

From East Prussia to the Golden Gate, by Frank Lecouvreur; letters and diary of the California pioneer, edited in memory of her noble husband, by Mrs. Josephine Rosana Lecouvreur; translated and compiled by Julius C. Behnke

FRANZ LECOUVREUR IN APRIL, 1851. *Copied from Oil-painting.*

From East Prussia

to the Golden Gate

BY

Frank Lecouvreur

LETTERS AND DIARY OF THE CALIFORNIA PIONEER,

EDITED IN MEMORY OF HER NOBLE HUSBAND,

BY MRS. JOSEPHINE ROSANA LECOUVREUR

TRANSLATED AND COMPILED BY

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NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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BY

MRS. JOSEPHINE ROSANA LECOUVREUR

MANUFACTURED

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258-60 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK

TO THE READER.

Many a book seems worth while reading, Though you give it but one call. Mark! Unless it bears re-
reading It should not be read at all. Lives of self-made men are ever Full of healthy food for minds
Of ambitious, honest toilers: "He who seeks is he who finds!" May this book go forth and cheer
you, And when courage ebbs away, Take the noble author's motto: "Try again! Be firm and stay."

J. C. B.

L. A.,

May, 1906.

C.

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PREFACE

When the late Frank Lecouvreur left his native land in 1851 for California, leaving behind him his parents and the dear friends of his youth, following the promptings of his large heart he kept a careful journal of the sights and the unusual experiences that were his in travel, and in the new land he had chosen as a field for his activities. After his death, which occurred January 17, 1901, in Los Angeles, California, it was found that this journal and the letters covering the period of absence from his native home had been carefully preserved by members of his family to whom they were addressed and it seemed to his wife and friends, that while these letters were often of a nature such as would be written only to one's intimates, and were frequently expressions of the innermost feelings of the man, yet because the record of such a life could not but be helpful to others, and especially to young men in whose training and development Mr. Lecouvreur was ever deeply interested, his widow has consented to the publication of these letters and the journal in a form that could be distributed among his friends. Identified from the beginning with the public life of Los Angeles, it is fitting that a brief sketch of his activities and accomplishments should preface these letters.

Frank Lecouvreur was born in Ortelsburg, Prussia, June 7, 1829, and was christened Theodor Maximilian Ferdinand Franz Lecouvreur, his father being of French nativity, while his mother was the accomplished daughter of Mayor Minuth of Bartenstein, East Prussia.

Happily born, and of an ancestry that combined national as well as personal characteristics, young Lecouvreur's childhood was spent in an environment that could xii but develop an exceptional character. He received a thorough education as a civil engineer, and became as well a fine linguist. Acquiring liberal ideas and having inherited a predilection for a larger liberty he resolved, upon attaining his majority, to migrate to the great republic of the New World and to visit California, going by way of Cape Horn. His letters cover this period of his life very fully, and detail his voyage and experiences in the then undeveloped country.

A man of culture and refinement, artistic sensibilities, and a keen observer, of warm-hearted and religious temperament, it was not remarkable that he became at once closely identified with the best life of the New California. Arriving in Los Angeles in 1855 he was made deputy county clerk for three years and thus at once became of public service to his chosen country. Later he served as a deputy of Major Henry Hancock, the county surveyor, under whom the celebrated "Hancock's Survey" was made.

Subsequently he served two terms, of two years each, as county surveyor, during which he made many very important surveys for the county. It fell to him to partition for the Verdugo family, one of the oldest and wealthiest of Spanish-California, the rancho "San Rafael" of 44,000 acres, or eleven Spanish leagues, being one of four of the oldest grants from the King of Spain, in Alta California.

Declining the offer of a third term as county surveyor he retired from public office and assumed the responsible position of cashier of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, in which corporation he was also a director.

In June of 1877 he was married to Miss Josephine Rosana Smith, and after a trip to Europe to visit his family, Mr. and Mrs. Lecouvreur returned to Los Angeles to make here their permanent home. In 1886 a serious illness caused a general decline in Mr. Lecouvreur's health and he retired from active business.

This eminent civil engineer, accomplished scholar, devoted husband and man of exalted ideals, gave to his xiii adopted city the best years of his life, and was, in every respect, a useful and esteemed citizen. The esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens was manifested by the great concourse which attended his funeral, among whom were the most eminent men of the city. Mr. Lecouvreur left no children, but was survived by his wife, who had co-operated with him in all the later benevolences of his life, and who has edited this book in the hope that it might inspire and help the young men of the present day.*

This preface is a welcome contribution from the able pen of Henry D. Barrows, the veteran pioneer, whose name is inseparable from the History of Southern California.—Translator.

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LETTER NO. I

Berlin, April 28, 1851.

My Dear Parents: You will know by this time that my first voyage terminated as expected. Hardly a breath of air curled the surface of the Baltic Sea, which stretched before us like a mirror when we set sail on our long voyage, about six o'clock in the morning, on board the steamer "Königsberg," Capt. Eybe. The air was not clear enough yet, to distinguish any attractions of the coast from Pillau to Bruesterort, which place we lost sight of by eleven o'clock. Slowly but surely the outlines of our native coast disappeared from our view, until even the last visible strip of the continent, the high-land near Elbing had sunk below our horizon like a faint, blue cloud. I realized that we were on the high sea. Softly rocking the "Königsberg" went on her way, while the long drawn and slowly departing clouds of smoke carried with them my last greetings toward home! It was a strange, indescribable feeling which took hold of me, when, for the first time in my life, I saw nothing around me but sky and water. Yet, I felt so well, my heart felt so at ease, and at that very moment,

it seemed as if the following words were clearly written upon my soul: “Thy resolution was well taken, thou hast done the proper thing.” And, perhaps for the first time in my life, I felt happy and contented. About half-past twelve, the lighthouse of Stela came in sight. We overtook a whole fleet of ships coming from Pillau, and as they were 16 mostly within speaking distance, it gave me quite an entertainment. I counted two brigs, eleven schooners, two sloops, four yachts, all under full sail, when we overtook them, one by one. Though we were but three German miles from Stela, we could recognize but very little, as most points of that vicinity are very low. The coast does not rise until one reaches Rieserhoft, the high tower of which we passed about four o'clock in the afternoon at a distance of nearly four miles and a half. Fortunately the air cleared toward six o'clock, so that we were able to distinguish houses, trees and shrubberies along the coast of Rieserhoft with the naked eye. What a treat for one unaccustomed to be on the open sea for any length of time. We were now about a mile and a half from the coast and did not widen the distance until sunset, when we went a few miles further from land without losing sight of it entirely. During the evening we passed five or six more vessels, all sea-bound. The sky was covered with broken clouds; dark and silent was the sea, the broad waves of which kept us swinging to and fro; the air was mild and all the passengers were on deck, including a few who, for hours, had paid nature's tribute to the sea. We remained up and passed the evening joking, laughing, rejoicing and singing until long after the red and green signal lanterns had been set out. Towards ten o'clock, one after the other retired. Capt. Eybe turned the command over to his mate, with whom I walked up and down the deck for quite a while, watching the coast of Pomerania, which we passed at a distance of perhaps two German miles. As the wind favored us from the Northeast, Nebendahl, the mate, ordered all available sails set, and when I retired, about eleven o'clock, we had made such headway that the lonely light of Rieserhoft looked like a speck on the farthest edge of the horizon. Having reached my bunk, I soon fell sound asleep in spite of the unaccustomed manner of lodging and notwithstanding the steady groaning of the machine and the noise of the immense wheels, now louder, now less noticeable, according to the movements of the 17 vessel, as it shuffled through the waves of the ocean. I awakened shortly after five o'clock, and the quick and heavy motions of the ship at once made me aware that the wind had grown stronger during the night. When I reached the deck about six a.m. my expectation was verified by the good Northeast breeze which filled our sails. The foam danced

