

CHAPTER VIII

THE RETURN TO ST. LOUIS

AND now, united again,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

On August 14th, the expedition reached the villages of the Hidatsa and Mandans. Here they remained three days and a right royal reception they met with from their old friends.

As the combined flotilla approached the "grand village of the Minnetarees" they "fired the blunderbuss several times by way of salute, and soon after landed at the bank near the village of the Mahahas, or Shoe Indians, and were received by a crowd of people, who came to welcome our return."

Now that Lewis was disabled, Clark had to do all the honors of the occasion. His speech was of the usual sort, and also had reference to some of the chiefs accompanying the explorers to Washington. This question precipitated an extended discussion, in which Black Cat (Poscopsahe), Le Borgne, Little Raven (Kagohami), and others took part. The Indians temporized and several pretended to be anxious to go, but they feared to incur the dangers that were unavoidable in passing through the country of the "Ricaras" and the Sioux.

The truth was that none of them cared to risk such a trip, and they invented excuses for not going. It is not surprising that they evinced hesitation in the matter, and

although Shahaka, or Big White, finally did go with them, his experience in being returned to his people, recounted in the sketch of Sergeant Pryor's life, fully justified them in their lack of enthusiasm for the venture.

The party experienced the utmost hospitality from their old neighbors during their stay and were given more corn than they could transport.

Gass remarks that :

Some of these Indians are very kind and obliging; furnishing us with corn, beans and squashes; but there are others very troublesome, and steal whenever they have an opportunity. Yesterday and to-day, they stole several knives and spoons; and three powder horns, and two pouches, filled with ammunition.

On the 14th or 15th of August, Colter obtained his discharge and on the following day, in company with the two trappers already mentioned, Dickson and Hancock, he departed for the headwaters of the Yellowstone, where he was to gain renown by his marvellous exploits. This was the only severance of official relations until the disbandment of the expedition at St. Louis, except in the case of Chaboneau, who naturally remained at the Hidatsa village where he had been enlisted.

Chaboneau's continuance with the party depended upon Clark's success in persuading some of the Minnetarees to accompany him down the river. Regarding this the narrative says:

The principal chiefs of the Minnetarees came down to bid us farewell, and none of them could be prevailed on to go with us. This circumstance induced our interpreter, Chaboneau, with his wife and child, to remain here, as he could be no longer useful; and notwithstanding our offers of taking him with us to the United States, he said that he had there no acquaintance and no chance of making a livelihood, and preferred remaining among the Indians. This man has been very serviceable to us,

and his wife particularly useful among the Shoshonees. Indeed she has borne with a patience truly admirable the fatigues of so long a route incumbered with the charge of an infant, who is even now only nineteen months old. We therefore paid him his wages, amounting to five hundred dollars and thirty-three cents, including the price of a horse and a lodge purchased of him.

The wages paid to the interpreter must have seemed like a small fortune, coming to him in a lump, and probably served to establish him and his wives in his village in the most comfortable manner. It goes without saying that the stories told by Chaboneau and Sacágawea during the long evenings of the ensuing winter, of their adventures during the many months of absence, would be listened to by eager and appreciative audiences. The tales of the savage bears and the escape from the cloud-burst at the Great Falls; the mysteriously explosive sounds in the mountains; the portage and shooting of the rapids of the Columbia; the sight of the great salt ocean; the stranding of the whale; the struggle among the snows of the Bitter Root Range, all doubtless would be told over and over around the winter fires, and I venture that the stories lost nothing in the telling. If, before another Christmas Day came around, Chaboneau had not been given a new name by the Minnetarees which signified "The-man-who-can-tell-the-biggest-lies," it is an occasion for wonder; and this even though he may have told the straight truth

Those who read the chronicle of the adventures of Lewis and Clark must note with a feeling of regret that, although Chaboneau received his five hundred dollars, and well earned they were, his gentle wife received, so far as is known, not one cent for her services. This was an injustice that cannot well be explained or, at least, excused.

And here the expedition parts with the eccentric Chaboneau, the virtuous and heroic Sacágawea, and the historic

little papoose. I think that as the flotilla swept down the broad Missouri after leaving the Mandan towns, the jabbering French-Canadian and the retiring little Bird-woman must have been greatly missed. The absence of a brave and modest *woman*, even though she were an Indian woman, after her presence during so long a period, could not have been unfelt. And then the little Chaboneau! Mite of dusky humanity that he was, what a void he would leave behind! The softening, humanizing effect that the presence of the Bird-woman and her infant must have had upon this company of men may have been greater than even they themselves were aware.

