

**GERSTAECKER
FREDERICK**

WILD SPORTS
IN THE FAR
WEST

Frederick Gerstaecker

Wild Sports In The Far West

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PREFACE

On my return, a short time since, to my native land, from the wilds of America, it was not at first my intention to offer to the public the contents of the diary I had kept during my travels, and written out in detail as an employment for my leisure hours, for the exclusive use of my family in Germany. Incited, however, by the interest awakened by the publication of a few extracts in one of our periodicals, and yielding to the wishes expressed by various friends who had read the remainder, I undertook to correct and revise my notes, and to mould into a continuous narrative a diary which I had only kept when circumstances worthy of being chronicled arose, – for instance, on the voyage out, on my march through the United States, during my sojourn among the swamps of Arkansas, and finally during my hunting trip in the Ozark mountains.

I have endeavored faithfully to portray the social condition of the Americans, in so far as it came under my observation, and many a reader, while turning over the pages of this work, will seek in vain the wonted glowing descriptions of the riches and plenty which the dwellers in the West are reputed to enjoy. It is true that the American farmer commencing operations with small means, may, by dint of *very* strenuous exertions, realize an independence in a shorter time than would suffice for this object in our old fatherland; but, on the other hand, he must be prepared to renounce every thing that gladdened his heart in his native country – and only too quickly will he discover that to wean himself from the comforts to which he has been from childhood accustomed, to quit the society and intercourse of the civilized world, and to seek in a far land a life of freedom indeed, but likewise of solitude and privation, is a harder task than it at first appeared. And not every man is sufficiently strong of heart to bear the emigrant's lot without a murmur.

But should any inveterate sportsman, with an imagination heated by the description of these scenes, excited by the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise, depart to the far West, to experience similar adventures, let him remember, when wet, hungry, alone, and a prey to mosquitoes, he lies stretched in the untrodden forest, longing in vain for a fire, and for the society of men; or when he has been following the tracks of the deer for days together, without the chance of a single shot, until he can almost persuade himself that the tales he has read of wild sports in the West are but myths existing only in the brains of the Indians; let him, I say, remember that I have, so far as in me lay, painted all this in its true colors, and that many an adventure which reads admirably on paper, is in reality the reverse of romantic.

The chase in the United States is, moreover, rapidly on the decline; for the American hunter spares nothing, and for some time, particularly since the day when skins were first paid for in hard dollars, a war of extermination has been waged against the poor stags and bears; – so that the hunter who, some five years hence, shall visit these realms, will scarcely find his expectations of sport realized, unless he is prepared either to content himself with small game, or to penetrate to the Rocky Mountains, and explore the territory of the Indians.

With the concluding request to my readers, to remember that these pages are penned by a man who, so to speak, has but just emerged from the forest, and who relates his experiences to his friends at home, not caring for the fact that he might, perhaps, by adopting a different method, have told his story with more effect, this diary is submitted to the kind consideration of the public, by

The Author.

CHAPTER I

FROM BREMEN TO NEW YORK

A Bremen lighter, and its capacity for holding passengers – An unexpected meeting – Scene on board the lighter – The captain – First night on board – A parting dance on shore – Our new passengers and their mishaps – The “Constitution” – Steerage arrangements – Sleeping berths – Scenes between decks – Departure – Sea-sickness – Our Jewish passengers – The French and English Coasts – The Atlantic – Jelly-fish and “Portuguese men-of-war” – Small-pox on board – Dancing – Phosphorescence of the sea – Fricandeau-days – Stormy weather – Meeting of ships at sea – The 4th of July and its festivities – The shark and pilot-fish – Projects to pass the time – “Land ho!” – Arrival, harbor, quarantine, and examination of luggage – We take leave of the “Constitution.”

“Does the boat start at nine *exactly*?” “Yes, do not be later.” Such was the notice I received as I spoke with the master of the lighter, which in the spring of 1837 was to take me with bag and baggage on board the “Constitution,” bound to New York, then lying in Bremen Roads, about forty miles from the town, and only waiting for the two lighters, which were to take on board the steerage passengers with their effects.

I was true to my appointment at nine o'clock, but soon found that there was no necessity to have hurried myself, as no preparations had been made for starting; I took advantage of the time to look over all my effects, to see if I had everything I thought necessary, and to procure any thing that was wanting: in a large chest, that could easily be got at, I had packed some bottles of red wine, a keg of sardines, another of herrings, a Westphalian ham (oh, that there had been six!), some lemons, a little rum, pepper, sugar, some tin vessels for the table and to keep food in, knives, forks, and spoons. I found all right, and then lounged along the banks of the Weser, so as not to lose the boat. I was astonished at the number of passengers that arrived; and when I saw the crowd of people to be stowed in the miserably small boat, it appeared to me impossible that she could hold so many. While I was leaning against the corner of a house and looking on, a young man approached, wrapped in a blue cloak, with a foraging cap, spectacles, a long pipe in one hand, and a knapsack in the other; he looked at me steadfastly for a moment, and then accosted me with the intimate “Du” (Thou). His features were familiar to me, but I did not remember him till he mentioned his name; he was H., a former school-fellow, who was about to embark in the same ship. The sight of him first recalled to mind, since I had taken leave of all who were near and dear to me, that I was not quite alone in the world, and that there was still some one who would interest himself for me; of course we were now inseparable.

We lounged about together for some time in the town, and on returning to the boat found for certain that it would not start till the following morning. Most of the passengers went on shore in the evening. H. and I remained on board with our baggage. Next morning we cast off from the shore and made sail with the ebb; the wind was unfavorable. No one who has not made such a passage, in a similar boat, with a like number of passengers, can imagine the scene. It is necessary to give a short description of it, as these boats are still in use, and may yet carry thousands of emigrants from their native land. The lighter was cutter-rigged, about forty-five feet long, and some fifteen broad, with a little hole in the after part called a cabin, with two sleeping places on one side and some rows of shelves on the other; it was about large enough to contain six people closely packed. Imagine sixty passengers in the other part of the boat! (for the cabin was only for the master, or captain, as he liked to be called). Sixty live passengers, with their chests, trunks, hat and other boxes, handkerchiefs of provisions, cloaks, mattresses, coverlets, &c. &c.; and not young men only, but old and young women, old men and boys, children and old maids, sitting, lying, standing, and leaning about. If any

one had told me beforehand that such a number of people could have been packed in such a space, I would not have believed him.

When all had settled themselves, and I was firmly persuaded that it was quite impossible to find room for one more, without hanging him up under the deck, a pair of legs poked themselves down the hatchway; over them was a blue jacket, topped by the rubicund visage of our faithful captain. After trying for some time with his feet to find a solid foundation to stand on, he let go his hands, and lighted on the corns of a lanky sailor, who had squeezed himself in between two chests, and had fallen asleep standing; the pain made him draw up his long legs, and he was so disconcerted, that, still half asleep, he courteously begged pardon of the captain, or Tarpaulin, as we called him.

The captain now began to look about him, stepping over two and sometimes three persons at a time. But what was his motive for taking all this trouble? Merely to look at the pretty faces of the female passengers, and to try to make himself agreeable to them – but time and place, wind and weather were against him; he only received snappish words from some, and derision from others; finding that nothing was to be gained from the fair sex, he turned to the other, and began to ogle various attractive-looking bottles, which were less coy towards him, for here and there some of them were uncorked and their contents earnestly inquired into.

At last he went on deck, and I followed, not without difficulty, to get at least a breath of fresh air; the weather was bad, the sky cloudy, with a sharp cutting wind, and occasionally rain: the dull leather-colored banks of the Weser filled me with melancholy.

H. had followed me; so we lit a couple of cigars, and talked over old stories. We anchored at dark, as the master was afraid of running aground – the vessel swung round, the sails were lowered, and all was quiet for the night. As the dew fell heavy and cold, we once more descended through the dark abyss of the hatchway. Not a light was burning, and all lay close packed together; how I managed to get through the mass is still a mystery, but I remember that I passed the night, sitting on the corner of a chest, leaning my head upon another with an enormous padlock, against which I constantly knocked.

What a scene in the morning! – I was as hungry as a wolf – and no wonder, for I had eaten nothing since the previous morning; I got on deck, washed my face and hands in a bucket of Weser water, and greedily devoured a morsel of bread and cheese which I had in my pocket. The weather had improved, the boat dropped slowly down with the tide. About eight o'clock we met a small fishing boat, from which I bought some capital shell-fish; these our captain ordered to be cooked by his ministering spirit, and of course came in for his share. When the flood made, we anchored again; H. and I with the only sailor went on shore to recruit our store of provisions, as our passage seemed likely to be a long one.

In the afternoon we dropped down to a village called, I believe, Bracke, where some merry music struck our ears. Our Tarpaulin would not have passed it had the whole admiralty of Bremen been standing sentry on the shore; although the wind was fair, and the ebb still running, the anchor was dropped, the little boat hauled up, and all the younger members, babies excepted, landed on the beach.

Dancing was carried on with vigor for a couple of hours, but I took no part in it; I was in no humor for dancing. I was nevertheless amused; the emigrants, in the costume of their different states, even in the moment of bidding farewell to their native land, jumped and bounded to the sound of a couple of fiddles and a horn, without a care for the future. As it began to grow late, the not very tender lighterman's conscience of our captain began to reproach him. The wind was fair, and he knew that the ship was only waiting for him; so he collected his cargo, and we left the merry sounds behind us. We had had some fun at any rate, and that made the time seem shorter.

At Vegesack, another village on the Weser, we received three more passengers, also bound for our ship – a man of about five or six and forty, his wife, some seven or eight years younger, and their hopeful son, of about eighteen.

As it was a downright impossibility to squeeze in three more passengers amongst us, Tarpaulin gave them up his cabin, as he called it. It cost no little trouble to get the two rather helpless old folks stowed below. William, for that was hopeful's name, managed it quicker, for his foot slipped, and down he went, like a flash of lightning, between his astonished parents, crushing his mother's bonnet in his descent. Towards evening our captain wanted some tar. It was stowed under a scuttle in the floor of the cabin. The sailor, who had taken rather too much on board at Bracke, and thereupon had totally forgotten the principles of equilibrium, tumbled to the foot of the cabin ladder, and made the trio understand that it was necessary to open the little hole in the floor, and that therefore they must press themselves as close as possible against the ship's sides. This was easier said than done, because a narrow seat ran along the sides. The scuttle was at last opened, the iron pot lifted out, and set with its sharp edge on William's toes, causing him to draw back his foot and strike his heel forcibly against the ship's side. But his cup of sorrow was not exhausted yet. With sublime patience he awaited the retreat of the sailor, who, with unsteady hands, lifted the bucket towards the captain, who had stretched out his hands to take it; but "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The bucket turned over. William, poor innocent William, received the whole of the contents, and the captain got nothing more than his favorite perfume. He swore like a heathen. And what said William, as he stood there like butter in the sun? If the saying is true – "well greased goes easy," it ought to have gone easy with him.

One more night had we to pass in this wretched boat. It would fill volumes to relate all the occurrences, serious and comic. In the morning we saw the object of our hopes – the barque "Constitution" – lying at anchor, with flags flying. We were soon alongside and on board. The confusion of this moment was indescribable. The second lighter had arrived two days before us with the other passengers, who had secured the most convenient bed-places, and arranged their packages to the best advantage; no trifling matter in so small a space. The steerage was about thirty-three feet long by twenty-seven wide, and eight high, with posts, or stanchions, in the middle, to support the upper deck, to which the chests, &c., were lashed. Imagine on each side two rows of bed-places, one over the other, about six feet square, each wide enough, or rather not wide enough, to contain five people. The chests, cases, packages of all sorts with clothes and provisions, were stowed in the intermediate spaces, and lashed to the posts, to keep them from tumbling about with the motion of the ship, leaving a space on each side of about twenty-two feet long, and from twelve to fourteen inches wide, for 118 passengers. At first I could not believe that we were so many, but by degrees became convinced of it. After for a short time viewing the scene with its forms climbing and crawling about through the gloom, I imagined to myself the motion of the ship, the lashings giving way, the chests and boxes flying from side to side, and the advent of sea-sickness, which the number of tin basins kept in readiness seemed mournfully to forebode; – I hastily mounted to the deck, which seemed spacious and well arranged.

Although lying at anchor, the "Constitution" appeared to one so uninitiated as myself to roll considerably. Before dark, I crept below again to take another look at my sleeping-place. There were five of us, whom fate and our own volition had consigned to a space six feet square, with the audacious idea of resigning ourselves to the arms of Morpheus; but we were so squeezed together that the god could not have clasped an individual; so he must either take all five at once, or leave us to our fate. Our mattresses were spread (each had a mattress and coverlet), and we crept in one after the other. When four had taken their places, two of them being men of colossal bulk, the space was filled, and the question arose – What was to become of the fifth? Lie across? That would have been too uncomfortable for those below. Under our heads? That would not have been agreeable for H., who was the fifth man; besides he was so scraggy and bony, that I doubt if our heads would not have had the worst of it. At last we all agreed to lie on our sides, and H. squeezed in. Turning round was a thing not to be thought of; and thus we passed our first night in our long-desired ship.

Next morning, when my left side awoke (my right lying fast asleep for some time longer), all my limbs seemed bruised and broken; I almost felt homesick. I crept out as well as I could, and went on deck to get a wash, a bucket serving me for a basin. The wind blew cold and comfortless through the rigging. All was soon in motion below, and as I looked down the hatchway, I was forcibly reminded of Schiller's "Diver,"[*]

“Wie's von Salamandern, Molchen, und Drachen
Sich regt in dem furchtbaren Höllenrachen.”[*]

Salamanders, and monsters, and dragons did go
Through the fearful jaws of the hell below.

Laughter, singing, roaring, cursing, the screams of children, crying, and praying, resounded in a confused din up the hatchway. Presently, one sleepy face after another crept up the ladder, with blinking eyes, accustomed to the nether darkness, and looked towards the morning sun just breaking through a bank of thin gray clouds. In about an hour's time, a talismanic word, pronounced in a loud voice in the forepart of the ship, put life into the crew, who had been on board some days: we soon found that this mysterious word meant, "breakfast" – "dinner" – "supper." We received coffee, biscuit, and brown bread, but every one had to find his own can, and to fetch his portion himself.

I had now time to notice my bed-fellows: H., I have already described; the other three were a joiner, a doctor, and an apothecary, the two latter big enough to fill up one sleeping-place to themselves. As far as I could judge on such short acquaintance, they seemed to promise agreeable society.

Boundless disorder still reigned around. No one seemed to know where he ought to be; everybody was asking for a chest, a box, a trunk: the fair sex, of whom we had about twenty-five, had made no arrangements among themselves, so that, instead of only eight, sixteen were speaking at the same time. I sincerely pitied some among them, who seemed to have been in better circumstances, but who, probably through insufficiency of means, were obliged to choose the cheaper passage in the steerage, and to forego all the comforts to which they had been accustomed from childhood. A single man can rough it; indeed, it is highly interesting to take part in all this life and bustle, and I would not on any account have taken my passage in the cabin; but for a woman, it is quite another thing; for what may serve as a joke and subject of conversation to a man, alarms and hurts the feelings of a woman: it was, however, very different with some Oldenburg lassies. They seemed as much at home as in their ferry-boats; the greater the uproar and disorder, the more did they laugh and enjoy it. The race of Israel had about sixty representatives on board, among them some pretty Jewesses; had they all been dirty peddlers, I must have jumped overboard.

