Unfortunately Frederick seems to have gone into Louisiana Territory (1807) with some very strong prejudices against the preceding governor, General James Wilkinson. Searching for a clue to this, one can see two reasons for it. General Wilkinson was an uncle of Joseph Wilkinson, the successor of Captain Ernest. Gallatin, who had had most to do with giving Frederick his instructions, had been and still was on most unfriendly terms with Robert and Samuel Smith over the affairs of the cabinet. The Smiths were intimate friends of Governor Wilkinson. Whether this led to a distrust of Wilkinson, and a consequent effort to implant suspicion against him in the mind of the new secretary of the Upper Louisiana Territory, it would be hard to say. From Frederick's letters, it is evident that from the first he was determined to ally himself with Lucas and Easton, who had been Wilkinson's enemies, although he was later to find out just why they were no more desirable as allies than were the men Wilkinson had trusted. He seems also to have had a bit of stubbornness in his nature that encouraged him to take the opposite policy to that pursued by Wilkinson in the granting of privileges to the traders; before he was through he was to turn about and alter his policy completely. So also with his dealings with the owners of the lead mines.

1 This is the last installment of an account the first three parts of which were published ante, 29:1-34 (March-June, 1946), 85-138 (September-December, 1946), and 30:15-67 (March-June, 1947). The story began with an account of the family of Thomas Fleming Bates, a retired merchant residing at "Belmont," a plantation in Goochland County, Virginia, and follows the fortunes of four of his sons who were to settle in various parts of the Middle West in its formative years—Tarleton, an account of whose untimely death in Pittsburgh has already been given; Frederick, destined to become governor of Missouri; James, to be the first delegate to Congress from the Territory of Arkansas; and Edward, to be attorney-general in Lincoln's cabinet. As the narrative resumes, the father, Thomas Bates, has died; Frederick appears as the newly appointed secretary and acting governor of the Upper Louisiana Territory at St. Louis; James, lately expelled from Princeton, is clerking in the state treasurer's office at Richmond; and Edward has been sent to Charlotte Hall Academy in Maryland. In Virginia or elsewhere in the East remain the seven other Bates children—Charles, Sara ("Sally"), Fleming, Richard, Margaret, Nancy, and Caroline Matilda (Susan, Mrs. Thomas Walton, having been killed by lightning in 1805).—Ed.
His Republican notions as to the desirability of the regular army for the defense of the frontier were also to undergo considerable revision after he tried out the militia system. He felt himself perfectly secure in offering advice on such subjects to General William Clark, who must have been much amused by the wisdom of the young lawyer from Detroit. Another of Wilkinson's friends, William Henry Harrison, was the recipient of many a letter on the Indian situation that must have surprised him by its tone of finality.

As far as known, there was never an answer to the pathetic letter that Ann Hull had written to Frederick in May of that year, and it must have been very soon after the receipt of her letter that he wrote very fully and cordially to her brother, and to her father. In the letter to her brother, he replies to his congratulations, saying that the exchange, had it been a matter of discretion, is in his own opinion so unwise a one that he stands in need of counterbalancing consolation in order to be reconciled to it. In the letter to Ann's father, he gives a very good account of the state of the country and the factions which divide it, and ends with the perhaps significant words, "my respects to each individual of your amiable family."

He had constituted James Abbott his agent to close up his Detroit affairs, and in February wrote to him some instructions as to his personal effects. He says that "two feather beds were left in Detroit. If at Ten Eyck's or Woodwards, get them; if at Governor Hull's, I beg you will make no demand of them." This uncertainty as to the location of some of his household goods is additional evidence of his intention to return to Detroit at the time he took Anthony Ernest to Pittsburgh.

Although burdened all this time with the responsibilities of Governor Lewis as well as his own, and the annoying echoes of past differences in Detroit, Frederick did not forget the family at "Belmont." He wrote long letters to Richard, and sent as much as he could of his meager salary. On February 28, Caroline Matilda Bates writes to him of the home folks; Richard is in Cartersville at Mr. Walton's (the husband of the Susan who was killed by lightning), and says that "Sister Spears sends love" (this is Margaret, or "Peggy"). She refers proudly to their little niece, and gives a bit of the local gossip. She opines that Frederick is not pleased with the ladies of Louisiana, and says that "Mrs. Anthony
would civilize them.” There has been some disposition on the part of Christopher Anthony of Goochland County to join Frederick in St. Louis.

It falls to Nancy Bates, however, to reveal how much Frederick must have talked about Ann Hull when he was on his visit to “Belmont.” From a later letter of Frederick’s comes the information that it was Nancy who first met him at the door when he made his visit to his old home. She had been but a child when he went away, but when he came back to “Belmont,” she was eighteen, and she reminded him more of Sally, who had been a little over twenty when he left, than did Sally herself. Nancy’s letter, written on March 1, 1808, shows her great curiosity as to whether Frederick is going “to marry Nancy H—ll.” She says: “I felt particularly interested about her from what you told us,” and adds, “but if you should not marry her, I hope you would not choose one of those high-spirited fillies.” Like any faithful sister, she believed that Frederick could have whomever he chose. She speaks of the dullness of Goochland, and of the chances of their going to the western country. “Edward is in Northumberland, studying Ovid and Cornelius Nepos and seemed in high spirits.” She has written to Fleming, but he never writes; she thinks he has “a heart of adamant”; she will visit him but wouldn’t live with him. Richard is in Cartersville with brother Walton. Fleming is disappointed that Richard would not live with him. “Sally sends love, out of practice writing . . . little nephew Alfred earnest to see Uncle Frederick.” From this may be drawn a picture of Sally, now a sedate maiden lady of thirty-two, devoted to her sister’s orphan boy, who evidently lives at “Belmont,” and was living there when Frederick visited them. Sally never married, though she was such a favorite with her relatives and paid so many visits among her kith and kin, that it seems strange she did not somewhere meet her fate.

Caroline Matilda and Frederick had tastes in common, too. She had Frederick’s fondness for writing poetry, and they sometimes exchanged specimens of their art. On March 8, before he has received Sally’s letter, he writes to “Cally,” cheerfully at first, but (and it is a long letter) gradually tending toward melancholy: “The sun rises and sets in Louisiana with as much splendor as at Detroit, the face of the country is positively more pleasing, and all nature is dressed in smiles quite as captivat-
ing. Yet there is something wanting—a void unfilled, and which even the cheerful and affectionate correspondence of my beloved sister cannot altogether supply.” He rallies her a little on her literary tastes. He says playfully: “I don’t believe the foggy banks of the James ever produced your equal—at least in the female line.” He speaks sympathetically of Edward’s sensitive disposition. He declares that “Uncle Fred ought to emigrate; it is a matter of astonishment with us that anyone would live west of the Allegheny Mountains.” Then his tone abruptly changes, and he confesses that this braggadocio is all put on, that he “languishes among strangers,” that he has many and annoying enemies.

LEWIS ASSUMES DUTIES AS GOVERNOR

His homesickness could not be more effectively proved than by his writing to Nancy an equally long letter of the same date. In one of his official communications, he states that Governor Meriwether Lewis arrived on March 8, 1808, but in the latter to Nancy he says that he arrived two days before. Whatever may have been the variation, the difference is but small. As soon as Lewis arrived, the mantle of the executive, which Frederick had been wearing, was transferred to the shoulders of his brother’s friend. That Frederick found his own estate not quite so important, may be guessed, though he speaks only of the relief from responsibility. “The winter dances are now over; they have been very crowded, and so far as beauty, health, numbers and gracefulness are concerned, surpass the assemblies of Detroit. Lent has now commenced... their church discipline not so exact as in Canada.” He explains that his “duties as land commissioner” oblige him “to set out in May for a distant circuit, from which it is impossible that we should return in less than three or four months, after which we shall be constantly employed in methodizing, making up decisions, etc. Congratulate sister Mary, our brother has forgotten me.” He speaks also of the hope he has of sometime having his mother with him in St. Louis. These congratulations for “sister Mary” and reference to the brother are explained later.

Two days afterward, Frederick receives the letter from Nancy with its inquiries about Ann Hull, or “Nancy H—ll,” as she has put it. Frederick is yet more cautious, he uses a series of crosses for the name:
"You inquire after X X X X. O she has forsaken me! My hopes there are forever blasted. She wrote me two letters; the first was very cold, and the latter closed the correspondence. A friend from D—t wrote me several months ago that she was about to be married to another." This is a strange explanation. Certainly the letter that survived could not have been considered cold, so it must have been after its receipt, for it would then be with the second letter, that the correspondence was closed. There was much locked up in his heart that was never to be disclosed, even in the later latters to his faithful young confidant, Anthony Ernest.

On March 24, he writes to Richard that he is chagrined by the restoration to office by Governor Lewis of some worthless men whom he had thought it his duty to remove. He is anxious that Richard come to Louisiana, but the arrival of Governor Lewis and of his brother, for whom he supposes "provision must be made," has somewhat interfered with some plan he may have had for Richard. He feels now that it will be better for Richard not to plan on coming till his own situation is more "completely ascertained." If Richard should, however, decide to come while Frederick is away on his land commissioner duties, he has left word with Messrs. Falconer & Comegys, his bankers, to assist Richard in every way till his return.

