AMERICAN HERITAGE

Washington, by John Trumbull

February 1956

AMERICAN HERITAGE

February, 1956 · Volume VII, Number 2

© 1956, by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. U.S. copyright is not claimed for color plates on pages 4, 8-9, 15, 17, 26-27, 28, 31, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, and 64.

COURTESY COLLECTION OF FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT, INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORP.

This impression of An Indian Chief before and after his Visit to Washington *was painted by George Catlin in 1841.*

AMERICAN HERITAGE

The Magazine of History

PUBLISHER
James Parton
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr.

EDITOR
Bruce Catton
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Oliver Jensen
ASSISTANT EDITOR
Joan Paterson Mills
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Hilde Heun, Stephen W. Sears
Mildred C. Masters
ART DIRECTOR
Irwin Glusker

ADVISORY BOARD
Allan Nevins, *Chairman*
Carl Carmer, Louis C. Jones
Albert B. Corey, Richard P. McCormick
Christopher Crittenden, Howard H. Peckham
Marshall Davidson, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr.
S. K. Stevens

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
William S. Powell .... *History News*
William G. Tyrrell .... *Audio-Visual Aids*
Ralph W. Cordier .... *Education*

REGIONAL EDITORS
Ray A. Billington.......... *Evanston, Illinois*
John W. Caughey..... *Los Angeles, California*
K. Ross Toole .... *Helena, Montana*
Walter Prescott Webb .... *Austin, Texas*

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
Richard V. Benson

AMERICAN HERITAGE is published every two months by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Single Copies: $2.95
Annual Subscription: $12.00 in the U.S.A.
$13.00 elsewhere

AMERICAN HERITAGE articles are indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*

AMERICAN HERITAGE will consider but assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and pictorial material.

Printed in the United States of America

Sponsored by
American Association for State & Local History · Society of American Historians

CONTENTS *February, 1956 · Volume VII, Number 2*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S GRAND DESIGN by *Richard B. Morris* 4

FIRST "DUDE RANCH" TRIP TO THE UNTAMED WEST by *Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.* 8

THE HARD-LUCK FRIGATE by *A. B. C. Whipple* 16

AMBASSADORS TO THE COURT OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT by *Nelson M. Blake* 20

HOW A MADMAN HELPED SAVE THE COLONIES by *James Thomas Flexner* 26

THE GREAT BATTLE OF ATLANTA by *Bruce Catton* 32

IF TORTUGAS LET YOU PASS by *Hamilton Basso* 46

DIME NOVELS by *Mary Noel* 50

LIGHT FOR LINCOLN'S STATUE by *Margaret French Cresson* . 56

THE GREAT DIAMOND FRAUD by *Harry H. Crosby* 58

THE FREEMAN LETTERS ON GEORGE WASHINGTON . . 64

VIGILANTE JUSTICE by *Alan Valentine* 72

SKETCHES FROM THE VANISHING LANDSCAPE by *Eric Sloane* . 104

READING, WRITING AND HISTORY by *Oliver Jensen* 114

COVERS: The head of General Washington is a detail from John Trumbull's painting *Capture of the Hessians at Trenton* which hangs in the Yale University Art Gallery. New side lights on Washington appear in the letters of his biographer, Douglas Southall Freeman, beginning on page 64. The back cover reproduces an illustration from the *Young America Polka*, a song sheet in the collection of O. H. M. McPherson.

试读结束：需要全本请在线购买： www.ertongbook.com

Benjamin Franklin's GRAND DESIGN

The Albany Plan of Union might have made the Revolution unnecessary

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

In one of the world's great success stories Ben Franklin adverts to a resounding failure with which his name is associated. Quoting from Dryden's rendition of a Juvenal *Satire,* he counsels us:

Look round the habitable world: how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!

Franklin's brain child, the Albany Plan of Union, failed of adoption because neither the colonists nor the mother country knew their own good. "Such mistakes are not new," the scientist-statesman reflects in his *Autobiography.* "History is full of the errors of states and princes." The best measures of statesmanship, he shrewdly remarks, are seldom "adopted from previous wisdom, but forced by the occasion."

One of the richest opportunities the study of history affords statesmen is the chance to learn from past failures in shaping policy for present realities. From the failure to ratify the Albany Plan of Union, for which British and American statesmen must share the blame, a good deal was salvaged, perhaps more by the Americans than the British. When it came to applying the lessons learned at Albany to setting up their own federal system, the Americans showed that the experience was by no means wasted. On the other hand, the unwillingness of the British government to set up a truly federal system at a decisive period cost Britain

TIMES OF TRIAL IN AMERICAN STATECRAFT: FIRST IN A SERIES

The history of statecraft, in the U.S. as in every nation, is studded with great chances, to be seized or lost forever. To the people who lived through any such critical time, it was seldom clear when the decisive moment came or whose counsel was the best.