After two days, the pilot came on board, the anchor was weighed, all was life and mirth. None would remain below, and the deck was crowded; the wind blew fair and we were soon in the North Sea. The strip of land became smaller and smaller; the pilot left us; his boat lessened and lessened; then there was only a thin, blue line with one dark point, the steeple of Wangerode; this became more misty and indistinct; the last trace of home disappeared in the blue distance. There, behind those thin clouds that seemed to lie on the water, lived all those who were near and dear to me in this world, – and yet I had no tears, for their source seemed dried up. I stood for a long, long time scanning, with dry eyes, that part of the heavens. I went early to bed to indulge my thoughts. I had hardly turned in, when my comrades came, and the squeeze began again. All was tolerably quiet in the steerage, most of the party being, probably, affected by the disappearance of their mother country.

Running with a fair wind, the ship soon became uneasy; I awoke in the night with a very disagreeable sensation, to find that my head lay much lower than my heels. Our berth was on the starboard or right side of the ship, looking towards the head, and our feet were towards the ship's side,

on account of the fresh wind; in the night the wind changed, and the ship laid over on the port side; between laughing and swearing, and not without considerable difficulty, we changed our position.

The next morning's sun shone on many a pale and long face; the sea was rough, the ship rolled and pitched fearfully, the effect was awful to look upon. I have already stated that we had a number of Jews on board, with few exceptions, from the lowest class; they were allowed by their rabbins, at least so they avowed, to eat bacon during the voyage, and most of them had so far availed themselves of the privilege, as, if not to overload the stomach, at least to take in a very plentiful supply of the beautiful sweet bacon that was served out to us. Punishment trod on the heels of crime; there was not a corner of the ship unoccupied by a sick Israelite with a tin basin, or one despairingly leaning over the side and squaring accounts with Neptune.

H., the doctor, and myself were quite well, and not a little did we quiz the poor wretches, who were already sufficiently tormented. The following day it rained hard; the confined space, with all these sufferers, was almost insupportable – yet it was very disagreeable to get wet through on deck – I was wretched.

About noon on Sunday, some groups formed here and there; people began to feel that it was a misery not to associate, – yet a sudden qualm would often end a conversation begun in mirth. Some of the most resolute began to creep on deck again, but often had to pay dearly for their temerity, when a heavy sea broke over the ship, and wet to the skin all within its course. I never before knew the real advantage of a cloak. In the evening it cleared up, and I made my way forward amongst the crew to listen to their songs and stories.

On the following day the sea was heavier, and sickness at its height. I was quite disgusted, and climbed up the rigging to the top to get rid of it, and remained there till the cook's magic word announced something warm for the inner man, though very few of the passengers responded to the call.

I may as well take this opportunity to say something about the cooking and manner of living. The kitchen is a small wooden house, well secured by clamps to the deck, as a safeguard against the force of the seas that break over the ship. It was divided into two parts; one for the cabin passengers, the other for the steerage passengers and crew. The provisions were good and plentiful. Coffee was served out every morning, though, to be sure, one had to drink a great deal of water to get at the coffee; but I had always been used to strong coffee, and future experience in the back woods taught me that, when drunk scalding hot, it requires a good palate to distinguish between strong and weak coffee.

It was evening when we approached the French coast, which first appeared as a bluish line, that grew larger and larger: before dark, we came near enough to Calais to distinguish the steeple and houses. Looking over towards England, we could see nothing beyond the two lights near Dover. On the following morning, we were nearer to the coast of England, whose majestic chalky cliffs were tinged rose-color by the morning sun. In the evening we passed the Isle of Wight, and the wind changing, we did not clear the Channel till the 27th May.

We were now on the broad ocean; a number of fishing-boats enlivened the prospect with their many-colored sails, sometimes white, sometimes yellow, red, and even black. The sea was green, and the color especially beautiful under the bows and stern; the picture was further animated by a number of porpoises and albigores leaping from wave to wave. I saw several strange substances floating on the sea, which I could not observe more closely, for want of a net to catch them: I decided on making one.

All went well for several days; the weather improved, sea-sickness disappeared, and the fair sex began to show themselves on deck. I had made a net, fastened it to a staff, and kept it in readiness for any thing remarkable floating past; indeed, for me, every thing that floated by was remarkable, or at least worth examination. I caught a number of jelly-like creatures, which had the power of rising or sinking in the water, and also that of motion; one kind being about five or six inches long, and one and a half or two broad, hollow, and provided with a sort of stomach marked by a dark spot, the only compact part of the animal. If left on a dry board for a couple of hours, it resolved itself into

water, excepting the stomach and a slimy opaque mass with a very thin fine skin. Sometimes we saw numbers of them linked together, and always with the dark spot on one side. Some snails were caught resembling land snails: their shells contained a blue liquid, which seemed adapted to give a beautiful dye. I wrote a few lines with this dye to see how the color lasted, and found that it did not change in the least. The most beautiful of all this species is unquestionably the “Nautilus,” or, as the English call it, “Portuguese man-of-war.” It can raise itself about three inches above the surface, and steer its own course, but disappears in a storm; numerous feelers of two, three, and four feet, serve to provide nourishment. I caught one in my net, and happening to touch it with the back of my hand, it made it smart as if stung by a nettle. At night they give out a phosphoric light.

Now we were flying along with a fair wind and fine weather to our new home; the ocean had that deep transparent blue which almost enticed one to leap into it, to sleep in peace within its depths. My contemplations were interrupted by a sight that made the peaceful sleep rather doubtful – the dorsal fin of a shark peering above the surface as the ship glided by. The idea of coming between the triple row of teeth of such a monster was any thing but poetical. My attention was soon drawn to another object, to which we came nearer and nearer, lying dark on the water: at first I thought it must be a rock, and asked the mate, but he said there was no rock in that direction, and that it must be something floating – and so it was; as we passed it, it turned out to be a wreck. Nothing is more adapted to damp the spirits on board a ship than the sudden appearance of such a “memento mori,” to remind one of that journey which awaits us all, in which a wreck may be our starting-point, and a shark the first station.

On the 30th the wind was unfavorable, with a hollow sea; those good people who had nothing to do, became, as usual, sea-sick; the others managed better. Suddenly our messmate the doctor came with a pale and alarmed countenance, to tell us that the smallpox had broken out on board; a little girl had it very violently, and of a bad kind. The carpenter had hastily to fit up a place used as a store-room for ropes; she was removed thither, away from the other passengers, and the general apprehension was somewhat allayed.

While standing quietly on deck, I heard a tremendous uproar in the steerage; men swearing, women screaming, children crying, made a chorus enough to split one’s ears. I jumped down for fear of missing some fun, and was greeted by the most comical sight: every one had taken refuge on the highest sleeping places, on the tops of chests, boxes, or any other elevations, to be clear of the floor, which was taken possession of by a little white spaniel, which snarled, and snapped, and foamed at the mouth. All cried out as I came down the ladder, “A mad dog! a mad dog!” The poor beast seemed to me more sick than mad; it ran forward a couple of paces, and got jammed between two chests, and before it could free itself I had seized it by the back of the neck, while it snapped and struggled in vain. I shall long remember the shrieks of the women, who had mounted into the sleeping places, as I raised the dog, and thereby brought it nearer to them than they thought consistent with their safety. I kept fast hold of the poor thing, carried him up the ladder, and threw him overboard. It was the only dog on board, and belonged to poor William, who came in for the shower-bath of tar on board the lighter. He took the affair very coolly, and said, “he was glad the beast was gone, as he was always putting his paws into his food.” He and his father had remained a long time on deck, and at last, when they had descended, they did not meet with a very friendly reception from the old lady, who was lying sick in her bed-place. “William – you – and – your – father – are – very – stupid – to – leave – me – a – poor – sick – woman – all – a – lone – while – you – are – a – mu – sing – your – selves – on – deck.” William defended himself earnestly in Low Dutch, and thoughtlessly seating himself on his mother’s cap-box, the lid gave way under his weight; his ears were well boxed in consequence.

June 4th. – A calm, with the sea as smooth as a mirror, except occasionally when a long swell disturbed the surface; the ship was motionless. I felt a great inclination to bathe, but the captain had forbidden it, on account of the sharks. Early in the morning, however, H. and I sprang overboard

before he was up, and felt as light as feathers in the warm sea; I was much more fatigued than ever I had been in river bathing, and I had swallowed no slight quantity of salt water.

I went to sleep after dinner, and as I came on deck again about two o'clock, I found dancing going on. The ship was not motionless, though without headway; the swell made her roll heavily at times, and occasionally a party of dancers, five or six couple, would be carried from one side to the other, and thereafter, for a moment attempting to maintain the perpendicular, yield at last to the laws of gravity, and fall together in a heap. Towards dark, dancing ceased; a light breeze sprang up at sunset, driving us gently before it, the sea looking still more beautiful with its little light foam-crested waves. At night it appeared to be sown with myriads of stars and sparks, particularly where the ship dashed through the waters, throwing off the spray: it shone as if a fire was under the water – every wave that broke against the bows, gave light enough to exhibit the letters in a book. Although it was against rules for steerage passengers to pass abaft the capstan, our kind-hearted captain was not very strict in enforcing this order, and for hours together I have watched the sparkling foam under the stern. Once while so occupied I was startled by a rushing, snorting noise, and looking up, saw the dark form of a grampus from about eighteen to twenty feet in length, rushing through the flashing waters as if swimming in liquid fire; he disappeared close under the stern.

On the following day we fell in with another ship: on our hoisting our Bremen colors, she showed an American ensign; we passed about fifty yards from her. The captains exchanged their latitude and longitude, and gave the name of the ports they came from and were bound to: her destination was Oporto. A singular feeling is awakened by thus meeting another ship on the immense ocean; to see another little world appear, pass within hail, then diminish to a white point, and disappear, leaving the poor emigrant more deserted than before on the waste of waters.

On the 7th June, we were running eleven knots an hour; there was not much sea, so that very few were sea-sick, and most had appeared on deck and collected into picturesque groups, – here a couple playing cards, there one with a prayer-book, a couple of girls knitting and reading together, and some with wrinkled brows, strange contortions of the mouth, and uncouth sounds, industriously studying, and endeavoring to pronounce, English. These quiet pleasant days were named by us *fricandeau* days, for the following reason. We could not eat all the salt meat and bacon that was served out, so we mixed the remains, after mincing it small, with bread crumbs and yolks of eggs, kneaded it together, and fried it in butter; hence the name, for in bad weather we could do nothing of the sort.

With so much fine weather I began to fear that we should miss seeing a storm, and so lose the real delight of a sea voyage; but on the 16th it began to blow, the sea got heavier and heavier, the faces longer and longer – and by midnight old Boreas was in full bluster, the ship dashing nobly through the brilliantly illuminated sea. I was delighted with the war of the elements, and leaning over the side, watched for hours the raging storm and restless waves. I did not go to bed till morning, when I took my mattress out of the berth, and laid it on the deck, as it was impossible for five to sleep below.

The next day's sun lighted up a wild but glorious scene; immense dark blue waves, with green ridges crested with foam, for a moment "towering in pride of place," then sinking to make room for others; a shoal of large porpoises were leaping joyfully among the boisterous waves. Sailors say that they can tell, by the course of these fish, the quarter that the wind will blow from, only they are not agreed whether they go against the wind or run before it; – merely a difference of diametrically opposite directions. The gale was now so heavy that we were obliged to lie to, with the helm lashed a-lee. In the midst of it we saw a ship running before the wind; with very little sail: she was frequently hidden by the intervening waves, shot quickly past, and was soon out of sight.

On the 19th, the weather moderated in the morning, but the gale came on again with greater force towards the evening. The scene in the steerage was piteous in the extreme; sea-sickness at its height. – H. and I attempted to joke with some, who were seated on the deck, deadly pale, with tin basins between their knees, patiently awaiting the dreaded paroxysms. We put a slice of nice fat bacon into a plate, covered it over, then went to the sufferers and asked them how they felt. Instead

of answering, they mournfully shook their heads. "Won't you take something?" asked H., with a kind voice; the very idea occasioned disgust, and with wry faces they motioned us not to speak of it; not yet satisfied, I uncovered the plate, and H., holding up the slice before them, asked in the most amiable, sympathizing voice, "Perhaps you could eat a little bit of bacon?" This was like a watchword; it worked like magic, and we were glad to fly on deck, almost alarmed at the success of our plans.

At noon pease-soup was served out; I had taken a basinful down below, a proceeding which required no little skill, and leaning against the sleeping-place had almost finished it, when H. came cursing and swearing down the ladder, and standing at the foot of it, showed us his coat, telling us, fiery with rage, that one of the Oldenburghers had spilt all his pease-soup over him. At this moment a tin dishful of the same came flying down the hatchway, and emptied itself so completely over ill-fated H. that his eyes were bunged up; nor was this all – the soup was only the prologue to the play, for who should follow his soup, head-foremost, but poor William, *in propriâ personâ*, who, but for alighting on H.'s shoulders must have broken his neck. Both fell together in the mess. It would be a vain attempt to describe H.'s rage; had we not sprung to the rescue, poor William would have been strangled. When the gale moderated, more sail was made, but the sea ran high, and through the wind being north-west, we could not lay our course; still way was made, and that was a comfort.

In the afternoon we saw another ship, and under Bremen colors. The captains exchanged information through the speaking-trumpets; we hastened towards the land of the stranger, while she was in full sail towards home; with mournful thoughts, I watched the snowy sails, growing less and less, until all traces of them were lost in the distant horizon.

Time began to hang heavy on our hands, our wished-for port still distant, and the wind unfavorable; we approached the banks of Newfoundland, whose southern points we were rounding under a thick fog. Towards evening another ship was seen; then the fog came on thicker, so that the bell was frequently struck, or a horn sounded, to prevent our running foul of other vessels. Our captain was also anxious on account of icebergs, which the other ship had spoken of, and the thermometer was often dipped overboard, to try the temperature of the sea, as it falls considerably on the approach of icebergs.

The fog lay thick and damp, and the north-west wind blew very cold, so that our cloaks came again into request. The smallpox did not seem inclined to leave us, as one of the crew was now attacked, and confined to the sick cabin. It was as cold as it is in Germany in December, and if three fourths of the passengers had not been driven on deck by the fumes of sulphur kindled in the steerage, they would not have ventured out of the warm but foul air of their sleeping-places. It is surprising that we had not more sickness on board, for pure air is one of the main sources of health, and this was much wanted between decks.

At night the wind changed in our favor, and it began to rain. I had placed my mattress near the hatchway, and was wet through before I awoke.