A letter to Judge Woodward, at about this period, demonstrates that Frederick had changed his opinion about some of his associates. He still remained firm in his adherence to others, however, and these were not always the men that Governor Lewis believed trustworthy. Perhaps it was well that he was called to go into the wilderness, or friction between him and the governor would have developed earlier than it did.

From a very ceremonious letter to young Harris Hickman of Detroit, which Frederick sends to his friend James Abbott with careful instructions for delivery (the letter inclosing a note which has been requested by "my friend Mr. Hoffman"), can be read an over-anxiety to do the courteous thing, which convinces the reader that Frederick knew that Hickman was the man whom Ann was engaged to marry. So much for his correspondents in Detroit, who had followed the affair so closely, and kept him well informed. Other affairs in Detroit connected with his mercantile and political, rather than his personal happiness, con-
continued to bother him and were the subjects of correspondence between him and his agent and friend, James Abbott.

On May 4 comes from Richard in Cartersville the welcome news that he has recovered perfect health. He has not written before in a long time, because he has been afflicted with a violent nervous attack, so as not to be able to use a pen. He is evidently very anxious to go to Louisiana, stating that there is little business in Cartersville for an attorney on account of the embargo. But there is another reason for his desire to change his location that is quite patent; he replies to Frederick’s inquiries about “Miss M—” by begging him never to mention her name to him again, nor ever again to think of her in relation to him.

The next news from home is in a letter from James to Frederick. He is still with Charles in Richmond. Charles’ wife has had a son born dead, and thus is explained the cause of the congratulations to “sister Mary,” in anticipation of a happier termination to the little seventeen-year-old wife’s hopes. James is still condescendingly considering Charles’ offer to him of a partnership, he says he is “thinking of acceding to it.” He vows that he cannot study in Richmond, so it is likely that he intends to practice as Charles’ partner without further study, perhaps trusting to practice rather than precept. He rejoices that Richard is better, and says, “my sister Anna is now my only correspondent among my relations.”

There is a bill among Frederick’s papers from “W. Christy” for board and lodging from April 1 to June 1, 1808, and another for various provisions at a later date, which show that Frederick may have found board and lodging too dear and decided to provide for himself. There is no clue as to whether this “W. Christy” bore any relation to the old innkeeper of the same name in Pittsburgh, or whether either was related to William Christy, the merchant with whom Tarleton had his misunderstanding and near-duel. During one part of his stay in St. Louis, Frederick seems to have boarded or lodged with some connection of his old Detroit associate, Peter Audrain.

A TOUR OF THE ARKANSAS COUNTRY

Frederick must have left for his long journey on the land commission business about the first of June, and returned the twelfth of August.
A letter to Secretary of the Treasury Gallatin from Fort Madison (a post in the Arkansas country, about fifty miles above the junction of the Ozark and Mississippi Rivers) written about the middle of July, recounts that he has been at Cape Girardeau, and since then in all the intermediate settlements. The business did not take so long, but they were detained by the sickness of some of the men, and other untoward circumstances. His experience in the land disputes at Detroit seems to have been of value to him, and his work in this regard is the subject of high praise from Secretary Gallatin at a later time.

It is quite certain that he was away from home when he should have received the letter from James, dated June 15, telling him of the sudden death of Charles from a short, painful illness, an attack of inflammatory fever. James mentions that he is "without a child living," but it is doubtful if Frederick or any of them realized at once what this meant to the "Belmont family." He was away also when a letter came from Anthony Ernest, the first which is preserved. Anthony apologizes for his neglect in writing, and goes on to the subject that has probably revived old memories and spurred him to open this correspondence. "Doubtless you have heard of the marriage of Miss Hull to Mr.——, not acquainted with the name of her husband. When we were traveling hither, you lent me a shilling which I was to return to you if ever I was to forget the dear sweet creature—you know who—Not often I have any money. Charles is living with his uncle in Lexington, Kentucky. I am to come to town shortly to live with my Uncle Denny. Mama and all of us are in very good health and desire to be remembered to you."

Even from Eliza Clayland's voluminous narrative it is not easy to find out with which of Catherine Ernest's numerous relatives she was domiciled at this time. Her brother, William Wilkins, the young widower, had returned from the exile in Kentucky caused by his unfortunate connection with the Tarleton Bates duel, but his older sister, Mrs. Hollingsworth, evidently presided over his home. Part of the time some of Catherine's children were at his home, but mostly they were in the country and it was some years before they all returned to town. During all of this time, Matthew Ernest's whereabouts was a mystery. He had left Washington for New York, after reporting to the Secretary of the
Treasury there and, evidently leaving what security he could for his indebtedness to the United States government, had written several letters from there to Detroit, but after the last one, in which he said that he was starting for his home, nothing had ever been heard from him. Thus Catherine Ernest lived in hourly hope of some news of him, and had remained in Detroit as long as she could support her family on the farm. When the government demanded that, in fulfillment of her husband’s pledge, she was forced to return to Pittsburgh to become the ward of her relatives.

Probably at the same time that he read Anthony’s letter, after his return, Frederick read one from George Hoffman, at Mackinac, telling him of the recent marriages in Detroit. These were: “Godfroy to Miss May, Captain Elliott to Miss Donovan, R. Pattinson to Miss Askin, H. Hickman to Miss Hull.” There is another item: “Poor Conn no longer in the land of the living.” Robert Conn had often expedited letters between Tarleton and Frederick.

It is no cheerful letter that Frederick writes to Richard. He is full of sorrow for “our departed Charles.” Little wonder that he says: “Our family are sinking to the tomb, one at a time, but, Oh, God, how rapidly.” He adjures Richard to take Charles’ place. “I left cruelly when ruin threatened. . . . Poor Charles remained and gathered the scattered remnant.” He speaks of his journey, “a circuit of twelve hundred miles, an absence of three months.” He has wanted Richard with him, now this is out of the question. He views Richard’s recovery as providential; and he considers his mother’s dower in re Charles’ estate. There is a word about the loss of a bill he had sent to his mother before his departure. This last shows he was still contributing what he could to the family. He says that he is “beset by malice and calumny” and has feared he might lose out with the President, a victim of calumny and conspiracy. He refers to the menace of Colonel Smith.

This was the famous Colonel John Smith T, who adopted the capital letter from the title of his old home state, Tennessee, as a distinguishing mark to separate him from the myriads of John Smiths in the world. He and Moses Austin were the opposing powers in the lead districts of upper Louisiana; their various claims are too involved to be hastily adjudged. Frederick had adopted the cause of the Austins, but Governor
Lewis seems to have reversed his policy and favored the adherents of Colonel Smith T.

There is another letter from Anthony Ernest, although he could hardly have received one from Frederick since his of June 24. He says that he (Anthony) is still in Denny’s store. “My mother and family still in the country and in pretty good health.”

Frederick would also find a letter from Stanley Griswold, one of his associate judges in the old Detroit days. Griswold had suffered from the dissensions in Detroit. Appointed to succeed Joseph Wilkinson in the collectorship, he had fallen out with Hull, and had been suspected of aiding John Gentle in his “publications” against the governor. This charge he denies in his letter to Frederick, but he has lost his office, and is now in the west, where he has nothing to do, and no means of returning to his home in New Hampshire. The letter is for another purpose than that of complaint, however. “Your property in my hands consisting of one large square cherry table and two half rounds, ditto, out of repair, were delivered to James Abbott, Esq., a few weeks hence and sold at auction.”

Frederick must have been much occupied with letter-writing during August and he had also his affairs with the land commissioners to dispose of, but he seems to have answered Anthony Ernest very soon, as a letter from Anthony on September 22, says: “Received your letter of August 18, last. I was not as far gone as you in the heats of Africa (you know what I mean by that) though not so dangerous in some cases as the African ones, yet like a snake in the grass it bites secretly and sometimes pretty bad.” This phrase is more easily understood by comparison with an early letter of Tarleton’s, wherein he speaks of “parched with love,” and has a reference to the “Sahara”—keys to the extravagant language in which young swains of that day might indulge.

ROMANTIC POST-MORTEMS

It is evident that Frederick had freely discussed with this comparatively young confidant, during their long journey from Detroit to Pittsburgh, his affection for Ann Hull. That Anthony was also the victim of a youthful passion (he was only about sixteen at the time) for the same charming girl, seems to have made these confidences more interesting
to them both. Anthony goes on with his reminiscences, "not in your power to marry her. My mother told me that she appeared to hate the man when she was there." It is plain that he and his mother had been marvelling over this rude ending to Frederick's romance. "You want to know where Doughty is. We have till lately heard from him pretty often. . . . He resides in Boonetown, New Jersey, with Messrs. Jacob and Richards . . . disappointed in his hopes, when last heard from, unsettled. . . . My mother and family in good health, all desire to be remembered to you." There is in the letter a little note in which young Anthony "hopes Ann's husband really loves her"; and on the flap is written: "With regard to my dear sisters, I hope they will never forget you nor your kindness to them. They are in pretty good health."