Sometimes, by luck or wisdom, the right course was taken and the ship of state sailed serenely on to peace and prosperity. Who knows what wars and calamities might have beset the Republic if the Founding Fathers had *not* secured the aid of France in the Revolution? If Jefferson had *not* bought Louisiana? If Monroe had *not* stated his Doctrine? If Lincoln had *not* gone to war to preserve the Union?

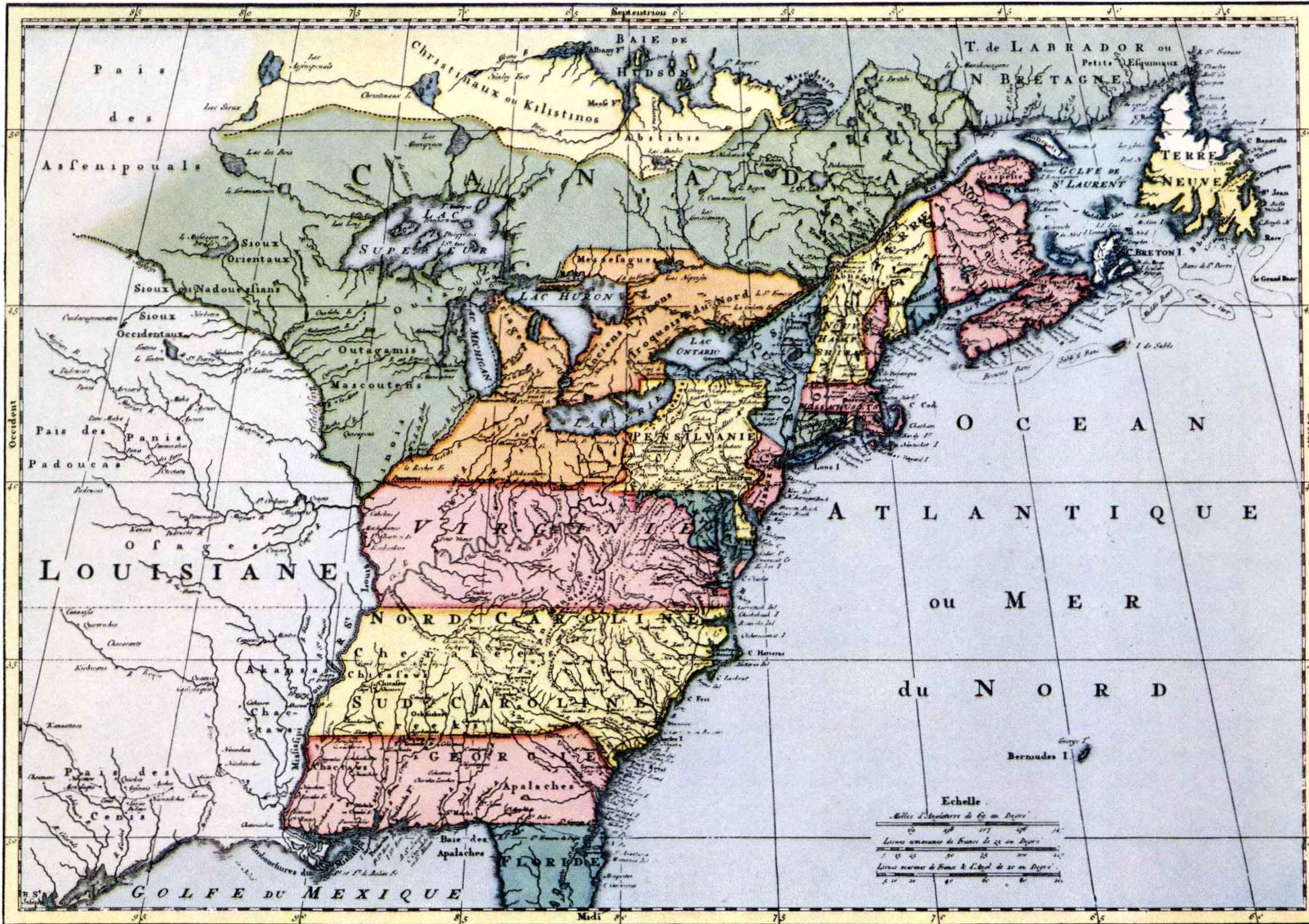
These are questions which, happily, history has no need to answer. But there were other times when, as we can see in retrospect, opportunities were missed. The wars and calamities which followed provide the proof of these failures of statecraft.

One such missed opportunity, twenty years before the Revolution, was the Albany Plan of Union. Richard B. Morris, who discusses it in this article, is professor of history at Columbia University and author of several books on the Colonial and Revolutionary periods. His article is the first of a series, to be written by leading authorities under the general editorship of Allan Nevins, president of the Society of American Historians and chairman of the Advisory Board of AMERICAN HERITAGE.

