

MEMOIRS
— OF MY LIFE
by JOHN
CHARLES
FRÉMONT



WITH A
SKETCH OF HIS LIFE
BY SENATOR BENTON

1857

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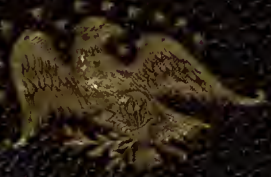




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VOLUME I
—
ILLUSTRATED



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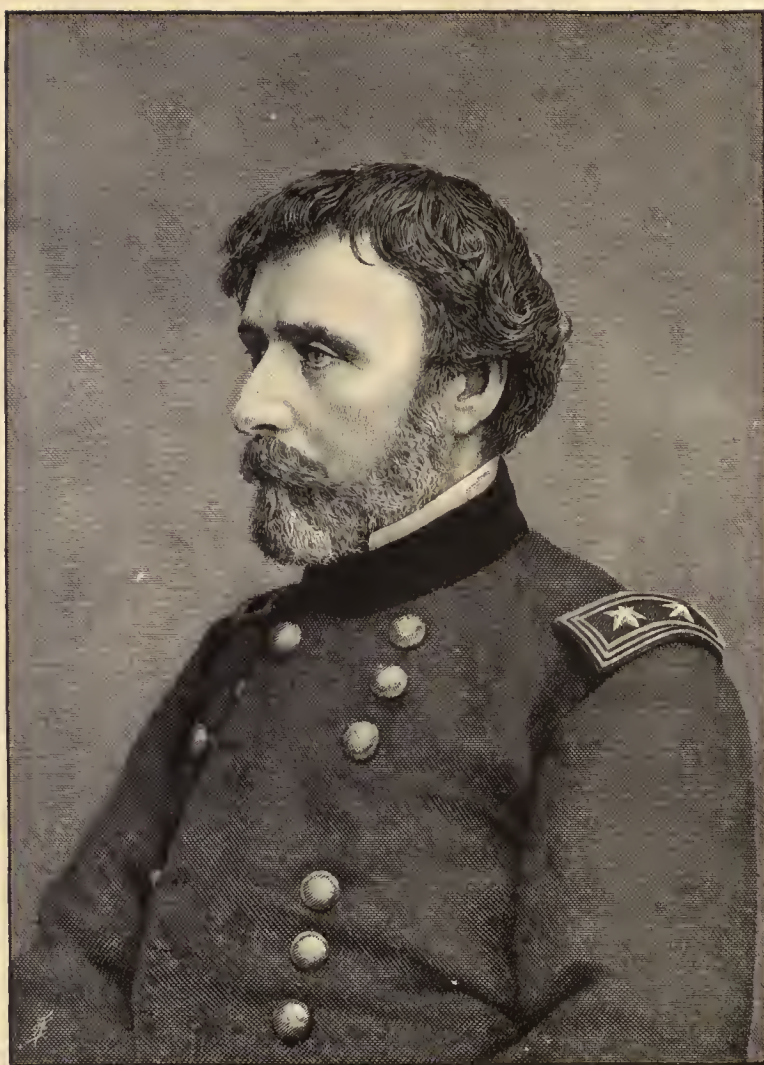
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A. C. Hémond

MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE,
BY
JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.

INCLUDING IN THE NARRATIVE FIVE JOURNEYS OF WESTERN EXPLORATION,
DURING THE YEARS
1842, 1843-4, 1845-6-7, 1848-9, 1853-4.

TOGETHER WITH A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
SENATOR BENTON
IN CONNECTION WITH WESTERN EXPANSION.

BY
JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.

A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS,
COVERING THE MOST EVENTFUL PERIODS OF MODERN AMERICAN HISTORY.

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED BY ORIGINAL PORTRAITS, DESCRIPTIVE PLATES,
AND, FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER TO THE PACIFIC, BY A SERIES
OF SKETCHES AND DAGUERREOTYPES MADE
DURING THE JOURNEYS.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE MASTERPIECES OF
DARLEY, HAMILTON, SCHUSSELE, DALLAS, KERN, WALLIN AND OTHERS.

ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
J. M. BUTLER,
WITH MAPS AND COLORED PLATES.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:
BELFORD, CLARKE & COMPANY.

1886.

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1886.

SCOPE OF THE WORK.

THE narrative contained in these volumes is personal. It is intended to draw together the more important and interesting parts in the journals of various expeditions made by me in the course of Western exploration, and to give my knowledge of political and military events in which I have myself had part. The principal subjects of which the book will consist, and which, with me, make its *raison d'être*, are three: the geographical explorations, made in the interest of Western expansion; the presidential campaign of 1856, made in the interest of an undivided country; and the civil war, made in the same interest. Connecting these, and naturally growing out of them, will be given enough of the threads of ordinary life to justify the claim of the work to its title of memoirs: purporting to be the history of one life, but being in reality that of three, because in substance the course of my own life was chiefly determined by its contact with the other two—the events recorded having in this way been created, or directly inspired and influenced, by three different minds, each having the same objects for a principal aim.

The published histories of the various explorations have now passed out of date, and are new to the present generation, to which the region between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean presents a different face from that to which these accounts relate.

In the present narrative the descriptions of the regions travelled over will be simply of what would then have met a traveller's eye. The prevailing impression on his mind would have been one of constant surprise that so large a portion of the earth's surface should have so long remained unoccupied and unused. Millions of people now occupy the ground where then he encountered only wild animals and wild men. But nothing of this present condition will be given here.

The slight knowledge which a traveller could glean in journeys that were impelled forward by hunger, and thirst, and imminency of dangers, has in this day been perfected and made thoroughly available. The scant

scientific information which was gathered in these travels, and which, as indications or suggestions, had its value at the time, will therefore not have any place in the present narrative. The striking features and general character of the regions traversed, the incidents which made their local coloring, and the hardships belonging to remote and solitary journeys, will be retained, so far as can well be done within the limit of the pages which are intended to embrace narratives covering broad regions of country and half a century of American time. But the emigrants who have since then traversed and changed the face of these regions will doubtless find enough to remind them, and have pleasure in being reminded, of the scenes with which they were once so familiar, and of hardships which they themselves were compelled to face.

Out of these expeditions came the seizure of California in 1846. The third exploring party was merged in a battalion which did its part in wresting that rich territory from Mexico, and the conquest of California will consequently have a prominent place in the narrative of these expeditions.

Concerning the presidential campaign of 1856, in which I was engaged, statements have been made which I wish to correct; and in that of 1864 there were governing facts which have not been made public. These I propose to set out.

Some events of the civil war in which I was directly concerned have been incorrectly stated, and I am not willing to leave the resulting erroneous impressions to crystallize and harden into the semblance of facts.

These subjects, as I have said, make the chief reason for this work.

The general record is being made up. This is being done from different points of view; and, as this view is sometimes distorted by imperfect or prejudiced knowledge, I naturally wish to use the fitting occasion which offers to make my own record. It is not the written but the published fact which stands, and it stands to hold its ground as fact when it can meet every challenge by the testimony of documentary and recorded evidence.

JOHN C. FRÉMONT.

SYNOPSIS.

SCOPE OF WORK	<i>John Charles Frémont.</i>
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.....	" "
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MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE.....	<i>John Charles Frémont.</i>

<p style="text-align: center;">1828-33.</p> <p>School and college days. Idling days. Desultory work. Engaged in local surveys.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1833-36.</p> <p>Cruise to the South Atlantic on U. S. S. <i>Natchez</i>.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1836-37.</p> <p>Pass examination. Appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Navy. Ordered to the frigate <i>Independence</i>.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1837.</p> <p>Resign appointment. Assistant Engineer under Captain Williams, U. S. Topographical Engineers; on survey for projected Railway from Charleston to Cincinnati. Work in mountains of North and South Carolina.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1837-38.</p> <p>Threatened hostilities with Cherokee Indians. Military reconnaissance of Cherokee Territory in Mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia, under Captain Williams.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1838.</p> <p>Appointed by President Van Buren Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. Ordered to first expedition under Nicollet. Region northwest of Mississippi River.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1838-39.</p> <p>Winter occupied making up astronomical calculations.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1839-40.</p> <p>Second expedition of Nicollet to explore prairie-region east and north of Missouri River to British line.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1840-41.</p> <p>Engaged in Washington on maps and astronomical calculations. Senator Benton's interest in our work.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Summer of 1841.</i></p> <p>Connected by marriage with Senator Benton. His views on the necessity of immediate occupation of Oregon by a large emigration. Convenient road to be marked out for this. Expedition to SOUTH PASS and Rocky Mountains planned with Senator Benton. First expedition to the Rocky Mountains. Preparations in New York and in Saint Louis. <i>Personnel</i> of party. Creole and Canadian <i>voyageurs</i>. Charles Preuss, topographer and assistant. L. Maxwell engaged as hunter. Meet Carson. Secure him as guide. Kansas village. Chouteau's trading house. Final preparation and start for the mountains. Incidents of journey. Enormous herds of buffalo. Indians. Meet with Bridger. His late fight with the Sioux. Fort Laramie. Warned by Indian chiefs against going farther. Indians</p>
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hostile. War parties scattered over the country. Continue journey. SOUTH PASS reached. Wind River chain of Rocky Mountains. Alpine region. Beautiful lakes and valleys. Running water everywhere. Head-waters of four great rivers. Grass fresh and green. Many flowers. Ascent of the loftiest Peak of the Wind River chain. American flag planted. Barometer broken. Mended and height of Peak obtained, 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico. The Pioneer Bee. Object of expedition so far successful. Homeward journey. Independence Rock. Symbol of Christian civilization, the Cross cut into the rock. Divide party and attempt to descend the Platte River in india-rubber boat. Running the cañons. Boat wrecked in one of the cataracts. A swim for life, but no one lost. Climb out of cañon. Rejoin land party. Journey continued. Laramie reached. Salutes from the Fort and hearty welcome back. Make bull-boat. Another attempt to descend the Platte. Failed again. Water extremely low. Nowhere continuous four inches found. Great river deserves its Indian name—"Nebraska" or Shallow River. Grand Island recommended as best point for military station on lower Platte. October 1, reached mouth of the Platte. Again within the pale of civilization at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Sarpy of the American Fur Company. Boat ordered by couriers on the stocks and nearly completed. On the 4th embarked on the Missouri in boat manned with ten oars, relieved every hour. Morning of 10th halted to make astronomical observations at mouth of Kansas, just four months since starting from trading post of Mr. Cyprian Chouteau ten miles above. River sketched and observations made on way down. Made Saint Louis 17th and Washington 29th of October.

1843-44 (*Second Expedition*).

Engaged through winter in preparing report and planning second expedition. Efforts of Western Senators to favor emigration to the lower Columbia. Bill to establish military posts, and protect emigration. Debate in Senate. "30,000 rifles in the hands of American settlers in Oregon our best negotiators with England." Close vote passing bill against opposition of the Administration. Smothered in House Committee. First expedition connected with and auxiliary to this plan of emigration in conformity with purpose of Western Senators. Second expedition planned to explore region west of Rocky Mountains and to connect on the lower Columbia with Captain Wilkes' South Sea expedition. Reached village of

Kansas on Missouri frontier May 17, 1843. Party made up of Creole and Canadian *voyageurs* as before including some of the best men of the first expedition. Charles Preuss again topographer, and for guide Fitzpatrick "*the broken-hand*." Carson joins near the mountains. Jacob Dodson, a free young colored man from Washington, volunteered for the expedition. Maxwell, one of the hunters in 1842, joined here. Two Delaware Indians, a fine-looking father and son, chosen as hunters by Major Cummins, the excellent Agent for the Indians of this quarter. Equipment of party, Hall's carbines and a brass 12-pound howitzer under charge of Louis Zindel, a non-commissioned officer of Prussian artillery. Camp equipage and provisions transported in twelve carts two mules each. Light covered wagon on good springs carries instruments. Started May 29th. First camp four miles beyond frontier on verge of the great prairies. Joined by Mr. William Gilpin, of Missouri. Journey continued. Meet hunting party of Kansas and Delaware Indians. Camp surprised by charge of Osage Indians. Pike's Peak. Boiling Spring River. Carson joins here. Saint Vrain's Fort upper South Platte. Alexander Godey engaged here. Crossing mountains by new route. Camp charged by war party of Arapahoes. The Great Salt Lake: the Inland Sea. Visit to one of its islands in canvas boat, first boat on its waters. No guard kept. Isolated cliffs whitened with salt by the waves. Lake saturated with salt rests on beds of rock salt. No fish can live in it. Lake shores of great fertility. Clear fresh water streams flowing from mountains into lake. TIMPANOGOS, Indian name for UTAH Lake, is fresh water, full of fish, on which Indians live. "This great lake a natural resting and recruiting station for travellers now and in all time to come. Bottom lands extensive; water excellent; timber sufficient; soil good and well suited to such an elevated region. A military post and civilized settlement would be of great value here; cattle and horses would do well where grass and salt abound." This on return recommended to Government for military station. Not adopted by Government but later by Brigham Young. His statement.—Lewis Fork of the Columbia or Snake River and Fort Hall a post of the Hudson Bay Company. Rich valley twenty miles long. An American military post here would be of extraordinary value to the emigration, and was so recommended. Subterranean river.—Fishing falls of Lewis Fork. Great salmon fisheries here. Cataract barrier to ascent of salmon. Chief food of Indians. Indians un-

usually good-humored because well fed, very different from ordinary Indians. Clothing scant, twenty skins bush squirrel to make covering to the knee. Indians paddling about in boats of rushes. Salmon jumping out of water. Lively camp on river bank. Every little rapid down the river Indians crying "Hag-gai, Hag-gai," Fish for sale. Reed's River; so called from massacre of Reed's garrison of Hudson Bay fur trading post.—Fort Boisé, Hudson Bay Company. Forests of European larch 200 feet high. All elevated parts covered with dense forests. Look in vain for *L'Arbre Seule*, "Lone Tree," a well-known landmark. Find it—a fine tall pine—felled by some inconsiderate emigrant axe. A beacon on the road for many years.—*Grande Ronde*. A level mountain valley about twenty miles diameter. Rich soil abundantly watered, good grass, surrounded by high well-timbered mountain. Crossing Blue Mountains. Headwaters Umatilla River. Emerge from forest. Mount Hood—snowy mass standing high above surrounding country one hundred and eighty miles distant. Meet Indians driving horses to pasture. Hills and mountains rich in grass. Bottoms barren and sterile. Missionary establishment of Dr. Whitman. Mission mills recently burned. Potatoes fine and abundant. Emigrants, men, women, and children luxuriating on potatoes.—Mouth of the Wahlah-Wahlah. Junction of the great forks which make the Columbia River. Columbia 1200 yards wide. Emigrants under Mr. Applegate building Mackinaw boats to descend the Columbia. Nez-Percé post; a trading establishment of the Hudson Bay Company. Union of these two large streams in the geographical centre of the Oregon valley make important feature in map of country. Open up two great lines of communication with interior of continent. British fur companies use both. American emigration beginning to use one.—Mount Hood showing again, now 150 miles distant.—Mount Saint Helens another snowy peak of Cascade range.—Falls of the Columbia. Every year falls submerged by back-up of waters from below. Indian chief points out in the distance Methodist missionary station. Leave party at Dalles of Columbia. Whole river passes through trough 58 yards wide. Unfortunate event in this chasm to Applegate's party. One of his boats carried under water and lost in midst of Dalles. Two of his children and one man drowned. Westward land journey terminated here. Connected with Wilkes exploring expedition. Large canoe pro-

cured from Indians through Mr. Perkins. Canoe voyage, four men with me—pleasant descent of the river. Halt for supper. Delicious salted salmon, potatoes, bread, coffee and sugar. Gale of wind at night. Bright moon, wind fair. Waves breaking into foam alongside. Night voyage between the dark mountains wild and interesting. At midnight put to shore on rocky beach, dark-looking pine forest behind. Build large fires among the rocks, in large masses round about; arrange blankets in sheltered places—passed delightful night.—Cascades of the Columbia. Main branch of Sacramento, Tlamath and Columbia Rivers break in great cascades through the Mountains to which Mount Hood and Mount Saint Helens belong, giving to them the name of CASCADE RANGE. Cape Horn. High wall of rock comes boldly down into deep water. In gales water is dashed against it with violence. A serious obstacle to canoe travelling. Mr. Perkins once detained here two weeks and forced back to Vancouver.—Arrival at Vancouver. Dr. McLoughlin, chief executive of Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains. Hospitable reception and outfit for return. Leave fort on the 10th Nov. Our flotilla consists of Mackinaw barge and three canoes. Mr. Burnett goes with us to bring his family to Vancouver from the Dalles. Submerged forest distinctly visible through clear water. Arrive at Dalles. Mr. Gilpin takes leave of us. At request of Mr. Perkins a young Chinook Indian joins us to visit Washington. Little wagon for instruments presented to family at Mission—greatly to Preuss' regret. Preuss no horseman (Polly the mule). Line of return. Leading points on line of return indicated by maps or rumor. Character or existence of these to be ascertained. Tlamath Lake. Mary's or Turtle Lake. Buenaventura River said to flow direct from Turtle Lake across the Basin through the Sierra Nevada to San Francisco Bay. Journey up Fall River valley. Fine view of Mount Hood—a rose-colored mass of snow. Fluvial infusoria; the most remarkable deposit on record. Grand Forest; pines 12 feet in diameter. Indians say salmon in small streams. Upper Tlamath Lake. Camp thronged with Tlamath Indians. Escape attack. Line of journey turned eastward searching for Buenaventura River. Dense forest. Snow three feet deep. Air dark with falling snow. Descent into Great Basin. Fruitless search for the Buenaventura. Pyramid Lake. Decide to cross Sierra Nevada into California. Mid-winter, deep snow. Indians on snow-shoes. Old Indian warns us.

"Rock upon rock." "Snow upon snow." Chinook's lament, "I came away from my people to see the whites. If I had seen the whites I could die, hut here!" and he wept. A thirty days' contest with snow and hunger. Descent to Sutter's Fort. Hearty and friendly reception by Captain Sutter.—THE GREAT CALIFORNIA VALLEY. Floral and pastoral valley 500 miles long. Watered by Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers and many tributary streams. Open groves of oak. Fields of blue and orange flowers. Climate delightful. Cattle lying under the shade of the oaks in March. One of the garden spots of the world. West flank of Sierra Nevada bordering valley is from 40 to 70 miles wide; timbered and grassy, copiously watered with numerous and bold streams. Upper half heavily wooded with pines, cypress, and cedars, 100 to 200 feet high; lower half wooded with oak. Acorns and grass make it a great country for stock. Whole country tributary to the Bay of San Francisco. The only water communication from the coast to the interior. Head of the Bay 40 miles from the sea where it connects with rich valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento.—The accessory advantages belonging to the Bay; fertile and picturesque dependent country; mildness and salubrity of climate; connection with the great interior valley; its vast resources for ship timber, grain and cattle, together with its geographical position on the line of communication with Asia, make it one of the great harbors of the world.—Party recruits at Sutter's Fort. Fat salmon and fat beef. Get band of fine mules. Homeward journey up San Joaquin Valley. Enter desert by pass at Cajon de las Uvas. Mexican party massacred by Indians. Escape of Mexican and little boy to our camp. Indians surprised. Splendid courage of Carson and Godey. Hard march for water. Many Indians. Sandy soil covered with their tracks. Follow us stealthily like wolves. Horse or mule left behind to rest taken off in a moment. Indians come into camp. Old chief insulting—Carson resentful. "*Don't say that, old man, don't you say that—your life's in danger.*" Tableau surprised by the Indians and killed. Vegas de Santa Clara. Joined by the famous mountaineer Walker. Connect at Utah Lake with the outward line of journey. Death of Badeau. Killed by drawing his gun by the muzzle from the saddle. Reach Rocky Mountains. Country now entered considered among most dangerous war-grounds in the mountains. Infested by war parties of the Sioux and other Indians. Fight between Cheyennes and Ara-

pahoes in South Park. Make crossings of the Rocky Mountains at three different passes. Leave mountains, cross prairie plains, and make final camp July 31, 1844, at village of Kansas on the banks of the Missouri, after an absence of fourteen months. August 6th arrive at Saint Louis and disband party.

Winter 1844-45.

