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"A Wayless Way": Patterns of Adventure in Nineteenth-Century American Travel Narratives

by

Linda Jan Sumption

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in English in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York

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Introduction

> Where do we find ourselves? In a series of which we do not know the extremes, and believe that it has none. We wake and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us, which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.
>
> Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Experience*

> I did not find it necessary to leave the main traveled road to study these natural curiosities. Here all was curious.
>
> Sarah J. Cummins, Diarist
> of the Oregon Trail, 1845

Americans have consistently embraced or endured the tenuous perspective inscribed by Emerson, Cummins and a host of other writers and travelers. It is an adventurous perspective in which chance, risk and the unknown are privileged, sometimes reluctantly and sometimes with great relish. Adventurism has been marshaled by American theologians, glorified by the nation's politicians, and deployed by its entrepreneurs. "Adventures" are also narratives -- the primary concern of this study -- through which American writers have portrayed both mental and geographical landscapes, in order to account for the real or fictive movement of American individuals, families, and communities. In fact, adventurism is so pervasive in American society that it usually goes undetected, while it is simultaneously assigned to separate spheres of "pure" or "extreme" experience, in such venues as, say, National Geographic's new *Adventure* magazine or the local video rental shop.

Although adventure has left its imprint upon American culture and narrative, I believe that its intrinsic volatility – along with its ubiquity -- has discouraged examination of its very

features. In his forward to Michael Nerlich's *Ideology of Adventure*, for example, Wlad Godzich argues that "adventure turns out to involve a form of uncertainty, and even of chance, that is not recoverable within any model of development" (ix). Taking narrative as a "model of development," I would disagree, and I offer this study of American personal narratives as evidence of adventure's patterning in a wide variety of travel literature during an historical period in which those patterns took distinctive narrative form. My purpose is to demonstrate that adventure has undergone a gradual textualization and privileging in American prose, from early exploration journals to its full realization in nineteenth-century travel writing. The nation grew upon the site of an adventure, and the adventure was ultimately transformed into a text as the nation's dwindling frontiers disclosed the trail's end.

With the publication of Michael Nerlich's *Ideology of Adventure* in 1977, I believe that a critical discourse began to distinguish adventure's features, and trace its formulations with some precision. Nerlich uses the terms "adventure-ideology" and "adventure-mentality" interchangeably to signify six aspects of adventure present in "all domains of social practice." They include: the acceptance of change and the unknown, the acceptance of risk and chance as essential to adventure thought, the recognition of "the other (other races, other languages, other manners...)," and the elaboration of systems to calculate risk (xxi). I wish to adapt and simplify Nerlich's definitions to suit textual analysis, and propose that adventure mentality is delineated by the privileging of chance, risk, change, and the unknown in the value hierarchy inscribed in narrative. My study will demonstrate how that mentality acquired significant textual presence in the narratives presented here, as well as suggesting its tropological affinity to other American writing.

Although pervasive, adventurism on this continent has had its detractors, even among its most ardent recruits. The contradictions born of adventure are evident in even the earliest exploration narratives. Captain John Smith's 1624 *General History of Virginia* complains of adventurers in the colony, insisting that "carpenters, husbandmen, gardiners, fisherman, blacksmiths" would be more desirable inhabitants for the struggling settlement (444). Yet in more reflective passages, Smith expresses his fascination with a world in which the usual measure of accident seems significantly amplified, one in which lives fashioned along a "wayless way" might shape narrative as well as culture (351). Clearly, the *privileging* of adventure features is not synonymous with their *positive valuation* in John Smith's narrative, or in the lives and writing of the narrators considered here. As Michael Nerlich suggests in *Ideology of Adventure*, "whatever adventure's purpose may be, its essence is irrationalism (suicide, destruction, non-sense, and at best, gambling)" (xxiii). Yet, I believe the subject presented here is not a grim one, for adventure seems to have offered as much elation as horror, as much promise as pain.

Or perhaps the pain became a promise. Consider, for example, how Increase Mather's desires for travel and adventure out of the American colonies – initially prompting God to punish him with "melancholic hypochondriacal vapors" -- were transformed into delightful "strange impressions" by which he was "wonderfully melted with perswasions" to venture forth. In 1697, he invested those promptings with divine authority, and adventure became a force that blinded even higher beings. His journal illustrates an affective reversal wherein Mather contends that "as for the strange perswasions I have had concerning my doing service for the Lord again in England I know not what to think of it. Such things are

often from Angels. I sometimes think that Angels are ignorant of some future events, but that they cause motions on the spirits of men according to what will in probability come to pass" (352). It seems that Mather created the first American seraph--the angel of adventure, who celebrates the unknown and brings its "motions on the spirits of men."

Mather's journal expresses an affective dialectic which gathered extraordinary momentum among writers of the colonies and new republic. The dread and exhilaration he experienced can be traced in later travel literature, along with other dialectical markers that wove adventure into the fabric of American society. I believe that adventure has created a variety of affective, metonymic and textual patterns in American narratives, discernable in personal chronicles ranging from the earliest colonial settlements to the close of the western frontiers. This study will investigate how those patterns took narrative shape in three genres of adventure prose: exploration, migration and travel writing of the nineteenth century, a period during which adventure acquired significant textual design.

"Patterns of adventure," an oxymoron denoting what is both systematic and without design, seems a suitable term to describe the findings of my investigation of adventure's textual manifestations. I believe it is precisely in the contradictory features of these narratives that we can trace adventure's presence in text. Its dissonant patterns manifest themselves in three ways: through dialectical patterns of feeling; in the binding of domestic and adventurous symbols and metonyms; and through the mingling of explorer, captive, and migrant voices, resulting in the textual patterning of their respective adventure forms.

The dialectical patterns of feeling created in these narratives are compounds of emotions in which, for example, mourning accompanies exhilaration, love attends horror,

and comfort yields to desolation. Complementing those patterns of feeling is a conflation of domestic and adventurous symbols and metonyms in the travel, migration and exploration texts considered here. We see this conflation in a journal's curious image of an old woman in a rocking chair peering out of her covered wagon, or in an astonished narrator's account of Indian villages packed and mobilized in an hour's time. Ultimately, the voices of traveler, captive, explorer and migrant mix together, extending meta-textually the contrariness that marks a narrative's effort to represent chance and the unknown.

I believe that this textualization was accomplished in two ways: by adventure's affective and symbolic patterning through a dialectical play of domestic features with those ascribed to chance and risk; and by the textual blending of various types of adventure, including exploration, migration, captivity, and recreational travel. In using the term "domesticity" I refer to a cluster of elements -- familiarity, harmony, comfort, intimacy, and resolution -- associated with a sense of home. Those qualities or conditions stand in opposition to adventure's embrace of chance, risk, the other, and the unknown. In the narratives considered here, expressions of the new and unknown are invariably linked to concepts signifying domestic comforts. The more prolonged or acute the risk and exposure to the unknown, the more extended or intense the domestic pattern or image. In the Lewis and Clark journals, for example, the explorers become increasingly attentive to native domestic arrangements as they travel into far western frontiers. In migration narratives, the symbols of a home abandoned are consecrated as the diarist moves farther into a boundless landscape. A quilt or chest relinquished for ease of travel becomes a sacred object. This study will also examine the peculiar accumulation and mingling of adventure types in

American personal narratives in which, for example, captivity might yield to exploration, or travel to captivity, or migration to the pleasures of recreational touring.

I have assembled a variety of canonical and little-known texts together in three sections, and I contend that in this progression of adventure types -- exploration, migration, and travel writing -- adventure accumulates, respectively, as an official, permanent, and textual facet of American culture. The first section investigates the journals of explorers Meriwether Lewis and William Clark (1803-05) following their commission as the official corps of discovery into the territories of the Louisiana Purchase and beyond. I will illustrate how, in the oscillation of mourning and exhilaration, in the mingling of domestic and adventurous symbols, and in the clash of textual order with narrative suspense, the explorers generated an official record of their journey in which adventure figures as a prominent though volatile component of that authoritative enterprise.

The second section examines three rare migration accounts of overland journeys undertaken between 1849 and 1853. Although these three travelers -- William Manly, Margaret Frink, and Rebecca Ketcham -- took different routes to the west coast under markedly diverse circumstances, their narratives demonstrate how Americans have bound adventure to settlement, and how journal-keeping facilitated an uneasy marriage of adventurous risk with domestic routine. Whether hastily pencilled along the trail or revised later and circulated among friends and family, I believe these narratives illustrate how Americans have settled down with their adventures, through a dialectical exercise in which hope oscillates with despair, home mingles with highway, and narrative resolution contends with the suspense borne of adventurous enterprise.

The third and final section is an investigation into the play of adventure voices in the emerging modern travel writing of the nineteenth century. The travel narratives of Richard Henry Dana and Francis Parkman examined here illustrate, I believe, the textual melding of earlier genres of adventure, including exploration, captivity and migration. While captivity narratives have received much attention in recent years and could properly have their own examination here as a distinctive category of adventure, I am considering captivity in the last section because of its conflation of exploratory trauma with domestic concerns. That is, captivity has a unique affinity to modern travel writing in its molding of domestic and adventurous elements, and in its self-conscious attentiveness to textual issues. I believe that self-consciousness is due to the privileging of risk and danger in a scene in which the narrator urgently seeks comfort and stability. Captivity collapses the dialectical balance of adventure and domesticity in American personal narratives, and its text has the daunting task of restoring it.

This concluding section investigates how Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* and Parkman's *The Oregon Trail* mixed travel genres together, and how that blending generated a metatextual extension of the suspense that marks adventure's presence in text. While Dana's narrative moves loosely among migrant, explorer and captive voices, Parkman exercises iron-handed control of those personae, creating a hierarchy in which, for example, the migrant functions primarily to enhance the figure of the lone frontiersman. Despite their differences, however, these narratives together offer portraits of real-life American travelers whose adventure personae could only exist in text. More particularly, they are travelers to remote places whose primary purpose is to narrate characters and scenes that will resonate

for an audience back home. As travelers, they continually engaged and shaped communities to ensure either their minimal or comfortable survival, but as narrators, they remain poised as lonely figures adrift in a vast terrain. Narrative provides a refuge for such contrariness. So, it comes as no surprise that Dana writes of a search for narrative itself, in the long yarns and equally long memories of seamen, and in the few books he finds to read aloud to them. Parkman, on the other hand, works to fashion a text out of himself, and while he finds the results "ridiculous" in reality, his efforts are effective in shaping the frontier figure he embraces with such enthusiasm, the frontiersman whose masculine bookcase mingles volumes of John Milton with pistol and knife (28). Taken together, Parkman, Dana, and the other adventurer/writers considered here illustrate a synchronous blending and building of adventure in first-person narratives, a development which I believe has led to adventure's distinctive presence in American literature.

I.

Exploration, the Official Adventure

> There seems to be a sertain fatality attached to the neighbourhood of these falls, for there is always a chapter of accedents prepared for us during our residence at them.
>
> Meriwether Lewis, *Journals*

Eighteen red morocco-bound notebooks with brass holding clasps comprise the core narratives of the Lewis and Clark expedition. These journals were painstakingly inscribed and guarded by the explorers, and later pored over by a succession of editors, all in an attempt to plot the definitive, official record of negotiation and acquisition presumed to lie within them.[1] Yet, the journals are a haphazard assembly, replete with gaps in reportage, blank pages, multiple versions, and reverse chronologies. Some of this disorder, such as multiple versions of daily activity, was imposed upon the expedition by President Jefferson as a means of safeguarding the return of precious records.[2] Other irregularities, such as narrative gaps and entries whose dates proceed backward in time, apparently resulted from stresses that developed once the expedition was under way.[3] That is, dangers and daily challenges, including harsh weather, fatigue, illness and water-damaged supplies, induced the explorers to leave blanks, in hopes of constructing written narrative under more agreeable circumstances. Sometimes the explorers succeeded in their narrative backtracking; sometimes they did not, and gaps remain.

In either case, the large measure of adventure implicit in exploration (adventure's tacit privileging of chance, risk and the unknown) clashed with the explorers' mission to imprint and thereby order the unknown landscapes spreading before them. Those

accommodations made to adventure--the gaps to be filled in later, those several versions of a day's activity--mark adventure's penchant for resisting the orderliness and resolution which official narratives of exploration seek to inscribe. Ultimately, the red notebooks figure as an emblem of the tension between the authority of that official enterprise and adventure's relentless confounding of it.

President Jefferson's frequent reference to the expedition as a "tour" belies the arduous nature of the campaign to which Meriwether Lewis and William Clark dedicated themselves. Yet, other Jefferson texts, including his formidable record-keeping instructions to Meriwether Lewis, do reveal more accurately the magnitude of the national enterprise at hand. The captains were charged with faithfully assembling all manner of information, including topographical readings, maps, detailed ethnographic accounts--as well as catalogues of plants, animals, geology and climate. Taken together, these daunting instructions (entailing information as diverse as the location of a northwest passage to the Pacific, "nations & their numbers," and "the proportion of rainy, cloudy & clear days") reveal Jefferson's determination to codify and thereby appropriate not only the Louisiana Purchase, but routes through and beyond it (*Letters*, 62-3). Jefferson wished to see his June 20, 1803 letter instruction's orderly, negative catalogues (indexes of what was unknown about western lands) transformed into positive, national inventories. He believed that the adventure undertaken to facilitate that transformation would prove to be manageable. Among his instructions, for example, Jefferson suggested to the explorers that "the degree of danger you may risk" could be minimized through "discretion" and a reasonable attempt "to err on the side of your safety" (*Letters*, 64).

In this chapter I will argue that despite Jefferson's codifying impulse, adventure was a prominent and unruly member of the expedition. Just as chance and risk disturbed the official business of exploration, adventure registered its presence throughout the Lewis and Clark journals as textual and dialectical patterns of contrariness. These patterns of adventure prove useful in investigating the dynamics of exploration narratives, since it is precisely in the contradictory features of these texts that we can trace adventure's presence. In the Lewis and Clark journals, discovery seems to be attended by memorialization; perceiving distinct new landscapes is often accompanied with vague expressions of regret; the adventure of arriving at new vistas is joined with a domestic gesture giving the narrative a sense of return; what is new and ineffable struggles with familiar textual vehicles promising order and resolution. I will examine oppositions evident in the journals' affective patterns, in which expressions of lament accompany the excitement of first contact with new landscapes and cultures. Following an examination of those affective patterns, I will investigate the journals' dialectics of adventure and domesticity through which the explorers fashion a shifting sense of home and community to ease the trauma of dwelling in ever-new terrain.[4] The blend of familiarity, comfort, and closure that creates a domestic scene was virtually nonexistent for the explorers; their journals record how the expedition created a moveable home by borrowing domestic elements from native people.

Finally, I will return to issues of textuality, and examine how journal production itself complemented those contrary patterns of affect and metonym, essentially through the journals' preponderant schemes of narrative suspense. That is, the sense of immediacy that informs daily entries, their multiple versions, their fundamental reliance upon translation and

sign language, and the mix of discourses (scientific, diplomatic, personal), work in outright contradiction to any unity or resolution that explorer and sponsor might wish to achieve. The result is a text in conflict with the singular, authoritative English voice of the official record. The chaos of adventure finds its textual representation precisely in such a framework, where a cacophony of narrative voices abound. Such patterns of feeling, symbol and text--dynamics that have not been adequately examined in recent critiques of the political and personal tensions in exploration literature[5]--illuminate the manner in which adventure is inscribed in narrative. Adventure emerges as an essential though precarious feature of the journals, whose textual designs highlight the contradictions inherent in the larger American narrative of expansion and settlement.

The journals record that when Meriwether Lewis returns from the West Coast in 1806, arriving at what is now Great Falls, Montana, surprise and danger seem to dog his every step. The party is scattered, with men pursuing risky missions to collect lost horses, or retreating into the trees to avoid grizzly bear attacks. Lewis writes of his anxiety in returning to a beautiful scene that nevertheless seems to hold "a sertain fatality," a place where "there is always a chapter of accedents prepared" for the expedition (8:110). This passage reveals the emotive, metonymical and textual patterns of adventure inscribed in exploration narratives. Here, the exhilaration induced by beauty is paired with losses associated with "fatality;" exploring the new is joined with a domestic gesture of return to the familiar; and the entire scene is textualized oxymoronically as a chapter of prepared accident. Adventure leaves its textual imprint in precisely these dialectical and confounding patterns of contrariety.

As the explorers make their way into unknown western territory, exhilaration and mourning begin to trace affective patterns in the journals. On the outbound portion of the expedition in July, 1804, William Clark writes of seeing the great plains (now Kansas) for the first time. Their breadth, fragrance and loveliness move him to wonder how they can be situated where they are--"enjoyed by nothing but the Buffalo Elk Deer & Bear in which it abounds & Savage Indians"--rather than in his "Sivilised world" where they might be fully appreciated (2:346). Both explorer and nation have been deprived of magnificent geography and the native grandeur attendant to it. Clark seems nearly as engrossed in contemplating this loss (however retrograde) as he is in experiencing the moment. Here the exhilaration of discovery is joined with a lamentation for its loss. The regular appearance of this paradigm suggests that mourning played an integral part in the negotiation of what was deemed to be "discovered." Regret's interiorizing, backward gaze contrasts with exhilaration's forward expansiveness, offering a mental site where the explorer's reflection upon what is past and behind him oscillates with what is new and before him.

Frontier landscapes, with their abundant physical and cultural wonders, were not easily apprehended by the explorers--a problem Jefferson seemed to anticipate in his instructions, when he encouraged Lewis to observe "with great pains & accuracy," to record "distinctly & intelligibly for others as well as yourself" (*Letters*, 62). But the journals reveal that hard facts and scientific detail were not enough. To appreciate the imposing landscape now adjoining western American borders, the explorers were compelled to locate emotive vehicles as well, and they found such a conveyance in the vacillation of lament with excitement. Just as they repeatedly moved forward and then back in order to find their way

through a maze of Montana rivers in June, 1805, the explorers also improvised ways of appropriating more personally what they saw and experienced. Mourning's pairing with exhilaration provided a means of negotiating new landscapes and, oddly enough, a way of inhabiting the western countryside. Nearly fifty years later, when migrants' trains would stream in ribbons across the prairie, graves and headstones would serve a function similar to lament in the Lewis and Clark journals, offering an eerie imprint, a shadowy habitation preceding the permanent settling of the new land.

Attention to Native American funerary scenes are a notable feature of these journals, and figure as sites for narrating adventure's affective patterns. On July 12, 1804, Clark arrives in a fertile Nebraska river valley loaded with fruit and "covered with Grass of about 4-1/2 feet high" (2:370). He describes the landscape as "one of the most pleasing prospects I ever beheld," with its "leavel and extensive Meadow, as far as I could see, the view of the prospect Much enlivened by the fine Trees & Srubs which was bordering the bank of the river" (2:369-370). Clark links those pastoral pleasures to musings about an Indian burial site which is part of the valley he surveys: "I observed artificial mounds (or as I may more Justly term Graves) which to me is a Strong indication of this Country being once Thickly settled" (2:370). Clark was well aware that these prairies were as often highways as home for native people, yet he seems keen on locating "strong" evidence of "thickly" populated spaces to satisfy the exuberant vision that fueled the expedition. Mourning scenes serve nicely as instruments of that vision, since they signal spaces both friendly to, and divested of, a human community. In fact, the journals are remarkably free of any sense of awe or foreboding at the numerous Indian burial places Lewis and Clark encounter, even though we

find other, regular expressions of fearful imaginings, where an "evil geni" or abusive "fates" make their appearances.

As the expedition approaches the site of their first winter camp in what is now central North Dakota, the curious landscape of these northern plains lends itself directly to the emotional dynamics of exhilaration and mourning. The days leading up to October 13, 1804 had been loaded with adventure and surprise: the expedition had passed through several days of confrontation with the Teton Sioux, "their first really hazardous and potentially violent encounter with Indians on the journey" (Moulton, 3:2). The early northern winter would soon settle upon them, and there was trouble in their ranks. Private John Newman had been arrested, tried for "repeated expressions of a highly criminal and mutinous nature," and sentenced to receive seventy-five lashes (3:170). Amidst all the excitement, Clark comments on the unusual stone formations they find along this stretch of the Missouri River. He relates the Indian legends of lost love memorialized in these stone figures of "a man in Love" and "a Girl whose parents would not let marry" (3:169). In this reflective passage, Clark records the story of how they "all turned to Stone gradually, Commencing at the feet" (3:169). That ossified gesture, the lapsing of relentless forward movement, offers a moment of relief and repose (however mournful), and perhaps a point of departure for the bracing adventures that lie ahead.

William Clark's journal entries of the ensuing late winter reveal how the play of lament and excitement provides equilibrium to explorers who must continually abandon newly inhabited spaces. At their winter camp in the northern plains, while the party waits for Spring to signal their departure, Clark seems encouraged by an unusually warm February

day in a country where temperatures might well have been bone-chilling. His opening remarks are buoyant: [February 20, 1805] "a Butifull Day, visited by the Little raven very early this morning" (3:298). The remainder of the day's entry is devoted to a report from the Indian community that a 120-year-old Mandan man has died. The exhilarating promise of the expedition's forthcoming departure is linked to the news that the corpse has been dressed and set upon a hill, "with his face toward his old Village or Down the river, and that he might go Streight to his brother at their old village under ground" (3:298). Clark's comments run in two directions: down and up river, east and west. A doubling of vision and purpose permeates the scene as the explorer contemplates the mourning community and the journey of the dead, along with his own resumption of expeditionary travel. The passage's dualities suggest a negotiation of place and perspective necessary to the explorer whose attention must so constantly fall upon new and unknown horizons.

Since journal editor Reuben Twaithes' commentaries (*circa* 1905), Meriwether Lewis has frequently been portrayed as the sensitive, intellectual chronicler of exploration, while William Clark is cast as the practical, rough-hewn frontiersman.[6] We find in Clark's journals nothing like Lewis's contemplations (at the Continental Divide in June, 1805) of his life's dualities, where he muses that half his life has passed while his two goals of service and knowledge are woefully unrealized. Jerome Steffen suggests that Clark "de-emphasized the importance of the form of writing," believing (quoting Clark) that "learning does not consist in the knowledge of languages but in the knowledge of things to which language gives names" (15). Yet, Clark's descriptive passages, such as this Indian funeral scene, do negotiate emotive patterns in the journals. His journal-writing about native mourning

spectacles suggests that in describing those tableaus, Clark dramatizes the affective patterns of Lewis's contemplations. Despite their differing attitudes about writing, exploration's notable measure of new and unknown experiences compelled both men to create these affective patterns--whether through description or contemplation--in order to cope with new and changing landscapes.

Lewis was always enthusiastic about getting under way at the expedition's many points of departure. His journals record this elation, and often link it with his more contemplative, mournful voice. Leaving their winter camp in North Dakota in April, 1805 (an event Lewis refers to as "among the most happy of my life"), the corps sets out in high spirits, "zealously attached to the enterprise, and anxious to proceed" (4:10). Some days later, Lewis comes upon an abandoned Indian hunting camp while he is himself hunting. There he finds a burial scaffold, and a human body wrapped and lying on the ground. Domestic tools, food and personal items lie close by, along with two dogs slain in their harness, prompting Lewis's conclusion that such animals are sacrificed "with a view of their being serviceable to them in the land of spirits" (4:55). Lewis has just shot two deer which would prove quite useful to his hungry company, and now finds himself standing in a scene that offers a parallel, though expired version of his own circumstance. Here are two hunters, each with two animals: one hunter is in motion while the other is in repose. For Lewis, the chase continues; for the Indian, the hunt is finished. In this moment, Lewis's restless travels come to a halt. The memorial scene situates Lewis and the expedition at the site of a different sort of adventure, one offering a richer context for his act of exploration. Indian funeral sites suggest other adventures, sanctioned but abiding *within* a community rather than

at an exoticized, distant frontier. Lewis's detailed descriptions of the burial scene, its body "well rolled in several dressed buffaloe skins," and "dryed roots, several platts of the sweet grass and a small quantity of Mandan tobacco" bring the adventure home, situating the elements of risk and the unknown within the arena of custom and tradition rather than in distant lands (4:54).

As the party moves through disparate landscapes, the journals reveal how exhilaration and lament alternate, accommodating the press of expeditionary adventures. Lewis finds a "secret pleasure" in reaching the end of the seemingly boundless Missouri River (4:201). Yet, as the group approaches its head waters, startled by mountains on both sides, Lewis broods over "the difficulties which this snowed barrier would most probably throw in my way to the Pacific" (4:201). That regret "in some measure counterbalanced the joy I had felt in the first moments in which I gazed on them" (4:201). Travel was exhilarating on the plains--it had to be, to propel them through what could seem a vacuous territory. In the mountains, however, travel was cause for regret as the party took in the view of the impressive mountain range before them. The adversity of mountain travel would naturally dampen the spirits of early nineteenth-century travelers, but those concerns do not entirely account for the gloom expressed here. Both President Jefferson and Captain Lewis thought a short portage over the mountains might well be possible, and in this same passage Lewis remarks, "I believe it a good comfortable road until I am compelled to believe differently" (4:201). So, why the lament? Perhaps the answer lies in Lewis's own efforts to "counterbalance the joy," to find some emotional equilibrium even as they propelled themselves into the next leg of the adventure.

Neither their familiarity with accounts of expedition, such as Alexander Mackenzie's narrative of his 1793 journey to the Pacific, nor their knowledge of contemporary maps by cartographers such as Nicholas King, prepared the explorers for the contrasts and grandeur of landscapes they encountered. Lewis was probably alone when he first came upon the Great Falls (Montana), one of the expedition's most magnificent spectacles. Finding his way to the falls by following their intense roar, Lewis's response is reminiscent of William Clark's first encounter with the vast prairies that lay behind them. That is, he both celebrates and laments the scene in order to apprehend it.

Lewis writes that here is "the grandest sight I ever beheld" (4:284). In his lengthy journal entry for the day, Lewis drifts between scientific observations about the area and a personal rhapsody inspired by the gorgeous scene before him. He details its "impetuous courant" and ensuing brilliant white spray, "in jets of sparkling foam," its "beautiful rainbow" completing "this majestically grand scenery" (4:284-5). Accompanying the rhapsody, however, is Lewis's unmistakable lament for treasures lost to his compatriots. This "sublimely grand object which had from the commencement of time been concealed from the view of civilized man" prompts Lewis's litany of regret (4:285). The passage abounds with phrases such as "I wished," "I most sincerely regretted," and "I . . . was so much disgusted." Lewis's sorrows originate in his inability to relay to others the magnificence of this cascade; and once again, the excitement of discovery mingles with a sense of loss. The glory of the scene slips away from his pen even as he labors "to give to the world some faint idea of the object . . . which of it's kind I will venture to assert is second to none in the known world" (4:285). Lewis believes his renderings (both narrative and

visual) are a poor, "imperfect idea" of the scene because he has failed to convey the grandeur to his fellow Americans. Yet, the opening of the day's journal entry had given a rich account of an explorer placing himself in a gorgeous natural setting, with its "smooth even sheet of water," and "perfect white foam which assumes a thousand forms in a moment." Shaded cottonwoods fill the grove beneath, and a "few small cedar grow near the ledge of rocks where I rest" (4:284). Lament had entered that resting place only when Lewis attempted to make his American readership a part of the audience and experience. The explorer mourns what has been denied his compatriots in order to convey the promise and significance of what Jefferson's America might now claim as its own.

While this patterning of effusion and frustration, excitement and lament, builds as the party moves west, exploration will occasionally press the dialectic to its limits. In late July, 1805, the expedition camps at Three Forks, Montana. Mosquitoes and gnats harass the group struggling for weeks with illness and fatigue. The summer sun bakes the leather lodges where they seek shelter to prepare moccasins and leggings for mountain travel. Although geographically not the farthest point of their journey, this stretch seems psychologically the most extreme. Descending the Columbia River in the autumn, signs of American and British entrepreneurs would greet them everywhere. Sea trade and ocean ports would offer a sense of returning to the familiar, since they would hear English words or see American tools among the native people. But here in the mountains of Montana and Idaho, Lewis and Clark must depend exclusively upon native communities to help them locate horses and find accessible routes west. On July 28th, Lewis notes that they are camped "precisely on the spot" where Sacagawea, their Shoshone guide, was captured by the Minatory Indians five

years before. Men, women and young boys were murdered in the raid, and Sacagawea was among the captives who survived the ordeal. While he searches for the Shoshone community, Lewis watches her closely for signs of emotion, "tho' I cannot discover that she shows any immotion of sorrow in recollecting this event, or of joy in being again restored to her native country" (5:8). Lewis's emotional resources seem exhausted here, and he seeks to appropriate (if only through observation) Sacagawea's unarticulated feelings. When she does not accommodate him, Lewis dismisses her coldly: "if she has enough to eat and a few trinkets to wear I believe she would be perfectly content anywhere" (5:9). His repudiation reveals his own discontent, and the emotional strain that sets in when both elation and lament are exhausted.

A few weeks later, when Lewis finally encounters a member of the local native community, this weariness yields to silence, and the silence to a revival of the patterning of exhilaration and loss. The Indian trail Lewis and two of his company had been following has disappeared, and Lewis directs his companions, John Shields and Hugh McNealy, to separate in hopes of finding a trail. As he searches the horizon, Lewis's gaze falls upon a Shoshone horseman riding toward him. In "his arms were a bow and quiver of arrows, and [he] was mounted on an elegant horse without a saddle, and a small string which was attached to the underlay of the horse which answered as a bridle. I was overjoyed at the sight of this stranger" (5:68-9). When the distance between them narrows to a mile, the native abruptly halts his mount and the two men confront each other in silence. The scene is remarkable for the intensity of Lewis's simultaneous euphoria and loss. Signaling with his body and blanket, Lewis appeals desperately for the man to remain, even as Shields and McNealy

unintentionally provoke the Shoshone's suspicion by advancing peripherally. To Lewis's horror, when there are but 100 paces between him and any "hopes of obtaining horses," the alarmed native "suddenly turned his horse about, gave him the whip leaped the creek and disappeared in the willow brush" (5:70). The scene surges with gain and loss, sign and silence, thrill and grief as Lewis concludes: "I now felt quite as much mortification and disappointment as I had pleasure and expectation at the first sight of this Indian" (5:70). Here, Indian and white men encounter each other unexpectedly, where no language (signed or spoken) can promote their intercourse. It is a charged scene, overrun with adventure's elements of chance, risk and the unknown. And it is precisely in such adventure zones--sites in the expedition and the text where chance and the unknown reign--that the affective paradigm of exhilaration and mourning exerts itself most prominently. The explorer focuses intensely on the native who is cast as "stranger," the source of all hope who slips away, the one who cannot be appropriated. His trail, of course, will ultimately lead Lewis to the Shoshone village and the aid he seeks. But for the moment, celebrating his arrival and mourning his loss creates a place in the explorer's and ultimately the nation's psyche for the unknown world along its borderlands.

Perhaps the affective patterning in exploration journals accounts for their lexical duality as well. Standing at the Continental Divide on August 18, 1805, Meriwether Lewis contemplates having arrived at what he believes is the half-way point of his life--his thirty-first birthday. He writes of having two goals and a desire to "redouble [his] exertions" (5:118). The passage abounds with the division and doubling of things: the dividing line of the landscape, his life, the doubling of goals and effort. Surely he was aware of the

significant success of the mission to date, yet here he is immersed in regret and "gloomy thought," which is difficult for the reader to incorporate into an account of amazing adventure. Difficult, that is, unless we consider that perhaps it was somehow necessary to give balance and perspective to the adventure that surrounded him. Lewis mourns "and now soarly feel the want" of hours "spent in indolence." Contending that he has "yet done but little" (despite the efforts and exhaustion attendant to arriving at the Divide), Lewis fuels personal and national ambitions by recalling any suspension of effort his selective memory can supply. The journals link his musings about unfulfilled personal goals to an official expeditionary record loaded with topographical description and longitudinal readings. The notebooks thereby prefigure a manifesto of American western enterprise, in which Lewis's regretful contemplations serve both the private man and the public campaign.

As the expedition makes its descent to the ocean in October, 1805, journal entries contrast the bustling scene on the Columbia River with the stillness of Indian burial vaults built along this churning highway. Swift streams, swarms of pelicans overhead, and imposing communities of Indian lodges bristling with activity are set against the quiet of these memorial communities of the dead, built by Indians on the river's islands. Clark observes "Great numbers of humane bones of every description" piled within, as well as noting the places of its younger, more recent arrivals wrapped in leather and surrounded with provisions for journeys to other worlds (5:311). These islands of the dead offer another version of the land and people, and relief from the incessant motion that envelopes explorers exhausted by the "Swelling, boiling & whorling" Columbia River (Clark 5:333). The vaults are furnished with canoes and horse skeletons, fishing nets, baskets and trinkets, while their

deadly calm, their abundant but suspended human culture, invite the luxury of unhurried examination. For a brief time, the adventure unwinds. Clark's detailed catalogue and musings about the durable construction and intricate engravings of one such vault suggest that he found the ghostly place a tranquil sanctuary, though the bones were four feet deep around him (5:361).

Even the triumph of arriving at the Pacific Ocean is attended by lament. On January 8, 1806, Clark hikes to a rocky summit overlooking the Pacific: "from this point I beheld the grandest and most pleasing prospect which my eyes ever surveyed, in my frount a boundless Ocean" (6:182). In a complementary gesture, Clark climbs down to a rocky beach containing the funeral canoes of the Tillamook people, a cluster of vessels "Some of which appeared nearly decayed others quit Sound" (6:182). Here are ferries of the dead, complete with passengers, paddles and personal items, whose progress into the unknown is measured by degree of decay rather than miles accumulated or samples collected. Clark has reached a significant goal of the expedition, and his journal subsequently records (as did Lewis's at the site of the dead Indian hunter) an expired version of his own enterprise. The wildness of an explorer's arrival at his journey's extremity is balanced by the presence of an expedition celebrating cultural values and traditions. Overland exploration disperses in the traveler's recital of the adventure abiding within the local community. This passage, in its circling back to manifestations of communal belief and ceremony, seems the truest moment of closure to the expedition's drive westward.

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Affective patterns in the journals are complemented by a metonymical scheme in which new experiences, however strange and ineffable, become entwined in familiar images. Most notably, elements of native domesticity (such as forms of communal order, family affection, or recreation) are routinely borrowed and abandoned whenever the explorers need to strengthen a sense of community in the wilderness. The journals frequently link the explorers' arrival at new vistas with images which give their arrival a sense of return to the familiar. The Indian guide Old Toby, for example, ushers the company into new landscapes while he recounts his own history on those distant prairies and mountain slopes. The more intense the infusion of risk and danger, the more pronounced the domestic image according a feeling of familiarity. In the most remote, mountainous stretches of their journey, Lewis and Clark form enduring bonds with their domestic counterparts in the figures of two venerable Nez Perce chiefs. These Indian leaders, Twisted Hair and Tetoharsky, are knowledgeable about travel routes and local communities, and they offer a comforting flow of information and advice to the travelers.

In his ambitious instructions to Lewis, President Jefferson cautioned him to exercise care in taking risks: "To your own discretion therefore must be left the degree of danger you may risk, and the point at which you should decline" (*Letters*, 64). Yet, as Bruce Greenfield has pointed out, "Individuals acting for the good of the state are often publicly authorized to act in a manner that would otherwise be condemned" (25). Measuring risk while on an official expedition was tricky since members expected a larger measure of accident even as they assumed the weight of governmental agency. In such extremes, how could they judge risk? The dialectical mechanisms at play in the journals suggest that the explorers

maneuvered through a continuous improvisation with native domestic vehicles. They balanced adventure's chance and risk with Indian resources they might appropriate to lend an occasional sense of intimacy and comfort.[7]

Internal order and authority were vital to expedition leaders adrift on open prairies, and it is a curious feature of the journals that explorers frequently borrowed from Indian domestic culture to those ends. On August 18, 1804 (Missouri River, north of Council Bluffs), Lewis and Clark were negotiating with Ottoe chiefs when Moses Reed, a member of their party, was captured and disciplined for desertion and stealing munitions. The journals record how the three principal chiefs "petitioned for Pardin for this man" and "after we explained the injurey Such men could doe thm by false representation, & explang. the Customs of our Countrey they were all Satisfied with the propriety of the Sentence" (2:488). The Indians leaders were then invited to witness the man's whipping and running a gauntlet. Here the Indian community provides a jury, what the explorers hope will be an assenting community to promote balance and reason when events proved threatening to the expedition's integrity. This scene initiates a pattern in the journals wherein leaders of the expedition invoke native perspectives to negotiate their own improvised domestic order.

A similar event is recorded at the court martial of John Newman on October 13, 1804. For his "expressions of a highly criminal and mutinous nature" (3:170), Lewis reports that "The court after having duly considered the evidence aduced" passed a sentence of "seventy five lashes on his bear back" and discharge from the "perminent party engaged for North Western discovery." The next day, Clark offers another version of the punitive spectacle, this time in the context of native reaction. Clark stops his party to administer the

lashes, just as the Arikara chief, Eagles Feather, cries out in sympathetic alarm. His journal reveals how Clark employed Indian attitudes to situate and affirm the punishment within a scheme of reasonable social policy. "I explained the Cause of the punishment and the necessity," writes Clark, as he solicits information from Eagles Feather on his community's judicial proceedings. The chief's response--that his people never whip, but do employ capital punishment--is useful to Clark's reasoning that seventy-five lashes is a moderate sentence. Since no journal records John Newman's crime, all the scene's attention falls upon the negotiation of justice, the balancing of American scales in the heart of a native community.

As the explorers approach western mountain ranges, their dependency upon indigenous society becomes increasingly apparent.[8] In fact, the journals of early June, 1805 (probably written at the foot of the Rocky Mountains) suggest that the measure of adventure tolerated by the American expedition is directly proportionate to Indian knowledge of the area. At the juncture of the Missouri, Teton and Marias Rivers in Montana, Lewis writes of his desire to minimize the risk of venturing up streams that could lead them off course. They might lose an entire season through miscalculation of western routes, which "would probably so dishearten the party that it might defeat the expedition altogether" (4:246). Lewis is "astonished" that native guides have no map to offer at this confluence of rivers. He sends out two scouting parties to survey and compare the Teton and Marias streams, hoping the small expeditions will find a speedy solution and easy access to the Columbia River. Meantime, the two captains work on the problem at camp. When the groups return, Lewis reports that "their account were by no means satisfactory," even though their readings "map"

the area to a significant degree (4:250). Several more excursions follow, and five precious days elapse as the party struggles to find its way. The men discuss, take votes, map terrain, and negotiate new trails, all of which would seem to be the true calling of the "perminent party engaged for North Western discovery," as Lewis had defined them. Yet, ironically, the official nature of exploration--the political expediency of swiftly acquiring direct routes and distant prizes--unseats discovery, and its attendant elements of risk and the unknown. The Americans discover and explore, to a large degree, because the Indians are at home. Without the assistance of local communities, discovering what lies within these vast lands becomes a luxury the expedition can barely indulge.

Indian assistance significant to the expedition was often symbolic rather than substantial. The journals frequently express a sense of return, a homeward gaze, possible only through their appropriating domestic scenes from native dwellers. Descriptions of these distant lands and cultures acquire balance and context as the explorers' perceptions oscillate between the Indians' sense of the familiar and their own survey of the unknown. At the crossroad of the Beaverhead, Red Rock and Horse Prairie waterways on August 17, 1805, the party finally approaches Sacagawea's tribal home. Her reunion with family and community provides the explorers with something more than assurance of their travel route: her recognition of place (and the affectionate bonding of Indian family) steadies the wildness of Lewis's experience. Being the first to see new terrain has little meaning if the experience is not somehow placed into a hierarchy; and that social order is, ironically, an Indian one. Sacagawea realizes that she is home, and when Lewis records her experience with his own,

he creates a text ostensibly narrated by one who was simultaneously returning and arriving for the first time--a very satisfying formulation indeed.

Journal entries around this period emphasize coming home and returning to origins, even as anxieties and irritants multiply. Sacagawea recognizes the land of her people and "this peice of information has cheered the sperits of the party" Lewis claims, since they anticipate "seeing the head of the missouri yet un-known to the civilized world" (4:416-17). Those etiological gestures surely helped to counterbalance the trauma and discomforts of traveling in rough, rocky lands where "the men complain of being much fortiegued, their labour is excessively great" (Lewis, 4:423). Mountainous terrain, prickly pears, mosquitoes and gnats provoke Lewis to an even more remote parallel--in the image of enslaved Israelites under Egyptian "curses" (4:423). Extremity prompts the more ambitious backward summons--stretching to Judeo-Christian origins.

