



HAMILTON-BURR DUEL



Tragic Story of a Mortal Combat

A CENTURY ago on a grassy ledge under the heights of West Point, N. J., a Vice President of the United States and a former Secretary of the Treasury faced each other in mortal combat, writes Warwick James Price, in the Sunday Magazine. Soldiers of long and honorable records, scholars and jurists of marked ability, statesmen who had already held many of the highest offices in the gift of their country, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr played out in that peaceful beauty and freshness of that early morning a tragedy which has made July 11, 1804, historic for all time.

There are few more picturesque or romantic spots in the vicinity of New York than is that of Kings Woods, where these two men met. Art has not invaded the woodland. Only a little clearing in the midst of a network of underbrush, surrounded by the very trees through which the duelling parties passed, indicates the scene of the encounter. The stone on which Hamilton is said to have rested his head, after receiving the wound which was to prove mortal, has been torn from its setting of earth and now bears upon its face a metal plate telling briefly of the man's career and fate; but all else remains just as it was on that fatal midsummer day a hundred years ago.

The story of the combat is tragic in its brevity. The little party of five—the principals, their second, and the

confident of the future and active in their present, stood Jefferson and Burr, and if the former was attacked because of the political principles, the latter was even more bitterly assailed on the ground that he utterly lacked all principle, political and otherwise.

Hamilton and Burr had first crossed swords at the bar. This was early in the 1790's; but even then, and by no means on account of their war records alone, they were regarded as men of the most marked ability, and to all intents and purposes divided between them the most important law business of New York State.

How Burr Was Thwarted.
Opposed one to the other in their professional practice as well as in their political convictions, in 1792 distrust of Burr's methods and motives by the then Secretary of the Treasury began to take more active and outspoken form. In that year Aaron Burr, then a member of the National Senate, was spoken of in some quarters as a candidate for the Governorship of New York, and it became known that he would accept the nomination.

That he was decisively defeated in the convention is ascribed directly to Hamilton. Later in the same year Burr's name began to figure in the talk as to who should be the Vice Presidential candidate; but again Hamilton's influence was set to work against him, and he received only one vote. That Burr was not appointed to suc-

ceed Gouverneur Morris at the French court in 1794, though his name was strongly urged upon President Washington by such men as Monroe and Madison, has always been ascribed to Hamilton's opposition, to which again has been attributed Burr's defeat for re-election to the Senate in 1797.

The most marked instance, however, in this striking personal contest occurred in the Presidential campaign of 1800-01. The candidates, Adams and Pinckney for the Federalists and Jefferson and Burr for the Whigs, were at that time voted for separately, as if all were nominees for the office of President. The electoral vote resulted as follows: Jefferson, 73; Burr, 73; Adams, 65; Pinckney, 64; Jay, 1; and with a tie between Jefferson and Burr the election was thrown into the House of Representatives. As was to have been expected, Hamilton's influence was all against Burr—he considered Jefferson "as the lesser to be feared of two evils"—and after a deadlock of two days Jefferson was named President, with Burr Vice President.

What Led to the Duel.
So far nearly twenty years Burr and Hamilton had been engaged in a political duel, and the latter through a large part of that period had been unopposed in his condemnation of his opponent's character and actions, in at least five instances preventing his advancement. Time and again Burr had been taunted with his "tame submission" under the Hamilton invectives; but none of them had done more than widen the breach between the two

have declared, in substance, that they look upon Mr. Burr as a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government. . . . I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which Gen. Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr." A copy of this letter Burr sent to

promptly and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expression which would warrant the assertion of Mr. Cooper." This Hamilton declined to grant, in a reply which was dignified, through rather long and argumentative under the circumstances. Burr took it to be an attempt at evasion, and in a second note made a more peremptory demand that "Mr. Hamilton confine his attention to the remark under dispute." To this Hamilton's only reply was that the second note from Burr must be withdrawn before he could consider the matter further, and that failing this, "Mr. Burr must pursue such course as he deems proper." The steps that followed, Van Ness and Pendleton acting for their principals, are details of history.