At Washington. Occupied in drawing up report, making maps and calculations, astronomical observations. The Deacon and Senator Benton. Planning third expedition. Directed chiefly to examining California mountains and coast-line. Eventualities considered in forming it. War with Mexico threatened on account of Texas. Possible war with England from complications of Oregon boundary.—*Third Expedition.* Leave Missouri frontier with party of sixty picked men. Best men of the old parties included among them. Twelve Delaware Indians chosen for me by the Delaware Nation. Traverse the prairies. Cross Rocky Mountains at heads of Arkansas. Reach southern end of Great Salt Lake in September. The Desert. Silver found. Continuing westward, divide party to re-unite in Upper San Joaquin Valley. Main party in charge of Kern to enter the valley at the *Point of the mountain*. The well-known mountaineer Captain Walker assigned them as guide. The other party of ten men travel directly west under myself. Parties separate. I cross Sierra Nevada in early December at heads of Salmon-trout and Bear Rivers. Curly-haired skull. Ridges timbered with pine and cedar of extraordinary size. Sutter's Fort. Visit to Monterey. Permission obtained from Mexican Commanding General to recruit party in California. Return to Sutter's Fort. Go with cattle and provisions to meet main party. Foot-hills of the Sierra. Fight with Horse-thief Indians on Aqua Fria Creek of the Mariposas. Heavy fall of snow. Cattle lost in the mountains. Parties miss each other. Find main party on lower San Joaquin. Astronomical observations. Error in coast-line corrected by them. Existing charts had placed coast-line of California fifteen to forty miles too far to the eastward. Leave valleys and cross to the coast. Camp established at Fisher's rancho, near pueblo of San José in San José valley. Make preparations here to continue exploration. Camp upper part of coast mountain between San José and Santa Cruz. Great height and bulk of redwood trees—a cypress. Among many measured, nine and ten

feet in diameter were frequent—two hundred feet a frequent height. Descended to coast near the north-western point of Monterey Bay. Colossal height and massive bulk of trees give grandeur to the forest. Measured one at camp 275 feet in height and 15 feet in diameter three feet above base. Salinas Plains. Ordered out of the country by Commanding General Castro. Build fort and hoist the American flag on Gabelan Peak. Californians preparing to attack. Remain in fort waiting for them three days. Retreat into San Joaquin Valley. Castro's compromise message. Travel up the Sacramento Valley. Shastl Peak. Tlamath Lake. Camp on northern end of the lake. Overtaken by courier from Lieutenant Gillespie, U. S. Marine Corps. Return with party to his relief. Gillespie sent as messenger from Secretary of State Buchanan. Brings also letters from Senator Benton. Required by these messages to return into California. Night attack by Tlamath Indians. Three of our men killed. Basil Lajeunesse. Rejoin main camp. Indians ambushed. Destroy Indian village, boats, and fish. Skirmish in the forest. Scalp stuck on arrow in the trail. Start on return into California. Pitt River. Attacked by Indians. Sacramento River. Hunting camp at the Buttes. Indians gathering to destroy white settlements. Dispersed Indians and drove them from Sacramento River. Return to camp near Sutter's Fort. Gathering of Americans to the camp. Hostilities begun against Mexican authorities. Send Gillespie to Captain Montgomery, sloop of war "Portsmouth." Aid furnished by Montgomery. Gillespie reaches Sutter's Fort 12th June. Midshipman Beale with boats from the "Portsmouth." Raising of the Bear Flag by settlers. Declaration of the Independence of California. Battalion organized July 5th. Command offered to me.—Montgomery applies to Commodore Sloat for permission to give me aid with ammunition and supplies. Sloat declines. Upon urgent remonstrance of Purser Rodman M. Price representing the other officers, and the views of President Polk as personally known to him, Commodore Sloat reverses his decision. Directs Captain Montgomery to support me. The next day hoists the American Flag, takes possession by proclamation, July 7, 1846.—*NARRATIVE of the CONQUEST of CALIFORNIA, with official orders, letters, and documents.* Hostilities closed by the capitulation to me and treaty of Conenga. I am appointed Military Governor by Commodore Stockton and Brigadier-General Kearny; each claiming to be Commander-in-chief. Decline to decide between

my superior officers. Receive from Washington appointment Lieutenant-Colonel Mounted Rifles. Prepare to join regiment under General Taylor. Forbidden by General Kearny to join my regiment in Mexico. Ordered by Kearny to accompany him on his return to the States. Put in arrest by him on reaching Fort Leavenworth and ordered to Washington. Court-martial at Washington. Charges of mutiny and disobedience of orders. Found guilty by court. Majority of officers comprising court recommend to the President "lenient consideration on account of previous distinguished services." Among these was a brother of General Taylor. [General Taylor, when President, offered me, as a mark of his disapproval of this finding, the appointment of Commissioner to determine boundary line between California and Mexico.]—President Polk approves sentence as to disobedience of orders. Remits sentence. Orders me to resume my sword and join my regiment in Mexico under General Taylor. I refuse to condone injustice done me and resign from the army. Resignation not accepted for a month. Mr. Buchanan urges withdrawal of resignation. Also Adjutant-General Roger Jones. I insist, and retire from the army.

1848.

Make brief report and map of third expedition under resolution of the Senate. Give to entrance of San Francisco harbor the name of Chrysopylae—*GOLDEN GATE*—and place it on the map. On the same principle that the harbor of Byzantium (Constantinople afterwards) was called Chrysoceras—*GOLDEN HORN*.—Correspondence with Captain Wilkes, U. S. N., concerning change of coast-line of California. The city of Charleston, through Hon. Mr. Rhett, presented to me a sword of honor for services in Oregon and California. Am also offered Presidency of railroad on which I had made surveys in '36. Decide to return to California and develop the Mariposas grant. Mrs. Frémont to join me as soon as the first steamer for California, the Oregon, should be completed.

1848-49.

Fourth Expedition. Made at private cost. Object a mid-winter journey to determine snow-obstacles and examine southern passes in Rocky Mountains. Outfit generously aided by Saint Louis merchants. Tilley, Campbell. Gathered some of my old companions. Godey, Taplin, Proue and some Delawares, also young Boggs, son of Governor of Missouri; Preuss and Kern

topographers. Captain Cathcart, an officer of the English army, accompanies me. Break up camp on frontier after six weeks' stay for preparations. Mrs. Frémont, who had been with me up to this point, turns homewards. The wolf. Winter opens early. Snow and sleet meet us on the prairies. Follow line of Kansas River. Best approach to the mountains. Fine farming country for 400 miles. Arkansas River. Mid-November. Big-Timber of the Arkansas. Great gathering of the Indians, 600 lodges Apaches, Comanches, Kioways, and Arapahoes. Major Fitzpatrick, "the Broken-hand." His valuable services as Indian Agent. Indians report early snows deep in the mountains. Bent's Fort. Mountains show themselves covered with snow. Arkansas pueblo. Pack the mules with corn. Engage "Bill Williams" for guide. Cross Sierra Mojada. Deep snow in passes. San Louis Valley. Mistake of guide. San Juan Mountains 12,000 feet above the sea. Incessant, overwhelming snow-storms. Disaster. Lose eleven men, all the animals and camp equipage. Great suffering of survivors. Extricate ourselves from mountains. Reach Taos, nearest available settlement 180 miles distant. Aid given by military post. Myself rest and recruit at Carson's house.

Winter 1848-49.

Recruit and refit party. Descend Del Norte latter part of February. Orchards in bloom. Hospitalities of officers of the army at different posts. Leave the Del Norte. New Mexican plains. Snow again. Turn to the Mimbres Mountains. Apaches gather round camp at night. Hostile. Interview with chief. The two camps breakfast together on Mimbres River. Make chief presents and part on good terms. Travel through Arizona to San Pedro in north Sonora. Country terrorized by Apaches. Return north through Tucson and San Pedro Valley to Gila River. Gila Indians as farmers. Meet large body of Sonorians, men, women, and children, 1,200 in number, going to California for gold. They confirm reports of great gold discoveries. Afraid of Indians and invite me to join their caravan. The great Colorado. Established position mouth of Gila. Make skin-boat. Ferry to California side all the Sonorian women and children and my party. Leave skin-boat for the men. Arrange with party of Sonorians to go upon the Mariposas for gold. Ride rapidly by way of Los Angeles and Monterey to San Francisco to meet Mrs. Frémont, who was to come by way of Panama. Take Mrs. Frémont

to Monterey by steamer. Join Sonorians and go to the Mariposas. Find gold in the clay of Agua Fria Creek. Godey on Mariposas Creek makes first discovery of gold in the rock in California. Leave Sonorians to work. Return to Monterey. Spend some few weeks at San José. Beale with us. Establish ourselves at Monterey. Carriage planned for travelling in California landed at Monterey from U. S. S. Fredonia. Through kindly forethought of Mr. Wm. Aspinwall packed with brooms, willow-baskets and small household gear which made welcome presents to Mrs. General Riley, Mrs. General Canby and other ladies who had been kind to Mrs. Frémont. Sonorians finish their work on Mariposas. Their extraordinary honesty in division of gold. Appointed by President Taylor Commissioner to run the boundary line with Mexico.—CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION. Strength of influence in favor of making it a slave State. Against all opposition made a free State. Beale, Lippincott, Stevenson. Caleb Lyons. Sheep in barouche—parchment. Knight's "contempted gold."

Winter of 1849.

Elected Senator from California. On first ballot. We embark January 1st from Monterey for Washington. Pleasant stop at Mazatlan on way down the coast. Courtesy of English man-of-war. Detained a month in Panama by dangerous illness of Mrs. Frémont. I get Panama fever.

Summer of 1850.

Home again with Senator Benton. Letter to the Philadelphia Pacific Railroad Convention. Received a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society, the "Founders Medal for distinguished services rendered to geographical science"—transmitted through our Minister at London, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State.—Debates on admission of California. Opposition. Mr. Webster's "narrow strip." State admitted. Senator Gwin draws long term. I the short one. Introduce various bills protecting California interests. Received the great gold medal "for progress in the sciences" from the King of Prussia with a letter from Humboldt—transmitted through the Prussian Minister to Washington, Baron von Gerolt. Return to California. Remain. Disabled by effects of Panama fever.

1851.

At work developing Mariposas.

1852.

In London on Mariposas mining business. Interesting acquaintance and intercourse with eminent persons. Presented at court. Meet the Duke of Wellington. Am included by him among guests for his birthday dinner with the Baroness Burdette-Contts. Sir Roderick Murchison and Royal Geographical Society. Visit Woolwich and the vessels for the Polar expedition just starting to search for Sir John Franklin. Friendly attentions of Mr. Abbott Lawrence, our Minister to England. Am arrested for California war-debt by an English firm. Bail given by Mr. George Peabody. Speech of Senator Gwin in U. S. Senate on learning this. Immediate action of Congress to pay the debt.

1852-53.

A year of rest in Paris. Important political events. France a Republic. Empire declared. Feeling of republican leaders. Poussin, ex-Minister to Washington. Interesting personages of old French society. The new phase. Meet Captain Cathcart at ball at the Tuileries.

1853-54.

Return to Washington. Arrange for fifth and last expedition. Another attempt to determine practicability for railroads through mountain regions in winter. This like that of '48 at private cost. Not connected with those made by Government at this time.—Organize party as usual on Missouri frontier. Instruments selected in Paris. Daguerreotype and photographic apparatus in New York. Carvalho artist. Party of thirty. Godey again, and Delawares. Egloffstein as topographer. Preuss' fate. Make start in late fall. Taken seriously ill. Direct party to proceed to Solomon's Fork of the Kansas, within the buffalo range, and wait for me. Return to Saint Louis for medical care. Mrs. Frémont joins me at Saint Louis and accompanies me as far as the frontier. Leave frontier to rejoin party. "I find a wet saddle no longer makes a good pillow." Up the Kansas. Hospitable reception at the Catholic Mission of Saint Mary's. Supply of fresh provisions. Find party at rendezvous. Among the buffalo. Cheyenne Indian village on the Arkansas. Return of the Cheyenne war-party. Scalp dance. Bent's Fort. Route up the Huerfano River. Cross the Sierra Mojada. San Luis Valley, many deer. Cross the Sierra Blanca range at the Cochetope Pass. Defiles of West Rocky Mountains. Grand River Valley. Starvation again. Plenty of snow and no game.—

The OBELISKS.—*Cache* our baggage. Men and animals weak. I give out on mountain-side—first time in all my journeying. Weakness temporary. Death of Fuller. Reach Mormon settlement of Parawan. Friendly treatment and kindness of Mormon families. Leave Parawan to cross southern part of Great Basin. The Bishop offers company of men as escort. Take only two volunteer guides for our first three days. One of them the Bishop's son. Enter California by pass at "*Point of the Mountain*." Give to river leading into the valley (San Joaquin) the name of Kern. Belt and Stone. Offer me hospitalities and money. Invited to his ranch by Judge Belt to recruit party. Fine litter of black pigs. "Where are the pigs?" "Look inside your Delawares for them." Reach San Francisco. Disband party and return to Washington by way of Panama.

Summer of '54.

Congress pays for cattle I had supplied to Indians in '50. Mr. Orr of South Carolina Chairman Committee, his unusual attention to duty. President Pierce. Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky. Their friendly conduct. Return to San Francisco in August by way of Panama.

1854-55.

At work on the Mariposas. Title to Mariposas confirmed February, '55, after eight years' litigation with State and General Government. Résumé of litigation. Paid heavy fees and mortgage. Called to Washington by illness of Mrs. Frémont. Summer at Nantucket. Both Democratic and Republican leaders offer nomination for the Presidency. Democratic leaders require maintaining the Fugitive Slave Law. Decision made at Nantucket.

1856.

Nominated at Philadelphia June 18, 1856, by first Republican Convention. Also later in June by National American Convention then in session in New York. Large support from Democrats. New York State especially. Presidential campaign. Clashing opinions of leaders. Decide for myself. Vote of Pennsylvania. Judge Black's opinion.

1857-58-59-60.

Chiefly on the Mariposas. Build short railway connecting mines and Merced River. Descend 1,400 feet in four miles. Road built in fourteen days. Open roads, develop mines.

bring estate into fine paying order. Visit from Horace Greeley. Purchase Black Point, or Point San José, in San Francisco, for Mrs. Frémont. Letter from Francis P. Blair, Sr., urging my influence with my friends in favor of Lincoln. Write accordingly. Cross of the Order of Merit conferred on me by the King of Prussia to fill vacancy made in the Order by the death of Macaulay. Transmitted through Baron von Gerolt, Prussian Minister to Washington. Government takes possession of Alcatraz Island.

1861.

Leave family at residence on Black Point and start January 1st for England on Mariposas business. Attack on Sumter. Offer services to the Government. Congress passes an Act creating four Major-Generals in the Regular Army. Under this Act were appointed McClellan, Frémont, Halleck, and Wool, to rank accordingly. Make arrangements in England and France for purchase of arms for the Government. Leave Mariposas interests in charge of counsel. Return and report to President Lincoln. Council of war preceding battle of Bull Run, the President presiding. General Scott, General McDowell, myself and other officers. Department of the West created. Am assigned to command it. Limits of Department. "With Illinois, all the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico."—Take leave of the President. No instructions given me. President says he gives me "*carte blanche*,"—Postmaster-General Blair advises me "to cut the wires." Meet Governor Yates of Illinois. Sets out unprepared state of the West. Return to New York with Major Hagner to aid me in gathering arms from various arsenals. Succeed in gathering enough for 23,000 men. Telegraph to General Scott for instructions and permission to take the field at once. Replies granting permission, but has no instructions to give. Start for the West. Rumor of defeat at Bull Run met at Philadelphia. Confirmed at Altoona. Reach Saint Louis July 25th. Assume command. The Department as I found it. Missouri a rebel State. Local government in confusion. Saint Louis a rebel city. Enlistment of three months men expiring. Troops in service unpaid. Badly equipped and badly supplied. Confederate Army of nearly 50,000 men already on southern frontier. Bird's Point, Cape Girardeau, Ironton, Rolla, and Saint Louis endangered. Arms collected by me in New York diverted to

Virginia. Want of arms and money chief difficulties. No lack of men. Splendid loyalty and enthusiasm of the West. Noble unanimity of the Germans. Descent of the Mississippi main object. Army to be raised and organized. When ready, to notify President. Command then to be extended over Kentucky and left bank Mississippi.

AUG. 1.—I go personally to Cairo, with flotilla and reinforcements.

AUG. 10.—Defeat and death of General Lyon. Occupied in procuring arms for troops. Missouri put in condition of defence. Girardeau, Ironton, Rolla, Jefferson City, and Saint Louis fortified. Forts at Saint Louis planned to command the city itself as well as its approaches.

AUG. 25.—Expedition under Colonel Wagner ordered with one regiment to destroy fortifications begun at Belmont.

AUG. 25.—Commander Rogers notified of this expedition. Directed to accompany with two gunboats.

AUG. 28.—General Grant assigned command of South-east Missouri. Headquarters Cairo. Receives his instructions. Goes to Girardeau.

AUG. 28.—General Grant directed to act in concert with Colonel Wagner and Commander Rogers to take possession of points threatened by rebels on Kentucky shore.

AUG. 31.—Captain Neustader ordered to examine and select site for battery to command Paducah and mouth of the Tennessee.

AUG. 31.—Freedom of slaves proclaimed. Martial law proclaimed. Proclamation of Freedom countermanded by President Lincoln. Martial law maintained until close of war.

SEPT. 4.—Send heavy guns and artillery officer to General Grant at Cairo. Instruct him to place guns on Kentucky shore at point selected under my directions August 29. Also to send over adequate force to protect them.

SEPT. 4.—General Grant leaves Girardeau and assumes command at Cairo.

SEPT. 5.—I telegraph the President asking my command be extended now to include Kentucky. Inform him Paducah should be occupied if possible—that enemy begin to occupy on Kentucky side every good place between Paducah and Hickman.

SEPT. 5.—Letter of instructions to General Grant to "push forward with utmost speed" all work on point selected on Kentucky shore ten miles from Paducah to be called Fort Holt. Also, "if you feel strong enough to take possession of Paducah." "If not, then opposite Pa-

ducah on Illinois side and plant battery to command Ohio River and mouth of the Tennessee."

SEPT. 5.—My scout, on his way to me from Kentucky, informs General Grant enemy advancing on Paducah. General Grant acts immediately. Takes possession of Paducah morning of 6th. Returns same day leaving garrison and gunboats to hold it.

SEPT. 6.—In answer to my urgent and repeated applications for him, General C. F. Smith arrives from Washington. The President had made him Brigadier-General at my special request. I assign him at once to command at Paducah and the Kentucky shore of the Mississippi River. Letter of instructions furnished him which acquaints him with all previous measures taken to hold Kentucky shore and mouth of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. Inform him of rebel advance on Paducah, and of General Grant's movement the previous night with gunboats and an adequate force for the mouth of the Tennessee and Paducah. General Smith leaves at midnight on the 6th on an engine, for Cairo.

SEPT. 8.—Letter to the President with detailed plan of campaign. Movements indicated in this plan afterward used, but not credited to me.

Begin to feel effects of the withdrawal of the confidence and support of the Government. Secret machinations. Emissaries from Washington sent in to my department to report against me. Notwithstanding open and secret measures to paralyze my efforts, I succeed in organizing and arming a sufficient force to meet General Price in South-western Missouri. March against him. Reach Springfield. Troops in an enthusiastic condition. A splendid body of men animated by genuine patriotism. Zagonyi's brilliant charge. Eve of battle. Receive order when in face of the enemy to turn over my command to General Hunter. Purporting to be from General Scott. Singular informality in order. General Scott had already retired "on account of infirmities," and General McClellan was Commander-in-chief. Officers assemble at my headquarters and urge movement on Price. His advance being within fifteen miles. Take leave of army in general order and leave Springfield for Saint Louis November 2d. Before reaching Sedalia receive telegraphic order from General McClellan, Commander-in-chief of the armies, directing me to report to him my movements in the field. Arrival in Saint Louis. Enthusiastic reception from the Germans. Directed to turn over Department to General Halleck. History of subsequent events shows that my dispositions in Missouri secured

the North-western States from invasion by Confederates and blocked their plan in the Mississippi Valley. Reception in Cincinnati. Remain in New York until January.

1862.

Summoned before Congressional Committee on Conduct of the War at Washington. Committee report that "the administration of General Fremont was eminently characterized by earnestness, ability, and most unquestionable loyalty," and that "he rightly judged in regard to the most effective means of subduing this rebellion." Splendid sword of honor presented by the Germans of the West. Ordered to command of "Mountain Department." Stonewall Jackson's invasion. Am ordered by the President to leave my Department and cut off his retreat. Forced marches. Unprepared troops, Blenker's division without shoes. Night march in heavy rain across mountain. Strike Jackson's column at Strasburg. Junction of General McDowell promised by President. Not made. Running fight of seven days. Hard fighting at Harrisonburg. "Bucktails." Death of General Ashby. President telegraphs June 9th, "Halt at Harrisonburg, pursuing Jackson no further." Overtake Jackson's main force. Battle of Cross Keys June 8th. Junction promised here by General Shields not made. Jackson crosses Shenandoah and burns bridge. President telegraphs June 12th, "Many thanks to yourself, officers, and men, for the gallant battle of last Sunday." June 26th ordered to place my own corps and those with me under Major-General Pope. Conduct of General Pope while under me in Missouri caused me to ask to be relieved from the duty to which I had been assigned under him. My request complied with. Ordered to proceed to New York "to wait further orders." Applied repeatedly for active duty. Constantly promised. Never given.

1863.

Turn attention to private affairs. Mariposas estate sold. Debt upon it of \$1,800,000 (eighteen hundred thousand dollars) paid. I recur to the building of a Pacific railroad. Purchase franchises and assets of the Kansas Pacific Railroad.

1864.

Presidential campaign. Lincoln and McClellan nominated. Public movement against administration. War-governors, editors, leading men. I am nominated at Cleveland to represent this feeling. Resign my commission of Major-

General in the regular army. Committee to represent administration and Republican party sent to me at New York. Urges withdrawal in favor of Lincoln. His defeat otherwise inevitable. Offered terms and patronage. I decline both, but withdraw to save the party. Letter from Committee recognizing "the vital service" rendered.

1865.

San Juan (Oregon) boundary question. Turns on my map published by order of the Senate in 1848. Settled upon my letter of explanation. Present Emperor of Germany arbitrator.

1865-1873.

Pacific railways. Follow substantially the lines and passes laid down in my examination of routes to the Pacific—Union Pacific, Central Pacific—Southern Pacific, and San Francisco and Pacific Railway. Interesting foreign travel. Contract to build Memphis, El Paso Railroad under a grant from Texas. Bonds based on land grant from Texas sold in Paris. Mistake of French agents represent guaranteed by United States. Difficulties ensuing. These used and envenomed by railroads interested adversely. Brought before Senate Committee Pacific R. R. Senate debate June 21, 1870. My action and connection with proceedings in France vindicated by unanimous vote of Senate. Honoring speeches by Senators Trumbull, Camcron, Nyc,

and Sumner. Proceedings instigated in Paris against the company. Myself not notified by French court to appear, but condemned by default for not appearing.

1873-78.

The road solvent, but a receiver, Mr. John A. C. Gray, appointed by New York courts. Years of litigation. March 1, 1878, receiver executes to me a full release. Accompanied by a letter, March 2, 1878, *** "I deem it fair to say that throughout the long and careful scrutiny which I have made into the affairs of the company I have found no proof that would sustain the charges brought against you." *** "Your condemnation was *in contumacion*, or for non-appearance, and was not, as I understand it, a judgment on the merits or on the facts."

1878.

Am appointed Governor of Arizona Territory. Confirmed by Senate. Public dinner from Pioneer Society of New York before starting. Gratifying evidences of friendly feeling on overland journey. Chicago. Omaha. Public reception by Pioneer Association of California at San Francisco. Hearty welcome of the citizens. Los Angeles. Camping-out journey from Yuma to Prescott. Kind reception by the citizens, and ball of welcome. Incidents of residence in Arizona. Resign in '81.



JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PLATES.

BY JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.

IN 1853 we were living in Paris, where Mr. Frémont was having his first leisure and rest, and his plan was repose and congenial study for a year or more longer, when there came from my father the information that Congress had ordered three lines to be surveyed with a view to select the best for overland travel and ultimately a railway: that it had been intended that he, Mr. Frémont, should lead one, but as Congress had not inserted any name in the bill, the then Secretary of War, Mr. Jefferson Davis, had not named Mr. Frémont to any of the three. Captain Gunnison, who had been given the command of the line of surveys intended for Mr. Frémont, was killed by the Indians in the earlier part of his work.

Of the four journeys of exploration already made by Mr. Frémont, three had been under orders of the Government, and one, that of 1848-49, was at his own cost. Finding himself omitted from this culminating work which was based on his own labors, Mr. Frémont organized and made a fifth journey at his own expense.

The instruments were selected in Paris, and on the way through London to his steamer at Liverpool, he found the just published volume of *Cosmos*, in which Humboldt, speaking of photography, hopes it will be applied in travel, as securing "the truth in Nature." In New York the daguerre apparatus was bought, and a good artist secured, Mr. Carvalho. And though new conditions and difficulties made many embarrassments, yet almost all the plates were beautifully clear, and realized the wish of Humboldt for "truth in representing nature." These plates were afterward made into photographs by Brady in New York. Their long journeying by mule through storms and snows across the Sierras, then

the searching tropical damp of the sea voyage back across the Isthmus, left them unharmed and surprisingly clear, and, so far as is known, give the first connected series of views by daguerre of an unknown country, in pictures as truthful as they are beautiful.

During the winter of '55-'56 Mr. Frémont worked constantly at Mr. Brady's studio aiding to fix these daguerre pictures in their more permanent form of photographs. Then at our own house I made a studio of the north drawing-room, where a large bayed window gave the proper light. Here for some months Hamilton worked on these views, reproducing many in oil; he was a pupil of Turner and had great joy in the true cloud effects as well as in the stern mountains and castellated rock formations. The engravings on wood were also made under our home supervision; by an artist young then, a namesake and grandson of Frank Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." From these artists their work was passed to artist-engravers of the best school of their art. Darley also contributed his talent. Some pictures he enlarged into india-ink sketches, and from his hand came the figures in many of the plates. This work progressed through the busy year to us of 1856.

Mr. George Childs, of Philadelphia, was to bring out the journals of the various expeditions as a companion book of American travel to the Arctic journeys of Dr. Kane, then being published by the same house. The year of '56 gave no leisure however for writing; what could be done without too much demand on Mr. Frémont was carried forward, but he alone could write and that was no time for looking back. Private affairs had been so much interfered with and necessarily deranged by the Presidential campaign, that the work proposed to be written and published was unavoidably delayed, and the contract finally cancelled; Mr. Frémont reimbursing Mr. Childs for all the expenditures made in preparation. The time for writing did not seem to come. Private affairs in California, then our war, and again private business until now. During these thirty years the boxes containing the material for this book were so carefully guarded by me, that all understood they must be saved first in case of fire. When we were leaving for Arizona in '78 the boxes containing the steel plates and wood blocks were placed in Morrell's "Fire-Proof" warehouse, which was destroyed by fire in October of '81. We lost much that was stored in that warehouse, choice books, pictures, and other treasured things, but these materials for the book we had had placed for greater security in the safes below the pavement, where the great fire passed over them and left them completely unharmed.

My father's portrait is another of the illustrations which have gone through the ordeal by fire. When his house here was burned in February of '52, the day chanced to be so cold that the water froze in the hose.

There was no adequate water supply, or good appliances for fire here then, and the firemen could only look on, powerless. Both Houses of Congress had adjourned immediately on hearing of the fire, and a vast throng surrounded the doomed house. My father felt their sympathy, but the volumes of suffocating smoke drove back all who tried to enter, when there came a young friend, our neighbor, and son of an old friend and neighbor, Mr. Frank Key (of "The Star-Spangled Banner"), and in spite of warning cries he plunged into the smoke and fire to save for my father the portrait of my mother, which he thought was in her former room.

When he was seen at a front window a great shout of relief rose. Dropping the picture to outstretched arms he climbed to the lintel of the hospitable door no one was ever to pass again and helping hands and roaring shouts greeted him—singed, scorched, but his eyes alight with joy to have saved the home face to my father. It was a mistake, for the portrait was that of my father in his younger day. It was the one only thing saved from all that house so full of accumulated household treasures from both my mother's and my father's lives and belongings. The library, his own, and his father's, with the great folios of English state trials from which he began to read law and history with his mother, was the keenest felt loss. Many precious private papers were burned, and nearly half the manuscript of the second volume of the *Thirty Years' View*.

My house was near and my father came to me. Neither of us had slept but he made me lie down and we had talked together as only those who love one another can talk after a calamity. This portrait stood on a dressing table, and we spoke of Barton Key's tender thought and brave effort to save for him what he would most value, and the pity of the mistake. "It is well," my father said, "there is less to leave now—this has made death more easy. *You* will have this picture of me."

I felt the undertone; but never knew until his life was ended that even then he was observing and recording for the guidance of his physician, symptoms which from the first he thought foretold cancer. So wonderful was his calm endurance that Dr. Hall and Dr. May each thought it might be another cause and that an operation might restore his health. For a time it did give relief. Then the disease re-asserted itself. With the certainty now, with the fierce pain eating away his life, my father rewrote the burned manuscript and completed his work. He had exacted silence from his physicians because "my daughters are all young mothers, and must not be subject to the prolonged distress of knowing my condition hopeless."

The last likeness, taken by Brady for me in New York in '57, shows the same energy, will, and directness, but all softened by time and the influence

of a mind constantly enlarging and therefore constantly freeing itself from personal views. And the constant exercise of kindness and protection, so marked in my father's nature and habits, have left a stamp of benignity which proves the tender inner nature lying deeper and stronger than that more commonly known which made his public record of defiant and aggressive leadership, and gives the complete man who was so loved by his friends and family.

The portrait of Mr. Jefferson is from an excellent copy of the original by Stuart, belonging to Mrs. John W. Burke, of Alexandria, Virginia; the great-granddaughter of Jefferson, and daughter of Mr. Nicholas Trist, the intimate friend of Jackson. Through another of Jefferson's immediate descendants, Miss Sarah Randolph, who wrote the beautiful "*Domestic Life of Jefferson*," I am indebted for knowledge of this portrait and the introduction to Mrs. Burke who has so kindly let me use it.

The head of Napoleon is from a collection of authentic Bonaparte souvenirs, a part of which was bequeathed to me by the Count de la Garde, a French gentleman who had made his collection in Paris from the days of the first Consulate. He was already a man of advanced age when we first knew him there in '52. His father was a member of the last Cabinet of Louis the 16th, and, as a boy of ten, he had seen the opening of the great revolution. In 1804 Bonaparte restored to him the remainder of their family estates, and gratitude was added to the sincere admiration he felt for the master-mind that had brought France to order from anarchy. There was also a previous link of intermarriage which connected his family with that of the Beauharnais, and brought friendly intimacy between Prince Eugène, Queen Hortense, and himself. From among his rich collection he made up for me an Album of Souvenirs of this historical family, with many autograph letters and various portraits at different epochs of Napoleon, Josephine, Hortense, and her brother Eugène and others. The portrait here given is of Napoleon as First Consul, date 1804.

The Count de la Garde died in 1861, and it shows how little the most cultivated continental foreigners comprehended our people, when even this charmingly intelligent man provided in his will "that, should the unhappy conditions of the country and disorders arising from revolution make it impossible to trace the Frémont family within a year," then my Album was to go to the Emperor (Napoleon III.), to whom he left all the rest of his Bonaparte collection.

Of course I received at once at my home in New York the letter of the Executor, and there should have been no delay in the bequest being sent to me there after my answer reached Paris.

In place of the Album however came a letter from the Executor, saying the Emperor wished to keep unbroken all souvenirs of his mother, and would

like to have also what the Count de la Garde had intended for me. That naturally they were of less interest to me, and that in any matter of personal interest to myself "*auprès de votre gouvernement*" the Emperor would lend his aid.

Although I repeated my request for the Album it did not come. The silence made me uneasy. I thought of the simple business American plan of asking at Wells and Fargo's Express if they could not get it on my order as a parcel; explaining the matter and showing them the correspondence. They agreed with me that a quick, silent move which was a business transaction could not be interfered with. And in that way my Album was at once secured, and brought to me. But the year of delay which was to make it lapse to the Emperor was nearly complete.

Other portraits, belonging with events, and given us for this use, will be further spoken of in the book.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
SENATOR BENTON,

IN CONNECTION WITH WESTERN EXPANSION.

BY JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.

WHEN, in the opening of the war of 1812, my Father, under General Jackson, marched from Nashville to defend the lower Mississippi, he made two discoveries which gave new form to his own life and largely moulded the fate of our Western country to its ocean boundary.

The first, on which depended the other, was, that it lay within the power of his own will to regain health and live ; the other, that until then his mind had been one-sided, and that there was a West as well as an East to our country. This march revealed to him the immense possibilities and future power of the then recent "Louisiana purchase ;" and his mind gained the needed balance against the exclusively English and seaboard influences to which he had been born and in which he had been trained.

Quick to see and to foresee, and equally steadfast in living up to his convictions, his decision was made then ; to leave inherited lands, family friends, and an already brilliant position in the law, and devote himself to the new West. To its imperial river—the Father of Floods—he became captive, and to it and the lands it drained he gave life-long, faithful, and accumulating service and homage. My father was so proudly and thoroughly American that his departure from all the influences that had created and until then governed his thoughts shows the power of innate force against inherited and educated influence.

Born of English parentage on the English seaboard ; brought up in English and intensely colonial-royalist surroundings ; trained by a scholarly

Englishman to English thought and aims ; and with his profession of the law keeping his mind down to a habit of deference to precedent and safe usage, my father had reached his thirtieth year before he discovered himself. With the great river and his instinct of what the West must become, came to him the resolve which governed all his after life ; and, by the happy chance which made me the connecting link, this resolve was continued and expanded through that of Mr. Frémont. And so the two lives became one in the work of opening out our Western country to emigration and secure settlement, and in the further acquisition of Pacific territory which " gives us from sea to sea the whole temperate zone," and brings to our Pacific ports, across our continent, that long-contested-for India trade.

In the Park at Saint Louis stands a bronze statue of my father, and upon its pedestal, below the hand which points WEST, are his prophetic words :

" THERE IS THE EAST ;
THERE LIES THE ROAD TO INDIA ; "

words which, when spoken by him, had made men smile significantly to one another ; too much dwelling on this idea had—they thought—warped his mind. " They who listened said, This man is mad ; now they asked, Hath he a God ? "

Anyone can grasp prepared results. The mind that can see, prepare, and concentrate chaotic and antagonistic conditions, so that a great result becomes inevitable, is rarely the one to wear the laurels of completed success. Moses led the children of Israel to the Promised land, but he did not enter there and rest. The heat and burden of the day were for him ; the fruit was for those whose doubts and discords had made his heaviest burden.

It is the formation phase of this western expansion of our country, of much that shaped our present national greatness, of which I am able to tell from my own home knowledge—what one might name the fireside history of the great West.

It is only in connection with this side of his long useful public life that I here speak of my father ; but to appreciate his departure from all that had governed his thought and action before he gave in his adhesion to the West, it is needed to know what were those restraining influences from which his own far-sighted mind, and his own will, lifted him into the higher and broader outlook for our future as a completed nation.

His father, English and of reserved and scholarly nature, was out of his element in the new Republic, having come to it from his student-life as private secretary to Governor Tryon, the last of the royal governors of North Carolina. His natural preference was for settled usages and a life confined

to his family and his cherished library. This was in five languages, and he was at home in all five, Greek and Latin and French and Spanish; while the English portion was rich in fine editions of the best works. Shakspeare, Don Quixote, and Madame de Sevigné we read in the originals as my grandfather and father had, from this treasure for a new country.

Governor Tryon had also brought over in his suite a chaplain, a man of high character and of the same cultivated mind as my grandfather. In the increasing and angry agitation of the coming separation from the mother-country, these two men, already close friends, found in each other increasing harmony of feeling and mutual support. It soon came to be the strongest earthly support to my grandfather.

He had married into another English family of colonial governors, as my grandmother, Anne Gooch, was the only child of a younger brother of Sir William Gooch, who replaced Lord Dunmore as deputy-governor in his absence from his post in Virginia. New York had a more "loyal" atmosphere than Richmond, and both Lord Dunmore and Governor Tryon were chiefly there during the closing period of English rule. Their official families bore for them the brunt of the rising storm, and, like true men, became only the more devoted to their country, for which they suffered.

With the end of colonial rule came the end of scholarly rest and seclusion for my grandfather. The need for larger provision for many young children turned him westward, and leaving them in their North Carolina home, he led a surveying party of sixteen men, the first to make surveys in Kentucky.

Already his health was giving way under the inroads of pulmonary disease, which at that date was accepted as a death-sentence, and submitted to as inevitable. Doubtless the survey-work in the open air, the change of thoughts, and a new aim in life gained for him a reprieve, and he persevered until he had secured large landed property, but soon after his return to North Carolina died there, asking of his faithful friend, the chaplain, that overlooking care for his family which he could no longer give them. And faithfully was this charge kept.

It is from my father himself that I know what followed.

He was but eight years of age then, and there were six other children. He had not seen his mother during her long illness after his father's death, and when at length he was taken in to her he was struck with awe and terror. In place of the young mother he knew, with bright brown hair crowning her stately head, and health and animation lighting her blue eyes, he saw a thin, white-faced, white-haired woman, who put his hand on that of a baby-girl, and told him that he was now the head of the family, the eldest son, and must be her help in taking care of the others.

"When I came out I rushed into the grove, and there, with cries and tears, *I made war on myself* until I could accept that ghost in place of my own mother."

There the chaplain found him. He had looked for him there, I am sure. Knowing the boy's vitality, his strong affections, and his powerful, self-reliant will, he must have felt that it was only to Nature he would turn in this his first contest with the inevitable.

Coming back from chapel the Sunday following this memorable day, the chaplain led him by the hand through the grove, and taking a little Greek Testament from his pocket, read to him a verse, making him repeat it correctly as he pronounced it after him, then giving him the meaning, and so continuing the oral lesson until they neared the house. It was the Sermon on the Mount, and his first lesson in Greek was the blessing on "they that mourn," with its promise that "they shall be comforted."

These lessons in Greek, and in Latin also, were continued faithfully by the true friend. Fair instruction, of the ordinary kind, was given him at a good college school; but his true education was from the chaplain, from his mother, and through the fine library of his father. From its great folios of "English State Trials" my father had his first law lessons, his mother interesting him in them by choosing the narrative portions, and giving him the needed links of information, then drawing from him his impressions in discussion on the readings. The wise mother made these readings a reward, and prevented any undue influence of such large ideas by encouraging the wholesome out-door life which the four brothers, with horse, dog, and gun, made for themselves.

The moulding influence of this uncommon woman was too life-long and ennobling for her to be omitted from a just account of my father. From her example and her teaching he was trained to industry, to truth, courage, and justice—a good woman's sense of justice, which includes mercy; which causes justice to be thorough by making action follow conviction;—to that moral courage which sustains and defends conviction; above all to the succor and protection of the weak and oppressed. Those who know my father's public life will recognize these underlying forces.

In the brief memoranda for a biographical notice made by himself when nearing his certain and painful death; in recalling what then seemed best worth recording, there comes first the grateful tribute to his Mother. Then, the fact that, when in the Legislature of Tennessee, he had been the author of "*a humane law*, still on her statute-books, giving to slaves the full benefit of jury trial which was the right of white men under the same accusation." This originated in the case of a slave-woman accused of murder, for whom he volunteered as counsel, and defended her successfully on arguments which Maudsly has put in use to-day.

In his young time, in a Southern country, this was a brave outcome of the active sense of justice which a woman had taught him to feel for all women, even those "despised of men."

When he was sixteen they removed to Tennessee, to their large landed property near Nashville, which the father's forethought had secured for his young family. There they commenced cotton-planting. My Father and his three brothers, with the head-negroes, went out one fine night to make a final survey of the ripened crop which lay white and beautiful in the moonlight. The next day found it blackened by frost, and with it withered all the plans founded on its sale. This decided my Father against planting, as "a pursuit of which he could not influence the results."

And he turned to the study of law, keeping at the same time an active supervision of the estate, the family, and the safety of their little colony. For from the southern border of "the Widow Benton's estate," through to the Gulf of Mexico, was unbroken and warlike Indian territory. And leading directly through their lands was the war-trail of neighboring Indian tribes.

He was admitted early to practice, and soon had the friendship of General Jackson among other important settlers. Later, when a member of the General Assembly of the State, he was the author of the Judicial Reform Act, by which the administration of justice was relieved of much delay, expense, and inconvenience to all concerned. This too, came from the home readings and discussions, and was an effort to combine justice with law.

Then came the war of 1812, when, enlisting under Jackson who was major-general of the Tennessee militia, he made the march to the defence of the lower Mississippi which was to radically alter his plan of life, and lead to great good for our whole country.

Doubtless, in leaving North Carolina, his mother had had fresh grief in parting from all the visible memories of her happy time. But she was not of the women who vainly look back, or make their lament aloud; the one blow that struck the color from her life, as from her hair, killed all personal interest in living; leaving her only for duty and protecting love for her children. This, and the many cares of a Southern household of old days, the newer conditions of the large estate, and the obligations of neighborhood in a new country, she was faithful to.

But there came a time when her love and protection could not avail her children. They all grew up apparently full of health and fine promise; but five of the eight died, as their father had died, of rapid consumption. "The Grave of the Three Sisters" is still a known landmark near Nashville, although a great tree has grown up in the enclosure, and partly uprooted!

its stone walls and the family grave-stones ; the burial-place of their slaves—hard-by, as was the custom—remains comparatively undisturbed.

When my father found himself on the same sad downward road—when constant fever, the hacking cough, and restless nights and days without energy admonished him that his turn had come, he felt despair. “ If it had been a battle I would have had a chance, or even in a desperate duel, but for this there was no chance. All was fixed and inevitable.”

The war coming then he hailed the occasion to end his life in action rather than in the slow progress of a fatal illness.

As we have seen in our late war, whole neighborhoods of young men went out together, and distinctions of private and officer were only used when on duty. “ Sam ” Houston was a corporal in the regiment of which my father was colonel, and when they were in the Senate together the ex-President of Texas often signed himself “ *Your friend and old sub-altern.*”

Some of the young men were not so practised in walking as my Father, and he lent them his horses, himself going on foot. Of course they carried but little baggage, and he supplied the want of fresh clothing by constant baths in the running waters of streams by the way, drying the skin in sunshine. This, with the abundant exercise which opened the pores and threw off fevered conditions, the sleep in open air, the simple regular food, all combined to bring about such changes that hope came to him. His own observations taught him how to follow up these indications of possible health ; and, in brief, seventy years ago my father found for himself the way out of inherited conditions of pulmonary disease by the same means so successfully ordered in our present time—open air, night and day ; abundant perspiration from steady exercise ; bathing and rubbing, always if possible in sunshine ; always, all the sunshine possible ; simple food regularly taken ; and “ *to forget yourself in some pursuit.*”

All his life my father needed to keep as close to these rules as circumstances permitted. The continued use of his voice in speaking in public was prepared for by silence for days previous and was almost sure to be followed by flecks of blood from the throat, but his self-control gained him the superb health which was so great a factor in his usefulness.

The English did not come so soon as they were looked for, and when General Jackson returned to Tennessee my father applied for active service, and was commissioned by President Madison a Lieutenant-Colonel of the regular army (39th Infantry) and was sent to Canada on his first duty.

What he saw there of the antagonism of French and English added to his interest in the people of the “ Louisiana purchase,” whose French settlers were both grieved and angered by their abrupt transfer to their traditional enemy ; for they cared little about other differences where lan-



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THOMAS H. BENTON.

guage, laws, and religion were those they were accustomed to hate as "English."

When peace was declared my father resigned from the army and established his new home at Saint Louis. There was no further change. The winter home was in Washington, where his thirty years in the Senate made a home of our own a necessity. But my grandmother remained at the Saint Louis house always; with her own old servants and some young grandchildren—children of another son whose health could not brave the Saint Louis winters—beautiful and unusually fine children who gave young life about the house before our day, and of whom one has always been like a dear elder sister. When I was in England in '51, my father in writing to me of the death of my only brother, says—"Your cousin Sarah has been constantly with us. Her face, always lovely to me, has been that of an angel."

While in the army my father made the friendship with General James Preston of Virginia which led to what he held to be the crowning good fortune of his life—his marriage to my mother, who was the niece of General Preston. It was his singular good fortune to have both in his mother and his wife friends and sharers in his largest ideas, while every soothing charm of a well-ordered home came as second nature from my mother's influence. To him home brought the strength of peace and repose, and he never suffered the outside public atmosphere of strife to enter there.

"Peace and honor charmed the air."

And in its warmth long-closed memories bloomed anew. Some trouble in tuning a guitar was making one of my sisters impatient, "Bring it to me," spoke my father from his table covered with books and work. We looked on while with strong but light and skilful touch he turned the pegs, and tuned it perfectly, trying a few chords. The sight of "Father playing the guitar" made an outcry from the youngest, but we elder girls felt we must not speak; when he himself, handing it back, and doubtless seeing some pitying tenderness of look in us, said gently—"I often tuned their guitar for my sisters, and sang with them"—and to one of us, "*You* are like the youngest." Of his brothers we had had many and many a hunting story, and knew their dogs by name, and the gray horse which must have had a troubled life among them, but of the sisters this was all he ever said. But we knew they made the hidden source of his unfailing gentleness to all women. My grandmother lived to past eighty, in fullest clearness of mind sharing and aiding her son's life; and except for his needed absences in Washington they had no separations. They rest together near Saint Louis by the Great River—mother and son—and around them are their children to the third and fourth generations.