Journal entries of the first few weeks of August, 1805 are notable for their sharply contrasting elements of domesticity and adventure. Arriving at Sacagawea's home, Lewis enjoys completing "one of those great objects in which my mind has been unalterably fixed for many years"--reaching the source of the "mighty Missouri" (4:74). Yet, he is without trails, mountain guides, and horses; and the Lemhi Shoshones, their new hosts, are frightened by the explorers' potential alliance with their formidable enemies, the Blackfeet. It is also clear that a quick portage over a narrow mountain ridge was merely an eastern fantasy. Everyone is on edge, the Indians fearing ambush from Clark's party (separated from Lewis at their first encounter), and Lewis overwhelmed with "the state of the expedition . . . the fait of which appeared at this moment to depend in great measure upon the caprice of a few

savages who are ever as fickle as the wind" (5:59). Ronda points out that since the Shoshone were "faced with a food supply that was precarious and enemies who were well armed," it was quite a strain for Chief Cameahwait to devote precious time and resources to the explorers (152-3). Lewis recognized these people were hungry and apprehensive about the Blackfeet and Atsina challenges in the area. It is difficult to understand the captain's suspicious appraisal of the cautious Chief Cameahwait, unless we consider the aid and comfort that native domestic presence so often represented to the expedition. The parties have entered another of the journal's adventure zones, a scene dominated by risk and the unknown. Consequently, the explorers' perceptions of the Shoshones alternate between images of comforting, intimate friends, and enigmatic, menacing strangers.

The expedition was now entering territory where white and Indian interaction was rare. The "the first white man" trope is prevalent here, and is linked to images of the venerable native, such as "Old Toby" and the two "old chiefs," who assist the young explorers in finding a path through the mountains. As the party ventures farther into the mountains (surely the most remote experience of their careers as travelers) the explorers feel quite keenly the extremity of their situation. Their attention to the long lives and extensive memories of their new guides suggests that they drew from such figures more than travel directions and translation assistance. Through Sacagawea's eyes, the expedition had located remote but recognizable landscapes. But now the party ventures beyond territory even dimly recognizable to native guides. Pressing into this risky terrain, Lewis and Clark note that "neither [Old Toby] nor any of his nation had ever been lower in this direction, than in view of the place at which the river entered this mountain" (5:154). Lewis's journal generates a

dialectic here in which the first white man is linked to the last old Indian, even as he depicts the adventure zone now engulfing all the expedition's members. Engaging Toby gives the expedition another point of departure since it marks the end of Indian knowledge and experience. Simultaneously, the explorers take comfort in the presence of the Indian as vehicle of memory and history, as they move into a landscape which offers them neither. Toby figures more as a domestic sign of boundary and limit than he does as guide into wilderness--and, ironically, that pose makes him valuable to the expedition.

Toby's services as guide and translator diminish as the party moves forward, that steady decline marking the party's arrival in the domestic sphere of the Nez Perce. At the Lochsa River, Toby's memory of those long-abandoned trails fails him, and the expedition must backtrack across rocky terrain; he is helpless to translate when the party meets the Nez Perce, since they have crossed a linguistic border into a domain of Sahaptian dialects unfamiliar to him. Finally, Toby slips quietly away--a retreating, domestic figure whose return home marks the acceleration westward of the American company.

The relentless improvisation inherent in exploration prompts the explorers to seek harmony and routine among the native communities they encounter. It is not surprising that Lewis is sensitive to unsettling aspects of the Shoshone community as they move west in late August, 1805. His journal entries, for example, reflect conversations with guide Chief Cameahwait, in which the Indian leader relates what are, for Lewis, disturbingly diverse aspects of Indian identity. Cameahwait has several names, including the sign of an accomplished warrior, Black Gun. Indian names emanate from heroic and distinguishing acts, including valor in battle, killing the fearsome grizzly bear, or making off with another

tribe's horses. Lewis's wonder at this seems strange: "these people have many names in the course of their lives, particularly if they become distinguished characters" (5:159). Even a moment's reflection upon his own culture's propensity for personal title would render Cameahwait's explanations entirely within the realm of his own experience. Lewis's journal continues with more, and similarly defamiliarized observations, entries suggesting a heightened sensitivity to the abundance of signs proliferating around him. On August 24th Lewis records how war promotes the Shoshone's election of leaders, a fact that prompts a comparative gaze back to the Minetares at Fort Mandan--the expedition's hosts of the previous winter. "I was one day addressing some cheifs of the Minetares wo visited us and pointing out to them the advantages of a state of peace" (5:160). A young Minetare man had questioned Lewis on the point, reminding him that Minetare leaders were chosen through military achievement, and "if they were in a state of peace with all their neighbours what the nation would do for Cheifs? . . . the nation could not exist without cheifs" (5:160). Lewis remonstrates, and warns that these native domestic realities "prove a serious obstruction of a general peace among the nations" whether on the Minetare's Great Plains or among the Shoshone and their surrounding neighbors (5:158-9). His concerns reveal how the dialectics of adventure link both personal needs and political aims. The explorers are attracted to routine and assurance of peaceful community since exploration mandates that they deny their own need for those experiences, while harmony among native populations is a prerequisite for the success of the American expedition if it is to extend to the Pacific. The consistency of homogeneous names, the comforts of repose over ambitious intertribal scrimmages, peace

rather than military expedition--all appeal to an explorer seeking order and balance in the political and personal adventure at hand.

The older chiefs, those who "had already geathered their harvest of larals and having forceably felt in many instances some of those inconveniences attending a state of war" provide a comforting counterpart to the business of expedition (Lewis, 5:160). Journal entries beginning the following week indicate the degree to which Lewis and Clark came to rely upon such figures--not only for information about a route to the Pacific, but also as domestic symbols of familiarity and resolution. Twisted Hair and Tetoharsky, two Nez Perce chiefs, join the expedition from October 7th to October 25th, and conduct the party from mountain trails to the rapids of the Snake River, which would deliver them to the Columbia.[9] Clark writes that the two "promised to accompany" the party for some distance, an entry suggesting they were perhaps earnestly petitioned. While the Pacific coast was geographically farther, this seems the more remote terrain. They struggle to find their way through bewildering mountain paths and onto the Columbia plains, even as they watched Jefferson's dream of a short mountain portage vanish.

During this stretch of expedition, the journals refer regularly to "our two chiefs." Other native leaders visit the group in October, 1805, but the journals distinguish the mature Twisted Hair and Tetoharsky from them, creating a parallel, domestic narrative to the primary adventure featuring the young explorers. The two Nez Perce leaders narrate community and military history of the region. They warn of dangers and enlighten the explorers about matters of travel etiquette--letting them know, for example, when raiding a deserted Indian camp for firewood might offend, or when rumors circulate about impending

challenges to their progress down river. They introduce the explorers to communities en route, and help the expedition negotiate the swift, rocky streams that are now their highways to the coast.

October 14th proves a calamitous day for the party, since one of the canoes overturns in swirling rapids and makes for a "great Cause to lament" (Clark, 5:271). Precious bedding, tools, and loose powder canisters are soaked or lost in the current. After that accident, the Nez Perce leaders regularly proceed ahead "to warn us of the difficulties of this rapid" (5:275) or "inform those bands of our approach and friendly intentions toward all nations" (5:278). "Our two chiefs," or "our old chiefs" have become, by this point, a cord upon which the expedition's new adventures and experiences are strung. Lewis and Clark form a bond with Twisted Hair and Tetoharsky, who provide a domestic complement, a consoling element in a landscape without trees and animals, and dominated by rocky surfaces and churning streams. In these two Indian leaders, Lewis and Clark find parallel, domestic versions of themselves: experienced and familiar where they are not, and focused on the welfare of both travelers and inhabitants in an adventurous scene where the explorers must deny or minimize such concerns.

Later in the month, Twisted Hair and Tetoharsky express "a desire to return to their band from this place, Saying that they Could be of no further Service to us, as their nation extended no further down the river than those falls" (Clark, 5:329). As with the Shoshone guides, Lewis and Clark mark the next stretch of their adventure by noting Indian constructions of boundary and home. When the two Nez Perce chiefs leave the expedition on October 25th, Clark reports "a parting Smoke with our two faithful friends the Chiefs who

accompanied us from the head of the river" (5:339). The explorers had pressed the Nez Perce leaders to remain, ostensibly to allow the explorers to negotiate peace between tribes of the region. Yet Clark's accounts of October 24th reveal other motives: "our views were to detain those Chiefs with us untill we Should pass the next falls, which we were told was verry bad" and "that they might inform us of any designs of the nativs" (5:329). Apparently, when the Nez Perce leaders venture into territory that is manifestly dangerous and adventurous for them (as this was), the explorers momentarily assume the domestic role of negotiators. Clark reports "a Piece and good understanding between this chief and his people and the two Chiefs who accompanied us which we have the Satisfaction to Say we have accomplished" (5:355).[10] However temporary the accommodation between the Nez Perce and Chinooks, the journals imbue it with a solidity gratifying to an expeditionary band now impatient to reach their winter camp ahead of winter gales.

Adventure's discomforts take an exasperating toll as the expedition reaches the windblown northwest region. Nineteen months had passed since the company left St. Charles on the Missouri River. The strain of a long excursion and the failure to locate a northwest passage surely weighed upon the company. Also, they had reached the geographic extremity of their journey but were far from its conclusion. Clark records a discouraging catalogue of other, more palpable discomforts: "Sergeant Pryor unwell from a disloation of his Sholder, Gibson with the disentary, Jo. Fields with biles on his legs, & Werner with a Strained Knee" (6:122). The landscape and weather further frustrate their efforts to find comfort in hastily constructed temporary quarters. In an early November entry, Clark writes:

> we have not leavel land Sufficient for an encampment and for our baggage to lie Cleare of the tide, the High hills jutting in So Close and Steep that we cannot retreat back, and the water to the river too Salt to be used, added to this the waves are increasing to Such a hight that we cannot move from this place, in this Situation we are compelled to form our Camp between the hite of the Ebb and Flood tides. (6:36)

For a time, they attempt to find repose in lodges made of leather and sail materials, "So full of holes & rotten that they will not keep anything dry" (Clark: 6:91). In contrast, Clark records the luxurious lodgings of their native hosts, their dry, comfortable homes, "neet platteers" of abundant, fresh food, their "extrodeanary friendship" (6:119). His journal entries reveal the significant strain of their protracted adventure--an adventure that pervades every activity, including efforts to create temporary domestic quarters. Indian communities had long ago mastered domestic existence in blustery northwest environments, and as the American explorers struggle to locate a measure of comfort for themselves, the ease of native dwelling in the region casts the strain and discomfort of exploration in sharp relief.

On December 7, 1805, the explorers chose a site for their winter residence, naming it Fort Clatsop, which served as home and headquarters until the expedition returned east in the spring of 1806. With its construction, the explorers assumed a curious domestic identity as a community of adventurers, dwelling among other communities, in a region known for its fluid populations. The journals of this period consequently reveal much about the dialectical play between exploration's adventure and domesticity since the two roles collide at the site of the fort. As voyagers in uncharted spaces, their appreciation of Indian domestic hospitality had been acute. They valued the friendship and even sexual favors extended to

them. Just a few weeks before, Clark wrote that "maney of the women are handsom," and the men are free to offer gifts "to bestow on their favourite Lasses" (6:73-4). Now, with the erection of winter quarters, and the assumption of the oxymoronic role of resident explorers (what Moulton refers to as their "enforced leisure"), the explorers perceive native attention as a moral or political threat to the expedition. Having created their own household, Indian domesticity is cast as part of the adventure, allied with things unknown and threatening. With walls up and sentry installed, Lewis writes a book of orders to promote "exact and uniform dicipline and government" at Fort Clatsop (6:151). Indians are ordered out of the fort after sunset, including the "lude" and sporting women formerly quite welcome among the troops. As a voyager, Lewis had acknowledged women's presence to be useful in averting suspicion and fear among native communities. Now, in an autonomous, domestic community of men (except for Sacagawea and child), women are cast as figures belonging to the adventurous periphery, and their presence perceived as a disruption.[11] Indian culture, formerly so comforting when the explorers struggled to warm themselves in leaky leather tents, is now perceived as unsettling to their make-shift domesticity. Indians provide the requisite unruly audience to a new order in the land. On the day Fort Clatsop is ready, Clark writes, "our fortification is Completed this evening--and at Sun Set we let the nativs know that our Custom will be in future, to Shut the gates at Sun Set as which time all Indians must go out" (6:145-6). The explorers can at last indulge in custom and routine, if only for the winter months.

Among the earliest and most important of those customs was the celebration of a new year. Lewis toasts the first day of January, 1806 "principally in the anticipation of the first

day of January 1807" (6:151). At the farthest geographical point in their journey, Lewis inscribes vivid images of holiday mirth by erasing the present, and marking the holiday as a prelude to the celebration one year hence when "the hand of civilization" will resurrect Christmas "both mentally and corporally" (6:151). The sense of immediacy, the grip of the present moment so intrinsic to adventure is displaced in this impromptu domestic scene where narrative stretches back to eastern homes and familiar holiday cheer. "Content with eating our boiled Elk..." the party accepts the merest outline of holiday recreation in their transient home (6:161). The intensity of allusions to former domestic comforts, fashioned from the past and fastened onto a holiday twelve months hence, serves to mark Fort Clatsop's extreme isolation and gives measure to the feelings of the party in a place with lamentably few vehicles for that expression.

Prior to Fort Clatsop, the journals portray Indian companions principally as domestic figures, whether as sympathetic hosts such as Eagles Feather, or wilderness guides like Old Toby. But with the establishment of the fort, a shift occurs in which the explorers acknowledge Indian adventures as parallel with their own. On Monday, January 5, 1806, a group including Sacagawea and her husband Charbonneau set out for a view of the Pacific Ocean and, more particularly, to see the remains of a whale rumored to have washed ashore. The entry has the tone of recreational travel writing as Lewis records how Sacagawea was "indulged" in her desire to see the ocean and "that monstrous fish" (6:168). "She observed that she had traveled a long way with us to see the great waters, . . . she thought it very hard she could not be permitted to see either (she had never yet been to the Ocean)" (6:168). It is rare in American exploration literature to find Indian expedition members portrayed as

fellow adventurers (if only as elective and recreational voyagers). To do so makes Indians a part of the national enterprise. Sacagawea's journey to the ocean, her experience of seeing the huge mammal unknown to her people, might also have proven an important narrative to that community, assuming she, like the American explorers, returned home to tell her tale. When Lewis yields to her request, linking the American expedition with Indian adventure, he inscribes a rare blending of native adventure within a hierarchy of official American exploration, despite its relegating her to the status of a sightseer.

Settling into a Fort Clatsop winter, Lewis reflects upon the cultural materials he has gathered from the plains to the Pacific, and consequently engages the journals in negotiating a western domestic dwelling. His subsequent discussion of women's roles and the care of old people are not idle musings of an expeditionary leader in repose, nor are they a disinterested collection of data regarding native communities. Rather, they reveal how domestic and adventurous elements oscillate in the explorer's creation of a new dwelling in a distant place. On the surface, Lewis's comparative remarks appear to investigate aspects of Great Plains and West Coast tribal life, yet his evaluations seem a confusing tangle. The confusion disperses if we view these journal entries as a mediation of new domestic space for his own band--a negotiation in which both the trauma of adventure and the comforts of domesticity are acknowledged. According to Lewis, women are at once compelled to perform all manner of "domestic drudgery," and to provide sexual favors, yet the native communities subject to his gaze "pay much more rispect to their judgment and oppinions in many rispects than most indian nations: their women are permitted to speak freely before them, and sometimes appear to command with a tone of authority" (6:168). Similarly, the

aged are rumored to be abandoned on hunting trails "without compunction or remorse" yet the young prepare special feasts "principally for their object a contribution for their aged and in firm persons" (6:169).

Is the aged Indian a "poor old superannuated wretch" or a respected elder in the community? Are women among their community's leaders, or victims "compelled" into the meanest of "survile" roles? (6:168-9). Lewis's attempts at cultural comparison do little but muddy the waters.[12] His comments run the gamut from Indian adherence to a code of cold-blooded survival and ascendancy of the fittest, to expressions of admiration for the deference and affection Indians express toward women and the aged. Yet, his personal tone and subsequent musings about his own society's benevolence offer a clue to the aim of these contemplations: "It appears to me that nature has been much more deficient in her filial tie than in any other of the strong affections of the human heart, and therefore think our old men equally with our women indebted to civilization for their ease and comfort" (6:169). Dramatizing what he perceives to be the range of native attitudes, Lewis situates his own, and, by extension, his society's, beliefs about the domestic values of nurture, comfort, and altruism. The explorer thereby satisfies both public and private designs: he regains a sense of the domestic sphere and negotiates a new home for his expanding society.

Like his anthropological comparisons, Lewis's inventories and taxonomies are often as revealing of the explorer as of those observed. Lewis records that Pacific natives "are very loquacious and inquisitive" and "possess good memories"--items evincing Lewis's own gaze homeward, while he advances upon new ethnographic terrain (6:168). Considering the dearth of translators in the course of the expedition, its reliance upon sign language, and the

hastily executed native/white deliberations that marked the journey. Lewis had no basis for judging native memory. So, his remark about "good" native memory (good because it narrates the presence of white traders in the area) provides insight into the complex use of catalogues in journals of exploration. Natives' memories are remarkable to Lewis since these people can recount the presence of whites in the area, their "names capasities of the vessels &c of many traders and others who have visited the mouth of this river" (6:168).

Lewis records English words uttered by local inhabitants, including "musquit, powder, shot, nife, file, damned rascal, sun of a bitch etc." (6:187), as well as many British and American items accumulated by these international traders. He links indices of native products such as clothing, skins, baskets and the ever-present salmon, with "guns, (principally old british or American musquits) powder, balls and Shot, Copper and brass kettles, brass teakettles . . . knives, beads and tobacco . . . also a considerable quantity of Sailor's cloaths, as hats coats, trowsers and shirts" (6:187). The inventories provide a vertical narrative of objects and English signs in a place where the horizontal narrative of geographical advances had reached its limits. Lewis's catalogues of recognizable objects--linguistic and material--also balances his growing perception of an immense, unknown terrain stretching beyond the Pacific boundary of his expedition, the possibility of which he is "induced to believe" from the material and linguistic evidence around him (6:187). The density and details of these catalogues provide balance and the comfort of recognition to an explorer faced with the likelihood of worlds beyond the boundary of even his own ambitious expedition.

The Fort Clatsop journals register a tension between the linear clarity of the trail's end and the explorers' growing awareness that their winter quarters are also an international trade zone, a scene of shifting alliances and populations, in a bewildering stream of commercial trade. The triumphant expedition seems to lose its sense of direction and purpose, while Lewis expresses an increasingly fearful, nearly paranoid, response to their winter dwelling. He cautions his men and reminds himself about "the necessity of always being on their guard" around the Indians, that treachery is ever afoot in a scene "of uninterrupted friendly intercourse" with them. (6:331). Ronda notes that "the winter at Fort Clatsop has no narrative history," and having no further place to go, little to offer the marketplace, and no "open tensions to resolve" among the Indians (186, 193), the explorers' morale suffers, even though its members are urgently in need of rest in this mild climate before the rigors of the return trip begin.

The arrested movement of the expedition and its setting up housekeeping in such a remote, adventurous locale promotes a more strident, super-conscious version of American domesticity. Home's sense of safety is embodied in locked and guarded gates; intimacy figures as overcrowding; the harmony associated with home is reified in a book of rules. As an unruly member of the American household, adventure is hard to live with; and the explorers seek to resolve this uneasy marriage of domestic and adventurous spheres through a displacing geographical change. Lewis acknowledges the impulse to restore the interplay of domesticity with adventure (and its political imperative) in March, 1806, when he writes, "I expect when we get under way we shall be much more healthy. It has always had that effect on us heretofore" (6:441). Injuries from resident grizzly bears and dangers from

precarious terrain--not to mention the death of Sargeant Floyd--seem to evade Lewis's concern in the face of the more disturbing notion of acknowledging a risky frontier as home.

During their prior winter among the Mandan, the frigid climate of the northern plains drove the explorers to pass the season conversing with the Indians, writing in their journals, and performing only those daily activities necessary for their survival. Their political goals were more ambitious when they wintered in the Pacific Northwest. Here, the American expedition had hopes of establishing some hegemony in the region. Yet they were offered only the opportunity to compete with other merchants. The gentler climate and the perpetual commerce along the coast created a lively international trade zone where authority was perpetually in play. Aggravating that reality was the fact that the expedition's stocks of provisions and trade goods were too low to impress anyone. The difficulty of establishing an American presence in what was an open, international market was further exacerbated by the fact that "the cultures of both groups shared many economic values and practices" (Ronda, 191). Exploration suffers a loss of momentum when explorers must recognize their own social values in a foreign culture. They have, in effect, arrived at home. In describing native Clatsop society, for example, Lewis offers a paradigm of American democracy in which a leader "dose not apear to be heriditary, . . . the creation of a chief depends upon the upright deportment of the individual & his ability and disposition to render service to the community" (6:222). Lewis attempts to distance himself from these similarities, claiming that native forms of democracy are "like those of all uncivilized people," in that they "consist of a set of customs which have grown out of their local situations" (6:222). He suggests that the explorers have come upon a primitive democracy based upon rudimentary social needs,

of which his own culture is the logical successor. Yet, extending the hand of civilization, unrolling the map of an expanded America, proves difficult when explorers must recognize a domestic continuum in the new cultures they contact. Adventure deflates where recognition occurs, since what is unknown and unexpected recedes in the face of understanding. Lewis's journals at Fort Clatsop testify to that merging of domestic and adventurous spheres.

Returning east in the spring of 1806, the expedition reestablishes the clarity of the adventure/domestic dialectic that seemed near collapse at Fort Clatsop. On April 25th, the company reaches a Shahaptian village close to the border of Washington and Oregon, and Lewis remarks that these people "were in the plains at a distance from the river as we passed down last fall" (7:165). As on the outbound journey, the explorers find ways to inscribe a sense of return along with arrival, even among the homebound journey's myriad new encounters. When Lewis claims that the Indians of this community had "the gratification of beholding whitemen for the first time," (7:165), he also satisfies his own desire to trace first appearance and recurrence, to simultaneously locate the familiar as well as the new and unknown. The passage records resident Americans welcoming native nomads, even as it details life in a community that Lewis had never before encountered.

Yet, much of what makes the journals exciting is adventure's undermining of the very efforts that enable its inscription. As late as June, the party finds itself "invelloped in snow from 12 to 15 feet deep even on the south side of the hills with the fairest exposure to the sun; here was winter with all it's rigors" (Lewis 8:31). The breach between political mandate and frontier necessity is manifest in the irony of Lewis's observation that they must backtrack

to Camp Chopunnish or "wrisk the loss of the discoveries which we had already made" (8:31). Discovery is lost if exploration proceeds. Tension mounts as native guides impress Lewis with the urgency of their moving quickly to distant campsites, while the party struggles "over and along the steep sides of tremendous mountains entirely covered with snow" (Lewis 8:53). Jefferson's official directive for their overland return was as weighty as his dispatches for the outbound journey, since he required the explorers to record detailed observations as well as "to supply, correct or confirm those made on your outward journey" (*Letters*, 65). The strain of faithfully executing that mandate in the face of adventure's disorder is so perpetual in the journals that, after a time, authors and readers become desensitized. Such immunity occasionally shatters, as when Lewis records the presence among them of a native group traveling entirely for recreation. These men, he writes, are off to visit friends as "a party of pleasure mearly" (8:53). Lewis's band struggles to hold onto the few safeguards (Indian guides, healthy horses) that rescue the expedition from "circumstances we conceived . . . madnes" (8:31), only to come upon a group of revelers, for whom travel in this region was a pleasure! The shock of this contrast offers us a momentary glimpse of adventure's inherent and abiding trauma.

Once back in the mountains, the journals reestablish the adventure/domestic model that dominated their experiences with "our two chiefs" in the outbound section of the journals. Lewis doubts they will make it through the mountains without Indian guides, their "most admireable pilots" (8:56). "We were entirely surrounded by those mountains from which to one unacquainted with them it would have seemed impossible ever to have escaped; in short without the assistance of our guides I doubt much whether we who had once passed

them could find our way" (8:56). Later, in July, when the expedition parts with native advisors, Lewis displays a striking fondness for "these affectionate people our guides" and is "unwilling to leave without giving them a good supply of provision" (8:85). Constant travel removes for Lewis the potential treachery he so feared from close contact with friendly natives at Fort Clatsop. The trauma of exploration's relentless movement was eased by the orderliness of assigned roles--the domestic residing among native guides and adventure in the company dispatched by President Jefferson. It is a regular feature of American exploration narratives that native guides--peerless candidates for adventure figures—are so often portrayed as hired hands. American explorers plotted and mastered their meanderings by drawing upon native people's long history of negotiating home in the plains and mountains of North America. In other words, Lewis and company envisioned the ordering of a new American border precisely because someone else was at home. Decades later, when Americans were confident about settlement in these lands, Anglo-American travelers declared the vast prairie and mountains uninhabited, and native dwellers were then conveniently transformed into maniacally adventurous figures.

The return voyage offers both private and public satisfactions which depend principally upon the explorers' ability to successfully balance risk and routine. The journals pair the adventure of mapping a newly expanded America with the more familial mission of spreading peace among Indian nations. Patterned into such an agenda is the image of the peaceful white adventurer who confronts the warring Indian domestic. Unfortunately, that construct did not permit the explorers to appreciate the complexities of nineteenth-century Indian politics in the regions they traversed. When Lewis's party meets the Piegan Blackfeet

(mistaken as Minnetares) in late July, 1806, natives and whites camp together for an evening, but at dawn a deadly scrimmage breaks out. Lewis is awakened by the sound of George Drewyer "crying damn you let go my gun" (8:134), as Rueben Fields recovers his weapon from an Indian whom he stabs in the heart. Lewis and his men recover their weapons, while the Indians try to make off with their horses. When Lewis tires of chasing the Piegans, he threatens to shoot, and fires at an Indian thirty paces ahead, who "fell to his knees and on his wright elbow from which position he partly raised himself" to return fire: "he overshot me, being bearheaded I felt the wind of his bullet very distinctly" (8:135). Peace for Lewis clearly meant trouble for the Piegan Blackfeet. As Ronda suggests, by reporting that they were spreading peace and unity among the Blackfeet's traditional enemies (and supplying them with weapons), Lewis did not bring good news. "Lewis unwittingly dropped a geo-political bombshell by declaring that the Blackfeet's traditional enemies--the Nez Perces, Shoshonis, and Kutenais--were now united by an American-inspired peace" (Ronda, 241). Pressing for harmony and resolution in the face of adventure addressed personal needs of the explorers as well as those of a nation eager to comprehend and claim its massive Louisiana Purchase. But as Ronda argues, Lewis "gravely misjudged western realities. That night along the Two Medicine the explorer, in effect, announced the clash of empires had come to the Blackfeet" (241).

This chance meeting of the explorers and the Blackfeet quickly developed into an adventure zone--Lewis struggling with sign language, and the Indians "more allarmed at this accedental interiew than we were" (8:130). As the light had faded, Lewis pressed the Indians to make camp with them. The scene is overrun with risk: the loss of light and language, the

traumatic descent from the bluffs "so steep that it is impossible to ascend them" (8:130). In his distress, Lewis weaves into his journal another, more consoling version of the episode: his invitation is offered and accepted, there is "much conversation," the Indians make a shelter, and the explorers take refuge there (8:130). Yet at daybreak, two Indians are dead, horses scattered, and everyone wrestles for weapons. Lewis attempts to resolve the day's chaos, charging that he "retook the flagg," confiscated buffalo meat and Blackfeet horses, and left his mark in the form of a government medallion "about the neck of the dead man that they might be informed who we were" (8:135). He adjourns the day's entry with the rather overblown satisfaction of having gained a better horse for his troubles: "my indian horse carried me very well in short much better than my own would have done and leaves me with but little reason to complain of the robery" (8:136). Like the adventure reeling around him that day, an Indian's bullet had barely missed his skull. Yet, by hurrying forward, the explorer restores the expedition's design and directives. This pressing on to the next adventure in order to regain a sense of order recalls Lewis's longing for departure from Fort Clatsop: travel itself has become the central vehicle of the familiar, while to stop and become familiar with native people is to welcome pandemonium.

At their Travelers Rest camp in western Montana on July 1, 1806, Lewis and Clark initiate an ambitious design for the return trip--one that encompasses a dispersal of their company through the eastern mountains and plains and ends with the delivery of a delegation of Sioux chiefs "to the seat of the general government" (Lewis, 8:74). It seems that their slight familiarity with the landscape and people on the trail east (as well as time constraints) prompted them to follow such a challenging scheme, and to tolerate a higher proportion of

risk. The captains agree to split the expedition "with a view to explore the country" more thoroughly for river routes and information about Indian communities (8:74), with Lewis proceeding down the Bitteroot River and Clark across the Continental Divide. Lewis further divided the party from July 14-28, taking only three men to explore the Marias River regions. The suspense created by these separations finds a balance in the pattern of images suggesting reunion: Lewis "could not avoid feeling much concern" (8:83) about the parting, but also records the "joyfull sound" and "unspeakable satisfaction" of reuniting with his men (8:138). Once again, the dialectic of *returning* to the familiar, and *arriving* (for the first time) gives balance to the exploration at hand.

Meeting with the Mandans and Hidatsa in August, 1806, Clark dramatizes the continuity explorers had hoped to realize in this last season of expedition. Clark assures the Indian leaders that he "Still Spoke the Same words which we had Spoken to them when we first arived in their Country in the fall of 1804" (8:300). In a broad denouement, he records that "the Chiefs informed that when we first came to their Country they did not believe all we Said then told them, but they were now Convinced that every thing we had told them were true," (8:306). Yet, as Ronda notes, all was not settled with the Sioux; and Indians leaders, knowing the danger at hand, could not see their way to accompany Lewis and Clark to Washington. Ronda argues that, "in truth, the alliance and the tactics to execute it were no more realistic in 1806 than they had been in 1804. But realism had never been part of the expedition's Indian policy" (244). The impulse to resolution was, nevertheless, too tempting for the explorer/journalists, and reports of these final Indian negotiations feature a deft narrative of doubt transformed into one of trust.

Clark's warm parting with Sacagawea, Charbonneau, and their nineteen-month old child Jean Baptiste, tinged as it is with domestic feeling, seems the truest narrative of closure in the journals. Clark offers to take part in raising the "little Son a butifull promising Child" (8:305) as well as assisting Charbonneau if he and his family should like to travel further east. The contrast of this scene against the trajectory of relentless exploration into the unknown is reminiscent of an earlier episode in which the explorers came upon the group of Indians traveling for pleasure. The same shock of recognition, the same realization of adventure's momentum is abruptly revealed in the presence of ordinary domestic concerns. For a moment, the journals attend to the raising of a child, and the comfort and repose of a frontiersman and his spouse. At most, Clark's gesture to extend family ties to include an Indian woman, her French husband and her child seems a minor adumbration of such an extravagant adventure. Yet this expansion of the domestic in the last days of travel sets the tone for the return to familiar country where both French and Americans "acknowledged themselves much astonished in seeing us return. They informed us that we were supposed to have been lost long since, and were entirely given out by every person" (8:367). Theirs must have been a rather shocking, even ghostly arrival. One St. Louis resident reported "'They really have the appearance of Robinson Crusoes--dressed entirely in buckskins'" (in Ambrose, 395). That subdued and unimposing moment shared by the guide/family and William Clark seems, in comparison to the excitement of their parade downstream, the most distinctive ending to their long adventure.

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The irony of exploration journals--one which furnishes the final pattern of adventure considered here--is that while they are to be the official record of the expedition, the ur-text of any subsequent report, order and closure are entirely foreign to their composition. Romantic appreciation of landscape at the White Cliffs, Marias River area of Montana, for example, collides with anxiety about the expedition's losing its course in such a mysterious maze of rock and water. The cliffs, worn "into a thousand grotesque figures," rise from the distance like sculpture, or the remains of a ruined civilization, with magnificent columns and "pedestals but deprived by time or accident of their capitals" (4:225-6). Yet, in his next entry, Lewis records his annoyance and impatience with this enchanting terrain, since it refuses to yield a clear and easy highway west. Such contrary voices are not confined to matters of landscape. The rhetoric of the explorer as curious anthropologist, for example, may quickly transform into that of an elite government agent, looking for efficient methods to homogenize (through vague and sweeping "peace" accords) the complex of cultural expression and difference he has just taken pains to inscribe.

The mix and miscellany of exploration is further exacerbated by the textual silences resulting from gaps in reporting, explorers' occasional surrender to ineffability, and the acknowledged dearth of translation among English and native languages. Ultimately, the text resembles the adventure itself: forward-moving, but uneven in its progress; directed, yet fragmented; richly informed, but affected by recurring losses. Weighted with indices, diplomatic proceedings and descriptive catalogues, yet buoyant in their paratactic conjunctions, exploration records create a narrative field which conjoins the most diverse of tonal and discursive components. In fact, exploration's ingredients are so disparate that

efforts at closure in the journals produce little more than an emphatic ambivalence, as in William Clark's antithetical summary of October 8, 1804. "A pleasant evening," he writes, "all things arranged for Peace or War" (3:152). The party was recovering from its traumatic confrontation with the Teton Sioux, and arrived that day at a village inhabited by the friendly, sedentary Arikaras people of northern South Dakota. The Arikaras chief promptly informed the explorers that "the road was open & no one dare Shut it, & we might Departe at pleasure" (3:158). The contrast of these cultural encounters finds little resolution in Clark's aphoristic fusion of calculation with chance, war with peace. Suspense lingers on in adventure narratives, despite the setting sun and the explorer/journalist's best efforts to fashion a sense of repose.

While the puzzle of creating a text from this expedition clearly overwhelmed the explorers, politicians, and editors soon after Lewis and Clark returned,[13] the journals were a regular concern of the captains long before they returned to St. Louis in 1806. Whatever the terrain or season, journal entries commanded their regular attention, and the problem of writing itself became a topic for the journals. Lewis's ink often evaporates in the dry air of the western plains, leading him to devise evaporation tests in lieu of journalist duties: "my inkstand so frequently becoming dry put me on this experiment" (4:221-2). At other seasons, low temperatures and exposure interfere, and he writes that "the ink freizes in my pen" (5:133). Clark's writing desk, strapped to a horse struggling along the mountainous Lolo Pass, shatters when the animal tumbles 40 yards and jams its prized cargo against a tree. Illness, injury and a gunshot wound become worrisome, not only for their discomfort in travel but also their effect on journal production. At times, adventure's risk seems to triumph

over the most rudimentary effort to leave evidence of the expedition's history or plans. Clark descends the wrong stream because beaver make off with Lewis's strategically placed written message: "This note had unfortunately been placed on a green pole which the beaver had cut and carried off," Lewis writes, incredulous that his crucial note to Clark would become part of a beaver's den (5:46). As they prepare to return east in March, 1806, Lewis writes the briefest of expedition summaries to leave with habitants of the Pacific Northwest: a list of expeditionary members, a roughly sketched map of the route they had taken to the Pacific, including the track "we meant to pursue on our return where the same happened to vary," and a one-sentence summary of their travels west. Lewis recognizes that written reports are clearly as much at risk as the expedition: "There seemed so many chances against our government ever obtaining a regular report, through the medium of the savages and the traders of this coast that we declined making any" (6:430).

When Lewis and Clark met with native leaders to elucidate their goals, negotiate trade, and learn about the people they encountered, they attempted to be as efficient as possible in the face of the linguistic diffusion encountered. Despite translation's challenges, they believed that their autonomous message, constructed in English, must simply "pass through" various tongues to arrive intact and sensible to native ears. Yet, in their efforts to chose a "favorable time to repeat" that message, and to concentrate their efforts to "enter more minutely into the views of our government with rispect to the inhabitants of this western part of the continent," the captains concede the complexity of these exchanges (Lewis, 7:242). For example, when the expedition arrives in the neighborhood of the Flathead nation in September, 1805, they have crossed a linguistic border, one veiled by

close relations between the Shoshoni people whom they had just left (speaking a dialect of the Uto-Aztecan linguistic family) and the Flatheads who were Salish-speakers. They quickly learn how disparate these languages were, as Clark records that they "assembled the Chiefs & warriers and Spoke to them (with much dificuely as what we Said had to pass through Several languajes before it got in to theirs, which is a gugling kind of languaje Spoken much thro the Throught)" (5:188). In fact, their communications require five languages: English, French, Hidatsa, Shoshoni, and Salish. Small wonder that day's journal focuses upon concrete acts of trading for elegant horses and admiring the elaborate fur garments of Flathead men and women. The multiplication of languages at the negotiating table implies a loss of meaning--one that prompts the explorer/journalist to recover order and authority by focusing upon the clarity of an immediate scene: horses, clothing, ornament, lodges. Signs proliferate among five languages, yet transcripts of official negotiations are remarkably brief (and Indian response nonexistent except for their reported offerings of food): "we informed them who we were, where we Came from, where bound and for what purpose &c. &c." (5:188). Adventure is inscribed in the tension of that chaotic, linguistic profusion with the familiar activities of horse-trading and note-taking. Ultimately, the melee of signs (the potential weight and diversity of native leaders' motives and desires) become manageable only when commodified like the other items at hand, as Clark demonstrates the following day, recording that he "purchased two fine horses & took a Vocabiliary of the language litened our loads & packed up" (5:189).

In May, 1806, the expedition meet with the Nez Perce leaders, at what has become known as Camp Chopunnish (Clearwater River, Idaho). Lewis reports that talks were

"tedious" as they again proceeded through five languages: English, French, Hidatsa, Shoshoni and Nez Perce. "The greater part of the day," Clark laments, was occupied in translating messages through the chorus of interpreters seated at the conference. Lewis makes a similar observation in his journal for the day, noting, "interpretation being tedious it occupyed nearly half the day before we had communicated to them what we wished" (7:242). Lewis and Clark's growing attention to the proliferation of language marks a change in their awareness of its significance. Yet, once again Lewis concludes that a satisfactory level of understanding had been reached: talks are concluded, explorers communicate their cache of concerns, and Indian leaders "appeared highly pleased" (7:242). The following day, Lewis reports that native leaders considered American proposals among themselves, his journal entry stressing the "unanimity among them and a strict attention to the resolutions which had been agreed on in councill . . . . there was not a dissenting voice . . . All swallowed their objections if any they had, very cheerfully with their mush" (7:246-7). In a scene of this complexity, how can Lewis hasten to these conclusions? Perhaps the emphasis on unity and resolution in the fragmentary daily entries reveals how disturbing was the profusion of languages. Silent voices are subsumed in the description of ceremony; nuances in native political agendas are resolved in feasting and play. "Peace," as Ronda points out, might well have meant "a temporary truce" for the Nez Perce, since they were negotiating a dwelling place in a complicated great plains scene where the Americans were only one factor (226-7). Talks completed, medicine administered, and family histories inscribed, the explorers are able to veil the scene with a resolution entirely at odds with its growing complexity.

The expedition's translation problems result in scenes of contact with Indians that are loaded with linguistic significance, yet are visual and theatrical in their inscription. When the expedition enters the domain of the powerful Teton Sioux on the outbound journey, a dramatic struggle ensues since the Tetons wished to assert their control over traffic through this vital trade route. In this critical negotiation, the parties encounter serious communication obstacles since translator Pierre Cruzatte, fluent in Omaha, spoke very little Sioux. The parties apparently interpreted the proceedings, at least in part, through Omaha prisoners of the Tetons. As a result, the three day drama is presented almost entirely as a visual dance, a tug-of-war on the banks of the river. The journals are theatrical in tone, depicting an audience with "the Bank as usial lined with Sioux," and a site of conflict with Americans on boats and Indians on shore. Indians and whites pose, stare, stride about, and gesture to each other in a scene that cries out for linguistic articulation--vital to both sides if they are ever to threaten each other effectively. Explorers must even shun conversation at one point, feigning ignorance of intelligence gathered from the captive Omaha "that the Tetons intended to stop us" (Clark 3:121). Yet, they also camp, eat, dance, and somehow confer for several days before the expedition moves ahead. Adventure's textual marker is manifest in the tension between the significance, yet abiding absence, of verbal negotiations with the Tetons--clearly among the most crucial of the expedition.