Franklin was in his early forties when this portrait was painted, probably by John Greenwood, about 1748.

CARTE DES POSSESSIONS ANGLOISES & FRANCOISES DU CONTINENT DE L'AMERIQUE SEPTENTRIONALE.
KAART VAN DE ENGELSCHE EN FRANSCHE BEZITTINGEN IN HET VASTE LAND VAN NOORD AMERICA.
a Amsterdam Chez R et J OTTENS, Geographes.

MAP DIVISION, THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



This map of the colonies and the Indian lands was published in French and Dutch about 1754, the year of the Albany Plan. All but the northernmost colony, Nova Scotia, and the southernmost, Georgia, were included in the Plan of Union.

a large slice of her old empire. Eventually Britain did apply the lessons of federalism learned at Albany, but by then America had been irretrievably lost to her.

The Albany Plan of Union was a grand design of statesmanship, the kind that is envisioned perhaps not more than once a century. It was devised to deal specifically with the first of a series of crises in the relations between Great Britain and her North American colonies.

In the summer of 1754 the shadow of France's aggressive intentions lay darkly over the British Empire in America. Already a young lieutenant colonel of the Virginia militia had met the enemy at the forks of the Ohio, routed a French reconnaissance party, and, while the Albany Congress was still in session, had been obliged to surrender to a larger French force. The following year that young officer was to secure tragic proof of the inadequacy of Britain's military preparations and of the formidable capacity of her enemy to wage war. The experience George Washington gained on the Monongahela served his country well at a later day.

The French and Indian War, or the Seven Years' War as it was called when it spread from America to Europe, to Africa, to India and to the seven seas, was really a clash of two world empires. In the American

colonies England's military security rested in no small part upon her traditional alliance with the Iroquois, the Six Confederated Nations. But the bonds between England and her Indian allies had been stretched to the breaking point as the Iroquois observed with increasing alarm the rising military might of France.

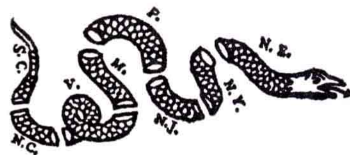
The Iroquois saw the French using the interlude between Queen Anne's and King George's Wars to expand on the Mississippi and in the Illinois country. Their tension mounted when the French boldly established Fort Niagara on Lake Erie as a bastion against them. To the Six Nations the alliance with England seemed to have less and less military value. As the French became more aggressive the Six Nations moved toward neutrality.

The English erected Fort Oswego on Lake Ontario. They dispatched to the Six Nations their old friend William Johnson, Indian trader and honorary sachem of the Mohawks. But these measures fell short of guaranteeing continued Iroquois loyalty. Already some of the tribes had forged close French ties.

With a world war in the offing, glaring defects in the British colonial system were apparent equally to the Indians and the British government. No unified policy had been established. Each colony acted for itself. Regional and sectional differences made it virtually impossible to reach agreement with the Indians on a number of outstanding issues.

These imperial problems were uppermost in the mind of the Board of Trade when, in September, 1753, it instructed Sir Danvers Osborne, governor of New York, to summon an intercolonial conference to restore friendship with the Iroquois and to determine whether the colonies would "enter into articles of union and confederation with each other for the mutual defense of His Majesty's subjects and interests in North America, as well in time of peace as war." The order never reached Osborne. Suicide, brought on by private grief, ended his brief career in the province, and the letter was placed in the hands of Lieutenant Governor James De Lancey, who had assumed Osborne's duties.

At long last, on June 19, 1754, 24 delegates from seven of the fourteen continental colonies assembled in the old city hall of the compact Dutch fortress town of Albany. Under one roof were assembled a remarkable group of colonial statesmen, a group predisposed toward a liberal solution of political problems and not given to taking orders. While there was no official presiding officer, James De Lancey chaired the sessions he attended. De Lancey had long been feuding with the more liberal-minded Livingston faction, and had earned a reputation, not entirely deserved, of being the leader of the prerogative party in New York, the party which supported the Crown, the governor, and the other royal officials against the pretensions of the assembly.



This first American cartoon was published by Franklin in his Pennsylvania Gazette, *May 9, 1754.*

Massachusetts sent a five-man delegation, including one of her most distinguished sons. He was Thomas Hutchinson, then a member of the provincial council, later chief justice and Tory lieutenant governor. Rhode Island dispatched Chief Justice Stephen Hopkins, whose election the very next year to the governorship marked a shift in power in that colony from the Newport to the Providence faction. Connecticut's Deputy Governor William Pitkin headed that delegation. He had already gained a reputation as a champion of colonial rights against the royal prerogative.