Saint Louis was in 1817, when my father established himself there, only a village in numbers, but it had a large and stirring life and great interests which found their outlet and pathway to the sea down the Mississippi. It was like a port on the border of its vast dimly known Indian country, with its business extending deep into Mexico and through to Sonora and the Gulf of California; and across the Rocky Mountains into Oregon to the Pacific Ocean. The armed caravans of merchandise crossing this dangerland encountered not only the perils from savages intent on plunder, but the jealous capricious interferences of Spanish policy; while the small army of hunters and trappers and traders and *voyageurs* belonging with the American Fur Company had in addition to the Indians to meet the covert but powerful hostility of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, and consequent collision with English policy. The whole condition of loss to us and increasing gain and strength to England coming from the joint-occupation of the Columbia; the resulting loss of life and driving out of the American Fur trade; the increasing settlements of English subjects fostered by their government and encouraged to hold the land made the situation my father found governing Saint Louis.

Fresh from his military life he found himself confronting English aggression in another form. The little French town so far in the centre of our continent found itself direct heir to the duel of a century between England and France for the New World and the Asiatic trade, and, France having withdrawn, was meeting the added resentment of English feeling against her late subjects, who now replaced France in that contest. The few years intervening between his arrival among them and his being sent in 1821 to represent them as their first Senator, gave my father time to learn fully their interests, and the sources of information were unusual and each of the highest value.

The venerable General Clarke, who had under Jefferson first explored Oregon and the Columbia, was ending his days quietly but in large usefulness in Saint Louis. He was the chief Superintendent of all western Indians, a post in which his experience and high character gave the best results to the Indians as well as to our Government. Much of what now belongs with the Indian Bureau and Department of the Interior was thus in his control, even the making of treaties. General Clarke had married a connection of my mother's, and there was a family and neighborly intimacy between the two homes. All that one mind can take from that of another who has had the advantage of *seeing*, my father gathered from General Clarke in regard to his exploration. And of the evils growing out of the permitted joint-occupation; a permission fast growing into a right of possession, and already harassing and excluding American settlers.

The headquarters of the Fur Company were with the Chouteaus, an old French family who had come up from New Orleans for this business sixty years before, and remained there; overseeing, themselves and through younger branches, the ramified increasing business which enriched them and gave profitable employment to so many adventurous men. From these all—the heads of the House to the last arrived *voyageur*—my father eagerly and perseveringly gleaned information, and gained grounds for his maturing resolve to carry out Jefferson's plan of overland communication with the Asiatic countries, and to hold for ourselves the port on the Pacific which was its key; and for this to end the impossible condition of combined use of our Oregon territory. Mr. Jefferson had scorned this idea when applied to the Mississippi. He would not even refer to the Senate the treaty containing this provision. What would the English not have made of "*treaty-rights*" for "*free navigation of the Mississippi and access to it through the territories of the United States*" which was their renewed attempt at Ghent in 1814.

From the Père Marquette through to Father de Smet, the missionary priests of the Catholic Church had a great part in opening up our western Indian country, and creating centres of order and good influence wherever they founded their missions. The transfer of Louisiana had been followed by the watchful care of their Church, which did not abandon its Spanish and French people to the new conditions, but sent to them clergy of high dignity and governing minds who made for them new importance and enlarged advantages. Special attention was given to establishments for education. Bishop Du Bourg brought over five Sisters of the Sacred Heart from the famous mother-house in Paris where the daughters of royalty are sent for training. These ladies were of noble families, and their gentle, refined manners, their pure French and accomplishments, gave to the young girls of Saint Louis the same advantages they would have to-day at the Sacré-Cœur in Paris. My father, who comprehended the power of education and promoted it in all forms, was glad to use this rare advantage for his young niece. There was an odd reason for his constant pleasant intercourse with the Bishop aside from public causes.

Those about M. Du Bourg were, like himself, French. He needed to acquire fluent English for all uses, and for use from the pulpit. It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English—many never did so at all—" *Je suis Français de France et je parle ma langue*," they would say, ignoring the need for the other language and looking down with reprobation on their descendants born and living contentedly under "foreign" rule, and speaking English. The older people never reacted from the shock of anger and pain which came to them, as their simple annals record, "*on this 9th of July, 1803, at 7 p.m.,*" when they learned—

indirectly at first—that “Louisiana has been *sold* by Napoleon to the United States.”

To force himself into familiar practice the Bishop therefore secluded himself for a while with the family of an American farmer, where he would hear no French. Soon he had gained enough to announce a sermon in English, on some occasion of general interest which crowded the Cathedral. My father was there, and as among other languages the Chaplain had taught him a fastidious use of English, his feelings can be imagined when the polished, refined Bishop said to the hushed crowd :

“My friends: *I am right-down glad to see such a smart chance of folks here to-day.*”

What he thought to say was the paternal gentle “*Mes Amis*,” “I am profoundly happy to see here such an assemblage.”

To feel and to act were one thing with my father, and his offered assistance led to an intimacy in which he was as much the gainer in cultivated French as was the Bishop in equivalent English.

By this time my father's thoughts were all converging on the vital importance to our new possession of ridding it of English interference, and through the Bishop, also, he learned much bearing on his main idea. The missionary priests reported to the Bishop, and their experience swelled the evidence gained through the Fur Company and its employés, that the joint occupation of the Columbia was the virtual loss of that part of our territory; that our fur trade was already driven out; that American settlers were harassed—many killed—by Indians friendly with the Hudson Bay Company; and that our Government was giving no encouragement or protection to our people, while in every way fostering care was given to English settlers who were taking up the land.

What to do? “There is all the difference possible between the man who possesses his subject and the man who is possessed by it.”

My father became possessed by this Oregon question. He had that fire of devotion to an idea which transmutes the thought of many into united defined action, and his courage always rose with obstacles.

Oregon was far, unfamiliar, of no distinct interest to the East.

The one man who had foreseen and planned our ownership of its Pacific port, with the resulting gain of overland commerce from Asia peopling our waste lands and enriching the whole country, was not then in power. After his many years of extraordinary services Mr. Jefferson was ending his days in much care from fortune lost while serving his country and neglecting his own interests. To him, at his mountain home in Virginia, my father made a visit the Christmas of 1824; he felt it a pilgrimage. The commonplace topic of the bad roads was lifted by the mind of genius into a talk which became the link in a chain of national progress; a talk into

which there came an unconscious touch of pain which will find echo in American hearts as unworthy to have been inflicted on that noble mind. From the local road they came to speak of the need for national aid to roads for the spread of our people westward.

My father, having now the vantage-ground of the Senate, was endeavoring to get for those of his constituents whose business led them into Mexican trade as far as to the "Sea of Cortez" (the old name for the Gulf of California), a right of way in Mexico, and consequent protection by both republics. This was meeting opposition on the perennial objection of "creating a precedent." Mr. Jefferson said this objection would be disposed of by a similar road made in the closing year of his administration. He said there could be found in the Library of Congress a manuscript copy of this map bound up in a volume of maps, formerly his own.

"Formerly!" Could not the representatives of that people who owed so much to him have given him the pitiful price they paid for his library and left it with him, undisturbed, to console the few remaining years of his old age and poverty?

"The sympathies of the American people are instantaneous, and alive to any deeds of merit brought to their notice. But the conscience of the people of this country is not in their own keeping. It is a delegated conscience."

Mr. Jefferson's intention to secure for his country the Asiatic trade by an overland route across our continent so directly governed the three lives written of in this book that I give here to this point some detail, though nothing befitting his foresight and perseverance.

Before the American captain, Captain Gray of Boston, had actually found the mouth of the Columbia, in 1790, Jefferson, then our Minister to France, met in Paris the English traveller Ledyard, who was about to explore the Nile. Mr. Jefferson turned him from this to what both felt to be a fresher and more useful field of discovery. I have listened to such talks; and can fancy the fascination to the born explorer in listening to Jefferson's theory that the snow-clad Rocky Mountains, which shed their waters to the east in such a mighty stream as the Missouri, must have a corresponding water-shed and great river to the west. No explorer had trod its banks, no navigator found its mouth; but where Jefferson thought such a river should be, is the Columbia.

Jefferson obtained for Ledyard the passport which carried him to Saint Petersburg, where he received the permission of the Empress Catherine to traverse her dominions in a high northern latitude to their eastern extremity; then he would cross the sea from Khamschatka, or at Behring's Straits; and, descending the northwest coast of America, come down the river which they were certain must have its head opposite that of the Mis-

souri; ascend it to its source in the Rocky Mountains, and then follow the Missouri to the French settlements of the Upper Mississippi, thence home.

By what petty intrigue, or whose small mind overthrew such a grand plan we cannot know—very small causes aid to determine the fate of great events—but all the large thought of Jefferson, the enterprise of Ledyard, and the intelligent co-operation of the Empress Catherine were defeated when Ledyard, who had already reached Siberia, was overtaken by an order revoking his permission, and conducted back “as a spy” out of Russia.

The Nile exploration was resumed; to end in the early death of the enthusiastic young explorer.

When, as President he had the power, Mr. Jefferson renewed his plan, and projected the Expedition of Lewis and Clarke; and having obtained the consent of Congress, sent them to discover the head and course of the river, whose mouth was then known; giving to Congress in his message the reason that this would “*open overland commercial relations with Asia*”; and enlarge the boundaries of geographical science”—putting as the first motive a North-American road to India, and the introduction of Asiatic trade over that road. What proud emotion must have filled him when he secured from France our ownership of that vast “Louisiana purchase”—the mouth of the Columbia and the mouth of the Mississippi, and all the lands they drained throughout their mighty length! When in an English treaty a clause was inserted providing free navigation on the Mississippi and access through our territories to it President Jefferson would not even refer it to the Senate but suppressed it himself. Here again was the same intention to regain something of the lost power over us, to acquire such hold in Oregon as would enable her to keep the mouth of the Columbia, and add that port on the Pacific to those of Gibraltar, Malta, the Cape of Good Hope, and her other such outposts.

The story of varying intrigues, now bold, now crafty, is long, but it was now with her own children she was dealing, and with men who had *felt* the war of the revolution and that of 1812, and who had not laid their armor by, and were ready to resist any further attempts at dominion. My father was a man grown when the Mississippi and the Columbia were French property and Saint Louis and New Orleans French ports. Although so bred and tutored in English feeling and knowledge, yet there lay all about him the atmosphere of our successful rebellion against unjust abuse of power, and the going to Tennessee had opened his mind to still more American impressions of self-reliance and thought. The military episode which gave him back health, and revealed to him the future of the West, brought also reliance on his own will. He had found it could control the issues of life and death; he came back to the new life conscious of

an ally within himself on which he could surely rely—his own will. And in his work to make secure our Pacific outlet that will never faltered, but gained strength from opposition, and expanded with the greatness of the object.

In 1813, while this new life was coming to my father, there began, again on the eastern sea-coast, another life which was to be in alliance with his ; to carry forward and enlarge his plans ; and to seize opportunity to bring them to a higher and more grand realization than one life alone could compass.

The renewal of the joint-occupation of the Columbia had effectually discouraged American enterprise, and infused new life into the English occupation ; their encroachments were continued in various forms, now open, now covert ; they even built upon the Columbia River a cordon of forts ostensibly for " defence " against Indians, who were in reality allies of the Hudson Bay Company, and made fur-trading and trapping impossible to Americans.

Every measure proposed by their western friends for protection was met by opposition, curious to read to-day. Even so late as '43 the ignorance, the indifference, the blindness to the value of our Pacific territory—the heedless inattention to the evidence of living history as to England's pertinacious designs on that coast, is shown in the debates on every bill. On one giving lands to settlers, while a Senator from Ohio (then a very western State), Mr. Tappan, supported the measure and said 50,000 settlers with their 50,000 rifles should be given lands to colonize the banks of the Oregon, there was open expression that this would give offence to England, and the vote to strike out the land-donation clause was very close, 24 to 22.

Allen of Ohio led the vote in favor of lands for colonists.

Yeas : Allen, Benton, Buchanan, Clayton, Fulton, Henderson, King, Linn, McRoberts, Mangum, Merrick, Phelps, Sevier, Smith of Connecticut, Smith of Indiana, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, White, Wilcox, Williams, Woodbury, Wright, Young.

Nays : Archer, Bagby, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Calhoun, Choate, Conrad, Crafts, Dayton, Evans, Graham, Huntington, McDuffie, Miller, Porter, Rives, Simmons, Sprague, Tallmadge, Woodbridge.

They could not get the House to act upon the bill, but this vote of the Senate encouraged the West, and they went forward and planted the colony which forced the stand against England that our Congress had been unwilling to make. The debate is too long for this paper, but belongs in the book as part of the ground for the explorations and other acts for our national as well as for our western benefits. It is strange to-day to see how our Government refused its own great property ; on what grounds it left it to England and, with some, how it was scorned and regretted as a possession.

Mr. McDuffie of South Carolina openly regretted we owned it ; that it was " worthless except a mere strip along the sea-coast—the rest, mountains almost inaccessible, and lowlands covered with stone and volcanic remains ; where rain never falls except during the spring, and even on the coast no rain falls from April to October, and for the remainder of the year there is nothing but rain. Why, sir, of what use will this be for agricultural purposes ? I would not for that purpose give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory. I wish to God we did not own it. . . . Who are we to send there ? Do you think honest farmers in Pennsylvania, New York, or even Ohio and Missouri, will abandon their farms to go upon any such enterprise as that ? God forbid ! If any man who is to go to that country under the temptations of this bill was my child—if he was an honest, industrious man, I would say to him, for God's sake do not go there. . . . But if I had a son whose conduct was such as made him a fit subject for Botany Bay, I would say to him in the name of God, go."

And further that England would be offended and forced into war " in defence of her rights and her honor."

Mr. Calhoun was as strongly opposed to the bill as his colleague, though his keen intelligence made him see " the value of the territory and the commercial advantages in communicating with China and Japan which should not be lost." He takes an admirable far-sighted view of this. But he too thinks the danger of war too great, and the possession so remote that we could not meet the difficulty and expense of defending it. He thinks " Time " is our best ally, and " a wise and masterly inactivity."

My father admitted that England would take offence, and that it was her intention to do so whatever we might do. But that was not the question. Had she the *right* to take offence ? It was agreed she had not. Then, he was for going forward on our rights, and not taking counsel of fear. " Neither nations nor individuals ever escaped danger by fearing it. They must face it and defy it."

Mr. Nicollet, a French astronomer and savant of distinction, who had already spent some years in his own studies of the river and its Indians, had just finished for our Government a two years' survey of the country between the Missouri and Mississippi ; coming to Washington to make up his report, he found in my father an appreciative friend. Mr. Frémont had been the topographical engineer of the surveys, and was now making up its maps. My father found so much to inform and interest him in this Mississippi work, that quickly there grew up close and friendly relations. He communicated to them his earnest feeling of the need for further western surveys in the interest of our emigration to Oregon. The inevitable result of our " conciliatory " policy on the joint-occupation had now reached a point

at which one or the other country must be the only holder ; a short time later it threatened war, and it was only in '46 that the subject was settled as it stands to-day. Immediate surveys which should mark out the road for emigration, and at least *imply* government interest and protection, seemed to my father the nearest measure. Mr. Nicollet entered into the idea with enthusiasm though his health was much worn by unusual discomforts and exposures, but in Mr. Frémont my father found his Ledyard.

Coming home from school in an Easter holiday, I found Mr. Frémont part of my father's "Oregon work." It was the spring of '41 ; in October we were married, and in '42 the first expedition was sent out under Mr. Frémont. Mr. Nicollet died during the summer, regretting he could have no part in this great and useful development of the country which had been part of France.

This first encouragement to the emigration westward fitted into so large a need that it met instant favor, and a second was ordered to connect with it further surveys to the sea-coast of Oregon. At last my father could feel his idea "moved." Of his intense interest and pride and joy in these expeditions I knew best ; and when it came in my way to be of use to them and protect his life-time work, there was no shadow of hesitation. Mr. Frémont was at the frontier getting his camp and animals into complete travelling condition when (as with Ledyard) there came an order recalling him to Washington ; where he was to explain why he had armed his party with a howitzer ; that the howitzer had been charged to him ; that it was a scientific and not a military expedition, and should not have been so armed ; and that he must return at once to Washington and "explain."

Fortunately I was alone in Saint Louis, my father being out of town. It was before telegraphs ; and nearly a week was required to get letters either to the frontier or to Washington. I was but eighteen, an age at which consequences do not weigh against the present. The important thing was to save the expedition, and gain time for a good start which should put it beyond interference. I hurried off a messenger—the mails were slow—to Mr. Frémont, writing that he must start at once and never mind the grass and animals, they could rest and fatten at Bent's Fort ; only, go, and leave the rest to my father ; that he could not have the reason for haste, but there was reason enough.

To the Colonel of the Topographical Bureau who had given the order of recall I answered more at leisure. I wrote him exactly what I had done and to him I gave the reason. That I had not sent forward the order nor let Mr. Frémont know of it because it was given on insufficient knowledge and to obey it would ruin the expedition ; that it would require a fortnight to settle the party, leave it, and get to Washington—and indefinite delay there—another fortnight for the return, and by that time the early grass would

be past its best and the underfed animals would be thrown into the mountains for the winter ; that the country of the Blackfeet and other fierce tribes had to be crossed, and they knew nothing of the rights of science. When my father came he entirely approved my wrongdoing and wrote to Washington that he would be responsible for my act ; and that he would call for a court-martial on the point charged against Mr. Frémont. But there was never further question of the wisdom of arming his party sufficiently—in fact it was but a pretext. The precious time had been secured and “they’d have fleet feet who follow” where such purpose leads the advance. I had grown up to and into my father’s large purpose ; and now that my husband could be of such aid to him in its accomplishment, I had no hesitation in risking for him all consequences. We three understood each other and acted together—then and later—without question or delay.

That expedition led directly to our acquiring California ; which was accomplished during the third, and last, of the expeditions made under the Government. My father was a man grown when our western boundary was the Mississippi. In 1821 he commenced in the Senate his championship of a quarter of a century for our new territory on the Pacific. Now with California added he could say in that Senate :

“We own the country from sea to sea—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi and embracing the whole temperate zone.”

The long contest, the opposition, the indifference, the ignorance, the sneering doubts were in the past. From his own hearth had gone forth the one who carried his hopes to fullest execution ; and who now after many perils and anxieties was back in safety—even to a seat in the Senate beside him. Who had enabled him to make true his prophetic words carved on the pedestal of his statue in Saint Louis, whose bronze hand points *West* :

“THERE IS THE EAST ;
THERE IS THE ROAD TO INDIA.”

For with our Pacific ports came to us that Asiatic trade which was the underlying cause of all the wars of France and England for a hundred years. France lost India—Canada—and the vigilant English navy prevented her from protecting Louisiana. Then Napoleon avenged himself and made the master move which checkmated England by giving over to her rebellious colonies the Mississippi and the Columbia.

England was loth to lose her grasp. She tried to get by treaty free navigation of the Mississippi and right of way over our territories in access to it. But Jefferson was President. He would not even lay before the Senate the treaty containing that clause.



BENTON MONUMENT—ST. LOUIS, MO.

England tried then by force to get New Orleans—and failed. Then followed her attempt to colonize and in that way hold Oregon under the permitted joint-occupation, weakly prolonged by our Government until we barely escaped war in regaining our boundary.

There remained the Mexican territory of California with its noble harbor of San Francisco ; surveyed by England as her own.

The issue had narrowed as to who should possess this the finest harbor on the coast.

In the early home readings my father had studied the trial of Warren Hastings, and Clive and India were almost as close to his boyhood as our war is to the boys of to-day. The struggle for India and its trade “greater than that of Tyre and Sidon” made the story of a great war on a background of oriental splendor.

To gain for one’s country a great rich land was the glory to be envied by him in those dreams of boyhood when nothing seems impossible.

What mysterious foreshadowing may not have moved him to the long labors that led to a greater and richer addition to his own country? That enabled America to hold the Golden Gate to the commerce of the Pacific?

With her territory we inherited from France her long contest, and now when the Mexican war opened up a fresh opportunity it was England and America who faced each other.

Two men were in position to use deciding influence, and both understood the crisis and each other, my father in Washington with his established power in the Senate ; Mr. Frémont on the ground where the decisive blow must be given.

The tenacity of purpose, the staying-power of England was impersonated in one of her American descendants, and the partly French blood added French audacity of execution to the other whose life and purpose was interwoven with that of my father.

Long thought and deliberation had ripened hopes and plans : when the signal came the duel of a century was ended by the raising of the American Flag.

MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE.

By JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.

CHAPTER I.

1828-33 School days—1833-36 Cruise on U. S. S. Natchez—1836-37 Appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Navy—Assistant Engineer under Captain Williams—Work in Mountains of North and South Carolina—1837-38 Threatened hostilities with Cherokee Indians, etc., etc.

LOOKING back over the years of the life which I am about to transfer to the blank pages before me, I see in its earlier part but few things worthy of note. The lights and shadows of schoolboy life are like April weather. There is much sunshine and the clouds pass quickly. Farther along the shadows darken and lengthen. But the current events which belong to early life make slight impressions and have no consequences. They do not extend their influence into the time when life begins in earnest. Looking back over the misty road I dwell with mixed feelings upon the pictures that rise up in my memory. Not upon all with pleasure.

Yet they are part of myself and represent pleasant scenes and faces that were dear, now dim in the obscurity of years. But on these pages I recur only to those passages in my early life which had some connection with its after part and were a governing influence in it. Throughout, at different periods it has been my good fortune to be in familiar relations with men who were eminent, each in his own line, all of whom were individualized by character and some distinguished by achievement. Even if insensibly, such associations influence the course of life and give its coloring to it. The early part of mine was desultory. "The path that men are destined to walk" had not been marked out for me. Later events determined this, and meantime I had freedom of choice in preparatory studies.