around our ship, reminding one of flocks of sheep. In about half an hour we perceived the church steeples of Colberg, which we passed three miles off coast about half-past eight under full sail. By nine o'clock we were able to recognize the high towers of Treptow. The wind became stronger and the ship danced merrily upon the foam-crowned waves of the Baltic sea. Meanwhile rain set in and continued more or less during the day and the constant rocking of the ship caused many of those who had withstood the experience so far, to become sea-sick. Even Olias looked as white as chalk and did not seem to relish the breakfast at all; what he could not eat served Grünhagen and me quite well.

The sky remained clouded during the day, and though but three miles away, we were hardly able to recognize the coast. The wind blew so hard at noon that several sails had to be laid by and we retained none but the foremast. At twelve we found ourselves opposite Swinerhoft. The bluff must here be about three hundred feet high. It is the highest point on the Pomeranian coast; resembling the shore between little Warnicken and Kuhren. The wind increased its velocity from minute to minute; it rained in torrents; the waves went higher and higher, and the mighty N.N.E. wind tossed our vessel to and fro right merrily. Whenever one of the waves, which invariably caught the side of our ship, slid underneath, its white crown of foam would splash over the whole length of the deck and often threatened to roll us over and over. Righting again, our ship would cut some immense wave in two, to be lost during the next minute in mountains of foam, until some new-comer would break against our bow with a force that made 18 every joint creak. Our progress was slow, as was to have been expected under such circumstances, so that we had scarcely covered a quarter of a German mile by one o'clock, when we noticed the beautiful broad belt, which the foam of the downs had spread in front of the high coast forests of Swinerhoft. Capt. Eybe was kind enough to lend me an oil suit, which enabled me to remain on deck, notwithstanding the pouring rain. As it was absolutely impossible even for sailors to stand up straight without holding on to something, I took position alongside of the wheel. By this time every living soul was sick, even Grünhagen complained of indisposition and looked like a corpse. I, on the contrary, did not feel the slightest annoyance and even enjoyed my cigar as if I had been sitting in Conradshof drinking a cup of coffee.

The cabins offered a sight to behold: tables, chairs, sea-sick passengers, men, women and children, everybody and everything in utter confusion. It mocked description. At last we caught sight of Swinemünde, about three p.m. Three-quarters of an hour later we took a pilot on board and shortly after anchored in the Swiné (pron.d “Sweenay”), between an English schooner and a Prussian Man-of-War, the “Nix,” which had arrived from London about an hour ahead of us. The roughness of the weather prevented our landing, and we set out anew after taking a few more passengers aboard and following the course of the battleship which, like ourselves, was bound for Stettin. The raging storm caused the ship to almost become unmanageable. It had just struck seven o'clock when, while entering the mouth of the river “Oder,” we experienced a terrific gust of wind which tore the foremast completely out of its holdings. The sails were beating frightfully, while torn fragments blew off, to be carried far into the Bay. But a few minutes had elapsed when of the once beautiful sail there remained only a collection of tattered rags. This was, however, the only mishap that befell us during the voyage—not counting a few little damages near Swinemunde.

At last we reached Stettin, about ten o'clock p.m. It 19 was very dark when we anchored alongside of the steamer “Caminius”; of course we remained on board till morning. It was Sunday, the 12th of April. The weather was clear and pleasant, which permitted us to land early, and enabled us to gain a good view of the few streets; we also examined a small war vessel, which was under construction in the large ship-yard. It happened that the great man-of-war “Salamander” was at anchor, wherefore we proceeded to take a good look at her, though no permission could be obtained by any stranger to visit the ship.

One observation interested me greatly, namely: the difference in vegetation about the place, which struck me at once. The walls of the fortress were already covered with green and most of the trees in this vicinity had donned their fresh spring garb, the new leaves of the chestnut trees, for instance, being fully an inch long. How beautiful is our northern springtime!

But just now Greenhagen and his brother have come for the purpose of taking me out for a walk, consequently I shall have to postpone the continuation of this letter till my return.

At eight p.m.

As you will readily understand, it has been impossible for me to make any purchases in Stettin on account of my very limited stay in the fortress. My impression of the latter has not been a very flattering one. Though the streets cannot really be called narrow, the tall buildings, most of which are five or six stories high, darken these thoroughfares considerably.

About eleven o'clock we took our baggage to the station. My ticket to Berlin cost me two thalers (one thaler-seventy-five cents), and besides I had to pay nearly two more for overweight of baggage. The rapidity of dispatching travelers at the station is truly remarkable. Silence and a marvelous order reign everywhere, due probably to the fact that none but ex-army men can enter our railroad service or that of our custom houses. About a 20 hundred people with more or less baggage were dispatched and provided with tickets in less than twenty minutes. Ten minutes before our departure there was not a train in sight, though the whole crowd of passengers was ready to board it. Then began the switching, the lining up of cars, the loading of freight cars, the seating of passengers, examining of tickets by the conductor, who politely answers all reasonable questions as he goes from one to the other; all this was done in the twinkling of an eye and when the signal for departure was given, the steam whistle blew and the train pulled out to the very minute, at 11:45 a.m., as scheduled. To one who has never been on a railroad train, the feeling which he experiences is decidedly strange. Most people imagine the speed of the train to resemble a flash of lightning, but this is very exaggerated, as one can plainly recognize all objects which the train passes, even those which are closest to the rails. The strange noise of the rolling, the whizzing and hissing of engine and cars as they cut the air at high speed, the whistling at the approach of road stations, all this may annoy less sensitive ears than mine, particularly during the first trip.*

These are the natural observations one would have made when railroad travel was first introduced.—Transl.