The strongest delegations came from New York and Pennsylvania. In addition to De Lancey, New York was represented by William Johnson, most deeply versed of all the delegates in Indian problems and most beloved by the Iroquois. Johnson advocated fraternization toward the red man and carried it out in his own private life. He was slated to become superintendent of Indian affairs and was to compile a formidable military record in the French and Indian War, a record which won him a knighthood. Two other prerogative men were in the New York delegation. They were the lawyers Joseph Murray and John Chambers. Another delegate was William Smith, a member of the governor's council and a leader of the liberal or anti-prerogative party.

Pennsylvania sent a formidable delegation, including John Penn, grandson of William Penn, a member of the proprietary family and later to become lieutenant governor. Accompanying him were Richard Peters, secretary of the province, Isaac Norris, speaker of the assembly, and Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster general of the colonies and a member of the legislature.

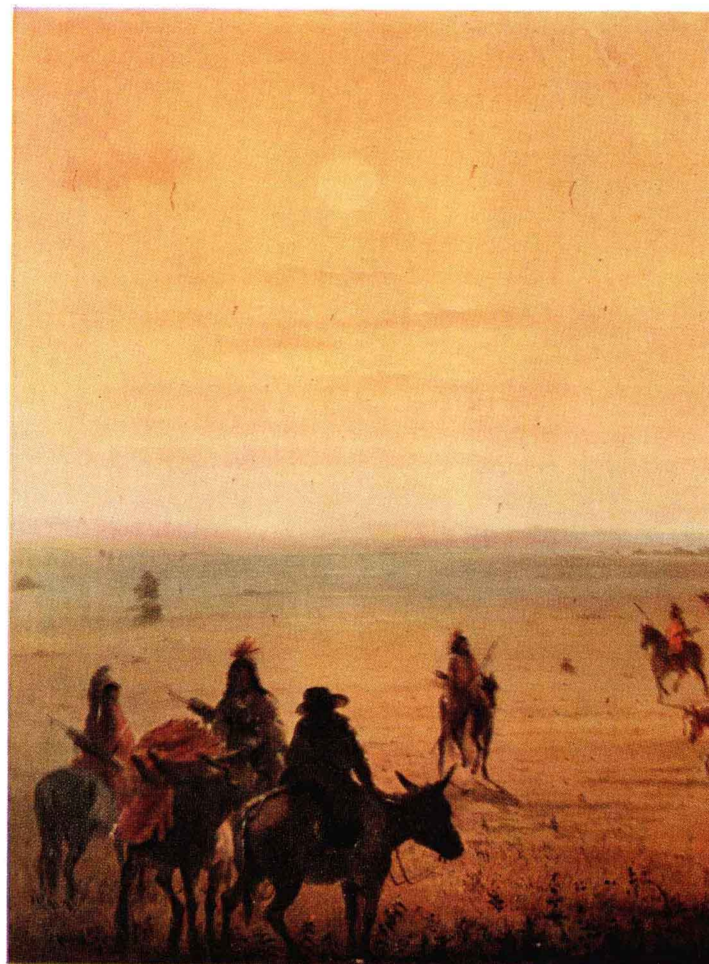
Franklin had already established his reputation. Then in his forty-ninth year, Franklin at Albany was to demonstrate his right to rank with the most constructive political thinkers of his century.

A crisis brought these minds together. A later crisis would divide them. Some, like Thomas Hutchinson and John Penn, became loyalists; others, like Hopkins and Franklin, led the rebellion against the Crown. But in the year 1754 they all considered it to be feasible for the colo-

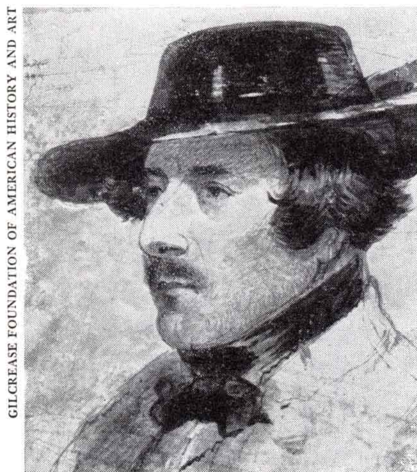
CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

FIRST 'DUDE RANCH' TRIP TO THE UNTAMED WEST

Never again can there be a hunting party as gay or as risky as the one Sir William Stewart devised in 1843



By ALVIN M. JOSEPHY, JR.



GILCREASE FOUNDATION OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART

Sir William Drummond Stewart, by Alfred Jacob Miller.

In May, 1843, with the first greening of the prairie grass, a strange caravan, billed as a "Sporting Expedition to the West," rolled spiritedly out from the Missouri frontier past tight-lipped groups of emigrant families grimly preparing what history would call the first great migration to Oregon. It was three years before Parkman, five and more before the California gold rush, and what was still to gain popular calling as the Oregon Trail had never before seen the likes of this train.