At sixteen I was a good scholar. My teacher, who became my friend as well, was a Scotch gentleman who had been educated at Edinburgh; he was thoroughly imbued with classic learning, and lived an inner life among the Greeks and Latins. Under his enthusiastic instruction I became fond as

himself of the dead languages, and to me also they became replete with living images. I entered upon the study of Greek with genuine pleasure and excitement. It had a mysterious charm for me as if behind the strange characters belonging to an ancient world I was to find things of wonderful interest. I loved to pore over the volumes of old Greek plays in their beautiful Edinburgh print that were among my teacher's cherished books and the fresh ones that occasionally came to him from Scotland. Filled with the figures of that ancient world into which I had entered they remain stamped as pleasing bits into the recollections of that time, and show how completely my mind was possessed by my work. The years spent in this way gave me habits of study and laid the foundation for a knowledge of modern languages which long afterward became valuable in important events.

Upon the strength of these studies I now entered at once into the junior class at the Charleston college, though far behind it in other branches and especially in mathematics. But this new field interrupted the close relations with my friend and teacher Dr. John Robertson. Many years afterward, in reading the introduction to his translation of Xenophon's *Anabasis* I had the pleasure to find him speaking of me as "his once beloved and favorite pupil—his prodigious memory and enthusiastic application."

I was fond of study, and in what I had been deficient easily caught up with the class. In the new studies I did not forget the old, but at times I neglected both. While present at class I worked hard, but frequently absented myself for days together. This infraction of college discipline brought me frequent reprimands. During a long time the faculty forbore with me because I was always well prepared at recitation, but at length, after a formal warning neglected, their patience gave way and I was expelled from college for continued disregard of discipline. I was then in the senior class. In this act there was no ill-feeling on either side. My fault was such a neglect of the ordinary college usages and rules as the faculty could not overlook and I knew that I was a transgressor.

A few years afterward the faculty voluntarily revised their decision and conferred on me the degree of Bachelor and Master of Arts, so taking me back into the fold. Meantime I had my compensation. The college authorities had wrapped themselves in their dignity and reluctantly but sternly inflicted on me condign punishment. To me this came like summer wind, that breathed over something sweeter than the "bank whereon the wild thyme blows." I smiled to myself while I listened to words about the disappointment of friends—and the broken career. I was living in a charmed atmosphere and their edict only gave me complete freedom. What the poets dwell on as "the rarest flower of life" had bloomed in my path—only seventeen I was passionately in love. This was what had made me regardless of

discipline and careless of consequences. This was the true rebel that carried me off to pleasant days and returned me buoyant at night to hard work in order to catch up with my class next morning. With my memory full of those days, as the recollection rises to the surface I put it down here. This is an autobiography and it would not be true to itself if I left out the bit of sunshine that made the glory of my youth—what Schiller calls “his glorious youth.” It is only a few lines, a tribute which as they reappear around me I give to the pleasant companions who made life gay at that time. There will be enough hereafter of grave and hard, conflict and dissension, violence and injury and fraud; but none of these things were known to us, that little circle of sworn friends, who were gathering our spring flowers. We took no thought for the harvest but gathered our cornflowers from the upspringing grain.

I remember, once along the banks of the Des Moines, a botanist with me stooped down and grasped the clustered head of a low flowering plant. Under the broad leaves lay coiled a rattlesnake, close to his hand. Geyer escaped, but it gave him a spasm that made him dig his heels into the ground and jerk his arms nervously about as he threw off the shock.

Always afterward he looked for snakes among his flowers. With ours there were never any. Some thorns perhaps as I had just found, but these go with the sweetest flowers.

Since I was fourteen years old I had been intimate with a creole family who had escaped from the San Domingo massacre. With the mother and grandmother, there were two boys and three girls. The elder of the boys was older than I, the girls all younger. The eldest of the three girls was Cecilia. They were all unusually handsome; clear brunette complexions, large dark eyes, and abundant blue-black hair.

The grandmother was the head of the family and its autocratrice. She was a tall, stern old woman, with iron-gray hair, over seventy years of age, and held absolute rule over us all, from the mother down. Often when the riot was at the highest or we had kept it up late, her sudden appearance would disperse us like a flock of quail. The house-children would scamper off to bed and the visitors make a prompt escape. The house stood on a corner and there was a room at the rear which is daguerreotyped on my memory. This room opened directly on the street and belonged to us by squatters' right. It was by this door that we were accustomed to make a sudden exit when the grandmother made one too many for us.

But her ill-humor of the moment never lasted until the next time came for us to meet. The severe lines imprinted on her face by trials, after repose had not smoothed away. But often when we were in full flight before her I have seen the lurking smiles break into a pleased laugh that cleared

away the sternness. In a manner I grew up with the children. Before and after I left college they, but especially one, were the companions with whom I was always happy to spend what time I could seize upon. The boys and I made a restless trio.

The days went by on wings. In the summer we ranged about in the woods, or on the now historic islands, gunning or picnicking, the girls sometimes with us ; sometimes in a sailboat on the bay, oftener going over the bar to seaward and not infrequently when the breeze failed us getting dangerously near the breakers on the bar. I remember as in a picture, seeing the beads of perspiration on the forehead of my friend Henry as he tugged frantically at his oar when we had found ourselves one day in the suck of Drunken Dick, a huge breaker that to our eyes appeared monstrous as he threw his spray close to the boat. For us it really was pull Dick pull Devil.

Those were the splendid outside days ; days of unreflecting life when I lived in the glow of a passion that now I know extended its refining influence over my whole life. The recollection of those days has never faded. I am glad that it was not required of me to come back as an enemy among those scenes.

This holiday time could not last, but it was beautiful, although I was conscious that I could not afford it. I had not entirely neglected my studies. Sometimes seized with a temporary remorse for time lost I gathered up my books and overworked myself for awhile, only to relapse with keener zest into the more natural life.

The accidents that lead to events are often hardly noticeable. A single book sometimes enters fruitfully into character or pursuit. I had two such. One was a chronicle of men who had made themselves famous by brave and noble deeds, or infamous by cruel and base acts. With a schoolboy's enthusiasm I read these stories over and over again, with alternate pleasure or indignation. I please myself in thinking they have sometimes exercised a restraining or inspiring influence. Dwelling in the memory they were like the ring of Amasis.

The other was a work on practical astronomy, published in the Dutch. The language made it a closed book but for the beautifully clear maps of the stars and many examples of astronomical calculations. By its aid I became well acquainted with the night skies and familiarized myself with the ordinary observations necessary to determine latitude and longitude. This was the beginning of the astronomical knowledge afterwards so essential to me.

Soon now the day for care and work came. We were only two, my mother and I. We had lost my sister. My brother was away, making his own career, and I had to concern myself for mine. I was unwilling to

leave my mother. Circumstances had more than usually endeared us to each other and I knew that her life would be solitary without me. I was accustomed to be much at home and our separations had been slight. But now it was likely to be for long and the hard part would be for the one left alone. For me it was very different. Going out into the excitement of strange scenes and occurrences I would be forced out of myself and for long intervals could forget what I left behind. For her in the sameness of daily life there would be a blank not easily filled. But my mother had an experience of sacrifice which with her true womanly nature it had been hard to learn. Realizing that now the time had come for another, she, but not cheerfully, sent me forward on my way.

The necessity for exertion was making itself felt and the outlook for my future was vague. But among the few men whom I had come to know as friends there was one whose kindly aid and counsel was often valuable to me, then and afterward.

Mr. Poinsett was one of the distinguished men of the day, of broad and liberal mind, refined by study and much travel. While Minister to Mexico his cultivated taste led him to interest himself in the luxuriant flora of that country. Known in a graver way through his public works and service, it has chanced that his name has been kept familiarly present and most popularly known by the scarlet Poinsettia which he contributed to botany.

I knew him after he returned from Mexico, and before and during the time when he was Secretary of War. By his aid, but not with his approval, I went to the South American coast as teacher on board the U. S. sloop of war *Natchez*, Captain Zantzinger. Admiral Farragut was one of the Lieutenants. The voyage had its advantages. I saw more of the principal cities and people than a traveller usually does on passing through a country, though nothing of the interior. But the time spent was long and had no future bearing. Among the few events that occurred to break the routine of ship life there was one in which I was concerned that I remember with satisfaction. While lying at Rio de Janeiro a duel had taken place between two of the midshipmen in which one lost his life. Both were men of high character and had been friends. The fatal termination of the meeting was deeply regretted, and by no one more than the survivor. A trivial misunderstanding shortly after resulted in another. The principals on this occasion were Mr. Lovell, of South Carolina, and Mr. Parrott, of Massachusetts. Decatur Hurst was Lovell's second, and I Parrott's. Lovell was a nephew of Mr. Poinsett and Hurst a nephew of Commodore Decatur. Hurst and I were friends. He proposed to put only powder in the pistols for the first fire. If then another should be insisted on we would give them lead. In this we incurred some personal risk, but were quite willing to take it for the sake of the persons principally interested in the result.



FRÉMONT'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN FLAG.
RAISED ON HIGHEST PEAK OF WIND RIVER CHAIN,
AUGUST 15, 1842.

This being agreed upon, we succeeded in leaving the ship without having attracted any attention to our movements, and crossing the bay quietly landed on the north shore. Leaving the boat, we found a narrow strip of sandy beach about forty yards long between the water and the mountain. In such a place men could hardly miss each other. The few preparations made, we placed our men twelve paces apart and gave the word. Both looked sincerely surprised that they remained standing upright as before. Going up each to his man, we declared the affair over; the cause of quarrel in our opinion not justifying a second shot. There was some demur, but we insisting carried our men triumphantly back to the ship, nobody hurt and nobody wiser. Hurst and I greatly enjoyed our little *ruse de guerre*.

Of the four men three are dead. Just when Lovell died I do not know. Admiral Parrott died in New York about seven years ago. Hurst too is dead. While on the African coast he was badly wounded in a duel, which ultimately caused his death not long afterward.

When the cruise was over I returned to Charleston. In the meantime Congress had created the post of Professor of Mathematics in the Navy. I applied for a commission and was ordered before an examining board, to be convened shortly at Norfolk. Then came for me another pleasant month, for I was back among my old friends, and the strong motive I had now added to the pleasure I always found in study. All day long I was at my books, and the earliest dawn found me at an upper window against which stood a tall poplar, where the rustling of the glossy leaves made a soothing accompaniment. The surroundings go for a great deal in intellectual work.

My examination was successfully over and I had received, and declined, my appointment.

Just then an opportunity was offered me to go under Captain W. G. Williams, of the U. S. Topographical Corps, as one of the assistant engineers on surveys to be made for a projected railway from Charleston to Cincinnati. I gladly accepted the chance that fell to me, and spent a summer in congenial work among the mountains of South Carolina and Tennessee. There were several parties, each under an able engineer. That to which I belonged was under the direction of Lieutenant White, a graduate of West Point, who knew well how to make our work agreeable. We were engaged in running experimental lines, and the plotting of the field notes sometimes kept us up until midnight. Our quarters were sometimes at a village inn and more frequently at some farmer's house, where milk and honey and many good things were welcome to an appetite sharpened by all day labor on foot and a tramp of several miles backward and forward, morning and evening. It was cheery, wholesome work. The summer weather in the mountains was fine, the cool water abundant, and the streams

lined with azaleas. As often is with flowers of that color the white azaleas were fragrant. The survey was a kind of picnic with work enough to give it zest, and we were all sorry when it was over.

The surveys being suspended, I returned home and only casually if ever met again the men with whom I had been associated. General Morrell, with whom many years afterward I lived as neighbor on the Hudson, was the only one I remember to have met.

It had been the policy of President Jefferson, suggested by his acquisition of the Louisiana territory, to remove all the Indian tribes from the Eastern States to the west of the Mississippi. This policy was adopted and carried forward by Mr. Monroe, and completed under President Jackson.

The last to be removed were the Cherokees who inhabited a district where the States of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia cornered together. This territory was principally in Georgia, and consisted in greater part of a body of land ceded to the Cherokees by Georgia in 1783.

For the good of the bordering States, and for the welfare of the Indians as well, this was a wise and humane measure. But the Cherokees were averse to the change. They were unwilling to leave the homes where they had been domiciled for half a century.

The country was mountainous and the face of it not accurately known. Looking to the contingency of hostilities already threatening with the Indians, Captain Williams was ordered to make a military reconnaissance of the territory they occupied. I went with him again as one of his assistants.

The accident of this employment curiously began a period of years of like work for me among similar scenes. Here I found the path which I was "destined to walk." Through many of the years to come the occupation of my prime of life was to be among Indians and in waste places. Other events which intervened were incidents in this and grew out of it. There were to be no more years wasted in tentative efforts to find a way for myself. The work was laid out and it began here with a remarkable continuity of purpose.

This was a winter survey made hurriedly. When we entered the Indian territory we were three together, Archie Campbell, Hull Adams and I. About dark we reached the Nantahéylè River, at an Indian village. The Indians were having a feast and a carouse and were all drunk. The squaws hid us in a log out-cabin, half filled with shucked corn. We did not pass a comfortable night. The shouts of the drunken Indians and rats running over us kept us awake; and we were glad when morning came. The night had been cold and our bath-tub was the Nantahéylè River. There was ice along the banks and the water in my hair froze into fretful quills.

With the beginning of the reconnaissance our little party was scattered,

each to separate work. The Indians after their usual way of living, occupied the country sparsely. In parts, this was beautifully fertile; broad level valleys, with fine streams and forest land. I had a guide named Laudermilk, a very intelligent, good-tempered man, intimately acquainted with the territory to be surveyed. In true pioneer spirit he had built his cabin at a spot in the woods as much out of the way and isolated as he could well find. He was about thirty years old and his wife twenty. It was comfortable quarters. Occasionally we would spend a night there, making a hard ride through snow to reach it. Sometimes we were alone, making a sketch of some stream, and stopping at night at an Indian cabin. At other times, when the work was in a more uninhabited part of the territory, we had a small party of men, with pack-saddles to carry our tents and provisions.

It was a forest country thinly occupied by Indian farms. At night we slept in half-faced tents, with great fires of hickory logs at our feet. Pigs which ranged during the fall and fattened on chestnuts made our *pièce de resistance* on these occasions.

As it sometimes chanced, I was present at Indian feasts, where all would get wild with excitement and some furious with drink. Bloody frays were a certain accompaniment, slashing with knives, hands badly cut from clutching the blades and ugly body wounds. Their exhibition of brute courage and indifference to pain compelled admiration, with regret for the good material wasted. But these were the exceptional occasions. In their villages and in their ordinary farming life they lived peaceably and comfortably. Many of their farms were much the same as those that are to be met with everywhere on our remote frontier. The depreciating and hurtful influence was the proximity of the whites. One of the pieces of work assigned to me was a reconnaissance of the Hiwassee River. It was over very rough and tangled ground. The first day's work of twenty miles on foot made me so stiff next morning that I moved like a foundered horse, and I suppose I was foundered for the time. In getting over the trunks of fallen trees I had to sit down upon them and lift over first one leg and then the other. But this was only for the first day. That night we had stopped at the log house of an Indian. It was a handsome specimen of forest architecture; a square-built house standing on a steep bank of the Hiwassee, with glass-paned windows. But the striking feature in such surroundings was that all the logs were evenly hewed so that they laid solidly together and presented a smoothly even surface. Its finish, in its own way, made quite an agreeable impression from its unexpectedness in such a place. Below, the river banks fell away, leaving a little valley, in which he had made his cornfield.

In much travel among Indians I have had a fair opportunity to become

acquainted with different tribes and learned to appreciate and comprehend the results of the differing influences brought to bear upon them. Here in the Cherokee country, as in different regions afterward, I saw how their differing conditions depended upon their surroundings. In the Great Basin I saw them in the lowest stage of human existence where it was in its simplest elements, differing from that of wild animals only in the greater intelligence of the Indians. Sage bush sheltered them, seeds, bush squirrels and hares, grasshoppers, worms, anything that had life made their food.

Going upward I saw them on the great prairie plains in the higher stages to which the surrounding facilities for a more comfortable and easier life had raised them. Nomadic, following the game and the seasons but living in villages, buffalo and large game gave them good food and clothing, and made for them dry warm lodges. And afterward in the nearer approach to the civilized life to which the intermittent efforts of the Government at agencies and reservations, and the labor of the Protestant and Catholic churches, had brought them.

The efforts of the Protestant churches had been limited by time and extent of territory. The area of their work had been confined chiefly to a part of the country east of the Mississippi, where they found the field yet unoccupied and the influences English and Protestant. The Catholic Church was first in the field in the West. Its area west of the Mississippi extended from the Gulf of Mexico into Canada and along the shores of the Pacific, where, under Spanish rule, their stable policy was best displayed.

The earlier explorers west of the Mississippi were French. Explored, occupied, and owned by France and Spain as this whole country was, inevitably their religion became part of it also, and was carried among the Indians by the missionary priests of that Church. For two centuries this was their undisturbed domain. The policy of the Roman Catholic Church is unchanging and impersonal, and the perpetuity of its institutions seems infused into the extremest details. The policy of its government was the policy of the agent who was part of the government, having the same interest at heart; and the interest and well-being of the Indians were equally the interest and object of the government and its agent, who was always one of the body politic and religious and whose aim was impersonal, directed solely to the good of his church. All this I have seen exemplified in the missions on the Pacific coast, in the remnant of civilization among the interior tribes, and in the present condition of the missions on the Atlantic side. The results of their work stand out to-day in the great buildings which under their direction were erected by the Indians in California. They made them herdsmen and raised by them hundreds of thousands of horses and cattle. They made them farmers self-supplying, and taught them a foreign language too deeply implanted to be eradicated by long

disuse. The remnants of their teachings remain in the grain fields of the Pimas on the Gila River of Arizona and in the orchards of the Sepais in the cañon valleys of the Colorado, to whom the Navajoes come regularly every year to trade for fruit and grain. All this resulted from a singleness of purpose carried into effect by agents inevitably responsible. And they went ahead to occupy and civilize with reliance on the support of their government.

The Protestant churches had the aid of no such strength, and their success, as I have seen it evidenced among the Cherokees and Shawnees and Delaware people, as with later missionary efforts, has been due to individual energy and character.

On the other hand, our Government, itself changing in its personality every few years, administered the details of its general policy through agents to whom change was the normal and expected condition; who had no persistent interest in the Indians and, above all, no responsibility. So there has been no continuous effective policy by the Government except in the removal of the Indians from East to West, and out of the way of the white man, as the tide of population rose.

These results clearly show that the Indians were capable of being civilized and utilized, and they show too how this could be effected more or less by the nature of the policy directed upon them.

Our army is a permanent body, having continuity of existence, and its officers have not only a class responsibility but a responsibility founded in a regard for their individual and personal honor, and the honor of the body to which they belong. These two qualities of permanency and responsibility make the army the best and simplest as well as the safest and least expensive medium through which to control and care for these Indian wards of the nation. We have taken away from them their property and means of support and are bound to a corresponding obligation.

In the fall of 1853, on an overland journey, I spent a day at the Catholic station of Saint Mary's on the Kansas River, among the Pottawatamie Indians. Under the impression of what I saw I wrote then in my notebook as follows:

"Oct. 25. Went to Uniontown and nooned. This is a street of log-cabins. Nothing to be had here. Some corn for our animals and a piece of cheese for ourselves. Lots of John Barleycorn which the men about were consuming. Uniontown is called a hundred miles from Kansas."

"Oct. 26. High wind and sleet. Clouds scudding across the sky. About two o'clock we reached the pretty little Catholic Mission of

Saint Mary's. The well-built, whitewashed houses, with the cross on the spire showing out above them was already a very grateful sight. On the broad bottoms immediately below are the fields and houses of the Pottawatamie Indians. Met with a hospitable reception from the head of the Mission. A clear sky promises a bright day for to-morrow. Learned here some of the plants which are medicinal among the Indians. Among them *Asarum Canadensis*—jewel-weed—a narcotic; and *Oryngium Aquaticum*, the great remedy of the Pottawatamies for snake-bites."

"Oct. 27. White frost covers the ground this morning. Sky clear and air still. With bowls of good coffee and excellent bread made a good breakfast. We already begin to appreciate food. Prepared our luggage, threw into the wagon the provisions obtained here, and at ten o'clock took leave of the hospitable priests and set out. I was never more impressed by the efficiency of well-directed and permanent missionary effort than here at this far-off mission settlement, where the progress and good order strike forcibly as they stand in great contrast with the neighboring white settlement."

In the course of a winter exploration into the Rocky Mountains in 1848-'49 I had been driven southward by stress of weather, and in the spring of the latter year I passed through Arizona. With the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo that Territory had just come under the dominion of the United States. I had gone as far south as the little town of San Pedro, which still was within Mexico. Returning northward down the San Pedro River we passed on the way an abandoned Mission where there was an extensive peach orchard in solitary bloom. The soft pink bloom was startling where the ideas of the place spoke only now of violence and bloodshed. There were large buildings here, and the situation in the river valley was beautiful, but the Apaches had made it too dangerous to live in isolated places.

We followed the river down until it spread out where it entered the plain and lost itself in the ground. At the foot of a steep hill we found grass and water, and next morning continued our journey in a northwesterly direction and struck the Gila near the villages of the Pimas and Maricopas above the Great Bend of the river. I found these Indians still retaining the civilization that had been taught them by the missionary priests and living as farmers in fixed habitations. They raised wheat and corn, water-melons, beans and other vegetables, and grew cotton out of which they made blankets. They lived undisturbed, having no other enemy than the wild Apaches, who seldom dared molest them, and they were friendly to the Mexican or other travellers who at rare intervals passed that way on their road to the Californias.



BONAPARTE.

They received me in a truly friendly and hospitable way, supplying in exchange for a few trifling articles all the provisions that I required. What they particularly valued was a small opaque white bead, of which we had a quantity.

In 1879, while Governor of Arizona, I was travelling between Phoenix and Maricopa, which is on the line of the South Pacific Railway, and again passed by their villages. Our Government had covered the ground they occupied by a reservation. Under the laws of Spain and Mexico, they in their legal and recognized character of citizens living in Pueblos were entitled to the ownership of four square leagues of land. The terms of the treaty confirmed this right; but with its usual disregard of private right our Government had assumed ownership and reserved to them their own lands, as against other trespassers than itself.