There is another letter from Anthony a month later. He is quite contented with his own situation, "treated with kindness and confidence by both Messrs. Denny and Foster. Have the whole care of the store now. My mother and all the family well and send respects. My mother quite surprised at your wanting to take Frederick down the river, however she thanks you for your kind intention. One thing I must tell you—I have established my acquaintance with the female part of the place. I have some very handsome cousins and I believe I am not disliked by [them]. I make very free with them but I never presumed so far as to kiss either of them. You know I always was very delicate that way (never kissed Miss Hull) at least not till I was very intimate with her. Indeed I am treated more loving than I was then." He is rapidly fitting into his new environment! At his age, this was not difficult; he perhaps heard only the most hopeful prophecies as to his father's return, and looked forward to the future with no misgivings. He was industrious and capable, and full of the joy of living.

A letter from Frederick to Anthony in November chides him for the extravagance of his language in his letter of September. Frederick is trying to convince the boy that he is not a hopeless victim of a grand passion. He says, "You staid too long in Detroit. I should have taken you to Pitts [sic] many a day before I did you that good office." He is inclined to refer to Ann's coquetries as "poisoned shafts." He begs the boy to dwell upon this affair no longer. "O forget her, forget her, Anthony, as I have done long since. In truth I never loved her as per-
haps I ought, and her attachment to me was of the temperate kind, by no means allied to madness, a simple esteem, it did not come up to my ideas of the passion, nor absorb as I should require every other consideration,” but he continues: “I was once as mad as yourself but my passion was not requited and it required whole years of painful effort to shake off the infatuation.” Does he here revert to that youthful love affair hinted at by Tarleton, suffered before he left Virginia, when he was not much older than Anthony? As in Tarleton’s case:

The old love mingles with the new, scarcely
To be distinguished, but alike unhappy.

But for some memory, would he not have been content with the love of Ann Hull, so naively expressed in her letter to him, and have found in that contentment a happiness long denied to him? Did he, like Tarleton, reject the gold for the glitter of the unattainable? While he was waiting for the passion which should “absorb every other consideration,” he spent years of doubt and loneliness.

He was still faithful to the old friendships, and says in closing: “Speak of me to your dear mother and sisters. For all of them I have the most inviolable regard.” He signs himself, “Your affectionate friend,” and he means it.

Again Anthony seeks to revive the memory of their love for Ann. His letter of December first is full of reminiscences of the days in Detroit. He says that he is “deucedly mistaken if she did not love you to distraction. If I was in love, I was not blindly so.” Thus does he seek to defeat Frederick’s chivalric purpose to belittle the maid’s interest. He was an observing youth.

There is another echo from the old Detroit days in a second letter from Judge Griswold. He has been to Washington to balance his accounts and reports: “I received some praise for being the first collector of the Western Lakes who had settled and balanced accounts with the United States.” He was penniless and without an office, but at that had come out better than Ernest, a fugitive or else lost on his way through the pathless forest of lower Canada, or than Joseph Wilkinson, not to be released from his imprisonment in the jail at Detroit until June of the next year.
In Frederick’s letter book, there is a copy of a letter to James, written the day before Christmas, 1808. Perhaps it was written on Christmas eve, when memories of the old home in Virginia would be crowding upon him. Major Alexander McNair, now come to St. Louis, has been talking over with him James’ boyish pranks at Pittsburgh. He praises Richard for standing by his mother. James has recently written to Louisiana expressing a desire to come out to that country. He is in love, and anxious to marry and seek new fortunes. Frederick thinks the encumbrance of a family will retard his enterprise: “Come without her in the first place,” he says, “and if after a year or two you find her necessary to your happiness you can return for her.” But he promises him help, and asks him to come.

On January 1, 1809, Frederick writes again to James. He has been making some arrangements toward his coming. He may come with Major Alexander McNair, or missing him, with Messrs. Falconer, McFarlane, and others who are coming about the same time. He warns James not to accept any pecuniary aid from McNair, though the latter is a very friendly man. “You must come independently and genteely.” There is a disposition on James’ part to prefer Natchez to St. Louis; Frederick asks him to make his own decision. If he chooses St. Louis, he is to embark in none of Frederick’s quarrels; he has enemies, Frederick says. He gives heed to the day, one of the most important holidays among the French inhabitants: “This has been a festive day, calls and so forth.”

A letter from Nancy Bates to Frederick, written on January 14, tells of the serious troubles that Charles’ death has entailed. It will be remembered that Charles had redeemed “Belmont,” and was the owner of it, really. His death left it in the hands of his wife. His mother possessed a dower right, which was the subject of some dispute. Anna (Nancy, her old name, seems to have been abandoned as she grew older) writes that Polly Bates is very insolent and is contemplating remarriage; that Polly’s father has been whipped by Richard for some insult to the elder Mrs. Bates. The whole county is applauding Richard. Their little niece and nephew are at “Belmont,” which is the center of interest just then, undoubtedly.

There are no further particulars about this affair for some time,
unless it may have been in letters of which there is now no trace. It must have worried Frederick considerably, for it was most unfortunate, and would delay the settlement of his brother's estate, as well as cause the settlement to be less advantageously accomplished.

Anthony Ernest surely appreciated Frederick's mature counsel, for he writes again on January 22, 1809, to ask for a few lines of advice. The letter is filled with praise of his handsome cousins; of Cousin Mary, "you have seen her . . . not so striking at first, form beautiful, temper sweet, all the attractions of A.H., now Mrs. H——, but handsomer. . . . Next comes my sprightly cousin Nancy, such a saucy little devil, coquette, though free from vanity." The menace of war is felt: "A detachment of troops about to embark from here for warlike purposes." (This was a threatened Indian war.)

Two days later Morgan Neville (Tarleton's second in the unfortunate duel) writes to his friend's brother: "Though my acquaintance with you is perhaps too slight, in strict conformity with cold custom, to authorize the Liberty I now take, of introducing Doctor Simpson to you, yet from the known liberality of your character, and the general urbanity of your family, I with confidence seize the opportunity of asking your civilities, for a worthy young man. He is ordered to a remote post, and your knowledge of the country will be of service to him. Our country is in a critical situation. If the Embargo be not removed this session, there must be a separation of the Union—Quincy has threatened it on the floor of Congress, and town meetings are called in every village in New England, at which the most energetic resolutions are entered into. The Southern representatives must be blind, if they continue the present system. Accept of my wishes for your happiness, and believe me with most respect—Morgan Neville."

How many echoes of the past Pittsburgh was sending to the only one of the Bates family now left on the Western Waters!

This Dr. Simpson was Robert Simpson, a surgeon's mate who had enlisted from the District of Columbia in 1808. He had been stationed at Fort Fayette, probably long enough to become well acquainted with young Neville, and was sent with the detachment mentioned by An-
Anthony Ernest as "embarking for warlike purposes." He served until 1812, and after that practiced his profession in St. Louis.

**FREDERICK AT ODDS WITH GOVERNOR LEWIS**

In April, Frederick wrote an extremely confidential letter to Richard about Meriwether Lewis. He had had a difference with him, and then an explanation. He says he laments the unpopularity of the governor. He asks Richard to burn the letter and not speak of it.

That he feels himself somewhat in the wrong in his constant differences with his associates is somewhat vaguely expressed in a letter to Anthony Ernest, written a few days after this letter to Richard. It is a rather strange letter, in view of all the circumstances, especially in its references to William Wilkins. One cannot help but feel that he is indulging in sarcasm that he does not expect Anthony to comprehend. Perhaps he thinks that Anthony may pass the word along to his uncle and that Wilkins will understand it. He commences with a commendation of Anthony's restoration to reason. He does not apprehend any more ebullitions of passion, it seems, from his youthful confidant. He is touched that Anthony has asked his advice, refers to his tender years and to their former friendship. "Your father's family was once a school in which a great deal might have been learned and in it I acquired that little [torn] which was the foundation of my hopes and pretensions in society afterwards; but I came too late to learn what the world calls politeness. . . . The circles, indeed, of which your amiable mother was once the ornament were well calculated to give that polish of which I was no longer susceptible. Our opinions of female worth were formed in Michigan on the same standard. Consult your Uncle William [Wilkins]—he will form your measures or turn you over to the ladies for that purpose; enlighten your understanding, give you lofty and correct notions of honour and create in your bosom a thirst for instruction or indeed without speaking to him on these subjects his example would be sufficient."

Frederick's words remind one of the Will Snickley characterization in H. H. Brackenridge's account of the Bates-Stewart duel.

Immediately after this enigmatical sentence, he turns to the subject of the charms of Anthony's cousins, and then inquires: "Are not Susan and Nancy handsome young ladies by now?" He seems to expect of them
that they should have inherited something of the "lustre of their mother's beauties." He repeats, as in so many letters, the assurance of the reverence and love he always felt for their parents.

This is followed by a sentence more despondent than his ordinary words to Anthony: "I planted and have reaped regrets... Marry before you are thirty—I am just on the wrong side of these years... If James is in Pittsburgh, please introduce him to your mother."