Adventure's narrative suspense is further imprinted in the journals' negative discourses, such as the occasional surrender to ineffability, or the compiling of negative and unruly catalogues. These strange descriptive catalogues -- seeking either to bind together the most disparate of items, or emphasizing what the expedition does not have or cannot obtain--

appear at points where the explorers are clearly overwhelmed with the abundance of new experience. At such times, Lewis and Clark also seek the aid of other narrative forms: they draw maps, try sign language, or sketch, in order to generate the signs they need in a scene where no one "language" will suffice. Yet, even these efforts cannot always achieve Jefferson's goal to record distances, calculate latitude and longitude, describe each native culture, and tend to catalogues of flora and fauna--all in detail and in duplicate.

At the Great Falls in Montana, Lewis dramatizes how difficult it is to represent a scene where so large a proportion of the experience is entirely new. He attempts to describe the imposing falls, with their "great fury," their massive "sheet of the whitest beaten froath," "the sun on the spay or mist which arrises from these falls," and the rainbow "which adds not a little to the beauty of this majestically grand senery" (4:284-5). Yet "so much disgusted" is he with his "fruitless and vain" rendering that his prose swings vaguely and ineffably between faith in "the first impressions of the mind" or in what well-known artists might compose: "I wished for the pencil of Salvator Rosa or the pen of [James] Thompson" (4:285). What Lewis cannot inscribe, we must imagine either as an arresting first impression, or as an a posteriori negotiation--an impossibly broad range in which to fix the image. Ineffability operates as a scheme of suspension in adventure narratives, where a magnificent scene such as the Great Falls vacillates between the shapes of familiar representations and the private impressions the adventurer.

Catalogues dispersed throughout the Lewis and Clark journals act as descriptive, structural beams, around and among which the explorers inscribe their travels. Lists of supplies, indexes of birds and mammals, Indian vocabularies, and the types and locations of

forests are among the many such catalogues that serve to contain and order the exploratory adventure. Yet even the solidity and autonomy of descriptive catalogues can be undone by the profusion of new vistas. When Clark explores the Yellowstone area in July, 1806, he comes upon a pastoral scene of Indian lodges, lovely islands, earth richly carpeted in blue grass, and abundant hunting grounds. After killing "the fatest Buck I every Saw" he writes that "for me to mention or give an estimate of the differant Spcies of wild animals on this river particularly Buffalow, Elk Antelopes & Wolves would be increditable. I shall therefore be silent on the Subject further" (8:219). Clark's emphatic silence shapes a sort of negative, or perhaps a threshold catalogue in which there are hints, gaps and impressions rather than the systematic descriptions the explorers have set out to record.

In other parts of the journals, catalogues are unruly or entirely contrary to their narrative purpose. While gathering and ordering impressive quantities of scientific and ethnographic information, Lewis and Clark's catalogues occasionally reveal a dissembling, adventurous counterpart. As the expedition prepares to return east from Pacific shores, for example, the explorers record that they have nothing to trade, no enterprise to maintain on the coast, and few supplies for the return trip:

> Two handkercheifs would now contain all the small articles of merchandize which we possess; the ballance of the stock consists of 6 blue robes one scarlet do. one uniform artillerist's coast and hat, five robes made of our large flat, and a few old cloaths trimed with ribbon. on this stock we have wholy to depend for the purchase of horses and such portion of our subsistence from the Indians as it will be in our

> powers to obtain. a scant dependence indeed. for a tour of the distance of that before us. (Lewis. 6:421)

This catalogue does not deliver an explorer's cache of promising tokens or emblems of political esteem from distant borderlands. Rather. it intimates loss and illuminates the party's precarious situation. On the following day. March 17. 1806. when the company makes off with an Indian canoe. Lewis rationalizes that "we will take one from them in lue of the six Elk which they stole from us in the winter" (6:426). Perhaps Lewis felt that he had settled accounts by stealing a highly prized Clatsop canoe. but the act lengthens the negative shadow cast by the wretched catalogue of the previous day. Supplies are low. the party seems desperate to start homeward. and stolen goods now become the building blocks of a lean store of provisions.

Unruly catalogues disclose more about the scene of their inscription than the items they contain. and provide some of the journal's most bizarre passages. Eclectic lists emerge in adventurous zones such as the world Lewis and Clark encounter when they reach the Pacific Northwest. In his efforts to plot the political forces in play along the coast. Lewis compiles traces of other entrepreneurs and travelers in the region while speculating about their origins: are they British, unknown islanders, Americans? He catalogues his evidence in strange and sometimes amusing lines of prose in which sober vocabularies give way to bizarre linguistic inventories--as when he dutifully records that the natives repeat "many words of English. as musquit. powder. shot. nife. file. damned rascal. sun of a bitch etc." (6:187). Similarly. when Lewis itemizes lists of Pacific coast trade goods. his ordering betrays a certain chaos. Clusters of items such as "powder. balls and Shot. Copper and brass

kettles, brass teakettles and coffee pots, blankets" are the scrambled emblems of outsiders' presence in the area. Though chaotic, these catalogues reveal the explorer's best efforts to fashion a stabilizing counterbalance to his growing realization that "there is some other establishment on the coast of America south West of this place of which little is but yet known to the world, or it may be perhaps on some Island in the pacific ocean" (6:187). These peculiar taxonomies of the region's previous visitors offer a sense of comfort--if not in content, at least in form--and alleviate some of the stress of Lewis's speculations about what new worlds, what highways of trade and exchange, might stretch even farther west from his new coastal fortress.

Since their delivery into the United States, the journals have been paraphrased, annotated, and fictionalized. They have been physically broken, reordered and paginated by a series of editors whose disparate visions and preferences complement the variety of discourses inscribed in the eighteen volumes. Indeed, President Jefferson and the expedition's leaders intended to prepare and publish three separate documents when the explorers returned: narrative, scientific, and geographic/ethnographic, with maps to be published separately. Yet, eight years after the explorers arrived safely in St. Louis, only Nicholas Biddle's paraphrased narrative *History* had been published. The magnitude and variety of the journals understandably overwhelmed the agencies of the new nation--a response reminiscent of William Clark's upon his arrival on the vast prairies in the expedition's early days: "Came Suddenly into an open bound less Prarie, I Say bound less because I could not See the extent of the plain." Its effect was to stun him for a time, so that he "forgot the object" of his mission, and turned his attention "to the Variety which presented

themselves" in every direction (3:394). With the journals' arrival in the United States, those adventures inscribed within the notebooks soon found a correlative in the adventures befalling the journals themselves, since there was to be no timely publication to bring resolution to the expedition. "Indeed," writes Moulton, "no one alive at the time would see the full record presented to the world" (2:35). Moulton has suggested that President Jefferson could have taken effective steps to codify the journals had he given Lewis an office, assistance, and plenty of time to prepare expedition reports rather than promptly appointing him governor of Louisiana.[14] Surely such a commitment would have helped to stabilize the record, and would have saved the captains and President Jefferson substantial anxiety. Yet Jefferson's actions are curiously consistent with the enterprising spirit of a nation founded upon political and economic adventurism, a culture seduced by new enterprise over the resolution of former campaigns, a nation compelled by new chapters of accident awaiting preparation in distant territories.

Notes

1. See, especially, Gary Moulton's introductory essay to *The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.* Gary E. Moulton, Ed. (Lincoln, 1983-), 1-48; also, Paul Russell Cutright, *A History of the Lewis and Clark Journals.* (Norman, Oklahoma, 1976). Moulton assesses both the constructive and detrimental aspects of editorial attention to the journals over the years. His comprehensive introduction suggests that while these notebooks figure as a cardinal narrative of American history, their handling by various editors (even those taking extreme liberties such as breaking, reordering, and marking the notebooks) has contributed to our understanding of their abundant materials. Cutright offers significant biographical data regarding editors Biddle, Coues, Thwaites, Quaife, Osgood, and Jackson; as well as counterfeit editions which he calculates to number "at least eight or nine" (33). Robert Lee, in *From West to East: Studies in the Literature of the American West* (Urbana, 1966), takes a most pejorative view of journal editors, whether in their "emasculation" of the journals through spelling corrections, or tampering which led to their "destroy[ing] the character of the men" (33,36).

2. Jefferson hoped that the explorers would "guard, by multiplying" their journals, and that they would be further protected by recording one copy "on the paper of the birch, as less liable to injury from damp than common paper." Jefferson also anticipated that copies of journals might be returned in advance of the party (by a few trustworthy members of the expedition) from the most distant Missouri River settlements, as well as from the west coast. See *Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, with Related Documents, 1783-1854.* Donald Jackson, Ed. (Urbana, 1978), 61-66.

3. See Moulton's "Introduction" for a comprehensive discussion of journal gaps and irregularities. He inspects catalogues of writing supplies carried by the explorers, pieces together circumstances of expeditionary journal-keeping, and surveys current and historical opinion about journal composition. In his discussion of field notes, for example, Moulton cautions that "no one would wish to assert positively that there are no lost notes or journals." Yet, he argues that "the sheer amount of labor involved in composing multiple sets of notes and journals argues against such suppositions." He reiterates the expedition's often traumatic circumstances, and offers evidence that "resting places would have been the points at which the notebook journals were brought up to date" (12-14).

4. I have adapted William Spengemann's paradigm of "the poetics of adventure" and "the poetics of domesticity" elaborated in *The Adventurous Muse* (New Haven, 1977). Spengemann designates a dialogue between an American literature invested in "the poetics of adventure" and an English tradition tending to "the poetics of domesticity." In his *Discoverers, Explorers, Settlers: The Diligent Writers of Early America* (Chicago, 1979), Wayne Franklin accounts for these differing prospectives in terms of travel genres: narratives of discovery, exploration, and settlement. In his scheme, exploration accounts engage a rhetoric of calculation and containment while settlement narratives bear the burden

of creating an American domestic existence. However, I propose that a dialectic embodying both domesticity and adventure operates in nineteenth-century American exploration literature —as well as in other narratives of travel referred to by Franklin as "New World 'kinetic' literature."

5. See William Spengemann's *The Adventurous Muse*; Bruce Greenfield's *Narrating Discovery: The Romantic Explorer in American Literature* (New York, 1992); Stephen Greenblatt's *Marvelous Possessions: The Wonder of the New World* (Chicago, 1991); and Wayne Franklin's *Discoverers, Explorers, Settlers: The Diligent Writers of Early America.* While Stephen Greenblatt and Bruce Greenfield focus on the political, cultural and economic forces that mobilized exploration, William Spengemann and Wayne Franklin identify the transformation of individuals. Spengemann and Franklin investigate how American writers have been transfigured by adventure's potential to inscribe precarious new values. Although my topic is indebted to that critical dialogue, the focus of this study is in distinguishing adventure's various forms, and tracing their textual manifestations.

6. See Jerome O. Steffen's account of historical characterizations of Clark, as well as his treatment of Clark's scientific and diplomatic careers, in *William Clark: Jeffersonian Man on the Frontier* (Oklahoma, 1977).

7. Given the way adventure confounds any sense of repose, it is probably not surprising that American concepts of home and domesticity betray a sense of ambiguity. In *People of Paradox*, Michael Kammen describes that restlessness as a vacillation "between self-praise for being a nation of immigrants and self-hate for the stations of restless locomotion through which we daily pass" (76). We ought to consider that our concept of domesticity has been unusually paradoxical from its inception, and that domestic elements are sometimes represented quite urgently in unlikely places (such as exploration narratives).

8. Bruce Greenfield regards this shift as a change in Lewis and Clark's perception of expeditionary travel: As they move west, "their relationships develop local contexts and histories" and they record "progress more in terms of movement from village to village than in terms of natural landmarks" (92).

9. Ronda reports that the Nez Perce welcomed the explorers for several reasons. First, Nez Perce oral tradition records that an elderly woman named Watkuweis (whose presence Lewis notes) had been purchased from Blackfoot or Atsina captors by a white trader and eventually returned to her community. She offered kind words and a warm welcome to the explorers. Also, the Nez Perce "were desperate to obtain guns ammunition" since they had only a few arms while their enemies were successfully procuring more from Canadian traders (159).

10. Historians have not learned what chief prompted this round of peace talks, but Lewis's entry is reminiscent of his other mediation reports. As Ronda notes, "that claim had

as much validity as did earlier optimistic reports of a Missouri villager alliance against the Teton Sioux. In both cases, Lewis and Clark simply did not understand the nature of tribal and band politics" (174).

11. Greenfield also identifies attitudes about women as a site of conflict in American explorations, although he focuses entirely on the public dimensions of those attitudes. He argues that the question of women in exploration exemplifies the conflict inherent in American expansion, since Indian guides viewed the exclusion of women as a hindrance to their participation in expedition, while Americans considered their presence inappropriate (26). Yet the question seems more complex, since women were periodically present as care-givers, sexual partners, and guides. That American explorers saw women as peripheral figures indicates these men's personal and communal efforts to negotiate a threshold domesticity in the adventure zones through which they passed.

12. Greenfield and Ronda agree that for all the gaps in the explorers' versions of Indian cultures, Lewis and Clark's journals depict societies significantly more complex than those of later exploration and travel accounts, when formulaic generalities about Indian tribes took hold. See Greenfield (94-95) and Ronda's chapter, "Lewis and Clark as Plains Ethnographers." Yet, as Ronda points out, "they concentrated on how Indians looked but did not give systematic attention to native souls and psyches" (114). Pertinent to my discussion of an adventure/domesticity dialectic is Ronda's choice of examples: "Although the expedition's record contains fine exterior descriptions of tepees, earth lodges, and plank houses, it has little to say about their interiors" (114-5). I would argue that the Indian home is invisible since, for the explorers, Indian domesticity has been turned inside out and exists primarily in its service to the corps of discovery.

13. Public and personal difficulties, not to mention the responsibilities of his new Louisiana governorship, pressed Meriwether Lewis upon his return. The narrative volume, which Jefferson and Lewis hoped to publish in 1807, did not materialize. In August, 1806, the strain is apparent as Jefferson writes to Lewis: "I am very often applied to know when your work will begin to appear; and I have so long promised copies to my literary correspondents in France, that I am almost bankrupt in their eyes. I shall be very happy to receive from yourself information of your expectations on this subject. Every body is impatient for it" (*Letters*). A few months later, Lewis would die by his own hand, and the journals would be delivered to Clark and finally to Nicholas Biddle for editing. See Cutright; Moulton; Jackson; *With Undaunted Courage*, Stephen Ambrose (1996).

14. From remarks by Dr. Moulton on March 15, 1997 at "Surveying the Record: North American Scientific Exploration to 1900," American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

II.

Migration, the Permanent Adventure

I came,
Tarried awhile—
Then stayed.

The tug of it,
Somehow,
Keeps my going—
Delayed.

Helen Carter, "The Panhandle"[1]

Overland migrants of mid-nineteenth century America, traveling principally to California, Oregon and Utah territories and numbering over 300,000 people, generated thousands of journals and personal memoirs describing their travels. Among them are narratives of men such as William Manly, who set out to find a vein of gold in California but found himself drawn into a web of family ties in the fearsome terrain of Death Valley, and journals of women such as the young, single Rebecca Ketcham from Ithaca, New York, who joined a sheepherding company in order to reach Oregon settlements, only to find that the travel and adventure necessary to achieve that goal might themselves be more desirable ends. Together, their narratives illustrate how migrants' search for new homes mingled with their embrace of frontier adventures. Domestic relations affected the brashest of their western enterprises, and the risk and excitement of what was new and unknown disturbed the most methodical efforts to relocate home in western territories.

Like the journals of explorers Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, these narratives demonstrate that migrants negotiated a sense of dwelling in the frontier spaces through which

they traveled. But rather than borrowing domestic elements from the native people they encountered, as Lewis and Clark had done in fashioning their moveable home, migrants carried their households with them. That burden -- perhaps not a greater physical load than Lewis and Clark's, but certainly a heavier cultural one -- affected the way migrants perceived the adventurous landscapes into which they traveled and settled. That is, their urgent need to identify western terrain as home ground made migrants all the more sensitive to the frontier's unfamiliar features. They often responded to western landscapes, as Oregon trail diarist Sarah J. Cummins did, in terms of its strangeness. "I did not find it necessary to leave the main traveled road to study these natural curiosities," she writes in her 1845 journal. "Here all was curious" (48). Their perception that so much was new, strange, and often risky subsequently became a permanent feature of the homes these migrants fashioned in order to make everything familiar. Their trail adventures settled down with them, in other words, both in their new homes and within their narratives, even though *permanent adventure* -- that which is both perpetual and unpredictable -- remained an unsettling, oxymoronic aspect of their lives and their written accounts.

This chapter will examine accounts of three overland migrants making their respective journeys to Los Angeles, Sacremento, and Oregon Territory between 1849 and 1853, over the Southern, California and Oregon Trails. I will suggest that their writings illustrate how adventure became a permanent pattern in the fabric of their lives, as well as in American personal narratives. In its privileging of chance, risk and the unknown, adventure has an unruly but abiding presence in migration accounts which are also, of course, the records of domestic history. Migrants were inspired and often burdened with the

exigency of integrating home and highway, risk and routine; and their written accounts relate how they negotiated those contradictions by creating a sense of home that was, borrowing Helen Carter's words, "going--delayed."

While overland adventures were difficult for migrants to manage, the tangle of motives and goals manifest in their histories and narratives has similarly confounded our understanding of the men and women who moved west. Migrants like those considered here wrote of their eagerness to get on with their journeys in order to settle somewhere, even as they plotted to settle somewhere so that they could get on with new adventures. Our efforts to explain the contradiction implicit in migrants' *traveling* for the purpose of *settling*, and vice versa, have frequently compelled us to locate two separate stories in the single narrative of travel and settlement that each of them wrote. We can thereby account rather neatly for the adventure as well as for the unfolding domestic history. But as a result, we overlook the ways in which American migration accounts mingle domesticity with adventurism; how, in turn, that mingling defined the homes and highways Americans constructed then; and how that uneasy partnership now informs an American perspective about dwelling and travel, in which -- as James Clifford's recent ethnographic analysis suggests -- "the two experiences are less and less distinct" (9).

Both geographic and social interpretations have been enlisted to promote the concept of separate spheres in accounting for migration's adventurous and domestic enterprises. For example, historians refer to the Oregon Trail as the site of the family migration, while routes to California gold fields are viewed as the wild adventurers' course.[2] Meanwhile, feminists have promoted a more intimate, familial delineation in which men and women, though

traveling as families or communities, proceed in virtually separate spheres, women attending to domesticity's conservative aims, and men to the innovations necessary for survival in ever new landscapes.[3]

These categories can make little sense of William Manly's *Death Valley in '49*, a memoir ostensibly about a young, single adventurer but one which nevertheless turns upon Manly's heroic bond with families stranded in Death Valley; or of Margaret Frink's journal in which she casts herself and her husband Ledyard as "gold-seekers, not settlers," yet attends perpetually to the building of mobile, make-shift and permanent homes (24). Nor can the separate spheres approach make sense of Rebecca Ketcham's diary, in which she suspends her judgment in order to manage the discomforts of her frontier adventures (with an irascible company captain herding six hundred sheep across the continent). Ketcham reminds herself to defer opinion until "some future time" when she can "compare [her] feelings on different occasions, and when cool and collected pass judgment" (268). In other words, incidents on frontier trails are best comprehended within the comforts of home, rather than in a separate, adventurous realm of their own. Suspense, conventionally a marker of high adventure, appears here in the service of the domestic elements as well. Ketcham's determination to examine present chaos in some future, settled place admits into her experience -- and her text -- a sense of domestic denouement. After a day of descending steep inclines, maneuvering along shifting riverbanks, and enduring threats and tantrums by her company captain, Ketcham suspends and steadies the wildness of her experience by mingling it with narrative intonations of home.

Migration narratives disclose much to the reader when that same suspending gesture is applied to a critique of these texts, since a pause mid-adventure can disclose the play of the familiar with the foreign. References to family relations, to implements used in daily routines, and to the landscapes of eastern homes now abandoned become migration's vehicles, and mix with the new experiences recorded along frontier trails. William Manly, for example, recalls his mother with greater frequency as he enters far western territory and moves among foreign-looking women. In a similar narrative gesture, Margaret Frink notes her husband Ledyard's preference for a familiar tea service while she delights in using 'pioneer style' tin cups at the campfire that is now her dinner table. Rebecca Ketcham imagines prosperous farms and miles of orderly fencing even as she stands in awe of the prairie's open expanse and the wildly changeable weather that can, in a matter of minutes, extinguish the calm of western plains. The intermingling of domestic and adventurous elements--facets of dwelling and estrangement--consequently sets out narrative patterns reminiscent of the affective, symbolic and textual designs in the Lewis and Clark's journals: Hope oscillates with despair, home with wilderness, and narrative efforts at resolution contend with quixotic elements of chance and risk that run through migrant experiences.

Such contrary alliances produce texts of extraordinarily emphatic ambivalence. Whether writing their histories 35 years after events, as did William Manly, or at treasured trailside moments of rest, as in Rebecca Ketcham's case, these chroniclers produced narratives that bind together their diverse longings to recover intimate, home-like scenes with their desires to experience the entire sweep of breathtaking frontier spaces. The fix and fluidity of settlement and adventure create a dialogue in these texts, in which migrants

conduct a volatile experiment of furnishing their sense of home with the trappings of adventure. Their narratives thus dramatize the paradox of values noted by historian Michael Kammen in *People of Paradox*, wherein he describes Americans as continually vacillating between "self-praise" and "self-hate" for the "restless locomotion through which we daily pass" (76). Another Panhandle Pen Woman, Carolyn Timmons, expresses that paradox of home with highway in a poem praising and disparaging the nomads who have crossed the site of her settled home in the southern Great Plains. She writes, "I love you, tramps\And yet\I do not want to be\That other me\I've grown deep roots\At home" ("Tramps," 195). The narrators presented in this chapter lived out "that other me," and while they were exhilarated by daunting migratory enterprises, their histories reveal how longings for, and symbols of, secure home plots propelled them forward, promoted their adventures, and patterned their narratives.

William Manly's memoir, *Death Valley in '49*, is known almost exclusively for its account of migrants stranded in what is now a 3.3 million acre national park located along the California/Nevada border. Manly joined a small group of families hoping to find easy passage through the southwestern plains and into California. Instead, they arrived in the desert, too weak and too short of food to either retrace their steps or continue westward. Manly and another young man, John Rogers, were chosen to take the little food the company could spare, find their way to California, and return with help. The rescue took many more weeks than they had hoped, and the families were forced to devour the very animals they needed to carry their starving children to safety. Yet, incredibly, Manly and Rogers

succeeded in leading the entire group out of the desert and into the care of a California family who had helped the two men return to those stranded in Death Valley.

Because Manly was among those heading to California gold fields in 1849, he identified himself as a forty-niner, yet his 500-page narrative focuses primarily upon this powerful tale of family preservation and migration. His anecdotes of mining and other California enterprises seem disjointed addenda to the compelling family drama to which he perpetually refers. The contradiction inherent in Manly's portrayal of himself as both freewheeling '49er and preserver of the frontier family is further aggravated by his other divergent identities. That is, Manly emerges as both the chronicler and the extinguisher of his own history, and as the intimate but estranged companion to his fellow rescuer, John Rogers. He insists, for example, that his tale is of little importance, and that he tried "to forget it for 34 years," even though he dictated two, and wrote three, detailed accounts (Beldon, 53).[4] And while Manly lived most of his adult years only fourteen miles from the home of John Roger, his only companion for the most grueling of his Death Valley experiences, the two did not speak for 41 years. When they finally arranged a reunion in 1895, the scene was deeply affecting for both men. For two days and nights they celebrated, wept and recounted their "narrow escapes . . . from dying of thirst, drowning, starvation" and acknowledged that "the scenes of our youth will soon be known only in story" (Beldon, 72). Why did Manly take comfort in writing his narrative, even as he devoted himself to forgetting its harrowing events? Why does this preeminent account of a forty-niner in pursuit of wealth — and Manly does chronicle his mining claims and count up his gold — turn upon the stories and fates of families?

The trauma and excitement of adventures west clearly remained with William Manly and other migrants long after settlement, and writing offered a way of managing the great measure of chance and risk that settled with them in new frontier homes. His adventures may have been disturbing for Manly to recall, but to a significant degree, they defined the California home he created. The uneasy marriage of adventure and domesticity invariably lingers in the accounts he and other migrants wrote to dispel that very discomfort. Migration narratives consequently vacillate between adventure tale and domestic history classifications, a textual antagonism reminiscent of Manly's emotional discomfort with the material his narrative contains. As Gaston Bachelard notes in *Poetics of Space*, "an entire past comes to dwell in a new house" (5), and that sense of dwelling contains — most prominently in migration accounts — a dialectic in which the meaning of the trail abides with the value of the homestead. In closing passages of Manly's long account, those elements are thoroughly enmeshed, as when he must search his memory of Death Valley trauma in order to recognize a familiar face among the Bennett clan who also settled in California. Manly writes,

> My mind ran back over the terrible road we came and I pictured to myself the woman as she then appeared. I studied over our early trials, crossing the plains over the deserts and our trying scenes out of Death Valley and turned all over in my mind for some time and finally all came to me like a flash and I could clearly see that the little lady was a true picture of her mother . . . . Our visit now became very interesting. (477).

It may seem a great stretch to locate what is familiar and comforting in memories so loaded with danger and suffering, but that psychological expanse marks the memories of these overlanders, and figures as a cognitive emblem of the vast geographical spaces they traveled.

If migrants were confused, as Stephen Fender suggests, about whether they were writing epic adventures or homely family histories,[5] a complementary confusion has developed among readers of migration literature about what they might learn from these texts. In his massive descriptive bibliography of migrant narratives, for example, Merrill Mattes advises that "Manly's account has achieved fame solely because of his testimony on the glamorous subject of forty-niners in Death Valley," and that his "contribution to the plains crossing is pallid" (187). Death Valley *was* a dead end rather than portal west for the unfortunate migrants who misjudged the terrain and took a turn into this arid desert expanse, and Mattes is correct in arguing that other narratives offer greater catalogues of historical detail about successful routes west, such as the Santa Fe or Oregon Trails. But it would be difficult to find a more intense affective and textual negotiation of migrant experience, and that, I would argue, is Manly's greatest contribution to the genre. After all, his narrative features families that literally lingered in one of the most adventurous landscapes of the nation, as well as a narrator who traced and retraced his footsteps to them.

This mingling of family scene and brutal terrain in Manly's account results in an acute play of adventurous and domestic elements which figure prominently in the narrative's three thematic sites: land, animals, and communities of people. Ultimately, those elements overlap and dramatize the urgency of creating an inclusive, domestic arena in gaping frontier spaces. In such a portrayal, for example, frontier landscapes hold the promise of a new home

because faithful oxen, carrying small children in their saddle pockets, make their way over rocky mountain trails. Manly's early history — he became a migrant at nine years of age — features those images, but they are isolated from one another. Portraits of people, animals and land lack the overwhelming sense of kinship his narrative manifests when overland migrations drew him into an ambitious cross-continent adventure, where other families become his own, where "grand" vistas — however adventurous — are rendered "worthless" because unsettleable, and where livestock are portrayed as beloved members of the traveling household.

In other words, the extremity of that adventure prompted Manly's most fervent attachment to notions of home and settlement. Manly's move from Vermont to Michigan as a young boy gave him a first taste of venturing into what was then frontier territory, but that journey did not prompt the commitment to a family or dedication to a plot of land that his Death Valley undertakings would later exemplify. Separated from his parents and siblings in the Vermont-to-Michigan crossing, Manly traveled ahead with an uncle and toiled as wagon driver until they reached Michigan to await the arrival of his parents and siblings the following spring. Reunited in Jackson County, Michigan the family built a modest farm and cleared the land. Manly writes of how fast the buildings went up, how full of fish, deer and pheasants were the lakes and woodlands, and how the land was such a paradise that its "nice white bread was good enough to eat without butter" (24). Yet, the epidemic diseases of the 1830's soon spread over Midwestern settlements and as Manly matured, he decided he would "rather live on the top of the Rocky Mountains and catch chipmuncks for a living than to live here and be sick, and I began to have very serious thoughts of trying some other

country" (30). He launched a series of circumscribed journeys and enterprises which fostered associations but no permanent bonds. Specifically, he bought a small plot of land but quickly abandoned it; he took up with Midwestern settlers and entrepreneurs, but only as a temporary hired hand and railroad builder; and he erected a cabin in Minnesota to live among abundant wildlife but only as an transient fur trapper. After a second, final return to his family and another round of the fevers plaguing those river valleys, Manly headed for the far west, where he soon abandoned hopes for Oregon farmland in favor of a tour of California gold fields.

Manly's focus on flora, fauna, family and community is pervaded by an affective pattern in which hope perpetually mingles with despair, an emotive oscillation which he links — with escalating intensity — to the frontier spaces that become his new home. As a result, promise and dejection are figured into, and together signify, dwelling in far western spaces. For example, after Manly and Rogers lead the exhausted families farther into the desert and toward California (the route the two men had successfully crossed weeks before to find help), Manly records how "we were surprised to find how little water it took to satisfy the raging thirst of four days of continuing fasting" (288). Similarly, in relating the Jayhawkers' (his occasional road companions') story of surviving the same terrain, Manly writes of how a fellow named Ischam died so near a lifesaving stream: "Perhaps if he could have walked a mile farther he might have lived, and but for the little trickling stream of water from the rocks they might all be dead" (341). The narrative bundling of life-giving water with deadly desert creates a complex geography of hope and despair that is promoted and codified by the narrative's crossing and recrossing of the same dangerous but ultimately tractable terrain.

This complex of emotions, often referred to by Manly as a "forlorn hope," links him to landscapes, binds him to the people he meets, and functions as an affective vehicle to transport his sense of home from east to west. Early in his itinerant life, hope and despair occupied separate geographical spheres. If disease discouraged life in Michigan, then pristine Midwestern prairies seemed promising; if Wisconsin and Minnesota territories were painfully desolate, then Manly cast a hopeful gaze back to Michigan settlements. When Manly and another young man set out from Michigan on their "western course" into Midwestern prairies, they found the land rich, and hunting and fishing abundant. But they were soon discouraged by the scarcity of industry and settlement. Taking stock, Manly noted that he was in excellent health, had the gun and ammunition necessary to meet his basic requirements, and was traveling in a lovely country with "many beautiful brooks and clear springs of water, with fertile soil" (40). Yet his thoughts and desires ran back to his Michigan family, and he turned back, since "here was my venture, a sort of forlorn hope. Prospects were surely very gloomy for me here away out west in Wisconsin Territory" (40).

It is difficult to understand the despondency Manly experienced at this juncture, since it seems he had come upon precisely the sort of territory he sought.[6] Although he found it difficult to articulate, Manly's homesickness points to a longing for family and community within that adventurous enterprise, a longing that impeded those early forays into western territories. In the Death Valley days that lay ahead, gloom would not hinder his embrace of a terrain many times more disagreeable than Wisconsin, since by that time Manly's adventure was invested with the significance of family and community, however serendipitous his introductions to other travelers, however risky and dangerous his venture. Travelers become

more truly migratory when those polarities of hope and despair mingle dialectically, and turn more closely upon one another. When he finally arrived in California with the families he had rescued, Manly's investment in that new landscape as home ground was greatly magnified precisely because of the troubling adventure he had endured.

Among the most compelling aspects of Manly's narrative is his willingness to explore the quite disturbing implications of hope's oscillation with despair. Soon after the company reached the desert plains of the Southwest, Manly set out as a lone scout, climbing a high butte in order to survey their situation. Reaching "north and west was a level plain, fully one hundred miles wide it seemed, and from anything I could see it would not afford a traveler a single drink in the whole distance or give a poor ox many mouthfuls of grass" (122). He writes of his "dark line of thought" in which he rebels at his role as member and protector of the family community and considers abandoning the enterprise to save himself:

> Prospects now seemed to me so hopeless, that I heartily wished I was not duty bound to stand by the women and small children who could never reach the land of bread without assistance. If I was in the position that some of them were who had only themselves to look after, I could pick up my knapsack and gun and go off, feeling I had no dependant ones to leave behind. But as it was I felt I should be morally guilty of murder if I should forsake Mr. Bennett's wife and children, and the family of Mrs. Arcana with whom I had been thus far associated. It was a dark line of thought but I always felt better when I got around to the determination, as I always did, to stand by my friends, their wives and children let come what might. (123)

George Koenig has suggested that "such reflections matter not," that however conflicted Manly was about his commitment to save the families in the desert, the importance of the above passage lies in its ultimate affirmation of a courageous decision to return and attempt the rescue (71-2). Yet, I would argue that this negotiation of a risk running parallel with the abiding presence of family, this measuring of family preservation within an arena overrun with (and most suited to) individual adventure, endows Manly's narrative with one of its most compelling features: the affective blending of a domestic zone of comfort with an adventurous arena of danger. The reoccurrence of this "dark line of thought" along the road and in the text establishes a narrative pattern in which the images of family and the experiences of a lone adventurer perpetually mingle together.

Manly's dark line of thought is increasingly linked to formidable landscapes in which comfort recedes and dangers compound. A forbidding mountain range, for example, prohibits passage of the struggling company, and the only alternative route appears to be a menacing track of desert threatening dangers perhaps more grave than mountain travel. I believe the fierceness of this terrain prompts Manly to track his narrative along equally hazardous gulfs of emotional revelations, feelings that a more inviting landscape would not easily summon. Early in his travels, frontier landscapes had been more manageable -- foreign but yielding habitats -- and that ease is reflected in his anecdotes of community dominion, whatever the crisis. After his family settled in Michigan, for example, Manly relates a story of a little boy lost along country trails. The story links land to family and community, a theme which regularly asserts itself in Manly's narrative, even in the frontier's most inhospitable places. Under the care of the family tutor, Willie Filley disappeared on

a country trail. In the days that followed, surrounding communities were on alert, "and quite an army of [s]earchers turned out, coming from the whole country miles around" (27). Manly describes how the community created a human web spreading over the entire countryside in which "they were to form in a line so near each other that they could touch hands . . . fairly sweeping the county in search of a sign" (28). Willie was never found, but human beings--not any treachery of nature--were ultimately suspected in the loss. Manly's anecdote creates an image of people dominating the terrain, matching its breadth and diversity with their shoulder-to-shoulder presence. And he concludes his account of the lost boy with evidence of how a community's sorrow transformed the landscape in the most concrete of ways. Since farmers neglected their fields while searching for Willie, rains were allowed to damage their crops. As a result, "the bread would not rise, and to make it into pancakes was the best way it could be used" (28). In Michigan, the land became a crucible of mourning for a lost child, while in Death Valley the land was an active agent of grief.

Proceeding west, Manly and his fellow migrants confronted extreme and hostile terrains through which they claimed the triumph of crossing but conceded that tales of peril and trauma would now inhabit in their family histories. In the desert and mountains, with families in acute circumstance, the comforts of home and the distresses of highway could no longer be represented by separate landscapes as they were in Manly's early criss-crossings between Michigan and the Great Plains. Territories west of his Michigan home were, for example, the haunts of adventurous trappers and hunters, or lead miners, as in Hamilton's Diggings where society "seemed more wicked and profane the farther west we walked" (38). Among the lead mines in plains territories, "west" represented a relentless amplification of

careless intercourse, rough living, and loneliness, while Michigan and places east remained "a more moral and temperate atmosphere" (38).

As Manly became dissatisfied with mining and trapping in the middle-west frontier, he heard "rumors of a better country to the west of us" which included good land in Oregon territory, along with timber and game" (58). The pride he took in owning a piece of Wisconsin land, 80 acres purchased for $100, "hard earned and all mine" (57), did not diminish his desire to head west. He left most of his provisions with friends, and set out as a stripped down figure in a terrain that, in complementary fashion, seemed to have lost most of its features. The bareness of the plains landscape in his narrative both affects and complements the poised, expectant state of his mind. He writes that there was nothing to see, that "now the country was all one vast prairie, not a tree in sight till we reached the Platte." Traveling light in a blank landscape compounded the impulse to press on into the unknown, for as Manly remarks, "I was in for it and no other way but to go on" (62). The Great Plains may have been the hunting and dwelling places of native people in the mid-nineteenth century, but for this wave of Anglo-American migrants, it was an immense route to distant goal and a portal of adventure.

Manly left this blankness when he realized that the company must winter in Mormon country. He joined a group of young men traveling an increasingly obstructed route along the Green River which wound its way south to the Colorado River. Here, rough terrain offered the opportunity to develop competence in hunting and river navigation. For a brief period, Manly and friends were free of responsibility to family groups, and Manly reports that "we cheered at our pluck and skill" (84). Rough rapids, near drowning, and an

acquaintance with the Ute Indians finally convinced the men to abandon their hopes of reaching California by the Green River. Even though Manly felt obliged to take Ute Chief Walker's suggested route leading back to Mormon country and main traveled trails, the Green River episode served to invest his migratory narrative with elements of a more purely adventurous plot. Families would never attempt such a course, but in merging the single men's test of skill and courage (a venture liberally vested with recreation) with the larger narrative, Manly positions a predominantly adventurous plot to run parallel with the domestic designs of a journey focused upon settlement. The Green River narrative sends single men back to family trails, but not without adding a dose of risk and exhilaration to the grinding routine of a larger migrant enterprise.

Back with the families, Manly encountered his old friend Bennett, and joined the long community of wagons whose members, Bennett explained, were divided about which western route to follow. Bennett told him of the strife they had experienced since reaching the upper Platte River: solemn promises of unity were broken, "ugly disagreements" surfaced, and there those who "would not yield but would cut their wagons in two lengthwise just for spite so that no carts could be made and the whole vehicle spoiled for both parties" (104). The maddening conflicts of the migrants here invokes Michael Nerlich's definition, in *Ideology of Adventure*, that "adventure's . . . essence is irrationalism (suicide, destruction, non-sense, and at best, gambling)" (xxiii). The groups comprising this train were still many weeks from travel's end, and yet they were clearly in desperate need of a sense of orderly passage. In fact, the longing for domesticity's sense of recognition and intimacy with these lands and western trails was so acute that the migrants chose a local Mormon, Captain Hunt,

to lead them, even though they disdained his polygamy and feared he might seek revenge for the abuses recently inflicted on Mormons by Missourians, which state was well represented in the wagon train. The desire for a domestic sense of place — to know where they were in relation to their longed for settlement — is surely a marker of the risk and chance that now dominated their circumstances.

Despite their cautious organization and written constitution, the new Sand Walking Company (as they named themselves) soon reached another critical point in their journey. The company of 107 wagons, complete with undercaptains and divisions of labor, was thrown into disarray when it met another migrant group in possession of a mountaineer's map claiming yet another, superior route to California. Again the party divided, and votes were marked not by ballot but by the turn of a wagon on the point of land where paths diverged. "It was really a serious moment," Manly recalls, "when the front of the train reached the Smith trail. Team after team turned to the right while now and then one would keep straight ahead as was at first intended" (111). A few days later, travel through rough terrain would ignite another "serious moment" and a further division of the train, this time a split between family groups and single persons who "did not care to bind themselves to stand by and assist those who had wives and children" (111). Loyal to the Bennetts, Manly stayed with the family group. The proliferation of trails and wagon trains invests these western spaces and Manly's narrative with a sense of an advancing dominion of settlers that recalls his Michigan days. Yet simultaneously, the proportion of adventure grows as communities of single male adventurers spin off from their originating family trains, creating parallel, more purely adventurous plots across the landscape and through Manly's narrative.

The family groups cannot, it seems, contain the mounting adventure of their enterprise, and the men's groups are emblems of that phenomenon.

As single scout and self-appointed member of the Bennett family, Manly's experiences of surrounding mountain and desert landscapes soon produced curiously bifurcated responses to the landscapes he crossed. Taking a day's walk up high buttes to recommend a route, Manly comments that "it seemed as if pretty near all creation was in sight" (122). Yet the grand view prompts mostly worry about sustaining families in what, for purposes of their survival, was a grassless, waterless wasteland. A few days later, he surveys the summit of a mountain pass, and describes "the grandest view I ever saw. I could see north and south almost forever" (131). There were sharp peaks "of many colors, some of them so red that the mountain looked red hot" (131), and to the north, the desert. It was, writes Manly, "the most wonderful picture of grand desolation one could ever see" (131). This dialectical vision of what is both grand and entirely desolate marks, in Manly's landscape and text, a place where adventure's exhilaration meets domestic need. Weeks later, when he and Rogers travel ahead alone, desperately searching for help, they reach another summit, and again their mission's ambitious but conservative, risky but compulsory, course affects their vision of this tremendous landscape. It is "the cursed country," a "grand, but worthless landscape" (154). Manly's response embodies both adventurer's and migrant's goals: mountain vistas are glorious for the adventurer scout in him, but devastating to the migrant family member.