The settlements of these Indians stretch along the bottom lands of the Gila above the Great Bend. Their houses are built with wattled sides, the roofs being of the natural long laths of the *seguara*—a tree cactus—and of *ocotillo* a scarlet flowering shrub, plastered with earth. These houses are detached and in this way the village covers considerable space. As we reached the reservation the driver of the stage-coach in which I was travelling drew up his horses at a small adobe house, which had a *ramada* or bush-covered shed in front. An Indian was leaning against one of the posts, and a gray-headed white man came out to the coach. The driver delivered to him a demijohn, and after a word or two he went back into the house and returned with a stout glass of whiskey for the driver. These Indians were then, when I saw them last, deteriorating fast. Their lands are very fertile, and the grain which they raise is of excellent quality. Ten car-loads of wheat raised by the Maricopas, about the time I write of, and sent to San Francisco were sold at \$2.20 the hundred, the ruling price at the time being \$2.10 to \$2.15 the hundred.

If these Indians were under the immediate control of an army officer who would act as their factor and sell their produce and make their necessary purchases to the greatest advantage, aiding their progress in agriculture while at the same time he held them in wholesome restraint, their villages would soon become handsome and industrious settlements.

CHAPTER II.

1838—Appointed by President Van Buren Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers—Expedition under Nicollet—1839 Second Expedition of Nicollet North of Missouri River—1840 in Washington.

THE Cherokee survey was over. I remained at home only just long enough to enjoy the pleasure of the return to it, and to rehabilitate myself to old scenes. While I was trying to devise and settle upon some plan for the future, my unforgetful friend, Mr. Poinsett, had also been thinking for me. He was now Secretary of War, and, at his request, I was appointed by President Van Buren a second lieutenant in the United States Topographical Corps, and ordered to Washington. Washington was greatly different then from the beautiful capital of to-day. Instead of many broad, well-paved, and leafy avenues, Pennsylvania Avenue about represented the town. There were not the usual resources of public amusement. It was a lonesome place for a young man knowing but one person in the city, and there was no such attractive spot as the Battery by the sea at Charleston, where a stranger could go and feel the freedom of both eye and thought.

Shut in to narrow limits, the mind is driven in upon itself and loses its elasticity; but the breast expands when, upon some hill-top, the eye ranges over a broad expanse of country, or in face of the ocean. We do not value enough the effect of space for the eye; it reacts on the mind, which unconsciously expands to larger limits and freer range of thought. So I was low in my mind and lonesome until I learned, with great relief, that I was to go upon a distant survey into the West. But that first impression of flattened lonesomeness which Washington had given me has remained with me to this day.

About this time, a distinguished French savant had returned from a geographical exploration of the country about the sources of the Mississippi, the position of which he first established. That region and its capabilities were then but little known, and the results of his journey were of so interesting a nature that they had attracted public notice and comment. Through Mr. Poinsett, Mr. Nicollet was invited to come to Washington,

with the object of engaging him to make a complete examination of the great prairie region between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, as far north as the British line, and to embody the whole of his labors in a map and general report for public use.

Mr. Nicollet had left France, intending to spend five years in geographical researches in this country. His mind had been drawn to the early discoveries of his countrymen, some of which were being obliterated and others obscured in the lapse of time. He anticipated great pleasure in renewing the memory of these journeys, and in rescuing them all from the obscurity into which they had fallen. A member of the French Academy of Sciences, he was a distinguished man in the circles to which Arago and other savants of equal rank belonged. Not only had he been trained in science, but he was habitually schooled to the social observances which make daily intercourse attractive, and become invaluable where hardships are to be mutually borne and difficulties overcome and hazards met. His mind was of the higher order. A musician as well as a mathematician, it was harmonious and complete.

The Government now arranged with him to extend his surveys south and west of the country which he had already explored. Upon this survey I was ordered to accompany him as his assistant.

It was a great pleasure to me to be assigned to this duty. By this time I had gone through some world-schooling and was able to take a sober view of the realities of life. I had learned to appreciate fully the rare value of the friendly aid which had opened up for me such congenial employment, and I resolved that, if it were in me to do so, I would prove myself worthy of it. The years of healthy exercise which I had spent in open air had hardened my body, and the work I had been engaged in was kindred to that which I was now to have. Field work in a strange region, in association with a man so distinguished, was truly an unexpected good fortune, and I went off from Washington full of agreeable anticipation.

At St. Louis I joined Mr. Nicollet. This was the last large city on the western border, and the fitting-out place for expeditions over the uninhabited country. The small towns along the western bank of the Missouri made for two or three hundred miles a sort of fringe to the prairies. At St. Louis I met for the first time General Robert E. Lee, then a captain in the United States Engineer Corps, charged with improvements of the Mississippi River. He was already an interesting man. His agreeable, friendly manner to me as a younger officer when I was introduced to him, left a more enduring impression than usually goes with casual introductions.

In St. Louis Mr. Nicollet had a pleasant circle of friends among the old French residents. They were proud of him as a distinguished country-

man, and were gratified with his employment by the American Government, which in this way recognized his distinction and capacity. His intention, in the prosecution of his larger work to revive the credit due to early French discoverers, was pleasing to their national pride.

His acquaintances he made mine, and I had the pleasure and advantage to share in the amiable intercourse and profuse hospitality which in those days characterized the society of the place. He was a Catholic, and his distinction, together with his refined character, made him always a welcome guest with his clergy. And I may say in the full sense of the word, that I "assisted" often at the agreeable suppers in the refectory. The pleasure of these grew in remembrance afterward, when hard and scanty fare and sometimes starvation and consequent bodily weakness made visions in the mind, and hunger made memory dwell upon them by day and dream of them by night.

Such social evenings followed almost invariably the end of the day's preparations. These were soon now brought to a close with the kindly and efficient aid of the Fur Company's officers. Their personal experience made them know exactly what was needed on the proposed voyage, and both stores and men were selected by them; the men out of those in their own employ. These were principally practised *voyageurs*, accustomed to the experiences and incidental privations of travel in the Indian country.

The aid given by the house of Chouteau was, to this and succeeding expeditions, an advantage which followed them throughout their course to their various posts among the Indian tribes.

Our destination now was a trading post on the west bank of the Mississippi, at the mouth of the St. Peter's, now better known as the Minisotah River. This was the residence of Mr. Henry Sibley, who was in charge of the Fur Company's interests in the Mississippi Valley. He gave us a frontier welcome and heartily made his house our headquarters. This was the point of departure at which the expedition began its work. It was on the border line of civilization. On the left or eastern bank of the river were villages and settlements of the whites, and the right was the Indian country which we were about to visit. Fort Snelling was on the high bluff point opposite between the Minisotah and the Mississippi. Near by was a Sioux Indian village, and usually its Indians were about the house grounds. Among these I saw the most beautiful Indian girl I have ever met, and it is a tribute to her singular beauty that after so many years I remember still the name of "Ampetu-washtoy"—"the Beautiful day."

The house had much the character of a hunting-lodge. There were many dogs around about, and two large wolfhounds, Lion and Tiger, had

the run of the house and their quarters in it. Mr. Sibley was living alone, and these fine dogs made him friendly companions, as he belonged to the men who love dogs and horses. For his other dogs he had built within the enclosure a lookout about fifteen feet high. Around its platform the railing was usually bordered with the heads of dogs resting on their paws and looking wistfully out over the prairie, probably reconnoitering for wolves. Of the two hounds Tiger had betrayed a temper of such ferocity, even against his master, as eventually cost him his life. Lion, though a brother, had, on the contrary, a companionable and affectionate disposition and almost human intelligence, which in his case brought about a separation from his old home.

On the marriage of Mr. Sibley, Lion so far resented the loss of his first place that he left the house, swam across the Mississippi, and went to the Fort, where he ended his days. Always he was glad to meet his master when he came over, keeping close by him and following him to the shore, though all persuasion failed to make him ever recross the river to the home where he had been supplanted; but his life-size portrait still hangs over the fireplace of Mr. Sibley's library. These dogs were of the rare breed of the Irish wolfhound, and their story came up as an incident in a correspondence, stretching from Scotland to Mini-sotah, on the question as to whether it had not become extinct; growing out of my happening to own a dog inheriting much of that strain.

Cut off from the usual resources, Mr. Sibley had naturally to find his in the surroundings. The prominent feature of Indian life entered into his, and hunting became rather an occupation than an amusement. But his hunting was not the tramp of a day to some neighboring lake for wild fowl, or a ride on the prairie to get a stray shot at a wolf. These hunting expeditions involved days' journeys to unfrequented ranges where large game was abundant, or in winter to the neighborhood of one of his trading-posts, where in event of rough weather the stormy days could be passed in shelter. He was fully six feet in height, well and strongly built, and this, together with his skill as a hunter, gave him a hold on the admiration and respect of the Indians.

In all this stir of frontier life Mr. Nicollet felt no interest and took no share; horse and dog were nothing to him. His manner of life had never brought him into their companionship, and the congenial work he now had in charge engrossed his attention and excited his imagination. His mind dwelt continually upon the geography of the country, the Indian names of lakes and rivers and their signification, and upon whatever tradition might retain of former travels by early French explorers.

Some weeks had now been spent in completing that part of the outfit which had been referred to this place. The intervening time had been

used to rate the chronometers and make necessary observations of the latitude and longitude of our starting-point.

At length we set out. As our journey was to be over level and unbroken country the camp material was carried in one-horse carts, driven by Canadian voyageurs, the men usually employed by the Fur Company in their business through this region. M. de Montmort, a French gentleman attached to the legation at Washington, and Mr. Eugene Flandin, a young gentleman belonging to a French family of New York, accompanied the party as friends of Mr. Nicollet. These were pleasant travelling companions, and both looked up to Mr. Nicollet with affectionate deference and admiration. No botanist had been allowed to Mr. Nicollet by the Government, but he had for himself employed Mr. Charles Geyer, a botanist recently from Germany, of unusual practical knowledge in his profession and of companionable disposition.

The proposed surveys of this northwestern region naturally divided themselves into two: the present one, at this point connecting with Mr. Nicollet's surveys of the upper Mississippi, was to extend westward to the waters of the Missouri Valley; the other, intended for the operations of the succeeding year, was to include the valley of the Missouri River, and the northwestern prairies as far as to the British line.

Our route lay up the Mini-sotah for about a hundred and fifteen miles, to a trading-post at the lower end of the *Traverse des Sioux*; the prairie and river valley being all beautiful and fertile country. We travelled along the southern side of the river, passing on the way several Indian camps, and establishing at night the course of the river by astronomical observations. The *Traverse des Sioux* is a crossing-place about thirty miles long, where the river makes a large rectangular bend, coming down from the northwest and turning abruptly to the northeast; the streams from the southeast, the south, and southwest flowing into a low line of depression: to where they gather into a knot at the head of this bend, and into its lowest part as into a bowl. In this great elbow of the river is the Marah-tanka or Big Swan Lake, the summer resort of the Sissiton Sioux. Our way over the crossing lay between the lake and the river. At the end of the *Traverse* we returned to the right shore at the mouth of the Waraju or Cottonwood River, and encamped near the principal village of the Sissitons. Their lodges were pitched in a beautiful situation, under large trees. It needs only the slightest incident to throw an Indian village into a sudden excitement which is startling to a stranger. We were occupied quietly among the Indians, Mr. Nicollet, as usual, surrounded by them, with the aid of the interpreter getting them to lay out the form of the lake and the course of the streams entering the river near by, and, after repeated pronunciations, entering their names in his note-book; Geyer, followed by



A. VON HUMBOLDT.



PROCLAMATION.

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
ST. LOUIS, August 30, 1861.

Circumstances, in my judgment of sufficient urgency, render it necessary that the Commanding General of this Department should assume the administrative powers of the State.

Its disorganized condition, the helplessness of the civil authority, the total insecurity of life, and the devastation of property by bands of murderers and marauders who infest nearly every county in the State, and avail themselves of the public misfortunes and the vicinity of a hostile force to gratify private and neighborhood vengeance, and who find an enemy wherever they find plunder, finally demand the severest measures to repress the daily increasing crimes and outrages which are driving off the inhabitants and ruining the State. In this condition the public safety and the success of our arms require unity of purpose without let or hindrance to the prompt administration of affairs.

In order, therefore, to suppress disorders, to maintain, as far as now practicable, the public peace, and to give security and protection to the persons and property of loyal citizens, I do hereby extend, and declare established, Martial Law throughout the State of Missouri.

The lines of the army of occupation in this State are, for the present, declared to extend from Leavenworth, by way of the posts of Jefferson City, Rolla, and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi River.

All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands, within these lines, shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot.

The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men.

All persons who shall be proven to have destroyed, after the publica-

tion of this order, railroad tracks, bridges, or telegraphs, shall suffer the extreme penalty of this law.

All persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, in giving or procuring aid to the enemies of the United States, in fomenting tumults, in disturbing the public tranquillity by creating and circulating false reports or incendiary documents, are, in their own interest, warned that they are exposing themselves to sudden and severe punishment.

All persons who have been led away from their allegiance are required to return forthwith to their homes. Any such absence without sufficient cause will be held to be presumptive evidence against them.

The object of this declaration is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to existing laws, and to supply such deficiencies as the conditions of war demand. But it is not intended to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country, where the law will be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner and with their customary authority, while the same can be peaceably exercised.

The Commanding General will labor vigilantly for the public welfare, and in his efforts for their safety hopes to obtain not only the acquiescence, but the active support of the people of the country.

J. C. FRÉMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

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WIND-RIVER PEAK AND FLAG.

August 10. The air at sunrise is clear and pure, and the morning extremely cold, but beautiful. A lofty snow-peak of the mountain is glittering in the first rays of the sun, which has not yet reached us. The long mountain wall to the east rising two thousand feet abruptly from the plain, behind which we see the peaks, is still dark, and cuts clear against the glowing sky. A fog, just risen from the river, lies along the base of the mountain. A little before sunrise the thermometer was at 35° , and at sunrise 33° . Water froze last night, and fires are very comfortable. The scenery becomes hourly more interesting and grand, and the view here is truly magnificent; but, indeed, it needs something to repay the long prairie journey of a thousand miles. The sun has just shot above the wall, and makes a magical change. The whole valley is glowing and bright, and all the mountain peaks are gleaming like silver. Though these mountains are not the Alps, they have their own character of grandeur and magnificence, and will doubtless find pens and pencils to do them justice. In the scene before us we feel how much wood improves a view. The pines on the mountain seemed to give it much additional beauty. I was agreeably disappointed in the character of the streams on this side of the ridge. Instead of the creeks, which description had led me to expect, I find bold broad streams, with three or four feet water, and a rapid current. The fork on which we are encamped is upward of a hundred feet wide, timbered with groves or thickets of the low willow.

We were now approaching the loftiest part of the Wind River chain; and I left the valley a few miles from our encampment, intending to penetrate the mountains as far as possible with the whole party. We were soon involved in very broken ground, among long ridges covered with fragments of granite. Winding our way up a long ravine, we came unexpectedly in view of a most beautiful lake, set like a gem in the mountains. The sheet of water lay transversely across the direction we had been pursuing; and, descending the steep, rocky ridge, where it was necessary to lead our horses, we followed its banks to the southern extremity. Here a view of the utmost magnificence and grandeur burst upon our eyes. With nothing between us and their feet, to lessen the effect of the whole height, a grand bed of snow-capped mountains rose before us, pile upon pile, glowing in the bright light of an August day. Immediately below them lay the lake, between two ridges, covered with dark pines, which swept down from the main chain to the spot where we stood. Here, where the lake glittered in the open sunlight, its banks of yellow sand and the light foliage of aspen groves contrasted well with the gloomy pines. "Never before," said Preuss,

"in this country or in Europe, have I seen such magnificent, grand rocks." I was so much pleased with the beauty of the place that I determined to make the main camp here, where our animals would find good pasturage, and explore the mountains with a small party of men. Proceeding a little farther, we came suddenly upon the outlet of the lake, where it found its way through a narrow passage between low hills. Dark pines, which overhung the stream, and masses of rock, where the water foamed along, gave it much romantic beauty. Where we crossed, which was immediately at the outlet, it is two hundred and fifty feet wide, and so deep that with difficulty we were able to ford it. Its bed was an accumulation of rocks, boulders, and broad slabs, and large angular fragments, among which the animals fell repeatedly. The current was very swift, and the water cold, and of a crystal purity.

In crossing the stream I met with a great misfortune in having my barometer broken. It was the only one. A great part of the interest of the journey for me was in the exploration of these mountains, of which so much had been said that was doubtful and contradictory; and now their snowy peaks rose majestically before me, and the only means of giving them authentically to science, the object of my anxious solicitude by night and day, was destroyed. We had brought this barometer in safety a thousand miles, and broke it almost among the snow of the mountains. The loss was felt by the whole camp—all had seen my anxiety, and aided me in preserving it. The height of these mountains, considered by the hunters and traders the highest in the whole range, had been a theme of constant discussion among them; and all had looked forward with pleasure to the moment when the instrument, which they believed to be true as the sun, should stand upon the summits, and decide their disputes. Their grief was only inferior to my own.

This lake is about three miles long, and of very irregular width, and apparently great depth, and is the head-water of the third New Fork, a tributary to Green River, the Colorado of the West. On the map and in the narrative I have called it Mountain Lake. I encamped on the north side, about three hundred and fifty yards from the outlet. This was the most western point at which I obtained astronomical observations, by which this place, called Bernier's encampment, is made in $110^{\circ} 08' 03''$ west longitude from Greenwich, and latitude $42^{\circ} 49' 49''$. The mountain peaks, as laid down, were fixed by bearings from this and other astronomical points. We had no other compass than the small ones used in sketching the country; but from an azimuth, in which one of them was used, the variation of the compass is 18° east. The correction made in our field-work by the astronomical observations indicates that this is a very correct observation.

As soon as camp was formed, I set about endeavoring to repair my barometer. As I have already said, this was a standard cistern-barometer, of Troughton's construction. The glass cistern had been broken about mid-way ; but as the instrument had been kept in a proper position, no air had found its way into the tube, the end of which had always remained covered. I had with me a number of vials of tolerably thick glass, some of which were of the same diameter as the cistern, and I spent the day in slowly working on these, endeavoring to cut them off the requisite length ; but as my instrument was a very rough file, I invariably broke them. A groove was cut in one of the trees, where the barometer was placed during the night, to be out of the way of any possible danger, and in the morning I commenced again. Among the powder-horns in the camp, I found one which was very transparent, so that its contents could be almost as plainly seen as through glass. This I boiled and stretched on a piece of wood to the requisite diameter, and scraped it very thin, in order to increase to the utmost its transparency. I then secured it firmly in its place on the instrument with strong glue made from a buffalo, and filled it with mercury, properly heated. A piece of skin, which had covered one of the vials, furnished a good pocket, which was well secured with strong thread and glue, and then the brass cover was screwed to its place. The instrument was left some time to dry ; and when I reversed it, a few hours after, I had the satisfaction to find it in perfect order ; its indications being about the same as on the other side of the lake before it had been broken. Our success in this little incident diffused pleasure throughout the camp ; and we immediately set about our preparations for ascending the mountains.

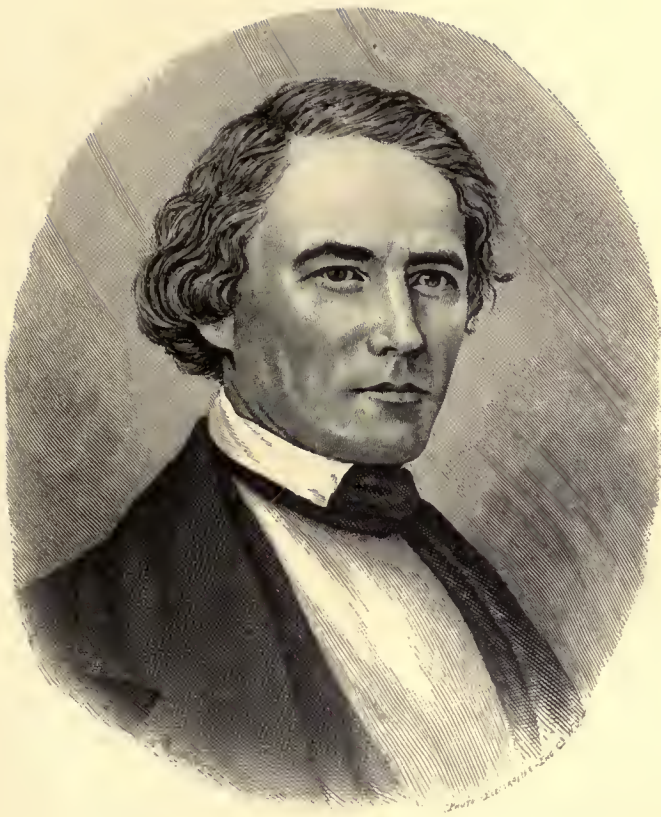
As will be seen on reference to a map, on this short mountain-chain are the head-waters of four great rivers of the continent ; namely, the Colorado, Columbia, Missouri, and Platte Rivers. It had been my design, after having ascended the mountains, to continue our route on the western side of the range, and, crossing through a pass at the northwestern end of the chain, about thirty miles from our present camp, return along the eastern slope, across the heads of the Yellowstone River, and join on the line to our station of August 7, immediately at the foot of the ridge. In this way I should be enabled to include the whole chain, and its numerous waters, in my survey ; but various considerations induced me, very reluctantly, to abandon this plan.

I was desirous to keep strictly within the scope of my instructions ; and it would have required ten or fifteen additional days for the accomplishment of this object ; our animals had become very much worn out with the length of the journey ; game was very scarce ; and, though it does not appear in the course of the narrative (as I have avoided dwelling upon trifling incidents not connected with the objects of the expedition),

the spirits of the men had been much exhausted by the hardships and privations to which they had been subjected. Our provisions had well-nigh all disappeared. Bread had been long out of the question ; and of all our stock, we had remaining two or three pounds of coffee, and a small quantity of macaroni, which had been husbanded with great care for the mountain expedition we were about to undertake. Our daily meal consisted of dry buffalo meat, cooked in tallow ; and, as we had not dried this with Indian skill, part of it was spoiled ; and what remained good was as hard as wood, having much the taste and appearance of so many pieces of bark. Even of this, our stock was rapidly diminishing in a camp which was capable of consuming two buffaloes in every twenty-four hours. These animals had entirely disappeared ; and it was not probable that we should fall in with them again until we returned to the Sweet Water.