In a letter to George Hoffman, dated May 25, Frederick refers to his ill health; it had evidently tinged his thoughts with melancholy as he wrote this odd letter of advice to his youthful disciple. But he did not forget James, or his plans, and was anxious to give him the benefit of acquaintance with the gracious Catherine Ernest.

There is another letter written about this time that breathes a spirit of discontent with his present surroundings in contrast to old times. It is to James M. Moss, at Maysville, Kentucky. (Maysville figures in early accounts as "Limestone.") Frederick harks back to the fact that the days of his friend's courtship and marriage were spent in Goochland County, Virginia, and admits, "I have ever condemned in others a clannish attachment, but I declare to God that I cannot divest myself of the belief that everything which bears the Virginia stamp is somewhat better than all other things." He is quick to acknowledge that there is no reason in this point of view, and praises Louisiana in the same paragraph. "Christopher Anthony, whom you knew in Goochland, talks of coming out next fall." He speaks of Mrs. M. A. Woodson, "and a Tuckahoe, names always musical in my ears." There was a settlement near Maysville, called "Tuckahoe," and there were some Woodsons among its early pioneers from Virginia. To be a Tuckahoe of Virginia meant that you thought you came from the best element of the F.F.V.'s (First Families of Virginia). Mere local prejudice, no doubt, but strong with the Woodson and Bates families.

Richard has sent Frederick a letter by a friend, Alexander Stuart of Kaskaskia, formerly of Virginia. Stuart was an intimate friend of Governor Lewis (one of the executors of Lewis' estate, after his death, so fast approaching now). In Frederick's reply to Richard's letter, there is sufficient indication of a peevish particularity of courtesy toward Stuart.
which indicates that he had no prejudice in his favor. Frederick says that he has attached himself to the French circles into which Stuart appears to avoid an introduction. This is especially interesting in view of the fact that Bates had at first had an idea that he could get along without the aid of the wealthy French and Spanish traders who had so long held sway in the district. He is evidently now openly opposed to Governor Lewis, and his account of his colleagues on the land board suggests that he has become captious, or else that his first judgment of them was indicative of no readiness in analysis.

Richard has referred to the need of money at home, and Frederick regrets his inability to send any, but suggests that he will send a land warrant, if they think that they can dispose of it in Virginia.

A letter from James Abbott in July brought Frederick some remittances. He says in acknowledging it: "I was never in greater want of cash." He is delighted with the location of his lot in the shipyards, for which Abbott has a purchaser, and asks: "How are you able to locate it so advantageously?" He is not anxious to sell it, as it will increase in value. "I am sorry for the disappointments of Governor Hull, how did they happen? General Dearborn is much to blame for having misled him in so delicate a business." Then he discusses his own governor, avers that he is losing ground, and says that Lewis has talked for some time of leaving the country, and will probably go in a few weeks.

A few days after this Frederick writes to Nancy. "I left you all to struggle with misfortune," he says. There is some comment on the "empty frivolity of Polly Bates," his brother's widow, and a compliment to Nancy on her mental attainments. Poor little Polly: married at sixteen, and her baby born dead, is it any wonder that the sudden accession of wealth and importance upon the death of her elderly husband should have accelerated her natural childish wish for excitement?

Frederick tells how he dreams of their all coming to Louisiana. He hopes that Christopher Anthony, "that worthy man," will come soon; "I will have a set of lawbooks for his use."

Whether it was then or later that Frederick sent a miniature to his mother is not certain, but on September 2, Nancy writes to tell him how
pleased his mother is with it, though it was "injured a little in coming by the paper sticking to it."

On September 4, as is duly stated by Frederick in a letter to William Eustis, Secretary of War, Governor Lewis left St. Louis for the journey that was to be his last on earth. He who had traversed the pathless West was to find the way to Washington too difficult.

In the Eustis letter, Frederick does not hesitate to complain of both Governor Lewis and General William Clark. A letter of about the same date to Secretary of the Treasury Gallatin contains a most obscure, but sneering reference to Lewis. A communication to Clement B. Penrose, one of the associate land commissioners, lays bare more fully the animus of Frederick against the governor. It is a fiery letter; somehow it does not ring true. He accuses Penrose of having asserted that he, Bates, is anxious to usurp the office of the governor. There has been nothing in the other letters, as far as they have survived, to contradict this notion. In a letter of October 24, Frederick advocates the succession of Judge Coburn as governor, in case Lewis should be displaced. This letter is to Nathaniel Pope, and appears to ask only that the name of Coburn be suggested by private friends to the President. On the thirtieth of October, Frederick took occasion to revoke a proclamation of the governor's of the twenty-second of June, and it is unfortunate that there cannot be read into that revocation the spirit of subordination suitable to a secretary acting in the absence of his executive.


A letter from Anthony Ernest demands: "Why have you not written? We are all in good health. My mother's best respects to you."

There is no reference to their old flame.

DEATH OF GOVERNOR LEWIS

Governor Lewis died on October 11, 1809, but not until November 9 does Frederick write of it to Richard. It would give one a far better opinion of the writer had this letter been destroyed. He says that when they first met in Washington, Lewis made him so many friendly assur-
ances that he imagined their mutual friendship would be founded on rock. But when they later met in St. Louis, Lewis showed that he had been spoiled by the adulation of the scientists, that he had become capricious. He tells of differences with the governor, and that they met at a ball soon after a dispute. The governor came and sat down beside Frederick, who availed himself of a pause in the conversation to arise and walk to the opposite side of the room. Well might Frederick admit that he had not acquired what passes in the world for politeness! General Clark patched up this awkward affair, in spite of a reluctance on Frederick's part to condescend to any show of good sense in the matter.

Frederick is induced to make this explanation to Richard because on the news of the governor's death, which was ascribed to suicide in a fit of insanity, induced by melancholia, C. B. Penrose "asserted in several respectable companies that the mental derangement of the governor ought not to be imputed to his political miscarriages; but rather to the barbarous conduct of the secretary."

Frederick complains to his brother of the strangeness of the world; he had thought that his habits were pacific, yet he confesses that he has had acrimonious differences with almost every person with whom he has been associated in public business. He is trying to get the governorship for Judge Coburn, but his friends are pushing him for it. He asserts that he prefers his present office as safer and more permanent.

Had Lewis been a stranger to Frederick when they met in Washington, the whole affair would have a different complexion. But Meriwether Lewis had been the oldest and one of the most intimate friends of Tarleton Bates, and Frederick had known him well in Detroit. Undoubtedly it was in remembrance of Tarleton that Lewis had been so friendly to Frederick in Washington, and he had expected from the younger man a degree of loyalty which the secretary was not willing to accord his chief. Perhaps Frederick ascribed to the influence of Lewis some of the reverses of Ernest in Detroit—certainly Lewis was as rabid a Democrat as Ernest was Federalist—and certainly, also, the Ernest family were the only friends to whom Frederick seems to have ever accorded anything like unquestioning devotion. His attitude toward Henry Baldwin is much like that toward Lewis; suspicion instead of confidence seems to have been engendered by the ties that Tarleton had held dear.
The attitude that one would think Frederick should take is summed up by Nancy, in a letter to him written in December, soon after hearing of the death of the man Tarleton called “Ensign Lewis of the Albermarle,” who was for so long a time the only friend that he had in Pittsburgh: “We heard of the death of Meriwether Lewis about three or four weeks since. He was a particular friend of our brother Tarleton’s—poor unhappy man, how wretched he must have been—and I lament his death on your account, thinking it might involve you in difficulties.”

In this letter, Nancy tells of James’ oration on the Fourth, how well people speak of it, and adds, “he is a right smart fellow,” a leader of the debating society. However smart a fellow James may be, he is never an uncomplaining one. Almost on the same date, he is writing to Frederick that he does not believe the practice of law would get him a living in Virginia; he has just received a small remittance from Baldwin which may enable him to reach Pittsburgh. He perhaps thinks of practicing there, for he adds that his “acquaintance in Pittsburgh is very general.” So Frederick sends word to Denny & Foster that James is to draw on them in case he reaches Pittsburgh, probably anticipating that he may not receive any more from Henry Baldwin.

James did not start then or for a long time afterward. In the meantime (April, 1810), the new governor had been appointed. It was not Coburn, but Benjamin Howard of Kentucky. Frederick was still acting as governor. He writes to James Abbott on May 23, that under Howard’s administration he greatly hopes that party animosities of former times will be forever forgotten. Perhaps it was this disposition to hope for the impossible that made political paths so hard for Frederick Bates; it seems incredible that by this time he should not be sufficiently sophisticated to expect less of human nature.

On June 16 he writes to Nancy that he is much worried at not hearing from home. He speaks of his mother’s active, uniform, and regular habits as contributing to her good health. He says that he cannot leave the territory even for a day, and can remit nothing to James. “Tell James that our young friend Brackenridge has established himself in this country. I have not yet seen him. He lives at Ste. Genevieve. He is expected in St. Louis this week.” There follows the first reference in a long time to the trouble with the father of Polly Bates. Frederick asks
whether he has "still the cowardly impudence to wear the uniform. A colonel! to slander a woman—cowskinned by her son, then thrown out of a court of justice whence he had meanly sought redress in damages."