Ahead of the carts and wagons rode a company of wealthy young American bloods in fancy and expensive trappings, greenhorns with high-powered European rifles, and whiskered sportsmen on high-headed buffalo runners, hung with burdensome equipment for the hunt. The outfit's long column of pack mules and vehicles groaned under mounds of gay-colored tenting, India-rubber boats that would hold fifteen men, and costly, imported wines, liquors, potted meats, jams and

COURTESY THE BOATMEN'S NATIONAL BANK, ST. LOUIS

This scene near the Platte River Forks shows Stewart, center, on the white horse. In 1837, traveling the same route as his dudes of 1843, Stewart hired artist Miller to capture the West in pencil and paint. Some of the results are reproduced here.

other delicacies for a luxury outing. In the lead rode a beak-nosed, mustachioed Scottish nobleman, Sir William Drummond Stewart, the nineteenth of Grandtully and seventh baronet, and beside him an ill and aging veteran mountain man, the famous trapper of Washington Irving's celebrated book, *The Rocky Mountains,* Colonel William Sublette.

"Individual gentlemen," Sublette described the party in his journal, "Some of the armey, Some professional Gentlemen, Come on the trip for pleasure, Some for Health . . . doctors, Lawyers, botanists, Bugg Ketchers, Hunters and men of nearly all professions." More than half of the 93 members of the group, he added, were "hired men Belonging to Sir William."

The expedition, bound in style for a summer holiday of pleasure and sport on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains, was of Sir William's making. A veteran of Waterloo and a former captain in the Fifteenth (The King's) Hussars, he had first come to the West in 1833 to hunt buffalo and to find high adventure. He had spent six straight years in the West, living dangerously with mountain men and trappers and falling in love with the wild beauty and freedom of the plains and mountains. In 1837, he had brought with him a Baltimore painter, Alfred Jacob Miller, to record grand views of the western wilderness to hang in his Scottish castle.

Upon the death of his older brother in 1838, Stewart had had to return to Scotland to assume the duties of his estate, but the memories of his happy years in the American West tugged strongly upon him, and gradually, in correspondence with Bill Sublette, he evolved the idea of returning once more, this time to lead a grand expedition of paying guests back to his favorite lake in the Wind River Mountains.

Sublette was more than game to join the enterprise. One of the greatest of all the mountain men, he had explored and trapped great areas where no white man

had ever been before. He had pioneered long sections of the Oregon Trail, he had taken the first wagons to the Rocky Mountains in 1830 and had built the post which men were now beginning to call Fort Laramie. Ill health—the initial stages of tuberculosis—had overtaken him, and he was now living quietly in Missouri. A trip to the high, dry land might benefit him.

In the autumn of 1842, Sir William returned to New York. He spent the winter in New Orleans, enlisting members for the adventurous excursion, and purchasing equipment and supplies. In St. Louis, Sublette was similarly busy through the winter, signing up additional recruits, hiring hunters and servants, and buying pack animals, buffalo-running horses, carts and other necessities.

THE BOATMEN'S NATIONAL BANK

Reaping the buffalo hunter's delicacy: Miller's Taking the Hump Rib. *The skittish horse at the left is new to the game.*

In May, the two parties rendezvoused on the Kansas River. The idea of a large group going to the mountains simply for pleasure was brand-new. To the average American, the West was still a wild and dangerous land. Even the first emigrants for Oregon, now also gathering near the Kansas for this year's great covered wagon trek, viewed the crossing that lay ahead of them as anything but a lark.

But to Stewart, Sublette and the sportsmen and hired hands of the pleasure excursion, the West was already taming. In the hands of the veteran guides and hunters, nothing was to be feared. The party would "rough it" in the greatest wilds of all, the Rocky Mountains, would hunt buffalo and antelope, trade with tribesmen, and fish and frolic in the streams and lakes where trappers had worked for beaver. It would be the first use of the Rockies as a "dude ranch" playland for thrill-seeking sportsmen.

In Sublette's group at the rendezvous camp was an assortment of mountain men, including his brother, Solomon Sublette, and the hunter, Joe Pourier. Also, from St. Louis to take the trip, came two U.S. Army officers, Lieutenants Sidney Smith and Richard Hill Graham, on leave from the service, but under orders to file a report on the country, inhabitants and conditions met by the expedition.

In Sir William's party were a French-Canadian hunter, Antoine Clement, who had served with the baronet during his earlier years on the plains, and an exuberant gathering of eager young sports from eastern cities and New Orleans. Among them were two botanists, a youthful doctor from Baltimore, and Matthew C. Field, who had tried the stage and newspaper work, and who would write heady letters of the trip back to the New Orleans *Picayune*.