Colter, Chaboneau, Sacágawea, and baby Chaboncau, four of the important *dramatis personæ* taken out of the expedition at the same time, must have made an appreciable "gap" in the ranks.

I fancy that Captain Clark did not forget Chaboneau and Sacágawea after he became an official fixture at St. Louis. His connection with Indian affairs would keep him in touch with the Mandans and their allies, and he was probably instrumental in that visit to St. Louis made by the interpreter and the Bird-woman, which Brackenridge records, and in that appointment as interpreter in 1837.

On the 17th, when the explorers resumed their navigation, the embarkation of Big White created a good deal of a scene.

We found him surrounded by his friends, who sat in a circle, smoking, while the women were crying. He immediately sent his wife and son, with their baggage, on board, accompanied by the interpreter [Jesseume, who was to accompany him] and his wife and two children; and then after distributing among his friends some powder and ball, which we had given to him, and smoking a pipe with us, went with us to the river side. The whole village crowded about us, and many of the people wept aloud at the departure of the chief. . . .

On reaching Fort Mandan, we found a few pickets standing on the river side, but all the houses except one had been burnt by an accidental fire.

The high wind compelled the party to camp that night at the old "Ricara" village eighteen miles down the river, and it delayed departure the next morning. There a brother of Shahaka appeared and bade him farewell "in a most affectionate manner."

As the party were borne rapidly down the current of the Missouri, Shahaka seemed

quite satisfied with his treatment, and during the whole of his time was employed in pointing out the ancient monuments of the Mandans, or in relating their traditions. At length, after making forty miles, we encamped on the northeast side, opposite an old Mandan village and below the mouth of Chesshetah [Heart] River [just below Bismarck].

The mouth of *Le Boulet*, or the Cannon-ball River, was passed on the 20th, and they camped on a sand-bar after making eighty-one miles, notwithstanding high waves and winds.

The narrative states that:

Since we passed in 1804, a very obvious change has taken place in the current and appearance of the Missouri. In places where at that time there were sandbars, the current of the river now passes, and the former channel of the river is in turn a bank of sand. Sandbars then naked are now covered with willows several feet high; the entrance of some of the creeks and rivers has changed in consequence of the quantity of mud thrown into them; and in some of the bottoms are layers of mud eight inches in depth.

They had now reached the country of the Arikara and the Sioux, so, after a restless night due to mosquitoes, they pursued their way with arms in readiness to repel a possible attack.

The "Ricaras" met them very warmly, they smoked together, a council was held, and the party remained with them for the night.

There was also a party of "Chayennes" camped near-by. The journal says of them:

These Chayennes are fine looking people, of large stature, with straight limbs, high cheek-bones and noses, and of a complexion similar to that of the Ricaras. . . . Living remote from the whites, they are shy and cautious, but are peaceably disposed, and profess to make war against no people except the Sioux, with whom they have been engaged in contests immemorially.

After smoking for some time, Captain Clark gave a small medal to the Chayenne chief, and explained at the same time the meaning of it. He seemed alarmed at this present, and sent for a robe and a quantity of buffalo-meat, which he gave to Captain Clark, and requested him to take back the medal; for he knew that all white people were "medicine," and was afraid of the medal, or of anything else which the white people gave to the Indians. Captain Clark then repeated his intention in giving the medal, which was the medicine his great father had directed him to deliver to all chiefs who listened to his word and followed his counsels; and that as he [the chief] had done so, the medal was given as a proof that we believed him sincere. He now appeared satisfied and received the medal, in return for which he gave double the quantity of buffalo-meat he had offered before. He seemed now quite reconciled to the whites, and requested that some traders might be sent among the Chayennes, who lived, he said, in a country full of beaver, but did not understand well how to catch them, and were discouraged from it by having no sale for them when caught. Captain Clark promised that they should be soon supplied with goods and taught the best mode of catching beaver.

None of the "Chayennes" or the Arikara would consent to go to see the Great Father, and accordingly, after a drenchingly wet night, the party continued down the river, giving the Indians a farewell salute of two guns, as they departed.

On August 22d, the journal records this joyful an-

nouncement: "Captain Lewis is now so far recovered that he was able to walk a little to-day for the first time."

The flotilla now swept down the river with both current and oars, and occasionally the wind also to aid them, easily making thus from forty to sixty miles a day, but the necessity for hunting delayed them somewhat. Game was rather scarce, but they managed to kill an elk or a deer often enough to keep them in meat, although their supply of fresh meat ran short once or twice.