The 4th of July approached, – the liberation-day of the Americans. The captain said he should make it a holiday, and give us some punch, and we decided on making preparations for it; a young man named Zellner, who had already been in America, sketched the plan. First a transparency was painted, with the American arms, the stripes and stars, and rising eagle, with, as a motto, the names of the four heroes of the revolution, Washington, La Fayette, Franklin, Kosciusko. It happened that one of the passengers had some rockets and other fireworks, which he produced for the occasion. At twelve at night, between the 3rd and 4th July, the transparency was illuminated, and a song composed for the nonce, sung to the tune of "God save the King." The fireworks were let off, and the rockets fired from our fowling-pieces. The lights were reflected from the calm water. The captain now invited our party, and some other of the steerage passengers into the cabin, where punch was handed round, while the mate served it out on deck to the crew and the rest of the passengers, pressing it particularly on the ladies. The consequences soon became manifest. We had sat for about half an hour in the cabin, laughing and drinking; but I took the precaution of drinking only one glass, the punch appearing very

strong, and much too sweet for my taste. Observing that the eyes of the doctor and some others began to twinkle, and that all were getting rather jovial, I rose, and the others followed, and we came out on deck to see the fun, which every moment became wilder and wilder. The sailors were aloft on the yards, letting off squibs; the ship's bell was being rung as if for fire, and rockets and blank cartridges were fired out of every available musket. Zellner's double-barrelled gun burst, luckily without doing harm; but the quarter-deck was the place where the "mirth and fun" was most "fast and furious." Ollman, an excellent violin player, had at first kindly offered to play for the general amusement; but when the row got too wild he withdrew, and another, burning with desire to show his skill, mounted on the capstan, and began to wake such discordant sounds out of his fiddle, that nothing but the general uproar prevented everybody's teeth from being set on edge; nevertheless they all waltzed away like mad, caring nothing for the motion of the ship, which occasionally threw them against the side in a confused heap. The man on the capstan continued playing as if possessed, his face turned to the stem, and maintained his place with great skill; and when the dancers were all thrown together by the motion of the ship, he leant *towards* them, playing away louder and louder, but without showing the slightest change of countenance. William's mother threw her arms round my neck, begging me to dance with her; next to her stood an old ropemaker, who had been ill all the voyage; he tried to stand on one leg, whistling his own tune, while turning on his axis; the lanky tailor lay on his back, with his arms and legs working like a telegraph; in short, of the 118 passengers, not more than six were quite sober. To have a better view I got into the long boat, and laughed till the tears came; but as one can have too much of a good thing, as I was tired with laughing, and although I had drunk very little, yet felt some bad effects, I crept down to my bed. As I afterwards learnt, the mate, with the intention of making everybody drunk, had heated the rum, put very little water, and plenty of sugar. I was up again by daylight, and helped many of the victims to their beds.

None of the passengers excepting Vogel and H. showed themselves for a long time, and when they did at last, what pale, dull faces appeared – what hollow, heavy eyes – what universal complaints of headache and wretchedness! William especially went about very chapfallen; in the midst of the fun he had sat himself down, and remained in the cook's steep-tub, where the salt meat for the morrow was soaking.

We had a great deal of lightning in the evening, and about eleven o'clock the heaviest thunderstorm I had ever experienced broke over us. Flash after flash of lightning, peal on peal of thunder throughout the whole vault of heaven. I went aloft to help the sailors; one moment it was as light as day, with the black threatening sky above and beneath us, like a dark stripe, the noble ship rushing through the glowing foam-covered ocean. It was sublime – such moments are never to be forgotten. The breeze lasted till the 10th July, when it again fell calm. The ship lay almost motionless, and as all had recovered, alike from sea-sickness and from the effects of the punch, the greater number of the passengers showed themselves on deck forming various groups. About noon a shark came towards us, the first we had seen for some days; he swam quietly round the ship, and then disappeared, notwithstanding all the temptations we offered in the shape of large pieces of meat, but which concealed an enormous hook. He was accompanied by two pilot-fish, whose attachment to the shark is wonderful. These pilot-fish are from twelve to fourteen inches long, with stripes of blue and white of about a finger's breadth across their back. I shot one, but could not pick it up. The shark is sometimes accompanied by five or six of these fish; he never attacks them, and they probably point out his prey; for though we saw nothing more of the shark, it was most likely under the ship, as the pilot-fish played about under the bowsprit, a certain sign that he was not far off. We also saw a sword-fish of twelve or fourteen feet long.

Several stormy petrels, or, as the English call them, "Mother Carey's chickens," had followed us nearly all the voyage, and were now swimming or flying about the ship; I shot one, and caught it in my net as it floated past. They are about the size of swallows, and fly something like them; they are web-footed, dive well, and have a large horny hole in the beak.

The breeze sprang up again next day, but so light, that the ship seemed to be asleep, – fancy her in a night-cap and dressing-gown. Our dear companions became day by day more insupportable; the liveliest, who were always on deck, began to quarrel among themselves; the others merely vegetated; they remained day and night in their sleeping-places, without even taking the trouble to wash themselves; perhaps they were afraid of taking too much water out of the sea, as the ship was near sand-banks. We tried all sorts of amusements, such as reasonable grown-up men would not be suspected of patronizing. Amongst others, we played at soldiers; working men, shopkeepers, apothecaries, Jews, Christians, sailors, old and young, all took part in it, with sticks, brooms, harpoons, fish-grains, hunting knives, wind instruments (the ship's horn for fog-signals), flags, &c., just like little boys. The whole play was carried out – rebellion, desertion (one of the Jews was the deserter), court-martial, execution, and tocsin: the tocsin bell was a shirt stretched over a hoop, and beaten with a broomstick. The best of all was, that the doctor turned up his nose at us, and talked about our being childish! Wasn't he hooted?

July 18th. – Running merrily with a fair wind, our hearts swelling with fresh hopes. We collected the Oldenburghers on deck to sing a song, the chorus of which was, “Peasants ride in coaches in America.” I thought the good people might be in error as to coaches, and that wheelbarrows would be nearer the mark. But what should we be without hope? We were near the land. At early dawn I sprang out of a hammock I had manufactured, for I could not sleep in the narrow berth, and mounted aloft. Placid, just crisped by a light south-east wind, lay the sea, deep, deep beneath me, dandling the noble ship, playing with her, yielding before her, and then following with a slight splash. I gained the highest point, clasped the mast with my left arm, and delightedly breathed the pure morning air. The horizon became lighter and lighter, the view clearer and clearer – the mist vanished – a hollow sound like distant thunder broke on the listening ear! It was surf, – there lay the land, and plainer and plainer as the light increased appeared a blue stripe above the dark waves of the horizon. “Land!” cried I from the mast head, and “land!” “land!” resounded from one to another between decks. As ants run out of their nest when it is disturbed, so rushed the half-wakened passengers up the hatchway, hastened to the bows, and opening their blinking eyes as wide as they could, repeated “land!” although I am convinced that it was not possible to see it from the deck, as the day did not get any clearer, and only the highest points were visible. Our lanky friend the tailor came up among the rest, holding a plate of butter in one hand, a ship's biscuit in the other; as he heard the word “land!” repeated, he set his provisions on one of the hen-coops, and ran with the others to look at the land. William, who probably thought that there would be plenty of time to contemplate it, sat himself quietly down on the hen-coop, and of course on the butter, which had become rather soft after a night spent between decks; there he sat, kicking his heels against the rails, his hands comfortably stowed in his pockets, and whistling to express his content. The tailor returning, naturally anxious about his week's allowance of butter, which he, confiding in the general honesty, had, in a manner, left exposed in the highway, stood immovable with astonishment, with eyes and mouth wide open, looking at this picture of innocence and self-satisfaction sitting in his butter. William, unconscious of evil, and amused at the tailor's astonishment, put on a broad grin, which stopped his whistling, but he kept up the time with his heels. At last the astounded tailor found his tongue, and calling out, “Oh the wretch!” he sprang on the unprepared William, pulled him across his knee, and pointing out the butter to the bystanders, exclaimed in a sorrowful voice, “There, there it is!”

As we came nearer to the long-desired land, we could distinguish woods, fields, houses, farms, and single trees; a beautiful sight, but not to be enjoyed long, for the captain not liking to approach too close, stood off again, and in the evening it was hardly visible. Early on the 19th we made all sail; about eleven a small vessel stood towards us under American colors: we hoisted ours, and the pilot came on board. Now all was fresh life among the passengers. So near the land, fresh water was served out, and there was washing and splashing and smartening up going on in every corner. Here a young Jewess adorned herself with earrings containing false stones, there a man hastily washed a shirt; on

one side women combing and brushing children, there others, their toilet ended, strutting about in their best; – and there lay the poor ropemaker face downwards, across the capstan; he had but one pair of trowsers, which the kind tailor was busily mending. The pilot, a fine-looking man, as all these American pilots are, and dressed in the newest fashion, soon carried us into the entrance of New York harbor, near Staten Island. Where shall I find a pen that can paint what we saw, or describe our feelings? The sight of this noble land, robed in the most beautiful green, with luxuriant fields, fine houses, and here and there remains of the original forests, forts on each side protecting the entrance, the bright blue heavens above, and rustling waves beneath, melted my heart, and made me long to be alone. I ran aloft, and looked with enchanted, and, why should I deny it, with moistened eyes, on the beautiful country which seemed opening her arms to receive us – and the question rose unavoidably: “Why is not that my home, and why must I leave all my heart holds dear to purchase such a sight?” The sailors, who came running up the rigging like cats, disturbed my meditations. The anchor was dropped, and the sails furled. A boat under a yellow flag came off from Staten Island, to inquire after our healths. Luckily all our sick had recovered, and all the party looked in good condition; so that the good doctor, in spite of a pair of hexagonal spectacles, could not find a trace of the late sickness, and left the ship with the words “All’s well.” In the evening, H., the doctor, and I plunged overboard to bathe. We were not allowed to leave the ship till the morrow, when a schooner came to take us all with bag and baggage to a large square block house, about a hundred yards from the shore, to undergo a short quarantine, and to show whether our luggage contained any thing liable to duty, or requiring washing. The customs’ examination was not severe, and nobody had to pay; the dirty clothes were more strictly examined, and large buckets were brought, that those who had neglected to wash their clothes on the passage might do so now. As we quitted the “Constitution,” where we had passed sixty-four days of mingled joy and sorrow, taking leave of her crew was, to me at least, like taking leave of old friends, and as the boat shoved off we gave them a loud cheer, which was answered by the crew in English fashion with three hurrahs, preceded by “hip, hip, hip.” This was not very well taken by our Jewish passengers, who could not find “hip, hip, hip” in their dictionaries, and one of them remarked that “he did not see why they should so laugh at us.”

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK TO BUFFALO

Good advice to emigrants – Examination of the baggage – New York – Schw – z’s boarding-house and its deficiencies – Aspect of the city – Abundance of fruit – An Irishman’s funeral – Fire – Reports from Illinois – The German reformed church – Extraordinary scene – Soldiers – The Scotch and their national costume – Negroes – My tobacco speculation – Unsuccessful shooting excursion – Departure for Albany – Utica – An American breakfast – The canal-boat and its arrangement – Collision – Crowded state of the boat, and consequent discomfort – Lockport – Niagara – Hamilton – Visit to a countryman – Excursion into the woods – Meeting with an Indian – Bear hunt – Bivouac in the woods – Maize – Buffalo – The ‘William Tell’ – Village politicians.

Although this blockhouse was called the Quarantine building, the quarantine was not very strict; several of us got a boat to take us on shore, and for the first time we stepped on the soil of a new world – for us a truly beautiful and noble world, but still a new, and therefore a strange one. Singular feelings came over me as I wandered under strange trees, among the pale Americans, and sought some quiet spot where I could indulge my thoughts; they were mournful, though at the same time full of hope and confidence. It was late when I returned to my companions, whom I found assembled round some bread and cheese and beer, and well satisfied with their reception in their new country. While sitting enjoying God’s good gifts, which we had been so long deprived of, a stranger came into our room, but as he addressed us in German, we were soon on a footing of old acquaintance; he was a baker, who had been about thirty years in America, and had realized a handsome fortune; he came with the praiseworthy intention of giving us good advice. The good man might have saved his trouble, for, wise in our own conceits, like all new comers, we knew better than he did. He had lived principally in Pennsylvania, and, like all the people of that State, he addressed each as “Thou.” He cautioned us against the Americans, telling us that they would cheat us whenever they could; “but,” said he, “if you must trust to any one, trust an American sooner than a German. It is a disgrace to the Germans, but it is too true: beware of them, for they are much worse towards their own countrymen than any others; because,” added he, confidentially, “they are the simplest. When you land at New York, don’t go into any of the low public-houses, near the landing-place – ‘William Tell’ – and such like – they are all dens of thieves; and now if you do – you have been warned, – it will be your own faults and you can’t complain.” He continued for some time giving us advice on this subject, and although, at that time, I made no exception to the general rule of knowing better, disbelieving his calumnious warnings because they did not agree with my preconceived fixed opinions, I found afterwards that his words were unfortunately but too true.

A second examination of the baggage exposed more dirt; sick of remaining longer in disagreeable contact with it, we five took the steamer that starts at nine o’clock for New York, making the passage of nine miles in half an hour. There was too much to see, and too much that was quite new, for the eye to dwell long enough on any one object to receive a deep impression, and I hardly knew that the boat had started, when she stopped at the landing-place, and the immense sea of houses of New York, begirt by a forest of masts, lay before us.

The steamer had hardly landed, when we were surrounded by a number of car-drivers, offering to carry our luggage to our destined abode; we chose two, which took all our things, and for which we had to pay altogether one dollar – but they had a tolerable distance to go. Zellner, who had already been in New York, recommended Schw – z’s boarding-house, whither we all went. In all my life I never saw such a dirty establishment as old Madame Schw – z’s: it makes me sick now to think of

it. Of course I did not remain much in the house, but for some days lounged through the fine broad streets, admiring several handsome buildings. I was much struck by the immense amount of shipping ranged thickly side by side all round the town, and by the superfluity of southern fruits; in every street were carts full of pine-apples, oranges, cocoa-nuts, &c. The finest pines were to be had for from sixpence to a shilling.

I had wandered about for a couple of hours, and was about to return to the boarding house, when turning the corner of a street I came upon one of the most extraordinary cavalcades I ever saw. It was the funeral of a poor Irishman, which I will briefly describe, as it is well worth it. First came a hearse covered with dirty cloth that once had been black. The driver was seated in front, by no means in a mourning attitude; his left foot rested on his right knee, the left elbow on the left knee. He was dressed in a shabby blue coat, a hat with the rim torn and hanging down; his trowsers might have been white if they had been washed; his left hand held an apple, which he was eating with the greatest composure; the right held the whip, with which from time to time he encouraged his horses; the reins were twisted round his left knee. The hearse was followed by six luggage cars, each containing from ten to twelve mourners, sitting back to back, with feet hanging down the sides, men and women together, in clothes of all colors, eating, drinking, and laughing: to say the least, it appeared to me a very original kind of funeral.