Prior to setting off, the expedition accepted a company of traveling companions, two Belgian priests and their retinue, on their way to a Catholic mission among the newly converted Flathead Indians. The group would accompany the pleasure-seekers across the great South Pass, then turn north and continue alone across present-day Wyoming, Idaho and Montana to their charges in the Bitterroot Valley.

The caravan jumped off on May 22. Along the way, the excursionists reveled in every new impression and made adventures out of the commonplaces of the trail. One man was thrown from a horse and another dragged when he became entangled in his stirrup. The hunters served up exotic prairie dishes: turtle soup, antelope steak and, later, when they came on their first buffalo, sizzling hump ribs and marrow bones. The sports raced and cavorted across the prairie, riding to nearby hillocks to peer over them for first sight of buffalo, but careful not to go too far from the caravan, lest they come on Indians instead.

Fourteen days out, the party was treated to its first excitement with Plains Indians. First, they came on three blanketed Pawnees, afoot on the prairie, and apparently wandering around without any object in mind. The trio readily attached themselves to the caravan, plodding along behind the wagons with the hopeful look of scavengers patiently awaiting something to fall their way. Soon afterward, the expedition's advance riders topped a knoll and almost rode into a war party of 25 hideously painted Osages, Otos and Kaws who had been out fighting the Pawnees. The three vagabond Pawnees saw their enemies and in terror tried to hide behind a large Pittsburgh wagon be-

试读结束：需要全本请在线购买： www.ertongbook.com

longing to the priests. The warriors spied them, and in an instant rushed at them. The expedition might have been witness to a triple scalping on the spot, but the priests, assisted by some of the more experienced members of the party, interceded and secured the release of the Pawnees, who scurried back to the wagons and continued walking on with the camp. At nightfall the frustrated war party gave up and rode away.

The Pawnees, too, disappeared, as the expedition moved to the country of the Sioux and Cheyenne. Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluff and other landmarks of the route were passed, and the travelers continued to experience the usual occurrences of greenhorns on the trail. They imagined near-brushes with deadly rattlesnakes in the rocks, and were uneasy over the possibility of meeting a grizzly bear.

The party passed Sublette's old post on the Laramie, and in the foothills of the Laramie Mountains the veterans in the caravan had a reunion with a band of grizzled old mountain men, bringing a pack train of furs east from the Green River country. On the Fourth of July, they celebrated with a "munificent and magnificent jollification." The party sat down to a huge feast that included buffalo hump ribs, side ribs, tongues, marrow bones, sweetbreads, elk steaks, corn dodgers and plum pudding, washed down with juleps, milk punches and "excellent hock."

There were Sioux and Cheyenne all about the party as it proceeded now west of Fort Laramie, but the travelers were beginning to feel themselves rugged frontiersmen and professed not to be afraid. "Ahead are 1,000 Cheyenne warriors," Field wrote boldly in one of his letters to the *Picayune*. "We are 93 strong, well-armed and provisioned, and mean to march through them with all ease and confidence." The Cheyenne melted away somewhere and were never encountered, but one day eight strapping Brulé Sioux chiefs came riding breakneck into camp, angry as hornets.

"They were all in high dudgeon with Captain Stewart," Field wrote, "as they had understood that the white chief and his young men intended a visit to them at their village, some fifteen miles away, for which occasion they had prepared a grand feast, and none of us were there to eat it. Half the dogs in the village had been killed and cooked, robes had been spread for us in the big lodges, all the squaws had been busy with unusual culinary operations, and not one of us attended the feast. The Indians were very angry."

The day was saved by Sir William who calmed the chiefs by inviting them "to take a shock from an electrifying machine" that he had brought with him. "This," Field continued, "was about the newest 'medicine' that the Sioux had heard of. Bottled Lightning. One of the Sioux chiefs, 'The Man That Shades the Sun,' turned pale when he heard of it. A few of us stood around and received a shock before the Indians, that they might gain something of an understanding of the affair and witness what effect would be produced. But though they manifested great wonder at the clicking of the sparks and at our simultaneous start, they didn't understand it." When the Indians mustered courage, and allowed Sir William to touch them with the machine, "The Solitary Dog thought the White Bull struck him, and at once commenced pummeling him furiously. They shouted and jumped and tossed their arms in the

THE BOATMEN'S NATIONAL BANK

The dudes knew their limitations, and were quite willing to leave any dangerous grizzly-chasing to the veteran hunters.

air. When they calmed, they acknowledged that the dose of lightning was great medicine." The slighted dog feast was apparently forgotten.