The mouth of the Cheyenne River was passed on August 25th, and Teton River was reached the morning of the 26th.

They had now reached the buffalo country and buffalo humps and ribs became once more an article of diet. On August 29th, after passing "the entrance of White River," they found the bison

so numerous that from an eminence we discovered more than we had ever seen before at one time; and if it be not impossible to calculate the moving multitude, which darkened the whole plains, we are convinced that twenty thousand would be no exaggerated number. With regard to game in general, we observe that the greatest quantity of wild animals are usually found in the country lying between two nations at war.

Thus far they had seen no Indians since having left the Arikara. But they were not to escape one more meeting with their old enemies the Tetons, and this occurred on August 30th. Clark's action was characteristic and somewhat amusing:

We then proceeded down the river, and were about landing at a place where we had agreed to meet all the hunters, when several persons appeared on the high hills to the northeast, whom, by the help of the spy-glass, we distinguished to be Indians.

In order, however, to ascertain who they were, without risk to the party, Captain Clark crossed, with three persons who could speak different Indian languages, to a sandbar near the opposite side, in hopes of conversing with them. Eight young

men soon met him on the sandbar, but none of them could understand either the Pawnee or Maha interpreter. They were then addressed in the Sioux language, and answered that they were Tetons, of the band headed by the Black-buffaloe, Tahtackasabah. This was the same [band] who had attempted to stop us in 1804; and being now less anxious about offending so mischievous a tribe, Captain Clark told them that they had been deaf to our councils, had ill-treated us two years ago, and had abused all the whites who had since visited them. He believed them, he added, to be bad people, and they must therefore return to their companions, for if they crossed over to our camp we would put them to death. . . . They all set out on their way to their own camp; but some of them halted on a rising ground and abused us very copiously, threatening to kill us if we came across. We took no notice of this for some time, till the return of three of our hunters, whom we were afraid the Indians might have met; but as soon as they joined us we embarked; and to see what the Indians would attempt, steered near the side of their river. At this the party on the hill seemed agitated; some set out for their camp, others walked about, and one man walked towards the boats and invited us to land. As he came near, we recognized him to be the same who had accompanied us for two days in 1804, and who is considered as a friend of the whites. Unwilling, however, to have any interview with these people, we declined his invitation; upon which he returned to the hill, and struck the earth three times with his gun, a great oath among the Indians, who consider swearing by the earth as one of the most sacred forms of imprecation. At the distance of six miles we stopped on a bleak sandbar, where, however, we thought ourselves safe from attack during the night, and also free from musquetoës.

Clark would probably have rejoiced at an excuse for visiting punishment upon the rascally Tetons.

On September 1st, they met more Indians,

but as they appeared to be Tetons, and of a war party, we paid no attention to them, except to inquire to what tribe they belonged; but as the Sioux interpreter did not understand much of the language, they probably mistook his question. As one of our canoes was behind we were afraid of an attack on the men, and therefore landed on an open commanding situation, out of the view of the Indians, in order to wait for them. We

had not been in this position fifteen minutes, when we heard several guns, which we immediately concluded were fired at three hunters; and being now determined to protect them against any number of Indians, Captain Clark with fifteen men ran up the river, whilst Captain Lewis hobbled up the bank, and formed the rest of the party in such a manner as would best enable them to protect the boats. On turning a point of the river, Captain Clark was agreeably surprised at seeing the Indians remaining in the place where we left them, and our canoe at the distance of a mile. He now went on a sandbar, and when the Indians crossed, gave them his hand, and was informed that they had been amusing themselves with shooting at an old keg, which we had thrown into the river, and was floating down. We now found them to be a part of a band of eighty lodges of Yanktons, on Plum Creek, and therefore invited them down to the camp, and after smoking several pipes, told them that we had mistaken them for Tetons, and had intended putting every one of them to death if they fired at our canoe; but finding them Yanktons, who were good men, we were glad to take them by the hand as faithful children, who had opened their ears to our counsels. . . . We now tied a piece of riband to the hair of each Indian, and gave them some corn. We made a present of a pair of leggings to the principal chief, and then took our leave, being previously overtaken by our canoe.

On September 1, 1806, they met some friendly Yanktons, and at Bonhomme Island, where they stopped to hunt, Clark notes that, "we brought two years together on [for] on the 1st of Sept. 1804 we encamped at the lower end of this island."