Our arrangements for the ascent were rapidly completed. We were in a hostile country, which rendered the greatest vigilance and circumspection necessary. The pass at the north end of the mountain was generally infested by Blackfeet ; and immediately opposite was one of their forts, on the edge of a little thicket, two or three hundred feet from our encampment. We were posted in a grove of beech, on the margin of the lake, and a few hundred feet long, with a narrow *prairillon* on the inner side, bordered by a rocky ridge. In the upper end of this grove we cleared a circular space about forty feet in diameter, and with the felled timber and interwoven branches, surrounded it with a breastwork five feet in height. A gap was left for a gate on the inner side, by which the animals were to be driven in and secured, while the men slept around the little work. It was half hidden by the foliage ; and, garrisoned by twelve resolute men, would have set at defiance any band of savages which might chance to discover them in the interval of our absence. Fifteen of the best mules, with fourteen men, were selected for the mountain party. Our provisions consisted of dried meat for two days, with our little stock of coffee and some macaroni. In addition to the barometer and a thermometer, I took with me a sextant and spy-glass, and we had, of course, our compasses. In charge of the camp I left Bernier, one of my most trustworthy men, who possessed the most determined courage.

August 12. Early in the morning we left the camp, fifteen in number, well armed, of course, and mounted on our best mules. A pack animal carried our provisions, with a coffee-pot and kettle, and three or four tin cups. Every man had a blanket strapped over his saddle, to serve for his bed, and the instruments were carried by turns on their backs. We entered directly on rough and rocky ground ; and, just after crossing the ridge, had the good fortune to shoot an antelope. We heard the roar, and had a glimpse of a waterfall as we rode along ; and, crossing in our way two fine



KIT CARSON.

streams, tributary to the Colorado, in about two hours' ride we reached the top of the first row or range of the mountains. Here, again, a view of the most romantic beauty met our eyes. It seemed as if, from the vast expanse of uninteresting prairie we had passed over, Nature had collected all her beauties together in one chosen place. We were overlooking a deep valley, which was entirely occupied by three lakes, and from the brink the surrounding ridges rose precipitously five hundred and a thousand feet, covered with the dark green of the balsam pine, relieved on the border of the lake with the light foliage of the aspen. They all communicated with each other; and the green of the waters, common to mountain lakes of great depth, showed that it would be impossible to cross them. The surprise manifested by our guides when these impassable obstacles suddenly barred our progress, proved that they were among the hidden treasures of the place, unknown even to the wandering trappers of the region. Descending the hill, we proceeded to make our way along the margin to the southern extremity. A narrow strip of angular fragments of rock sometimes afforded a rough pathway for our mules, but generally we rode along the shelving side, occasionally scrambling up, at a considerable risk of tumbling back into the lake.

The slope was frequently 60° ; the pines grew densely together, and the ground was covered with the branches and trunks of trees. The air was fragrant with the odor of the pines; and I realized this delightful morning the pleasure of breathing that mountain air which makes a constant theme of the hunter's praise, and which now made us feel as if we had all been drinking some exhilarating gas. The depths of this unexplored forest were a place to delight the heart of a botanist. There was a rich undergrowth of plants and numerous gay-colored flowers in brilliant bloom. We reached the outlet at length, where some freshly barked willows that lay in the water showed that beaver had been recently at work. There were some small brown squirrels jumping about in the pines, and a couple of large mallard ducks swimming about in the stream.

The hills on this southern end were low, and the lake looked like a mimic sea, as the waves broke on the sandy beach in the force of a strong breeze. There was a pretty open spot, with fine grass for our mules; and we made our noon halt on the beach, under the shade of some large hemlocks. We resumed our journey after a halt of about an hour, making our way up the ridge on the western side of the lake. In search of smoother ground, we rode a little inland; and, passing through groves of aspen, soon found ourselves among the pines. Emerging from these, we struck the summit of the ridge above the upper end of the lake.

We had reached a very elevated point, and in the valley below, and among the hills, were a number of lakes at different levels; some, two or

three hundred feet above others, with which they communicated by foaming torrents. Even to our great height, the roar of the cataracts came up, and we could see them leaping down in lines of snowy foam. From this scene of busy waters we turned abruptly into the stillness of a forest, where we rode among the open bolls of the pines, over a lawn of verdant grass having strikingly the air of cultivated grounds. This led us after a time among masses of rock which had no vegetable earth but in hollows and crevices, though still the pine forest continued. Toward evening, we reached a defile, or rather hole in the mountains, entirely shut in by dark pine-covered rocks.

A small stream, with a scarcely perceptible current, flowed through a level bottom of perhaps eighty yards width, where the grass was saturated with water. Into this the mules were turned, and were neither hobbled nor picketed during the night, as the fine pasturage took away all temptation to stray; and we made our bivouac in the pines. The surrounding masses were all of granite. While supper was being prepared I set out on an excursion in the neighborhood, accompanied by one of my men. We wandered about among the crags and ravines until dark, richly repaid for our walk by a fine collection of plants, many of them in full bloom. Ascending a peak to find the place of our camp, we saw that the little defile in which we lay communicated with the long green valley of some stream, which, here locked up in the mountains, far away to the south found its way in a dense forest to the plains.

Looking along its upward course, it seemed to conduct, by a smooth gradual slope, directly toward the peak, which, from long consultation as we approached the mountain, we had decided to be the highest of the range. Pleased with the discovery of so fine a road for the next day, we hastened down to the camp, where we arrived just in time for supper. Our table service was rather scant; and we held the meat in our hands, and clean rocks made good plates, on which we spread our macaroni.

Among all the strange places on which we had occasion to encamp during our long journey, none have left so vivid an impression on my mind as the camp of this evening. The disorder of the masses which surrounded us; the little hole through which we saw the stars overhead; the dark pines where we slept; and the rocks lit up with the glow of our fires, made a night-picture of very wild beauty.

August 13. The morning was bright and pleasant, just cool enough to make exercise agreeable, and we soon entered the defile I had seen the preceding day. It was smoothly carpeted with a soft grass, and scattered over with groups of flowers, of which yellow was the predominant color. Sometimes we were forced, by an occasional difficult pass, to pick our way on a narrow ledge along the side of the defile, and the mules were fre-

quently on their knees ; but these obstructions were rare, and we journeyed on in the sweet morning air, delighted at our good fortune in having found such a beautiful entrance to the mountains.

This road continued for about three miles, when we suddenly reached its termination in one of the grand views which at every turn meet the traveller in this magnificent region. Here the defile up which we had travelled, opened out into a small lawn, where, in a little lake, the stream had its source.

There were some fine *asters* in bloom, but all the flowering plants appeared to seek the shelter of the rocks, and to be of lower growth than below, as if they loved the warmth of the soil, and kept out of the way of the winds. Immediately at our feet a precipitous descent led to a confusion of defiles, and before us rose the mountains as we have represented them in the annexed view. It is not by the splendor of far-off views, which have lent such a glory to the Alps, that these impress the mind ; but by a gigantic disorder of enormous masses, and a savage sublimity of naked rock, in wonderful contrast with innumerable green spots of a rich floral beauty shut up in their stern recesses. Their wildness seems well suited to the character of the people who inhabit the country.

I determined to leave our animals here, and make the rest of our way on foot. The peak appeared so near that there was no doubt of our returning before night ; and a few men were left in charge of the mules, with our provisions and blankets. We took with us nothing but our arms and instruments, and, as the day had become warm, the greater part left our coats. Having made an early dinner, we started again. We were soon involved in the most ragged precipices, nearing the central chain very slowly, and rising but little. The first ridge hid a succession of others ; and when, with great fatigue and difficulty we had climbed up five hundred feet, it was but to make an equal descent on the other side ; all these intervening places were filled with small deep lakes, which met the eye in every direction, descending from one level to another, sometimes under bridges formed by huge fragments of granite, beneath which was heard the roar of the water. These constantly obstructed our path, forcing us to make long *détours* ; frequently obliged to retrace our steps, and frequently falling among the rocks. Maxwell was precipitated towards the face of a precipice, and saved himself from going over by throwing himself flat on the ground. We clambered on, always expecting with every ridge that we crossed, to reach the foot of the peaks, and always disappointed, until about 4 o'clock when, pretty well worn out, we reached the shore of a little lake, in which was a rocky island, and from which we obtained the view given here. We remained here a short time to rest, and continued on around the lake, which had in some places a beach of white sand, and in others

was bound with rocks over which the way was difficult and dangerous, as the water from innumerable springs made them very slippery.

By the time we had reached the farther side of the lake, we found ourselves all exceedingly fatigued and, much to the satisfaction of the whole party, we encamped. The spot we had chosen was a broad flat rock, in some measure protected from the winds by the surrounding crags, and the trunks of fallen pines afforded us bright fires. Near by was a foaming torrent, which tumbled into the little lake about one hundred and fifty feet below us, and which, by way of distinction, we have called Island Lake. We had reached the upper limit of the piny region; as, above this point, no tree was to be seen, and patches of snow lay everywhere around us on the cold sides of the rocks. The flora of the region we had traversed since leaving our mules was extremely rich, and, among the characteristic plants, the scarlet flowers of the *dodecatheon dentatum* everywhere met the eye in great abundance. A small green ravine, on the edge of which we were encamped, was filled with a profusion of alpine plants in brilliant bloom. From barometrical observations, made during our three days' sojourn at this place, its elevation above the Gulf of Mexico is 10,000 feet. During the day we had seen no sign of animal life; but among the rocks we heard what was supposed to be the bleat of a young goat, which we searched for with hungry activity, and found to proceed from a small animal of a gray color, with short ears and no tail—probably the Siberian squirrel. We saw a considerable number of them, and, with the exception of a small bird like a sparrow, it is the only inhabitant of this elevated part of the mountains. On our return, we saw below this lake, large flocks of the mountain goat. We had nothing to eat to-night. Lajeunesse, with several others, took their guns and sallied out in search of a goat; but returned unsuccessful. At sunset the barometer stood at 20.522; the attached thermometer 50°. Here we had the misfortune to break our thermometer, having now only that attached to the barometer. I was taken ill shortly after we had encamped, and continued so until late in the night, with violent headache and vomiting. This was probably caused by the excessive fatigue I had undergone, and want of food, and perhaps, also, in some measure, by the rarity of the air. The night was cold, as a violent gale from the north had sprung up at sunset, which entirely blew away the heat of the fires. The cold, and our granite beds, had not been favorable to sleep, and we were glad to see the face of the sun in the morning. Not being delayed by any preparation for breakfast, we set out immediately.

On every side as we advanced was heard the roar of waters, and of a torrent, which we followed up a short distance, until it expanded into a lake about one mile in length. On the northern side of the lake was a bank of

ice, or rather of snow covered with a crust of ice. Carson had been our guide into the mountains and, agreeably to his advice, we left this little valley, and took to the ridges again; which we found extremely broken, and where we were again involved among precipices. Here were ice-fields; among which we were all dispersed, seeking each the best path to ascend the peak. Mr. Preuss attempted to walk along the upper edge of one of these fields, which sloped away at an angle of about twenty degrees; but his feet slipped from under him, and he went plunging down the plane. A few hundred feet below, at the bottom, were some fragments of sharp rock, on which he landed; and though he turned a couple of somersets, fortunately received no injury beyond a few bruises. Two of the men, Clement Lambert and Descoteaux, had been taken ill, and laid down on the rocks a short distance below; and at this point I was attacked with headache and giddiness, accompanied by vomiting, as on the day before. Finding myself unable to proceed I sent the barometer over to Mr. Preuss, who was in a gap two or three hundred yards distant, desiring him to reach the peak, if possible, and take an observation there. He found himself unable to proceed farther in that direction, and took an observation, where the barometer stood 19.401; attached thermometer 50° in the gap. Carson, who had gone over to him, succeeding in reaching one of the snowy summits of the main ridge, whence he saw the peak towards which all our efforts had been directed, towering eight or ten hundred feet into the air above him. In the meantime, finding myself grow rather worse than better, and doubtful how far my strength would carry me, I sent Basil Lajeunesse, with four men back to the place where the mules had been left.

We were now better acquainted with the topography of the country, and I directed him to bring back with him, if it were in any way possible, four or five mules, with provisions and blankets. With me were Maxwell and Ayer; and after we had remained nearly an hour on the rock, it became so unpleasantly cold, though the day was bright, that we set out on our return to the camp, at which we all arrived safely, straggling in one after the other. I continued ill during the afternoon, but became better towards sundown, when my recovery was completed by the appearance of Basil and four men, all mounted. The men who had gone with him had been too much fatigued to return, and were relieved by those in charge of the horses; but in his powers of endurance Basil resembled more a mountain goat than a man. They brought blankets and provisions, and we enjoyed well our dried meat and a cup of good coffee. We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and, with our feet turned to a blazing fire, slept soundly until morning.

August 15. It had been supposed that we had finished with the mountains; and the evening before, it had been arranged that Carson should set out at daylight, and return to breakfast at the camp of the

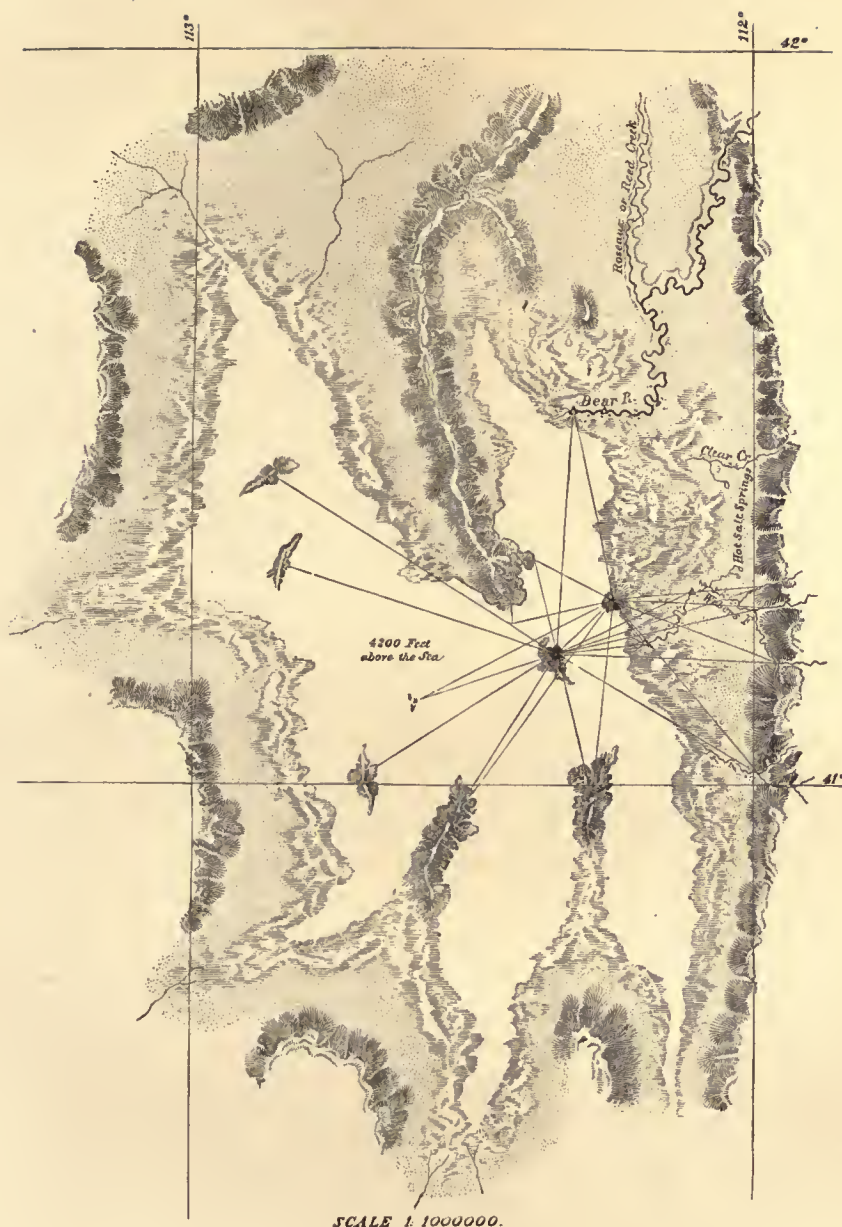
mules, taking with him all but four or five men, who were to stay with me and bring back the mules and instruments. Accordingly, at the break of day they set out. With Mr. Preuss and myself remained Basil Lajeunesse, Clement Lambert, Janisse, and Descoteaux. When we had secured strength for the day by a hearty breakfast, we covered what remained, which was enough for one meal, with rocks, in order that it might be safe from any marauding bird; and, saddling our mules, turned our faces once more towards the peaks. This time we determined to proceed quietly and cautiously, deliberately resolved to accomplish our object if it were within the compass of human means. We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak. Our mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine at the island camp, and we intended to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known, and we had many a rough and steep slippery place to cross before reaching the end. In this place the sun rarely shone; snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it, and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure, and all the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summit of the chain. There at last it rose by our sides, a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, terminating 2,000 to 3,000 feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of a green color, each of perhaps a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep. These lay in a kind of chasm; and, according to the barometer, we had attained but a few hundred feet above the Island Lake. The barometer here stood at 20.450; attached thermometer 70°.

We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lakes, where there was a patch of good grass, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place they had exhibited a wonderful surefootedness. Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock, three or four and eight or ten feet cube; and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a false step, and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travellers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we

found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1,800 feet above the lakes came to the snow-line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *parfleche*; but here I put on a light thin pair, which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a further advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the outset had spared my strength; and, with the exception of a slight disposition to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing round one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow-field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N. 51° E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent, we had met no sign of animal life, except the small sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus*, the humble-bee) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men. It was a strange place, the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the ad-

vance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed ; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war ; and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at 44° ; giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect. From the description given by Mackenzie of the mountains where he crossed them, with that of a French officer still farther to the north, and Colonel Long's measurements to the south, joined to the opinion of the oldest traders of the country, it is presumed that this is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. The day was sunny and bright, but a slight shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California ; and on the other was the Wind River Valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri ; far to the north, we could just discover the snowy heads of the Trois Tetons, where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers ; and at the southern extremity of the ridge, the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte River. Around us the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures ; between which rose the thin lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns, which is correctly represented in the view from the camp on Island Lake. According to the barometer, the little crest of the wall on which we stood was three thousand five hundred and seventy feet above that place, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty above the little lakes at the bottom, immediately at our feet. Our camp at the Two Hills (an astronomical station) bore south 3° east, which, with a bearing afterward obtained from a fixed position, enabled us to locate the peak. The bearing of the Trois Tetons was north 50° west, and the direction of the central ridge of the Wind River Mountains south 39° east. The summit rock was gneiss, succeeded by sienitic gneiss. Sienite and feldspar succeeded in our descent to the snow line, where we found a feldspathic granite. I had remarked that the noise produced by the explosion of our pistols had the usual degree of loudness, but was not in the least prolonged, expiring almost instantaneously. Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down



THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers. It was about two o'clock when we left the summit; and when we reached the bottom, the sun had already sunk behind the wall, and the day was drawing to a close. It would have been pleasant to have lingered here and on the summit longer; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.

We reached our deposit of provisions at nightfall. Here was not the inn which awaits the tired traveller on his return from Mont Blanc, or the orange groves of South America, with their refreshing juices and soft fragrant air; but we found our little *cache* of dried meat and coffee undisturbed. Though the moon was bright, the road was full of precipices, and the fatigue of the day had been great. We therefore abandoned the idea of rejoining our friends, and lay down on the rock, and in spite of the cold slept soundly.

August 16. We left our encampment with the daylight. On our way we saw large flocks of the mountain goat looking down on us from the cliffs. At the crack of a rifle they would bound off among the rocks, and in a few minutes make their appearance on some lofty peak, some hundred or a thousand feet above. It is needless to attempt any further description of the country; the portion over which we travelled this morning was rough as imagination could picture it, and to us seemed equally beautiful. A course of lakes and rushing waters, mountains of rocks naked and destitute of vegetable earth, dells and ravines of the most exquisite beauty, all kept green and fresh by the great moisture in the air, and sown with brilliant flowers, and everywhere thrown around all the glory of the most magnificent scenes—these constitute the features of the place, and impress themselves vividly on the mind of the traveller. It was not until 11 o'clock that we reached the place where our animals had been left, when we first attempted the mountains on foot. Near one of the still burning fires we found a piece of meat which our friends had thrown away, and which furnished us a mouthful—a very scanty breakfast. We continued directly on, and reached our camp on the mountain lake at dusk. Nothing had occurred to interrupt the quiet since our departure, and the fine grass and good cool water had done much to re-establish our animals. All heard with great delight the order to turn our faces homeward; and toward sundown of the 17th we encamped again at the Two Buttes.

In the course of this afternoon's march, the barometer was broken past remedy. I regretted it, as I was desirous to compare it again with Dr. Engelman's barometers at St. Louis, to which mine were referred; but it had done its part well, and my objects were mainly fulfilled.

We were encamped on the northern shore of the Great Tlamath Lake, in Oregon. The night was cool, for the early days of May are sharp in this high country, under the shadow of the great mountains. I was standing by the camp-fire late in the evening when I caught the sound of horses' hoofs and two men rode quickly up. It was an unexpected event to see in this place white men who did not belong to our camp. They proved to be a stranger, a half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and Samuel Neal, who had been with me in the expedition of 1843-44. He had been won by the glowing fertility and beauty of California, and decided to remain there; he was now a *ranchero*, or stockman, owning a good rancho on Butte Creek, in the Sacramento Valley. Starting at daybreak, he and his companion had ridden from the outlet of the lake to my camp. He informed me that a United States officer was on my trail with despatches for me, but he doubted if he would get through, as he and his companion had escaped the Indians only by the goodness of their horses, which he brought from his own rancho. A quick eye and a good horse mean life to a man in an Indian country. Neal had both. He was a lover of horses and knew a good one; and those he had with him were the best on his rancho. He had been sent forward by the messenger to let me know that he was in danger of being cut off by the Indians.