It was late when I arrived at the boarding-house, for when I turned homewards I found so many things to attract my attention that the hours flew rapidly by. All my companions were assembled, and we had much to relate. As we were going to bed about twelve, there was a cry of "fire! fire!" in the streets. I jumped up and looked out of the window, – the sky above the opposite houses was deep red. As I was still dressed, and none of the others would go, I ran down stairs, and hastened in the direction of the fire; I hurried along one street after another, following the reflection in the sky; yet it was three quarters of an hour before I arrived at the fire. It was a small wooden building still in flames, so I came in good time to see the engines worked. There were several Germans among those who had hastened to the fire; I asked one of them how far it was to my boarding-house, and learnt to my horror that it was two miles off. He assured me that if I ran to every fire that broke out in New York, I should have nothing else to do all night, as there are seldom less than two in the twenty-four hours. His words were confirmed by another alarm in a few hours; and during the three months that I remained in New York, I remember very few nights passing without an alarm of fire. The fire companies are excellent, and the most respectable citizens are enrolled amongst the firemen; the engines are handsome, and formed of brass and iron, often adorned with a pretty vignette; they are drawn by the men. How different from our old thunder-boxes, in Germany, where it takes half an hour to get the horses ready.

A week passed so quickly, I could hardly persuade myself that it was more than two days. I became acquainted with several Germans. The dirt of the boarding-house became insupportable. I had been introduced to a German family by a mutual acquaintance from Brunswick, and they agreed to let me board and lodge with them for three dollars a week, the ordinary price, washing not included. Washing costs at the rate of four cents a single piece.

I had come to New York with the intention of proceeding to Vera Cruz, but heard so many unfavorable reports of the state of Mexican affairs, that I was at first undecided; and afterwards, as so many told me of the disturbed and uncertain state of that country, and warned me, as a new comer, against going there, I decided on taking a good look at the United States before I visited other countries.

My prospects here seemed to improve. A young farmer from Illinois, whom I met in New York, said that it was not difficult to get a farm on lease there – a lease in the American sense of the word, where the farmer obtains a piece of cleared land, with the necessary buildings, for which he gives the proprietor, who also finds most of the farming implements, one third of the produce. At the same

time, he assured me that two men could easily manage sixty acres. But he suppressed the fact that these two must be well acquainted with the American system of farming.

All sorts of plans came under my consideration, without my coming to any determination – and time slipped by.

One Sunday morning I wished to go to church. An acquaintance offered to accompany me. We went to the German reformed church. We were rather late, and I was astonished at the excitement and disorder which prevailed. I was soon to be still more surprised. The preacher, a robust, powerful man, was very red in the face, spoke with great vehemence and considerable ability. He paused every now and then to take a drink. Suddenly, as the confusion was somewhat subsiding, and the preacher was commenting on the text, a lady stood up, and began to speak very loud. At first I could not understand what she wanted. With surprise, I recognized her to be my landlady, and heard such words as “shame – insufferable – insolence – men – turn out of the pulpit,” &c. As I was reflecting on what this could mean, the disturbance broke out afresh. “Down with him out of the pulpit!” “Kick him out!” “Cane him well!” Such were the sounds that filled the church. The congregation attempted to get the preacher out of the pulpit, but this was not so easy as it appeared. The pulpit had a flight of steps on each side, with a door fastening inside at the foot of each. The insurgents attempted to storm the steps on the right, but their pastor proved to them that he belonged to the church militant in the literal meaning of the word. He made only two steps to the bottom, and gallantly defended the door. But too many dogs are the death of the fox. The garrison was too weak. While he defended one side, the other was left exposed. The insurgents made a breach, stormed the left-hand steps, and took the garrison in the rear. The preacher was dragged into the middle of the church, but managed to slip out of the hands of his persecutors, and escaped into a corner, when, putting himself into a regular boxing attitude, he called out with an oath – “Come on, all of you.” These words were not mere bravado; for now that his rear was secure, he kept them all at bay. I had watched the whole affair, standing on one of the benches. It was not a fair fight; for while those in front kept out of reach of his fists, those in the rear kept striking him on the head with umbrellas. At last, making a desperate sally, he succeeded in escaping. This was all that the congregation desired, and several talked of “fetching the other preacher;” but their minds were too excited, and so they separated. On coming home, I learnt the cause of this uproar from my landlady. The congregation had dismissed this hard-fisted preacher, and elected another, who was to have preached to-day for the first time; but they had reckoned without their host, for the ex-pastor was up at daybreak, and having his own key, had gone into the church, and taken possession of the pulpit, where he sat patiently awaiting the turn of events. The other preacher came in with the congregation, and being a quiet, peaceable man, he retired; and the former, in spite of threats and abuse, began the service, and would have carried his point, if my heroine had not lighted the match which set them all in a blaze. Some years afterwards I learnt that the same sort of disturbance had occurred several times in that church.

I was surprised at seeing no soldiers in New York, except now and then a couple or so of military-looking men, with blue jackets and trowsers, and glazed caps. These are Uncle Sam’s soldiers, who devote themselves to their country for eight dollars a month. They are generally men who dislike hard work, yet cannot gain a living in any other way. They enlist for five years. There are besides bodies of militia, German as well as American battalions, who turn out on grand occasions, and are well dressed. A short time ago some of the Scots had a meeting, and got up a battalion in highland costume, the different clans in their proper tartan, with plaids, bonnets, feathers, targets, claymores, bagpipes, and the chiefs with eagle’s feathers. Thus they marched through the greater part of the town. The next day, the “New York Herald” made severe remarks upon people having a claim to respectability marching through the town with naked legs, having music into the bargain, to attract everybody’s attention.

A great number of emigrants arrived about this time, and filled all the taverns. I discovered that the Americans did not seem to care so much about foreigners as I had imagined; and to my great

vexation, I saw that Germans and Irish were thought little more of than negroes. Of course there are honorable exceptions, for the educated Americans know how to make a distinction; yet, at that time, it is very possible that I may have been misinformed.

It is disagreeable to the feelings of the newly arrived European to behold the treatment of the unfortunate negroes; for though New York is not a slave state they are considered no better than cattle. Yet they enjoy a number of privileges, which they lately obtained through the kindness of General Jackson. At the same time, they are not allowed to enter an omnibus, nor to sit anywhere but in the gallery of the theatre. They must keep to their own churches, and cannot be sworn as witnesses against the whites.

After a few weeks' residence in New York, my landlord asked me to try a speculation with him, in order, as he said, to get rich in a short time. He proposed to open a cigar shop. I had no inclination for it at first, having been so often warned against the Germans, but so many people spoke well of him, and said he was so much esteemed, that I began to think he must be an exception. I embarked all the money I possessed in this business. My partner obtained some, but upon credit; and in a short time a cigar shop was opened by the firm, in Broadway, the most frequented street of New York. It seemed a miracle how well I had managed my affairs. Hardly a month had I been in America, and already I carried on a business of my own! It was well that this dream lasted only a short time, or I should have lost everything.

I began now to Americanize myself. I was no longer surprised when I saw a fat mulatto woman walking along the street with a pipe in her mouth, or a lady handsomely dressed, and in the newest fashion, but without stockings; just as little did I marvel to see a well-dressed gentleman, in a black frockcoat, and black trousers, gold watch, chain, &c., going to market with a basket under his arm; and I hardly looked round if I saw a New Englander riding from market, in bad weather, at full gallop, with very short stirrups, a basket of vegetables hanging to his left arm, while his right hand grasped an outspread umbrella. In fact, a man may accustom himself to any thing.

I now resolved on making a shooting excursion, and as Zellner had described the banks of the Hudson as so very beautiful, we started one fine morning with our guns, by one of the numerous steamers, and ran up to our shooting grounds, a distance of twenty-two miles, for sixpence. The voyage alone was worth ten times the money, on account of the beauty of the scenery. The Hudson is certainly the loveliest river I ever saw, with its smooth majestic stream, its high steep cliffs, clothed with the brightest green, with dwelling-houses and villages wherever space will allow, and thousands of vessels of all descriptions giving such life to the whole, as fills one with wonder and delight. As we started late, it was dark when we arrived at our landing-place. We were up at daybreak next morning, and set off to search the woods and fields, eager to spill blood. Weary and exhausted with climbing over the number of fences and hedges, leaping over fallen or half-decayed trees, wading through morasses and mounting hills, we arrived in the evening at the house of a cousin of Zellner's without having seen a feather or any thing else in the shape of game. Our host received us hospitably, told us that we did not understand how to find game in America, and promised he would accompany us on the morrow. Our hopes revived again; we were ready by break of day, inhaling the sweet morning air and determined upon slaughter, and doubting whether our game bags would hold all that we meant to kill. It was yesterday's fortune repeated. Here we skirted a wood, there a fence, here we waded a marsh, and there pushed through a thicket; from daybreak to noon, not a shot had been fired. By the time we arrived on the banks of the river, and saw a steamer running down stream, Z. and I had had enough of it, and were rejoiced to see the steamer answer our signals and stop to take us on board. Hungry and tired, without having seen a single head of American game, we returned to New York. After this excursion, I was in no hurry to try another. I had had enough for once, and attended assiduously to my business; taking pains at the same time to learn English, for although I had made some progress in Germany, it sounded like so much Chaldaic or Chinese, till my ear became accustomed to it; then the foundation that I had formerly laid helped me to acquire it quickly.

I remained some weeks longer in the town, otherwise I must have intrusted all that I possessed to the integrity of strangers, and an inward misgiving warned me against so doing. At the same time, I began to reflect that I was fast bound in the town, and could not get out into the open country; and this feeling became every day more painful and vexatious. It struck me that this was not exactly the object for which I had left all that was dear in my native land, and often while brooding over my late step, it seemed a wild, oppressive dream. It seemed as if I could not be in the long desired land of freedom, so many thousands of miles from my loved country, and that I might awake at any moment and thank God that it was only a frightful delusion. It was however a reality, and I decided on breaking my fetters. I soon arranged with my partner; with the exception of a small sum down for travelling expenses, he was to keep the rest in the business till the end of March, and then repay the bare sum I had at first invested.

I left my two chests containing clothes and books in the care of H., and taking some clean linen and a double-barrelled gun, I started for the wide world, according to my heart's desire. Whither, I neither knew nor cared, except that I wished in the first place to see the Falls of Niagara, and then to follow wherever fate might send me. I was free, once more free, and felt my heart swell with the feeling of independence. I no longer envied the birds of passage, whose flight towards the south my eyes had lately so mournfully followed. I was as free as they were, and no less inclined to use my unbound pinions.

At five in the evening of the 24th Oct., the new steamer "Diamond" left New York for Albany. I stood on her deck inhaling with delight the pure balsamic air, viewing with enchanted eyes the glorious scenery.

My costume seemed probably rather eccentric to some of the stiff Americans, who kept staring with curiosity at the foreigner who was leaning on his gun, and thinking little about them, lost in admiration of the wonderfully beautiful landscape that extends along the shores of the Hudson. Though my costume was nothing extraordinary, yet the tight leather trousers, high waterproof boots, short green shooting jacket, green cap, and open shirt collar, might have appeared so to them. The beautiful double-barrelled gun attracted many eyes, as well as the double-edged hunting-knife that hung on the left side. The German game bag, the powder-horn, shot belt, – all, in short, was different to their fashion.

The night was cold and damp, and as on the following morning the sun broke through the thick clouds, his rays were reflected from the steeples of Albany; a pretty little town, and though I stayed too short a time to be able to judge, I believe it is likely to become a handsome city. I left that morning by the train for Utica. It was the first time that I had travelled by a railroad, and cutting the air with the speed of an arrow made an indescribably agreeable impression on me. A drunken man next to me told me long stories, in the still strange English, with a comically mournful expression of countenance, and afforded me much amusement. We arrived at Utica during the night. In the street I found some men with a carriage, and inquired of them when the canal boat left; they pointed to the carriage, one of them taking me by the arm; but I, remembering former warnings, set my foot against the door, and asked about the fare: "Nothing to pay, nothing to pay," said they, and at one step I was seated in the carriage, which soon stopped before a very grand house. I did not feel quite comfortable under all this hospitality, for every light in the large building seemed to call out to me, "Money is the principal thing, therefore get money," which sentence I recollect having to translate at Dr. Flügel's, at Leipzig. I walked in, however, and inquired for the first boat going to Buffalo; meantime be it said, my misgiving was not altogether unwarranted, for I had to pay fifty cents, about 2s. 2d., for a cup of tea with bread and butter. The price of the boat was six dollars, table included, which seemed too dear, and a German Jew who was present took my part and made an agreement for me for four dollars. It was very cold when I went on board the canal boat a short time before its departure, and I found the warm cabin very agreeable.

The morning broke dull and rainy, and the breakfast-bell roused us too soon from our beds. An American breakfast is something astonishing to a newly arrived German. He beholds in surprise coffee, pork, pickled gherkins, potatoes, turnips, eggs, bread, butter, and cheese, all on the table at once; but as soon as the stomach has become accustomed to this strange assemblage, I must honestly acknowledge that it suits a hungry Christian man much better than dry bread and weak coffee.

After breakfast I had plenty of time to notice the company with whom I shared the narrow space of a cabin in a canal boat. There were ten gentlemen and three ladies; these latter had a cabin to themselves, separated from the other by a red curtain; over the entrance was the inscription, "Ladies' Cabin," with the friendly reminder of "No Admittance." The ladies consisted of two old, and one not young. One young man, certainly the greatest lout I met with in America, deeply buried in a coat of his father's, whose skirts nearly swept the ground, almost hiding his too scanty trowsers, and a hat so large that he was obliged to keep shoving it up from his face, played the gallant to them. These canal boats are very long and narrow, decked over, and rising about six feet above the water; ours was fitted up for the comfort, or rather discomfort of the passengers. They are well provided with windows, hold a number of people, and go very slowly; ours in particular, drawn by two very quiet horses, seemed to traverse the landscape at a snail's pace. The canal is crossed by numerous low bridges, often only a few inches above the deck, and one must be constantly on the look-out not to be swept overboard, a disaster I once happened to witness. Sometimes it is necessary to lie quite flat, a precaution which also has its dangers, and on one occasion caused a dreadful misfortune, when a passenger, by a boat that had very little cargo, was horribly crushed to death between the boat and the bridge.

On a sudden we stopped with a tremendous crash. Everybody jumped up to see what had happened; our boat was jammed with another in a narrow part of the canal, directly under a bridge; and as ours was the stoutest, she had broken some of the other's ribs. We remained as immovably fixed as if we had been built in; all attempts to drag the boat backwards were in vain, because the horses, knee deep in mud, would not pull together. At last, in a fit of compassion, and trusting to my waterproof boots, I jumped out, seized the large whip, and giving the horses a few sharp cuts, I made them understand that they could if they would. And they did, but in doing so one of them lashed out behind, in the thickest of the red mud, so that I was splashed all over with it, and looked more like a trout than a human being. I crept back, resolving next time not to be quite so obliging.

At length the captain came round for the fare; I quietly handed out my four dollars, and was not a little astounded to learn that an agreement made with a stranger at Utica was not binding on the captain, and that I must pay my six dollars like the rest – a bit of experience not too dear at two dollars.