September 3d, the party met a Sioux trader, James Aird, of whom the narrative remarks:

After so long an interval, the sight of anyone who could give us information of our country was peculiarly delightful, and much of the night was spent in making inquiries into what had occurred during our absence.

They learned from Mr. Aird that General Wilkinson was the Governor of Louisiana, that Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton had fought their celebrated duel in which the

latter was killed, and the former became, as a consequence, an outcast forever after.

On the following day, the party passed Big Sioux River and Floyd's Bluff, where they stopped and visited the grave of their former comrade.

On ascending the hill we found that the grave of Floyd had been opened [by the Indians or wolves], and was now half uncovered. We filled it up, and then continued down to our old camp near the Maha village, where all our baggage, which had been wet by the rain of last night, was exposed to dry.

On the 6th, they met a trading boat belonging to Auguste Chouteau, the founder of the great trading house at St. Louis.

We obtained from them a gallon of whiskey, and gave each of the party a dram, which is the first spirituous liquor any of them have tasted since the 4th of July, 1805.

That night they camped on a sand-bar, expecting to be rejoined by the Fields brothers, who were hunting; as they did not appear, however, the next morning, Ordway and four men with a canoe remained behind to wait for them,

but [we] had not gone more than eight miles, when we overtook them [the Fields]; we therefore fired a gun as a signal for the men behind, which as the distance in a direct line was about a mile, they readily heard and soon joined us.

They passed Council-bluff on September 8th, and on the 9th, the mouth of the Platte River.

Regarding the enormous evaporation from the Missouri River, which is a feature common to all Western rivers, the narrative remarks that:

We had here occasion to remark the wonderful evaporation from the Missouri, which does not appear to contain more water, nor its channel to be wider, than at the distance of 1,000 miles nearer its source; though within that space it receives about 20 rivers, some of them of considerable width, and a great number

of creeks. This evaporation seems, in fact, to be greater now than when we ascended the river, for we are obliged to replenish the ink-stand every day with fresh ink, nine-tenths of which must escape by evaporation.

They now frequently met trading parties, with one of whom they found their old interpreters Gravelines and Dorion. Gravelines was the man who had taken the Arikara chief to Washington in 1805.

The chief had unfortunately died at Washington, and Gravelines was now on his way to the Ricaras, with a speech from the President, and the presents which were to be made to the chief. He had also directions to instruct the Ricaras in agriculture. He was accompanied on this mission by old Mr. Durion, our former Sioux interpreter, whose object was to procure, by his influence, a safe passage for the Ricara presents through the bands of Sioux, and also to engage some of the Sioux chiefs, not exceeding six, to visit Washington. Both of them were instructed to inquire particularly after the fate of our party, no intelligence having been received from us for a long time.

The mouth of the Kaw, or Kansas, River was passed on September 15th, at which time this stream was very low. Their rapid descent of the river, ranging usually from forty to seventy miles per day, had resulted in a radical change of temperature.

The low grounds are now delightful, and the whole country exhibits a rich appearance; but the weather is oppressively warm, and descending as rapidly from a cool open country [for the most part], between the latitudes of 46° and 49°, in which we have been for nearly two years, to the wooded plains in the latitudes 38° and 39°, the heat would be almost insufferable were it not for the constant winds from the south and southeast.

On September 17th, they met a Captain McClellan, late of the United States Army, who gave them the gratifying intelligence that the country generally had "long sence" given them up as lost and that they were "almost forgotten."

One cheering and consolatory fact, however, was that "the President of the U. States had yet hopes of us."

Lively corpses they were, however, and had telegraphy then been a known science, how the country would have been electrified a few days later, and the heart of the President of the "U. States" made to leap for joy!

On the 18th their rations ran low. The hunters had not

been able to kill anything, . . . so that our whole stock of provisions is one biscuit for each person; but as there is an abundance of papaws, the men are perfectly contented.

[FRIDAY], Sept. 19th. Several of the party have been for a day or two attacked with a soreness in eyes, the eyeball being very much swelled and the lid appearing as if burnt by the sun, and extremely painful, particularly when exposed to the light. Three of the men are so much affected by it as to be unable to row. We therefore turned one of the boats adrift and distributed the men among the other canoes.

The boat turned adrift was the one fashioned at Camp Cottonwood on the Yellowstone, from cottonwood tree canoes lashed together. Could Lewis and Clark have but foreseen the great interest that a century would develop in their work and achievements, those old battered canoes might not have been thus ruthlessly turned adrift. What a priceless relic that historic boat would be to-day!