There is another reference to "Miller's assault and battery case," from which it appears that the damages awarded were to the amount of a penny!

Sometime in July, Frederick must have received the letter of Anthony Ernest, written on June 21, reverting to the subject of their old romance. Anthony never forgets to mention "the many obligations my family and myself are under to you." Then he says: "You must know that this morning I went down to mother's as I do every morning. While there, rummaging in an old trunk of books, upstairs, I found some verses written by Ann Hull, 'A Sacrifice on the Altar of Friendship.' This find awakens many old memories. . . . Returned to the store and to my room. . . . The family all well."

From this letter one may conclude that Catherine Ernest had moved into the house where Riddle's Pittsburgh Directory finds her in 1815. What resources she had besides Anthony's help are not disclosed. Matthew Ernest had owned some land in the borough of Pittsburgh, and Elijah Brush and others in Detroit may have salvaged something out of the wreckage there for the wife of their old friend. The repetition in Anthony's letters of their obligations to Frederick makes it apparent that he was able to do something for them, either with the authorities at Washington or at Detroit; which it was does not appear in any of the papers so far found.

James sends to Frederick, in a letter written toward the last of June, some explanation of his failure to set out for Missouri. This is the first time that name is used in place of the old designation, Upper Louisiana. He states that Baldwin has wheedled him into staying away and that he is more distrustful of Baldwin than ever.

Whether Frederick's letter of July 18 is in reply to this, or to another more explicit, it is impossible to say, but the character of its references to Baldwin would not be justified unless James had presented more proof of Baldwin's "perfidy" than has yet been found.

Frederick says: "I suspected Baldwin when in Pittsburgh. W. Graham, who has settled here as a lawyer, tells me it was believed in Pitts-
burgh that Baldwin was considerably indebted to Tarleton for monies loaned. This ought to be strictly inquired into. I do not write to him—hypocritical wretch—frequently sends his letters of introduction. I told one, as for Mr. B——, I have but a slight acquaintance with him, and no correspondence.” (This, in view of his quarrel with Jouett in Detroit, when he acknowledged his indebtedness to Baldwin for his office there!)

FREDERICK AND THE YOUNGER BRACKENRIDGE

His comments on another friend of his brother’s are equally ungracious: “Young Brackenridge! I have seen him. He staid a few weeks in St. Louis. He has established at St. Genevieve. He is probably the most unaccountable young man I ever conversed with. He has genius but is too imaginary, too hypochondriac. He must acquire courage, since he has it not constitutionally or he will never be able to maintain his ground in forensic contests.” The postscript, however, reveals that Frederick is not entirely deceived as to James’ weaknesses: “P. S. You must not disappoint the high expectations which I have formed of you. [You] must accumulate character as well as money. Labor is the price which even genius must pay for reputation.”

Contrast with Frederick’s comments “young Brackenridge’s” account of their meeting. This “unaccountable” young man had practiced law in Baltimore and in a small town in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and had finally decided to revisit the scene of his childhood stay among the French inhabitants of Gallipolis and St. Genevieve, where he had early been sent by his father in order that he might learn the French language. He found few at Gallipolis who remembered him, or he them, but when he reached St. Genevieve, he felt perfectly at home again, and resolved to remain there and practice his profession. He had been at “the mines,” where he had acquired a more favorable opinion of Col. Smith T than Frederick held.

“It was my intention to proceed from the mines to St. Louis, the Capital of the Territory,” wrote Brackenridge, “without returning to St. Genevieve, the former being at the distance of a day and a half journey on horseback. I had some letters of introduction to deliver—one to the governor—and was personally acquainted with Mr. Bates, the secretary of the Territory, and brother of my lamented friend with whom I had
served a part of my apprenticeship in the law. I expected also to meet a gentleman of the name of Graham (this is the W. Graham of Frederick’s letter) who had been my roommate at Jefferson College, and who had recently gone to St. Louis for the purpose of engaging in the practice.”

Frederick had said in one of his first letters home that the prospect around his new home was superior to that of Detroit. The description in Brackenridge’s *Recollections* confirms him: “This, I could perceive at the first glance, was a noble site for a city, occupying a splendid plain, rising in two stages from the bold rock-bound shore of the river.” He arrived at the time of a religious festival, and met the “whole population, in their best apparel, and led by the most splendid beauties of the town. Those who took the lead on this occasion were two young ladies of extraordinary beauty, holding silver plates in their hands for the purpose of receiving charitable donations at the church door.” He says that the visits of strangers to St. Louis, at that day, “were angels’ visits compared to what they are now,” and thus modestly accounts for the fact that “many of the respectable resident Americans, Secretary Bates among the rest, honored me with a call. I was glad to meet with my friend Graham, who by this time had made himself at home in this place, and was generally esteemed.”

Frederick Bates had not given in his letters any particular account of his surroundings, but “young Brackenridge” was in a position to see the town as a whole, and his description of it is clear and concise: “At that day the population of St. Louis consisted of Canadian French, a few Spaniards and other Europeans, and a somewhat larger proportion of Americans. It had less of the appearance of a rural village than St. Genevieve, the inhabitants not depending on agriculture for their subsistence, but on trade, chiefly with the Indians for furs, and on the employment under the government. A few individuals had acquired wealth; among them the family of the Chouteau were the most distinguished, and their dwellings towered above the more humble abodes. . . . They were large stone edifices with galleries in front and self-inclosed with massive stone walls like demi-fortresses.” Certainly Detroit had nothing like this!

Brackenridge counted himself fortunate in forming a friendship with General Clark, the Indian agent: “His office, and that of Mr. Bates,
who had an extensive library, whose mind was richly stored with literature, became my favorite resorts."

Young Brackenridge had been anxious to hunt up an old Pittsburgh friend, one Herr Friedrich Schewe, who had taught French at the Academy in Pittsburgh, and lodged at Mrs. Earle’s. He had given Brackenridge lessons in his native German, and had preached at what was called the “Dutch Church,” really a German Evangelical congregation, although Brackenridge says he does not know whether or not Schewe was ever ordained. When he first came to St. Louis, he had practiced miniature painting, and was perhaps the artist who painted the miniature of Frederick for his mother, which “was injured a little by sticking to the paper.”

Young Graham, whose strictures on Baldwin had had so much weight with Frederick Bates, was later the victim of a duel in St. Louis, the circumstances of which remind the narrator, his young friend Brackenridge, of the death of Tarleton Bates.

Henry Marie Brackenridge had no idea that he was not persona grata with Tarleton’s brother, and it is pleasant to think that Frederick treated him kindly, however his thoughts might deride him. It is possible that Frederick had no notion of the burden that the young man had to bear, though that seems unlikely; had he no such information, his remarks would seem less callous.

Frederick never ceases to enjoy the letters that Anthony writes him; one elicits this reply (dated August 8, 1810): “Anthony! I am delighted with the specimen you have given me of the sincerity of your attachment. Much of my happiness, such as it is, arises from a melancholy recollection of that part of my life which was passed in your father’s family. Every individual in it was dear to me, and the remembrance of their protecting hospitality will be cherished while feelings and gratitude have places in my bosom. I beg you to take my respects to your mama. I have for her the affection of a brother. Tell Susan and Nancy their old Uncle Frederick recollects all the childish prattle he ever had with them.” He asks for “word of my little namesake,” and perhaps fears that the name has been changed for he adds, wistfully, “I always thought it was a mere nursery name to be changed at the font.”

George Hoffman, Frederick’s old associate at Detroit, and correspondent from Mackinac, died on March 2, 1810, under rather distress-
ing circumstances, and along toward the last of August, James Abbott announces that his brother, Samuel Abbott, has been appointed collector in Hoffman’s place. Samuel Abbott held the post for many years, and was conspicuous there during the War of 1812.

Another of the old Detroit friends has written renewing the ties of old days. A letter from Frederick to Solomon Sibley, August 29, 1810, states that Frederick “never hated” Sibley, that the latter “abruptly threw up a confidence;” that “I [Frederick] ever respected you . . . would not lose your friendship.” Thus do matters move in circles where so much of the industry of the place, as in Detroit and St. Louis, is engaged in what young Brackenridge had candidly listed as “the employment under the government.”

On November 1, there is a letter to Baldwin which indicates that Frederick has collected a note for Baldwin! It is a friendly letter, and encloses a picture of General William Clark. But just about that time, James is writing another of his imputative letters about Baldwin, denouncing his Yankee hypocrisy, and declaring that “Baldwin denies me even the necessities of life.”

A word here as to Baldwin’s own experiences may be of moment. His elder half-brother, Abraham, after the death of their father in 1787, had taken charge of his six half-brothers and sisters, and educated them. Baldwin was in a position to know by actual experience what a younger brother owed to an elder, and that he may have considered James old enough to fend for himself, and leave for his mother and sisters the residue of Tarleton’s small estate, is no discredit to his heart, and a great tribute to his Yankee thrift.