So far we had been very comfortable, having had plenty of room; but now we took in fifteen more passengers, all for Buffalo. While daylight lasted all went on well enough, but in the evening I really could not divine where all the people would be stowed; yet with the live cargo of the Bremen lighter fresh in my memory, I considered nothing impossible. The sleeping-places in the canal boats consist of long four-cornered frames, which in the evening are hung up along the cabin; and now that the number of passengers had so much increased, we had to be packed in layers. The frames are covered with coarse strong canvas, on which a small mattress was laid; at least all the passengers who came from Utica had that accommodation, but now, on account of the number of new arrivals, that luxury had to be dispensed with. I scrambled into my swinging bed, having first examined the fastenings, leaving the lately-arrived passengers playing at cards.

I awoke in the night with a dreadful feeling of suffocation; cold perspiration stood on my forehead, and I could hardly draw my breath; there was a weight like lead on my stomach and chest. I attempted to cry out – in vain; I lay almost without consciousness. At last I became quite awake, and remembered where I was, and in what circumstances I was placed. The weight remained immovable; above me was a noise like distant thunder: it was my companion of the upper story, who lay snoring over my head; and that the weight which pressed on my chest was caused by his body no longer remained a doubtful point. I endeavored to move the Colossus – impossible. I tried to push, to cry

out – in vain. He lay like a rock on my chest, and seemed to have no more feeling. As all my attempts to awaken him were ineffectual, I bethought me of my breastpin, which luckily I had not taken out of my cravat the night before; with great difficulty I succeeded in moving my arm and reaching the pin, which I pressed with a firm hand into the mass above me. There was a sudden movement, which procured me momentary relief; but the movement soon subsided, the weight was growing heavier and more insupportable, and to prevent being utterly crushed, I was obliged to reapply the pin. “What’s that?” “Murder!” “Help!” cried a deep bass voice above me. Feeling myself free, I slipped like an eel from under the weight, and saw, by the dim light reflected from a lamp hanging under the deck, a sight of no common occurrence. A stout heavy man, who slept in the upper frame without a mattress, was too much for the well-worn canvas; during his sleep it had given way under the weightiest part of his form, which descended till it found support on my chest. The thrust of my breastpin had caused him to make an effort to move, which gave me that opportunity of making my escape I so gladly seized. As he returned to his former position with greater force and weight, from the exertions he had made, the support being gone, the canvas split still wider, and, more than half asleep, he was sitting on my bed, while his head and feet remained in his own. He soon began to call out, “Help!” “Murder!” Everybody started up to see what was the matter, and to laugh heartily at the extraordinary attitude of this stout gentleman.

In the morning we arrived at Lockport, where the canal has a fall of sixty feet, with two sets of locks, one for boats ascending, and the other for those descending: a noble work for so young a country. Here I left the boat for the purpose of seeing the Falls of Niagara, towards which I took the nearest road. It was about two in the afternoon when I arrived at this most colossal wonder of all the rivers of the earth. I abstain from any attempt to represent it; inadequate drawings, and thousands of descriptions, are to be found in all parts of the world; I will not add to the number. It was so surprisingly grand that I could only gaze in admiration, and worship God.

My heart still full of this glorious scene, I avoided the little town of Manchester, lying close to the falls, and followed the first path that led into the country, partly for the sake of shooting, and partly to find a house to sleep in. It became darker and darker, and the mud seemed to be getting deeper and deeper, when I espied a light, which acted as a guiding star through the darkness. It shone from the quiet friendly dwelling of a Pennsylvanian smith, who had settled in the state of New York, and who, with benevolent hospitality, fed the hungry, and prepared a warm bed for the tired. I learned from him, and from other farmers, that Canada was a fine country, that the forests there were full of game, but that sportsmen were often hard beset by bears and wolves.

I took but little time to consider my route, and on the 1st November, a steamer from Lewiston, a small town on the Niagara river, carried me over to Toronto, where I remained the night, and started next morning by another steamer for Hamilton.

Hamilton is a pretty little town on Lake Ontario in Canada, and although only a short distance from the frontier of the United States, a great difference is perceptible as well in general appearance as in trifles. Most of the settlers in Canada consist of English, Scots, or Irish, who all keep to their national habits. I twisted my ankle at Hamilton, which laid me under the disagreeable necessity of remaining there till the morning of Saturday the 4th, when, recovered and joyful, I again sallied for the woods, pitying the poor people who were obliged to live in towns. From Hamilton I proceeded to Dundas, also on the Ontario, and from thence took a northerly direction towards Preston, turning aside, two miles short of the town, to visit New Hope, where dwelt, as I was told, an old German sportsman. I arrived safe and sound at New Hope on Sunday afternoon, and inquired for the abode of the old German, which I reached about dusk. He was not at home, but some half-dozen children of all ages and sizes, stared with their bright clear eyes at the stranger and his outlandish costume. The father and mother were gone to church; and the eldest daughter, a girl of about fifteen or sixteen, was teaching the little ones, some to read and others to spell, from an old well-thumbed catechism. I sat myself quietly in the corner to await the return of the parents, and listen to the tattle of the children.

At length the two heads of the family arrived, to the great joy of the little ones, who ran to meet them. The man presented so striking a likeness to one of my friends in Germany, that, in my astonishment, I hardly answered his friendly "Good evening." After they had laid aside their church-going clothes, and made themselves comfortable, we sat ourselves near the stove, which in Canada often takes the place of the open fireplace, so hurtful to the eyes. The conversation turned mostly on farming and shooting. He seemed thoroughly to understand the first, and to be passionately fond of the latter. He was just the man for me. He spoke of the former abundance of game, which was fast disappearing through the increasing population, and he complained of the number of bunglers who infested the woods, frightening the game, and crippling the poor deer. He said he was very successful in turkey shooting, which is still the same sport as described by Cooper in his "Pioneer."

When the night was far advanced, my host showed me to a sleeping place under the roof, where there was no want of fresh air – but I slept like a top. He had told me of a lake, not many miles off, where there would most likely be immense flocks of wild duck; so I was off at daylight in search of some. My new acquaintance had pointed out the direction in which I should find the lake; a path was out of the question, but I thought that I should be able to find it without looking at my compass, and stepped out boldly; but the wood was so thick and there were so many fallen trees, some lying one over the other, that the sun stood high, when, taking the compass out of my pocket, and by its help, making a straight course, I arrived at the lake. I saw plenty of wild-fowl, but perhaps frightened by others, they kept in the middle, very few venturing near the banks. This was out of my reckoning, but as the lake did not seem very large, I resolved on going round it. I had killed three ducks one after the other, and in my eagerness had forgotten how the hours flew by, till I suddenly observed that the sun was fast approaching the west. I now saw that it was not possible to pass round the lake before sunset, for as I came to the clearings, I perceived that as yet I had not gone half the way. Thick masses of cloud were gathering in the N. W., and the wind began to rustle and moan through the trees. I expected to be obliged to bivouac here, and slightly appeased my hunger with a bit of dry bread that I found in my pocket, for I had not had time to roast one of the ducks. The weather threatened worse and worse; in no pleasant humor I was walking slowly along the shore, when I found a canoe, made of a hollowed trunk, fastened to the root of a tree. I stepped in without the least compunction, and paddled to the opposite shore, distant about two miles and a half, directing my course by a large dead tree. The wind blew hard, and the waves tossed the rude awkward craft to such a degree that I was obliged to exert all my strength and skill to keep her even and to force her ahead. In the mean time it began to snow, so that I was soon as white as a miller, and had great difficulty in keeping my eye fixed on the dead tree, and thus preserving a direct course. At last I landed, secured the canoe, and looked out for a path towards some habitation. Before it became quite dark I had discovered a path, which being wet, the snow melted on it as it fell, leaving a dark line along the white ground.

Suddenly I heard a noise as if a whole herd of buffaloes were breaking through the forest, and almost before I could look round, a dark-colored horse passed at full speed, uttering a very remarkable scream of agony. A rider sat on his back, who looked behind him in the greatest alarm. I had hardly caught sight of them, as they passed so rapidly, when another horse, without a rider, rushed snorting after them. So sudden was it, that I should have taken it for a dream, if the footmarks in the snow had not convinced me of the reality. I did not long indulge in useless meditation on the cause of this nocturnal flight through the forest in mist and snow, and soon I was happy enough to find a wheel-track. After about an hour and a half's walk, I saw a light in the distance, and in a short time knocked at the door of a small farm-house. A voice called out in German – "Who's there?" It fell like balsam on all my organs, but more particularly on my stomach. The door was opened by the wife of a German wheelwright, whose husband had ridden into a village some miles off, and whose return was expected every moment. The warm stove restored my benumbed limbs to fresh life, which a cup of hot coffee served to heighten. The husband, a good-natured German, came back in the course of an hour. He had arrived in the country three years ago, without a farthing, and now he had a nice little house, a

portion of land, and plenty of work. We went to bed about ten o'clock. It snowed heavily all night, so, in the hopes of good sport, I started early, and, as my host would not accept money, I left him the ducks I had killed yesterday. Loading my left barrel with buck-shot, and fixing fresh caps, I hastened out of the hot room, and inhaled in long draughts the fresh morning air.

After an hour's march, and shooting nothing more than a pheasant and a rabbit, I was startled by seeing a man approach unlike any I had ever seen before. I soon found that he was a civilized Indian. He was dressed in a short woollen frock, blue cloth trowsers, with broad seams, mocassins on his feet, glass earrings in his ears, and on his head a red woollen shawl, wound like a turban, under which sparkled his dark fiery eyes, while his black straight hair hung over his temples. He carried the long American rifle, and had altogether a bold and romantic appearance. His Indian belt, ornamented with beads, held a tomahawk; and his powder-horn and shot-belt hung on his right side. After a short and friendly greeting, we attempted to converse, – but that was no easy matter, he speaking broken English, while I was, as yet, only partially acquainted with that language. On my asking him if he had seen any game, he pointed to the ground before him, showing the fresh trail of a bear in the snow, which I had not observed, as my attention had been drawn to him. He made signs for me to go with him, and I need hardly say that I followed him with a heart beating with joy and excitement. We may have gone about five miles, through marsh, moor, and bush, over hill and valley, and hundreds of fallen trees, constantly following the trail, when my silent comrade came to a halt, and pointing to a thick coppice, said, – “I believe we find him.” My excitement was now at its height; but the Indian directed me quietly to take my stand by a tree, while he went round the coppice to see if the trail was continued on the other side. I had in the mean time dropped a ball over the swan-shot, and eagerly watched every motion of the bush. It opened suddenly about fifty paces from me, and the bear, a dark brown fellow, walked out to seek his safety in flight. In an instant my ball with the swan-shot, was in his skin, and immediately after that the barrel of buck-shot. Perhaps surprised by the report of the gun, perhaps smarting from the buck-shot, Bruin stood for a moment snuffing the air, and then ran furiously towards me. A ball from the Indian's rifle stopped his attempt to revenge himself, and stretched him dead upon the earth. The Indian cut down a young straight tree with his tomahawk, and having ripped open and cleaned out the bear, we bound his paws together, and, as he was not very large, slung him to the tree, and carried him to Preston, which was not very far off. We arrived in the evening, and my Indian friend sold the bear for four dollars. He would probably remain in Preston till he had spent it all in drink, and then take to the woods again for more game.

I began to find the climate too cold for me, and several Germans had told me that here it was much colder in winter than in our own country. I had no fancy for that, so turned south towards Lake Ontario, in order to get on to Buffalo. I shot a pheasant which gave me a delicate meal, and had hardly left the fire to recommence my march, when I saw seven wolves standing at a distance of about seventy yards. Without a moment's consideration, I dropped lightly down in the snow to load one barrel with ball, fearing that I should not do much with No. 4 shot; but when I got up again the wolves had taken their leave. As they had fled towards the S. E., I thought of following, to try and get one or two of their scalps (government gives six dollars for a wolf's scalp), but as the sun was getting low, and looked very red, I gave up the chase. I had seen several deer in the course of the day, but could not get a shot at them, and my stomach began to complain considerably. An American would have helped himself by shooting squirrels, of which there were plenty, but I hadn't the heart to eat one of these happy little creatures. Luckily I shot a hare, and had now the comfort of being able to appease my hunger. It was out of the question to think of finding a house for the night, as I was no longer in a track, but in the thick of the forest, and so, before it became quite dark, I collected as much dry wood as I could, cleared away the snow from under a fallen tree, and lighted a fire beneath it, which soon blazed up merrily. When I had got comfortably warm, I set to work on my hare. I opened it, cleaned it out with snow as well as I could, and stuck it on a piece of wood before the fire, placing a piece of bark under it to catch the dripping, with which I basted it. I felt very much the want of salt and

bread, but hunger is a good sauce. With the exception of the two legs, which I reserved for breakfast, I devoured the whole. When I had finished, I heaped more wood on the fire, and prepared to pass my first night in the open air in America. I laid my game-bag under my head, pulled my cap well over my ears, and with my feet to the fire was soon asleep. I slept soundly till the sharp morning air awoke me. The fire had burned out, and I was quite benumbed by the frost, and shook so that I could hardly light the fire again. At last I succeeded, and gradually thawed. The rising sun found me deep in consideration of my two legs of hare, which I looked at so long that at length I could see only the bones. After thus taking care of myself, I resumed my march southwards with fresh vigor, and about ten o'clock the crowing of a cock denoted that I was not very far from a human habitation. I hastened forward, and was soon saluted by the barking of dogs. The proprietor was in the forest, cutting wood for a fence. His wife, a pretty little American woman, treated me hospitably with bread and milk, and assured me that I was not above twenty miles from the Buffalo road, and that I should find plenty of farm-houses as I went south. She would not on any account accept payment for my refreshment, and so, with hearty thanks, and working my way through a legion of dogs, I sallied joyfully forth, making the Canadian woods resound with German songs.

On the following morning I reached the Buffalo road, lined on both sides with farms, and on which a sort of stage-coach runs. I was now again in the cultivated part of the country. Wheat is grown in large quantities, and answers very well, as do oats and barley; Indian corn does not attain the degree of perfection in which it is found further south. The ears were small, and most of those I saw had yellow grain.

About thirty miles from the town, I overtook a cattle dealer from the United States, who was on his road back. He seemed a good sort of fellow, and I resolved to travel the thirty miles in his company. We soon became acquainted. He had two enormously fat oxen, which he had bought in Canada, and a dreadfully thin horse, on which he kindly invited me to take turns to ride, as he would willingly walk a little.

A light but penetrating rain was falling, and the ride would not have been disagreeable, though the road had become slippery; only the good man was constantly offering the horse, while I was riding, to every person he met, and would have been glad to exchange it for a couple of cows. When tired, he mounted again, and I walked. He carried a book in his pocket containing a deeply affecting tragedy, and as soon as he was firmly fixed in the saddle, he invariably took it out, and began to declaim, holding the book in his left hand, and gesticulating vehemently with his right, in which he brandished his long cattle whip. Whenever the more interesting parts of the tragedy occasioned an extra forcible movement of the right arm, and with it of the whip so formidable to the oxen, an implement on which they kept a constant watch, they started on one side or ran back, and only the prosaic "Quiet there! Gently!" &c., &c., uttered in a pathetic tone, brought back the horned audience to their duty.