The country between Stettin and Berlin offers very little change of scenery; only a few hills, but mostly low plains, whose well-laid-out farms give ample proof of the hard toil which the horny-handed peasant has already accomplished so early in the year; but, with all that, this monotonous sameness does not rest the eye of the traveler, as there are neither forests nor large bodies of water

to vary the appearance of the landscape. Here and there may be some variety apparent, but that is all. The train stopped at Tanton, Passon, Angermünde, Neustadt, Eberswalde, and other little stations, three or five minutes at a time. The stations are all well built, and in some instances even they are magnificent structures, which result is one of the benefits of government 21 ownership. As our number of passengers increased at every station, it became necessary to add another locomotive at Angermünde. Our train had eighteen passenger coaches, holding in all about eight hundred people, i.e., nearly fifty in each car. We reached Berlin at last. It was just four o'clock in the afternoon when we steamed into Grande Station near the Oranienburg gate (named after Prince William of Orange). No sooner had the train come to a standstill than a sentry from the Second Guard's Regiment stationed himself at every car, while some twenty constables started to examine the passes, which took much less time than I had thought. This done, every one of us received a stamped ticket, which we handed to the gate keeper.*

Remember, kind reader, that this took place more than fifty years ago. Times have changed since then.—Transl. To identify and obtain our baggage took about half an hour, after which we started for our respective lodgings. Grünhagen has a brother living in Kochstrasse and Olias and I went to find the “German House” in Klosterstrasse, which we reached about five o'clock. As neither of us was acquainted with the city, we were at a loss to devise a plan for the evening, therefore I resolved to deliver a letter, which Johanna Kühnast asked me to take to Rudolph Wilzeck—Kommandantenstrasse.

Olias accompanied me to that place. Utterly ignorant of the location of the streets of Berlin, we went bravely out to discover the place of our destination. We tramped through Spandauer and Königsstrasse, Molkenmarkt, Gertrudenstr., Spittelmarkt, Leipzigerstr., Dönhofsplatz until we finally drifted into Kommandantenstr., at the extreme end of which said dwelling was to be found. When we reached the place, the bird had flown, having left the city, bound for East Prussia, a few days previously. As soon as we had recovered from our disappointment Olias coaxed me to take a stroll through the “Thiergarten.” The straight-laid streets of this part of Berlin, called Frederic's town, make it easy for a stranger to find his way. We returned partly by the same route 22 we had passed before until we reached the endless Frederickstr., which led us into the celebrated avenue

“Unter den Linden,” with its historical edifices. Thence we entered the Thiergarten through the “Gate Brandenburg.” This park is the most celebrated place of recreation in all Prussia. By nine o'clock we were home again without having lost our way or even asking anyone for the direction. I describe the trip at such length that you may, by looking up your map of Berlin, form some idea of the length of our tramp, which surely entitled us to a good night's rest. I assure you that I slept more soundly than during many a night before.

As I already have mentioned, Grünhagen's brother took us out for a walk this forenoon. We visited the museums and passed through many streets and squares, which I had not known of before. During the afternoon our course took in the Königsstrasse, Donhofsplatz, Jerusalem, Frederic's and Leipzigerstrasse, then to the Leipziger Gate, Bellevue avenue—a beautiful thoroughfare—when at last we reached the Zoölogical Garden, where we staid till six o'clock, returning home through the “Thiergarten,” “Unter den Linden,” and “Schlossgarten.” But of what use is this minute description of our walks. Berlin, notwithstanding its magnificent streets, its imposing edifices, its immense palaces, its beautiful statues and rare collections of art, does not touch the heart. The day after tomorrow I shall continue my trip to Hamburg, as the very paving of these streets is burning under my feet. Tomorrow I shall visit “Friedrichshain” in order to pay my silent respects to the March Enthusiasts. Poor fellows!*

Noble Lecouvreur, his very soul was already filled with that intense love of freedom which brings so many Europeans to our American shores and his youthful heart, while he was yet scarcely out of his teens, could not and would not leave the old soil without uncovering his head in silent prayer at the graves of the German Martyrs of Freedom. They suffered death while he, their youthful sympathizer, left home and hearth to seek true Freedom under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, rather than to see his growing manhood crushed by Order of the King.—Transl.

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During my short stay in Berlin I have not failed to visit some historical places such as the Royal Palaces, the Breitestrasse, where the first shots of '48 were fired; the Art Academy, Armory and other places which I may have unconsciously passed by, bear witness to the days of horror. The immense mass of stone of the so-called “Castle” made a very sad impression upon me, more so perhaps as, coming from Königstr., my eye caught at once the iron fence, on every single gate of which there stood sometimes one, sometimes two sentries and another one, wherever the space

between two gates happened to be a foot or two wider than usual. These fellows, well armed, walk up and down the short space they are to guard; besides these, there are crowds of policemen doing duty by moving about the inner court. A chill ran through my veins. He, who has already inhaled Freedom's air at sea, cannot really care for Berlin—cannot harmonize with Berlin people. It is not an uncommon thing to see well-dressed men take off their hats in passing the empty carriage of some royal personage or to show the same respect to a passing stable boy who happens to wear royal livery.

Mother Nature has favored the country surrounding Berlin more than that of Stettin. The fruit trees are already dropping their blossoms, and tulips, lilies and other flowers appear in full bloom.

My next letter will be dated from Hamburg, where I hope to receive one from home. Please do not address any more letters in care of Knöhr and Burchard, but rather in care of Heinrich Bartsch.

How I long to be on the open sea once more. To-morrow, as I mentioned before, I shall visit the cemetery which harbors the March heroes, and then—good-bye, Berlin; good-bye forever, I hope!

To the few, whom I love, and to those who love me, to every one of you, a hearty farewell.

(Signed) FRANZ LECOUVREUR.

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Before proceeding with the description of Berlin in the beginning of the Hamburg letter, which I am convinced will impress the reader from more than one point of view, let it be remembered that our young author, as is quite common with young, wide-awake students, had inhaled the teachings of political world-saviors, so-called. In his particular case it was Karl Marx, the shrewd German socialist, whose doctrines were being expounded by able agitators throughout the Fatherland and the dangerous effects of which had clearly manifested themselves in the March Revolution of 1848.

Remarks by translator.

While the Prussian government seemed quite well informed as to the progress of the brewing trouble in the provinces, and prepared to meet it, the probability of an early outbreak in the very heart of Berlin seemed not to have been given any credence in highest circles. However, they soon realized their mistake, when it was discovered that, notwithstanding the great vigilance of their police, a number of political offenders, who had been exiled from the kingdom, had re-entered the Capital and systematically agitated the working classes and student bodies, sowing discontent wherever they found a chance. Young people, particularly in sentimental Germany, are always quick in accepting a method offered which has for its seeming purpose the redemption of all ills, the “wronged classes” are said to be heir to. Is it then so surprising that such brilliant minds, as that of young Lecouvreur, should have become greatly enthused over the teachings of men like Karl Marx, the Moses of Socialism, Etienne Cabet, the French pedagogue and communist, and his followers, Louis Blanc and Buchez, whose motto: “Liberty, Equality and Fraternity” had electrified even the “German Michel?” One who had learned to admire such writers as Börne, Heine and Freiligrath, could not fold his hands in idleness during this history-making period. Notwithstanding the fact that King Frederick William IV. tried his utmost to pacify the people, there 25 occurred fierce fights in the streets between the masses and the royal troops, in which on the eighteenth of March, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, no less than one hundred and eighty-three civilians and twenty soldiers were killed. Though the troops had gained a sad victory, the King, who loved peace with his people above everything else, in the spirit of his lamented mother, the great Queen Louisa, granted the very next day, among other royal favors, the total amnesty of all political offenders, and witnessed in person the funeral of the fallen civilians, whose remains were given solemn burial at Friedrichshain, a cemetery described elsewhere.

