

GRADE 7, Third Quarter

The New Nation and Westward Expansion

I like to see it lap the miles, And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks; And then, prodigious,
To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while In horrid,
hooting stanza; Then chase itself
down hill... Emily Dickinson, "XLIII"

Word Windows into History

Poems, Songs and Documents

Selected for the Themes and Eras Illuminated through American Art

*Prepared by the DePaul University Center for Urban Education
for the Terra Teacher Lab
Terra Foundation for American Art*

These are examples of songs, poems and documents that illustrate times in US history. You can use them to help students understand that a poem or song is a word picture and can be interpreted just as a painting can be—and that in context it makes more sense as well as providing a window into that context.

GRADE 7, Third Quarter

The New Nation and Westward Expansion

Documents

List of purchases made by Meriwether Lewis in preparation for expedition to the West
John C. Fremont Rocky Mountain Exploration Report excerpts
Sojourner Truth's "Ain't I a Woman" speech

The Louisiana Purchase Map is not reprinted in this binder, but can be viewed here at the Library of Congress website:

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/collections/maps/lapurchase/index.html>

Poems and Songs

"I Hear America Singing"
"In San Francisco"
"The Pony Express"
"XLIII"

List of purchases made by Meriwether Lewis in preparation for the expedition to the West

President Jefferson worked closely with Meriwether Lewis to ensure that he was well prepared—to anticipate what the party would need in the way of arms, food, medicines, camping gear, scientific instruments, and presents for the Indians. They planned well. While the expedition ran out of such luxuries as whiskey, tobacco, and salt, they never ran out of rifles and powder, needed both for self-defense and food supply; and they never ran out of ink and paper, needed to record their findings.

✓ Mathematical Instruments	✓ 412.95
✓ Furs, Ammunition & Accoutrements	✓ 182.08
✓ Medicines &c	✓ 94.49
✓ Clothing	✓ 317.73
✓ Provisions, &c	✓ 366.70
✓ Indian Presents (see below)	✓ 669.50
✓ Camp Equipage	✓ 116.68
	418.80
Indian Presents additional	2145.99
	15.67
	2161.66
	2160.13
	1.53
	<u>2160.19</u>

Eyewitness

American Originals from the National Archives

America on the Move

John C. Frémont - Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, 1843

John C. Frémont's official report on the 1842 expedition he led to the Rocky Mountains reads like a great adventure story. Frémont's father-in-law, Thomas Hart Benton, a powerful senator from Missouri and strong proponent of western expansion, was a major supporter of the expedition, whose purpose was to survey and map the Oregon Trail to the Rocky Mountains. The senator hoped it would encourage Americans to emigrate and develop commerce along the western trails.

The party that included some twenty Creole and Canadian voyageurs and the legendary Kit Carson, started out just west of the Missouri border, crossed the present-day states of Kansas, Nebraska, and Wyoming, and ascended what the men believed to be the highest peak in the Wind River region of the Rockies. Frémont's report provided practical information about the geology, botany, and climate of the West that guided future emigrants along the Oregon Trail; it shattered the misconception of the West as the Great American Desert.

Upon his return home to Washington, DC, Frémont dictated much of the report to his wife, Jessie Benton Frémont, a gifted writer. "The horseback life, the sleep in the open air," she later recalled, "had unfitted Mr. Frémont for the indoor work of writing," and so she helped him. Distilled from Frémont's notes and filtered through the artistic sensibilities of his wife, the report is a practical guide, infused with the romance of the western trail.

"A Report of an Exploration of the Country Lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains on the Line of the Kansas and Great Platte Rivers," by John Charles Frémont, March 1, 1843, page 6



These pages recount the party's fording of the Kansas River near present-day Topeka on June 14, 1842, four days after setting out just west of the Missouri border. After riding and driving the animals across, the party used their inflatable rubber boat to ferry their provisions.

On the seventh and last trip, Frémont describes how the boat capsized spilling carts, boxes, and barrels into the water. Most were recovered; but almost the entire provision of coffee was lost—a loss that would be often and mournfully remembered.

The first nineteen pages of the report, including these, are in the hand of Jessie Benton Frémont.

National Archives, Records of the Office of the Chief of Engineers

Excerpt:

"We reached the ford of the Kansas [River] late in the afternoon . . . I had expected to find the river fordable, but it had been swollen by the late rains, and was sweeping by with an angry current, yellow and turbid . . ."

—From John C. Frémont's report

"A Report of an Exploration of the Country Lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains on the Line of the Kansas and Great Platte Rivers," by John Charles Frémont, March 1, 1843, page 7



These pages recount the party's fording of the Kansas River near present-day Topeka on June 14, 1842, four days after setting out just west of the Missouri border. After riding and driving the animals across, the party used their inflatable rubber boat to ferry their provisions.