On the evening of the 11th of November, I came a second time to the Falls of Niagara, and could now admire their grandeur and majesty from the Canadian side. From thence a beautiful road runs along the Niagara river to Lake Erie. The road itself is good and dry; on the left the glorious wide river, shaded with trees of the original dark forest, on the right a succession of prosperous farms, with excellent orchards; altogether a most enchanting prospect. The whole distance appeared scarcely more than a few paces. A few miles from Buffalo I crossed a ferry worked by horses in a large perpendicular wheel, and was now in the United States again. What I saw of Canada, showed me that it is, at least this part of it, a beautiful and fertile country, with a healthy, though very cold climate, too cold to suit me. It produces excellent corn, but except in the thickly inhabited parts, sheep and pigs do not succeed on account of the numerous wolves. Many Canadian farmers assured me that the bite of a wolf was like that of a venomous reptile to these animals, and that however slightly they may have been bitten, they are sure to die. But perhaps these deaths may have been caused by the bites of rabid wolves.

It was Sunday afternoon when I stepped into the public room of the “William Tell,” in Buffalo, and seated myself in a corner to rest. The eyes of several respectable German operatives, who were all in hot political debate, were at first attracted with astonishment towards the armed stranger, but soon following up their dispute they forgot all listeners, and I think it might very likely have come to more than words, if the host, a little fat figure, had not rolled himself in amongst them, and restored peace with the conciliatory words: “You are all as foolish as so many stockfish.” In these words, the equality of persons was proclaimed, and their feelings were pacified. It was, however, no trifle that formed the subject of their dispute; for an honest shoemaker would by no means allow that the English could send any troops over, on account of the disturbances in Canada, because the Russian was sitting across their necks. A cabinet-maker, seated opposite to him, maintained that Russia was too far off from England to be able to make war so quickly; but the shoemaker proved to him so clearly that Russia was close to England on the north, and that there was only a broad strip of land between the two Principalities, that the astonished cabinet-maker was silenced by the overwhelming amount of solid learning; the shoemaker admitted that the march from Russia to England was difficult, as the soldiers had sometimes to wade up to their shoulders in sand. Whence the good man had obtained his idea of a march through sand, and his geographical knowledge, is more than I can say, but the debate was amusing enough; and when the shoemaker appealed to me for my opinion, I agreed with him of course, but told him that the Russians intended to lay down bear-skins on the sand to make the march easier, upon which he exclaimed, in astonishment, “What desperate fellows!”

I was up early on the following morning in order to see the town; it is a very pretty place, and contains many Germans; it must become, and in fact is already, the central point of all the interior commerce of the north, for railroads, canals, steamers, and sailing vessels rival each other in bringing and taking away produce.

CHAPTER III

OHIO – INDIANA – ILLINOIS – MISSOURI

Lake Erie – Cleveland – Double-beds – March through the forest – Canton – Cincinnati – Lawrencebourg – A burning forest – Deserted farm-house – Wet weather and swollen rivers – A drunken companion – Versailles – Intrepid German Jews – Vincennes – Forging a river – The prairies of Illinois – Shooting deer – Salem – An Illinois settler – Lebanon – Ague – Passage of the Mississippi – St. Louis – German emigrants – A week's work in the forest – Lead mines of Missouri – Courant river, the boundary of Missouri.

About noon the steamer "North America" left for Cleveland, in Ohio State, and with it my worthy self. There was such a number of passengers in the steerage, that it was hardly possible to move, and the state of affairs was made worse by each of the American ladies¹ having a short pipe in her mouth. Yet worse was coming. Lake Erie, under the influence of a strong breeze, began to get very rough in its treatment of the boat; one pipe after another was extinguished, and the visages lengthened and whitened very suspiciously. I observed this change with horror, and took refuge in one of the uppermost of three rows of sleeping berths, to be out of range of shot.

It was dark when we arrived at Cleveland, and I stood on the shore in some difficulty, not knowing exactly where to look for shelter, when a young German, who, by the light of a lantern, recognized me by my costume for a fellow countryman, asked me if I would like to pass the night in a German house: on my quickly agreeing to it, he led me to one, some hundred yards off, where I soon went to bed. The beds in America are all double, that is to say, so wide as easily to hold three, and indeed I have sometimes made a fourth. I was shown into this abode of dreams by a little hump-backed youth, and on my asking if I could sleep alone there, he replied that perhaps some stranger might come by the stage-coach. Towards midnight I was disturbed by a noise, and thought to myself "Oh, oh, here comes the stranger;" and as I was not yet accustomed to this American fashion, I took the trouble to look up to see what my bedfellow was like, and had the felicity to see that a negro as black as pitch was preparing his ebony members to occupy part of my bed. I moved to the extreme edge, leaving at least two-thirds of the space to this son of the night. I was at this time but little acquainted with American habits, and if this had happened to me later, the landlord would not have had a whole bone in his skin; for it is the greatest insult to a white man in North America, and more particularly in the slave states, to place a negro on equal terms with him.

I was up before day, and, according to custom, went out to have a look at the town. From Cleveland I set off along the canal that goes to Portsmouth, on the river Ohio, intending to visit my fellow passenger by the "Constitution," the apothecary Vogel, at the village of Canton. I shot several wild-fowl and a few hares as I went along, and found a bed at a New Englander's, who gave me a hospitable reception. I was much amused by a little German maid, who had only lately left her home, and understood very little English, but as she spoke Low German, they managed to make out what each party wanted; they had a great regard for her, as she was very industrious.

It was the 17th of November when I arrived at the agreeable little town of Canton, situated in the middle of the forest. Some of the buildings were in very good taste. My friend was not here, and I learned that he lived in Cincinnati; so I decided on seeking him there, and, having nothing to detain me in Canton, I set off again the same evening.

¹ Two Englishmen travelling together in America, on board a steamer, one of them was thus accosted: "I am the gentleman that cleans the shoes, and that man (pointing to the other) says, you are to pay." – Translator.

Ohio is very extensively cultivated, and the journey through such a succession of fields was rather monotonous; there was a farm-house to be seen nearly every half hour, yet here and there was a pretty bit of forest, as I found rather too soon. About a hundred miles from Cincinnati I was overtaken one evening by a heavy penetrating rain, and was soon wet through and through. I was anxious to find shelter, and was travelling a well-frequented road, when all at once it divided into three; I chose the most beaten, and pushed on through mud and mire, till I came to a wood, where all further traces of a road vanished, leaving me cold and wet in the forest. A fire was out of the question. I was not inclined to return, as the other roads might also lead to the forest; so I made my way through the shrubs and bushes, which could not make me more wet than I was already. I sank down from fatigue at times, but, after a few moments' rest, roused myself to fresh efforts. At length, like a port to a ship in a storm, I saw a light through the branches. I hastened, as fast as my tired legs would carry me, in that direction, and soon came to a fence, and shortly afterwards to a farm-house. The farmer looked at first rather shyly at the dripping wet traveller, who requested entrance so late in the night; but the customary hospitality did not let him hesitate long, and a warm fire, with a quickly prepared supper, considerably refreshed my stiff and weary limbs.

I arrived at Cincinnati, the largest town in Ohio, on the river of that name, on the 26th of November, without further adventures, and found my friend the apothecary quite well; the hearty pleasure he expressed on seeing me was ample reward for the trouble I had taken to find him, and I passed some happy days in his society. I was much pleased with the fine town of Cincinnati, the "Queen of the West," as the Americans call it. It is the centre of commerce of the West, and owes its rapid rise and prosperity to its connection by steamers and railroads with the seaports on the east coast, by canal with Lake Erie and the St. Lawrence, and by the Ohio and Mississippi with New Orleans. From Cincinnati I made short shooting excursions into Kentucky, though with little success, obtaining at most a few hares, and some of the small American partridges, with now and then a wild duck.

On the 6th of December I bid adieu to the agreeable town of Cincinnati, and on the same evening arrived at the border of the State, formed by the little river Miami: I slept there, and crossed over into Indiana on the following morning. Two miles further I reached the little town of Lawrenceburg, on the Ohio, and inquired the nearest way to St. Louis; a question which no one could answer, as they said they never knew of any one travelling hundreds of miles on foot, when they could go so easily by the steamers. At last, with much trouble, I learnt something of the direction, and set off on the journey. I got a good dinner at a farmer's in return for a hare I had shot, and passed the night in a solitary house with some very worthy people.

The 8th of December was a fine day for a walk, and the evening was mild and agreeable. I was walking on at a good pace, when a farmer told me as I passed his house that I should find a mill about six or seven miles further on, where I could pass the night; the sun was already low in the heavens. I was in the midst of a thick wood when it became dark, and no mill to be seen; after some time it was somewhat lighter, and I had no fear of losing my way; moreover, the temperature was very agreeable, and in case of necessity, I should not have minded camping out, or sleeping in the forest. At length I saw a light at some distance through the trees, and the hopes of a warm bed and cup of hot coffee produced a good effect upon my European system, as yet unweaned from these luxuries. As I advanced, the lights became brighter and more numerous, and I did not know what to think. Was it a town, or an Indian camp before me? To put an end to the uncertainty I hurried on, particularly as my right road lay in that direction, and soon I stood before a burning forest, blazing up gloriously in the dark night, making the background still darker, and giving a ghost-like appearance to the trees on the right and left. This new scene was too wonderful and imposing for me to hurry past it; so I sat down on one of the fallen scorched trunks to enjoy the awfully sublime prospect. I may have remained sitting looking on for about half an hour, when, about twenty paces from me, a blazing oak fell with a heavy hollow sound, sending glowing charcoal, burning branches, and thousands of sparks in all directions.

This was rather too near to be pleasant, so I turned to seek another road through the forest, which appeared now so much darker than before, on account of the brilliant light I had just been gazing on.

There seemed to be no end to the forest, and I began to think that the mill existed only in the good farmer's imagination, when I heard a sound of rushing water, and, later, the lowing of a cow. I turned off in the direction of the sound, first taking the precaution to light a fire, that I might retrace my steps in case I lost my way. About half a mile brought me within sight of a dwelling; on coming nearer I discovered a milldam, and several cows standing about the fence saluted the new comer with a long-drawn friendly low. I joyfully shook the dust from my feet, and knocked at the low door: all was as silent as the grave. I knocked again – nothing moved – no voice called a welcome “come in.” After knocking three times, I was accustomed to open the door; I pushed this open in rather ill-humor, and found – a deserted house, with all as still as death. The stars shone through a hole in the roof, the chimney had fallen in. It causes a shudder to see a place deserted that you expect to find occupied by an industrious family: I closed the door, and sprang over the fence, leaving the building to its mournful solitude.

The fire I had lighted was nearly burnt out, but I found it again, and followed hastily my former path. After about another hour's walk, I heard the bark of a dog, and confiding with a joyful heart in this sure sign of an approach to a human habitation, I stepped out quickly to the long-sought mill. Dogs bayed, the wheel clattered, a bright light shone through all the crevices of the loghouse, and everything showed that I should soon find shelter for the night; – and in a few minutes I was comfortably seated in the chimney corner.

My host was a kindly, good-humored man, had lived some years in Indiana, and was in good circumstances. After a delicious supper, he led me out of the house, and said, “I will show you a little chap, such as you never saw before in your life.” He kept his word. Under an inverted tub was a gray animal, about the size of a cat, but thicker in the body, with short legs, head and muzzle like a fox, or rather, more like a colossal rat, with ugly finger-like claws, and a tail about a foot long, devoid of hair. These creatures are constantly on the look-out for fowls, and make great havoc amongst the farmers' poultry. The Americans, and sometimes the immigrant Germans, eat the flesh and esteem it a delicacy. The miller made no ceremony with his prisoner, and, after killing it, he cut off its claws and tail, skinned it, washed it, and prepared it for cooking, telling me it would serve for a delicate breakfast; but I could not make up my mind to eat an animal looking so much like a rat.

It rained hard all night, giving me a sorry prospect for my next day's journey; nevertheless, I rose early, and took leave of the miller on purpose to escape his “delicate breakfast.”

The ground was soft and slippery, and it was not without reason that I had feared the swelling of the mountain streams; yet, trusting in my fortune, I went on in good spirits. About ten o'clock it began to rain again pretty sharply, and about noon I came to a rapid, roaring mountain stream, which rushed towards the Ohio, carrying some large trees along with it. Here it was necessary to reflect on what was best to be done, for though I could have swum across, it would have been extremely disagreeable, as I had no change of clothing, and the water was considerably colder than the air. After wandering for some miles up and down the river in search of means to cross it, night came on, and I was obliged to camp in the wood. After kindling a good fire, I went to sleep, lulled by the sound of the water, but waking up now and then, thinking I might receive a visit from some wild beast.

On the following morning I was early on my legs, and examined the river. Like all these mountain streams, it had risen rapidly, and fallen as quickly, having considerably abated in the course of the night. I had already resolved on trying the passage, when I saw two horsemen coming down the hill towards me. My difficulties were now at an end; one of them took me up behind, and I was landed all dry on the other side.

I kept on along the somewhat inclined road, sometimes slipping, sometimes sinking deep in mud, abusing all American roads and American weather, when, not very far from the little town of Versailles, I saw a man with a rifle coming down the hill towards me. He did not seem to be keeping

a very steady course, and when we came nearer, I saw clearly that I had not made a great mistake in supposing him to be very drunk. When he came up to me, he winked with his glassy eyes, and shook me heartily by the hand: so far so good: but when he caught sight of a bottle I had slung by my side, he made a sudden grasp at it; however, I was too quick for him, and, like a bear defending her cubs, I wrenched it out of his hand, and then, with the most imperturbable look in the world, I said "That is not for you," and placed it in my pocket. He yielded to his fate; but, seeing my double-barrelled gun, he wanted to examine it closer, and to have a shot with it. By this time I had had enough of it, and would not trust him, so I turned on my heel and continued my journey. He called out "Stop!" I took no notice; again he called out, "Stop!" and I distinctly heard him cock his rifle. I turned instantly, taking my gun from my shoulder, but too late; his ball went whistling just over my head, and the echo repeated the sharp crack of his rifle. I now lost all patience, and snatching the whalebone ramrod out of my gun, I ran after him, caught him by the collar, pulled him down, and belabored him with the pliant ramrod, till only a few inches of it were left, he roaring "Mur – der!" "Mur – der!" all the while with might and main. I must acknowledge that I felt some satisfaction as I left him lying smarting in the mud.

Towards evening I passed through Versailles, where I procured a new ramrod. What a piece of irony to call such a place Versailles! but it is a custom of the Americans to give high-sounding names to their little settlements. Already in the State of New York, I had passed through Syracuse, Babylon, Rome, Venice, Alexandria, London, and Paris – villages of seven or eight houses.

I arrived about the 11th December at Friedmann's farm. The proprietor was a German in good circumstances in Indiana: his property, though not large, was very productive, and his cattle were very fine. He was the only German settler whom I fell in with in my march through Indiana, although there are several in that state. The sound of my mother tongue fell doubly sweet on my ear after so long a privation. I remained to dinner, and then set off in good spirits, on a road which improved as I advanced, towards Vincennes on the Wabash.