The following letter from H. R. H. Prince Frederic William, son of the reigning King's brother, William, and later father of the present Emperor of Germany, to Eduard Baeyer, an intimate of his youth, was recently published by the ever well-informed “Königsberger Hartungsche Zeitung.” This letter is a part of the communications concerning this friendship, as appeared in an article by Mrs. Emma Ribbeck, née Baeyer, in the “Deutsche Rundschau,” a periodical of great influence. What to the translator seems to emphasize the weight of the following lines is the fact, which no

German reader will overlook, that they were written on the very birthday anniversary of the Prince's illustrious father, the great William the First. During his reign, which followed that of Frederick William IV., all Germany celebrated the twenty-second of March. But let us read the letter, which bears rhetorical proof of great excitement under which the august writer labored:

Potsdam, March 22, 1848.

My Dear, Good Baeyer:—This very moment I received your dear letter, the first one since I left Berlin. You will easily imagine how I feel. What I have experienced since last Saturday has aged me many a year, and I am moved to confess that everything seems to have been but a bad dream—a nightmare. The terrible scenes of last Sunday, the heroic deeds of our troops on Saturday, all that I 26 witnessed from the windows of the castle—but there is no need of telling you. You are probably as well informed, if not better than I. But when I left Berlin on Sunday night about seven o'clock, passing the citizen's guard, my heart bled. Fortunately, I met soldiers in most of the halls, which fact had a soothing influence upon me. Many were the proofs of devotion which the officers showed me until I reached the carriage that drove me along the “Linden” to the residence of Major Oelrichs in the Potsdamerstreet. My sister, the Princess Louise,* was with me, while my parents remained with the King. We afterwards drove to Potsdam and are safe at present. I thought to dream that night of the awful, horrifying sight of that funeral procession. The departure of the troops, which left the castle virtually without power of defense, was dreadful indeed. And! what a humiliation for our dear King and the poor, sick Queen, to be forced by the people to view the horrible corpses from the balcony amongst the howling, shouting threats of the multitude. This is terrible to me and never shall I care to enter the court-yard again. Really, I am disgusted with Berlin forever! I was present on Saturday from four o'clock till midnight and witnessed the struggles of our brave soldiers. Words do not suffice to describe the valor with which they fought. God be praised that, compared with the loss sustained by the mob, but few of our soldiers fell; every report of a wounded soldier was terrible to me. This was the first murderous encounter at which I have ever been present; I am now prepared to go upon the battlefield, the sight will no more be new to me. Last Sunday was the most ill-fated day of my life, up to now. When I left the house in the morning

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to drive to the castle, a voice told me: “You will not return for some time!” And, how it stands! My effects were then already and are now in safety, many even are in my possession at present. From the moment I entered the castle, where 27 many officers of my regiment vied to kiss my hand in deepest emotion until the time when I drove away again in the evening, the awful howling never ceased, but continued in my ears long through the night. My poor parents are well and in safety. Papa will go to England, but he does not run away; he received a mission from the King. I have seen both of them. Everything is in perfect quiet and safety here in Potsdam. The local protection committee is uncommonly well organized. My other younger relatives, with the exception of cousin Frederick Karl, and my sister, are all in safety, but not with us. The poor Charlotte is nearly beside herself, having escaped almost miraculously. When will her confirmation* take place and mine? God alone knows.

Later Grand Duchess of Baden and then only ten years of age; the prince was seventeen at the time.—Tr. The royal family is Lutheran, and the confirmation here mentioned refers to the church ceremony, during which a promise of perseverance in the Lutheran faith is made.—Trans.

But I have not lost courage. I trust in God! He will do all things well. Now it is time for me to close. I have given you as many particulars as possible, whatever passed through my heart.

But I have scrawled terribly. I hope you will be able to read it all. That you are rejoicing now and able to forget the past, seems quite probable to me, in consideration of the present excitement. I, for my part, cannot be happy, but bow in obedience to the new measures, taken by the King, which will prove beneficial with the help of God. It will be a long time before I shall be really happy again! You will not see me very soon in Berlin. Farewell. Pardon the poor handwriting and convey my most sincere greetings to all friends. Tell them, as well as our teachers, that I always remember them, that I am in safety and ready to trust God in all things, and that I am well prepared to bear, with courage and fortitude, the great misfortune which has befallen us, and which I look upon as sent by God. Tell all friends from the contents of this letter, whatever you may deem proper for them to know, nothing or all; I leave that to your judgment. 28 Pray for us, all of you, as I do for you. May God bless all of us and may He grant us an early reunion!

Your ever faithful friend,

FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

P. S.—I beg you, for God's sake, be careful with this letter and do not show it to anyone. Just tell them whatever may be of consoling interest as regards our fate, but not the thoughts which I may have expressed. If you do not think that you will be able to hide the letter, burn it instantly. Nobody is to read it, except perhaps it be Schellbach, whom I have already seen and spoken to, tête à tête, for, believe me, this region is full of spies and emissaries; so one has to weigh every word carefully. I am only too well aware of it. Be very careful in your own behalf.

Now, farewell, and be prudent in all things. F. W.

The foregoing will serve the reader to better understand the feeling of our author, who was but three years older than H. R. Highness, and who represented at the time—the other side. He visits the very battle-field upon which his fellow-endeavorers had paid the penalty for the folly of their ignorance or misdirected sentimentality. With the Berlin letter closes that period of his life; in it we find the last expressions of the author's sympathy for the cause he espoused in his youth. He was bound for the New World and he determined to free himself from the drawbacks of the old. (Translator.)

29

LETTER NO. II

My Last Hours in Berlin—Voyage from Berlin to Hamburg—Hamburg and the Hamburg People.

Hamburg, May 6th, 1851.