The trail back along the shore at the foot of the mountains was so nearly impassable at night that nothing could be gained by attempting it, but everything was made ready for an early start in the morning. For the relief party, in view of contingencies, I selected nine of the best men, including Carson, Dick Owens, and Lajeunesse, with four of the Delawares.

When the excitement of the evening was over I lay down, speculating far into the night on what could be the urgency of the message which had brought an officer of the Government to search so far after me into these mountains. At early dawn we took the backward trail. Snow and fallen timber made the ride hard and long to where I thought to meet the messenger. On the way no Indians were seen and no tracks later than those where they had struck Neal's trail. In the afternoon, having made about sixty miles, we reached the spot where the forest made an opening to the lake and where I intended to wait. This was a glade, or natural meadow, shut in by the forest, with a small stream and good grass. I knew that this was the first water to which the trail would bring the messenger and that I was sure to meet him here if no harm befell him on the way. The sun was about going down when he was seen issuing from the wood accompanied by three men. He proved to be Lieutenant Gillespie, of the United States Marine Corps. He was a bearer of despatches to the U. S.

Consul at Monterey and had travelled over six hundred miles to overtake me, through great dangers. He brought me a letter of introduction from the Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan, and letters and papers from Senator Benton and the family. We greeted him warmly. All were glad to see him, whites and Indians. It was long since any news had reached us and every one was as pleased to see him as if he had come freighted with letters from home, for all. It was now eleven months since any tidings had reached me. Neal had much to talk over with his old companions, and pleasurable excitement kept us up late; but before eleven o'clock all were wrapped in their blankets and soundly asleep, except myself. I sat by the fire in fancied security, going over again the home package. The letter from the Secretary was directed to me in my private, or citizen capacity, and though importing nothing beyond the introduction it accredited the bearer to me as coming from the Secretary of State, in connection with the circumstances and place of delivery it indicated a purpose in sending it which was intelligently explained to me by the accompanying letter from Senator Benton and by communications from Lieutenant Gillespie. This officer informed me that he had been directed by the Secretary of State *to find me wherever I might be*, and to acquaint me with his instructions, which had for their principal objects to ascertain the disposition of the California people, to conciliate their feelings in favor of the United States, and to find out, *with a view to counteracting*, the designs of the British Government upon this country. The letter from Senator Benton, while apparently of friendship and family details, contained passages and suggestions which, read by the light of many conversations and discussions with himself at Washington, clearly indicated to me that I was required by the Government to find out any foreign schemes in relation to the Californias and to counteract them.

I had about thought out the situation when I was startled by a sudden movement among the animals. Lieutenant Gillespie had told me that there were no Indians on his trail and I knew there were none on mine. This night was one of two when I had failed to put men on guard in an Indian country—this one and a night spent on an island in the Great Salt Lake. The animals were near the shore of the lake, not a hundred yards away. Drawing a revolver I went down among them. A mule is a good sentinel, and when he quits eating and stands with his ears stuck straight out taking notice, it is best to see what is the matter. The mules knew that Indians were around, but nothing seemed stirring, and my presence quieting the animals I returned to the fire and my letters.

There appeared but one way open to me. War with Mexico seemed inevitable, and a grand opportunity might now present itself to realize in their fullest extent the far-sighted views of Senator Benton and make the

Pacific Ocean the western boundary of the United States. These considerations decided my course. I determined to act on my own responsibility and return forthwith to California. This decision was the first step in the conquest of California.

My mind having settled into this conclusion I went to my bed under a cedar. The camp was divided into three fires, and near each one, but well out of the light, were sleeping the men belonging to it. Close up along the margin of the wood which shut us in on three sides were some low cedars, the ends of their boughs reaching nearly to the ground. Under these we had made our beds. One always likes to have his head sheltered and a rifle with a ramrod or a branch or bush with a blanket thrown over them answers very well where there is nothing better.

I had barely fallen to sleep when I was awakened by the sound of Carson's voice, calling to Basil to know "what the matter was over there." No reply came and immediately the camp was roused by the cry from Kit and Owens who were lying together—"Indians!" Basil and the half-breed had been killed. It was the sound of the axe driven into Basil's head that had awakened Carson. The half-breed had been killed with arrows, and his groans had replied to Carson's call, and told him what the matter was. No man, with an Indian experience, jumps squarely to his feet in a night attack, but in an instant every man was at himself. The Delawares who lay near their fire on that side sprung to cover rifle in hand at the sound of the axe. We ran to their aid, Carson and I, Godey and Stepp, just as the Tlamaths charged into the open ground. The fires were smouldering but gave light enough to show Delaware Crane jumping like a brave as he was from side to side in Indian fashion, and defending himself with the butt of his gun. By some mischance his rifle was not loaded when he lay down. All this was quick work. The moment's silence which followed Carson's shout was broken by our rifles. The Tlamath chief who was at the head of his men fell in front of Crane who was just down with five arrows in his body—three in his breast. The Tlamaths checked in their onset and disconcerted by the fall of their chief jumped back into the shadow of the wood. We threw a blanket over Crane and hung blankets to the cedar boughs and bushes near by behind my camp-fire for a defence against the arrows. The Indians did not dare to put themselves again in the open but continued to pour in their arrows. They made no attempt on our animals which had been driven up by Owens to be under fire of the camp, but made frequent attempts to get the body of their chief. We were determined they should not have it and every movement on their part brought a rifle-shot; a dozen rifles in such hands at short range made the undertaking too hazardous for them to persist in it. While both sides were watching each

other from under cover and every movement was followed by a rifle-shot or arrow, I heard Carson cry out "*Look at the fool! Look at him will you!*" This was to Godey, who had stepped out to the light of my fire to look at some little thing which had gone wrong with his gun; it was still bright enough to show him distinctly, standing there—a fair mark to the arrows—turning resentfully to Carson for the epithet bestowed on him but in nowise hurrying himself. He was the most thoroughly insensible to danger of all the brave men I have known.

All night we lay behind our blanket defences, with our rifles cocked in our hands, expecting momentarily another attack, until the morning light enabled us to see that the Indians had disappeared. By their tracks we found that fifteen or twenty Tlamaths had attacked us. It was a sorrowful sight that met our eyes in the gray of the morning. Three of our men had been killed; Basil, Crane, and the half-breed, and another Delaware had been wounded; one-fourth of our number. The chief who had been killed was recognized to be the same Indian who had given Lieutenant Gillespie a salmon at the outlet of the lake. Hung to his wrist was an English half-axe. Carson seized this and knocked his head to pieces with it, and one of the Delawares, Saghundai, scalped him. He was left where he fell. In his quiver were forty arrows; as Carson said, "the most beautiful and warlike arrows he had ever seen." We saw more of them afterward. These arrows were all headed with a lancet-like piece of iron or steel—probably obtained from the Hudson Bay Company's traders—and were poisoned for about six inches. They could be driven that depth into a pine tree.

This event cast an angry gloom over the little camp. For the moment I threw all other considerations aside and determined to square accounts with these people before I left them. It was only a few days back that some of these same Indians had come into our camp, and I divided with them what meat I had and unpacked a mule to give them tobacco and knives.

On leaving the main party I had directed it to gear up as soon as the men had breakfasted and follow my trail to a place where we had encamped some days back. This would put them now about twenty-five miles from us. Packing our dead men on the mules, we started to rejoin the main camp, following the trail by which we had come. Before we had been two hours on the way many canoes appeared on the lake, coming from different directions and apparently making for a point where the trail came down to the shore. As we approached this point the prolonged cry of a loon told us that their scout was giving the Indians warning of our approach. Knowing that if we came to a fight the care of our dead men would prove a great hindrance and probably cost more lives, I turned sharply off into the mountain, and buried, or *cached*, them in a close laurel thicket. The Indians, thrown out by our sudden movement, failed in their intended ambush; and

Dear Mr. Strenuous

I was glad to see
thy writing once more - and
glad to know thy writing
thy recollections of thy time - so
full of interest & wonderful
events - and glad to comply
with thy request to copy the
lines addressed to thy husband
who struck the first brave blow
for Liberty.

The year has been heavily
open sore, and the death of
my brother, the loss our fam-
ily, is a great loss. But I am
thankful that I have lived to
see slavery's end; the Union
established, and the whole
country in a prosperous condition.
With kind regards to the bereaved.
I am dear Mr. Strenuous thy
sincere friend

John G. Whittier

Boston, 63 Mt Vernon St.
July 2, 1853

To John C. Fremont.

The crow Fremont, simply was to act,
The brave man's part without the statesman's tact,
And taking counsel but of common sense,
To strike at cause as well as consequence.
Or never, yet since Roland wound his horn
At Roncevalles, has a blast been blown
Four-headed, wide-echoed, startling as the sun
Heard in the van of Freedom's hope forlorn!
It had been safer, doubtless, for a time,
To flatter treason, and avoid offence
To that Dark Power whose underlying crime
Heaven upward it perpetual turbulence,
But, if thine be the fate of all who break
The ground for truth's seed, or forever their years
Till dwarfed in distance, or with stout hearts break
A lane for freedom through the levelled spears, -
Still take this courage! - God has spoken through thee
In every cable, the mighty words: "Be Free!"
The land shakes with them, and the slave's dull ear
Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily to hear.
Who would forbid them now must first arrest
The winds that blow down from the free North West
Reuffling the Gulf: or like a scroll roll back
The Mississippi to its upper springs,
Such words fulfill their prophecy, and lack
But the full time to hallow into things

John G. Whittier



THE PRUSSIAN ORDER OF MERIT.



AMONG THE BUFFALO.



NATURAL OBELISKS.



SUNSET. UPPER WATERS COLORADO.



COCHETOPPE PASS.



WEST ROCKY MOUNTAINS BORDERING GREAT COLORADO VALLEY.



MOVING CAMP.



TLAMATH LAKE.



TLAMATH RIVER. ATTACK BY TLAMATHS.





FOREST CAMP. SHANTL PEAK.



SAMITCH RIVER



PALISADES.



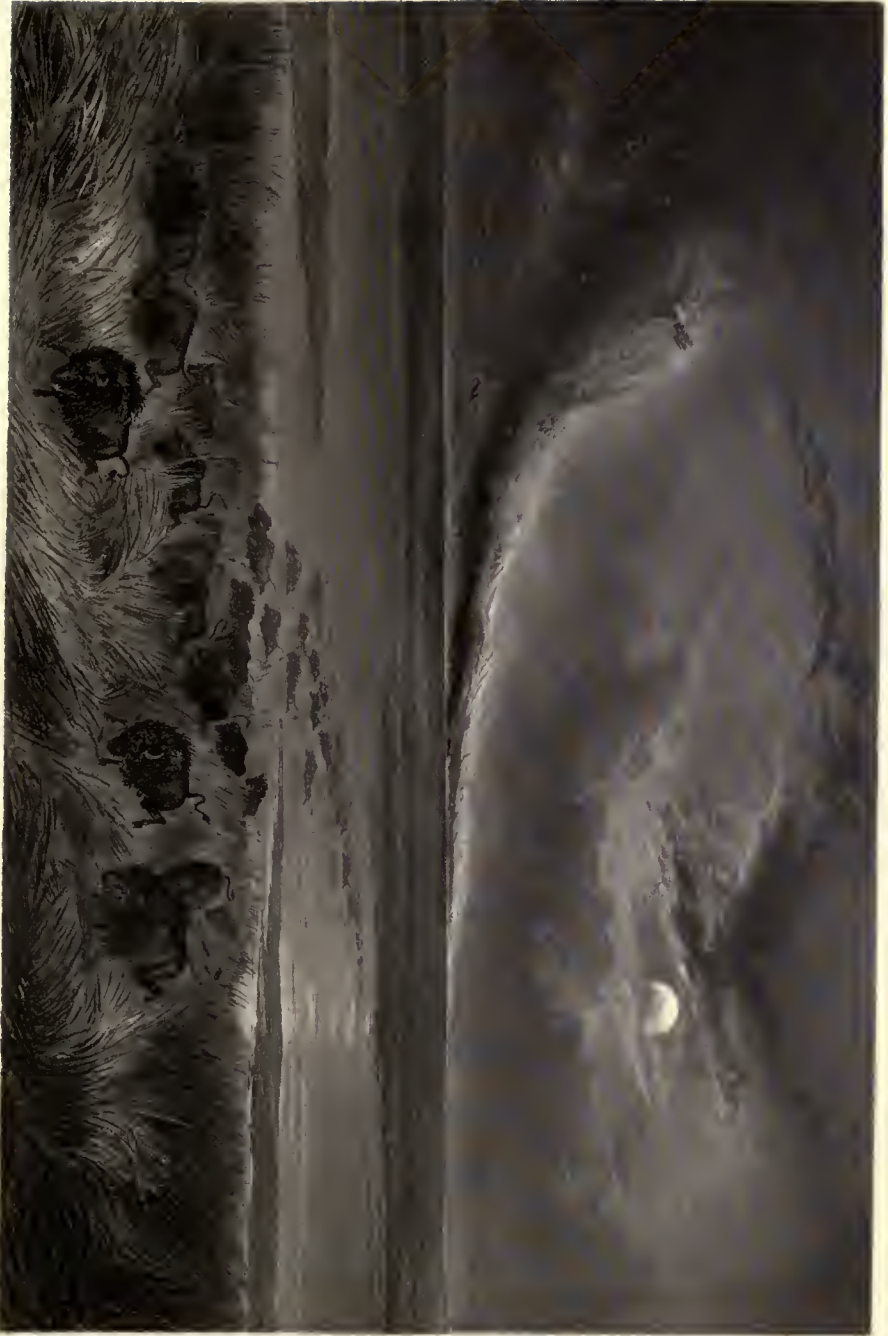
SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS 1848.



CHRISTMAS CAMP 1848. SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS.



SAN LUIS VALLEY, NEAR SAND-HILL PASS.



BUFFALO ESCAPING FROM PRAIRIE-FIRES



UTAH VILLAGE—FOOT-HILLS WEST SLOPE OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



SAGUNDAI.

MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE

BY

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT

WITH A SKETCH OF THE

LIFE OF SENATOR BENTON

By JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT

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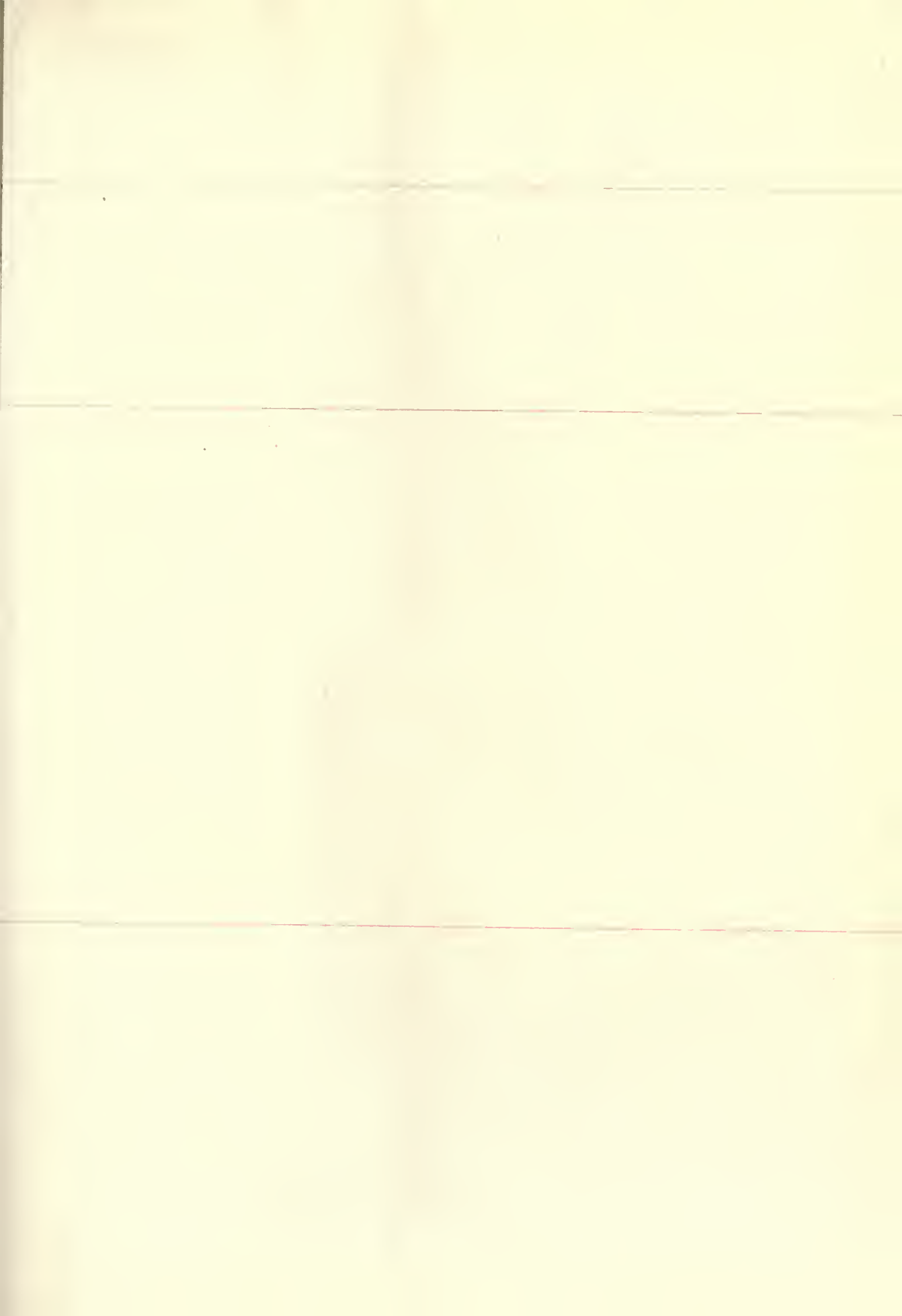
RESIDENCE.

STYLE OF BINDING
IN VOLUMES.

PARTS
WITH PORTFOLIO.

SUBSCRIBER'S NAME.	RESIDENCE.	STYLE OF BINDING IN VOLUMES.	PARTS WITH PORTFOLIO.

SUBSCRIBER'S NAME.	RESIDENCE.	STYLE OF BINDING IN VOLUMES.	PARTS WITH PORTFOLIO.



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RESIDENCE.

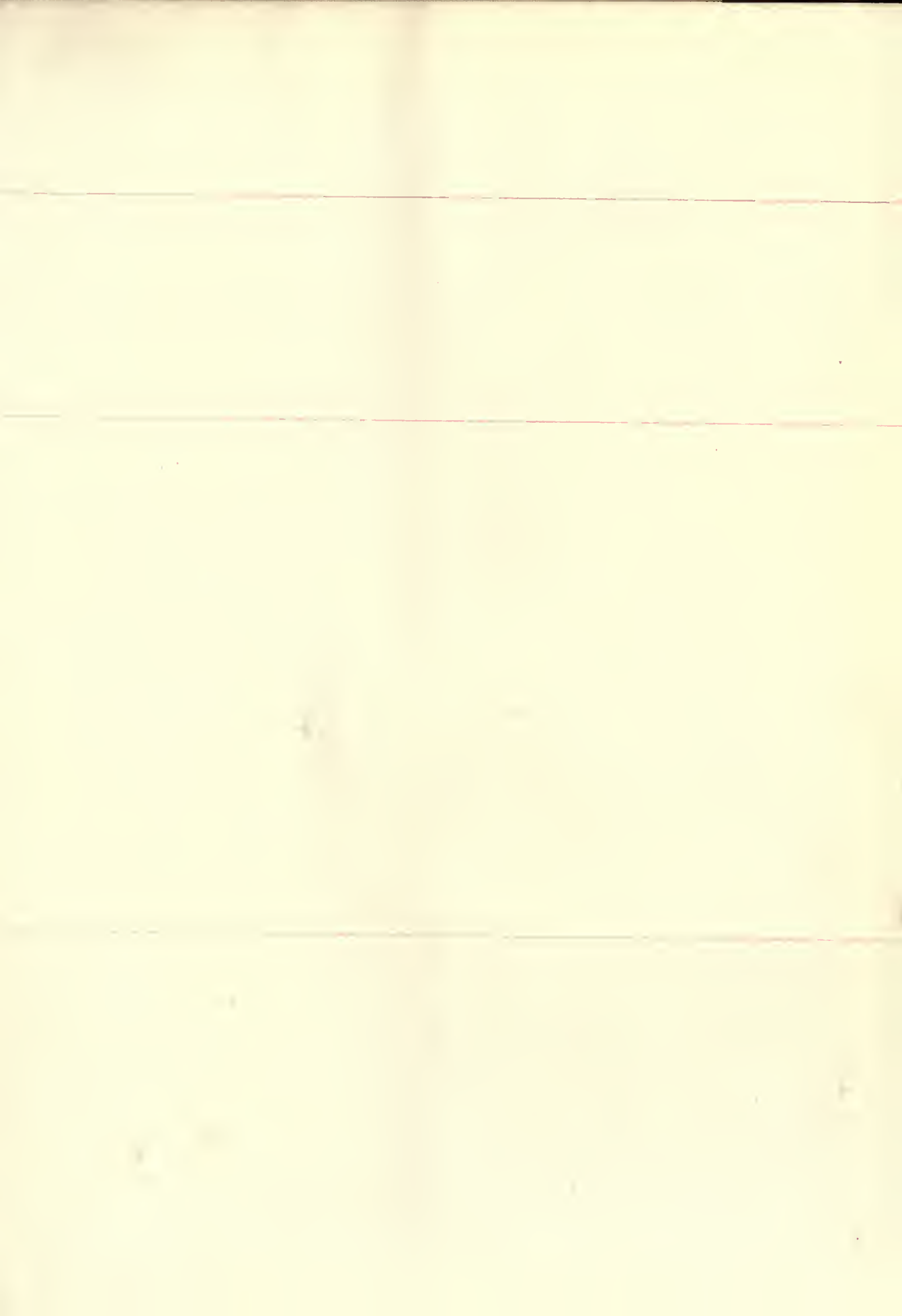
STYLE OF BINDING
IN VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS
OF
MY LIFE
BY
JOHN CHARLES
FRÉMONT

VOL. I.



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