Although Manly narrated events from his birth in Vermont to his old age in California, he chose Death Valley for the title of his life story. I believe that choice reveals

the central role of danger and adventure in his settled, California existence, even though he concludes his narrative with an assurance that he now "rest[s] in the midst of family and friends, and can truly say I am content" (498). The Death Valley chapters are pivotal to the text's design, including chapters 9, 10 and 11 by Manly, and his insertion thereafter of three narratives (Chapters 12, 13 and 14: Dr. McMahon's, the Jayhawker's story (as told to Manly), and Alexander Erkson's "statement") which extend the desert section of the text. In fact, the reader of *Death Valley in '49* is always in the grip of Manly's struggles through the desert, since they are anticipated, elaborated and recalled, even in the narrative's final passages.

Considering the proliferation of pioneer historical societies at the time Manly published his history, he must have known that a Death Valley survival story would be a popular addition to migration literature. Surely that knowledge influenced his considerations of the book's title and his ordering of chapters. Yet I would argue that Manly's attention to desert survival, its abiding presence in his memory long after he and the families were comfortably settled in California, expresses -- above any public relations appeal -- that trauma's deeply-felt value to him. California may have been the promised land, but when Manly arrived there, it was the oasis and supply depot necessary to sustain his return into the desert. In fact, when Rogers and Manly return to the Death Valley camp with "a little flour and beans, and some good dried meat with fat on it" and "the little mule which had clambered over the rocks like a cat" (203), there is a sense of homecoming. Manly finds the children "strangely misshapen" by hunger and the women "perfect pictures of rejection" (205, 215), yet in this camp of forlorn hope, this site of trauma and danger, Manly describes

the comforts of home. By midnight of the day they returned to the families, Manly and Rogers had finished recounting their adventures to the satisfaction of the people who had been waiting for weeks. Exhausted, Manly describes how "it was quite a treat to us to sleep again between good blankets, arranged by a woman's hand, and it was much better resting than the curled up, cramped position we had slept in while away" (203). In this curious scene, "away" is the longed-for California garden, while domesticity's emblem — a woman's hand arranging a comfortable bed — is located in what might arguably be the most grievous landscape in the continent.

Manly and the family group left Death Valley and, after 22 painful days of travel, arrived in California's green meadows; yet they did not exactly leave Death Valley behind them. Manly writes that when they reached safety, he could not "half tell how we felt and acted, nor what we said in our delight over this picture of plenty" (258). Manly's confusion reflects the disparity of desert and green valleys, adventure and new-found homes. He writes that "the strong contrasts created strong impressions," and "we never could get over comparing this country with the desolate Death Valley, for it seemed as if such strange and striking opposites could hardly exist" (258, 268). Perhaps those oppositions are geographical rarities, but they became a feature of "western" American domestic conventions in which the comforts of home and the traumas of adventure are bound together. Historian William Goetzman, in an effort to define Western culture, suggests that the "West" was a theater where new arrivals sought "to reconstitute the society they had known on countless frontiers to the East--only of course with themselves at the top instead of the bottom of the social and economic ladder" (145). If the West was a site where reversals of hierarchy were tested

despite the fact, as Goetzman suggests, that its new inhabitants were "still largely prisoners of an emulative society" (145), then it follows that notions of home and domestic life were not only transported, but also transformed. Fashioning domestic sites that co-mingle memories of treacherous landscapes such as Death Valley with inviting scenes of more bucolic terrain lends a distinctiveness and authority to the lives and settlements of William Manly and other western American migrants.

The marriage of adventurism with the domestic created for Manly a restless sense of dwelling, and it is not surprising that before settling permanently in Southern California he returned east for a season. Arriving back at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, Manly noted that "I had now finished my circle and brought both ends of the long belt together" (436). But that declaration of ending disguises what I believe is the predicament that adventure thrust onto Manly's domestic feelings and into his narrative. 'Going home' and heading out on new adventures now operate in both directions, east and west, in a synthesis of landscapes running from the Midwest to the Pacific coast. That free play of home and highway is facilitated by Manly's alternating disappointment in one site with steadfast belief in the promise of another. Manly is "disappointed," for example, in the appearance of the Wisconsin country he returns to, since it is "thinly settled, people scarce, and business dull" (436). He contrasts those disappointments with the promise of California, just as he compares California's instabilities (lawlessness, mining failures, and muddy, rickety communities like the San Francisco of his day) with the comforts of old Wisconsin and Michigan homes. Manly returned from California because there he could never be a Wisconsin farmer, rationalizing that "all the best land as well as the water" had been claimed, and besides, he "could not see

how a man could ever be a successful farmer in a country where there were only two seasons" (406). Yet, back in Wisconsin, he could not be a California goldminer and he "grew lonesome, for the enforced idleness, on account of the stormy weather" which "grew terribly monotonous" (436). A dynamic chiasmis of adventure and domesticity emerges, and continually suspends Manly's aspirations and disappointments in an oscillation of potential settlements with promising adventures.

Manly concludes his narrative with a resounding declaration of tranquility, stating that he "rest[s] in the midst of family and friends and can truly say I am content" (498). And although he makes passing mention of the California cattle ranch he established and the woman he married, his concluding passages are remarkably suspenseful. The security of Manly's comfortable home -- even in these final utterances -- rests precariously on an originating adventure, to which he refers in professing that "we were lucky in our misfortune" (497). To wrest fortuitous good fortune from nightmarish misadventure seems an apotheosis of risk, a layering and embracing of chance as privileged element of one's very dwelling. For Manly, western landscapes offered a vehicle to express the abiding adventure within frontier homes and settlements. He notes that since 1849 was an unusually rainy winter, "little puddles of rain" saved its Death Valley travelers, and he reflects that "in an ordinary year we should have all died of thirst" (497). Home and settlement took hold for Manly because a rough, inhospitable terrain momentarily suspended its hostilities to allow his passage. A home created in the setting of such an extraordinary adventure may be an exhilarating undertaking -- its composition may lend distinction to dwellings fashioned in

western spaces — but its adventurous roots lie alarmingly close to the surface harmony and resolution that Manly claims for himself.

Acting in concert with the landscape are William Manly's depictions of animals, most notably oxen, mules and horses. Their escalating importance and increasing symbolic complexity in Manly's narrative suggests that their functions exceed those of merely transporting and occasionally feeding their human masters. Yet we cannot understand the roles animal play in Manly's narrative without noting his loss of human attachments as he moves west. In early travels from his family farm, Manly found Midwestern lands too sparsely populated or — more troubling still — settled by "careless, blasphemous" types who "seemed more wicked and profane the farther west we walked" (38). When they reached California, Manly and John Rogers found the urgent assistance they needed to recover their strength and return to Death Valley, but they felt "as badly lost as ever" among Spanish speaking communities of "curiously dressed," "comical" men and women. Manly "had never heard a word of Spanish" and feared he and Rogers were now "in a set of land pirates, and blood thirsty men" 175-77). In other words, Manly did not readily identify either Midwest nor west coast regions as potential home ground. He needed a vehicle -- a bridge community -- to populate and domesticate the places that held for him the faint promise of settlement. In *West of Everything*, Jane Tompkins notes the significance of horses and cattle in western literature and films. Since they "are both like us (person, organism, companion, friend) and not like us (steaks, vehicles . . .)", Tompkins writes, they inform our "difficulty in deciding how far and in what directions we are willing to extend a sense of identification" (112-3). When Tompkins asks " Where do we draw the line between self and not-self? And

do we draw it in different places at different times?" (113), she speaks directly to a fundamental dynamic of migrants in any terrain. Migration is indeed a "different time," and Manly's narrative demonstrates how animals filled the void left by retreating domestic relationships.[7]

The farther Manly travels into to the deep west, the more anthropomorphic are his depictions of oxen, mules and horses. Dumb obedience increasingly figures as heroic sacrifice; sure-footedness is irrepressibly transformed into valor. The animals of Manly's Vermont and Ohio homesteads do not inspire such treatment in his recounting of early youth; but when his life takes a decidedly adventurous turn into the far west, animals become central characters in constructing a new domestic scene within that strange and risky environment. At moments when migrant struggles intensify, when their survival and success are most threatened, Manly portrays animals as patient, sacrificing, domestic attendants; or as courageous, adventurous heros; or, in the case of horses, as emblems of an obsolete refinement not suited to the rigors of his new frontier life.

In his exploration journals of 1803-1805, Meriwether Lewis catalogued four-legged animals in two main categories: domestic (containing only horse and dog) and wild (the vast majority). Lewis's is a curious taxonomy which reveals more about the importance of relations between home ground and wilderness than genus and species. He writes that "quadrupeds of this country from the Rocky Mountains to the pacific Ocean are 1st the *domestic animals*, consisting of the horse and the dog only; 2cdly the *native wild animals*," including many varieties of fox, bear, deer, and wolf, among others (6:312). For explorers, the equation is weighted decidedly in favor of wilderness, even though access to horses

influenced their course more than riverway diversions created by beaver dams or the availability of elk meat. Manly's attentions to animals is exactly opposite to that of the explorers', and illustrates how migrants' relocation of home compelled their attention to domestic creatures over the myriad native assembly they encountered.

Manly does make reference to local wildlife while passing through plains and mountains, yet even those images are affectively marked to reflect his identity as both singular adventurer and member of a family train. The "solitary buffalo" who lay mortally wounded yet "held his head up defiantly, receiving shot after shot with an angry shake, till a side shot laid him out"(64-5) is reminiscent of the singular gold seekers among the '49ers, who would soon be laid out, dead or nearly so, in the desert Manly cris-crossed. He becomes witness not only to the tragic buffalo, but to Asa Haines, one "sure he would never see the California mines" who asks Manly "to let his wife and family know how I found him, and how died," (163), and another '49er, Capt. Culverwell, whose desiccated, outstretched body Manly and Rogers pass during the rescue mission. Buffalo also provide imagery for migrating trains of people, as when a herd crosses their trail at the South Platte River. Like the migrants in this early leg of their trip, the buffalo "were moving at a smart trot," past the human trains who were "their relatives of the plains" (65).

Most of Manly's animal "relatives," however, are those domestic beasts accompanying his migrating community. Prominent among them are the oxen who bear the family groups, until--near the end of their journey--a reversal occurs, and the stringy, wasted flesh of the oxen is carried upon the backs of people struggling out of Death Valley. At the start, the oxen are portrayed as inferior, domestic creatures, passively responding to

thoughtful masters who provide good grazing at mealtime, and charity when they are under the yoke. At the start of his journey, Manly established a working relationship with the oxen with whom he "had a little trouble . . . till they found I was kind to them,and then they were all right" (62). At the close of his narrative, an oxen such as "Crumps" who carried children out of the desert in pockets strapped to his bony flanks would be transformed into "Old Crump the christian" (260). So important is Crumps to the narrative's denouement that his retirement and Manly's farewell to him figure as perhaps the most touching and satisfying resolution in the narrative.

As travel becomes increasingly hazardous, and the exhausted migrants approach Death Valley, the oxen are portrayed as sacrificial characters, carrying the brunt of migration's emotional and physical losses. The oxen are family servants, patiently pulling the train across dry, desolate lands until it is their turn to be dinner for the equally emaciated human travelers. "They now looked gaunt and poor," writes Manly of the oxen during the group's early foray into the dry southwest, "and dragged themselves slowly along, poor faithful servants of mankind. No one knew how long before we might have to kill some of them to get food to save our own lives" (121). And while Manly offers occasional descriptions of the effects this journey had on the people, it is in his descriptions of the animals that he releases the full measure of his horror, excitement, and pity. Distance between the species promoted the displacement that Manly needed to relate the painful events he would later confess that he tried for decades to forget. A more sanitized version of migration, as a test to toughen and purify, could be offered if suffering and trauma were borne by other creatures. His own despair as the lone scout bearing "bitter" news, for

example, is intoned in his nightmarish description immediately following a return to camp from scouting duties. Starving people dine on the hideously transformed flesh of a starving ox. It is a perverse meal in which "no fat could be found on the entire carcass, and the marrow of the great bones was a thick liquid, streaked with blood resembling corruption" (133).

If oxen symbolize the group's failing vitality in the desert, cattle also figure as the first signs of deliverance and relief when Lewis and Rogers finally ascend into green California meadows:

> They were of all colors shades and sizes. Some were calmly lying down in happy rumination, others rapidly cropping the sweet grass, while the gay calves worked off their superfluous life and spirit in vigorous exercise or drew rich nourishment in the abundant mother's milk. All seemed happy and content, and such a scene of abundance and rich plenty and comfort bursting thus upon our eyes which for months had been seen only the desolation and sadness of the desert was like getting a glimpse of Paradise, and tears of joy ran down our faces. (173)

Much of this scene is devoted to describing cattle, which embody the reemergence of the comfort, nourishment, and plenty. Manly only minimally identifies with the people he encounters in California. Plump cows and glossy calves contrast with the wasted, withered oxen of the group in the desert so threatened by the trauma of the migratory adventure.

Once in California with Rogers, Manly began his most bracing negotiation of danger and deliverance, adventure and settlement, in a drama he shared with a one-eyed mule and three horses. The animals become characters in a tale which, without their personification,

would have lost much of its emotional power. While Manly does occasionally give way to an outpouring of feeling — as when, alone, he "wept aloud" at the bitter future of his fragile migrant train -- those instances are usually subsumed in claims of ineffability, wherein Manly the narrator reflects that "it is not in my power to tell how much I suffered in my lonely trips" (132). Nor is John Rogers an effective agent of feeling, since he was--and remained throughout his life--tight-lipped about the Death Valley rescue.[8] The four animals depicted here rescue the narrative from a leanness that might well have resulted in Manly's rush to plot rather than pause, to move on rather than maneuver through the wellspring of feelings that complemented their struggles through dry, rocky gulches.

One animal in particular, Manly's wiry, one-eyed mule (left for dead by its previous owner) becomes a key adventure figure in bringing the families safely out of the desert. Manly showcases the performance of the rugged little beast by setting her audacious resourcefulness in relief with the horses, whose gentility becomes an emblem of domestic limit. The horses are fragile, beautiful creatures that quickly give out once they reach the rough terrain leading the rescuers to the desert camp. While the dogged, sure-footed scrambles of the mule gave the men hope, the horses "held their heads low down as they crept along seemingly so discouraged that they would much rather lie down and rest forever" (191). The moment at which the horses must be abandoned while Manly, Rogers and the mule travel deeper into the desert marks the rescue party's return to an arena dominated by risk and danger. Manly distinguishes their crossing into that adventure zone with the horses' unsaddling and his own mental unraveling, writing that "after a few moments hesitation, moments in which were crowded torrents of wild ideas, and desperate thoughts, that were

enough to drive reason from its throne, we left the poor animals to their fate and moved along" (193). We do not learn those wild ideas or desperate thoughts. Instead, Manly focuses upon the horses, now distant enough to bear the full measure of his agony: "Just as we were passing out of sight the poor creatures neighed pitifully after us, and one who has never heard the last despairing, pleading neigh of a horse left to die can form no idea of its almost human appeal" (193). The horses' fully human appeal permeates the scene, and Manly's fearful message of danger and despair are diffused through the "voices" of such horses who mark a receding domesticity in an advancing adventurous terrain.

In the section that follows, Manly adopts the mule's struggle over rough terrain to dramatize the unbearably conflicting motives and feelings inherent in the '49ers' promotion of settlement across this "strange wild place" (193). The three travelers reached a fifteen foot ledge, "scarcely four inches wide" and placed all their hopes of crossing upon the mule's willingness and deft footwork. Rigging lead and support ropes, they watched her venture out onto the treacherous ledge "without a moments hesitation." Midway, the mule stopped, looking forward and back until, with the men's gentle persuasion, she leapt to safety. All the anxiety and relief of Manly's narrative come to bear in this passage. He feels

> weighed down with all the trails and hardships of many months. It seemed to be the time when helpless women and innocent children hung on the trembling balance between life and death. Our own lives we could save by going back, and sometimes it seemed as if we would perhaps save ourselves the additional sorrow of finding them all dead . . . . We felt relieved. We would push on and carry food to the

> people: we would get them through some way: there could be no more hopeless moment than the one just past, and we would save them all. (194-5)

Manly's (or his editor's) mistaking "trails" for "trials" is germane, considering how symbolic of his struggles were those western paths, for here he is again haunted by the desire to return to California, saving himself, rather than risking all to find a camp of corpses for his efforts. The little mule on the brink becomes the nexus of the conflicting struggles for courage and hopes for repose: desires to embrace the family—located easterly—and longings to set his gaze on personal adventures to the west of the rocky crest.

Manly's anxiety and relief after this trial ("I was so nearly in despair that I could not help bursting in tears") is evident in his sincere enthusiasm for the mule's clamorings as he writes, "it was wonderful how her little hoofs clung to the smooth rock." (195). The narrative that links Manly to this landscape through his animals demonstrates how Manly himself was becoming attached to this region as a personal field of adventure. Like the mule, he had also been the advance party for the family groups, and now the animals were his scouts--creatures running ahead of him, suffering and struggling so that he might one day arrive and claim his own painful but compelling attachment to western spaces. This acute negotiation of identity with an uninhabitable terrain, its links through Manly's animals, dramatizes migration's essential dynamic of binding self to what was not-self, to borrow Tompkin's terms. After all, finding the corpses of would-be goldminers along the route does nothing to bring a sense of settlement to this adventurous terrain, or to Manly's narrative, but his depictions of the struggles and sacrifices of domestic animals certainly do. That is, mules

and oxen bring elements of domesticity into the desert, and their stories bring that desert adventure home to California.

Crumps the Christian ox plays the starring role in Manly's most satisfying anecdote of resolution, years after they arrived together in California. The passage is all the more startling for its sense of closure when compared to Manly's uneasy farewells with the human members of the traveling community. Manly had grown closest to the Bennetts and their children during their difficult travels, reflecting that they "had been really a home to me" (407). Yet, like the rest of the group, the Bennetts simply disperse into the California landscape, exchanging sad goodbyes with Manly, whose narrative at such moments has a tone of loss and incompletion rather than celebration of new-found homes. But when he spies Crumps in a field years later while riding through the San Joaquin Valley, he garners a scene that will give his narrative a realization of completeness notably lacking in his stories of people. Surprised to see the beloved beast, Manly interrupts his journey to greet the animal, "now fat and sleek and as kind and gentle as when so poor upon the terrible journey. I got off my horse and went up to him, and patted my old friend. I was glad to find him so contented and happy, and I doubt not that he too was glad" (472). Manly inquires about Crumps and a local farmer tells him "that the owner would not sell him nor allow him to be worked, for he knew of the faithful part he performed in the world, and respected him for it" (472). This moving finale of restfulness and reward, like the horrors of Death Valley adventure, are noticeably displaced onto the animal rather than the human characters of Manly's drama. From the distance imposed by their species, animal stories fulfill a wish for clarity about the despair of the desert adventure and the longed-for satisfactions of California

settlement. Manly's inability to find this clarity in histories of the migrants suggests that conceptions of travel and dwelling had become permanently intertwined in the nearer lives of his fellow humans.

Manly's representations of landscape and animals give the narrative its external, most accessible negotiation of home and highway, risk and routine. Yet these vehicles ultimately turn on the internal complexity of the narrator's presentation of himself. Manly is the young, single adventurer who is simultaneously the family's only hope, the lone traveler whose journeys' ultimate goal is the establishment of frontier communities. He is a fortune seeker in California who tends to the oxymoronic task of shaping and moderating a community of opportunists.

In his depiction of these contrary roles, Manly the migrant identifies with men and women--native, Anglo- and Spanish-speaking Americans--rather than contrasting himself with those he encounters, as is the case in the exploration journals of Lewis and Clark. The mission of those early nineteenth-century explorers was not driven by the personal goals of mid-century migrants like Manly and the two women migrants considered here. The explorers maintained their distance from what they explored by casting the natives as domestic figures while (for the most part) they depicted themselves as adventurers. In migration literature, the negotiation is acutely personal and overtly domestic since the urgency of creating a home out of the adventure is a conscious goal. In other words, Manly does not require a native domestic character to play off his own adventure persona. The intense negotiation fundamental to migration requires that he integrate both.

Manly's scout/adventurer-family man/settler identity has roots in the narrative's earliest dichotomy when his mother cast him in dual roles. "You are our little man" she announced when, as a young boy, he migrated separately from his family from Vermont to Michigan, driving a wagon himself, though "a boy not yet ten years old just setting out into a region almost unknown was a little unusual" (16-7). Later, the boy/man ("small men" as Manly named his type, 23) slipped quite naturally into the dual career of trapper on the frontier as well as a proud and landed owner of 80 acres among the new settlements in Wisconsin Territory.

Though single, ambitious, and self-sufficient, Manly's adventures run parallel to, and make regular ties with the more populated stories of families, most notably his Wisconsin friends, the Bennetts. Manly frequently joins and leaves that clan, creating a pattern of partings and reunions that mingle his adventures with the Bennetts' domestic history. Setting out separately from Wisconsin, Manly was delighted months later to find Sarah Bennett wandering out of a wagon group at Hobble Creek near Salt Lake. He had just completed an exhausting walk over the plains (after the disastrous rafting tour down the Green River), and was searching for a link to the trains heading west. The Bennetts' wagon carried Manly's gear, and now they would travel on together, the Bennetts becoming the principal domestic influence in Manly's adventure. Here, Manly's travels and narrative take a decisive turn. The greatest dangers of their migration still lay before him, but those traumatic adventures would be strung upon Manly's regular and increasingly affective encounters with the Bennetts. The expanding family feeling between them, the recognition and repose offered

by those reunions, balance the chaos and strangeness of the adventures that swerve relentlessly from the line of that familial scene.

When Manly takes up the post of scout for the failing families, he must return regularly to the group with discouraging news about the hostile terrain that lay before them. At first he gives equal voice to both roles, standing by the families but "telling the whole truth," as a scout, "that it would at least be another month before their journey would be ended" (124-5). Bennett pleads privately with Manly to soften his reports -- to, in effect, subordinate his scout role in the presence of the families -- since his wife now wept in fear of her children's starving in the desert. After that incident, Manly accommodated the family's need for consolation, and subsequent scouting scenes illustrate how he integrated roles of both adventurer and family member in his duties, a strained integration for which he paid a heavy emotional price. Returning from the Summit of a pass he was elected to examine for shortcuts, Manly feels the weight of familial needs, in the face of adventure:

> here was I, the oldest son, away out in the center of the Great American Desert . . . And perhaps I had not yet seen the worst of it. I might be forced to see men, and the women and children of our party, choke and die, powerless to help them. It was a darker, gloomier day than I had ever known could be, and alone I wept aloud . . . . It is not in my power to tell how much I suffered in my lonely trips, lasting sometimes days and nights that I might give the best advice to those of my party. I believed that I could escape at any time myself, but all must be brought through or perish, and with this all I knew I must not discourage the others. (132)

Manly is now, in effect, the eldest son of a make-shift desert family, for whom there would be, simultaneously, growing affections and worsening traumas. The passage is a revelation of how disturbing is the melding of adventurous impulse and domestic need.

While the mingling of risk and comfort, extension and repose, within a single site is troubling, it is a hybrid essential to the American migrant's identity. And Manly's narrative offers a parable of warning about travelers who vacillate between those roles in his story of the demise of Captain Culverwell. Along with the Jayhawkers (a group of single men bound for gold mines), Culverwell traveled with the family train until those impatient adventurers decided to move ahead and away from the slower moving families. At first, Culverwell accompanied the Jayhawkers out of the family camp, but when they began to weaken and starve, he retraced his steps in an attempt to rejoin the families, and he perished along the way. Rogers and Manly found him dead "upon his back with arms extended wide, and his little canteen, made of two powder flasks, lying by his side" (198). Manly creates in Culverwell an emblem of the loss engendered by the foolish attempt to abide between family and adventurer camps, with allegiance to neither.

Prominent among the migrants who "successfully" embrace their goal of settlement while enduring countless adventures are women such as Sarah Bennett, whose character complements the shadings of domesticity and adventure in Manly himself. Initially, Manly portrays Sarah as a traditional wife and mother who quickly comes to depend upon Manly for survival. Setting out on his rescue mission, Manly bids farewell to her, "and she asked God to bless us and bring some food to her starving children. We were so much affected that we could not speak and silently turned away" (153). And when the men return with help,

"she came, fell down on her knee and clung to me like a maniac in the great emotion that came to her, and not a word was spoken" (200). Finally, at their parting in California, Manly writes, that "she shook my hand again and again with earnest pressure, and cried and sobbed bitterly. . . . She had been to me as a mother, and it was like leaving a home fireside to go away from them" (407).

While Manly pays tribute to this spirit of the domestic — envisioning Sarah as mother, devoting himself to her children — he nevertheless begins to trace the form of an adventurous feminine figure. He records another migrant's tribute to her, a miner who exclaimed that "the idea of Mrs. Bennett walking over such a country for twenty-two days was almost beyond belief, for he would not have thought her able to walk one-third the distance. He never knew before how much women could do when they were called to do it, and they proved in emergencies to be as tough as any body" (387).[9] He would "move to give them all the rights and privileges of men for sure" (387). Despite gendered roles which remained more or less in place in the west during years of migration and settlement, such utterances indicate that women nevertheless emerged as figures of adventure: travelers, survivors, and protectors.

After Manly and Rogers returned to the desert camp, Manly documents a change in Sarah Bennett that runs far deeper than her desperate appearance. He reports that she "questioned me closely about the trip, and particularly if I had left anything out which I did not want her to know" (205). No longer wishing to be shielded from danger, she sets out to calculate how they might best travel with the wasted animals and malnourished children. While Manly portrays his own integration into the Bennett family domestic scene, he

presents Sarah as transformed by the risk and dangers that have invaded her family arena. Michael Nerlich notes that one of adventure-mentality's markers is the conscious elaboration of systems to minimize risks, "calculations of chances," and the "elaboration of insurances" (xxi). Sarah comes to embody that impulse, and does not hesitate to demonstrate how much danger and risk are now part of her world view, confessing that while the men were away "she often dreamed she saw us suffering fearfully for water, and lack of food and could only picture to herself as their own fate, that they must leave the children by the trail side, dead, and one by one drop out themselves in the same way" (206).

Males sustain Manly's early adventures and opening passages of his narrative. They provide brotherly companionship during the Green River adventures, and exercise the more fatherly role of the Ute Chief Walker who advises Manly about overland travel and survival on the plains. Yet, as he presses into far western terrain where risk and dangers increase, the significance of female figures intensifies. The risk or perhaps madness of criss-crossing a treacherous desert terrain is balanced by a growing sense of mission, a duty Manly associates with the women who either travel with the train or are native to the region. Returning to the stranded group in Death Valley, Manly "began to think we had been brought into the world on purpose to assist some one," out of the desert to a space "where plenty might be enjoyed, and the sorrows of the desert forgotton" (203). In these extreme episodes, Manly's adventures oscillate between the figures of Sarah Bennett, who maintains the desperate desert camp, and another maternal figure, a Mexican woman who cares for the two men when they stagger out of the desert in search of help. This stranger, "aside from her dark complexion

. . . reminded me of my mother," Manly writes, "and at first sight of her I thought of the best woman on earth my own far off mother" (184).

A shared spoken language is fundamental to any sense of domestic repose, yet Manly uses his fumbling sign language with the Spanish-speaking woman as an opportunity to enact and extend the presence of family, femininity, and home. After welcoming Manly and Rogers into her home with food and shelter, their communications were soon frustrated, and she and Manly settled upon sign language to explain the migrants' predicament:

> She pointed out the way from which we came and wanted to know how many day's travel it might be away, and I answered by putting my hand to my head and closing my eyes, which was repeated as many times as there had been nights on our journey, at which she was much surprised that the folks were so far away. She then placed her hand upon her breast and then held it up, to ask how many women there were, and I answered her by holding up three fingers, at which she shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. Then pointing to a child by her side, four or five years old, and in the same way asked how many children, I answered by holding up four fingers, and she almost cried, opening her mouth in great surprise, and turned away. (184)

The passage is remarkable for its embodiment of family feeling in a scene which might easily have depicted nothing but misunderstanding. In fact, the dearth of language here (a recurring feature of adventure) creates a site which Manly can then furnish elaborately with domesticity's most distinctive affections: sympathy, nurture, tenderness. If Manly and the woman were able to speak easily, asking and answering about distance traveled and numbers of women and children, the narrative would lose much of its power, I suspect, since the vivid

enactment of family ties would not have been necessary. The scene traces the shape of a California home substantial enough to both parallel the family setting Manly left behind in Death Valley, and to stabilize the daring adventures that lie between the two domestic scenes.

After twenty-two days of travel out of the desert, Manly and Rogers delivered Sarah Bennett and her family to San Francisquito, the ranch where they had been so kindly received. Here, two domestic sites come together and complete a chapter of the migrants' adventures. Refusing any compensation, the Spanish-speaking family provides the depleted group with milk, meat, blankets and shelter before bidding farewell to the new arrivals. However, this layering of domestic scenes offers only a momentary sense of resolution to Manly's narrative, and he struggles to explain how their "present condition and state of mind was an anomalous one" (267). He writes that the group was "encouraged, grateful and quite contended" yet "still there was a sort of puzzling uncertainty as to our future, the way to which seemed very obscure" (267). Manly's uncertainty, the group's "queer arrangements" of travel and dwelling in California (265), and his placing this unsettled ending in the middle of his text betray the adventure that had taken root in the migrant clan, and within Manly's narrative. The family's arrival and revival appear half way through the narrative, while the abiding adventures of Manly and other migrants find textual correlation in the splintered and patched-together anecdotes that make up the last half of the text.

In the chapters that follow, 12, 13 and 14, Manly turns his narrative focus back to Death Valley and the harsh southern plains by introducing the narratives of other men and women who made the trip in the same year. My purpose here is not to comment upon the various statements Manly collected from friends and acquaintances for this section of his

text, but rather to call attention to how their inclusion returns the reader to a scene of trauma and high adventure, usurping any comfort, and overpowering any relief the reader might anticipate in Manly's and the Bennetts' arrival in California.

When Manly "again takes up the History" (iv) in Chapter 15, his focus shifts to California mining fields, where his adventures were rewarded with $2,000 worth of gold and the dubious opportunity to help fashion a community out of make-shift mining camps. In a chaotic scene of claim disputes and hot tempers, Manly balances his adventures west with anecdotes about his efforts to create permanent, orderly communities. He details the miners' disputes and his subsequent appointment as judge in the "free country court" established among them (400). Prominent among those stories is one about a miner whose wife's laundry business became more profitable than her husband's gold mining. When she refused to give up her money to the inebriated spouse, Manly reports that the miner, "in his drunken rage, picked up a gun near by and shot her dead" (402). A vigilante group gathered to carry off the miner and hang him from an oak tree, one of their number announcing that "no man could kill a woman and live in California"(403).[10] While the enterprises of women in the gold fields, especially domestic industries such as laundry, made mining experiences substantially more livable, they have largely gone unnoticed in legends of the '49'ers. Yet Manly's showcasing this woman's story -- to use Goetzman's term -- *reconstitutes* domesticity in western frontier settlements. A slogan such as "no man could kill a woman and live in California" seems a strident, apotheotic version of eastern notions of domesticity's civilizing influence. Simultaneously, the woman's story and the slogan retain the menace of danger and risk that adventure had instilled in western communities.

Manly the migrant's need to appropriate strange, even hostile western landscapes finds corollaries in Manly the narrator's compulsion to shape a language — spoken, written and encoded — that can capture the mingling of adventure with settlement. In its contradictions, suspensions, and silences, Manly's narrative offers glimpses of how adventure contends with domesticity's textual analogues of harmony and resolution. From the outset, Manly was both reluctant and devoted to his own narrative efforts. Arriving in California, he began a letter to his parents about overland experiences, and soon produced a 300-page manuscript. In fact, Manly prepared three more versions of his adventure after that document was lost in a fire, even though he later claimed that he had been "trying to forget it for 34 years" (Belden, 53). Also, Manly was compelled both to set out the "true" history while insisting that "it is but fair to tell the reader that the hardest and worst of it has never been told nor will it ever be" (437).

Once he settles into his narrative venture, Manly divulges his contrary desires to both furnish the frontier with language, and simultaneously divest it of linguistic endowment. He portrays overland migration either by detailed personal recollections, or through the layering of other migration accounts upon his own. Yet he denigrates the written and spoken efforts of those for whom language was the tool of their trade, that is, anyone who Manly judged "had fallen out with any work but that of the tongue" (342). Manly's bitter criticism of educated individuals falls particularly hard on Rev. Brier, the "invalid preacher" whom Manly mistrusts since he surely "never earned his bread by the sweat of his brow" (343). Brier had the bad fortune of falling ill and relying upon his wife to keep the family alive until they reached California. He was so sick that he could do little but gather his flock to hear

words of inspiration. Manly and the others did not take kindly to this arrangement, remarking that the other men "did not care very much whether he ever got through or not" (343). In California, Manly complains again about those who "wanted to make money without work," that is, "lawyers, doctors, preachers" (405).

It is difficult to reconcile Manly's hostility to men of letters with his own devotion to writing and publishing such a lengthy personal history. Yet, Manly's ruminations on Rev. Brier offer a clue to the contradiction. During the worst of his scouting expeditions, Manly came upon the Brier family, and writes that,

> When I arrived at his camp I found the reverend gentleman very cooly delivering a lecture to his boys on education. It seemed very strange to me to hear a solomn discourse on the benefits of early education when, it seemed to me, starvation was staring us all in the face, and the barren desolation all around gave small promise of the need of any education higher than the natural impulses of nature. (137)

In his early travels into Midwestern frontiers, Manly had been disgusted by "wicked and profane" language (38). Yet here in these later travels and farther regions, he is repelled by refined, educated discourse. It seems that Manly seeks new linguistic turf along with the rough new geographic terrain that was quickly becoming his dwelling place. In order to furnish a "western" identity with a language distinctive enough to empower that persona, and rugged enough to express the adventurous trials of those that made the overland trek, he denounced old models. Neither crude nor educated English would do. And so, for a time Manly dwells in a scene where negation and silences enjoy a privileged position.

In fact, Manly was so adamant about the dangers of eastern linguistic codes encroaching on frontier citizens that written laws were not, to his thinking, necessary. His notions of unarticulated regional laws regarding fairness and justice ranged from the intimacies of home to the collective behavior of entire communities: a miner's cabin door and pantry were always open to the hungry stranger, and "by the same unwritten law, stealing and robbery, as well as murder, were capital offences and lawless characters were put down. Favors were freely granted, and written obligations were never asked or given, and business was governed by the rules of strictest honor" (494). Manly notes the presence of reckless and fugitive elements--colonies of criminals--who found California a desirable dwelling place, but insists that "good and honest men seemd always in the majority" and, "though not in print," "laws seemed to grow out of the very circumstances" (492, 3).

Manly's quest for an orderly society that somehow sprang spontaneously out of frontier soil, free of linguistic codes, finds a vehicle in his portrayal of Missouri-to-California frontiers as places of transformation. The precarious marriage of home and highway, of unregulated personal freedom and precise social order, must of necessity remain vague, and Manly grows ethereal, nearly mystical, in his summary portrait of these western migrants, "made up of a strange mass" and "entering a country of peculiar freedom" where "strange developments of character" occurred (492,3). Migrants "seemed to experience a change of character as they neared the Pacific Coast. Amiable dispositions became soured, moral ideas sadly blunted, and their whole make-up seemed changed, while others who at home seemed to be of rougher mould, developed principals of justice and humanity, affection almost unbounded" (492,3). In a country where "the sleek, fat horse grew poor," and "perhaps the

plucky owner made the last few hundred miles on foot, with blistered soles" (493), transformations and reversals are paired with misty assurances of resolution and order flowing from the very ground of new California homes.

Besides his contrariness about the presence of language itself, Manly's narrative illustrates an abiding dialogue between repetition and suspense, description and ineffability. Adventure suspends action and inhibits resolution, but in migration literature such suspense mingles with repetition. That is, repetition operates as a "domestic" element, since it gives the narrative a sense of returning to the familiar. Defining narrative elements as adventurous or domestic might explain why the following passage of Manly's text (describing his passage over the Continental Divide) is so compelling:

> We put a great many "ifs" together and they amount to about this:--If this stream were large enough; if we had a boat; if we knew the way; if there were no falls or bad places; if we had plenty of provisions; if we were bold enough [to] set out on such a trip, etc., we might come out at some point or other on the Pacific Ocean. And now when we came to the first of the "ifs," a stream large enough to float a small boat; we began to think more strongly about the other "ifs." (73-4)

Here Manly's text echoes, in its very structure, migration's fusion of suspense with a domestic gesture of familiarity. Repetitions shaped out of chance, routines fashioned from contingency, are captured in Manly's layering of "if" upon "if." The result is a sense of solidity in the face of precarious adventure -- quite a satisfying formulation -- and one that is, like Manly's notion of unwritten law, increasingly dependent upon textual realization.

Mastery over the new terrain was a painstaking process, and the successes of Manly's criss-crossing as scout, savior, miner and settler compound as his narrative unfolds. The terrible uncertainty of "if" gives way to the promotional "of" when Manly and Rogers return to Death Valley with mental maps of successful routes out of the desert. In exchange for the families' anguished tale of waiting and starving, Manly offers news "of our road, and how deep the snow appeared to be. . . . of the black and desolate ranges and buttes. . . . of the great dry plains. . . . . of the Jayhawkers trail; of Fish's dead body; of the salt lake. . . . of the final coming out into a beautiful valley, in the midst of fat cattle and green meadows" (202-3). Their adventures were far from over when they packed the children onto the famished oxen and made a final push to California, yet Manly's evolving narrative repetitions illustrate how hope settled with horror, how renewal mingled with risk.

Farewells and reunions appear everywhere in Manly's narrative. They provide, I believe, the thematic engine that generates the suspense and repetition which, in turn, so effectively bind the narrative's domestic and adventurous components. Appended stories of pioneers meeting in the east and dispersing in the west would not, after all, deliver the profound sense of negotiation that dominates Manly's journal. His early partings and returns to family in circumscribed eastern frontiers give way to ambitious crossings and recrossings in the far west, and finally, to his more studied west coast efforts to recompose families. In all of these travels, telling and retelling provide the repetitious suspension that marks adventure's presence in Manly's migration story. Encounters with and among Jayhawkers, stranded families, Native Americans, and California settlers are regularly recounted among those same audiences. And Manly's storytelling thereby creates a narrative web of

experience which is charged with excitement and danger, yet "domesticated" through the routine of its retelling.

Finally, Manly extends metatextually the narrative's pattern of suspension and repetition. He inserts several chapters by other authors, and his text, like his travels, returns east to pick up and deposit each author on California ground. Returning to those scenes of adventure requires Manly to suspend any anecdotes of settlement he may have begun, and pass through the desert yet again. The desert chapters depict acute trauma, in which Manly describes the travelers as "the first really heart-broken men" he had ever seen, scratching the ground for water, roasting ox horns for food, and "eating what the dogs would cast aside" (345,8). And while these extra chapters layer adventure upon adventure, horror upon horror, their loose conjoining and want of closure create opportunities for a backward gaze to domestic comforts that these men invariably indulged. That is, this cluster of fractured stories extends the suspense of adventure itself, and provides Manly with an opening in which to present the abandoned domestic narratives of these goldseekers, which, in their inclusion, return and abide with the travelers' desert experiences: "Some were men of middle age who had left good farms that gave them every need . . . . They called themselves foolish gold hunters to forsake a land of plenty for a chance to leave their bones in a hot desert. More eyes than one filled with tears, and hopes in more than one breast vanished to almost nothing. More than one would gladly have place himself back where he could have been assured of the poorest fare" (345-6). Such suspension and repetition mark Manly's textual negotiation of home at the site of adventure.