When I arose from my feather-bed on the morning of April the 29th, my resolution to leave Berlin on the following day was unshaken. I had spent already twenty-four hours to watch this cradle of vanity and splendor, and thought it sufficient; indeed, it did suffice, for another twenty-four hours filled me with so much disgust that it would have been a torture for me to spend the rest of my life

in Berlin. Still, let there be justice, where justice is due. The city itself is beautiful, that is, for him who can see something beautiful in a mass of houses, if I may use the expression: “in Sunday-go-to-meeting attire.” The weather was bright; trees and lawns were in full spring dress; clean streets, shining window-panes everywhere, door steps and everything admirably clean, whether I examined the most imposing or the simplest, the colossal or the most humble sights; everything was intended to be artistically impressive, and would have undoubtedly been so in my regard—had it not been for the people—such a people!

Whosoever doubts the veracity of my words may take a leisurely walk on any bright afternoon from Donhoftsplatz through Louisenstrasse (named after the immortal Queen Louisa of Prussia), Friedrichstr., Unter den Linden, to the Brandenburger thor, taking precaution to avoid in his attire anything that would or could attract attention. I went without cuffs or necktie, dressed very plainly. Thus you will have the best opportunity to observe the thousands and thousands who pass you with or 30 without a purpose. The main feature which the visitor of this metropolis will at once recognize is the spirit of servility, often followed by or combined with undeniable traits of depravity, which are mirrored in the very faces of numberless men and women. From the coachman to the prince in showy carriage, from the servant girl to the countess, from the private of the Grenadiers to the General, from the cash boy to the King's counselor—everybody brags, everybody tries to impress everybody else in word and action, yes, in his very walk, that he is ever so much superior to anyone else until—one higher in social standing happens along, then O! how small, how very humble the hero of a minute before has suddenly become. It was Monday evening on Leipziger Platz, that I witnessed the gentleman, mentioned in my last letter, who wore a decoration of rank in his button-hole profoundly saluting the coachman or—the empty carriage he was driving, which bore the coat of arms of its royal owner—I had to refrain from giving this old hypocrite a piece of my angered mind. How true is the much criticised description of the immortal Heine, contained in these words: “It really takes several barrels of poetry to find anything else in Berlin but dead houses and dead people.” It is seldom you see a real man. Everything though new, everybody, even the young, is so old, so withered—so dead! After I had dressed myself on Tuesday morning I found myself so disappointed, so ill-humored, that I did not care to leave the house all

the forenoon, and not until four o'clock in the afternoon did I decide to visit Hasenkamp, which meant a long walk, as he is staying with Dorn, the lawyer, in Anhaltstr. I was fortunate in finding him at home, but he had changed so much that I scarcely recognized him. Sickness had disfigured him terribly and compelled the growth of a beard. I spent two very pleasant hours with him, as he was in an excellent frame of mind. He showed me his wounds, one of which was caused by a chance shot, two inches long, on the calf of the right leg, while the other proved to be of a serious nature, the bullet having entered the 31 right side of the abdomen and gone clear through, leaving the body hardly a finger's width from the spinal cord, just below the false ribs. The scars are as big as a dollar. He described the skirmish near Friedrichstadt in vivid colors, up to the time when, being about forty feet from the enemy, the bullet struck him. At first he left the wound unnoticed, as the feeling resembled that of an electric shock, but dizziness soon overtook him, followed by chills and fever, which slowly deprived him of consciousness, not soon enough, however, to prevent the frightening realization that he was mortally wounded. The last words which his fading senses caught were: "Der Hauptmann ist todt!" (The captain is dead!) Picture to yourself the excruciating pains when he awoke from his first fainting spell to find himself lifted upon two rifles and carried away from the scene of battle—even without emergency bandages. They next put him on a stretcher and drove him in a pouring rain through badly paved streets and market places to the lazareth (soldiers' hospital) which was fully eight English miles away from the first place. He recovered very slowly and even yet bears the burden of a martyr's life. The two very pleasant hours had flown rapidly and I truly regretted to take leave of this honest, sterling man, whose heart and mind evinced qualities too rarely met. There remained on my program but one more part to fulfil—my intended visit to Friedrichshain to honor the graves of those who have already honored us. I now hastened to accomplish this purpose.

Passing the Landsberger street and gate, one observes to the left of the avenue a small hill, upon the top of which there are two windmills. Between these and the city there lies the cemetery of Friedrichshain, well laid out with young trees and flowers. At the foot of the hill which is nearest the city, I found the resting-place of the heroes of the eighteenth of March, eighteen hundred and forty-eight. It is a square of between seventy-five and one hundred feet, hedged in by a low, wooden

fence. Every corner has an open entrance. Parallel with the fence 32 run the graves, leaving a walk of about five feet in width between them. The whole offers the thoughtful visitor a fit subject for meditation. The two rows of graves have been converted into beautiful flower-beds, while the center of this sad, silent spot has been laid out for a lawn. Words cannot describe the impression which this ever sorrow-inspiring place left upon me. Step by step I wandered from grave to grave, from cross to cross, every one of which was covered with fresh wreaths. Beautiful ivy bowers, as thickly grown as I had never seen them before, had risen from the graves of those whose noble deeds will ever live in the hearts of freedom-loving men. Be it then said to the honor and credit of the Berlin people that they have set a monument to the memory of those who died for their convictions, which is likewise a tribute to the piety of the living. They cared for these, their dead, so beautifully, that this act alone has reconciled me to a great extent with Berlin-at-large. The evening was very mild. I sat long upon one of those graves and saw the sun slowly disappear from my horizon. Strange were the visions which entranced me. It seemed to me that the departing rays of the sun were only too anxious to hasten away from the mass of cold houses of Berlin, while they hovered gladly over the silent crosses alongside of me in apparent search of a moment's rest.

My dreams and my feelings of that hour I am unable to describe; they were undefinable. At last I arose. The bluish fog had already commenced to overspread the endless plain, and the approaching darkness reminded me that it was time to seek my temporary quarters. Of all the beautiful tombstone inscriptions I remember but one: "Peace be to his spirit!" I shall never forget it. How many thousands have visited this spot without reading these inspiring words and how many, reading them, understood their significance? I shall never wish for a more beautiful, more spiritual, more soulful epitaph!*

Consider, that you are reading the letter of a youth, addressed to his parents and admire with me the purity of a heart and a soul, filled with the love of Freedom, which caused him to leave an unsympathizing country in order to seek liberty of body and mind in free America.—Transl.