Duel Brought His Life.
July 21, 1804, Burr was indicted for murder, and from that moment till his death at Port Richmond, Staten Island, thirty-two years later, the life of Burr was one succession of visionary schemes, always romantic and sometimes treasonable, all of them alternating with disappointments and rebuffs that would have killed a man less sanguine and self-confident. Tried on the charge of murder, he was acquitted largely through the brilliancy of his own defense. Twice brought to trial later on charges of treason, he both times fought his own way to triumphant acquittals.

But he had lost the confidence of his friends, and was no longer feared by his enemies. He was not welcomed in this country, and was ignored or insulted abroad. When, at the age of 53, he hung out a modest tin sign in the city of New York and started life anew, he was already near its close. The old house where his law office then was is still pointed out to the curious; but even when at work within its walls Aaron Burr had passed from the public stage, and his downfall may be traced directly and back to that fatal duel of July 11, 1804.

Manchurian Brigands.
Much has been written regarding the trouble that the Russians had with the Huhussas. These mysterious people are not a distinct race or semi-savage people, as it commonly thought. They are only common, every-day Chinese or Manchus who find it more profitable and less arduous to wander over the country, selling wretched merchants for ransom, robbing remote farms and villages, attacking travelers and looting carts on the great highways, than it would be to drive animals or till the soil. Their suppression is not easy, for the vast stretches of wilderness which abound in Manchuria offer secure retreat. So numerous are these banditti, and in some districts so perfect is their organization, that they have constructed fortified encampments, and in large bands not infrequently attack Russian stations.

Long Time Between Baths.
An earnest man said to have descended from a man who once wore a gorgeous "coat of many colors" in Egypt had signed the lease, when the real estate agent remarked: "Of course you understand that there is no bathroom in the house." "Dot makes no difference," was the reply. "Ve only wants it for von year."

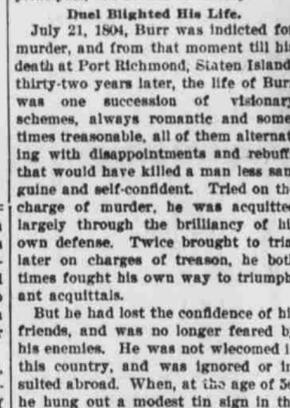
No Comparison.
"I have had one suit in court ten years," remarked the man with the bulging brow. "That's not a circumstance," replied the young man with the open face. "I've had the same suit in court with fifteen different girls, one after the other. And it's getting mighty threadbare," he added, with a pensive sigh. —Chicago Tribune.

New Brunswick Aged Legislator.
Senator David Ward, of New Brunswick, N. S., 100 years old, has been a legislator for sixty-two years.

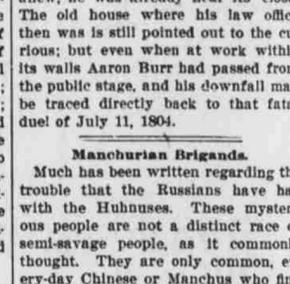


BUST OF HAMILTON.

spot where Hamilton fell and monument formerly on site.

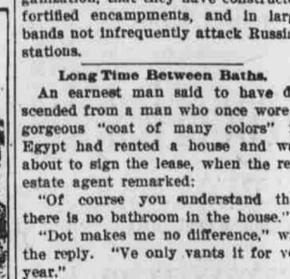


SPOT WHERE HAMILTON FELL AND MONUMENT FORMERLY ON SITE.



HAMILTON'S RESIDENCE.

face, sprang toward him; but Van Ness, his second, seized him by the arm and hurried him down the bank and into their boat.



