71.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ii., pp. 434, 435.