The most exciting events of the long journey to the mountains were the buffalo hunts under the expert guidance of Joe Pourier. The first sight of the shaggy game on the hills above the Platte had been the most memorable. Riding one day miles ahead of the caravan with Joe, they had seen two specks, like mice, way off on the rolling plains "at the very kissing of sky and land." The spots were moving quickly, and Joe casually informed them that when buffalo moved that rapidly, it must be because Indians were chasing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Overleaf: *The goal of the dudes was this paradise in the Wind River Mountains, now Fremont Lake. Stewart came all the way from Scotland for one last look. Courtesy* Life *Magazine, from Edw. Eberstadt & Sons.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

them. The tourists immediately became frightened, and suggested a hasty retreat to the protection of the caravan, but Joe determinedly drew the cover off his rifle, dismounted to tighten the girth of the mule he was riding and muttered, "Sacre jeengo! Ze red rascal drive off all cow! By damn, we ees four—nuff for whole nation rascal savage. We must have meat zis day."

With that staunch pronouncement, the French-Canadian hunter hastened forward at a trot, the tourists gripping their rifles nervously and following fearfully in a little knot. Suddenly Joe stopped and pointed. The buffalo were rising into the air. As the men watched incredulously, the hunter started to laugh. The specks were crows. Relieved, the tourists started to laugh too. It had been a good joke.

Riding more easily now, they soon saw the real thing, a small group of bulls grazing quietly on a slope beneath a rocky eminence. They rode around the bluff, hobbled their mules and, while Joe circled back to the buffalo, the tourists climbed to the top to see the sport. From their vantage point, they watched while Joe fastened a coronet of shrubs on his head, then crawled on his hands and knees up a gully toward the unsuspecting bulls. When he was within range, he rose slowly to a sitting position, made a rest for his rifle by planting his ramrod in the ground, aimed at a fat bull and fired. He dropped flat right away, as the ounce ball hit the beast.

Field, like so many other Plains travelers before and after, could not resist describing in detail his first sight of a dying buffalo: "The bull was up in a moment, 'all standing'—the other two half-rose and glared about. The stricken animal lowered his head, then lifted it again and stared, turned and moved away a few steps, stopped and looked around again, ran, paused, ran again, walked slowly, stopped, trembled, stared piteously at his companions, his head dropped, his fore knees bent under him, his enormous head struck the ground heavily, and he rolled over on his side."

As the party approached its goal, the Wind River Mountains, Sir William dispatched three men to Jim Bridger's newly constructed fort on Black's Fork of the Green River, 200 miles away, to tell Bridger, the trappers and Indians in this area to meet with them for an old-time rendezvous at the little lake in the mountains. Early in August a group of Indians and whites

MRS. CLYDE PORTER

The youthful Miller penciled this self-portrait at about the time of his western trip with Stewart.

set out from the fort for the festive reunion.

Meanwhile, the expedition reached the Little Sandy Creek, where the priests said good-bye and turned north to find the Flatheads. Sir William's party went on to the Green and up to the head of Piney Creek, the next to last fork of New Fork Creek near present-day Pinedale, Wyoming. They camped first on the creek, then moved five miles up into the Wind River Mountains to Stewart's favorite lake, a wild, crag-lined body of water, ten to twelve miles long and one and one-quarter miles across at its widest point, known today as Fremont Lake.

Now commenced two weeks of free and relaxed frolic and pleasure, the highlight of the trip. "Having pitched tents and formed camp," Field wrote, "one of the India-rubber boats was put together and launched, in which eight of us started, with two strong men to row, for the exploration of the lake. Our progress was slow, and having made about seven miles, we put into a lovely little sandy cove, bordered with pine and half hidden by enormous rocks. In this romantic little nook we disembarked, built a shanty of boughs, got our fishing arrangements to angle after a supper. The water was so clear that we could see the little finny people darting about among the rocks at the bottom, and we could drop our bits of bait almost into their very mouths. . . . We soon had a plentiful mess for supper, and after supper we disposed of half a dozen of 'Steinwein,' imported by E. Johns, of New Orleans, and put up in diminutive demijohns."

Fishing, hunting, exploring and lazing went on day after day. Then, as Field described it: "Jump, jump! Get your guns! Quick, for your lives! was the loud and alarming call heard suddenly in the stillness of the afternoon. Such a splashing and hurrying headlong out of the water, and up into camp as instantly followed, was probably never seen before in that section. Our ears were next cognizant of distant Indian screaming and almost the next moment a party of some thirty people appeared in view, dashing, with seeming frantic speed towards us. The alarm was soon over, however, the strangers proving to be trappers and Snake Indians, coming to visit us from the vicinity of Bridger's Fort . . .

"These Snakes, or Sho-sho-nees, threw up their lodges

alongside of our camp, while the trappers did the same in close vicinity, and we did not part company again for nearly a fortnight. A busy trade time commenced, and after getting our skins from the trappers, we set the Sho-sho-nee girls to work tailoring up our mountain dresses for us."