Yet, these layers of story, retracings and multiple authors do not, in Manly's opinion, adequately describe the new terrain and the struggles of people to survive and thrive there. The adventure undertaken to create new migrant homes makes another of its marks where Manly, amid concerted descriptive efforts, must regularly surrender to ineffability. In fact, the negative material in passages retracing desert journeys gives way to a final summing up in which language is inadequate to describe those very travels. While scouting ahead for the family group, Manly came upon the party of men advancing before them. Water sources were poor, there was no grass and no pass through the mountains before them. Food was gone, and the failing oxen "could not be relied on as beasts of burden" (141). Manly, who had been acutely sensitive to the profane language of frontier settlements, claims that "there were not bad words enough in the language to properly express their contempt and bad opinion of such a country as this" (141). Although he faithfully follows the stories of many such clusters of migrants, he claims that "every camp was sad beyond description, and no one can guide the pen to make it tell the tale as it seemed to us" (147).

Silences in the text occasionally symbolize the silences resulting from physical trauma, as when Manly and Rogers set out to find help for the families camped in the desert and he recalls that they seldom spoke due to weakness and thirst (157). The physical strain prompts its textual analog a few sentence later where Manly writes that "no one who has ever felt the extreme of thirst can imagine the distress, the despair, which it brings. I can find no words, no way to express it so others can understand" (158). Here, Manly fashions in his text the ineffability that marks adventure's presence: there is no language for a parched throat from which there are no words.

Manly's use of ineffability's negative capacity demonstrates its effectiveness in setting the migration experience into narrative, since, like migration, text and its silences embody an interaction. Migration involves negotiating contrasts: home/homelessness, settlement/travel, familiarity/ strangeness. The compelling need to locate home (with all its significance as realm of the familiar) in a new landscape (with all its strangeness) galvanizes a keen interest in that negotiation. When he writes of the families' arrival in California, Manly's loss of words acts as a vehicle of initiation for them:

> I cannot half tell how we felt and acted, nor what we said in our delight over this picture of plenty. The strong contrasts created strong impressions, and the tongues so long silent in our dry and dreary trouble were loosened to say everything the heart inspired. Think as much as you can; you cannot think it all. (258)

Far from depriving the arrivals of possession of this new land, the narrative's ineffability accommodates that appropriation by creating a space for the telling that will proceed out of "strong impressions." Perhaps "you cannot think it" but the dry tongue of the desert traveler will loosen, as it does so often in Manly's text, bringing together the tale of despair in the desert with the relief of a home in green valleys. It is the depleted voice in American settlement tales, not the satiated one, that creates a home at the site of adventure.

* * * *

When Margaret and Ledyard Frink headed west in 1850 in search of gold, they were much more conscious than William Manly of their efforts to create a home in western spaces. Margaret's journal tells of a scrupulously maintained ox-powered mobile home in which she recorded exact distances traveled from their Indiana home, precise elevation fluctuations, and

details of all refurbishments. Yet, like Manly, her journal illustrates how the large portion of adventure implicit in migration resulted in transformed roles and improvised family relations within their small migrant group. Ultimately, their travels from Indiana to Sacramento actualize the adventurous longings that lay dormant in their "pleasant and convenient residence" in Indiana, of which Frink can say only that "we were not yet satisfied" (59).

The Frinks' relatives and neighbors did not share their restlessness for western enterprise, and Margaret Frink complains that "we were met with all the discouragements and obstructions that our neighbors and the people of our country could invent or imagine, to induce us not to attempt such a perilous journey" (60). On the eve of their departure, in the midst of a gathering tableau of grim faces, Frink's journal records a break with family and community, writing that "we sat in such gloom that I could not endure it any longer" (62). The Frinks were childless, and the adventure that drove them from their friends and neighbors now prompted them to fashion a supportive, improvised family for the trip. Three days after their grim farewell gathering, the Frinks set out in the company of an eleven year old boy named Robert, and Aaron Rose, a young man not yet twenty-one years old. Relatives of both readily consented to the arrangement, recognizing the inevitability of their children's attraction to burgeoning western enterprises, but wishing to offer their young adventurers a measure of familial stability. Margaret writes that Aaron's mother "came in weeping, saying, 'If he ever does go, I want him to go with Mr. and Mrs. Frink, for I know he will have a father and mother in them'" (63). Once on the prairies and in the mountains, others would similarly join and leave the Frink "family," creating increasingly informal

domestic relations that were intensely emotional in their attachments yet largely practical in their arrangements.

The Frinks' careful preparations and conservative methods of travel in the face of gold rush excitement makes their history a particularly useful one in which to examine the negotiation of home on the frontier. They moved more slowly over the plains and the deserts than many groups, conserving their animals, harvesting and bundling hay, and regularly filling their five gallon water jugs. Traveling companions such as Mr. Avery frequently left them behind, believing the Frinks' pace too slow and gold too near. Frink records how Avery decided "to walk fifteen hundred miles to California," with "blankets, clothing, and provisions strapped to his back" (103). In fact, Avery arrived two weeks ahead of the Frinks, although he soon returned to the Atlantic states, disillusioned and homesick. Unlike Avery, the Frinks succeeded in their ambitious enterprise precisely because they attended so thoroughly to domestic concerns. Frink notes that their "outfit attracted much attention and was greatly admired, particularly our fine horses" (65). Indeed, her descriptions of their wagon and provisions might well tempt a twentieth-century traveler. She writes of guidebooks (John Fremont's and Joel Palmer's), of "a feather bed and feather pillows" air mattress, and the loving preparation of the wagon, which "was lined with green cloth, to make it pleasant and soft for the eye, with three or four large pockets on each side, to hold many little conveniences, — looking glasses, combs, brushes and so on" (61). A portable pantry completed their rig, providing them with "plenty of hams and bacon, covered with care from the dust, apples, peaches and preserved fruits of different kinds, rice, coffee, tea, beans, flour, corn-meal . . . ." (61).

This well-appointed wagon was only one part of the homestead that the Frinks kept in tact and in motion. Before leaving their Indiana home, Ledyard "concluded to send the material for a small cottage by the way of Cape Horn. The lumber was purchased and several carpenters were put to work" (61). Within a week, the Frinks had also prepared this "ready built cottage" and arranged for its arrival in Sacramento at about the same date they reached the west coast. Margaret refers to this arrangement with pride and confidence when questioned by astonished acquaintances, recalling the house's exact route down American rivers, the Gulf and ocean pathways. Her narrative is consequently charged with the stability of domestic emblems, while its most powerful symbols of resolution and repose -- house and mobile home -- are loaded with contrary, adventurous significance. Here, everything familial is set adrift, their house traveling the oceans while they cross the continent in a wagon.

When they reached the deserts in late August, their rations were short; yet they fared far better than the exhausted, empty-handed men drawn to their campsite. The Frink journal offers a narrative site in which the adventure continues because a sense of home is sustained. Frink invariably soothed those "unhappy pilgrims" with food and words of encouragement, as on August 29th when "there came along a man who had lost everything. He had one pint of corn meal left. He was without shoes, and his feet were tied up in rags. I made a dish of gruel, into which I put a little butter, with some other nourishing things. I encouraged him to keep up his spirits and try to go forward" (150). Her journal of those last hard weeks of travel mentions relief parties crossing from California to rescue such migrants, and in many instances, the Frinks themselves operate as the eastern arm of that relief effort. Ultimately, their adventures en route to the gold fields blend the exhilaration of pressing into unknown

landscapes with the abiding presence of a homestead. The overland journey offered Frink "the animation and excitement of the moment" that "beat anything I ever saw" (88), that, in comparison to the "dismal stories"(159) of others, maintained many of the comforts of home.

The Frinks' journal also reveals how the adventure they embraced set into motion familial roles as well as physical homes. As Margaret touts an increasingly adventurous disposition, her husband confirms an attachment to domestic motifs. Frink is delighted to exchange lodge and pantry for tent and campfire. For a time, as they crossed eastern plains, the couple paid for accommodations and food. But when they reached Terre Haute, Illinois, they began testing their frontier wares. Frink relished the moment when "we ate our supper from our tin plates and drank coffee from our tin cups for the first time." Yet she notes that her husband wished to linger in more familiar, homelike routines, as he "expressed regret that we had omitted to bring our tea cups, and suggested that he would buy some when we came to the next town. But for my part, I was satisfied to do as other immigrants did, and it was the fashion to drink out of tin" (65).

Frink contrasts her emerging adventurism with the domestic figure she represents to the anxious men she encounters along the trail, who "would have felt more at ease if there had not been a woman in the party, to be taken care of in case of danger" (79). Without comment, she frequently throws herself into the most adventurous roles overland migration has to offer. Coming into "the wide expanse of the great plains," the party began to feel more remote and vulnerable, "like mere specks on the face of the earth" (79). Rumors of Indian attack had passed along the trail, and although Frink portrays the males as the confident adventurers and herself as anxious wife, she is nevertheless the self-appointed

scout. Taking a position as sentry for their "first night on those vast, uninhabited plains," she "sat up all night in the wagon," telescope in hand, surveying the horizon for trouble from the Indians (81). Throughout that tense evening, her husband Ledyard, in contrast, slept as peacefully as he had at home in Indiana. "I could not understand," writes Margaret, "how he could sleep soundly when there was so much danger" (81). Much has been written about the separate domains of men and women on western trails, but considering the magnitude of migration's upheaval, separate spheres are an unworkable and inaccurate model, bound together like the migrants' clumsy, oxen-borne parcels. Both Manly's and Frink's detailed chronicles demonstrate how men and women entered into a dynamic play of adventurous and domestic roles, and that dialectic created stability in the adventure at hand. On their first night in the prairie (but not in every evening following) Ledyard's figure of domestic repose balances the adventurous voice of Margaret who seems to relish their daunting venture into the frontier.

Frink occasionally relinquishes her orderly trailside homemaking in favor of the overland adventures, competitions over camping spots, and the rush to claim "barrels of gold" in California (86). "I was impatient at our slow progress," she writes, and while Ledyard cautioned restraint and conservation, she indulged, for example, in the excitement of a buffalo chase near Grand Island on the Platte River. "I would not, for a good deal, have missed the sight of that great chase over that grand plain," she writes (88). In the days that follow, Margaret's journal reveals more of the Frinks' negotiations of domestic routine with their escalating adventure. Here are a pair of feverish gold seekers "patiently waiting for the grass to grow" in order to make hay before proceeding into the desert (75). Here is a small

and vulnerable party upon the vast North American plains, which nevertheless unveils a richly furnished world where "there was no end of necessary work. Wagons, harness, and clothing have to be mended, washing to be done, animals to be changed . . . innumerable small things to be looked after" (89). Neighboring wagons and trains are a web of community support, as when Thomas Wand volunteers to help the Frinks when Ledyard falls ill. They had arrived at a dismal desert camp along the Green River, and Wand's help was a godsend for which Frink expresses "great relief, for which I felt very thankful" (109-110). Yet, in other entries, these same neighbors are a competing swarm of wealth-seeking adventurers, hurrying forward and vying for good pasture or safe river crossings. Frink's journal is invaluable in its portrayal of those chaotic river crossings, an event that often consumed days of precious travel time. This pause, in a relentless drive west, creates an opening, both along the trail and in the text, during which the narrator could indulge and the reader gaze more steadily at the play of chaos and order in overland migrations. Frink's descriptions are both expansive and personal as she writes that

> Of all the excitements that I ever experienced or thought of, the crossing of that river was the greatest. A great many other wagons and people were crossing at the same time — mule teams, horse teams, ox teams, men on horseback, men wading and struggling against the quicksands and current, many of them with long poles in their hands, feeling their way. Sometimes they would be in shallow water only up to their knees; then, all at once, some unlucky one would plunge in where it was three or four feet deep.

> The deafening noise and halloing that this army of people kept up, made the alarm in the river more intense. The quicksand and the uncertainty of depth of water kept all in a state of anxiety. Our horses would sometimes be in water no more than a foot deep; then, in a moment, they would go down up to their collars. On one occasion I was considerably alarmed. Several other wagons, in their haste, had crowded in ahead of us on both sides, and we were compelled to stop for several minutes. Our wagon at once began to settle in the quicksand, and it required the assistance of three or four men lifting at the wheels, to enable the horses to put out. (91-2)

Frink portrays migration as event where cooperation mingles with competition, where domestic orderliness and comfort mix with the chaos and exertion of adventure. On the one hand, the overlanders were "a great crowd" "making all preparations," yet, on the other hand, theirs was a undertaking where "every one was ignorant" (90). This mingling of domesticity and adventure further echoes in the manner of the Frinks' homesteading in Sacramento, since their new home doubles as a hotel for the wandering population of goldseekers and adventures. Finally, however, they convert the hotel into a successful dairy farm, and the threads of family-like trail relations are lost with their fellow migrants' dispersal into the California landscape.

The Frink text offers two notable patterns of adventure's presence in narrative. Just as William Manly's text features patterns of adventure's contrariness, Margaret Frink's edited trail diary betrays the contradictions inherent in the Frinks' "pilgrimage" for gold, their familial version of an individualistic enterprise, and their determination to transport "home"

intact and unchanged across the continent. First, the immediacy of daily record-keeping contrasts with Frink's (or perhaps Ledyard's) summaries and retrospective passages, which were clearly added to the diary sometime after their arrival in California. Second, Frink's descriptive catalogues of people, animals and trail paraphernalia--increasingly elaborate as she enters risky and unfamiliar landscapes--denote by their very narrative form the chaos and strangeness, the looseness and unruliness, of that experience.

Like Manly, the Frinks are at once compelled and reluctant to publish their histories, apologizing for the "late date" and errors, but explaining that they were pressed to offer an edition "owing to the many requests made by relatives and friends" (58). Frink's journal-keeping--like so many other migrants'--suggests an awareness of the significant adventure that was now manifest in her life. Yet the Frinks' reluctance to publish the history betrays an anxiety about the effects of such a risky enterprise which was both profoundly personal and increasingly national in scope. Ultimately, their reluctant publishing is an extension of the contradictions that inform their narratives, at the heart of which lie questions about how one manages -- that is, narrates -- adventure. How does one create order and history out of crucial stories so indebted to the quixotic elements of risk and chance?

The Frink narrative's most notable solution to that puzzle lies in its oscillation between scene and summary, in which the immediacy of trail experience mingles with the reflection of settled, retrospective glances. Each daily entry begins with day, date and a passage such as "To-day we crossed the Mississippi River at Hannibal, . . ." or "We started at five o'clock this morning and soon came to the American Falls of Snake River" (69, 119). Vivid details of daily travel follow each introduction, along with a periodic summing-up if

the day's travel entailed significant dangers. Her June 27-29th entries provide good examples of this pattern. Days before, they had crossed the Continental Divide, and ventured onto a trail know as Sublette's Cut-off, with "a forty-mile desert to cross without water" (107). On June 27th, they safely reached the edge of the desert only to be confronted with steep, rocky bluffs, narrow gorges "filled with clouds of blinding dust" and another treacherous river crossing. Added to their difficulties were their dwindling numbers (now they were only three including the young boy Robert), and Ledyard's illness. Frink was the only healthy adult in terrain fraught with danger, and she writes that even her "guide-books did not cover this part of the route" (109).

An alarmed Margaret Frink approached another traveler, Mr. Redwine, who had taken this trail the previous year. Bewilderingly, Redwine claims that "he knew no more about the road than if he had never traveled it; that everything seemed new to him" (109). Frink finds herself in an adventure zone, where the unknown prevails to the degree that familiarity is not only absent but erased in Redwine's forgetting, creating a double, or weighted not-knowing.

In fashioning her narrative of such a chaotic scene, Frink offers the immediacy of a daily entry, its detail of hostile landscape, illness and isolation, and then contrasts it with two layers of retrospection: one inserted perhaps at day's end, and another which appears to have been added much later. In the first of these reflections, she reports that "the situation was a serious one. I was frightened at feeling we were almost helpless, a thousand miles from civilization" (108). A few paragraphs later she offers a deeper, broader stratum of recollection, writing that "Mr. Frink was still confined to his bed. The outlook for the future

became, for a time, quite dark and discouraging. . . . This was the darkest period of our whole journey" (109). Since the diary offers no other "darkest periods" and refers here to the entire journey, we must judge this the most remote of commentaries, one offered from the Frinks' settled Sacramento homestead. Such double resolutions mark the places in Frink's narrative where adventure has gained the strongest foothold, where the presence of what is risky and unknown requires the greatest control. These adventures would have little value if they were not placed into the hierarchy of an emerging national narrative about dwelling in frontier spaces. Frink's journal reveals how those who fashioned that narrative labored — through their versions and revisions of personal histories — to bring together domestic needs for harmony and resolution with the unruly elements of risk and chance that pervaded their frontier lives.

Other unmanageable situations promote this narrative shaping, as when in mid-August the Frinks' small party makes preparation to cross a forty mile expanse of desert. In days leading up to this event, rumors traveled along the trail and "were very distressing — animals dying without number, and people suffering from prolonged thirst" (135). At noon on the day before their own arrival at the desert's edge, the Frinks observe "a party of emigrants who were burying a man in the sand-hills, a most desolate place" (137). They decide to radically change their schedule of travel in the desert, resting more frequently, and traveling in cool night air. In the midst of this chaos and distress, Frink shapes the scene by tracing its summary as she writes that "the next morning we were to launch out into the dreadful desert, forty miles wide, with neither grass nor water on the way, and our horses ready to drop from fatigue and hunger" (137). This overview stabilizes the adventure at

hand, focusing on desert distress but offering the relief of its placement into a larger, orderly account. Two days later, Frink's diary is overwhelmed with descriptions of trouble for both man and animal. She reports that earlier miseries were in the desert "doubled and trebled," and, to counter the chaos, she explicates the trouble, remarking that "the fault lay, in many cases, with the emigrants themselves. They acted injudiciously. Their fears caused them to drive too fast, in order to get over quickly" (138-8). In the middle of this teeming and pitiful scene, the journal relays the immediacy of the adventure while offering a strategy to tame its most frightening manifestations. Scene and summary alternate in a narrative dialogue that brings the adventure home to the California settler while locating the origins of that homestead at the site of extreme adventure.

Frink's vivid catalogues also pattern her adventures west, through a simultaneous concentration and indexing of what was unexpected and new to her. From the start, she details wagon parties joined at river crossings and transformed into long columns as they made their way onto western trails. On May 20th, twenty-five miles from Fort Kearney, two migrant roads met, and Frink realized the magnitude of the exodus west. She writes, "it seemed to me that I had never seen so many human beings in all my life before" (85). Here were

> all conceivable kinds of conveyances. There was a cart drawn by two cows, a cart drawn by one ox, and a man on horseback drove along an ox packed with his provisions and blankets. There was a man with a hand cart, another with a wheelbarrow loaded with supplies. And we were not yet two hundred miles from the Missouri River. The journey was only fairly commenced. (87)

In the early months of their journey and opening pages of the narrative, such catalogues are subordinate to the larger and more orderly account of the Frinks' progress west, which included miles traveled, condition of supplies and animals, and style of trail life, all neatly summarized in Margaret's comment that they "adopted a plan which was very fashionable on the plains" (97). The Frinks had a "plan," and they were "fashionable." A few months later, however, those catalogues exert a dominant force in her narrative; they act to open the text to the advancing chaos and risk that the adventure narrative must confront. In August, for example, as they struggled with desert and rocky passages to California, the wildness of her descriptive catalogues inundates the journal:

> Horses, mules, and oxen, suffering from heat, thirst, and starvation, staggered along until they fell and died on every rod of the way. Both sides of the road for miles were lined with dead animals and abandoned wagons. Around them were strewed yokes, chains, harnesses, guns, tools, bedding, clothing, cooking-utensils, and many other articles, in utter confusion. The owners had left everything, except what provisions they could carry on their backs, and hurried on to save themselves. 138

Rather than simply measuring miles traveled, Frink now offers the measure of "dead animals" that marked "every step of the way . . . They lay so thick on the ground that the carcasses, if placed together, would have reached across many miles of that desert. The stench arising was continuous and terrible" (139). Broken wagons, their wheels "braced up with sticks, the hubs wound with wet rags," broken down animals with worn-away hoofs "ready to drop in their tracks," and faltering, "woe-begone, sorry-looking" people "with long hair and matted beards, in soiled and ragged clothes, covered with alkali dust" find in Frink's

catalogues a textual form to accommodate the extreme levels of unruliness and disorder in the scene (143-4). These catalogues break the narrative open and feature descriptions loaded with object and adjective, but which are notably lacking in linguistic elements of transition and relation, elements I would label "domestic" in their narrative role of harmonizing and resolving such scenes. These are indices without interaction where narrative momentum ceases and what is unexpected interrupts the textual progression of Frink's "toilsome journey that had its happy ending" (167). Her inventories of the unexpected and lists of losses mark the migrants' passage into adventure zones where "such as never was seen before" (144) is given a privileged voice.

Ultimately, the journal of this adventurer/family, these childless parents, these gold-seeker/settlers, reveals how vital writing was to their resolving the contradictions exacerbated by overland migration. The journal was intended to be the Frinks' straightforward record of an ambitious journey, just as their ocean-bound house was their vehicle of settlement on California shores. And as the wayward house became, with Margaret's repeated boasting, the emblem of the adventure they had undertaken, she and Ledyard's layering of their narrative with scene and summary, suspense and resolution, made the journal a site of their negotiation of home and highway. The narrative's concluding "Addenda: What Became of our Traveling Companions" serves to brings together participants in an event that tore apart family and community. That is, the text reunites what the family never could, once it had embarked upon its migratory course.

* * * *

Four years after Margaret Frink and William Manly crossed the continent, a single young woman, Rebecca Ketcham of Ithaca, New York joined a sheepherding company heading to the west coast. Along the way, she recorded her experiences and reflections in pencil, in a pasteboard notebook that is now in the collections of the Oregon Historical Society. Although Ketcham was vague about her motives for undertaking such a risky enterprise -- writing only that she had hopes of somehow "doing well in Oregon" (353) -- she was diligent in reporting her trail experiences and reflections about them. That is, Ketcham's detailed account of the journey illustrates more about her response to living on frontier trails than about any distant, domestic goal she might have harbored. Like the other accounts considered in this chapter, I believe the great value of Ketcham's journal lies more in its mediation of travel and settlement than in its realization of a preordained mission or its mapping and description of western routes pursued to reach that end.

Ketcham was probably a young adult when she traveled to Independence, Missouri to join Captain William Gray and twelve others traveling northwest to Fort Laramie, across the South Pass, onto the Oregon Trail. While the 500 sheep that Captain Gray guided successfully to the Columbia River drowned en mass when they reached Oregon, that overland migration initiated a career, family, and more travel for Rebecca Ketcham. Like so many overland diarists, Ketcham's migration to the west coast was part of an itinerant life that included other, less dramatic moves. Oregon records indicate that Ketcham very likely became a teacher, and that she married and settled in Clatsop County where, within five years, she was the mother of two sons. County and church records also suggest that she and her young family returned east before 1860, to settle in Kentucky.[11] Her diary consequently

narrates the maiden voyage of an adventurous life. Too often, such migration journals have been read as the travel story between two homes, a reading that separates domestic and adventurous aspects of pioneer life. Yet in the context of migrants' histories, these diaries are the narrative crossroads of those two modes of being, where adventure and domesticity intersect.

Ketcham's diary mingles three narrative strands: descriptions of the immediate scene of her company and its flocks; accounts of her extreme emotional oscillations which soar between fear and delight, rage and consolation; and a countering discourse in which she removes herself utterly from the volatile scene at hand, vowing to defer all judgment about the people and places she has encountered. The last of these, at once suspenseful and objective, is quite an abstract exercise for a young person adrift on the open plains with six hundred sheep, thirteen quarreling, sunburned shepherds, and thunderstorms of unimagined ferocity. Yet, Ketcham often turns to her diary for the express purpose of arresting her musings about "what now offends" among her companions, or about the value of western landscapes, of which she has her doubts. In fact, Ketcham's journal delineates a consciously textual site of suspense -- reminiscent of Margaret Frink's self-conscious "pioneer style" — and so marks the emerging textual realization of adventure in American travel writing.

Her journal's vivid engagement of the communal scene, as well as the affective patterning of dread and delight, and the outright resolve to suspend her assessments demonstrate the degree to which Rebecca Ketcham was able to create textual venues for adventure. These elements — immediacy, affective contrast, and suspense — textualize a larger cultural narrative where the trauma of a home forsaken and a life on the road give way

to a sense of mobile dwelling in which Ketcham finds herself "at home" in a wagon, or unexpectedly fearless, for example, as she nears dreaded, shifting river banks. Far from separating spheres of domesticity and adventure, Ketcham's journal illustrates how the two blend and accumulate. Such patterning is evident in themes that mingle throughout the journal: Ketcham's relations with the other members of the company; her descriptions of the landscape; and her blending of migrant, captive, tourist and explorer personas. Ultimately, the journal discloses how migration created "family" groups with powerful yet entirely volatile bonds. Ketcham's narrative also demonstrates how migrants developed an ambivalence about frontier lands, in which delight of untouched nature struggles with visions of its cultivation. And finally, she dramatizes how domestic goals pursued through adventurous means created multiple roles in which the migrant vacillates between wilderness captive and free-wheeling explorer of America's promising frontier.

Although Ketcham traveled for months through some of the continent's most dramatic landscapes, much of her diary centers on her daily interaction with other company members. I believe that her precise descriptions of campsites, of roles assumed and relations established, illustrate the degree to which she felt driven to negotiate a family-like community as she moved into rugged western lands. "When I think how far I am from all my friends" she pondered in her first diary entry, "and how much farther I am going, I almost wonder how I could have undertaken such an expedition. Still, I never feel the least desire to return. . . . I may be disappointed when I arrive in Oregon and regret ever having started--but I think I shall not. Hope is very strong with me" (249). Later entries describe how hope

was indeed shaken, yet her negotiation of a home-like setting, however mobile and changeable, clearly sustained the adventure to which she dedicated herself at the start.

Ketcham's early journal entries written near Independence, Missouri are attentive to the elaborate routines and hierarchies that were swiftly installed among company members and promptly unraveled by the adventure before them. Women oversee cooking and tentmaking as they await the arrival four weeks later of their leader William Gray. Ketcham assures herself that "the day's work is pretty regularly laid out now," with the men and boys moving out at 4:00 a.m., followed by ox teams, and finally the horse drawn wagons (256). These staggered departures were initiated to allow all divisions of the company to proceed at their different paces, with fair assurance that they would gather midday to rest, eat and find a camp for the night. But little time passed before the rigors of the adventure upset the smooth routine that Ketcham had so hoped would prevail. The chaos of river crossings, chilling thunderstorms, rumors of Indians, and lost or wandering members soon disrupted any orderly procession west. Another migrant band took advantage of river-crossing confusion to steal oxen from Ketcham's company on a day Rebecca finds herself riding alone through dark, drenching rain, sorely tried and bewildered. "Before I started," she writes, "I made up my mind to endure a great deal, to find heartless people, . . . I did not expect to see so much of selfishness and bad temper manifested on the journey, however. I had expected we would all cling together and to be one family, but we are anything else" (266).

Nevertheless, this "anything but" family persists in commanding Ketcham's keenest attention during the remainder of her trip, and its dispersal in Oregon Territory, at trail's end, is a source of marked anxiety for her. Sitting with her notebook after the day's travel,

Ketcham gazes over the landscape and campsite where "the sheep, horses and oxen are feeding around us, the wagons are drawn up near together, and the folks are sitting or lying around on the grass or finishing up the work and packing up the dishes" (263). New landscapes are important elements of that scene, as when she describes a new, lovely resting place, "near a beautiful little stream. The bluffs form nearly a half or perhaps a quarter of a circle on one side, the road on another, and a little raving on the other. These three form a triangle, our tents and wagons on one angle, the animals feeding over the rest" (263). Such passages pause the motion of migration and read like scenes of family farms, as on June 19th when she writes, "Mrs. Dix and daughters are in the tent washing the breakfast dishes and fixing up a little. George is about, in mischief if possible. John is watching those sheep that are on this side of the river. Mr. Godly and Henry are with those on the other side" (281). Ketcham draws the reader's gaze not only to the horizon -- to the rivers, valleys and mountains of the American west -- but also into the intimacies of camp relationships. There, Captain Gray argues frequently with the Godly family, the girl Camilla struggles to master horsemanship, and Ketcham reluctantly witnesses Gray's threats and abuse of the young men who care for the herd of sheep. This vacillating gaze — not with a homeward glance to Ithaca but to her immediate, make-shift family — negotiates a sense of home for Ketcham in adventurous terrain.

None of her fears of the natural western landscape — rattlesnakes, steep cliffs, Indians — match the anxiety Ketcham feels about members of her company. In early June she writes that "all the real difficulties of this journey so far are just nothing at all" compared to the small band of migrants who "have caused far more unhappiness than all the dangers

and difficulties of the way" (271). And although she describes herself as an outsider, one with "no interest in it except as a looker on," she remains exquisitely sensitive to company members' exchanges, which upon "hearing it as I do depresses my spirits very much. I try to keep quiet and say nothing, but a sudden impulse will often overcome me" (267, 380). Yet the shapes of family relations appear everywhere in the diary, and clearly helped Ketcham delay the inevitable realization that in Oregon she "shall be in a strange land without *one friend*" (378). About three months into the trip, and a month before their arrival in Oregon Territory, Ketcham considers her relations with the mature, female figure in the group, Mrs. Godly. Perhaps with Godly there could the promise of family relations in an Oregon home. But Mrs. Godly doesn't take an interest in Rebecca, so she turns instead to William Gray, who "may prove himself to be a valuable friend" even though he has "kept to himself" (378) much of the time. They were the bare shadow of family she clung to on the long journey, and the anxiety resulting from their loss suggests that longings for family intensified with the miles traveled. Ketcham clutched at even more rarified family relations, in the image of Gray and his distant (and unknown) family. When Ketcham writes that "I may find a friend in his wife. I shall try to keep up good courage and do *something*," her phrases proceed in an abstracting stream of thought, where family is recast as an ethereal "something" won by soaring ideals -- a heroic measure of courage -- rather than by an ordinary daily association (378). That is, Ketcham looks for the intimacy of family in an adventure which increasingly features only what is new and unknown, and her journal becomes the site where those two spheres merge.

Among all her traveling companions, both trail acquaintances and company members, Ketcham devotes most attention to William Gray, the tyrannical fontiersman/entrepreneur/ missionary who directed the company. In fact, her journal might well be read as the struggle of a woman to both embrace and yield to male authority in a migration experience that aggravates both impulses. The frontier held out new, liberating possibilities to Ketcham, even as its dangers and risks intensified her longings for the familiar -- and familial -- order represented by William Gray. The diary entries she consequently devotes to him, their passionate expressions pitching from gratitude to outrage, creates a strident, more extreme negotiation of individuality and family roles. That heightened affective component is produced by, and is the marker of, the large proportion of adventure present in this migratory scene.

Gray is the central figure of Ketcham's migratory world, a moving target in her negotiations of a frontier existence. She focuses upon Gray from start, assessing him as far from "the common man" working his way west, just as she is anything but an ordinary young woman following the expectations of her rural New York community. Gray "has had losses and disappointments" great enough to force most of his fellows to "give up in dispair, but his energy and perseverance do not fail in the least. He gets pretty cross once in a while, however--and who wouldn't?" (250). Ketcham knows that she would, and does; so William Gray emerges as a figure upon and against whom Ketcham can shape a western identity for herself.

Ketcham's journal is so loaded with unresolved contradictions about William Gray, that — beyond a general sense of his single-mindedness and abuses — he often slips out of

focus and is untenably portrayed as democratic despot, worldly missionary, and volatile but knowledgeable guide to western spaces. Ketcham's ambiguous portrait of him consequently reveals more about her own adaptations to a frontier existence than about William Gray. He leads the expedition, bearing the greatest risks for their successful crossing, yet he also assumes a good measure of domestic responsibility since he does most of the cooking (though spicing his pancakes with petty threats that if his culinary efforts are not met with company approval, they "would all know it") (275). He is a version of Melville's Ahab set to sheepherding. And while Captain Gray reigns over the pantry, Ketcham ranges over prairies, exploring its breathtaking landscapes or investigating migrant communities passing nearby. When Gray again takes up his position as ranking adventurer, as he frequently must in order to direct river crossings or locate precious firewood, Ketcham retreats into a domestic post, tending the tents or looking after laundry. This identity swop -- marked by the exhilaration of the adventurer and the subordination of the domestic worker -- acts as the vehicle for her oscillation of feelings about Gray, who in one moment is the tyrant holding everyone's money, and in the next is the scapegoat of grumbling company members who "ought to say more to Mr. Gray and not so much to each other about it. He likes to see anyone speak right up for themselves and be afraid of nobody" (276-7).

Ketcham also meditates upon Gray, the missionary/entrepreneur, in an effort to transport her religious practices into frontier space. She knows about his previous evangelical excursions west, in 1836 and 1838, noting that "it seems strange that Mr. Gray was once a missionary and, to all appearance filled with the missionary spirit, could become as worldly as he seems to be" (261). Ketcham longs for the respectable sabbath and evening

prayers that were abandoned soon after they launched onto the prairies, while Gray sees those customs as extravagant delays for travelers vulnerable to the elements and to Indian attack. For the captain, there is no place for the spiritual Good Shepherd in a commercial venture aimed at bringing the sheep to market. Gray tells Ketcham that he is "almost a monomaniac on the subject of getting on. He said anything that hindered made him cross as fury and ugly as Cain" (347). Yet the explosive zeal of Gray's commercial initiative never entirely eclipses Ketcham's vision of frontier and migratory life as accommodating the routines of a settled existence. In fact, her journal's musings about Gray's extreme maxims creates an arena in which she negotiates an improvisational version of the religious regimen she was forced to abandon. By August 14, for example, Ketcham notes that it is indeed "the Holy Sabboth, on which we ought to lay aside all earthly thoughts," yet "this morning I so entirely forgot the day I took my knitting and sat down to work, though I had been talking about the day and its observance not more than an hour before" (380). Adventure creates its own practical non-routine for the sheepherding company, transforming or suspending familiar rituals; and Ketcham negotiates that change through her habitual engagement with the intemperate Captain Gray.

Finally, Ketcham's portrayal of Gray as an erratic but learned trail guide acts as a vehicle through which she assembles an identity of one who can find her way in frontier terrain. In a landscape where hazy hope lingers with confusion and loneliness, where she often feels "all alone, not a friend near, it seems almost as though my heart would fail me" (267), Ketcham struggles to find her emotional bearings. On May 31st, for example, she writes, "How easily and strangely the feelings are affected. This morning my heart was light

as it has been since I started. We were in a beautiful spot and I enjoyed it all. Since then, though--'tis now only the middle of the afternoon--I have shed some of the bitterest tears I ever shed in my life" (264). A few days later she finds the chaos of camp "makes me feel very unhappy. Oh! It seems like a long time to look forward to three months in which all the enjoyment I have must be derived from within myself and what is passing around me" (267). But Ketcham does negotiate that tumult of feeling, in her journal's alternating patterns of anecdotes about William Gray's instability--his raging and abuse--with accounts of his knowledge of western trails. This figure of the defective or ignorant guide emerges regularly in American adventure texts — including William Manly's and Meriwether Lewis's as well as Francis Parkman's (in this study's final chapter)— as a device to negotiate the settling of American culture at the site of adventure. Lands are explored and mapped, and homesteads are settled while pioneer and migrant identities are created with the aid of guides who can launch but cannot accomplish those endeavors. The defective guide is the flawed narrator of adventure, and Ketcham's diary adds another portrait of that halting figure, with a decidedly domestic version appropriate to migration.

Considering how Gray's malice seemed to enlarge as the company approached the west coast, it is difficult to understand Ketcham's continuing--if not amplified--defense of the man. Her journal betrays no erotic attachment to him, in that she offers no personal description of, or musings about him beyond those associated with his authority as a frontiersman or as commander of their small community. Yet, considering the degree to which her search for stability and hopes for a new domestic scene are linked to Gray's familiarity with overland terrain, that allegiance is entirely understandable. Ketcham's

journal pays keen attention to places Gray recognizes, campsites he has chosen in years past, as well as the occasional trader or ferry operator he recognizes. These details assume an importance parallel to Ketcham's description of her own virgin experiences in the frontier. For example, Ketcham records their meetings with Andrew Dripps, captain of both of Gray's previous companies; Richard Grant, from Gray's days with the Hudson's Bay Company; and other French and Indian acquaintances who, although not named, are mentioned as associates of William Gray. These chance meetings with familiar frontiersmen act as supportive digressions, threads of historical context that give depth and equilibrium to Ketcham's tenuous, and otherwise linear, advance into unknown frontiers.

Although Ketcham feels her captain's neglect at dangerous river crossings, or in providing for her essential requirements of food and rest, or in his nonchalance when the women are surrounded at a ferry crossing by "a gang of drunken villans with no one to protect us" (358), she confesses that "Yes, with all his heartlessness and indifference to our company I would much rather get along with him through the journey than with any other one in the company" (359). She questions herself about that troubling attitude, and why she "always feel[s] inclined to side with men like him against everyone else" (352). Yet her journal relates that as settlement in these western spaces approaches, and unanswerable questions multiply--will she have "good friends in Oregon"? Will patience, cheer and hope sustain her? (374)--William Gray endures as a figure of consolation. Upon him she can project the confusion and disagreeableness she feels with full knowledge that he knows how to survive and even thrive. And ultimately, she can pity him, a feeling she never consciously indulges when considering her own distress. "I am sorry for the man anyway," she writes

during the last leg of their journey, for "he has a terrible temper to control, and with so much care on his mind, so much to irritate and vex him, I don't wonder he acts like a crazy man" (375). With Gray, Rebecca can negotiate the "wicked fears" she alludes to (374), fears of the great risks she was willing to abide in exchange for the new home she sought.

Despite the passionate tone of so many entries, Ketcham's narrative registers a conspicuous suspense of those emotions. At times, her diary reads like a world defined by escape from adventure, where writing translates the suspense she endures on the trail into a manageable domain of personal reflection. In her first entry, Ketcham claims that she writes to record "some of the incidents and adventures of my journey to Oregon" for "the benefit of those friends who may be interested in what I am doing and where I am going" (249). But by the first week of June, after the unexpected -- company antagonisms, rattlesnakes, exhaustion -- have become so much a part of her routine, Ketcham's motives for journal-keeping have clearly changed. On June 5th she writes that "what I write of those around me is only for my own eye. At some future time I would like to comepare my feelings on different occasions" (268). The suspension that develops and lingers in Ketcham's journal exemplifies the degree to which migrants internalized both the persona of adventuresome frontier reporter and that of domestic, back-home audience.

When Ketcham creates a consciously textual form for suspense, as she does in passages that follow June 5th, she imparts to adventure a narrative orderliness not feasible for the surprises and disruptions of her real life experiences on frontier trails. Of course, so much remains unresolved: emotions rage with little or no transition; the panorama of overlanders streaming across plains and rivers is clipped and circumscribed by a continuous

halting and starting of daily entries. Journal passages therefore retain chronology, but their wildly disparate tone and content continually betray the tenacious presence and urgency of Ketcham's adventure. Within this chaotic chronicle, she fashions a commanding, textual version of suspense which I believe provides the narrative equivalent of an actual domestic scene. In fact, when Ketcham writes in that suspension mode, her goal is frequently the invocation of "house" or "home." Her reluctance to pass judgment or to fix a point of view expands in passages following an entry on June 8th, where she suggests that the character of company members, and even character itself, cannot be evaluated on migrant trails. She writes, "I believe it will not do to judge of character on this journey as one would anywhere else. The incidents or circumstances here develope character as nothing else can, and if allowances are not made, we cannot come to correct decisions. At all events, I don't think I can understand Mr. Gray till I see him at home" (271). As the party advances into the muddy flats of Platte River forks, in a gesture that amounts to a blending of adventure and domestic loci, suspense becomes the vehicle of resolution. "In a wilderness where we cannot help ourselves, and in the power of seemingly the most arbitrary and heartless man I ever saw," Ketcham writes that she "will try and defer my judgment till I see him at his own house" since adventure's quixotic scenes are "a perfect excuse for any display of temper and tyrrany which he chooses to make" (280). She uses narrative to situate some future, longed-for resolution and home in a site of profound adventure. That is, home and adventure mingle in a text in which that contrariness remains permanently suspended.