On the seventh and last trip, Frémont describes how the boat capsized spilling carts, boxes, and barrels into the water. Most were recovered; but almost the entire provision of coffee was lost—a loss that would be often and mournfully remembered.

The first nineteen pages of the report, including these, are in the hand of Jessie Benton Frémont.

National Archives, Records of the Office of the Chief of Engineers

Excerpt:

"I put upon the boat the remaining two carts with their accompanying loads. The man at the helm was timid in water, and in his alarm capsized the boat. Carts, barrels, boxes and bales, were in a moment floating down the current, but all the men who were on the shore, jumped into the water, without stopping to think if they could swim and almost everything, even heavy articles . . . were recovered . . . but our heaviest loss was a bag of coffee, which contained nearly all our provision. It was a [loss] which none but a traveller in a strange and inhospitable country can appreciate, and often afterwards when excessive toil, and long marching had overcome us with fatigue and weariness, we remembered and mourned over our loss in the Kansas. . . ."

—From John C. Frémont's report

View of the Red Buttes, along the Oregon Trail, photograph by William Henry Jackson, 1870



National Archives, Records of the U.S. Geological Survey, 1839–2001 [57-HS-277]

View of the Wind River Mountains, illustration by Charles Preuss, reprinted from A Report of an Exploration of the Country Lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains on the Line of the Kansas and Great Platte Rivers, printed by order of the United States Senate, 1843



Charles Preuss was the German-born cartographer who served as the expedition's mapmaker and artist.

Courtesy of the National Archives Library, Washington, DC

John C. Frémont, photograph from the Mathew Brady Collection, ca. 1860–65

National Archives, Records of the Office of the Chief Signal Officer [111-B-3756]



Sojourner Truth (1797-1883): *Ain't I A Woman?*

Delivered 1851

Women's Convention, Akron, Ohio

Well, children, where there is so much racket there must be something out of kilter. I think that 'twixt the negroes of the South and the women at the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all this here talking about?

That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me any best place! And ain't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm! I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man - when I could get it - and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?

Then they talk about this thing in the head; what's this they call it? [member of audience whispers, "intellect"] That's it, honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or negroes' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half measure full?

Then that little man in black there, he says women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a woman! Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him.

If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again! And now they is asking to do it, the men better let them.

Obliged to you for hearing me, and now old Sojourner ain't got nothing more to say.

<http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/mod/sojtruth-woman.html>

I Hear America Singing

by Walt Whitman

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand
singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or
at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of
the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day--at night the party of young fellows,
robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

In San Francisco

by Joaquin Miller

Lo! here we sit mid the sun-down seas
And the white Sierras. The swift sweet, breeze
Is about us here; and the sky so fair
Is bending above its azaline hue,
That you gaze and you gaze in delight, and you
See God and the portals of heaven there.

Yea, here sit we where the white ships ride
In the morn made glad and forgetful of night,
The white and the brown men side by side
In search of the truth, and betrothed to the right;
For these are the idols, and only these,
Of men that abide by the sun-down seas.

The brown brave hand of the harvester,
The delicate hand of the prince untried,
The rough hard hand of the carpenter,
They are all upheld with an equal pride;
And the prize it is his to be crown'd or blest,
Prince or peon, who bears him best.

Yea, here sit we by the golden gate,
Not demanding much, but inviting you all,
Nor publishing loud, but daring to wait,
And great in much that the days deem small;
And the gate it is God's, to Cathay, Japan,--
And who shall shut it in the face of man?

The Pony Express

by Bret Harte

In times of adventure, of battle and song,
When the heralds of victory galloped along,
They spurred their faint steeds, lest the tidings too late
Might change a day's fortune, a throne, or a state.
Though theirs was all honor and glory -- no less
Is his, the bold Knight of the Pony Express.
No corselet, no vizor, nor helmet he wears,
No war-stirring trumpet or banner he bears,
But pressing the sinewy flanks of his steed,
Behold the fond missives that bid him "God-speed."
Some ride for ambition, for glory, or less,
"Five dollars an ounce" asks the Pony Express.

Trip lightly, trip lightly, just out of the town,
Then canter and canter, o'er upland and down,
Then trot, pony, trot, over upland and hill,
Then gallop, boy, gallop, and galloping still,
Till the ring of each horse-hoof, as forward ye press,
Is lost in the track of the Pony Express.

By marshes and meadow, by river and lake,
By upland and lowland, by forest and brake,
By dell and by cañon, by bog and by fen,
By dingle and hollow, by cliff and by glen,
By prairie and desert, and vast wilderness,
At morn, noon, and evening, God speed the Express.

"The Pony Express" is reprinted from The Writings of Bret Harte, Vol. XX. Ed. Charles Meeker Kozlay. Cambridge: Riverside Press, 1914. This poem was originally published in the *Golden Era*, July 1, 1860.

XLIII

by Emily Dickinson

I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop--docile and omnipotent--
At its own stable door.