James has his slur at young Brackenridge, the son of his brother Tarleton’s benefactor. He says that he perceives that Frederick did not mean H. C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, but “Henry the Moonite.” As H. C. Breckenridge of Kentucky had been a fellow-student of James at Princeton, and came of a wealthy and important family, he would rate higher with James than the poor and dreamy young student who had been the shy admirer of Tarleton.

FREDERICK BREAKS WITH JUDGE COBURN

About this time came the break between Frederick and the Judge Coburn whom he had supported for governor after the death of Lewis.
In fact, one of the first duties of the administration under which he had "greatly hoped that party animosities of former times will be forever forgotten," was the governor's suppression of a letter from Frederick to the judge which Governor Howard knew would stir up another internecine war. It is evident that Frederick, persuaded not to send the letter, indulged in his old pastime of satiric verse, which he had used so effectively in Detroit at the time that he won Colonel Strong and Captain Ernest to approbation by his exercise of this talent. Whether this verse reached Judge Coburn's sight is problematical. Frederick would surely have shown it to his close friends, and one among them could have been expected to carry the report where it would do the most harm. At any rate, the friendship between Coburn and Bates was broken forever.

The writing of this verse must have stirred up Frederick's reminiscences of the similar instance in Detroit, and the letter book here digresses to present copies of his masterpieces of the past. One is marked: "The following was written many years ago on the birthday of Mrs. Catherine Ernest my friend and patroness." It is too long to quote here in full, but a few lines will show its caliber:

[The] rose forgets its vivid lustre  
Drops its withered blooms and sadly yields  
The palm of excellence to thee alone.

Grant Heaven her natal day may oft return  
And strew with flowers the rugged path of life.

There is another noted as "written at Detroit for and in the name of a very amiable young man," which somehow suggests that the parties may have been Anthony Ernest and Ann Hull:

My head was wounded by a fall,  
    She brought a cordial dressing,  
Her healing art I e'er extol,  
And think my wound a blessing.

These two specimens are just the sort of thing that bring to mind the picture of the delightful family life at Detroit, with the little jokes and fêtes that would draw the circle closely together. The young poet was the life of the party, no doubt, and much delighted himself and Ann and the Earnests.
The satirical political squibs are of great interest. The names are given by initials and blanks only, though George MacDougall and his electioneering tricks are more plainly indicated. For anyone wishing to reconstruct the subtleties of the relationships of the period they are invaluable.

Later there appears another reason for the recrudescence of these early poetical efforts in the letter book of later years. There had been a letter from John Doughty Ernest, the older brother of Anthony, written to Frederick Bates from Natchez, but undated. This letter states: “I was induced to accept of my uncle John Wilkins’ offer to come on here and remain in his store.” This was the boy who had been in New Jersey, and had been reported by his brother to be “disappointed in his expectations in that place.” On December 16, 1810, Anthony announces the death of this young pioneer, “who fell a prey to the destructive climate of Natchez, the sixth of October last. The news of his death has nearly killed my poor mother.” He describes her sufferings, and how “she was brought to the brink of the grave.” “She has recovered, and is now in as good health as I could wish or expect. . . . You know what it is to lose a brother:”

There is disturbing news from the James River country, too. Nancy writes of the decline of Richard’s health, and of her fears for him. He is on his way to Norfolk, and will go thence to some of the islands. Edward, she says, is thinking of entering the navy. This letter is not written till April 19, 1811, but there must have been others before it that told of Richard’s illness. He died on May 3, on his way to “the islands,” at Norfolk, Virginia, and his gravestone is still standing there in the yard of the beautiful old Episcopal Church.

Richard’s richest memorial survives in the services to humanity of his brothers and sisters, for whom he sacrificed so much, and in the deeds of their descendants. “Death loves a shining mark.” Consumption had early marked him for its own. The confinements of a clerical occupation, entered so young, had been fatal to his recovery. Could he have gone to Missouri as first planned, he might have thrown off the grip of the dread disease, but the chances of recovery were always checked by some untoward event. The “cowskinning” incident, with its attendant excitements, was the final blow. The proposed visit to “the islands” had been too long postponed. His unhappy love affair, only a hint of which
is found, was no help to his restoration to health. Filial piety! how many faithful souls perish in that humble cause.

Not yet had this news reached Frederick when he wrote to Nancy on May 28. He says that it is a crucial time with him, that he has bitter enemies, and the treason of friends has stabbed him, but these things are as nothing to the news of Richard’s ill-health. He laments his own want of money with which to help the family.

Between sometime in March, 1811, when Governor Howard was absent from the territory, and May 7, when Frederick received his reappointment to the office of secretary, there was no executive authority. Frederick did not know officially that he had been reappointed until then. After that he officiated as governor for a short time, until the governor’s return.

On June 5, still ignorant of Richard’s death, he writes to his mother, telling her that he has no money to send, but enclosing a land warrant. He endeavors to console her for Richard’s absence: “Fleming will come up, Peggy will come down, . . . Sally, Matilda, James and Edward will be with you.” That letter must have been hard for the mother to read when it came, probably about two months after Richard’s death, for Frederick assures her, “Richard will come back to you.” By then she knew that this could never be.

At the same time he writes to Caroline Matilda (called Caroline Matilda, Jr., in acknowledgement of the mother’s prior rights), and he takes occasion to tell “Cally” that he saw her poetry while he was at “Belmont,” and he sends her an example of his. This is an ode, probably, for it is entitled “Spring,” and is addressed to Miss Isabel Gratiot. He asks “has Richard returned?”—with the utmost confidence that he probably has.

Thus is revealed that sudden re-interest in the muse that may have puzzled the ancient goddesses who listen to the poetry of mortals. Thus also is explained that interest in the French language, and that preference for the society of the French portion of St. Louis, which he had admitted to Nancy, and had alleged to Richard as an excuse for neglecting his friend Stuart.

Isabel Gratiot was one of the most beautiful of “the belles of St. Luis.” She came of a very prominent French family; from that same family
came Charles Gratiot, one of four young Frenchmen recommended by Wilkinson for appointment to the army to please the French inhabitants of the new territory of Louisiana. Fort Gratiot at Detroit was named for him. His was as sad a story as Matthew Ernest’s and Joseph Wilkinson’s.

James had written to Frederick on May 10, and on the twenty-third, he writes further and more particularly, especially of the administering of Richard’s estate. He says that Richard had but little practice; that the support of the family kept him down. By June 12, these letters, or one of them, must have reached St. Louis, and in Frederick’s letter book is found a copy of the reply to James. He is heartbroken, and says that he will give up his office and even go back to Virginia if his mother requires it.

A few days later James is writing him again, a letter which will only reach him through a long journey, and at least a month after it is penned. It tells of their arrangements at home; Nancy is to live with Fleming, James is to commence the practice of law, Edward finishes his education. In an autobiographical sketch of Edward there is mention of the fact that “in early youth, he declined a midshipman’s warrant.” There was a sacrifice in this of all a boy’s love of adventure; he had evidently been strongly attracted to the sea and those were the times when America needed sailors. Did he often dream, in his after life, so successful, yet comparatively prosaic, of the career that might have been his, and wish he had not had to forego his hopes of being an admiral to stay home and take care of his mother and sisters?

In August there is another letter from Anthony. He has fallen in love, and tells Frederick: “She is a Quaker—I like her for your sake.” This is the only intimation that is found of Frederick’s avowal of his old family faith.

Anthony adds the usual message from the family: “My mother and family are all in good health, and desire to be remembered to you with real affection. Pray be so good as to present my mother’s respects to Mrs. Wilkinson.” This last sentence implies that Joseph Wilkinson, who married their one-time neighbor, and who has suffered, as did Matthew Ernest, from the irregularity of administration of the collectorship, may have gone to St. Louis after his release by Congress in 1809.

In July, Frederick writes to one of his old neighbors who has asked
for advice about the country, with a view to "removing," as the old phrase was, hither. There is something of self-revelation in the letter. He says that he has been so often thrown about the world, that he has learned to be reconciled as to the place where his interests may have placed him. He refers his correspondent to Robert Wash, a young man from Louisa County, Virginia, who had just come out to the territory. This young man was a great comfort to Frederick. It is good to know that he was acquiring new friends, for he was rapidly breaking with many of his old ones.

When the governor returned, he brought with him his bride, a Virginia girl, daughter of Stevens Thomson Mason. Governor Howard seems to have remained friendly to Frederick during his administration. In the course of the war, in 1813, he resigned to enter the army.

On August 28, 1811, Frederick again sends "Cally" some verses. These appear to be written to two young ladies. Whatever the romance may have been that produced these poetical strains, there was no result that affected his life story. Perhaps the fact that he was so deeply involved in political disputes at this time may have served to interrupt his plans in other directions.

There is a letter from Nancy which indicates her contentment at Fleming's. She has found that Fleming, for all his lack of protestations of affection, is genuinely fond of the family. She speaks of the serious illness of Matilda. Caroline Matilda, Jr., died on October 16, 1811, it may be before her brother's last letter reached her.