AARON BURR'S HOME.

men until toward the close of Burr's term as Vice President. Then there came tardily into his hands a letter which had been written by a Dr. Charles D. Cooper, in the heat of the campaign of 1800, which, though in itself no adequate ground for a duel, furnished, many think, the cause which led directly up to the fatal meeting of July 11. It read in part: "Gen. Hamilton and Judge Kent

THE MAN WHO FEELS.

The man who feels is a happier wight
Than the man who is callous and cold.
For if he weeps in that gloom of night,
He laughs in the sunbeam's gold;
And if the tide of his life runs low,
It reaches the summit of cheer;
He knows the heights, as the depths below,
And he smiles through a pitying tear.
And after it all, when all is done,
The world has most of the gladdening sun.
For the twilight fingers when day is done,
And the sun's benediction is dear.

The man who feels is happy far—
I say it again and again—
Than ever can be, or ever are,
The pitiless sons of men;
For if he sighs for his own gray woe,
He sighs for another's too;
If the plant of pain in his bosom grows,
It is covered by sympathy's dew.
And after it all, when all is said,
Still pity and love forever are wed;
That the heart unfeeling is chill and dead
Is true, and forever is true.

The man who feels is a dear God's gift
To a sorrowful, travelling wight:
By the hands that the burdens of life uplift
Is the flag of our peace unfurled.
We need not the souls that are callous as Fate,
And selfish, and wedded to greed.
But the pitying tear for our fallen estate
We need—and we ever shall need.
And after it all, when all is past,
'Tis the deed of love that alone may last,
And the rest is chaff in the winnowing blast,
In the garden of life, a weed.
—Alfred Waterhouse in Success.

William and Marcia.

THE little, old-fashioned building on the old-fashioned side of the green, contained three little, old-fashioned shops.

Of these three, two were vacant. Before the coming of the brick block on the opposite side, but upon completion of the new building, Uncle Sam's little, old-fashioned building had always been proudly referred to as "the block;" now the prefix, old, became necessary to distinguish it from its newer and more pretentious rival.

Two little signs, hanging chummily side by side above the doorways of the other two little shops, informed those who cared to know that the occupants were, respectively: "Marcia Goodwin, Milliner," and "William Underwood, Newsdealer and Stationer."

A short, somewhat stout man of 40 odd years came across the green one morning, and unlocking the door beneath the sign of "William Underwood," entered. Soon he emerged, minus his hat and coat, and after throwing back the heavy wooden shutter covering the window, began sweeping the board walk which ran in front of the shop.

For this was William Underwood, the proprietor. Not the William Underwood whose name the sign bore; that was "Old Billy" Underwood. It was "Young Billy" Underwood sweeping the walk; so christened by the villagers for his convenience in distinguishing him from his father when he entered the shop as assistant, twenty-five years before; and although his father had been dead these many years, to them he was "Young Billy" still.

And although at the time of his death the elder Underwood was considered the richest man in the county and William was his only heir, he continued to keep the little shop, seemingly content to follow in the footsteps of his sire.

As if awakened by the noise and bustle, the door of the adjoining shop opened and a trim little woman appeared, broom in hand.

In response to William's "Good morning, Marcia," she nodded a cheerful good morning, and going to the opposite end of the walk, began to sweep briskly.

As the sweeping progressed and they neared each other, the conversation was resumed.

"It's a lovely morning for so late in the fall, William."

"Yes; though it does feel a trifle winterish."

Another silence, during which both swept industriously. Then William said:

"Squire Martin tells me that Ruth is having a splendid time in New York."

"I'm glad she married well off, and was able to go there. I knew she'd enjoy it."

The sweeping was finished and for a moment they lingered in front of their doorways.

"I did not see you at the wedding."

"No, I did not go." Then professional pride asserting itself, she added: "I made her wedding bonnet and the hat she wore away."

The day was "a trifle winterish," as William had said, and Marcia having tidied up the shop, decided a fire would be necessary to remove the chill. She had some difficulty in getting it to burn, but succeeding finally, came to the front and seated herself by the window, her favorite corner.