Towards evening on the 12th, I came to a large, clean-looking house, and when I went in to ask if I could have a bed, I found two German Jews sitting comfortably by the fire, who looked at me with astonishment, and, as it seemed to me, with displeasure. The host was an elderly man, whose grandfather and grandmother had emigrated from Germany; he spoke very good German, and was uncommonly friendly, and we chatted away together the whole evening. The two Israelites had in the mean time been whispering a great deal together; at length one of them brought his chair nearer to mine, and began asking several questions, which I readily answered; amongst others, if I should start early in the morning, and which way I intended to go? why I carried a gun and hunting knife? &c. It struck me that they were not very courageous, and I resolved to have a joke with them: I first asked if they carried on a good business? what sort of wares they had in their two large packs; if they had any articles of gold? if they meant to leave early? which road they intended to take? if they would have far to go through the forest, before they came to another farm? The Jew anxiously parried all these questions, while his companion sat by without speaking a word; but when I asked if they had made much money, they both called out in a scream, "We have got no money at all;" so that I was obliged to bite my lip to prevent a burst of laughter.

I was disturbed several times in the night by the squabbling of the Israelites about the best place in their common bed. On waking up at early dawn I saw that the birds were flown. When I descended to my host, the two large packs and the two Jews had disappeared; on my inquiring after them, he told me that they had started before daylight with as little noise as possible. I laughed heartily, and told him the whole history, which tickled him amazingly.

The road from this house was at first pretty good, but it rained hard. When I came to the flat country in the neighborhood of Vincennes it was full of pools, and on arriving on the prairie, about a mile from that town, the whole space between it and me was one sheet of water. Night coming on, it would have been impossible for me to find my way but for occasional lights in the town, towards

which I directed my steps, sometimes over my knees in water, and arrived about seven o'clock in Vincennes, which had not much to boast of as to dryness. The night was dark as pitch, as I groped my way along the unlighted streets in search of quarters. A pair of lonely oxen standing in the street looked at me pathetically, and lowed as I passed close by them. A short distance from them I found the house I wanted: it belonged to a Pennsylvanian German, who kept a tavern. I was soon in front of a warm refreshing fire, which, in my present condition, was what I stood most in need of. As soon as I was well warmed, I took a survey of the neighborhood. Around me was a set of regular conventional faces, with American indifference stamped on the countenances of all the company, who, having finished their meal, were sitting round the fire, rocking in their chairs, and picking their teeth. But amongst them I perceived fixed upon me the glances of a pair of real German looking eyes. I addressed their owner, and found that I had not been mistaken; he was a German smith and mason, and a very well educated man for his station. We sat talking together by the fire till late in the night. In the heat of conversation, he repeated some of his own poetry, which I listened to patiently, in return for his kind attempts to amuse me. He had been a long time in America, and had suffered much, without gaining much experience, being one of those good-natured souls, who are unwilling to take advantage of others, though often imposed upon themselves.

It rained in torrents during the night, but cleared up towards morning, and began to freeze. On going down to the river I met some horsemen, who had returned from the other side, and declared that it was not possible to proceed; for not only was the water very deep, but the ice on the surface was so thick, that it would have cut the horses in breaking through it. For a moment I was undecided: I could not stay in Vincennes, because my small supply of money would not admit of great outlay, and I had yet a considerable distance to travel. I went down to the ferry, but the ferrymen also strongly advised me to remain at Vincennes, as the road was quite impassable: however I was obstinate, and crossed the ferry.

The ground was dry close to the river, but I was stopped by the water further on. I persisted till noon, trying to find a passage, and upon a tolerably empty stomach, for I had eaten little more for the last twenty-four hours than a bit of bread and cheese. Yet I made no progress, so I resolved to dash at it, and wade through the water to some houses about two miles off, where the ferrymen had told me I should find dry ground. At first it was only up to my knees, and my water-proof boots kept me dry; but it soon became deeper and deeper. I was obliged to fasten my gamebag on my shoulder, and wade along, sometimes up to the waist, and sometimes up to the chest in the cold element, all the while having to break the ice in front of me with the butt of my gun. It took four hours to do the two miles, and only the conviction that I must either break through the ice or drown, gave me force to carry out my resolution. At length I reached a fence, and stepped on dry ground. I endeavored to climb over in vain; my lower garments and limbs were frozen too hard. I was obliged to pull down a part of it to make a passage, and it was not till I had been more than an hour by the fire that I was thawed enough to be able to move freely.

The continuation of the road was dry, with one short exception; and the next house that I came to was quite a harbor of refuge for this night, as I was much in need of rest and refreshment.

I now for the first time saw the wide prairies which extend through Illinois, and present a dismal prospect in this cold season. The long waving yellow grass gives a melancholy tint to the picture; the wide spread straw-colored surface, fringed by a forest in the distant horizon, depresses the spirits. The frost had set in again, so that at least I could follow my route with dry feet, and at a good pace. The first head of large game that I fell in with was a buck, making long jumps through the high grass, and putting up large flocks of prairie fowl, which flew to some distance before they settled. In the house where I passed the night, I gave my gun a thorough cleaning, and put it in good condition. On the following morning, about eight o'clock, I came to the Fox river, where I found two houses. To my astonishment, this also was a town, and called Waterton. A very pretty American woman, who kept a sort of tavern, set bread and milk with wild honey before me. She tried hard to persuade me to settle

here, and, if possible, induce other Germans to do so; but my water excursion was still too fresh in my memory for me to take a fancy to the place, although it appeared to be a land of milk and honey, for enormous herds of cattle were pasturing in the prairies, and wild honey was very abundant.

I was so refreshed by my meal, that I went on my way with the springing step of a sedan-chairman. I had indulged in the agreeable idea of a dry road, but found myself wofully deceived, for as the little Wabash had overflowed its banks, I had about two miles to wade through water. The road lay along rather high ground, and was clear of ice, but there was plenty of it between the trees on the lower levels. As I approached the end of the watery path, and could see dry land in front of me, I heard something rustling through the water, and crashing the ice: I looked round, and beheld five deer coming towards me with long bounds. I stood quite still, awaiting their approach with a beating heart; a noble buck and four does were passing about fifty paces from me. I aimed at the leader; he made a spring into the air, and fell dead. I had some trouble to bring my buck to land; for although the American deer are smaller than the German red deer, yet the one I had shot weighed at least 140 pounds. I cut him up, skinned him, lopped a branch from a tree, made a bag of the skin with the hair outwards, put the two legs and back into it, then hanging the rest on a tree for any new comer, I trudged away with my burden for a couple of miles to the village of Maysville. Here I sold my prize, and passed the night, starting on the following morning across a twelve-mile prairie.

A cutting north-wester blew from the great lakes, so that my quickest pace hardly sufficed to keep me warm. After passing through a small wood, and surmounting a hill, I came to another little town, called Salem. On the 21st of December I had another prairie, twenty-two miles wide, before me: though still very cold, it was good walking over the hard frozen ground. In the evening I arrived at a farmhouse, where I passed the night. Just as I came to the house, the farmer was leading his horse by the bridle into the sitting-room, which I should have taken for the stable, had I not seen smoke issuing from the chimney. Full of curiosity, I followed my host into his little dwelling, and here the riddle was explained. He had been hauling wood, and he had fastened his horse to a log about eight feet long, to draw it into the house; then he rolled it to the fire-place, which took up nearly one whole side of the little block-house, and as he could not conveniently turn the horse on account of tables, chairs, and beds, he had made an opening on the side opposite the door, in order to lead him out again. I had shot several prairie birds in the course of the day, and they afforded us a delicate supper. They are very numerous in these wide plains, and I have seen flocks of from 600 to 700 of them. They are about the size of our domestic fowls, but with a longer neck, and have a tail like a partridge; their color is an ashy gray. I shot only one gray prairie wolf; they are much smaller than the black wolves, and very shy.

On the 23rd of December I arrived at Lebanon, a little hamlet on a hill about twenty miles from St. Louis. My thoughts turned involuntarily to the gigantic cedars; the highest tree on this mountain of Lebanon was the tavern sign-post. Next day I had a march of thirty-two miles: as the usually soft ground was now frozen hard, the route was very rough, and hurt my feet; yet I pushed on, and in the afternoon arrived in the valley of the Mississippi, or, as they call it opposite St. Louis, the "American bottom;" it is considered the most productive land in the United States. The vegetable mould must be from fifty to sixty feet deep; but it is low, and in consequence wet, and therefore unhealthy.

During my progress through Illinois I heard constant complaints of ague, particularly from the Germans; it is very prevalent all the summer, and even in winter they are not always free from it. The pale countenances of all, especially of the children, bore too strong evidence that the complaint was well founded.

At length, after sunset, I arrived on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and heard to my great vexation that the river was so full of ice, that it was utterly impossible to get across. At any rate it was not to be thought of for this evening, so that I was obliged to pass another night in Illinois. Very tired with my long journey, I went early to bed. I was awakened in the night by a fresh arrival, who threw himself right upon me. I moved a little to one side, while he took up the middle of the bed; I should

have had room enough if the stranger had not been very restless. Now as I did not like the idea of being disturbed all the rest of the night, it was necessary to obtain peace in some way or other; so, drawing myself up like a hedgehog, and planting my shoulder against his side, and my feet against the wall, before he could imagine what I was about, I sent him with a sudden jerk into the middle of the room, and then coolly told him the conditions on which I would let him come into bed again. As the night was too cold to admit of his sleeping on the floor, he agreed to all I required, and remained quiet for the rest of the night.

I was up early the next morning, and heard that a boat was about to try the passage. We started at nine o'clock, and were six in the boat – two at each oar, one in the bows to shove away the ice, and one half dead from fear. With indescribable trouble we succeeded in reaching the middle of the stream, where the ice had become fixed round a small island. If we had attempted to row round it we should have been carried down too far below the town, so we had to get out, and drag the boat over the rough blocks of ice, and launch her again on the other side; often we were jammed between immense masses, so that I thought every moment the boat must be crushed. About noon we gained the opposite shore, and landed immediately below St. Louis. The difference of time between Germany and St. Louis is about seven hours, so that while families at home were enjoying their Christmas festivities around the brilliantly lighted trees, I was toiling with difficulty through the waves and large masses of floating ice of the Mississippi. The church bells were ringing, as, on a bright clear day, I entered this city of a foreign land. I expected to find letters and money from New York, but to my no small astonishment I was disappointed. There was now no chance of any until I arrived at New Orleans; the question was, how was I to get there? I had not money enough to pay my passage by a steamer, and none of them would take me as one of the crew; so I resolved to trust to my legs again. The sale of some game had brought a few dollars, with which I paid my expenses here, and on the 31st December I set off again alone, with not very cheering prospects for the commencement of the new year. At night I lighted a fire, and laid myself under a tree, for I was not in a humor to seek society; it was past midnight before I fell asleep. Next morning's sun brought fresh courage and fresh confidence. In going southwards from St. Louis, the traveller has no little trouble to find the right direction among the cross roads that traverse the country, and I made so many mistakes that it took nearly five days to go fifty miles, yet without having to pass another night in the forest, as I found a farm-house every evening, whose owners gave me an hospitable reception.

A great many Germans inhabit this part of the country, particularly Suabians, living by agriculture, and, when not too far from the town, by carrying and selling wood, as there is none in the immediate neighborhood of St. Louis, except some small stunted oaks.

My funds by this time had shrunk down to a single American dollar, whose superscription, "E pluribus unum," appeared a bitter sarcasm on my present circumstances. The third day of my wanderings in Missouri broke dull and moist through the mist; it began to rain, and the roads became slippery. About noon I arrived at another cross road, and was deliberating which to take, when I heard a cock crow not very far off. The sound was music to my ears at such a moment. I took the path leading towards it, and soon came to the fence of a little corn-field; upon the fence sat a curious figure, swinging himself to and fro, and singing in a low melodious voice some song unknown to me. As he heard my steps he sprang from the fence, and a poor pale sickly lad stood before me. He offered me his right hand with a smile, and with his left pushed away the long lank wet hair from his eyes; he led me quietly to the door and disappeared. His father, an old farmer, told me that I should find some German settlements about eight or nine miles further on, and though it was still raining, I resolved on continuing my journey, and reached the block-houses of my countrymen before dark.

The weather continuing bad, and I having but little money, I resolved to accept work if I could find it. Three brothers living here, who seemed good sort of people, were ready to employ me. We were to agree about the wages after a week's trial. The next day saw me sally forth early in the morning, armed with a heavy hoe, to the unaccustomed work of rooting up bushes. It made the muscles and

sinews of my arms ache and swell, so it happened very opportunely for me that the following day was the festival of the Three Kings, and as the honest Germans do no work on that day, I was very much obliged to the Three Kings for their appearance. But though they would not work for themselves, we all went, according to the custom here, to help build a house for a neighbor, who had lately settled, and for which the logs were already cut and collected.

The week passed by without further incident. I worked very hard, and it seemed all the harder as it was the first time that I had to work incessantly. As the brothers offered me no more than eight dollars a month, I thought that I should find better pay in Little Rock, so took the two dollars that I had earned, bade them all a hearty farewell, and went on my way in good spirits.

Next morning I came to the most important lead mines of Missouri, not far from Farmington, a pretty little town. The lead was laid in great heaps on both sides of the road, and as it looked very like silver, it was capable of making a strong impression on any one who possessed a slightly excitable imagination. As my bullets were getting scarce, I took a couple of pounds from one of the heaps, in order to cast a few in the next house that I stopped at. All these mines are private property, and the workmen carry on their excavations when they please, wherever they expect to find ore, and are paid according to the quantity they procure; if they find none, they receive nothing, and many poor fellows have worked for weeks in vain. Their labors are carried on in the simplest manner. A workman, or generally two together, come and offer themselves; a certain space is given, and while one digs, the other clears out the shaft; sometimes they find a vein of pure lead, in which case they are very well paid. The whole place is so full of holes, that it is very dangerous to go about at night. The proprietors have erected smelting furnaces on the ground between the shafts, where the ore is cast into pigs, and then it is forwarded to the Mississippi.

I passed the following night in the house of an American family. The owner had a herd of remarkably fine cattle, as well as a fine breed of horses. Soon after I was seated in the warm chimney corner, I heard the gallop of a horse. It stopped at the house, the door opened, and in stepped a very pretty girl, with her little riding-whip in her hand, and her color heightened by the sharp ride; she was received by all with a warm welcome, and seemed to be the betrothed of one of the young men, near whom she sat, and began to joke.

Passing through Frederickstown, I reached Currant river, the boundary of Missouri, on the 22nd of January; the water was so clear, that although it was about fifteen feet deep where I passed, the smallest objects could be distinctly seen at the bottom.