On the twenty-second of December, Frederick received a challenge from his old enemy, John Smith T. He replied, after considerable parleying, that it was to government alone that he owed an account of his official conduct. However unsatisfactory this may have been to Colonel Smith, it stood, and there was no duel. The events of the war of 1812 were maturing, and it is likely that some personal disputes and enmities were abated by the common danger.

The letters from now on teem with references to appointments for the newly raised militia regiments. There is one from Frederick advocating the claims of Alexander McNair. This gentleman had formerly been in the army, had come to St. Louis from Pittsburgh, and he and Frederick had become close friends. He was afterward elected the first gov-
ernor of the state of Missouri. The letter recommending McNair was addressed to Frederick’s old tutor, James Pleasants, Jr., at Washington, D. C., where he had become a power in official life.

Under date of March 29, 1812, there is a letter to Anthony. Frederick says he rises from a sick bed to answer Anthony’s inquiries, which are about some business of his father’s. “I never had any knowledge of the generous advances which your father made for the relief of the late Colonel Hamtramck except from family conversations.” He remembers writing for Mrs. Ernest about it to William Henry Harrison, but never saw the answers. “I have heard that the orphans of Hamtramck complain of him. (Governor Harrison).” ... I was informed from Virginia of my brother’s visit to Pittsburgh and am happy to hear that he became acquainted with you. Respects to my early patroness; would like a good chat by your fireside.” From this, James’ visit to Pittsburgh is revealed, but he did not, as at first planned, come from there to Missouri.

This matter of the “orphans of Hamtramck” and his guardianship of them was as embarrassing to Harrison as was Baldwin’s guardianship of James to the Pennsylvania friend of Tarleton’s. Many pamphlets were written during Harrison’s campaign for the presidency, pro and con, as to whether he did or did not fulfill his trust to his brother officer.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

For a long time, Frederick has not written directly to his mother. Only on July 19, 1812, he addresses her: “No letter from Nancy since the fifth of April. I suppose that I am never to see a letter from your own hand. James has not written to me for a long time. I should like to know how he succeeded in the settlement of Brother Tarleton’s affairs in Pittsburgh. ... That estate and the property of Brother Charles has, I fear, become the property of strangers. I am angry whenever I think of the insolence of those intruders.”

He has recently acquired three slaves; he says that he recollects that when he was very young their mother had advised them never to have a slave, because for the most part nothing but discipline could make them profitable. He hopes the family he has acquired will never require harsh treatment.

Nancy must have been married during the early part of 1813. Where the mother and the others were living is not quite certain. Nancy had
gone to live with Fleming and may have married from his house. She
died in December, 1813, shortly after the birth of twin babies, both girls.
One died in infancy, and the other lived until 1832. After Nancy's death
there were left of the once large family only Sally, now about forty years
of age; Frederick, thirty-six or so; Fleming, thirty-four years old; Mar-
garet Maria (once Peggy), a matron of twenty-eight with two daugh-
ters; James Woodson Bates, unmarried at twenty-six; and Edward,
"the baby," now twenty. There are few letters during the war-time
(1812-15). Whether many passed and were lost, or whether the diffi-
culties of sending them back and forth were too great, cannot be deter-
mined.

Edward served six months during the war. This service was at Nor-
folk, in the militia. He is said to have carried during this time the old
flintlock musket that his father had used at the seige of Yorktown. The
gun is still in the family, and Edward later placed on the stock a silver
plate with this inscription: "Thomas F. Bates, whig of the revolution,
fought for liberty and independence with this gun. His descendants
keep it to defend what he helped to win." Sometime during his twentieth
year he came to St. Louis, studied law in the office of Rufus Easton, was
admitted to the bar in 1816, and became district attorney in 1817. There
is a letter from him to Frederick, who had gone to Washington in
December, 1815. He reports on all the happenings in St. Louis. He was
undoubtedly of the greatest value to his brother in all his concerns.

On September 21, 1817, Edward is writing from the old home
neighborhood in Virginia. He has bad news of James, as had Tarleton so
many years ago. "James, as usual, does nothing and I fear is in debt." The
letter ends abruptly, as "our cousin, Charles Clark is visiting us and
is sitting alone, so adieu." This idea that a visitor must never be left for
one moment alone survived the civil war. (May have been the cause
of it!)

On September 29, he takes time to write more fully. "For a long
time he [James] has done little or nothing and has lost much of his
stand in the public opinion." Edward feels that James is sensible of this
change, "would, I think, on encouragement turn over a new leaf." He
thinks James is after an office of some kind. Edward suggests the sale
of "Belmont," which is worth eighteen or twenty thousand dollars. "If
Baldwin would poney up $1500.00," it would be well to give him a
receipt in full, in the matter of Tarleton's estate. Edward calculated that they would have to take twenty Negroes with them.

After the many raids had divested the plantation of Thomas Fleming Bates of the Negroes needed to work it, Caroline Matilda Woodson Bates was presented by her father, Charles Woodson, with six negro slaves, "to wit: one woman slave named Phyllis together with her five children named Bowzer, Sam, Tom, Judy and Sarah ... to hold forever." These were probably the beginnings of the little colony of twenty that the Bates family felt they must not abandon when they went to the new home. The mother of the Bates boys deserves a whole chapter to herself, but the material for such a memorial is scanty. She was evidently a woman of sound judgment (her opposition to slavery may have influenced Edward to his decision against it), but she lived in an age and in the midst of conditions that seemed to make it necessary to provide for the servants as the custom of the day decreed. She died before the civil war which made that custom no longer debatable.

A letter from a relative to Sally refers to the slaves Edward had taken with them to Missouri. She says: "Old Aunt Cis so often inquires after Aunt Bates and yourself, and her relations in Missouri, that when you write us I will thank you to mention how her relations are."

On July 19, 1818, Edward, still in Virginia, sends further word of his plans. He intends to go to Pittsburgh to settle with Henry Baldwin. At least he will secure the real property by taking deeds. By August 18, he had arrived at Kaskaskia. He reports that his mother and sister Sally are in pretty good spirits and tolerable health. The ladies have come down by water. He thinks that they cannot hope to come on more rapidly than twenty or twenty-five miles a day on account of the difficulty of getting proper feed for the horses. James is to go around with the Negroes (evidently by another route). This letter was sent to Frederick by a man who was thought likely to make the journey more speedily than they could hope to do.

There is a letter from one of the cousins in Virginia written about a year later to give the news of their old home, and referring to the home in Missouri as "New Belmont." She says that, "Cousin James has written to them an enthusiastic description of the country, which makes them all want to emigrate. She reports that "Cousin Margaret Spears (Peggy Bates Spears) is well and engaged in getting Susan off to school. The
younger daughter of Peggy, Maria, is also mentioned. "Little Matilda," Nancy's daughter, seems to be with these cousins. She afterward came to Missouri.

After the letter about the advance to Hamtramck, there are found no more to or from Anthony Ernest. Eliza Clayland says that only two of Catherine Ernest's children survived her. The others died as soon as they reached maturity. The two that survived were Charles and Nancy; each of them lived to a good old age and died unmarried. Susan died in April, 1816. Anthony was yet alive in 1817, but soon after that the clue is lost. Whether he ever married the Quaker girl of whom he wrote to Frederick is unknown to the present chronicler. Among the names of pupils enrolled at the old Pittsburgh Academy is that of Frederick Ernest, proof that his "nursery name" was perpetuated "at the font."

Whether or not Edward met any of the Ernest family on his journey to Pittsburgh to settle with Baldwin, or how that settlement turned out, there is no present record. It is certain that Judge Baldwin's guardianship of his friend Tarleton's scapegrace brother must have brought him numerous annoyances, but it probably reflected no permanent discredit on his name. He obtained in his adopted town and state all the honors that Tarleton could have foreseen for "my friend, Henry Baldwin." The fact that William Wilkins and Walter Forward and Henry Marie Brackenridge became of equal if not greater note is of some importance in view of their varying beliefs and experiences.

On March 4, 1819, Frederick Bates married Nancy Opie Ball, daughter of a prominent resident of St. Louis County. The Balls were Virginians, originally from Lancaster County. She was very much younger than her husband. They had four children. Their oldest child, a daughter, married "little Alfred Walton," the son of Susan ("Lucky") Bates, and of Richard's friend and brother-in-law, the "Mr. Walton" with whom he had lived in Cartersville.

A talented descendant of Edward Bates (Katherine Lee Bates) wrote the following lines "For a Golden Wedding":

Young love is rapture;
Old love is rest;
Shy wings for capture;
Deep heart for nest.
Dawn love is silver,
    Wait for the West;
Old love is gold love—
    Old love is best.

Frederick was very happy with his young wife.

FREDERICK'S PECULIARITIES

It is baffling to try to analyze Frederick's attitude toward his friends and associates. His once close relations with those at Detroit, becoming at one time or another somewhat strained, were gradually renewed by letter to a semblance of the old time cordiality. In coming to St. Louis, he had thought that he could steer a middle course between the opposing factions. But the friends he made there, enthusiastically praised at first, are one by one rejected; Coburn, Reddick, Hempstead, Carr, all failed to measure up to his expectations.

