

which he was regarded in the region of which Hamilton had been the pride and ornament.

To avoid the legal consequences of his deed, he wandered into the West, and remained so long in retreat, that some passing wonder was excited as to what he could be doing there. He was ensnaring more victims.

In the Ohio river, a few miles below Marietta, there is a beautiful island, finely wooded, but now presenting a dismal picture of ruin. This island was purchased, about thirty-five years ago, by an Irish gentleman, named Herman Blannerhassett, whose name the island has since borne. This gentleman took his beautiful and attached wife to his new property, and their united tastes made it such an abode as was never before, and has never since been seen in the United States. Shrubberies, conservatories and gardens ornamented the island; and within doors, there was a fine library, philosophical apparatus, and music-room. Burr seems to have been introduced to this family by some mutual friends at the East, and to have been received as a common acquaintance at first. The intimacy grew; and the oftener he went to Blannerhassett's Island, and the longer he staid, the deeper was the gloom which overspread the unfortunate family. Blannerhassett himself seems to have withdrawn his interest from his children, his books, his pursuits, as Burr