33

Wednesday, the thirtieth of April, found me an early riser. Olias preferred to stay a few more days in Berlin, but he and I had already sent the heavier baggage to the station the day before, so that it could be forwarded by freight and still reach Hamburg in time. Each of us kept about fifty

pounds which are allowed every passenger on the railroad. My fare—third class—amounted to four thaler and five Silbergroshen (about three dollars). The train pulled out of Berlin at 7:30 a.m. Our first stop occurred at Spandau, the well-known and much-dreaded fortress, where many a brave man serves time for political offenses, for having a mind of his own and the courage to express it. The road leads along the banks of the Havel with its little inlets, bridges and miniature bays. The picturesque changes of water, fields, hidden villages, now and then a farm house or fisherman's hut, were materially heightened by a fabulous number of boats, large lumber boats, boats carrying grain and other field products to the larger cities and seaports, or returning home with merchandise of every description, such as coffee, rice, staple goods of every kind, dry goods, furniture, etc. The shining white sails of these boats which by the way are the floating homes of their owners, increase the attractiveness of the pretty scenery under the mild rays of the early morning sun. Everything looked charmingly fresh. After leaving Spandau, there was a decided change for the worse. As far as the eye could see, there were fields and fields and nothing but fields and prairie-like monotony. The crops, too, looked poorly, as the soil is too sandy to give much encouragement. The low hills here and there resemble the stretches of the far-away ocean so much that I was tempted more than once to look round for the missing waves. Notwithstanding the apparent scarcity of vegetation, the neighborhood 34 seems to be pretty well inhabited and somehow or in some way the people must make a living.*

They do, by raising potatoes and grain for starch mills and distilleries, and in later years, by raising sugar beets for export, which is encouraged by a government premium, of which young Lecouvreur had no knowledge at the time.—Transl.

Here and there a little forest of fir-trees made a welcome change during the monotonous trip. We passed Nauen, Paulinenaue, Friesack, Neustadt an der Dosse, Zernitz, Wilsnack, until we reached Wittenberge, which has a branch custom-house, where all passengers and goods coming from Prussia were requested to undergo slight formalities without the annoyance of revision, however. After Wittenberge, the desert—for no other name is applicable to this barren, desolate country, where the eye can feast on nothing but shrubbery, mostly withered, from which now and then you see a stunted fir-tree arise, which casts its forlorn glance about for companionship, for the old adage, "Misery loves company," seems to find its echo even in the vegetable kingdom.

As if we were to drink the cup to overflowing, it began to rain in torrents right after we left Wittenberge and nothing could have made this desert look sadder. When we reached Boitzenburg, having passed Grabow, Ludwigslust, Hagenow in quick succession, the weather fortunately cleared up and gave us a chance to view this pretty little town and its refreshing surroundings. Here one obtains a good view of the low lands of the river “Elbe,” which is quite an agreeable change for the eye of the lonely traveler.

After Boitzenburg—another desert, until one reaches Schwarzenbeck, which is situated on a hill. The moment one arrives at this station everything seems to change as if by magic. One may here behold a most picturesque rural scene. Here and there a village with its friendly church steeple, brooks winding in zig-zag lines through the little valley. Little forests here and there, proud to show off in their new spring coats, all of which combines 35 to offer the traveler a refreshing change. These pleasant scenes continue all the way to Hamburg. We passed Friedrichsruh, Reinbeck, Bergedorf and reached our destination at three-fifty p.m.

HAMBURG AND THE HAMBURG PEOPLE.

To take a much needed rest I went to the hotel “City of Kiel,” near the station; but changed quarters the next morning, and am presently located in the “New City of Berlin” on the Mönkedamm, near the great “Merchant's Exchange.” Hugo arrived Friday morning from Berlin and since then we have been rooming together. We get along quite well and have laid our plans so as to make our stay as inexpensive as possible, for there are innumerable channels by which our little money can be spent. For breakfast and supper we bought bread, butter, cheese and sausage. I may say, wholesale, so as to save the high charges in local restaurants; for our daily noon meal, which is the only square, warm meal of the day, we have discovered a plain but very respectable inn, where we are well served for eight Hamburg shillings (about twenty cents). Once in a while, when we feel particularly hilarious, we buy a bottle of wine, which costs but six or eight shillings, and very good for the money.

Though I am exceedingly disappointed to have to waste a whole month doing absolutely nothing, it cannot be helped and the best thing one can do is to follow the advice of a great modern philosopher: “Under all circumstances keep an even mind.”*

Young Lecouvreur seems to have taken this motto through life as his magic staff, leaning upon which, he overcame difficulties which to others appeared insuperable.—Transl.

The time between the twentieth and thirtieth may be legally charged to the local shipping agents, Knöhr and Burchard; for it is stipulated in the legal provision, referred to, that a sum of twelve shillings a day be paid during the time of delay, where date of departure has been agreed upon and said delay caused unwarranted expense for the person concerned, provided berth shall have been engaged under such conditions. In my case it only amounts to about three German thaler, but I shall surely not let Knöhr and Burchard be the gainers. What is good for them is still better for me. You will readily understand that Hugo and I live as economically as snails—faute d' argent. We seldom venture out during the forenoon, but are generally at the great “Exchange” by one o'clock, about two we have our dinner, after which the daily pleasure walk, which mostly starts or ends at the Harbor. Between seven and eight o'clock we return home, where we at once proceed to bed in order to save candles. Thus we spend day after day. I have every reason to be grateful to Rosenstock for his letter of recommendation to Heinrich Bartsch; this gentleman assists me in many ways and shows general interest in me; but of this I shall write later. Now a few words about Hamburg and the Hamburger people, in as much as I have had opportunity to judge of them during my short stay.

If someone were to ask me to personify Berlin I should not hesitate in comparing her to a vain, coquettish, yet well-mannered, middle aged but still attractive Lady of the Court; but Hamburg—that is quite a difficult proposition.

Hamburg, seen from different sides, impresses one differently. The magnificent harbor, the beautiful Jungfernstieg (Maiden-Promenade), the Alster, the great Exchange, the Old-Town, the suburbs St. Pauli and St. George—each represents a type of its own, and still through them all winds its way like a red thread, the Merchant Prince.* You find him everywhere, on the promenades, in the Opera as well as in the many lesser theaters, concert halls, beer gardens, wine

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cellars, restaurants—mostly subterranean—everywhere the merchant prince. All Hamburg breathes commerce. As the 37 “Exchange” is situated in the very center of this Metropolis, one need not be surprised that it has become the soul of all material and intellectual life here; he who doubts it will easily become convinced if he pays a visit to the said place about “Exchange time,” i.e., from one to two in the afternoon. The Exchange opens promptly at one o'clock; at ten minutes past the gates close and every late-comer has to deposit a small fine except, I am told, if he is an active member of the Board of Commerce, to which, however, only a limited number of the most influential merchants are eligible. The inner hall measures about two hundred feet square, but a few minutes suffice to fill every inch with humanity, so that, viewing from the galleries, the spectator can see nothing but one black moving mass, head on head, mostly adorned with the indispensable headgear of a Hamburg merchant, the tall, black silk hat. A double row of arcades, supported by immense pillars, surround the inner hall. The Exchange reading rooms, the assembly rooms of the Board of Commerce and the reception parlors are right above the arcades, while the main hall has an immense skylight for its roof. The galleries, whence one can watch the whole proceedings, are about thirty-five feet above the ground floor, and entrance to the different library and committee rooms is effected from there.