CHAPTER IV

ARKANSAS, AND “DOWN RIVER” TO NEW ORLEANS

Wild turkeys – Spring river – Traces of earlier inhabitants of North America – An eagle – Quack-doctors in Arkansas – My unsuccessful hunting-dog – Little Red river – German and Polish settlers – Hilger and Turoski – Encampment of Indians – Their love for ardent spirits – Little Rock – Engagement as stoker on board the “Fox” – Unhealthiness of the stoker’s avocations – Quarrel with the captain, and conclusion of the engagement – Night in the woods – A panther – Bear hunt – Great Red river – Slave plantations – Cruelty of the overseers towards the negroes – Large herd of deer – Capture of a panther – Dangerous encounter with a bear – Excursion with an Indian tribe – Their mode of life – Canoe travelling – The Mississippi – New Orleans – Its appearance, and unhealthy situation.

I was now in Arkansas. Game seemed to abound. Flocks of wild turkeys filled the forests as thick as partridges in Germany, and deer were equally plentiful; in one day I saw several herds of ten or twelve head each. On the 23rd I came to Spring river, so named from the crystalline clearness of its waters. I had intended to continue my journey on the following morning, but my talkative hostess, among other things, spoke of her husband, an old Pennsylvanian, who understood German, and who could give a great deal of information about Indian burial-places. The chance of hearing any thing about the natives was a strong magnet to my curiosity, so I decided to await his arrival, and, as I did not wish to diminish unnecessarily my small stock of money, I assisted to gather in the Indian corn, so as to earn my food. As my host arrived in the evening, I had not long to wait. He informed me that there were a number of sepulchral monuments on the banks of the Spring river, or in its neighborhood, and spoke of gigantic bones and skeletons which had been found there. When in Illinois, I had heard of such remains of a colossal race of men, and among others of a human lower jaw, whose owner must have been about nine feet high. He also said that he had found urns and weapons in the graves; but he had none to show me, for these people have no regard for any thing that does not offer some immediate prospect of gain.

On the banks of the neighboring White river, they had found bricks some feet under the surface in several places, laid as if they had formed a street or road, and my host, as well as several others, maintained that there must have been a town there.

There is a strong probability that, before the modern race of Indians, a stronger and more civilized people must have inhabited North America, as several ancient and magnificent buildings in Mexico also tend to prove. If my host had had time to show me any of the mounds, I would have devoted a day or two to their examination, but he was obliged to take another journey on the following day, and I could not well await his return. Perhaps some one else may find time to make excavations.

On the following morning I set off again on my travels, and turned a little out of my way to climb a rocky height, when an eagle suddenly rose before me. I fired. For a minute or two he floated motionless in the air, then, flapping his wings, he mounted higher and higher till I could hardly distinguish him. I concluded that I must have missed him, and was reloading, when he turned in the air, and fell dead to the ground. He was a large bird, measuring seven feet from wing to wing. I was pleased with my shot, as it was the first eagle I had killed. He was of a dark-brown color, with white head and tail. In imitation of the Indians, I ornamented my cap with one of his feathers.

On the evening of the 27th of January, as I was occupied in breaking up a deer that I had shot, a lad of about thirteen or fourteen, with a fowling-piece on his shoulder, came to help me, and showed that he was by no means an unskilled hand. We packed the two legs and the back in the skin, and bore it between us to the abode of the youth, only a few miles distant, where I decided on passing

the night. I have met, in all parts of America, with a number of very worthy, amiable people, as also with some very bad characters: this is to be expected in a country with such a mingled population; but here, in this solitude, I found a family not to be surpassed in worth and amiable qualities in any part of the world. An old man, with trembling hands, sat by the fire, and though many winters had bleached his locks, his rosy cheeks showed that he was still strong and hearty. Opposite sat a noble-looking matron, considerably younger than her husband, but still of great age. By her side was a young and pretty woman of the neighborhood, whose husband had taken a journey to the north on business. Three stout, blooming youths came in one after the other from shooting, bringing four wild turkeys.

I was already far enough advanced in English to be able to take part in the conversation, the educated American being very indulgent to foreigners in this respect. We sat talking together till about ten o'clock. The young wife had just received a letter from her husband, which she read through and through ten times over. She had been very unfortunate in Arkansas. The doctors had killed three of her children, and she herself was suffering from inflamed eyes through their ignorance. The fact is, that there is no sufficient authority to control their practice in these new States, and every quack who chooses may call himself doctor. They prescribe calomel for every disorder, and decayed teeth, inflamed eyes, spongy gums, and shattered health are the universal consequences.

My next night was passed at a Kentucky-man's, who had settled here. He had about a dozen dogs in his house, and he willingly made one over to me, which, according to his account, was a capital dog for hunting wild turkeys, running them to a tree, so that they could be more easily shot.

Lounging along the road, I saw, at a good distance in front of me, a buck quietly feeding right in the path, and, rather distrusting the good education of my dog, I fastened him to a tree with my pocket-handkerchief and the string of my powder-horn. The buck continued feeding unsuspectingly, till I came within about eighty-five paces from him, when, as I had the wind at my back, he scented my approach, and bounded over a fallen tree to gain the thicket; my buck shot flew after him, but I must have fired low, for at about 150 paces he began to limp with his hind leg. By this time my dog must have thought that he had played the mere spectator long enough, and having bitten through the powder-horn string, he bounded after the deer with my handkerchief about his neck, and neither deer, dog, nor handkerchief have I ever seen since.

About sunset I arrived at a house where I purposed to pass the night, and had placed my hand on the fence to jump over, when I saw the mistress of the house sitting before the door, occupied with her children's heads in a way that suppressed all inclination to speak on my part. I turned away, resolving rather to pass the night in the forest than with such a family; yet this alternative was unnecessary, for before dark I reached the dwelling of a man who had fought under Washington in the war of independence; of course he was very old, but he moved about with considerable vigor.

On the following evening I came to the Little Red river. It was growing dark, but a man was still at work on the other side. I called to him, asking where I could pass. He answered: "You see that house there?" By his accent I knew that he was a German, and asked again, in good Saxon: "What house?" He replied again, in a mixture of German and English, and in a tone of vexation at having forgotten his pure mother tongue: "Go a little way down the river, and you will find a canoe." We were already good friends, although divided by the river. I found the canoe, paddled over, and went to the nearest house, before which a number of people were standing, and amongst them the owner, Von G., formerly an officer in the army, now an industrious farmer, and zealous sportsman. He possessed two slaves, and was well contented with his new condition. He kindly offered me a bed in his house. In the evening the German came in, whose acquaintance I had made on the banks of the river. He was a very worthy, though rather an eccentric man. He must have been equally pleased with me, for he insisted that I must not think of going away so soon, but must come and pass some days with him in order to see the country. Having nothing to hurry me, I willingly accepted his kind invitation, and went on the following day to his house, where he made me quite at home. He had a nice little wife, and five strong healthy children.

In the afternoon it began to rain. Travelling was not to be thought of; even had I wished it, these kind people would not have let me go. We chatted away till deep in the night, and it did me a world of good to be able to converse again to my heart's content in my mother tongue. My host was a Rhenish Bavarian, named Hilger, a builder by trade, and by no means uneducated.

On the next day we had a visit from a neighbor, a man of about thirty-five, with a short green shooting jacket, and a German rifle; but his accent betrayed him to be no German. Hilger addressed him by the name of Turoski. He was a Polish officer, who sought and found in America security against the political persecutions that he would have been exposed to in Europe. He was unmarried, and a little ten-year-old daughter of Hilger's minded his house. This child was often alone for days and nights together in Turoski's log-house, miles away from other habitations; yet she cared nothing whether it was the storm or the wolves that howled round the hut.

After a short conversation, Turoski proposed that I should come and stay with him. I passed some very agreeable days with these estimable men, sometimes with one, sometimes with the other. To give my reader an idea of the bachelor-life of an American backwoodsman, I will describe one of the nights that I passed at Turoski's. Hilger's daughter had gone home to visit her parents, who lived three miles off, and we two were alone. The Pole's dwelling was nothing but a simple rough log-house, without any window, and all the chinks between the logs were left open, probably to admit fresh air. Two beds, a table, a couple of chairs, one of them with arms, some iron saucepans, three plates, two tin pots, one saucer, several knives, and a coffee-mill, formed the whole of his furniture and kitchen utensils. A smaller building near the house contained the store of meat for the winter. There was a field of four or five acres close to the house, and another about a quarter of a mile off on the river. He had some good horses, a great many pigs, quantities of fowls, and several milch cows.

Being deeply interested in our conversation, we forgot to prepare any supper, and it was not till the cold made itself felt that we went to bed. It may have been about half-past twelve, when Turoski woke up, and swore by all the saints, that he could lie no longer in bed for ravenous hunger, and that he must have something to eat, even if it were a piece of raw meat. I laughed, and told him to draw his hunger-belt tighter, but he jumped up and gave me no more rest. We made up the fire, which was nearly burnt out, and then held a council as to what we should cook. We had shot nothing, the bread was all gone, and we had eaten our last bit of pork for dinner. What was to be done? Turoski decided the point. The Indian corn of last harvest was in a small building in a field by the river; I was to go and fetch an armful, while he would prepare something in the mean time. The night was dark as pitch; I was often obliged to feel with my feet for the path like a blind man, that I might not lose myself in the forest. When, in the course of half an hour, I returned with the maize, Turoski had killed one of the fowls that were roosting on a low tree, plunged it in hot water, and while he cleaned it I fried the corn; then, while the fowl was being grilled, I ground the corn in the coffee-mill, which by no means reduced it to the consistence of flour. I moistened the grist with water, added a little salt, made a cake of it about three-quarters of an inch thick, and set it in a saucepan cover to bake. So far so good; but I wanted a couple of eggs. There was a kind of shed attached to the house, in which leaves of Indian corn, plucked green, and then dried, were kept as fodder, and here the hens came to lay their eggs. Turoski crept in, and feeling about, soon came to a nest with five, of which he brought away only two, having broken the others in his hurry. Coffee was then made, and we had a very good supper, or rather breakfast, for it was now past two o'clock. But we were not yet to repose in safety; the monster log of hickory, that we had laid on the hearth, flared up and set fire to the chimney: Turoski mounted on the roof, while I handed him some buckets of water, and the fire was soon extinguished. At last we got to sleep, and remained so till the sun was high in the heavens.

My unquiet spirit drove me forth again on the morning of the 7th of February. I took a warm farewell of these kind people, and went in a south-west direction through the forest, hoping soon to reach the high road. The sun disappeared behind dark clouds, but thinking I was sure of my way, I walked quickly on. Who could paint my astonishment at finding myself, after two hours' walking, in

front of the very house I had started from! This was vexatious, but I slipped off again into the forest without being perceived, took out my compass, and made a straight course.

In the evening I shot a deer, but was obliged to leave the greater portion of it, as it was too heavy to carry. Long after sunset on the 9th I arrived on the Arkansas river; the lights of Little Rock shone from the opposite bank, but a strange fantastic scene presented itself on this side of the river, on which I stared with astonishment. An Indian tribe had pitched their tents close to the banks of the river. A number of large crackling fires, formed of whole trunks of dry fallen trees, which lay about in abundance, offering good shelter against the wind; over the fires were kettles with large pieces of venison, bear, squirrels, raccoons, opossums, wild-cats, and whatever else the fortune of the chase had given them. Here young men were occupied securing the horses to some of the fallen trees, and supplying them with fodder; there lay others, overcome by the firewater, singing their national songs with a mournful and heavy tongue. I stood for a long time watching the animated scene.

A tall powerful Indian, decked out with glass beads and silver ornaments, came staggering towards me, with an empty bottle in his left hand and a handsome rifle in his right, and, holding them both towards me, gave me to understand that he would give me the rifle if I would fill his bottle. The dealers in spirituous liquors are subject to a heavy fine if they sell any to soldiers, Indians, or negroes. The poor Indians have fallen so low, and become so degraded by the base speculations of the pale faces, that they will give all they most value, to procure the body and soul-destroying spirits. Though I had but little money left, only twelve cents, I declined the exchange; he turned sorrowfully away, probably to offer the advantageous bargain to some one else, in which case I thought it best to indulge the poor savage, and save him his handsome rifle; I took the bottle out of his hand, filled it, and gave it back to him. On my refusing to accept his rifle, he laid hold of me, and dragged me almost forcibly to his fire, obliged me to drink with him, to smoke out of his pipe, and eat a large slice of venison, while his wife and three children sat in the tent staring with surprise at the stranger. He then stood up, and in his harmonious language related a long history to me and to some sons of the forest who had assembled round us, and of which I did not understand a word. At last as the noise became annoying, I stole away quietly to seek a berth for the night.

When I came again to the ferry on the following morning, the encampment was broken up, and the Indians had embarked on board a steamer, which was to carry them further west. I crossed by the ferry, and had now no longer any cause to be anxious about spending too much money, having paid away my last twelve cents. Rarely has a traveller entered a strange town with so light a purse. My situation in such a place was not at all enviable. The soles of my boots had disappeared, and then the feet of my stockings, so that latterly I had gone barefoot on the frozen ground. Yet my self-confidence and courage did not fail me. My first object was to find a house where I could pass the night, my second to get my boots repaired: I found board and lodging at a German wheelwright's, named Spranger, for three dollars a week, and although with all my searching I could not find three cents in my pockets, I agreed to the bargain, giving my gun in pawn; then taking my hunting-knife I hastened to a shoemaker's, who asked two and a half dollars to re-sole my boots, and accepted my knife as a pledge, lending me a pair of shoes to wear till the boots should be finished. When this was all arranged, I looked about for work, and took many a walk in vain.

On the second day, having nothing else to do, I went with Spranger to Von Seckendorf's farm to saw down some trees that S. required for his business. In Little Rock many had referred me to a Mr. Fisher, who was well known among the Germans, and who at all events would give me work. He had just finished a large frame house, and wanted to make some addition to it. I went to every door in the building to seek some one who could tell me where to find him, but all was as quiet as the grave. I then went to a smaller building, and knocked. As no one answered, after knocking three times, I pushed open the door, and entered. In one corner of a miserable room I found an empty bedstead, with broken legs; carpenter's tools lay on the table and floor, and a coffin stood in another corner. At the foot of the bed, on the bare earth, lay a man, with his head on one of the broken legs of the

bedstead; his right arm was under his head, the left lay across his face, so that I could only see the dark hair; the hands were spotted red and black, I thought from the paint of the coffin. I asked him if he knew where Mr. Fisher was. He gave no answer: I supposed him to be asleep, and he appeared to be ill. I went out again quite quietly, and tried some other doors; but they were all locked, and not a soul to be seen. I went back again to the sleeper, and although I called loudly, and shook him by the shoulder, I could get no answer, and came away much vexed. At length, after a great deal of trouble, I found Mr. Fisher, and had my trouble for my pains, for he had no work to give me. In the course of conversation, I inquired about the man in the hut, and was told that he had died the day before of smallpox: my blood ran cold at the words. The doctor had stated the nature of his disease, and desired that nobody should go near him; and as the man was poor, without a cent in the world, he had shut the door, and never been near him again. The poor fellow had been left to himself for three days, without even a drink of water, and at last had died miserably on the floor. Little Rock is a vile, detestable place in this respect, and the boatmen on the Mississippi have good reason when they sing —

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