Her thoughts were still of the wedding, and she sighed softly, as she gazed out on the green. It was nearly nineteen years since she left school to assist her mother in the care of the shop. There was the only millinery

shop in the village then, and there was plenty of work for two pairs of hands. When her mother was seized with a shock, they moved into the rooms upstairs, that Marcia might care for her and attend the wants of the customers as well.

Ten years ago she died and Marcia was left alone. For a time she had more than enough work to keep her busy, and did not feel her loss so keenly. But with the years had come changes. With the removal of the postoffice, the crowd which formerly lounged in front ceased to congregate there, and she missed their noisy presence. When the public hitching rail beneath the tree utilized its usefulness and a new one became necessary, the town fathers decided upon what they considered a more convenient location for it, and the old one was allowed to remain standing as if to serve as a reminder of days passed and gone.

Then came the milliner from the city. At first Marcia freed her advent with lofty disdain, which changed to resentment as she saw those for whom she had made bonnets since they were babies wearing the creations of the rival establishment and saw her trade falling off in consequence. True, many still came to her, but they were the older ones, and at times she suspected that even their patronage was due to friendship—or charity.

Her thoughts reverted to her neighbor. Long ago when they swept the walk together and lingered for a moment's conversation afterward, she had sometimes thought and sometimes dreamed, for William was handsome when he was young. Then gossip linked their names together. She sighed again. Together they still swept the walk each morning, and since her mother's death she had gotten into the habit of preparing to close at night when she heard him making similar preparations.

The appearance of smoke in the room brought her reverie to an abrupt conclusion, and sent her hastening to the stove. As she opened the door the smoke burst forth in a cloud, and quickly closing it she retreated to the front and opened the shop door to per-



THE CONVERSATION WAS RESUMED.

mit of its escape. At the doorway she was met by William.

"I thought I smelled smoke," he began; then as he saw the smoke: "Is it a fire?"

"No, it is from the stove. It's the first fire I've had since last spring, and I guess the chimney is damp."

"There may be something wrong with the stove. Shall I come in and look at it? Perhaps I can fix it."

She looked at him in surprise. He had never been inside the shop in his life to her knowledge.

"It's most gone, now," she replied, doubtfully.

"Perhaps I had better come in and look at it, anyway. If the fault is in the chimney, I will have it attended to before cold weather sets in."

She stepped aside and allowed him to enter. He first tried the damper in the pipe, then knelt before the stove and critically examined the grate.

"It seems all right," he said at length, looking up to her as she stood beside him.

At that moment the grocer's wagon, driven by Joe Haskins, came by the old block. Joe was exceedingly popular with the village youth and his wagon usually contained a number of choice specimens. This morning was no exception, and as the wagon passed, sharp eyes peeped through the open door and spied William kneeling before Marcia.

"H'm, looks like he was proposin' to her," was Joe's comment when his attention was called to it.

In the discharge of his duties, Joe visited nearly every house in the village, and he made the most of his opportunity. By nightfall every one knew that young Billy Underwood had proposed to Marcia Goodwin.

At about noon there began at the old block a most remarkable revival of business, which continued to increase until the close of the day.

It seemed as if every man in the village, and a few women, found a call at William's shop necessary, and while many forgot the pretext on which they came, each one did not fail to tender their congratulations.

With Marcia it was the same, except that her visitors were of feminine persuasion, and therefore more persistent with inquiries into detail.

All of which was met with denial by both of them, first with surly, then indignation, and finally downright anger. This last finally gave way to sublime resignation, and both were heartily glad when the hour of closing came.

As he sat in school that afternoon, to young Thomas Martin came a brilliant idea. When school was over he lost no time in communicating it to a

few intimates, with the result that shortly after nightfall the aforesaid intimates, led by Thomas, might have been discovered stealthily making their way toward the village from the vicinity of Squire Martin's barn.