Besides inner musings, Ketcham offers many detailed descriptions of the landscapes she passed through. From the river valleys and plains of mid-America to her arrival in

Oregon, the journal relates her amazement at the loveliness of the prairie's flora and the grandeur of the mountains to the west. Yet even in these passages, Ketcham frequently suspends assessment of their measure and value. I believe that arresting gesture is rooted in the uncertainty that dominates migration: adventure contradicts the action of creating home, and Ketcham's diary captures the migrant's ambivalent response to a landscape that holds both the promise of settlement and the exhilaration of travel. Ultimately, that conflict leads her to suspend appraisal of terrain that nevertheless elicits considerable awe and delight. She describes the mild, sunny prairies using domestic similes in which clearings seem like "large farms, with just enough timber left for fuel" (260). Yet the same landscape can be a troublesome, wild frontier, with "fearful" thunderstorms that rumble "till the whole space form east to west, from north to south, up to the sky seems filled with it" (260).

Ketcham occasionally speculates about settlement locations along the way, but the west's potential for daunting and potentially recreational tours restrains her musings, for settlement would bring an end to the adventurous excursions she contemplates -- with increasing frequency -- for her friends back in Ithaca. Ketcham's perspective of the prairies, for example, shifts from a domestic to an adventurous posture. "Before I came," she writes, "I tried often to imagine how a vast country would appear without a fence or a house or anything of the kind to be seen. Now I cannot bear to think of seeing it cut up with rail fences and rough, course things of that kind" (261). She writes of "a refining and ennobling influence" of these lovely landscapes -- sentiments that portend home and community building -- while speculating that the frontier adventures at hand become "the perfect excuse" for reckless, rude behavior (261, 280). Travel and settlement merge as the journey and

journal progress: Ketcham longs to join Oregon settlements, yet she wishes simultaneously to indulge her fascination with the frontier, in her "desire to go over it again." She ponders that "if I was only on horseback and had someone with me in whom I had confidence so that I could go to any point from which I wished to have a view, I should like it very much" (353). Although we don't know the route she took eastward with her family a few years later, Ketcham did indeed set out again, extending the pattern of travel and settlement that she had shaped in her narrative during the trek to Oregon.

Finally, the journal illustrates how Ketcham suspends her own identity by its dissembling into contrary adventurous personae. Rebecca the lonely migrant gives way to a vision of a young female explorer, and the settler occasionally becomes the captive. At the start, Ketcham manifests much of the dread, hope and homesickness that mark so many migrant diaries. On June 12th she writes that "I cannot help at times looking forward with much dread to the rest of our journey" although three more months of travel lay before her (275). Still, she often rekindles hope and a sense of well-being along the trail, finding on September 4th, for example, that "the valley we now are in is most beautiful" and "seeing these [trees] really give me a sort of home feeling" (397). And like many migrants, Ketcham is homesick for friends and scenes that comfort. The company's interludes of rest and refreshment give her "more time than usual to think of home and friends. How little any of them know how much I want to see them!" (367). Ketcham regularly writes that although sensitive to the dispiriting mood of her company, she "was not in the least homesick; neither did I feel the least regret at having undertaken this journey" (266). Yet those frequent protestations belie the pain she occasionally allows to find voice in her journal, as when she

confesses to feeling "all alone, not a friend near, it seems almost as though my heart would fail me" (267).

But Ketcham's migrant identity is complicated by others in which she figures as tourist, captive, and an occasional explorer. These shifting identities are generated by the collision of domestic goals with adventurous means, and heightened, I believe, by Ketcham's sense that she is an outsider within her traveling company. She insists, for example, that she has "no interest in [the group] except as a looker on" (267), an opinion she tenaciously affirms a week later when she reports another conflict in company ranks. She reports that "I don't know what is to come of it. At any rate, it is not very pleasent for those not interested" (274). Two months later, in mid-August, we find Ketcham still clinging to her status as observer when more "hard words" divide the shepherds. "Even though I am not particularly interested in the quarrels of the company," insists Ketcham, "yet hearing it as I do depresses my spirits very much" (380).

Her insistence upon outsider status may be self-deluding, but it does free her to indulge and narrate other adventurous identities, most notably, captive, tourist and explorer. These figures, in turn, complicate and suspend any unified sense of migrant identity since they develop disparate points of view about the overland journey. The captive Ketcham, for example, perceives the migration as a confinement in which she is forced to dwell in extreme difficulty. In this mode, she views members of the company as hostile and suspicious, and her daily chores figure as the obedience exacted if she is to survive. Frontier spaces -- which in a different medium would seem loaded with recreational potential -- are either strange or uncomfortable.

As she travels, Ketcham's feeling of confinement mingles with a growing awareness that the continent's interior could make for fine tourism. In June, she writes that "this might be a delightful trip if the company was right with us, with no sheep or cattle to take care of" (285). At Independence Rock, the urge to indulge in a more accommodating style of travel escalates when Captain Gray's strict schedule denies Ketcham a hike to that curious landmark. In fact, her sense of confinement in Gray's meager regiment makes sightseeing all the more desirable, as is implied in her regrets that she did not "jump right out and start alone. I cannot get over it. Oh! I am so sorry" (349). Accounts such as Ketcham's suggest that American tourism might well be informed by national narratives of captivity as well as those of migration. The massive westward movements of the mid-nineteenth century surely promoted recreational expeditions into frontier spaces, as is evident in Manly's depiction of Death Valley as a goal for ambitious adventurers, or in Frink's self-conscious adoption of "pioneer style" in a move allegedly governed only by generic pragmatism. For all their migratory soberness, these travelers advocate a frontier playground, and a style of play suitable to its rigors. The nation's captivity narratives complement and promote such a style of adventure, since captivity offers a version of domesticity -- a sense of dwelling -- that is itself infused with a high proportion of chance, danger and the unknown.

At the Rocky Mountains, Ketcham craves the grand views of "Fremont or Kit Carson," her journal mingling emblems of exploration with the delights of recreational touring, both of which seem possible if she were only "so situated that [she] could spend the time and have the protection necessary to climb to the tops" (349). At a mountain gap, Ketcham looks upon "a perfect multitude of emigrants" clustered in valleys below, her view

prompting a desire for recreation, not settlement. "How dearly I would love to go with a party just for an excursion, with a guide familiar with all the country and plenty of time to see all" (350). Indeed, migration sometime seems, in Ketcham's rendering, to be tourism burdened with domestic concerns, a telling indication of the degree to which adventure has encroached upon her notion of domesticity. In late July she writes, "Oh, the Rocky Mountains! It is no laughing matter to cross them, though it might be very pleasant under some circumstances, and it is pleasant now in spite of all the difficulties we have" (363-4). Here, the pleasures of tourism surpass the distress of a migration now permeated with adventure's appeal.

A grim sense of captivity occasionally casts its shadow over and complicates Ketcham's recreational touring. Her diary illustrates how the domestic adventure of captivity extended into migration and found a permanent home in its narratives. A tone of entrapment pervades sections of Ketcham's journal, even as she delights in vast western landscapes and entertains hopes for her new life as frontierswoman. By mid-June, William Gray's tyranny flares in the face of the company's needs for good water and healthy food. Gray severely restricts Ketcham's meals after she, like many others, complains of diarrhea. Like her companions, Ketcham is fearful of expressing her discomfort, although she writes that she had "never before been where I had no choice as to what I could eat, not the privilege of saying what I would like. A pretty dear passage across the Rocky Mountains I call it" (280). Captivity amplifies in Ketcham's journal as she reports how Gray holds everyone's money, measures and prepares virtually all the food during their journey, and dictates the most punishing of schedules for their travel. Ketcham's liberties are increasingly frustrated in

July, even as she expresses a dreamy exhilaration in the mountain terrain. She writes, "I wonder if I am really up so high above those I left behind, travelling along a beautiful level road on the top of the Rock Mountains" (355). She revels in the wildlife that day, noting the elegant motion of antelope and deer: "how beautifully they skim over the ground! I never saw anything so graceful," and delights in the personal resourcefulness that brought her into range of the more formidable "wolves and grizly bears" whose terrain she prides herself in sharing, as they "are no rarity at all" (355). But there is a chilling strain of imprisonment in these mid-summer journal entries, as when the company stops at Fort Laramie, a much anticipated relay station for both sending and receiving mail. Gray breaks his promise that he will send back someone from the company to make those exchanges while they proceed past Fort Laramie to locate an acceptable camp site. All are disappointed, and while suspicion grows, rumors circulate that Gray "designed on his part to prevent the news of his conduct going back to Ithaca. Indeed, he said the day [we] were at the Fort we might all write home as bad as we could, and then see how much ashamed of it we would be when we arrived in Oregon. I thought it was very evident he was troubled" (340).

The anxiety of captivity colors the rest of this day's entry -- one of the longest in the diary -- as Ketcham returns to the sensitive issue of maintaining family ties through the fragile vehicle of frontier mail service. She speculates that cunning and ill fortune have frustrated her desires for some loving word from home. Other company members ultimately do receive letters at the fort, but Ketcham is heartbroken when she learns that letters *did* arrive addressed to her, but that "the Chaplain at the Fort knew a person of that name [hers] in Pittsburgh, and insisted upon having them mailed for that place, so I of course did not get

them. If ever there was too much for poor human nature to bear good-naturedly, I think that was" (342). Anticipating but finding herself denied precious messages from home and family, Ketcham is stunned -- much like Meriwether Lewis was as he crossed paths with Indians who were taking a pleasure trip in the same terrain where he struggled to survive! -- by the juxtaposition of comfort with adventure's considerable loneliness and chance.

From that day forward, Ketcham broods over the seemingly mounting evidence that she and the others are trapped. She makes note of those who are denied meals when Captain Gray decides to step up his brutal pace. And his abuses escalate, to the end that company members must beg food from other parties on the road. Ketcham frequently portrays Gray as a prison guard, with whom "every mouthful is watched and measured, and there is continual talk about starvation if we do not eat less, and it is only once in a while that we have anything cooked in a manner fit to eat" (343-4). This mingling of a captive's trauma with expressions of a free spirited traveler demonstrates how overland migration brought together the most disparate of adventure experiences. Pioneer, explorer, captive and migrant personae converge in Ketcham's narrative to create a hybrid frontier identity which promotes, simultaneously, settlement *and* adventure. On July 6th, for example, having "not been really homesick" but suffering with "the blues pretty bad," Ketcham writes, "Glad, glad shall I be when this journey is ended. How little I knew what a risk I was running when I started!" (340). Yet, on the 14th, she writes of "how dearly I would love to go with a party just for an excursion" through this same terrain (350). Domestic and adventurous goals bear upon one another here, creating a pattern in which the migrant seeks out a new frontier home that will, in turn, promote her further travels.

Ketcham's narrative innovation of an adventurer/settler cannot, however, contain the unruliness that chance, risk and change unleash in her text. As the narrative's captivity motif enlarges, the affective tone of the journal swings widely and swiftly between delight and despair. The authoritative voice of a journalist's early entries is now undone by the disruptions -- suspense and contrariness -- that mark adventure's presence in text. The reader begins to suspect that Ketcham has lost cognizance about the true state of her affairs in the traveling company, to the degree that the one can no longer "trust" her daily reports. Is she really trapped? Why, then, the delight in roaming the countryside? Is this confusion a form of exhaustion or disorientation? Why, then, the high spirits and detailed plans about new adventures? Those voices of adventure -- explorer, captive, recreational traveler -- that Ketcham employs to narrate and thereby manage the volatile mission she has undertaken ultimately mix together, extending metatextually the contrariness that marks her effort to depict the abiding chance and risk of life on the trail.

"It is hoped that we will not be *permanently* changed" (Myers, 127). Helen Carpenter, another overlander of the mid-nineteenth century, wrote those words during the long journey west to California. Carpenter had sensed a change in herself and the others as they settled into life on the trail. Graves of fellow migrants, previously visited out of respect but otherwise avoided, were now the clearings in which Carpenter camped and prepared her meals. She described this alteration as a "growing indifference" and loss of "sentiment" (125), which culminated, she feared, in permanent changes in the migrants. Like Carpenter, the three narrators considered in this chapter wrote for conservative purposes--to establish continuity in personal and family histories, to advise and direct others who might soon be

adrift on western prairies. Yet their narratives invariably open a portal to the workings and effects of adventure in American domestic life. Although they did not use the term "permanent change," the journalists considered here produced narratives illustrating that oxymoron, so reluctantly acknowledged by Helen Carpenter. When Manly returned to the families in Death Valley, the reunion in that desert camp bore, simultaneously, the permanency of a homecoming and the contingency of a traumatic adventure. In a less agonized binding of the familiar with the foreign, Margaret Frink mobilized both the homey trappings of her Cincinnati dwelling, and her newly acquired "pioneer" persona. The results were a family of adventurers defined by their domestic goals, or, conversely, a domestic scene defined by its adventurous plots. And Rebecca Ketcham registered a similar chiasmus of domestic stability with adventure when she found herself quite comfortably at home on road. "Much anxiety and dread" and a sense of being "entirely unprotected" came only after reaching her trail's end (400). In negotiating domestic comforts with adventurous undertakings, these migrants generated narratives grounded in a scrimmage between dwelling and daring. Such mediation produced narratives that, for all their comforting endings, record disquieting images such as Helen Carpenter settling down to dinner on a fellow migrant's grave. William Manly, Rebecca Ketcham, Margaret Frink, and many others promoted a legacy in which substantial family histories were shaped by the tenacious presence of chance and risk, a legacy at the heart of descendent Helen Carter's rendering of home as "going--delayed."

Notes

1. Carter's poem was published in a 1941 collection of stories, articles and poetry entitled *Pen Points: In Commemoration of the Twenty-first Anniversary of the Panhandle Pen Women.* The organization, founded by six women in 1920 in Amarillo, Texas, published a quarterly journal from 1922 to 1926, and sponsored literary gatherings and writing courses. The 1941 collection celebrates the Pen Women's promotion of women's literary activities in the region, including library building and playwriting, as well as its support for the Women's Club Room in Amarillo's Municipal Auditorium. In recent years, the organization welcomed men into its membership, and *PPW* became Panhandle Professional Writers.

2. See, for example, the discussion in the 1995 film documentary, *In Search of the Oregon Trail* (produced by Nebraska ETV Network, Oregon Public Broadcasting and the Oregon Historical Society), which investigates the "several different stories" of this migration and assigns a geographic site to each. Such geographic demarcations do little to illuminate the mix of family and adventure stories in the three accounts considered here. In his recent history of the American west, *It's Your Misfortune and None of My Own*, Richard White acknowledges the variety of motives for migrations west (gold, farmland, freedom from religious and political persecution, and a notable restlessness in a broad stratum of the population, both native and foreign born) but distinguishes the community builder type of Oregon migrant (families, farmers) from the "modern" enterprising goldseeker out "to accumulate property" (192-3). I believe White finds this latter type "hardest to label and distinguish" because of the nagging reality that these migrations, however exploitive and nomadic, did indeed fashion a version of home at the site of their adventures. Too often those domestic formulations have been perceived as "self-deceptions," as historian John Mack Faragher labeled them (160), since they did not superficially resemble traditional, eastern family settlements. Domestic innovations have been overlooked in the goldfields in the same descriptive exercise that diminishes the significant portion of adventure in what have become overstabilized versions of family migrations. Similarly, Stephen Fender contrasts the family enterprise that settled the Midwest with the forty-niners' expedition into the frontier undertaken "for fun, for adventure, for relief from an existence that was not so much economically depressed as simply boring, or emotionally cramped" (61-2). His suggestion that "the best way to understand the forty-niners may be to think of them as men on a kind of vacation from Protestant communities" (61) places migration adventures in an ahistorical scene, a place of innocence that, as Michael Nerlich notes, "doesn't have anything to do with real adventure," which ideology is far from any "glorification of adventure as noninterested, antisocial activity" (xxiii).

3. In her *Diaries of the Westward Journey*, for example, Lillian Schlissel's method was to "separate out of the diaries those writings that pertained to the 'woman's sphere'" (12) in order to demonstrate how "women were the shapers of family" on trails west (12). Schlissel argued that the journey for men was mythic and heroic while for women it was "anti-mythic"

and "some kind of outrageous folly" they were compelled to accommodate (14). Considering the movement -- physical, mental, emotional -- intrinsic to these migrations, Schlissel's seems an oddly static paradigm in which gendered "opposite visions" sat "side by side on the wagon seat," and "stared at the endless road" (16). See, also, John Mack Faragher's *Women and Men on the Overland Trail*, 1979, for his portrayal of a markedly segregated life on homesteads and trails, in which women clung to roles and activities "distinctively feminine and separate from men" (171). In her introduction to the 1996 edition of *Covered Wagon Women*, edited by Kenneth L. Holmes, Schlissel comments that "we were perhaps too eager to see that the idea of 'separate sphere' or the 'cult of domesticity' answered for all the evidence before us" (x). My study seeks to show, however, that until we look at the dynamic interplay of dwelling with adventure, we continue to fall into such rhetorical traps. As historian Jeanne Boydston argues, the model of opposing spheres is itself a metaphor which "too easily serves as description" (xv). And, pressed into the service of such a scheme, migration continues to throw out puzzles that elicit both vague, pluralistic readings -- as with Schlissel's "many different eyes"/ "many different people" summing up -- and simultaneously rigid, circumscribed portrayals in which migration journeys figure as a peculiar, suspended moment where women "took up the chores and the authority of their men . . . and then relinquished that authority" at trail's end (Schlissel, xi). Similarly, Susan Roberson's recent (1998) study of women's migration narratives develops this same amorphous but fixed scheme in which "some women felt liberated from the confines of conventionality" while "some women reverted back into a cult of domesticity" (231). I hope to show through the narratives considered here that adventure, although troublesome, was not separate from an American sense of home, nor was domesticity absent from the wild events of an unruly migration adventure like the gold rush of 1849.

4. Besides L. Burr Belden's 1954 collection of Death Valley accounts, which include the 1884 letter quoted here from Manly to the *Inyo Independent* newspaper, other Death Valley historians, such as Edward Leroy and Jean Johnson, confirm Manly's rich but reluctant contribution to pioneer lore. In their compilation, *Escape from Death Valley as told by William Lewis Manly and Other '49ers*, Leroy and Johnson recount how a professor of history at the University of the Pacific (San Jose) entreated Manly, shortly after his memoir was published, to address a class about his overland adventures. Professor Hunt remarked that, unlike other pioneers "who seemed to thrive on their own loquacity," Manly "trembled" at the task, "and his whole body was agitated" by the recounting of his personal experiences (48). As both '49er and pioneer, Manly emerges in this university classroom as a living emblem of American migration's uneasy mingling of painful trauma and prideful settlement.

5. Fender's discussion of "twin polarities of American unease" in narrative, "the fear of underplotting and the surfeit of overplotting" find a parallel in my identifying migration narratives' dialectical engagement of adventure with domesticity (12). Domesticity's co-relatives in narrative are familiarity and resolution, while adventure's analogue would surely be suspense or languages of the ineffable. Fender engages a complementary dialogue when he poses the migrant/narrators' problem as the question of "how to make an epic out of an

experience so commonplace as to be replicated by thousands of other parties so visibly traveling the same route at the same time" (13).

6. Manly's narrative is not unique in its vague articulation of motive for this ambitious overland crossing. The same question lingers about the other narratives considered here, as well as in cases of thousands of other migrant journals. Margaret and Ledyard Frink, although successful small business people in Cincinnati, were somehow "not yet satisfied" (59), and Rebecca Ketcham writes only that she had hopes of "doing well in Oregon" (353), although her possession of resources necessary to make the journey and her numerous mention of friends and/or family members suggest that she had done well in Ithaca. Explanations for these mid-nineteenth century overland migration have too often turned upon themselves, as when scholars and historians -- finding that economic, political or epidemic disease motives were not the entire, or even the essential inducement -- offer arguments that migrants were restless to set out because they were restless people. I would suggest that Americans' notions of home were impressed with varying degrees of adventure's elements of chance, risk and the unknown, and the greater the proportion of adventure, the more easily set adrift was the domestic site. Stephen Fender acknowledges the forces of domesticity and adventure (although not their intermingling) when he argues that the adventure of settling the Midwest created a corresponding sense of confinement after the job was done, and spurred migrants on to new adventures, away from a Midwestern domestic scene (60-1). I would argue, however, that overland migration was not launched because home was suddenly too confining, but quite the contrary. The notion of home was now charged with and at the service of adventure, as I believe these journals and memoirs reveal. Geographer Julian Wolpert also presses for a more dynamic understanding of the relationship between dwelling and moving, one that views migration as not "merely a direct response or reaction to the objective economic circumstances which might be incorporated," but rather, an "adaptation to perceived changes in environment, a recognition of marginality with respect to a stationary position, and a flow reflecting an appraisal by a potential migrant of his present site as opposed to a number of other potential sites" (371). By focusing externally, upon national issues of economics and land, migrants avoided articulating any destabilizing aspects of their carefully guarded senses of what was "home," even though I believe their writings reveal domestic designs that engage a notable proportion of adventure.

7. The farm horses and cattle that dominate migration narratives are not, as Tompkins notes, the star animal attraction of twentieth-century western film and literature, which instead feature horses "charging in to town, charging out of town, outlined on high mesas looking into the distance, coming at you at a gallop pulling a fleeing stagecoach" (93). The thundering horses of twentieth-century western literature and film appear to serve as a marker of overland migration's nearly total transformation into adventure tale after the close of the frontier. Portrayals of domestic animals in overland narratives, as in Manly's and the other texts considered here, revive and populate the domestic errand of overlanders.

8. John Haney Rogers, a six-foot two-inch butcher from Tennessee, joined the migration west as a wagon driver, and after trying his luck in the mines, worked the rest of his life as

a carpenter, mechanic and threshing machine operator, according to Leroy and Johnson (48-9). Rogers did publish a brief, bare-bones account in the form of a letter to the *Merced Star* newspaper on April 26, 1884, perhaps (according to Leroy and Johnson) as a result of newspaper promotions of Manly's book around that time. In that letter, Rogers limits his narrative to "only part" of his story, since "it would be entirely too long if given in full" (Leroy and Johnson, 149). He is similarly terse in his depiction of lingering memories of the sick and failing children he carried out of Death Valley, memories that mark the terrain of his new California home. That is, he mentions only that he and the other men "packed the two babies . . . on our backs" and that Santa Cruz is noteworthy since "the boy I packed is there yet" (153-4).

9. Women were indeed much hardier than overlanders or their descendants imagined. Looking at mortality figures in two of the most traumatic overland migrations, anthropologist Donald K. Grayson found that in the case of the Donner party, "nearly twice as many men as women died," and for the Willie Handcart Company, a Mormon immigrant group traveling from Iowa City to Salt Lake City in 1856, "the mortality ratio for men to women was 2 to 1" among adults under forty. Grayson cites biological reasons for the disparity, noting that women were smaller and required less food, as well as having a higher proportion of body fat insulation. Christine Szuter, an archeologist from Arizona, suggests that "cultural factors like work patterns," by which men labored at more strenuous and dangerous tasks, are more relevant in explaining these women's longevity (Grayson and Szuter, in Brody). It is interesting to note how migration's disruption prompted traditional perspectives about women's fitness for the journey, even as it promoted the realization that women were quite capable of surviving the worst ordeals of the adventure.

10. According to Richard White, "between 1849 and 1902 there were at least 210 vigilante movements in the American West." White argues that these self-appointed legal arbiters "did not reject the duties and procedures" of law enforcement officials so much as "they mimicked them" in both their make-up (directed by the community elite, with rank and file from the middle classes and victims from the lowest social levels) and in their operations (capture, "trial" and, most often, hanging). A narrow class of those whom White and other historians refer to as "badmen" inhabited mining areas (firearms were far more plentiful in mining camps than in other frontier communities) but White claims that they "excited little alarm" since they were often "willing combatants" of one another. Yet, when badmen threatened the more vulnerable members of the community, vigilantes often mobilized, since community law enforcement was considered too "inefficient and expensive" to settle the matter and restore security (White, 332-4). As the Miners and Settlers Convention of 1852 demonstrates, miners saw themselves as solid citizens, more threatened by the arrival of speculators than of outlaws. As David Goodman points out (quoting Convention proceedings), a claimholder viewed himself as the "real and actual miner" abused by "the spirit of speculation" of a potential "mining aristocracy" (55). Alternative law enforcement orders, such as Manly's "free country court" and vigilante groups, also provide evidence of the anxiety examined in Patricia Limerick's study of western language, in which she notes that "when mining law awarded ownership of all the 'angles, dips, spurs, and variations' of

a vein to the person who claimed the 'apex' of that vein, lawyers took on the trying task of translating a verbal construction into a geological reality" (181). In the face of these necessary innovations, miner/settlers such as Manly fashioned alternatives to ease their efforts in ordering a domestic scene in a land of speculation.

11. Information about Rebecca Ketcham's life is scarce, although the editors of the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* were able to confirm that she married Finis E. Milles in July, 1855 and gave birth to two sons before moving to Kentucky with her husband.

III.

Nineteenth-Century Travel Writing and the Adventure of the Text

> A map of the world, which I once showed them, kept their attention for hours; those who knew how to read pointing out the places and referring to me for the distances. I remember being much amused with a question which Hope asked me. Pointing to the large irregular place which is always left blank round the poles, to denote that it is undiscovered, he looked up and asked-- "*Pau?*" (Done? ended?).
>
> *Two Years Before the Mast,*
> Richard H. Dana, Jr.

Out of the dust, duty, and fatigue recounted in the journals of mid- and late-nineteenth century overlanders such as Margaret Frink, Rebecca Ketcham, and many who came before and after them, we find traces of another stratum of adventure that is distinctly textual and symbolic. Frink occasionally notes that she prefers to do things as is "fashionable on the plains" (49), whether it is drinking from tin or heeding the "pioneer style" of cooking by exchanging the bake stove for a hole in the ground. Midway through Ketcham's diary, she, too, gives voice to that form of adventure, as she fantasizes a tailor-made tour for herself and friends. It would be one free of migration's heavy dose of toil, William Gray's tyranny, and would yield to her choice company of friends a leisurely exploration of hot springs, undulating prairies and breathtaking mountain landscapes. Here, the migration account gives way to the more spacious and recreational adventure which is the subject of the third section of this study, an adventure that I will argue is increasingly textual in nature. Travel writing's conscious stylization, and consequent production of American frontier characters, mark the

maturity of American empire as surely as wonder (according to Wayne Franklin) or stress (according to Bruce Greenfield) were measures of its nascence.[1]

The texts analyzed in this chapter feature narrators who seem at home in travel discourse itself, regardless of the adversities they encountered in their actual journeys. They were clearly not any more comfortable in those voyages than explorer Meriwether Lewis or migrant Margaret Frink had been. Yet, Richard Henry Dana and Francis Parkman, the writers considered here, turned the tables on adventure, and privileged the narrator as traveler, rather than traveler as narrator. That is, they were as intent upon generating narrative out of their adventures as they were determined to make their escape from Boston.[2] In their efforts to simultaneously promote and resolve adventurism, they produced texts whose contrary features mark adventure's presence in narrative. Here, aspects of exploration, captivity, and migration mingle in the more commodious form of modern travel writing. The results are chronicles of individual experience that nevertheless engender all three narrative voices; texts that feature a high proportion of risk and danger, eagerly engaged by Bostonian gentlemen who are fragile travelers but robust narrators; and texts which attempt closure, only to be undermined by the suspension and resistance that adventure brings to narrative.

The blending of adventure voices make these narratives the most accessible of the texts considered here. The rich patterning of those historical voices constructs a textual arena in which to project and thereby manage the large proportion of chance, risk and the unknown that is a part of American domestic identity. They present the more fully informed "prepared accident" of Meriwether Lewis that is a staple of twentieth-century American narrative, whether in the "road books" of Theodore Dreiser and Jack Kerouac, or the

westerns of John Ford and Louis L'Amour. As an academic internet conversation about "frontier" recently demonstrated,[3] for example, that notorious site of adventure possesses remarkable tenacity in contemporary culture, even though *frontier* is an elusive and reified concept, now as suspect as it was once glorified.

In generating texts out of their adventures, Richard Henry Dana and Francis Parkman in effect brought sea and prairie frontiers home at a time when actual geographic borderlands dwindled in the face of advancing settlement. Their narrative enterprises, like their journeys, juxtapose one voice with another, one type of narrative inscription with another, as Dana did in writing the scene which begins this essay, wherein a traveler's prose about reading maps leads to blank pages; where a partially understood language remains suspended in a question -- "Done? Ended?" -- like the line on the map that is "always left blank round the poles, to denote that it is undiscovered" (208).

In his commentary about the two narratives considered in this chapter, Richard Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* and Francis Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*, Daniel Aaron argues that they are an anomalous pair, examples of "a vague and shifting genre lying somewhere between the plain factual narrative (for example, the five volume report of a United States Exploring expedition. . .) and narrative purported factual but wafting off into fiction and fantasy" (115). Such a classification of these texts -- as links to other genres -- does little to illuminate their significant influence upon both travel writers and novelists. I propose instead to examine the narrative patterns they imposed upon their extreme adventures and in that exercise to suggest that in the nomenclature of travel and adventure,

these chronicles are cardinal examples of how adventure settles into American personal narratives and literature.

Of the two adventures narratives considered in this chapter, Dana's is perhaps most startling for its juxtaposition of an adventure's circumscribed purpose with its narrative's capacious development. Dana recounts an ambitious sailing voyage undertaken to relieve and restore his failing eyesight. His recuperative journey might have been a tale pitching from monotony and boredom to danger, brute labor, and exhaustion, which Dana notes is the life of most of his fellow sailors. Instead, through a blend of narrative voices, he generated an history packed with dramatic scenes, geographic and sociological descriptions, and private contemplations. The rigid hierarchy onboard his ship, its daily routine, and the wearisome toil attendant to the vessel's commercial trade operate as an austere background to an elaborate tale of one who is at once migrant, captive, and explorer.

Dana's mix of adventure types illustrates the degree to which the nation's commodious travel narratives became an emblem of its immense geography and diverse frontier enterprises. The significance of frontier is obvious in both the popularity of narratives such as Dana's, and also in the urgency with which, for example, Dana's chronicle addresses social and political questions of his day.[4] His celebrated personal explorations to the Pacific coast mingle with the narrative's chronicle of a migrant community, a mix that is further complicated by the intonations of captivity which shade and shape both his explorer and migrant identities. I believe these compound voices account for the diverse readings Dana's narrative has received. William Spengemann, for example, considers this narrative to be the cardinal illustration of travel's ultimate internalization in the American character,

embodying "a movement of the narrator toward the experiential center of his narrative," in which "Dana describes the traveler's increasing susceptibility to the experiences of travel" (38). On the other hand, Thomas Philbrick designates the narrative as an "authentic captivity" which is "an account not of change, but of resistance to change," and where "degradation, boredom and violence" prevail (26, 29).[5] Is this a narrative of personal transformation, as Spengemann suggests, or a text illustrating the author's staunch resistance to adventure's influence? The answer lies, I believe, in recognizing Dana's accommodations to both exploration and captivity in the text's dialectical motion: Dana's confinement creates a context for his explorations, and, at the same time, his adventures relieve the prison-like atmosphere that prevails onboard the *Pilgrim*.

In *Two Years Before the Mast*, Dana portrays a mobile community of men, the intimacies and strains that develop within that community, and the sea and landscapes through which they travel. Within these arenas, Dana gives explicit voice to the migrant, explorer and captive who I believe inhabit the emerging travel writing genre of his day. Finally, those voices merge into metatextual formulations in which the boundary between home and away becomes permeable to narrative designs.

Dana set out to sea from Boston on August 14, 1834 on the small brig *Pilgrim* with its modest crew of three officers, a carpenter, a steward, a cook, five experienced seaman, and (including Dana) four inexperienced hands. Suffering with a painful eye condition following a bout of measles, Dana decided to make the long voyage for the stated purpose of restoring his vision (but privately longing, also, to indulge a love of adventure and seafaring).[6] Dana was offended by idleness and easy comforts, yet the *Pilgrim* was an

especially austere choice for even a veteran sailor or voyager accustomed to extended sea travel. As Philbrick notes in his contemporary introduction to the narrative, the ship, "at 180 tons burden and 86 feet in length, was an uncomfortably small vessel for a long voyage, more cramped, less stable, and shorter-handed than most Cape Horners" (11). The *Pilgrim* was commissioned to sail around Cape Horn to California and engage the cowhide trade along the Pacific coast before returning to Boston, although Dana was fortunate enough to change ships mid-journey. He returned home in September, 1835 aboard the more comfortable, spacious *Alert*, which, together with the *Pilgrim* and a cluster of barren campsites along the West Coast, comprise nearly all the habitats portrayed in his narrative.

Dichotomies emerging early in the narrative illustrate the underlying negotiation of domesticity and adventure that I have noted in exploration and migration literature, a skirmish that generates Dana's blending of migration, exploration and captivity discourses. Comfort accompanies trauma; authorities both regulate and ravage frontier enterprise; class distinctions are simultaneously acknowledged by the men and mocked by the extreme circumstances of their travel and work. The *Pilgrim's* Captain Francis Thompson voices those contradictions in his welcoming words to the crew, offering two versions of the enterprise that lies ahead of them. Thompson introduces himself, "walking the quarter deck with a cigar in his mouth, and dropping the words out between the puffs." His remarks are little more than a promise of both a "comfortable time" or a tour resembling "hell afloat," depending upon the men's obedience (43). He proposes that the crew will find him to be either "clever" or a "*bloody* rascal" (43), and Dana broods soon after that "a sailor's life is at best but a mixture of a little good with much evil, and a little pleasure with much pain.

The beautiful is linked with the revolting, the sublime with the common-place, and the solemn with the ludicrous" (78). Once the ship moves onto open seas, Dana notes a similar schism in the effects of social class that linger and surface among the company. When first aboard the *Pilgrim*, Dana maintains separate quarters, along with another gentleman sailor. But the two soon move from steerage into the forecastle with the rest of the men, where class distinctions are, simultaneously, the customary and absurd trappings of their seafaring experiences. Contrary aspects criss-cross in Dana's hybrid identity as both captive and freeman, sailor and gentleman, wherein Dana is free to assume the role of abused sailor, or forced to acknowledge himself as a man of privilege. Dana expresses the two gentlemen's feeling "like sailors, which we never fully did when we were in the steerage," under the watchful eye of steward and officers. Yet, free to "dance, sing, play smoke, make noise or *growl*" with common sailors after their move to the forecastle, Dana senses more immediately the subjugation -- the hard labor, the bad food, the despair -- of those seamen (94-5).

The migrant voice in Dana's narrative -- the voice that focuses most emphatically upon elements of home and community -- derives almost entirely from his life in the *Pilgrim* community. His descriptions of the ship and its close harbors recreate the cramped but lonely feeling of dwelling that is, like those of the migrants considered in this study, a snug haven set adrift.[7] Dana may have traveled farther from his home than those migrants had, yet through his writing he binds -- as urgently as do migrants' journals -- that far-away home to this mobile community. As a result, the adventure extends back to Boston shores even as a sense of home is drawn out to this small site on Atlantic and Pacific waters.[8] The onboard

livestock, for example, remind one young sailor of his father's farm, and Dana is keen to record that fellow's longing for familiar terrain, detailing how the boy wishes he were "back again tending his father's pigs" (75).

Dana's version of home and community abroad and aboard has the decidedly lonely tone of migration narratives, in which isolation intones an underlying expectation of dwelling. Left on California shores to guard their cache of cowhides, Dana joins three Englishmen in their hut, and, looking out to sea, he composes the scene of his ship in the bay, "the little brig, the home of so much hardship and suffering," the desolate shore, and a little island upon which stands the solitary grave of an English commander (158). This triangulation is sorrowful -- as it is remote -- but stable in its three-point composition of land, sea, and humanity. Dana links home, travel, and death, much as they are bound together in migration accounts, but with the added element of conscious, metatextual reference. Dana pauses to offer poignant descriptions of the "desolate-looking island, steep and conical," where "the single body corresponded well with the solitary character of everything around. It was the only thing in California from which I could ever extract anything like poetry. Then, too, the man died far from home; without a friend near him" (158). Migrant journals frequently note solitary graves along their trails, but Dana consciously assigns the moment to poetry, and through that gesture commends migratory loneliness to narrative art.

Though lonely, sailors lived nearly on top of one another aboard the *Pilgrim*, a cramped environment that Dana emphasizes in his comparisons of the vessel to other ships, such as the *Lagoda* and the *Alert*. As with migrants' affections for their prairie schooners, those discomforts do nothing to dislodge the sense of home that the *Pilgrim* embodies for

Dana. The *Lagoda* and the *Alert* were vessels offering "comfort and enjoyment," unlike the crowded, dark forecastle of the *Pilgrim* (165). On the *Alert* Dana finds "more discipline and system, more men, and more good will" and a large, pleasant, clean ship, quite "a contrast indeed with the small, hard-used, dissatisfied, grumbling, desponding crew of the Pilgrim" (247-9). Even so, and despite his relief in finally leaving the *Pilgrim* and boarding the *Alert*, Dana expresses an undeniably domestic sentiment for the grim little ship, since it was the extension of a home which "must still be the greater part of a year" away (322). He writes,

> I really felt something like an affection for the old brig which had been my first home, and in which I had spent nearly a year, and got the first rough and tumble of a sea-life. She, too, was associated in my mind with Boston, the wharf from which we sailed, anchorage in the stream, leave-taking, and all such matters, which were now to me like small links connecting me with another world, which I had once been in, and which, please God, I might yet see again. 321

The *Pilgrim 's* symbolic "links" to comforts back home become charged with domestic value in this travelogue-- much as they are in migrant journals -- regardless of the traveler's distance or the vessel's manifest discomfort.[9] And through writing, the adventurer settles that contrariness into narrative. Dana's text anchors him by delivering versions of home tinged with the more immediate elements of adventure's unease. That is, the narrative offers a version of domesticity emblematic of his psychological negotiations, since he often feared the *Pilgrim* -- though a dreadful little vessel, unstable on high seas -- might be his final dwelling.

Complementing Dana's description of his sea-bound home are passages devoted to the daily routine of the crew -- a system of much work and little rest -- which impress upon the narrative a distinctly migratory aspect. The routine onboard the *Pilgrim* is so automatic that it leads Dana to regard the "series of customs" as having "almost the force of prescriptive law" (429) despite the captain's arbitrary and absolute authority. Dana's interpretation here, of underlying law governing an arena of adventure, is reminiscent of William Manly's belief that law springs from the frontier itself in order to serve the growing migratory community. Although lawlessness taints the scene of both Manly and Dana's adventures, both texts are attentive to routines that served to order and thereby domesticate their community. Sailors, for example, feel "hardly used" when "deprived of their Sabbath," although all knew that the captain had authority to deprive them -- for any reason -- of "their only day of rest" (120). Sunday was domestic compensation for a week devoted primarily to adventure, and although it is secularized in travel writing such as Dana's (sailors didn't seem given to religious rituals), the day is granted a recurring commentary that indicates, I believe, its importance as a temporal marker of the domestic.

While this journey was an extreme adventure for Dana, he is attentive to the domestic routines that the men quickly establish once they leave Boston's harbor. A ship "is like a lady's watch, always out of repair" and sailors are frequently busy "making spun-yarn" upon the winch supplied to every vessel, as well as attending to the more characteristically seafaring duties of "tarring, greasing, oiling, varnishing. . . ." (54-5). The "grand washing" of laundry and the cooperation it displays when the men are near their travel's end might be expected from sailors so near the peaceful port they left two years earlier. In that scene, the

ship becomes a floating laundry and bathhouse, as apparel is spread on every surface and rigging, while the men are doused in the same manner as the decks they have cleaned each day for months (425). Yet these homey routines are not limited, as one would expect, to calm waters and comforting prospects. As the men prepare for their return east, and the *Pilgrim* comes upon menacing seas of the Cape Horn region, Dana's descriptions have that same tone of cheerful teamwork. Groups of men sit under evening lamps "making hats, others trowsers, others jackets" from a community store of twilled cotton, and taking pride in fashioning "a complete suit of flannel under-clothing" (304) for the squalls that lie just ahead. Domestic order figures, in other words, as a prelude to excitement and danger, not as a sphere separate from those adventures.

Sailing and on-board marketing function in Dana's narrative as a meditation upon community. Here, the physical structure and appearance of neighborhood is shaped by a fleet of sails above deck, rather than by edifices assembled on land. Dana writes of the group's the sense of place and purpose, where "every one here knew his station, . . . and was answerable for every rope committed to him" (252). Men on the masts move in synchrony as commands are shouted up to them, and patterns of sail extend down from their maneuvers upon the rigs. In western ports, the *Pilgrim* becomes a busy marketplace, linking its community to docks and trading ports along California shores in order to sell its wares. "People came off to look and to buy--men, women and children" for their "teas, coffee, sugars, spices, raisins, ... hard-ware, crockery-ware, tinware, ...clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes" (124). Dana's stock of domestic catalogues is evocative of migrants' similarly elaborate inventories. In both adventure genres, those detailed registries of home

act to ground the adventure by furnishing a movable domestic space, even as the vessel – ox-drawn wagon or sailing ship – flies into American frontiers.