The Snakes loved nothing better than horse racing and, moving downstream to a level plain, Field wrote, "We had three days' racing sport. . . . A straight mile had been laid off and marked upon a beautiful level meadow between Willow Creek and Green River, about half a mile from our encampment, and the stripes and stars floating upon an Indian lodge pole at one end marked the judges' stand." A tin pan, used as a drum by the Indians, served as starting signal, and during the races, the Snakes in the audience galloped around wildly, rolling about on their horses in mad tricks, yelling and screeching and flinging their arms in the air.

On August 17, after two weeks of holiday merriment, the time came to start back east. Sir William, for whom this U.S. visit was to be the last, and Bill Sublette, destined to die in two years, bade farewell to their old acquaintances of the mountains, and the dudes, no longer dudes, but hardened sportsmen of the West, made final trades for leather shirts and moccasins. The two parties streamed down the Plains along Green River and took their separate ways for home, the trappers and Snake Indians to Fort Bridger, the others retracing their steps toward the settlements of civilization 1,100 miles away.

Two months later, as the emigrant covered wagon trains, now well up in the Northwest, straggled on their last lap to the Columbia River, the sporting excursion, bursting with tales of adventures they had had in a playground where only trappers and Indians had previously ventured, reached the first outposts of Missouri's frontier. Giving voice to the proud feelings of the young bloods, Matt Field wrote as dudes ever since have felt as they returned to civilization and their homes from a holiday in the Rockies: "We are the fattest, greasiest set of truant rogues your liveliest imagination can call up to view. We are the merriest, raggedest—perhaps you would add, the ugliest—set of buffalo butchers that ever cracked a rifle among the big hills of Wind River."

Waugh!

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., color projects editor of Time Magazine *and a student of western American history, wrote "Was America Discovered Before Columbus?" in the April, 1955, issue of* AMERICAN HERITAGE.

GILCREASE FOUNDATION OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART

Miller was impressed with the formal Indian parade at the trading rendezvous. This one, by some 250 Snake braves, was in Stewart's honor.

THE Hard-Luck Frigate

After a century and a half of misadventure, the *Constellation* (if she is still the *Constellation*) returns home

By A. B. C. WHIPPLE

When Hurricane Connie whirled towards the U.S. coast in August, 1955, an odd-looking old craft wallowed up Chesapeake Bay just ahead of the oncoming gales. The United States frigate *Constellation,* oldest American fighting ship, her masts and spars gone and her hull gripped tight in a floating dry dock pulled by a panting tug, was racing for her life.

She made it, warping into a berth in Baltimore Harbor just before the hurricane hit. The gala reception that had been planned for her arrival had to be postponed.

The ill fortune which would bring a hurricane up the East Coast on the occasion of the *Constellation*'s final voyage would be remarkable in the case of any ship save the *Constellation*. But for her it was a perfectly normal occurrence. For the *Constellation,* probably more than any other American ship, holds the undisputed record for plain bad luck. Not only has she been embarrassed in battle, repeatedly deprived of her rightful glory and even cheated out of an entire war, but whatever fate deals with ships has now gone so far as to scandalize her very name.

Fate started early. The *Constellation* was conceived, simultaneously with the United States Navy, in the Naval Act of 1794. Of the 35 warships of the Continental Navy, exactly one remained in American hands when the Revolution was over. And at war's end even the personnel of the Navy was disbanded for economy.

So the new nation was in no position to remonstrate with the Dey of Algiers when in 1793 his warships started to plunder American merchantmen in and around the Mediterranean. During October and November of that year alone, eleven ships were taken and 113 Americans were imprisoned and held for ransom. Consuls general represented this country at the Barbary States in those days, and it was humbling to hear that some of the Deys forced them to enter the Presence by creeping under wooden bars and kissing the Dey's hands.

Such reports—and the continually rising ransom prices—finally stirred the government to call the Dey's bluff. The Naval Act of 1794 called for six frigates, three of 44 guns each, of which the *Constitution* was one, and three of 36 guns, one of them the *Constellation*. Congress let the bill squeak through, by a margin of two votes, but only after attaching a rider stipulating that all work on the frigates would be halted if a treaty were reached with the Deys.

The *Constellation*'s troubles started at once. Three designers fought over the plans. Finally construction started in Baltimore, but the work went slowly and amidst considerable confusion.

A year after the passage of the Naval Act, only the bare ribs of the *Constellation* poked into the air. Supplies of cordage and live oak were fouled up somewhere. Then, to cap everything off, a peace treaty was negotiated with Algiers. All work on the frigates stopped immediately.

There followed more arguments in Congress, at the end of which a supplementary act was passed authorizing the completion of three of the frigates. One was the *Constellation*.

On September 7, 1797, three years after the original go-ahead signal, the frigate *Constellation* was finally

试读结束：需要全本请在线购买： www.ertongbook.com