Commercierrath, a mere title, given by sovereigns to favorite bankers and merchants.

All those rooms even are so filled with people during exchange hours that one can scarcely pass. And yet, there is a system governing this immense busy bulk of humanity or merchant body. Every branch of commerce has its circle and every member of that circle has his place, elbowing his sharpest competitor in the most harmonious manner. The polished floor itself is marked with well-measured squares, circles, triangles and the like figures, whereby the respective members may know and remember their stand. There is the banker's, the exporters', the commissioners', the dry goods merchant, the ship-brokers', the stock-brokers', the cotton merchants' and numberless other circles. Harmony reigns supreme and the old Hamburg motto: “The keener the 38 competition, the greater the fun,” seems to pervade everybody and everything. What a sight for the onlooker from one of the galleries, where every stranger, who has not come on a business mission, goes to watch the world's marketing.

Many a foreign potentate of civilized and uncivilized domains visits the Hamburg Exchange and marvels at this industrial bee-hive of the old Hansatown, which was founded by Charlemagne in the year 811 A.D. It was he who granted the city free trade and a special legislature. But my thoughts return to the Exchange. What a concourse of nationalities. Within the space of half an hour one may converse with natives from every corner of the globe. You hear German, French, English, Dutch, Spanish, Danish, Flemish, Norwegian, Swedish, Russian, Slavonian, Persian and many other tongues, which I heard spoken during my few visits. The whole has something fascinating and yet stupifying. I have been there three times without being able to give an exact description of this truly overwhelming experience. No stranger should leave Hamburg without having visited this center of commerce, this soul of the commonwealth, for Hamburg is at the Exchange, as the Exchange is Hamburg in bulk.

No wonder, then, that the galleries are adorned with representatives of the beautiful sex from all parts of the world.

While the building itself is not particularly remarkable for its architectural beauty, there is certainly something imposing about it which tells the new-comer almost instantaneously: "This is the Exchange of the world's market." I felt impressed that way when crossing the Adolph's platz for the first time, facing the main entrance.

Hamburg, May 7th, 1851.

I commenced this letter yesterday and will endeavor to continue it now at my leisure until it will be long enough to send to my beloved ones at home.

Having tried to picture the Exchange in the few lines 39 above, I shall now proceed to give you a short description of the harbor, where I am a daily visitor.

Hamburg and the suburb of Saint Paul extend about three English miles along the eastern bank of the "Elbe;" one-half of this distance is generally known as the "Inner Harbor," where mostly smaller vessels congregate, such as carry freight up and down the river as far as Bodenbach

Tetschen-Bohemia, and of which I have made mention in one of my previous letters. The seaport proper is at the mouth of the "Elbe;" it is about half a mile long and takes in the whole width of the river which measures about seventeen hundred and fifty feet. The so-called "Gate of the Harbor," which divides the city line from St. Pauli, is sharp on the bank of the river and about one hundred feet wide, reaching to a small hill, called Stintfang, the top of which is flattened and fenced in by cast-iron railings. I went there last evening for the first time. The weather was beautiful and I ascended the hill with a certain amount of reverence. Do you, my beloved ones, still remember the beautiful scene which was one of the main attractions of the "Königsberg" picture gallery: "Hamburg, as seen from the Stintfang?" How often, during my childhood days, did I look admiringly upon that scene, while my thoughts carried me to the Elbe and the many, many ships of all nations and to the immense mass of houses of the old Hansatown. It was one of my favorite dreams. But yesterday, I did not stand admiringly in front of the picture; I stood, beholding in fact that ocean of moving vessels on one side, and the innumerable buildings on the other. Really and truly, it was no dream, but rather a more impressive realization. My feelings are difficult to explain. I drew all kinds of comparisons between the painting in the Home Gallery and the original, the magnificent living picture now before me; again, I compared the sentiments which enlivened my mind in childhood days to those of early manhood; in other words, between the time when, filled with a child's pure, happy confidence, I dared to laugh at the future probabilities of life and the present, when, 40 having perhaps the happiest and most instructive time of my life behind me and entering upon an uncertain future not altogether without distrust in my own inward strength, though full of faith in the wisdom and goodness of God. The school of life is not altogether new to me, I have had some very severe experiences and am only one among the many who will have to find means of existence in it. However, confidence in Providence, and in our own inner self, and an earnest persevering will, have done great things at all times, and I propose to do my share.

There is nothing more attractive in Hamburg than the harbor-site, as seen from the Stintfang, at the foot of which the visitor beholds a panorama never to be forgotten. One observes three rows of piles along the bank. The large ocean vessels are chained to these piles and between the rows which form perfect water avenues, one observes small and large freight boats, lighters, which carry

the merchandise to and fro. This is necessary, as the hundreds of steamers and large sailing vessels cannot all anchor conveniently without being seriously incommodated by the tides. Vessels, which cannot find proper accommodation on entering the immense harbor, have to anchor in the middle of the Elbe until some outgoing boats make room for the newcomer, which procedure is well regulated by the harbor commission and carefully watched by the harbor police, who patrol the waterways with painful regularity.*

During the last twenty years about one hundred and fifty million marks, i.e. something like thirty-eight million dollars, have been spent in rebuilding the docks and enlarging facilities for transient-storage, which fact has made this harbor superior to the old rivals, Liverpool, Amsterdam and Antwerp. And all but ten million dollars were raised by subscription-bonds among local merchants and bankers, which will give the reader an idea of the immense wealth of that city.—Transl.

Looking about, the searching eye cannot penetrate the acreages of sails, masts and riggings, which are apparently made the more solid by the constant smoke and coal-dust arising either from the many ship-galleys or 41 from the chimneys of the numberless lighters and little steamers, which are running up and down the river by day and night, for work never stops. Vessels load and unload constantly, as the saving of time as well as the nature of the cargo very often demands immediate attendance. The inclemency of the weather in winter-time is particularly the cause of many hardships. On one occasion, I am told, that the non-shipment of forty thousand bags of potatoes cost the shipper a small fortune, as his goods were destroyed by the intense frost which set in, while awaiting storage in an English vessel.

There are four unbroken lines of vessels from all nations, of all shapes and build, four seemingly endless chains of merchant fleets; all along St. Pauli and the neighboring town Altona and far beyond it, one can see them busily engaged in loading and reloading their cargoes. As one hears at the Exchange languages of all civilized countries, so does one perceive in this metropolitan harbor flags of all nations of the earth, even Brazilian and Chilean colors. And what beautiful vessels one sees! They often resemble men-of-war rather than merchant vessels, bent upon their peaceful and harmonious missions. There is, for instance, the “Gutenberg,” one of the Hamburg-American passenger liners near the “Baumthor,” which carries immense freights, besides being one of the best fitted passenger steamers, recently built after the most approved plans. It is named after

From East Prussia to the Golden Gate, by Frank Lecouvreur; letters and diary of the California pioneer, edited in memory of her noble husband, by Mrs. Josephine Rosana Lecouvreur; translated and compiled by Julius C. Behnke <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.179>

our “Johannes Gutenberg,” the inventor of the first printing press. There are many such beautiful vessels in plain sight, though they are not all as large as the one mentioned.