And now we read of a most laughable but natural incident. On September 20th, they were approaching La Charette.

As we moved along rapidly we saw on the banks some cows feeding, and the whole party almost involuntarily raised a shout of joy at seeing this image of civilization and domestic life.

At La Charette they were welcomed almost as if from the dead. The two years of their absence had worked great changes in the country. The skirmish line of the vast army

of peaceful occupation of the prairies and mountains of the Louisiana Purchase, and, later, of the Oregon country and of California, had crossed the Mississippi and their outposts were planted along the Missouri.

The weather being threatening, the party remained at La Charette until the 21st of September, when they "proceeded on their way, and as several settlements have been made during our absence, were refreshed with the sight of men and cattle along the banks."

As they had at the first met Kickapoo Indians when starting on their voyage in 1804, so at the last in 1806, they again encountered them, on the 21st, "going on a hunting excursion."

Once more they approached St. Charles.

At length, after coming forty-eight miles, we saluted, with heartfelt satisfaction, the village of St. Charles, and on landing were treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness by all the inhabitants of that place.

On the 23d they "set out for Coldwater Creek," where there was now a cantonment of United States troops, with whom they passed the day, being "honored with a salute of guns and a hearty welcome." There they took their Chief, Shahaka, "to the public store and furnished with some clothes &c," in order that he might be suitably attired to introduce into polite St. Louis society. Then, after an "early brackfast" they "set out" for the last time, "descended to the Mississippi and down that river to St. Louis," where they "arived about 12 oClock." As they approached the bank they fired a salute, were met by all the village and received another "harty welcome," and they are now enrolled in America's Hall of Immortals. Gass ends his journal somewhat abruptly on this date. The regular narrative of the explorers, as published, also ends, but the codex

continues for three days longer. The Captains became the guests of Mr. Peter Choteau, and the mail having already been dispatched that day, Lewis sent a note to Kahokia to detain it the next day until he should be able to forward a letter to Mr. Jefferson.

On the 24th, Clark records that he "sleped but little last night." They rose early and each wrote letters, Lewis to "the president," Clark to Governor William Henry Harrison and to George Rogers Clark, his brother. Drewyer was sent with the letters to Kahokia to overtake the detained post.

In an attempt to catch up with civilization the Captains this day "purchased some clothes" [cloth] and gave it to a "taylor" and "directed [it] to be made" into clothes. Lewis upon opening his trunk found all his papers wet and some of his seeds spoiled.

The following day, the 25th, their skins of various sorts were "suned" and dried and then stored away "in a store-room of Mr. Caddy Choteau." They "payed" some formal visits, and attended a "dinner & Ball" in the evening.

On September 26, 1806, the last entry in the codex states that "we commenced wrighting &c"—and in this fashion the long narrative comes to an end.

And now, having followed our brave explorers from St. Louis to Fort Clatsop and back again to St. Louis, and seen them safely through the dangers of their arduous undertaking, a few closing reflections may not be inappropriate.

It has been made clear, I trust, that the exploration was not a sequence to the Louisiana Purchase, as it undoubtedly is generally and naturally considered to have been by those unfamiliar with the facts. It has been shown, on the contrary, to have been a favorite project, through many years, with Jefferson. Twice he had endeavored to have the design carried into effect, in a less pretentious way, before the

successful attempt of Lewis and Clark. That their exploration happened to follow the Purchase so closely was owing to some of those accidents that continually occur in the affairs of men. The preparations for the exploration had been completed and Captain Lewis had started for St. Louis before Jefferson or any one else in the United States knew that Louisiana had been purchased.

The relation of this exploration to the location of the Northwestern boundary line is a very intimate one. It is a serious question whether the discovery of the Columbia River by Gray, in 1792, would have had the important bearing and result upon the boundary dispute that it did, had it not been followed at so short an interval by the exploration of Lewis and Clark. It is altogether likely that Washington and the Puget Sound country might have been lost to the United States, had their contentions been based upon the discoveries of Gray alone.

The Lewis and Clark expedition was the precursor of the railway which, in the last half-century, has revolutionized and transformed the West and Northwest, and the present active expansion of our Oriental commerce, rendered possible by the railway, emphasizes the importance of the achievements of the explorers. That the railway has been the principal factor in the rapid development of our trade and diplomatic relations with the Orient, can hardly be gainsaid, and what, under a wise fostering, the future has in store, no man may prophesy.