Contemporary scholars have commented upon the dearth of critical attention to the role of sea adventure narratives -- particularly Dana's chronicle -- in the shaping of American literature and in the nostalgic sailing voyages that proliferated after steam displaced sail.[10] Yet these critiques themselves limit mariner histories to an adventurous sphere of meaning which I believe obscures their domestic negotiations and what I would call their migrant voice. These analyses elaborate an alienated adventurer's "elemental existence" (Bender, xi) in a gaping, "little known expanse" of seascape (Springer, ix), or (more particularly, in Dana's narrative) a struggle for survival of an "effete and ailing bookworm" transformed into a manly figure who exchanges his apprehensions at sea for a commanding "calmness, almost an indifference" upon his return home (Samson, 97). Yet Dana's narrative clearly negotiates an alliance between arrant adventure and circumscribed dwelling. His settling-in, his building of community bonds among his fellows, resonate with elements of affection, judiciousness, and even the formalities of education -- these despite the "want of feeling, and even of cruelty," subjugation, and ignorance Dana frequently noted among seafaring men (330).

Dana chronicles, for example, the capricious command aboard the *Pilgrim*, yet he cultivates a sense of family in reporting strains among the sailors, officers, and "'the old man' as the captain is generally called"(104). The intimacy of personal conflicts is accompanied by other, markedly tender connections, as when Dana takes measure of "more kindness" and "quietness and seriousness" following the death of George Bellmer, the young

sailor who falls into the sea from a top mast-head (78). As in William Manly's migration history, an animal can provide for Dana the occasion to express those emotions that seem too risky to be acknowledged in a scene dominated by chance and danger. Bess, the pet pig of Jack, the *Pilgrim's* cook, and a creature who had survived many sea adventures and "lived to get round Cape Horn, where all the other pigs died" (178), becomes one such instrument of emotional expression in Dana's narrative. He claims that none could "fathom [the] negro's affection for a pig" and that all were amazed or amused by Jack's protest and tears at having to ultimately surrender Bess for cargo space. Yet Dana composes a detailed and moving scene of the animal's history, a narrative which depicts her loyalty, endurance and intelligence. Until consigned to California shores, Bess is an obedient companion to Jack, and a creature socialized into the life of the *Pilgrim* community. Much of the passage is devoted to Jack's enduring relationship to Bess even after she is lowered into a boat and carried to shore, and he must steal away at night in order to visit her new quarters. Dana writes that the "the pig squealed like the 'crack of doom,' and tears stood in the poor darky's eyes; and he muttered something about having no pity on a dumb beast. '*Dumb* beast!' said Jack; 'if she's what you call a dumb beast, then my eyes a'n't mates'" (179). As in many migration texts, encounters with animals release into the narrative tender feelings that are never far from the surface of the adventure tale, yet entirely muted by the gulf of ignorance that lies between the species.

The inevitable tyranny of command required on a sea-bound vessel like Dana's does not prevent his opening the experience -- narratively, at least -- to a mediation of domestic justice, an event that is frequently illustrated in overland migrant diaries. Overlanders

invariably recorded their arbitrations of differences or disputes, and thereby registered a domestic order in their travels and upon the new frontiers they sought to claim. In a similar gesture, Dana utilizes a boxing match between two young crewmen as an opportunity to negotiate a sense of fairness and rules of engagement, and to promote the ascension of "honor and freedom" in an adventurous domain of Pacific frontiers (311). During a previous leg of the voyage, Dana witnessed the horrific effects of Captain Thompson's bad humor, in his beating and humiliation of two sailors he found guilty of "asking questions" (155). Since the boxing scene follows the beatings, and because it is the only other physical contest that Dana dramatizes in his memoir of life on the *Pilgrim*, the confrontation between the young men acts as a corrective to the former scene of senseless rage, which leaves two men nearly lifeless and the captain reeling about the ship, "swelling with rage and with the importance of his achievement" (155). As the men who had been whipped lay groaning in their berths, unable to bear any bodily position for more than a moment, Dana had "vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings, of whom I then was one" (157). And the boxing match provides an exemplary tale that initiates redress of wrongs at the point of adventure rather than at the site of justice back home.

With the volatile captain ashore, the *Pilgrim's* temperate first mate arranged the fight to settle a dispute between a bully (a "big-headed Cape Cod boy") and a "slender delicate-looking boy from one of the Boston schools" who had long borne his abuses. In Dana's hands, the event becomes an occasion for moral lessons and for the increase of virtue in the community, since the slighter fellow, who "fought for honor and freedom, and under a sense

of wrong," prevails over the physically powerful bully who, in disgrace, must finally relent (309). As in migrant accounts, Dana's anecdote of justice in the frontier has a rough and contradictory message precisely because it must both accommodate an adventurous struggle for survival, and at the same time affirm the humane and brotherly principles of a just society. Dana's parable provides another example of this extension of justice into distant frontiers. The fragile boy wins the moral victory, but only after taking so many heavy blows that his brutish adversary -- jeered by the *Pilgrim*'s attentive jury of sailors -- hesitates to continue. The wronged party prevails, but only after he "fought himself into notice," in a bloodletting that nearly finished him. And while the Cape Cod lad is finally "cowed and mortified," Dana concedes that the ruffian "had nothing to gain, and everything to lose" from pummeling the boy any further (311). As in migration narratives, justice wins the day, though the text relates an uneasy negotiation between adventure's preference for the ascendency of the powerful and domesticity's promotion of sanctuary for all.

Physical confrontations such as the boxing match complement the verbal jousting that often dominates Dana's description of his community of sailors and traders. After his move to the forecastle, Dana depicts an atmosphere full of "little wars and rumors of wars, -- reports of things said in the cabin, –misunderstandings of words and looks, [and] –apparent abuses" that pervade the small spaces inhabited by the *Pilgrim*'s seafarers, who are continually spinning "long yarns and equally long disputes" (94-5). Contest and chaos do not, however, have full reign on board the ship or in the narrative, since Dana mitigates the men's crude storytelling and relentless quarreling with his own creation of a "scholars" group. He reads aloud the novel *Woodstock* by Sir Walter Scott, and finds, to his surprise,

that "no one could have had a more attentive audience" (338). In keeping with the adventurous arena in which he lives while at sea, and his diminished expectations of attention and intellectual engagement among the men, Dana edits out "reflections, and the political parts" -- domestic elements of the novel, that is -- to offer a version of the book devoted to action and adventure (338). Here, the English novel is refigured to suit an adventurous American audience, while at the same time that audience is drawn into a domestic scene created by this formal, pedagogical exercise.

Dana's surprise and delight at the men's appreciation of his reading affirms the domestic at the site of adventure, just as overland migration narratives confirm an abiding sense of dwelling in frontier spaces through their attention to the texts they create and read along the trail. Unlike migrant accounts, however, Dana's narrative features a consciously textual version of nomadic life. Migrants were often modest and mostly reluctant to circulate their diaries, but Dana uses his narrative -- particularly its closing section -- to embody a version of an American community set adrift:

> –A clear sky; burning, vertical sun; work going lazily on, and men about decks with nothing but duck trowsers, checked shirts, straw hats; the ship moving as lazily through the water; the man at the helm resting against the wheel, with his hat drawn over his eyes; the captain below, taking an afternoon nap; the passenger leaning over the taffrail, watching a dolphin following slowly in our wake; the sailmaker mending an old top-sail on the lee side of the quarter-deck; the carpenter working at his bench, in the waist; the boys making sinnet; the spun-yarn winch whizzing round and round, and the men walking slowly fore and aft with the yarns.-- (434)

The fragmented unity of this passages, its suspended syntax, produces a microcosmic portrait of society in motion, at the extremes of a frontier.

The voice of the migrant -- with its emphasis on community and settling in, both on high seas and in west coast camps -- never wins dominance in Dana's narrative, since the voices of explorer and captive regularly break into the order, intimacy, and sense of community that the migrant persona would otherwise establish. Specifically, Dana's text illustrates how the travel writer could use exploration narratives' patterning of mourning with exhilaration, their oscillation of monotony with danger, and their blending of disparate languages and customs into a single community.

The sense of loss and mourning that accompanied exhilaration in Lewis and Clark's explorations also operates in Dana's narrative, but to greater textual purposes than in those official journals. Partings with friends, the lament at the English captain's grave, and especially Dana's account of George Ballmer's death are all reminiscent of the mourning discourse in Lewis and Clark's records, which I believe operates as a vehicle for American settlement in frontier spaces. In Dana's text, however, while the dynamic of exhilaration and mourning is fundamentally the same (its affective dialectic, its intimate connection to landscape), its presence does nothing to settle the adventurer into his surrounding, since he cannot settle on the ocean. A sea tale that expresses this sort of emotional dynamic of elation and laments situates that inward experience exclusively in the text. However disturbing is the notion of grief or loss as an intrinsic building block of American domestic life, I believe that Dana's travel narrative suggests the process by which that dynamic took hold.

In the story of George Ballmer -- the prized young crewman who, weighed down with equipment, falls into the sea from a high mast, without lingering for even a moment on the ocean's surface -- Dana finds an ideal anecdote for contemplating the loss of solid grounding in a sea-bound society such as the *Pilgrim*'s, and locates a poignant opportunity to throw the reader onto narrative shores in order to cope with the deprivation that accompanies that exploratory pose. The tragedy occurred during the early days of the voyage, when Dana was clearly pleased to have recovered from his initial seasickness. He looked forward to mastering a seaman's many skills on and above deck, so that he might take in stride the storms and rough seas that appeared so suddenly, pounded the small ship, and vanished as quickly as they had arrived. Ballmer died near Cape Horn, an exciting seascape that flung the *Pilgrim* through high gales which could easily "sweep the decks, or knock the masts out of her," and a moment later deposit the vessel in dead calm and thick fog (68). Dana's musing about Ballmer are reminiscent of the mourning in Lewis and Clark journals, particularly in lament's close relation to landscape, and its striking juxtaposition with the exhilaration of exploration. Dana writes that death is nowhere so grievous as at sea, where no trace of the man remains, and his absence is painfully obvious to the small community. In war, at least, there is a "mangled body" to provide "an *object*, and *real evidence*" whereas at sea there is only "vacancy" (77). Dana describes the men's "difficulty in realizing" what had occurred, in an event that seems more an erasure than a departure (77). Ultimately, Dana's text provides the "mangled body," in the form of an adventurous narrative field that illustrates the slippery surface of this watery frontier, a landscape that invariably initiates all into its storms and unknown depths. The sailors quickly auction off all traces of George

Ballmer, and mourning merges with the fresh excitement of Dana's and Stimson's assignment on high mast-heads where the two now swing from ropes like Ballmer had, "riding down" (tarring) the mast-heads with the dread and daring of explorers.

Exploration narratives' mingling of disparate features -- notably danger and monotony, risk and routine -- also appears regularly in Dana's narrative. Of course, everything about sailing was new to him, and each small, ordinary activity of life onboard became an object of his exploration. On his first night at sea, when a storm hit the *Pilgrim*, all his belongings were scattered while he lay upon the sails in steerage, trying to get his bearings, and later recalling that "how I got along, I cannot now remember" (45). He may soon have regarded the small ship as his home, but from the start it was a tumultuous scene of new experiences, and many of them unpleasant, such as the sickening smell of bilge-water, the cold, wet storms, and days of seasickness. At those times, "everything was wet and uncomfortable, black and dirty, heaving and pitching" (71). During one stormy afternoon, when "wind roared, and sails were flapping in every direction," Dana sprang aloft to furl the sails. High on the mast's cross-tree, he gazed down at the *Pilgrim* beneath him, and recorded for his narrative the first of a series of integrated images of the ship in motion, versions of the sea voyage that privilege an exploratory mode, where risk and chaos prevail, and where "everything was in confusion on the deck; the little vessel was tearing through the water as if she were mad, the seas flying over her, and the masts leaning over at an angle of forty-five degrees" (115).

The monotony that invariably settles into voyages of exploration is seldom expressed as emphatically as it is in Dana's narrative. Joining three Englishmen on California shores

for duty at the *Pilgrim*'s cowhide storehouse. Dana writes that there is "nothing to do most of the time, living upon beef, hard bread, and frijoles" (153). Later, when rumors of war with France reach the ship, Dana admits that such bad news at least breaks the monotony he finds back on board, since,

> no one who has not been on a long a long, dull voyage, shut up in one ship, can conceive of the effect of monotony upon one's thoughts and wishes. The prospect of a change is like a green spot in a desert, and the remotest probability of great events and exciting scenes gives a feeling of delight, and sets life in motion, so as to give it pleasure, which any one not in the same state would be entirely unable to account for. (278)

It is difficult to reconcile Dana's "long, dull voyage" with his excitement, unless we consider that here, as in Lewis and Clark's explorations, boredom's oscillation with exhilaration is entirely in keeping with a scene in which risk and chance have become normalized, or (to borrow Meriwether Lewis' phrase) they are interpreted as a series of "accidents prepared." In a gesture similar to Lewis' oxymoron, Dana elaborates a curious narrative construction in which he recounts the repetitive monotony of danger. While watching for icebergs on their return trip through southern waters, Dana claims that "the only variety was the monotonous voice of the look-out forward-- 'Another island!'-- 'Ice ahead!'-- 'Ice on the lee bow!' 'Hard up the helm!'-- 'Keep her off a little!'-- 'Stead-y!'" (394). The ice fields were incredibly hazardous to the *Alert* (Dana's vessel for the return voyage), yet in his narrative they are subject to the same normalizing attitude that Lewis struck in describing his dangerous and bewildering days in the Rocky Mountains. Although the menacing ice fields

required exhausted seamen to remain tenaciously alert. Dana writes that they "diverted our minds from the monotonous dreariness. . . . This, at least was something" (401).

A third element of exploration is also present in Dana's narrative: the portrait of a single community as an amalgam of languages and customs. This manner of dwelling defines, for example, Dana's history of the California cowhide camp, an international household featuring the English, Spanish, French, Indian, and Kanaka languages, and a place where a hybrid "mixed language was used on the beach, which could be understood by all" (204). Here, Dana forms a close relationship to a Sandwich Islander whom he and others have named "Hope" and who is, according to the customs of Hope's traveling community, bound to Dana with a special loyalty. The scene (quoted at the start of this chapter) in which the men pore over maps together is reminiscent of the many gatherings Lewis and Clark narrate about their meetings with native communities.

Exploration narratives create a distinctive community in which the details and routines of daily life are subsumed in a broader, international adventure. And in Dana's narrative, that distinctive cosmopolitanism receives a consciously textual treatment. Although the men live and work together on the beach, sharing the ordinary, daily exchanges of food and conversation, Dana's account of the community has an other-worldly quality: members of this little society don't negotiate a camp-dwelling so much as they generate a microcosmic model of the globe, with Dana's maps serving as the vehicle of that negotiation. Their exchanges are initiated around one sort of text -- the map – and transformed into another, in the form of Dana's narrative.

We do learn something of the islanders that so fascinate Dana, as well as glean from his national catalogues the other representatives – from Scotland to Chile – who also take up temporary dwelling in the coastal camp. Yet Dana is most keen to recount his travel-talk with the islanders, and with Hope in particular. Being the most foreign to him, Sandwich Islanders represent the greatest human reach of his journey. Like Meriwether Lewis, Dana pays special attention to their limitations (they would not abide the cold, or travel around the Cape, or accumulate wealth) even as he generalizes about their other qualitites (they are clever, affectionate and skilled seamen). As in the Lewis and Clark journals' portrayal of Indian boundaries, the islanders' limits accentuate the American traveler's pose as explorer, since he -- in contrast to his foreign companion -- apparently perceives no borders to his own enterprise.

With the aid of his maps, and his assurance that Hope and the other islanders "had a great desire to see America," Dana presents the foreigner as a figure engrossed with an American perspective (209). He interprets for the islanders the maps he has carried along on his voyage, while Hope listens and responds with increasing curiosity. Their conversations extend from the intimacies of Boston street names and numbers, to his maps' vague indications of the north and south poles. Citing these extraordinary expanses, Dana presents the foreigner as most captivated by the particulars of Boston streets, and Dana thereby affirms the global centrality of his own American home. As in the journals of Lewis and Clark, the foreigner in Dana's narrative becomes the figure attending to a domestic scene, in a balancing act that affords stability and perspective to the American traveler who is thereby free to invest in the risk and chance of exploration.

The voice of the captive is the third articulation of Dana's narrative, a voice that complicates the migratory sense of home, as well as the exploratory mode of adventure that runs throughout his text. The international colony of the explorer becomes a prison; the *Pilgrim*'s close-knit family of sailors is recast as its slaves. The voice of captivity gains so much power that, recounting his leave-taking of California shores, he writes "As I bade good-by to each successive place, I felt as though one link after another were struck from the chain of my servitude" (335). While intimations of captivity appear in both the exploration and migration journals considered here, they constitute a subordinate voice in those accounts, secondary to the business of travel, settlement and exploration. Rebecca Ketcham, for example, records -- but only briefly -- her realization that she must remain in her band of disagreeable and sometimes hostile herdsmen if she is to reach Oregon. Similarly, Meriwether Lewis occasionally articulates a growing concern that the corps of discovery might be surrounded by suspicious natives, or restrained by hostile terrain and extreme weather. In Dana's narrative, however, the captive voices range freely, even though his travels continue uninterrupted. This textual elaboration of confinement is a risky enterprise, not only psychologically (in its revelation of personal trauma), but also narratively. Travel writing which articulates a captive voice brings the menace of risk and danger very near the narrator, into the protected and portable domestic arrangements furnishing his textual "home." In a society privileging the adventurer, a great deal is at stake when the literary expression of that adventure must accommodate such a large measure of risk and danger. The travel writer seeks acknowledgment of the experiences that distinguish him, even as the

narrative material shaping that identity menaces such accommodation. Such formulations in travel literature pose the question of whether or not the American/adventurer is truly free.

Captivity frequently sets the tone in many focal arenas of Dana's narrative, including the ship, the hierarchy of its small society, and his own body. Soon after recovering from his initial seasickness, and feeling that the surge of health had made him "a new being" (48), Dana nevertheless submits to the language of captivity in order to illustrate his life at sea: "In no state prison are the convicts more regularly set to work, and more closely watched. No conversation is allowed among the crew at their duty" (53). The circumscription of a seaman's life is soon aggravated by a dispute between the men and Captain Thompson about their reduced bread rations, a disciplinary action which he meant them to endure without complaint. The men challenge Thompson, and although the second mate intercedes and restores their daily allowance of bread, they pay the price of incurring the permanent rage of the captain. Thompson sets the tone among his helpless crew, with the warning that "if you a'n't careful I'll make a hell of the ship!" (96). Dana writes that these were glorious days for sailing, but "we never had peace or a good understanding again so long as the captain and crew remained together" (96).

The hell of imprisonment, with no foreseeable end, obviously threatened the therapeutic goals of Dana's journey, not to mention his captivity's potential corruption of the other adventure voices inscribed there (a migrant's hopes, an explorer's exhilaration). I believe it is for those reasons that Dana neutralized the effect of passages written in a captive voice, by means of both humorous and reformist discourses. "Jack [a sailor] is a slave aboard ship," Dana writes during early days of his voyage, "but he has opportunities of

thwarting and balking his master" (120). In "danger, or necessity" none are more diligent, but when deprived of their weekly day of liberty, "no sloth could make less headway" (120-1). Dana follows with amusing anecdotes, illustrating how the men drag their feet in protest of Captain Thomson the taskmaster:

> Send a man below to get a block, and he would capsize everything before finding it, then not bring it up till an officer had called him twice, and take as much time to put things in order again. Marline-spikes were not to be found; knives wanted a prodigious deal of sharpening, and, generally, three or four were waiting round the grindstone at a time (121).

This wry index, as well as Dana's rare use of dialogue in the whipping scene, suggest the degree to which narrative provided relief from the captive voice that Dana felt compelled to generate. The horrors of lost liberty are lightened by a humorous inscription, just as the captain's cruel beatings of John the Swede and Sam are relieved by the production of an elaborate, anomalous dramatic scene. In that famous scene, men are dragged out and beaten, and harsh words exchanged between a sailor who "writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out . . . 'Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!'", and the captain who taunted him, crying "'If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it! – because I like to do it! – It suits me! . . . Don't call on Jesus Christ, . . . *he can't help you. Call on Captain Thompson*'" (155). As "the dim, swinging lamp of the forecastle shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived," Dana plotted his lawful revenge, vowing that he "would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings" (157). Of course, one such action was his publishing

of *Two Years Before the Mast*, in which the bondage he witnessed was richly textualized, and which served to install captivity as an element of modern travel writing.

Besides the tyranny of Captain Thomson, ship life otherwise aggravated the captivity that so quickly became a staple of Dana's journey. On his return voyage, Dana became deliriously ill with a toothache. Miserable days of sickness follow in which he fantasized that even hard duty on stormy decks would be preferable to the agony of being "cooped up alone in a black hole, in equal danger, but without the power to do" (396). Dana's help was much needed on deck during those storms, yet he was forced to lie, sleepless and helpless, for over a week, with his swollen head pressed "against the bows, which might be dashed in by an island of ice, brought down by the very next sea that struck her" (396). With the advent of illness, Dana's sense of confinement is fully internalized, and although he is much in need of care and communion with his fellows, "no one ships for nurse on board a vessel" (400). For Dana, illness is not mercifully forgotten in the expanse between forecastle sickbed and Boston library, since he recalls it so vividly in his narrative. He writes, that "to be sick in a forecastle is miserable indeed. It is the worst part of a dog's life; especially in bad weather. The forecastle, shut up tight to keep out the water and cold air . . . and the forecastle so wet, and dark, and cheerless, and so lumbered up with chests and wet clothes, that sitting up is worse than lying in the berth! These are some of the evils." (399-400). Dana went to sea in large part to cure a physical ailment, and surely it occurred to him during those difficult days that his cure might be a greater burden than the eye problems prompting his sea voyage. In any case, his vision must have improved, for he resumed his studies in Boston upon his return. Yet it is illness and its accompanying captivity -- not rehabilitation

and its liberation -- that find voice in his narrative. His illness, in other words, promoted the voice of the captive that so effectively personified much of Dana's sea-bound adventures.

Dana's greatest hardship, however, may have been one which was much more elusive -- and more profound -- than the growing sense of captivity with which he struggled. That is, I believe that the lack of narrative itself which marks extreme adventure (in the silence of sailors' exertions, in the chance implicit in encounters with storms or other sailing vessels) became one of Dana's greatest challenges. His efforts to restore narrative to his experiences as an adventurer result in his text's conscious presentation of narrative as a subject. In his two years' labor at sea and along the California coast, Dana had withdrawn from a world of familiar narrative companions -- books, newspapers, neighborhood and family gossip and storytelling, conversations with friends – and was forced to live in a scene that frequently challenged or defied his descriptive powers. The sea swallowed George Ballmer without so much as a sigh; the English captain was, Dana imagines, "hurried . . . into the ground, without a word or a prayer" (158). Silence often prevailed under the repressive command of Captain Thompson, and manliness apparently required a supreme reticence among seaman. Dana comments upon this "overstrained sense of manliness" in a scene that he clearly found trying in the extreme: the delivery of a packet of mail which could not be touched until the routine of the day was finished (330). "Strict discipline was restored," Dana recalls, "which prohibits speech between man and man, while at work on deck; so that, when the steward came forward with letters for the crew, each man took his letters, carried them below . . . and not a letter was read until we had cleared up decks for the night" (329). The men were privately eager to read their precious mail since its prose restored "a moment

of natural feeling for home and friends," yet "jokes were made upon those who showed any interest in the expected news" (330).

Dana's text illustrates how crucial narrative was to his sense of well-being in an adventurous arena which featured the undoing of plot and story. At sea, Dana "reads with all [his] might" the few, cherished books and newspapers that come his way (154), and he seeks out new companions with particularly long travel histories and "iron memories" to otherwise satisfy a longing for narrative (263). In fact, *Two Years Before the Mast* can be read as a search for oral and written narrative in an environment that challenges the formation of both.

Dana's chronicling of oral narrative, his interest in "long yarns," personal histories, aphorism, and song among crewmen all act as a barometer of his impulse to narrate an experience defined by its privileging of chance, risk and the unknown. Dana puzzles at his own interest in elaborately describing a sailor such as Bill Jackson, for example. He writes, that "it is strange that one should be so minute in the description of an unknown, outcast sailor, whom one may never see again, and whom no one may care to hear about; but so it is. Some people we see under no remarkable circumstances, but whom, for some reason or other, we never forget" (135). Of course, these were remarkable circumstances, and while Jackson's physical grace and beauty offers an abundance of material for Dana's narrative, another sailor, Tom Harris, promises even more. The 40-year-old Harris, Dana's watchmate aboard the *Pilgrim* for nine months, provides the raw material for Dana's most memorable character sketch.

Harris' long history at sea and his exceptional memory act to fill Dana's long, monotonous hours of compulsory deck duty, and inspire Dana to call him "the most remarkable man I have ever seen" (261). "His memory was perfect," writes Dana, "seeming to form a regular chain reaching from his earliest childhood up to the time I knew him, without one link wanting" (261-2). Like the "links" Dana fashions between the *Pilgrim* and his home in Boston, his portrait of Harris illustrates his hunger for those narrative connections in a scene which otherwise featured a sort of anti-narrative amalgam of surprise, erasure, or monotony. "I doubt if he ever forgot anything that he read," Dana recalls, noting that Harris evoked long lists of shipmates, officers, dates and events, as well as a precise archive of their prior conversations, all of which layer their conversations. "With this iron memory, he seemed to have your whole past conversation at command," writes Dana, not to mention his recall of all manner of subjects, including seamanship, the psychology and secrets of sailors, astronomy, mathematics in calculating courses and estimating sail materials, cargo space, and speed, and "stories of tyranny and hardship" (263). Harris' life was apparently as unruly as were Dana's inventories of the man's knowledge, since drunkenness had always forced Harris back to forecastle and flotilla. Dana's narrative of Harris therefore illustrates the ordered disorder that marks the presence of adventure in text.

Dana was also sensitive to the shared utterances of sailors, especially the aphorisms and songs that were a regular part of their vocabularies. Song and slogan add weight and unity to the adventure narrative since they bind the men's voices together in a communal expression. Aphoristic language has a particular potency in the adventure text, since its manner of turning upon itself, its self-resolution, stands in sharp contrast to the environment

of a narrative form which is distinguished by its suspensions. Dana drops aphorism into his adventure narrative like anchors into the sea. When the usual risk and dangers of their enterprise are significantly aggravated, as they are at San Pedro, slogans appear in clusters in Dana's narrative, lending a counter-balance and stability to the narration of an erratic scene. Captain Thompson had just administered his whipping to Sam and John, and all were silent while, for days, Thompson nursed his rage. The work of moving cattle hides in small boats from the beach to the ship was particularly dangerous here, since the harbor was shallow and vulnerable to stormy weather arriving from the southeast. Stories circulate about historic accidents in those waters, near "Dead Man's island," and Dana comments that "the comfort of the voyage was evidently at an end" (160). In Dana's account of that despairing scene, no one speaks of floggings or the dangers of criss-crossing the bay in overloaded boats. Rather, Dana focuses upon a discernibly protective and aphoristic mode of speech:

> "That is a long lane which has no turning" -- "Every dog must have his day, and mine will come by-and-by" -- and the like proverbs, were occasionally quoted; but no one spoke of any probable end to the voyage, or of Boston . . . or if he did, it was only to draw out the perpetual, surly reply from his shipmate – "Boston, is it? You may thank your stars if you ever see that place. You had better have your back sheathed, and your head coppered, and your feet shod, and make out your log for California for life!" or else something of this kind – "Before you get to Boston the hides will wear all the hair off your head." (160)

This epigrammatic language is serviceable to Dana's narrative as well as to the *Pilgrim's* crew. In the same passage of his text, Dana discloses the rift between his own terror ("what

is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny: and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come") and his determination not to relinquish his narrative to the delirium into which it might fall. He shores up his text through his own deployment of aphorism: "'if you once give a dog a bad name' – as the sailor-phrase is – 'he may as well jump overboard'" and "'the more you drive a man, the less he will do'" (153, 151).

The other collective oral voice in Dana's account is song. When there is no singing in the boats or at shore camps -- as Dana notes in the case after the captain's flogging of the two crewmen -- activity becomes "a long, heavy silent" burden (161). "Sailors say a song is as good as ten men" (161), writes Dana, and although "the Americans are a time and money saving people," they "have not yet, as a nation, learned that music may be 'turned to account'" (194). Dana notes the importance of the right song for each job, for without it, the will and coordination of effort is lost (342-3). "Heave Round Hearty!" and "Captain Gone Ashore" might do "for common pulls," but for the heaviest labor, "there was nothing like 'Time for us to go!' and 'Round the corner,' or 'Hurrah! Hurrah! My hearty bullies!'" (343). Here, Dana assigns to the narrative of song a fundamental role in nothing less than the development of the western frontier resources. His frequent allusions to song in *Two Years Before the Mast* layer one narrative upon another, and act to fill the silences of the adventurous enterprise.

Besides the living "texts" that Dana mines while at sea, books and newspapers are also cherished narrative companions, and his textual recital of them further imprints his account with the narrative self-consciousness which I believe marks the textualization of

adventure in American travel writing. Dana was ill-prepared for the loss of narrative he experienced at sea, and he read everything he could get his hands on, including shipping calendars, children's stories, and humor books. A bit of good fortune brought him the novel *Mandeville*, by William Godwin (1817), and "after the wretched trash I had devoured, anything bearing the name of a distinguished intellectual man, was a prize indeed. I bore it off, and for two days I was up early and late, reading with all my might, and actually drinking in delight. It is no extravagance to say that it was like a spring in a desert land" (226). Later, a copy of E. Bulwer-Lytton's *Paul Clifford* surfaced in the informal book exchange that operated among commercial vessels along the west coast, and Dana wrote that he would "never forget the enjoyment I derived from it. . . . this was a perfect feast to me" (247).

While these texts relieved Dana's mental deprivations, they also had a startling effect upon his sense of home, that conceptual space which -- at least early on -- held the promise of every satisfaction for him. The solace of written narrative began to affect both the adventures he had undertaken and his innovations of the home he longed to recover, as his treatment of newspapers illustrates. "No one has ever been on distance voyages, and after a long absence received a newspaper from home," writes Dana, "who cannot understand the delight that they give one. I read every part of them--houses to let, things lost or stolen, auction sales, and all. Nothing carries you so entirely to a place, and makes you feel so perfectly at home, as a newspaper" (228).

It is hard to say where Dana is finally most at home, and I believe it worth proposing that text itself began to figure as a significant dimension in his concept of a domestic realm. If text relieves adventure, then it figures as a sort of home for the traveler. In the last sections

of his narrative, text helps to bind the rift between his berth at sea and his bed in Boston. Sailing for Santa Barbara, for example, Dana receives a bundle of Boston newspapers, and again pores over their every word, commenting that "after all, there is nothing in a strange land like a newspaper from home. Even a letter, in many respects, is nothing, in comparison with it. It carries you back to the spot, better than anything else. It is almost equal to *clairvoyance*. The names of the streets, with the things advertised, is almost as good as seeing the signs" (332). Contrast that passage with Dana's account of his actual homecoming about which he writes, "I found that I was in a state of indifference, for which I could by no means account. . . . now that I was actually there, and in sight of home, the emotions which I had so long anticipated feeling, I did not find, and in their place was a state of very nearly entire apathy" (459).

"Home became almost a dream," Dana concludes (459). In other words, home had become another kind of narrative. His subsequent production of *Two Years Before the Mast* -- its blend and suspension of adventure voices -- ultimately acts as a textual emblem of the ambivalence Dana felt upon his return. While he articulated his "voice from the forecastle," in order to portray "our own outcasts in foreign lands," he brought that outcast home, settling the adventure figure into a genre of American narrative which illustrated the troubling notion that American domesticity featured a significant proportion of adventure. Dana returned to Boston not so much the revitalized young man who had recovered his vision, as the lonely sailor who was nevertheless reluctant to walk up the pier and back into his comfortable Bostonian life.

* * * *

Twelve years after Dana sailed from Boston, Francis Parkman graduated from Harvard Law School, and set out on his own adventures west. While Dana had suffered with weak eyes at the start of his journey, Parkman was a veritable walking hospital ward, as he had been since he was a child. He suffered from insomnia, indigestion, head and chest pain, depression, arthritis and partial blindness all his life, which symptoms have been posthumously diagnosed as psychoneurotic.[11] Whatever the consensus opinion is or will be in classifying his chronic ills, I believe it significant that Parkman frequently referred to his symptoms collectively as "the Enemy," and that rough or demanding adventures were often the therapy he devised for a cure, even if such cures did nothing more than aggravate his symptoms. As Daniel Aaron points out, "unlike Dana, Parkman had prepared himself for his journey. During his college years, he had ventured into the wilds of New Hampshire and Maine in search of old forts and battlefields . . . . Again and again he had forced himself to the point of exhaustion on hiking and canoeing trips" (123-4). His struggles with "the Enemy" reveal, in other words, how consciously Parkman set out to build the persona of a vigorous, manly, independent self. He would do this by confronting the Enemy in the West, where "each man lives by the strength of his arm and the valor of his heart" (106), and he would solidify that figure in narrative. For Dana, adventure had been his goal, and disease was the vehicle -- his much needed rationale -- to gain that adventure. For Parkman, adventure was the transport into a battlefield within himself, and, as Kim Townsend has suggested, "his life was, to an extraordinary degree, a work, a conscious creation," one which he hoped would subdue and resolve his relentless, internal struggles (98).

Parkman's portrayal of the western landscape in *The Oregon Trail*, and the individuals and communities he found there, illustrates how he attempted to forge in narrative a singular, autonomous adventure figure, and how the very narrative material of that effort undermined and betrayed his efforts to claim victory over chance, risk and the unknown. The hypotactic fusion Parkman forced upon his adventures results in his denying and repressing the very elements of domesticity that make the adventure narrative possible. Unlike Dana, whose text featured a loose, paratactic mix of adventure personae, who shifted from migratory domestic concerns into explorer or captive modes, Parkman's errand required a rigid, hyper-masculine hierarchy in which fear was always subdued by valor, and longings for intimate or erotic connection suppressed in favor of a cool, steely-eyed pose. Perhaps the ultimate irony uncovered in comparing the two narratives lies in the revelation that suspense -- that overarching feature of adventure -- is diminished as the adventure narrative invests more fully in an "overstrained sense of manliness" (Dana, 330).

Despite Parkman's attempts to create a seamless, near-invincible persona to match the rigors of life on western prairies, *The Oregon Trail* frequently belies that effort. The dialectical elements of adventure press upon the surface of Parkman's narrative, in both his illustrations of dangers undertaken and in his aversions to the domesticity which frequently lingers at the edges of the scenes he portrays. Landscapes are exhilarating in their abundance, yet in Parkman's narrative they conceal an ominous lower depth; communities of traders, Indians and migrants populate his plains, but their companionship is fraught with confusion, grimness, and silence; and he creates comic, erotic, and domestic characters even as he poses as warrior and misanthrope. As Patricia Limerick has pointed out, "much of

western expansion had, of necessity, a kind of heightened self-consciousness about it" (*MMW*, 167), and Parkman's "literary" western enterprise west made it possible for him to subordinate, sequester and even suppress the voices of captive, migrant and explorer that he drew upon to fashion his frontier character. Parkman's absurd efforts to construct "a posture of an armed neutrality" while indulging in frontier adventures finally betray him and break onto the surface of his narrative, as when he writes: "Thinking of that morning's journey, it has sometimes seemed to me that there was something ridiculous in my position: a man, armed to the teeth, but wholly unable to fight, and equally so to run away, traversing a dangerous wilderness, on a sick horse" (221, 167). Yet such moments are rare for Parkman, and his unyielding narrator is for the most part evocative of the writing apparatus he built in order to steady and guide his faltering hand, in which narrative took form through a wire grid of precise, one-half inch segments.

Landscapes west provided Parkman with a remarkable visual foundation for both the conscious trail of the hardened adventurer which he sought to imprint in his text, and the inevitable -- and I believe, unconscious – fallout of that effort. Though vast and uniform enough to cause Parkman, like Washington Irving before him, to become dreadfully lost and disoriented, the plains possessed smaller worlds into which Parkman could recover and enhance the adventurous persona he negotiated there. Sitting by a clear pool one day while traveling with a Dakota community, for example, Parkman put away his Indian language studies to observe a small pool in which minnows "engaged in a cannibal warfare among themselves," their numbers dwindling slowly, until "a monster of about three inches would slowly issue forth" and the small fish scattered. "'Soft-hearted philanthropists,' thought I,

'may sigh long for their peaceful millennium: for from minnows up to men, life is an incessant battle'" (246). Parkman's narrative is distinguished, I believe, by the proportion of episodes such as this, in which his gaze falls below the surface of the prairies in order to perceive some primal struggle for survival.

While the plains depicted in Parkman's narrative are occasionally pleasing, his prairies are notable for the menace that lies submerged in them. In fact, prairies figure as the site of captivity in Parkman's text. As Albert Pike elaborated in his *Prose Sketches* of 1834, prairies have the "power of throwing a man back upon himself and giving him a feeling of lone helplessness" (11). For seasoned frontier guides and hunters who lived permanently on the great plains -- such as Parkman's much admired guide Henry Chatillion, who could stand peacefully in the center of a buffalo herd -- Parkman speculates that "the prairies had been his school" (17). But for adventurers new to the place, the prairies hide formidable dangers just beneath their surfaces. Early in his travels, for example, as Parkman's group moves up the Missouri River from St. Louis, he writes of landscape as a seemingly solid surface, but which actually betrays a lower level of turmoil and danger:

> The river was now high [spring, 1846]; but when we descended in the autumn it was fallen very low, and all the secrets of its treacherous shallows were exposed to view. It was frightful to see the dead and broken trees, thick-set as a military abattis, firmly imbedded in the sand, and all pointing down stream, ready to impale any unhappy steamboat that at high water should pass over that dangerous ground. (10)

This landscape that conceals its dangers beneath the surface, a prairie that can impale, reappears as Parkman cautions prospective travelers about their expectations of a "paradise"

in the American Great Plains. He often portrays the land as a dreary and protracted threshold, an "intervening country" that, as expected, delivers a boundless vista, but also an abundance of trouble at a closer range, including a drinking cup full of creatures, a river of quicksand, badger holes that can snap a horse's leg, and poisonous snakes that emerge from lower depths and glide under foot. While Parkman claims an explorer's heartiness as he presses further west, landscapes become the textual enclosures into which he projects the frightful and discomforting sensations that his adventure clearly invoked, a vessel for the large measure of danger and risk from which he must distance himself.

At times Parkman's images link prairie travelers quite intimately to the landscape's incarcerate powers, as when he describes home furnishings lodged deeply in the sands of the Platte. He tenders images of precious, polished "ancient claw-footed" furniture which has been carried, he imagines, from England, across the American continent, only to lodge in a shallow, muddy grave at the Platte River. "The cherished relic is soon flung out," he muses, "to scorch and crack upon the hot prairie" (84). Yet animals, especially buffalo, are more frequently the instruments of Parkman's dreadful revelations about these lower depths. There were so many about, of course, and their struggles more closely approximate the thoroughly human drama he desired to create. Parkman frequently relates people and animal groups on the plains, noting his confusion in discerning buffalo and human communities in a landscape that commands such a broad spectacle. Parkman focuses upon solitary bison, sketching them as endangered, scruffy, solitary travelers like himself. In one scene, Parkman describes an "insidious abyss" hidden beneath a seemingly solid patch of prairie near the Black Hills. He writes that such places are numerous and "the buffalo, in his blind and

heedless walk, often plunges into them unawares. Down he sinks; one snort of terror, one convulsive struggle and the slime calmly flows above his shaggy head, the languid undulations of its sleek and placid surface alone betray how the powerful monster writhes in his death-throes below" (232-3). The buffalo may have served Parkman well in his recreational hunting in the summer of 1846, but his most powerful images of them are as huge bodies writhing hopelessly in deep mire. Like the small fish pond he observed so closely, in which the monster fish wins the day, these buffalo are emblems of a captive Parkman who, himself ill and weak, travels with his mysterious Enemy, and "half [expects] that some unknown evil lay in ambush"(243).

