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-

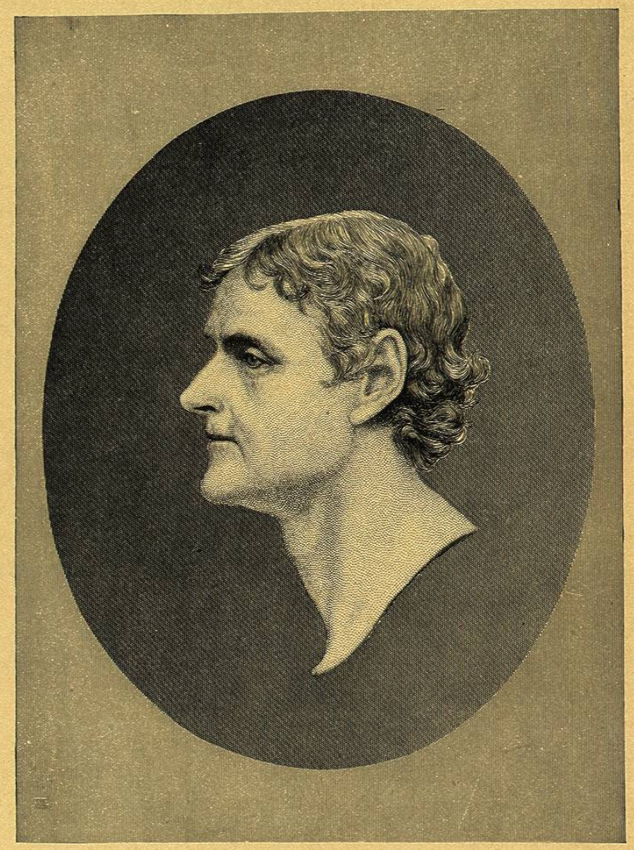
souri; ascend it to its source in the Rocky Mountains, and then follow the Missouri to the French settlements of the Upper Mississippi, thence home.

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



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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, Crafits, 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

BENTON MONUMENT—ST. LOUIS, MO.

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