In the beginning, I called attention to some of the more noteworthy features of this exploration, and as the reader has followed the varying fortunes of the party, others doubtless have occurred to him.

Theodore Roosevelt, in *The Winning of the West*, has said pungently and tersely of Lewis and Clark, what must be admitted as but simple truth and justice:

They were men with no pretensions to scientific learning, but they were singularly close and accurate observers, . . . Few explorers who did and saw so much that was actually new have written of their deeds with such quiet absence of boastfulness, and have drawn their descriptions with such complete freedom from exaggeration.

Modesty stands forth on each page; self-pretension is nowhere to be seen, and this probably constitutes the chief charm of the narrative. However valuable and interesting their story was, had it been told in a manner in which self was made strongly prominent, the narration would have been greatly marred. Plain, simple, truthful, rugged, and unadorned, it remains, as Theodore Roosevelt says, "the best example of what such a narrative should be."

Dr. Coues has said: "The story of this adventure stands easily first and alone. This is our national epic of exploration"; and Major Chittenden says: "This celebrated performance stands as incomparably the most perfect achievement of its kind in the history of the world."

These statements are probably true, although in making them thus broad they force comparison with the explorations of Livingstone and Stanley through Africa and with the many Arctic expeditions of more recent years, to say nothing of those of Columbus, Cook, La Salle, and the host of early navigators and explorers in the days when this part of the world was "new." The only other exploration in America which, in conception, national importance, achievement, and personal experience, in any manner parallels that of Lewis and Clark is that of Hunt's Astorian party of 1811-12, which covered much of the same ground.

In more recent time the well-known descent and exploration of the Colorado River of the West by Powell, may, in daring of conception and bravery of execution alone, be ranked in the same category.

As for the expedition as a whole, one thing which must

impress every reader as being most remarkable is the *esprit de corps* that was exhibited. There was no shirking, no sulking, no putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, but, as a sailor of that day would have said, it was "heave hearty and away," *all the time*. The *Message to Garcia* does not apply to Lewis and Clark and their men. As was inevitable, there were disagreements and personal quarrels among the men, and very likely there were more of them than we know, but they were evidently not serious and they did not affect the *morale* and efficiency of the expedition. The fine unanimity of agreement between the leaders has been remarked, and the implicit obedience rendered by the men is worthy of mention.

As we pass in mental review the acts of the explorers, we are somewhat amused at the gravity displayed in the councils held with the Indians. But bearing in mind the injunctions of Jefferson, as to the friendly cultivation of the tribes, and the recent change of ownership in the country and consequent guardianship (?) of the red men, it was natural that the councils should have assumed, outwardly at least, a serious tone. But that they were practically barren of results (as has been the case many a time since) their own narrative shows.

The experiences of the explorers among the Northwestern tribes and the knowledge thus gained without doubt bore fruit during Clark's long incumbency of the office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs. His administration appears to have been very successful and creditable, and his influence with the Indians was probably greater than that of any other man could have been at that time with those wild, unruly lords of the plains.

The Great Father was then an unknown and unimportant personage to the aborigine, and it cannot in truth be said that he has ever done much to commend himself to

the love and regard of his so-called copper-colored children. His fatherly treatment of his wards has most lamentably lacked some of those qualities that we associate with good fatherhood, and until very recent years, at least, the advance and progress of the Indian have been in spite of, rather than because of, his Great Father's assistance.

To summarize what has been stated in regard to the members of the expedition; of but ten of them can it be certainly affirmed that we know where they lie buried. Eight States can boast the honor of having the body of one or more of these heroes reposing within their borders.

Lewis sleeps in Tennessee; Clark, Ordway, and Shannon are buried in Missouri; Gass rests in West Virginia; Floyd in Iowa; Bratton in Indiana; Drewyer in Montana; Gibson in Pennsylvania, and Willard in California. Colter and York probably are buried in Missouri; the body of Potts almost certainly lies in Montana, and Chaboneau and Sacagawea doubtless are buried in North Dakota. Three of these States, it will be noted, are a part of the Louisiana Purchase.

Little did these men think, when they rounded to at St. Louis, on September 23, 1806, that they had completed the greatest exploration of modern times and that as its results were to be far reaching, so were their deeds to be treasured in the life of the Republic which they had so faithfully served; that a century later their countrymen would still dwell upon their thrilling achievement, and that their children's children would be proud of the distinction which rested upon them because their grandsires were among those to cross the continent with Lewis and Clark.