Travelers on the plains have often written of its engulfing emptiness, and in Parkman's narrative the solitude and monotony of that experience are elements he engages in order to embellish his persona as a lone explorer. Of course, explorers were not solitary travelers as Parkman sometimes was, nor did their errand embrace the sort of contemplation that marks Parkman's narrative when "for the first time, it pressed upon me as a strong probability that I might never leave those deserts. . . . Better to die here, in the saddle to the last than to stifle in the hot air of a sick chamber" (187-8). Meriwether Lewis' brooding, after all, focused upon how he might dedicate even greater energies to his official commission. But for Parkman, the barrenness of prairie regions, their sense of emptiness and loss, complement the adventure figure that he set out to create. Arriving at open vistas, he writes of having ridden all day "without seeing a tree or a bush" (40), an emptiness which makes encounters with others all the more exciting, and ominous. Sudden confrontation is

startling, even when Parkman's larger group crosses paths with native travelers and hunters, an experience reminiscent of migrants' fearfulness and American explorers' wariness.

It is an interesting feature of American exploration, migration and travel literature that all three genres express a profound ambivalence about meeting others along Great Plains trails. The exposure and extensive views characteristic of prairie landscapes seem to figure prominently in the formation of that social response. Sudden confrontation was frightening, while a slow, cautious approach could signal even greater danger. In other words, all meeting -- gradual or sudden, timorous or strident -- was risky. In travel writing such as Parkman's, we gain a greater textual elaboration of that rather tortured social phenomenon, and an appreciation of the role of landscape in its formation. When he and his companions approach the Indians of the Black Hills area, for example, the party can comfortably enter the village, but to approach and encamp nearby, and to be seen by rambling members of that community is unsettling, even threatening (172). Parkman's prairie writing offers a window into American anxiety about contact with unknown and diverse people, an event that prompts both a domestic understanding of shared land and an adventurer's distrust of strangers.

While the lower depths of Parkman's prairies are home to the voice of captivity in his narrative, the Great Plains surfaces become the site of both explorer and migrant voices. Meriwether Lewis and William Manly sought to name the poet or painter who could adequately portray what they as explorer and migrant had witnessed, but Parkman -- in his "literary" frontier enterprise -- engages the bareness and monotony of prairies spaces in order to retire those cultural references, and to propose a new art for a scene whose fundamental feature was its lack of any:

> It was right welcome [the Platt River]: strange too, and striking to the imagination, and yet it had not one picturesque or beautiful feature: nor had it any of the features of grandeur, other than its vast extent, its solitude and its wildness. For league after league, a plain as level as a frozen lake was outspread beneath us; . . . No living thing was moving throughout the vast landscape, except the lizards that darted over the sand and through the rank grass and prickly pear, just at our feet. And yet stern and wild associations gave a singular interest to the view . . . . Here society is reduced to its original elements, the whole fabric of art and conventionality is struck rudely to pieces. (63)

Parkman's "barren, trackless waste" and "level monotony" encrusted with "huge skulls and whitening bones" (64), provide the wayless and wasted way for his narrative fashioning of adventure. Lewis had proposed an American presence in the landscapes of the Louisiana Purchase, through his mourning the absent gaze of the Anglo-American upon those prairies before his arrival. William Manly emptied that same landscape of law and social values, claiming that what had been transported into the region was inadequate for its unique terrain. He proposed that a new social order must spring spontaneously from its prairies. Parkman's venture was the ultimate, textual dimension of that quest: to create from nothing a new text for the frontier. In all three gestures -- acquiring, settling and textualizing the landscape -- what is new is propounded not upon what has passed before but upon an adventure privileging the unknown above all else.

Of course, adventure's domestic entanglements and narrative patterns belie that effort, as I have suggested in earlier sections, and as I will address in the remainder of this

study. Yet, American travelers' conscious effort to identify what is unknown as the source of their enterprise finds its mark in adventure text's frequent return to expressions of the ineffable. The prairie is an ideal vehicle for the bareness upon which Parkman constructs his text, even though he finds himself "totally at a loss. Before us lay a plain perfectly flat, spreading on the right and left, without apparent limit... All was open and exposed to view, yet not a buffalo nor an Indian was visible" (173). Implicit in Parkman's narrative effort was his hope that extreme adventure in this vast expanse would yield a source of vitality that had eluded him, and would perhaps finally end the reign of his interior Enemy. Returning to Boston, however, Parkman required two stays in sanatoria in order to recover from his western adventures. He continued to advocate a rigorous life on the prairies, where "each man lives by the strength of his arm and the valor of his heart," even as he devoted his energies to the adventures of the text (he produced five editions of *Oregon Trail*), the enterprise to which he was most suited.

Parkman recognized that American frontier landscapes were also a site of gentler drama -- one that migrants were more apt to seek -- and this to his great relief. "The mountains, whose stern features had lowered upon us with so gloomy and awful a frown," he writes, "now seemed lighted up with a serene, benignant smile, and the green waving undulations of the plain were gladdened with the rich sunshine. Wet, ill, and wearied as I was, my spirit grew lighter at the view" (163). Flat lands also partake of this graceful motion in Parkman's text, where he notes that "the prairie was like a turbulent ocean, suddenly congealed when its waves were at the highest, and it lay half in light and half in shadow, as the rich sunshine, yellow and gold, was pouring over it" (171). Frontier as change itself

begins to take textual shape when Parkman approaches Long's Peak, where the sky is "obscured by thick mists and vapors," while clouds "were shifting, changing and dissolving away" (266). Such a tentative, partially articulated landscape indicates, I believe, a deepening sense of adventure in Parkman's observations, reminiscent of Dana's delight in the beauty of a ship under full sail where "there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvass, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds" (426). Upon leaving Long's Peak, Parkman's sensitivity to movement becomes even more consciously textualized, in an allusion to arts he sought to leave at home. After a thunder storm, he finds that "the whole sublime congregation of mountains was bathed at once in warm sunshine. They seemed more like some luxurious vision of eastern romance than like a reality of that wilderness: all were melted together into a soft delicious blue" (271). Here, the eastern romance narrative (painting? story?) figures for a moment as something more "real" than the wilderness he wished to embrace. For one who had sworn off the arts of an overly-civilized world, his reference to romantic aesthetics is startling. I believe it indicates Parkman's need to summon familiar, domestic expression in order to promote the adventure narrative to which he had dedicated himself.

Parkman considered that "the prairie was hardly the place to enjoy a quiet life," and he took pride in distancing himself from migrant groups (48). Yet domestic readings of the landscape frequently appear in his narrative. Parkman's version of adventurer as solitary, weathered explorer is linked to another figure who seeks and finds repose in prairie terrain. Geographer B. H. Baltensperger has suggested that there were concrete reasons for the

disparate images of the Great Plains, noting that "both desert and garden images continued to be evoked by travelers and explorers" through the mid-nineteenth century (61).[12] He argues that the plains truly were "an enigma to the humid-land Anglo explorers, travelers and settlers who confronted the region" because the landscape was "neither different enough to stimulate a radical re-evaluation of the environment nor similar enough that one could confidently extend assessments of the Midwest into the region. Partly because of the paradoxical nature of the region, two conflicting images of the Great Plains developed during the first half of the nineteenth century" (60).

Parkman's occasional depiction of the prairie's softer, more delicate features, as well as the graceful antelope dwelling there, prompt his acknowledging a feminine and, by association, a domestic presence. On a lovely spring morning in Kansas, at the commencement of his overland trek, Parkman spotted a clearing too inviting to pass by, and lying upon the nook of green grass, confessed that he "was half inclined to regret leaving behind the land of gardens, for the rude and stern scenes of the prairie and the mountains" (17). Soon upon the broadening plains, Parkman writes the "the scenery needed no foreign aid. Nature had done enough for it; and the alternation of rich green prairies and groves that stood in clusters . . . had all the softened and polished beauty of a region that has been for centuries under the hand of man" (23). And while Parkman's narrative is notorious for its misogyny and its efforts to marginalize women in western frontiers – his preface to the 1872 edition of *The Oregon Trail* insisted, for example that along with locomotives, greed, Mormons, and "women's rights" were a key factor in the disappearance of wilderness -- femininity figures symbolically in the landscape of his text. An antelope watches him with

eyes "like a beautiful woman's, dark and rich" (126). After he shoots the animal, he quotes an inner monologue: "'Fortunate that I am in a hurry,' thought I; 'I might be troubled with remorse, if I had time for it'" (126). I believe this metatext, its conscious layering of narrative upon narrative, signals Parkman's textual molding of a lone and hardened masculine figure who must annihilate the female and her domestic trappings. Here, he disperses her into a prairie landscape, and protests too much, I believe, that he feels no remorse. The image of the antelope-woman appears again, during a hunting expedition among buffalo herds, where Parkman describes the animal as a "lovely young girl wandering near a den of robbers or a nest of bearded pirates" (324).

Prairie flora fare better than women in Parkman's representations of the plains, and signal the backward glance which I believe provides a sense of domestic origins to his adventures. Moving on toward Fort Laramie, Parkman's group camps at a spot featuring "plenty of buffalo skulls," but also the more familiar sight of a field of flowers. "I had nothing else to do," writes Parkman,

> and so gathering a handful, I sat down on a buffalo-skull to study them. Although the offspring of a wilderness, their texture was frail and delicate, and their colors extremely rich: pure white, dark blue, and a transparent crimson. One travelling in this country seldom has leisure to think of any thing but the practical details of each day's journey. Like them, he and his thoughts grow hard and rough. But now these flowers suddenly awakened a train of associations as alien to the rude scene around me as they were themselves; and for a moment my thoughts went back to New England. (86)

Parkman's mindful fashioning of the tough frontiersman is prompted here by the backward, domestic gaze he hoped to quash. His rugged frontier, and its transformation into a recreational adventure zone, required that he subordinate delicate features of his environment, even as he acknowledged their role in situating him, for example, in the brooding Black Hills, whose "milder features .... "awakened delicious associations of the gardens and peaceful homes of far-distant New-England" (226). As W.J.T. Mitchell has suggested, we need to "ask not just what landscape 'is' or 'means' but what it *does*, how it works as a cultural practice" (1). When the diverse geography of the prairies meets up with Francis Parkman's ideal adventurer, we witness how the Great Plains both accommodate and suspend that evolving American figure.

Parkman's chronicle of characters and communities -- migrants, Indians and traders -- make up the second arena of his narrative fashioning of adventure. Migrants, Indians and traders simultaneously advance and confound his efforts to trace the figure of daring he wished to embrace. Crowds of migrants gathering at jumping-off points are the subject of his opening remarks, yet they also constitute the group with whom he claims a "great disinclination" to connect (12). Parkman seems as disgusted with them as he is compelled to detail their presence and progress along western trails. They are a hapless mass, burdened with domestic cares and confused about how to proceed. He portrays them as making earnest but pitiful efforts to organize themselves into the natural extensions of communities from which they came, "holding meetings, passing resolutions, and drawing up regulations, but unable to unite in the choice of leaders to conduct them across the prairie" (13). They are also "some of the vilest outcasts in the country" hoping to escape from that advancing social

order (13). In either case – whether they represent the best or the worst citizens of the regions from which they traveled – Parkman portrays them as creatures of folly, indulging in "an insane hope of a better condition" in a new "land of promise" (13). With this dismissive gesture, Parkman promotes his brand of adventure by reveling in his band of hunters, military and recreational travelers, and taking great pride in its easy mobility and independence. Yet, his revulsion toward migrants speaks volumes about the domestic foundation that such migrants impart to his portrait of an ideal frontier adventure.

Migrants in Parkman's narrative are a grim community, "wearily toiling on its way, to found new empires in the West" (65). As Townsend notes in regard to Parkman's earlier writing, "nothing is more striking in his many journal accounts of his ventures than the wildness of his outbursts against people and the places where they settled," and "his efforts generally to establish his authority in violent reaction to what he imaged to be threatening" (103). *The Oregon Trail* embodies that same response, with Parkman feeling "tormented by the intrusive curiosity" migrants display toward his seemingly more elective adventures (88). He perceives envy in the faces of men traveling with family groups, looking "wistfully upon us as we rode lightly and swiftly past," and "divided between regrets for the homes they had left and apprehensions of the deserts and the savages before them" (56-7). Migrant groups become a repository for his own fear and regret, even though their adherence to social and family responsibility prompt a moment of chagrin from Parkman. That is, he finds migrants' queries "particularly embarrassing; since traveling in that country, or indeed any where, from any other motive than gain, was an idea of which they took no cognizance" (88).

How is it that Parkman could be embarrassed by the interrogation of migrants about his motives for travel? He was keen to record many details about migrant groups -- their wives and children, their wagons and equipment -- yet he consistently disparaged their presence and "fondly hoped that [he] had taken a final leave" (57). He portrayed them as lost and hopelessly uprooted, yet he contemplated their representing an unbroken line of adventurers whose ambitions were "revived" in the prairies, and who represented "that fierce spirit which impelled their ancestors, scarce more lawless than themselves, from the German forests, to inundate Europe, and break to pieces the Roman empire" (83-4). Parkman was uncomfortable with migrants because, I believe, they were symbols of the home he had escaped, while, at the same time, they were representative of the credentials he longed to attach to the adventurer he was constructing on western plains. European adventurers were his model for that authority since they domesticated the New World, the site of their enterprising journeys. Parkman wished to displace the domestic element of their adventures (representing his dependence, especially, upon women, for medical care) even as he portrayed himself as the significant extension of that history.

Travel writing promised an end to Parkman's interior struggle, yet the adventurous heritage to which he adhered required that the domestic dignify his narrative. Loath as he was to admit that domestic voice, he needed it to lend weight and significance to the adventures he narrates. Domesticity consequently figures as a rather haunting voice in Parkman, as when, after eight days alone on the trail with guide Chatillon, he hears disembodied voices of a migrant camp, "peals of laughter, and the faint voices of men and

women," inarticulate, slightly menacing, with "an effect extremely wild and impressive" (55).

While the voice of the migrant expressed a domesticity Parkman felt compelled to deny, Indians living on the plains were the voice – the siren – of adventure for him. Parkman claimed that others, like his traveling companion Shaw, came west in order "to shake off the effects of a disorder that had impaired a constitution originally hardy and robust" (a motive obviously true for Parkman, too), but Parkman insisted that his purpose was "to pursue some inquiries relative to the character and usages of the remote Indian nations" (16). As in his portrait of migrants, he felt compelled to contain Indians within generalizations, and thereby subordinate those illustrations of Indian people to the service of the adventurer he was determined to fashion out of himself. Yet, like the migrants, details and complexities of Indian lives draw him toward rather than away from the common humanity they share with him.

The embarrassment caused Parkman by migrants is parallel to the frustration elicited by Indians, and both reactions result in a suspension of narrative effort. That is, Parkman's textual versions of domestic and adventure figures mark the adventure of the text itself: a gulf is created between voices of domestic migrant and adventurous Indian, even though migrants had undertaken remarkable journeys, and Indians were indeed at home on the plains. That gulf suspends Parkman's narrative and creates an arena of the unarticulated and the unknown. As William James argued in "The Stream of Thought," "namelessness is compatible with existence. There are innumerable consciousnesses of emptiness," wherein a breach in thought is "no mere gap" (243). This principle also informs narrative, and is

surely obvious in the adventure text. In Parkman's narrative we find the tracing of adventure around the stories of migrants, and the shadings of home in his tales of wild Indians. Also, within Parkman's rendering of both group lies the contrariness of his narrative effort, in which he proposes to detail lives undertaken in the frontier (especially about Indians), yet resolves (and dissolves) his narrative in vague generalizations about them. That is, Parkman insists that in depicting Indians "the same picture, slightly changed in shade and coloring would serve with very few exceptions for all the tribes that lie north of the Mexican territories" (176).

Parkman's focus upon Indians as warring, nomadic, and erotic beings helped to generate the adventure figure he sought to mold out of his experience on western prairies, yet those renditions also reveal his suppressed desires for domestic elements of intimacy, stability and harmony. The irony of Parkman's engagement, especially with the Ogallala communities of the plains, is that his formulation of an adventure figure required an intimacy he perpetually denied. Ultimately, it is that intimacy which prompted his rare and detailed narrative of life within this native society.

Parkman must have seen himself as the war correspondent of 1846. He collected rumors in the plains of a mounting initiative against the Snake Indians, and reported that "at this moment many villages, probably embracing in the whole five or six thousand souls, were slowly creeping over the prairies" (110). He believed that a massive army of Dakota warriors would gather along the Platt for the battle, and he "was greatly rejoiced to hear of it" (111). Later, when Whirlwind, the Dakota leader, arrived at Fort Laramie, and war plans faded -- the traders were against war since business declined, and they discouraged Whirlwind from

continuing his campaign -- Parkman was hugely disappointed. "My philanthropy at that time was no match for my curiosity," he wrote, "and I was vexed at the possibility that after all I might lose the rare opportunity of seeing the formidable ceremonies of war" (123). Parkman's hopes to witness such a monumental struggle on the prairies had been building since he was a boy, "having from childhood felt a curiosity on this subject, and having failed completed to gratify it by reading, I resolved to have recourse to observation" (111). Reading of war as a child had not satisfied; perhaps writing of it as an adult would. In either case, narrative was the vehicle to satisfy the longing for that scrimmage. His hopes for battle inspired his decision "to live in the midst of them, and become, as it were, one of them. I proposed to join a village, and make myself an inmate of one of their lodges" (111).

Parkman's tenacious search for the Indian wars which never materialize results in his furnishing an adventure narrative with the details of domestic Indian lives. He makes the curious argument that if only prairie Indians were more settled on the land, animosities and war would have a much better chance of flourishing. But the loose structure of tribes, their roaming villages, each with its own leadership, frustrate Parkman's hankering for well-drawn battles between powerful foes. He laments that "very seldom does it happen, at least among these western bands, that a chief attains too much power. . . . A people so loosely united, torn, too, with rankling feuds and jealousies, can have little power or efficiency. The western Dahcotah have no fixed habitations . . . they wander incessantly" (135). What once seemed to Parkman the perfect model for an adventurous society invariably exposes to him its ordinary, domestic routine. One particular scenario illustrates the astounding gap between Parkman's indefatigable expectations of war and his Indian hosts' mundane and tractable

conduct of community life. Whirlwind changes his mind about the major offensive against the Snake Indians, and he leads his kinsmen off to hunt buffalo in the Black Hills instead. The war party becomes a party of hunters. This is decidedly not the perilous military adventure upon which Parkman had set his sights, and when he arrives on the prairies which he had hoped to find teeming with warriors, he sees "not a plain covered with encampments and swarming with life, but a vast unbroken desert stretching away before us league upon league . . . . Our journey was in vain, and much worse than in vain. For myself, I was vexed and disappointed beyond measure" (152). Finding a bit of "meagre and wretched shade" under a half-dead tree, Parkman threw himself down to nurse his disappointment and his dysentery (153). He cannot acknowledge what he narrates, that the Indians are at home on the plains, and as likely to prepare a meal as prepare for battle.

Parkman's rendition of Indian communities are portraits of societies in motion, in which continuity and stability are always subordinated to travel. His passages describing this prairie pageant are reminiscent of scenes in the journals of both Meriwether Lewis and Margaret Frink. Together, these descriptive catalogues are a distinctive feature of their narratives, and act, I believe, as narrative emblems of the adventures that they illustrate. Weighted with vivid detail that is nevertheless loosely strung together, the text itself denotes the gaps and gulfs that suggest adventure's tracing of chance, risk and the unknown. Early in his travels Parkman observes a Dakota community pausing in its journey:

> None of the lodges were erected; but their heavy leather coverings, and the long poles used to support them, were scattered every where around, among weapons, domestic utensils, and the rude harness of mules and horses. . . . Except the dogs, the most

> active and noisy tenants of the camp were the old women . . . With the cracked voices of these hags, the clamor of dogs, the shouting and laughing of children and girls, and the listless tranquillity of the warriors, the whole scene had an effect too lively and picturesque ever to be forgotten. (91)

Soon, outside Fort Laramie, Parkman notes the arrival of another Indian encampment:

> Smoke's village was close at hand. Accordingly only a few minutes elapsed before the hills beyond the river were covered with a disorderly swarm of savages, on horseback and on foot. May [trader at the fort] finished his story; and by that time the whole array had descended to Laramie Creek, and commenced crossing it in a mass. . . . On the back of the horse are piled various articles of luggage; the basket also is well filled with domestic utensils, or, quite as often with a litter of puppies, a brood of small children, or a superannuated old man. . . . . Among them swam countless dogs, often burdened with miniature *travaux*; and dashing forward on horseback through the throng came the superbly-formed warriors . . . . In a few moments the crowd melted away; each family, with its horses and equipage, filing off to the plain at the rear of the fort; and here, in the space of half an hour, arose sixty or seventh of their tapering lodges. 102

Although Parkman injects these scenes with plenty of his venom toward women, while glorifying the images of potential young warriors, such passages are vivid in their portrait of the plains Indians, and in their illustration of communities both in motion and inexorably tied to the landscape. When Parkman writes that "on a sudden the lonely plain was transformed into the site of a miniature city . . . and the whole prairie was animated by

restless figures" he both settles and sets in motion what clearly was for him an exhilarating version of the domestic (134). The distinction between trail and town, highway and home ultimately falls away, as when Parkman follows after an Indian village, relying not upon a particular set of footprints or visual citings to overtake it, but upon the imprint on the land of the entire community, since "an Indian village, in its disorderly march, is scattered over the prairie, often to the width of full half a mile" (165).

Besides winning Parkman's selection as the most admired members of Indian communities, native men are also the focus of his narrative's erotic gaze. Parkman's text features a curious blend of fearfulness -- he invariably reads "jealousy, suspicion and malignant cunning" in their faces – and adoring attraction (242). He articulates the familiar sentiment of his day that "with every disposition to do justice to their good qualities" the Anglo American "must be conscious that an impassable gulf lies between him and his red brethren of the prairie" (a common notion that surely gave rise to rendering the Indian an exotic creature). Parkman was an extraordinarily guarded traveler. He nominally "sees [Indians] as troublesome and dangerous species of wild beast" and privately records his pleasure that though "we were excellent friends... if expedient, he ["a civilized white man"] could shoot them with as little compunction as they themselves would experience" (242). Yet, Parkman was a voyager who (as he wrote to an ethnographer friend) had a "burning desire to get among fevers and volcanos, niggers, Indians and other outcasts of humanity, a restless fit which is apt to seize me at intervals" (in Jacobs, I:68). Indian men of the plains held promise as adventure figures upon whom Parkman could fashion a vitality that had always eluded him (242). From his boyhood forward, he felt tormented with poor health, and

he animated those physical ailments in the figure of the mysterious Enemy. The Indian was also a mysterious enemy, and Parkman had always believed that adventures into the unknown would be the scene of his triumph over his private foe. Eroticizing the Indian held the promise of intimacy, as well as the innermost victory over a mysterious, internal assailant.

In a temporary encampment of the Sioux along the Platte River, Parkman and his companions come upon a single Indian on horseback, a member of "Old Smokes" band, and who approaches and greets them. Mounted upon his horse, this tall fellow was "lithely and gracefully, yet strongly proportioned; and with a skin singularly clear and delicate. He wore no paint; his head was bare . . . his chest and arms were naked, the buffalo robe, worn over them when at rest, had fallen about his waist" (89). In another instance, Mahto-Tatonka, son of the chief, appeared to Parkman to embody a "statue-like form limbed like an Apollo of bronze" (141) and "gorgeous" yet, "after all, he was but an Indian" (141). His early contemplation of Indian men give way to more elaborate passages about their place in an aesthetic/erotic time line:

> Only on the prairie and in the Vatican have I seen such faultless models of the human figure. See that warrior standing by the tree, towering six feet and a half in stature. Your eyes may trace the whole of his graceful and majestic height, and discover no defect or blemish. With his free and noble attitude, with the bow in his hand, and the quiver at his back, he might seem, but for his face, the Pythian Apollo himself. (144-5)

Such passages demonstrate the passionate, personal designs upon which Parkman focused his adventures. It seems entirely probable that within such a mind-set, Parkman links his body, through narrative, to the figure of the unknowable in order to finally subdue the relentless physical discomfort which he had lived with for so many years.

His adventures into western prairies ultimately gave Parkman the opportunity to textualize and thereby exorcize the enemy he carried within himself. Yet, his contradictory feelings about Indians, as Philip Terrie has argued, "became especially unsettling when contact began to suggest that otherness was but a fiction" (378). They, too, were complex figures, and his ambivalence frustrated the resolution he hoped they would offer. Indians of *The Oregon Trail* remain its noble/treacherous, menacing/vanishing characters, despite his narrative negotiations.

While Parkman insisted that he had traveled to the frontiers to engage the American Indian, his adventures ultimately locate their textual realization in the larger prairie landscape of his narrative, with its unnameable lower depths, its vast emptiness, the splendor of its roaming communities, and the buffalo herds that inspire Parkman's haunting utterance that "there was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms" (78). In this wild terrain, Parkman speaks with the voice of his self-conscious new adventurer. Like the monologue he fashioned out of his antelope hunt, Parkman writes of coming upon a lone, grizzly buffalo, an "old ruffian grown gray in blood and violence, and scowling on all the world from his misanthropic seclusion" (328). With broken hooves, exposed ribs and countless scars, the animal confronts Parkman's rifle, and the two stare at each other for a long while. "I felt greatly inclined to come to terms with him," writes Parkman. "'My

friend,' thought I, 'if you'll let me off, I'll let you off.'" but adds, as he kills the animal with a rifle shot, "I forgot my prudent intentions" (329). Parkman seems determined to kill off the reasonable, life-affirming, domestic perspective exemplified in his first words to the buffalo, in favor of the powerful, deadly intonation of the second. Yet, ambivalent to the end, Parkman returned, as the milder Dana had done, to settle uneasily at home with his adventures. Dana found it difficult to recognize home as *home* after his sea voyage, and Parkman returned barely able to recognize himself, sensing only that he longed for the "unmingled pleasures" of both home and frontier (339), a "wayless way" that he perpetually sought with pen in hand.

Notes

1. In *Discoverers, Explorers, Settlers*, Wayne Franklin claims that the experience of wonder lies at the heart of American travel narratives, and that such wonder embodies a "lack of a true narrative interest," in which explorers, for example, yield to a "silence before a purely present landscape" (23). Franklin argues that the New World enterprise is ultimately redeemed through travel writing, which returns one to the "original moments of expectation" (179). In *Marvelous Possessions: The Wonder of the New World*, Stephen Greenblatt challenges Franklin's understanding of "wonder" in the New World, arguing that early voyagers' ("liars'") representations of the continent were empowered by language as well as capital. He focuses on wonder's "ideological malleability," its power "to possess and enslave," and concludes his study with an interpretation of how "colonizing the marvelous" brings the eyewitness to "the surprising recognition of the other in himself" (24). Bruce Greenfield shares and elaborates upon Greenblatt's conviction that discovery and exploration narratives are "a superbly powerful register" of the "claims and limits of European representational practice" (Greenblatt, 23). In *Narrating Discovery*, Greenfield extends the critique from "the conflicts inherent in European expansion" into the "even more extreme ideological stresses upon the new society of native Euro-Americans" (26). He acknowledges Wayne Franklin's view that discoverers "were moved rhetorically to render timeless appreciation" but he argues that "they were ultimately propelled and limited in their freedom" by political and financial goals and obligations (24). Greenfield contends that these narratives "seldom reach narrative maturity of seeming to tell themselves, of being fully realized, appropriating their historical circumstances" because of a crisis in authority and uncertainty of circumstance (26). The narratives of the travel writers considered here do, in fact, draw upon those precursory wonders and stresses in order to fashion adventures that -- at least on paper -- can accommodate both. These travel writers have constructed narrative hybrids in which the tourist portrays himself as explorer, in order to narrate migratory disasters (as in Parkman), or (in Dana) the gentleman traveler becomes a captive in order to join an international community of explorers.

2. Taken together, critiques of tourism in American suggest that recreational travel has become increasingly dependent upon narratives about those landscapes, rather than upon any direct contact with the places themselves. Although Stephen Fender argues that popular western landmarks were noteworthy because they were "not simply strange, but both strange and beguilingly familiar," and that even buttes of western plains "suggested any number of architectural forms – domestic and public, ancient and modern" (79-80), most scholars have suggested that narratives of various sorts transformed the experience of traveling, acting as the agents and armchairs of adventure, and making those journeys palpable and desirable. Eric Purchase, in *Out of Nowhere*, for example, illustrates how, after the circulation of a story of an avalanche in Crawford Notch, New Hampshire, the area became a hotbed of tourism, even though there was little to see since the disaster had left the buildings at the scene entirely intact. The people who died in the calamity had run from the house, and so the area was renowned not as a place to inspect the ruins of disaster but a place to contemplate "the sheer perversity of nature"and question "the fundamental compatibility of Man and Nature"

(1.13). In her essay "Haunted by Rhyolite: Learning from the Landscape of Failure," Patricia Limerick examines the popularity of ghost towns in western states, and questions their role as monuments to "faith and daring" (which she claims is the typical tourist brochure slant on them). She comments upon the oddity of visiting ghost towns where nothing remains. "Having said that there is absolutely nothing to see," notes Limerick, "the guidebook then gives exact directions for going to see it" (43). What the tourist brings, of course, is the story, even though it is a tale of growth and one that has "little attention left for shrinkage, for abandonment, for waste," which is the only narrative the tract of land can affirm. As Earl Pomery suggested in *In Search of the Golden West*, the tourist "may be short on information in the most limited sense but long on the kinds of misinformation on which the West has grown" (xvi). With the nudging of narrative, the traveler settles into a landscape where "the tourist becomes a Westerner, if he is not one already, and the Westerner becomes a tourist" (xvii).

3. During the spring of 1998, H-West (on-line western history listserver) participants conducted many rounds of discussions about the nature of frontier, arriving at no consensus except that the concept is alive and well and may be defined as any or all of the following: a place, a process, a myth, and "history itself." One of the participants, Richard Slatta, quoted Patricia Limerick's review of *The Adventures of the Frontier in the Twentieth Century*, in which Limerick comments that "as a mental artifact, the frontier has demonstrated an astonishing stickiness and persistence" and "attaches itself to everything–healthful diets, space shuttles, civil rights campaigns. . . . Whether or not it suits my preference, the concept works as a cultural glue – a mental and emotional fastener that, in some very curious and unexpected ways, works to hold us together."

4. See *Sea-brothers: the tradition of American sea fiction from Moby-Dick to the present* for Bert Bender's argument that the sea narrative was a compelling venue "for affirming the democratic values that are inherent in a brotherhood of working seamen" (xi). For a brief summary of Dana's career and legal efforts on behalf of seamen, see Thomas Philbrick's introduction to the narrative; also, Samuel Shapiro's biography, *Richard Henry Dana, Jr.: 1815-1882*, East Lansing, Michigan, 1961.

5. Philbrick's and Spengemann's reading of Dana's narrative exemplify the "separate spheres" appraisal which has been typical of adventure narrative analysis. Philbrick, for example, finds it curious that Dana slips so quickly into captivity, with little word about his having deliberated and chosen his confinement at sea. He subsequently finds that from Chapter Two forward, Dana limits himself to the "thin thread of subjective narrative. . . of a captive," in which his adventures swings from imprisonment to his break for freedom aboard the *Alert*. But Dana was clearly feeling every bit the captive in Boston before he set sail. Furthermore, his narrative illustrates more adventure voices than that of the captive. Similarly, Spengemann sets an adventurous transformation between the two versions of Dana -- the chafing young gentleman and the emboldened adventurer – even though Dana's later comforts and frustrations look very much like his earlier circumstances.

6. See James David Hart's discussion of Dana's frustration with Harvard University, his participation in "rebellions" there, and his interest in sea travel, in "The Education of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.," *The New England Quarterly*, 9:1 (March 1936): 3-25. See, also, Daniel Aaron's and Thomas Philbrick's commentaries about Dana's penchant, after returning home, to disguise himself as a sailor and cruise Boston's brothels and saloons.

7. In "The Elegant Dugout: Domesticity and Moveable Culture in the United States, 1870-1900" Angel Kwolek-Folland analyzes how the American sense of home became "transportable" through the shift from a "home economic system" to consumer oriented marketplace, and that "the homemaker provided stability for the family not by her person but by her ability to obtain and arrange objects" (32). I would urge, however, that earlier travel chronicles such as Dana's suggest that the concept of home as a mobile site existed long before 1870. As Mary Douglas argues in "The Idea of Home: A Kind of Space," "home certainly cannot be defined by any of its functions" (consider how quickly notions of its providing effective care for the body, education, or comfort can break down) or by the materials of its construction. Rather, "home starts by bringing some space under control," and by the addition of "aesthetic and moral dimensions" to that space (262-3). It seems that we should take Dana quite literally when he remarks that the *Pilgrim* became a kind of home to him.

8. In his critique of American travel abroad (*Forgiving the Boundaries: Home as Abroad in American Travel Writing*), Terry Caesar argues for a thorough conflation of home and away in order to understand how Americans conceive of themselves. "It seems to me," he writes, "Americans write of travel abroad, for better or worse, in order to be responsible to their national identities," and that "textual production of abroad in travel writing has enabled the representation of home" (5). He offers as evidence "the contrast between British and American travelers" which "is especially pronounced on this point" since "the scene of return that concludes British travel writing has little, if any, of the strenuous, apologetic, or wistful note about coming home that concludes American texts" (40). I believe, however, that American in-country travel also partakes of this dynamic, and I would refocus Caesar's proposition that "Americans have never been very certain how to accommodate the experience"of travel by suggesting that Americans have never been very certain about the experience of being at home, loaded as that institution is with adventures both at home and abroad.

9. How we make such links has been the subject of historical and aesthetic examination by such writers as Gaston Bachelard and Witold Rybzinski. In *Poetics of Space*, Bachelard pursues the transcendental aspects of one's sense of home, examining the difficulty of isolating "an intimate, concrete essence" of home in order to demonstrate that "the imagination functions in this direction whenever the human being has found the slightest shelter: we shall see the imagination build 'walls' of impalpable shadows, comfort itself with the illusion of protection -- or, just the contrary, tremble behind thick walls, mistrust the staunchest ramparts" (5). In *Home: The History of an Idea*, Witold Rybzinski offers a comparative history of domestic spaces, in which the ingredients of home -- comfort,

privacy, affection – shift over time, since the domestic is "not a single attribute." A sense of home has "depended on the development of a rich interior awareness" which referred to "the house, but also everything that was in it and around it, as well as the people, and the sense of satisfaction and contentment that all these conveyed" (75, 62).

10. See, especially, *America and the Sea*, ed. Haskell Springer, and *Sea-brothers: the tradition of American sea fiction from Moby-Dick to the present*. Both books assert that interest in the western frontier has unfairly eclipsed the study of sea narratives. Springer claims that the west has been so overstudied "as to make it a hoary cliche" (ix), while Bert Bender (*Sea Brothers*) further asserts "that the sea's influence on American literature has been more profound and continuous than is presently accepted, exceeding even that of the inland frontier" (xi). Bender surveys Dana's influence upon James Fenimore Cooper and Herman Melville, and argues that Philbrick has shortchanged the influence of sea fiction, considering the extended effects Bender perceives in the work of Stephen Crane, Jack London, Ernest Hemingway, and others. In the collection of essays Springer edited, he argues that Dana "created a virtual literary genre" that generated many narratives, most of them nonfictional (5,25). Hugh Egan's essay in the collection illustrates cross-influences between Cooper and Dana ("Cooper's new realism is due in large part to the influence of Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*," while Dana was influenced by Cooper's "unintelligible – but captivating – descriptions of nautical maneuvers in *The Red Rover* as a rationale for his own use of technical vocabulary" (79-80)). Bender also published an essay in Springer's collection, in which he argues that "steamships' threat to traditional values provoked a defensive and often nostalgic revival of interest in the sailing life" and resulted in sea fictions' providing "a strategy for the survival of the troubled imagination" done in by Darwin and industrialization (211). See, also, William Lenz, *Narratives of Exploration, Sea Fiction, Mariners' Chronicles, and the Rise of American Nationalism*," in which Lenz argues that American sea fiction and sea narratives "helped to shape new attitudes toward nationality and self-definition" as well as offering "Americans a realizable if visionary goal with which to confirm their entrance into the international community" (41).

11. Regarding Parkman's medical condition, see Louis Casamajor, "The Illness of Francis Parkman," *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, 107 (1951): 749-52. See, also, Kim Townsend's summary of eight posthumous medical opinions supporting a psychoneurotic diagnosis, and her discussion of Parkman's conscious production of a masculinist identity as "a case of metaphor as illness" (102).

12. See, also, historian Howard Lamar's "Image and Counterimage: The Regional Artist and the Great Plains Landscape," in which Lamar discusses the cultural extension of the plains' physical ambiguities. Noting that "it was a region of extremes in wealth and poverty, wet years and dry years, icy blizzards and unbearable heat," Lamar argues that "the variations were just enough to keep hope alive, making the Great Plains a sort of invisible Lorelei, always luring its residents to stay and try again" (78). He illustrates representational possibilities of the region as both a scene of victory (in paintings by Charles Russell and Frederic Remington) and defeat (in the literary productions like Ole Rolvaag's *Giants in the*

Earth and Hamlin Garland's *Main Traveled Roads*). In depicting plains residents' denunciation of "tragic images portrayed in *Grapes of Wrath* and *The Plow that Broke the Plains*" (by novelist John Steinbeck and documentary film maker Pare Lorentz, respectively), Lamar touches upon what I believe is the power of narrative itself to master the raw physical evidence about the land's amenability to human settlement. That is, he notes how those two works were "either banned or denounced" in the region because of the residents "pride in having overcome nature" (82).

Afterword

Laura Johnson, an overland migrant of the 1870's, commented in her journal that "the United States is the only country in the world that has its frontier in the middle" (Allen, 10). Comparisons with other nations would suggest, of course, that she was wrong in her geographical exclusivity. Yet her remark has stayed with me through the course of my investigations into adventure in American writing. I believe that Johnson expressed quite simply, in the language of landscape, a distinctive feature of American culture. While adventurism is not unique to American society, its proportion and enduring presence surely are. I have attempted here to illustrate how adventurism has affected American lives and shaped its literature, from private negotiations of adventure's disturbing promptings of dread and delight, outward, to its hybrid domestic symbols of life on the road, and finally to its unruly but durable expression in narrative.

Increase Mather's unwitting anointing of the angel of adventure, like colonial poet Anne Bradstreet's inability to write of any home in the new world that was not burned down, empty or abandoned, suggest, I believe, that adventure was afoot from the earliest settlements forward. No doubt there is much to investigate in how the adventurism of native people contributed to, or conflicted with, that embrace of chance and risk. Native histories and the writings of numerous obscure travelers would enrich the significant story of how adventure settled into American life and writing.

Yet, I believe that a focus upon the early to mid-nineteenth-century narratives considered in this study offers a glimpse into how Americans have come to live with

adventure, and write about the bargains they struck. Given the way adventure confounds closure, it is not surprising that the concept of home in American literature developed a sense of ambiguity. Nor is it surprising that critics dispute when and where to locate domesticity in American culture and writing. For example, in *A House Undivided* (1990), Douglas Anderson takes exception to Ann Douglas' argument in *The Feminization of American Culture* (1977) that domesticity was a nineteenth-century development. Anderson finds instead an American domestic presence as early as John Winthrop's "A Modell of Christian Charity." I believe that if we would only consider our concept of home as paradoxical from its inception, we might realize that the question is not when and where Americans settled themselves, but *how* Americans have figured that refuge. Home is simultaneously elusive and imprisoning in our literature. Adventure sets itself against home, undermining even the most domestically-minded travelers. Migrants seem to invest more in the myth than the reality of safe home and harmonious, unified family. Home is distant to explorers, dissembled by travel writers and mysteriously displaced in literary frontier figures like Natty Bumppo. Perhaps we fear that if we ever did enter Natty's home (which we never do), the adventure would be over. Like so many aspects of American identity, we define ourselves by what we are not, and our concept of home is no exception. *Dwelling* is not necessarily a space given over to comfort, or to what is familiar, nor is it a place in which the stories of the day find resolution, although those qualities are part of the *idea* of home. In fact, home in America is not particularly domestic: it is the site of adventure.

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