William arose earlier than usual next morning after a restless night, and leaving his breakfast unattended, started to the shop. As he neared it, he discovered that Marcia was already sweeping her portion of the walk, evidently intent on getting it done before people were astir generally. She did not perceive his approach until he stood beside her, then looking up at him she said demurely: "Good morning, William."

"Good morning. You are out early this morning."

"So are you," she retorted, blushing a rosy red.

At the point of inquiring if her fire burned properly, he checked himself as he thought of the embarrassment it would cause. He could think of nothing else to say, and after staring at her stupidly for a moment, unlocked his door and went inside, reappearing broom in hand.

A milk wagon drove by, the occupant of which was known to them both. With a "Good morning, friends," he pulled up his horse.

"Celebrate, I see," he observed, and a grin overspread his face as he pointed up to the front of the building. Both looked in the direction indicated.

The change the night had brought was marvelous indeed. Entwining the two little signs and joining them lovingly together were garlands of evergreens and orange blossoms, while in the center, suspended between them, was what remained of Ruth Martin's wedding bell. True, the flowers were a bit faded and the evergreen showed evidence of hard usage, but the purpose for which they were intended was still easily discernible.

With a scream Marcia darted into her shop and closed the door. William paused long enough to bestow a scathing glance upon the milkman, then stalked into his own establishment.

Among William's early customers was Judge Bradford, and as one of his oldest friends, the judge felt privileged to speak.

"I'm glad you've done it, William. Nature never intended us to live without mates in this world. You ought to have done it years ago, but you were always too modest. She was a handsome girl, and by gosh, she's a good-looking woman."

The previous day's rush of business, which bid fair to continue, was effectually checked when it began raining heavily early in the day, and customers were few and far between.

To William the day was intolerably long, and altogether a miserable one. The little shop next door had remained closed since the unfortunate episode of the morning, and though a number came, they turned away again, unable to gain admittance. As the day wore on he found himself growing more and more anxious. Perhaps she was ill. Once or twice he surreptitiously placed his ear to the partition, but he could hear nothing.

He looked out at the old hitching rail, forlorn and deserted, and for the first time the realization came to him how lonely his life had become.

He thought of the big house on the hill, of which he was the only occupant. Then he fell to wondering if she was lonely, too. He recalled her as she stood before him that morning. The judge was right; she was handsome yet. She was good; she was beautiful, too; and the village had no right to poke fun at her. They wouldn't do it if she had some one to protect her.

Next he did what for him was a most unusual thing. Going to the rear of the shop he gazed long and soberly into the mirror. He turned sadly away. It was too late now; his opportunity had gone.

Usually he kept the shop open until 8 o'clock, but at 7 he decided to close and go home. As he closed the shutter he looked anxiously at the adjoining door. He looked up and, raising his umbrella, started across the green.

Nearly across, he halted, stopped, then turned and marched resolutely back. Straight up to the little, old-fashioned building he went, and on the door over which hung the sign of "Marcia Goodwin, Milliner," he gave a ponderous knock. There was no reply, and he knocked louder and more boldly than before.

"Who is there?" came from the inside.

"It is I, William Underwood. Open the door."

The door opened slightly. "What do you want, William?"

Her voice seemed to tremble. Perhaps she had been crying. He pushed the door open and stepped inside.

"I want you," he answered, with the assurance of a cavalier.

When, as the result of an interview with his father, young Thomas Martin sided into William's shop the next morning and stammered an apology for the part he had taken in decorating the block, he was mightily surprised to receive a generous handful of candy, and to learn that it was of no consequence whatever.

Two weeks later Ruth Martin wrote home that Mr. and Mrs. Underwood were in New York making arrangements to spend the winter in Europe.—The Housewife.

In the Bahama Islands, the famingoes build their nests of mud so high that the rising tide will not flood the eggs.

A wise wife conceals her own faults from her husband—except her own faults.