Most of the political feuds in St. Louis were the results of the rivalries of Moses Austin and Colonel John Smith T. Bates finally became a supporter of the Austin faction. Moses Austin was one of the first colonizers of Texas, and his son, Stephen F. Austin, was one of the heroes of the Texan struggle for independence from Mexico.

Frederick's reactions to J. B. C. Lucas are especially puzzling. On first meeting Lucas in St. Louis, he was delighted with him. He must have realized that through Tarleton's friendship with Lucas, the latter had aided in procuring Frederick his federal appointments in Detroit, but Frederick never mentions this, and it is only in Tarleton's letters that Lucas' aid is stressed. From a letter to Frederick in 1810 from Wilson P. Hunt, an influential Missouri trader, who was then in Washington, D. C., it is plain that Hunt believed that Frederick agreed with him in an effort to prevent the reappointment of Lucas, yet, later on, Frederick expresses great satisfaction at the continuation of Lucas in office. Lucas must have fascinated Frederick, who appreciated the brilliance of the old Frenchman, but Lucas' erratic genius and lack of attention to the details that Frederick considered essential were undoubtedly a constant annoyance to the methodical secretary.

That Frederick resented ways opposed to his own is all too apparent, and this accounts for many of his changes from friendly to adverse criti-
icism. It is certain that after Edward came, his presence had a mellowing influence. Could Richard have been with him, as they had planned, that change might have come earlier. Probably Frederick's marriage and happy life at "Thornhill" were also of value in softening his asperity.

That he still retained some of his querulous qualities, the result of complexes that only a skilled psychologist could explain, is shown by the Lafayette incident. In 1824, Frederick Bates was elected governor of Missouri, succeeding the first governor, his friend Alexander McNair. When it was known that Lafayette would pay a visit to St. Louis, Frederick informed the legislature of the impending honor, expecting them to make due provision for the entertainment of the distinguished guest. This they did not do. In a communication to the citizens of St. Louis, the governor said: "As the governor of the State I shall not wait on him (Lafayette) since the General Assembly has not thought proper to give the first impulse. It has, however, been suggested that he may personally take it into his head to search me up, either at St. Charles [then the state capital] or on the hills of Bon Homme [his country place]. He would find me at neither place, for I have long since promised my family to visit some friends about that time."

Lafayette paid his visit and was lavishly entertained by the committee of citizens of St. Louis, but the governor was not present. It was not reported that the polite Frenchman made any attempt to "search up" his recreant host. Incidents like this should not be cited, however, without payment of real tributes to his worth. His work in Michigan and in Missouri in settling difficult questions in regard to land titles was monumental. Missouri owes much to him for his compilation of the code and revision of the laws of Louisiana Territory. In the midst of the wild rush of immigration and the lawlessness of speculation, his conscientious, painstaking work was invaluable.

EDWARD AND JAMES

Edward was the most successful of the brothers. He married earlier and very happily. He had never known the wealth that had made Tarleton and Frederick discontented with poverty. He had been under the tutelage of Fleming, who seems to have had a good influence upon him. According to the family estimate of Fleming, it is likely that he was a sterner disciplinarian than Tarleton, and that Edward therefore had a
better start in self-control and thrift than James. But their natures were different, too. Edward was genial but not a genius, an orator but not satiric. A very marked characteristic of Edward was his sense of humor, which seems to have been more often indulged in toward himself than others; he did not take himself too seriously. On the other hand, he had few of the handicaps that Tarleton and Frederick had suffered; when he came to St. Louis, his position was assured; he was the brother of a man who was already successful and high in official life. His career is easy to trace; he rose through successive steps to be Lincoln’s attorney-general; was a candidate with a considerable following for the presidency at the time Lincoln was chosen to carry the banner. His oratory was the subject of extravagant praise from both Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed. To him the nation owes a great debt for helping to preserve Missouri to the Union.

James’ history is more difficult to gather. His later career is hardly so much the account of a reformation after a scattered youth, as the fitting into the right environment of an unusual personality. In settling in the territory of Arkansas, he found his true vicinage. That stories of his wit and brilliancy of intellect yet survive is remarkable since he left no descendants to chant his praises. (Edward had seventeen children.) It is said that as a lawyer on the circuit James so attracted all the choicer spirits that rival tavernkeepers would bid for his patronage, sure that if they secured him as a guest, the inn would be crowded with men hanging on his words of wit and wisdom. He wrote extensively for the newspapers of the town named in his honor, and as the first delegate to Congress from the new territory set a standard of elegance and sophistication not expected from a westerner. His Princeton polish supplemented his early experiences along the wharfs of Pittsburgh, so that he was equally at home with social leaders in Washington or with the pioneers adown the Mississippi.

Elegant in dress, but negligent in spelling and penmanship, charming to meet but exasperating to live with, handsome in person, but of a difficult disposition—like Richard, who wrote of him, “but as for Morality!” we hold up our hands in despair of understanding James and his ilk. He had sauntered under the elms at New Haven, learning well in spite of his extravagant ways, had defied the authorities at Princeton after establishing himself there as a leader; according to tradition (no trace of
which is found in the letters), he had scandalized the classic shades of William and Mary with his dissipations, so he might be hailed as the fore-runner of the coon-skin-coat class of college-tasters who are rated essentially modern.

There are kept in the Bates family two charming portraits, one of Tarleton and another of Frederick, each in the prime of his handsome young manhood. In the St. Memin collection of the artist's engravings of his own pastels is a most delightful picture of James. It was evidently one of the extravagances for which "Baldwin" was supposed to advance money, for it is dated 1808. The charm of these three pictures makes it a matter of regret that there is none of Edward until the full bearded era of his maturity. His features seem more rugged than those of the other brothers, but whether this is due to the artist or the subject, or to the age of that subject, is a matter for study. He has so pleasant a face that one is inclined to judge that his charm was rather of the heart than of the features.

There is a Bates Street in Pittsburgh named for Tarleton; it winds down toward the ravine where he met his death. There is a Bates Street in Detroit, a relic of the plan of Frederick's old friend Judge Woodward. Most of the Bates memorials in Missouri would probably be ascribed to the best known of the Bates boys there, the youngster Edward. But James has a whole town named for him in his adopted state. This town is called Batesville, the county seat of Independence County, Arkansas, on the White River, which used to be "navigable for small steamboats and part of the time for large ones," and once boasted two schools, Batesville Academy and Salisbury Institute.

Stories of James' wit and eloquence still echo among the hills of Arkansas, reaching almost the realms of the heroes of folklore. In a publication of the Arkansas Historical Association, there is considerable space devoted to his career. "He went to St. Louis in 1817, removed to Arkansas Post in 1819 and set up a law office. Elected in 1819 as Arkansas' first delegate to Congress, re-elected in 1821. Defeated in 1823, he moved to the new town of Batesville which was named for him and began practicing law there; appointed in 1925 Judge of the Superior Court of the territory of Arkansas by President Jackson. Moved to Crawford County about 1829, and marrying a wealthy widow, settled on a large plantation below Van Buren. He was a member of the Con-
stitutional Convention of 1836, and was afterwards Register of the land office of Clarksville.” After his death, his widow visited Edward’s and Frederick’s families. She is remembered by them as a woman of charm and culture.

Another account says: “Mr. Bates was a student and a polished writer, sarcastic as Junius, reputed to have been the best essayist of his native state, Virginia; the files of the Arkansas Gazette and especially of the Arkansas Advocate contained his communications to these papers.” The Congressional Library has a file of these papers, probably contributed to it by Arkansas’ first delegate. In these, as in the files of the old Tree of Liberty, are the best monuments to James and Tarleton. The graves of both are unmarked. What matter now?

Fleming was the only one of the family who remained in Virginia, for Peggy (or “Sister Margaret Spears”) soon followed her brothers to the Western Waters; by her two marriages she founded a numerous and important family. An epitaph to Fleming suggests that in his chosen home he had as great influence as his more traveled brothers. The inscription reads: “Sacred to the memory of Fleming Bates, who departed this life December 26, 1830, in the 52nd year of his life. He needs no epitaph whose life was a constant blessing to all within his sphere of action.” This corroborates Nancy’s estimate of him; he was more noted for deeds than words.”

There is no need to debunk history. The people of the past were no less human than the people of today. There was then as now a constant struggle between their ideals and their necessities. They had to earn a living with one hand and hold high the banner of faith with the other. What wonder if sometimes the banner drooped as the struggle became more violent; the marvel is that it was so seldom allowed to fall into the dust. Let the clarion call of danger to the institutions they and their fathers had fought for sound out over the field, they rallied round their leaders and fought back the peril. Then they took up again the burdens of every day existence.

Frederick’s and Edward’s deeds are solidly recorded in history; the adventures of Tarleton and James have become the subject of myth and legend, and grow with time. A study of the annals of this family may reveal that there is romance in reality and nobility in the common walks of life.