Let us return to the “Stintfang View.” One can only see a comparatively small part of the older city and the quaint old buildings, which have little attraction for the ordinary sight-seer. The other parts of the city are generally hidden from view at this time of the year, as the prevailing fog obscures the so-called “new city,” i.e., that part which has been rebuilt after the fearful conflagration in 1842; though the early spring sun may try 42 for days to clear the view, it seldom succeeds until later in the season. But the view of the Elbe up stream, and of the little green islands here and there, is truly delightful. One can see the Hanoverian coast with its forests and coated hills lining the blue-trimmed horizon for miles. I shall visit the Stintfang as often as possible, for there more than elsewhere the familiar scenes of home and longings of the past are brought before my mind. No matter whether in company or not, I shall never feel lonesome in that place. The sun had long sent its farewell rays, when I finally made up my mind to seek my temporary abode. During the night following I dreamt of our “Exchange Garden,” probably because I had thought of it on my way to the hotel from the Stintfang.

Just at this moment, being earnestly at work to familiarize you with Hamburg scenes, I am pleasantly interrupted by the arrival of your welcome letters, dated the second of May, a.c., and containing messages of love and cheer from you, dear father, my darling mother and my beloved sister, Marie. Nothing will prevent me from reading, enjoying and re-reading them, after which I shall set to work answering these love-whisperings at once, and Hamburg and the Hamburgers, however interesting they may be, will have to wait.

Hamburg, May 8th, 1851.

First of all let me thank you a thousand times for the comforting messages contained in your letters. I am really and truly happy, because you all have written so lovingly and given proof thereby that your thoughts are much more in sympathy with my doings than they were before, or immediately after my departure. I personally have come to the conclusion that it avails little or nothing to worry

about things which cannot be altered. And there I seem to hear the well-known air of Flotow's latest production, "Martha, or the Market of Richmond:" "Happy he who can forget that which worried heart and head."* No matter how much pain it may give us, let us be stronger than pain, the deepest wounds of which will heal under the soothing influence of Father Time. It was easy for Lessing to suggest in his immortal "Nathan the Wise" that: "No man is ever compelled to accept dictation" (Kein Mensch muss müssen). Happy he who never experiences the contrary, but pity him who is not only forced to accept, but who has to dictate his own sentence. I have been one of the latter; I was compelled to leave Königsberg. (As mentioned in the preface, the author had to leave his home for political reasons.) You wished to know, dear father, who had supplied me with recommendations. I had three for Hamburg, two of which have already done their good work, i.e., the one from Rosenstock to Heinrich Bartsch, whom I have already mentioned, and one from Malmros to the Prussian Consul-General,* Wilhelm O'swald, who in turn sent me two very good recommendations, one for Franz Hallmann, Valparaiso, and the other to Gent, Schott, Duncker and Böttcher in San Francisco, California. Both letters are written in most flattering terms, owing to the warm recommendations Malmros had given me; this is a great point gained, as the firm William O'swald & Co. ranks very high in commercial circles, in fact, its world-wide reputation is such that the signature, if attached to a young man's introductory letter, carries great weight. My third recommendation was from the Exchange broker Kalan to Louis Dubois, who contemplates going to San Francisco himself, where he hopes to get settled by the end of next summer. He is a cousin of Bartsch and as I have only had one slight opportunity of speaking to him, there is little to be said at this time, but that my first impression left me hopeful. Besides the above mentioned there is a letter from Markwald, Königsberg, to his brother in San Francisco, who now happens to be in Bremen and may arrive here any day. 44 Of course, I shall lay in wait for him, to surprise him with his brother's letter, when the time comes. Finally there are two more letters from Rosenstock, one to Emil Böttcher, junior partner of Gent, Schott, Dunker and Böttcher, and the other to his brother, Eugen Rosenstock, in which he praised my talents and good qualities in an almost impudent manner. He has often proved to be a true friend and no matter how fate may deal with me in future, I shall always bear him and his many kind deeds in grateful remembrance. W.

O'swald has requested Franz Hallmann to further aid me with recommendations. Aside from these, I may be able to obtain one here and there, as I shall be on the lookout, wherever opportunity may present itself, so as to be well provided when I leave. the "Königsberger Zeitung" is apparently not to be had around here and your clippings and quotations will therefore be greatly appreciated, the further away I shall find myself from home.

Flotorr's opera, "Martha," appeared in 1846.—Transl.

Before 1871, each one of the separated principalities of the Fatherland, had an accredited representative near the seat of the government of the other.—Transl.

You mention that the "Nix" stranded at Mauenhaken on the Swiné river (to be pronounced Sween' ay), which occurrence is not new to me, as I saw it with my own eyes; how it happened, nobody on board seemed to be able to explain. As I told you in one of my first letters, we were almost alongside of the "Nix" and exactly opposite the pilot's house, weighing anchor about the same time as the great steamer, which had two splendid machines of about 240 horse power, enabling her to speed along rapidly until the time of the accident, which happened while I was standing near the capstan watching the course of the fast moving vessel in whose wake we were cruising, when behold, she turned to right angle course, and, as the Swiné near Mauenhaken is not very broad, it took but very few seconds to see her stranded upon the low, shoal-like shore. The assertion that the length of the "Nix" checked the power of the rudder is laughable, as even the largest vessel will obey the steering, provided the mate attends to business and holds tight; the man at the helm of the "Nix" did his best in this respect. Many thanks for Meyhoffer's and Vogt's messages.

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Now let us return to the description of Hamburg and its inhabitants:

The architecture of the city, taking it all in all, is rather old-fashioned as may well be imagined, when one considers that this old Hansatown celebrated its millennial existence half a century ago (1811). I have even seen mediaeval facades on many buildings which have arisen from the ashes after the great fire of 1842, which wiped nearly one hundred and forty streets and two gigantic church edifices, St. Nicholas' and St. Peter's, out of existence. From May 8th to the 11th, the disastrous flames raged, demanding many a numan sacrifice and the loss of millions of property.

The newly laid streets are wide and straight but many of the old ones which were spared during the fire are decidedly crooked and narrow, while the squares are small. Berlin, in this respect, is ahead. Even the sidewalks are poorly paved and only such great and fashionable thoroughfares as the Jungfernstieg, Alsterdamm, Grosse und Hohe Bleichen, Alter und Neuerwall, Herrmann and Ferdinandstrasse, Speersort, Schauenburgerstrasse, etc., etc., are exceptions. The grading and plastering otherwise is decidedly a credit to the municipal government and the street department in particular. The cleanliness is greatly aided by the many channels, broad and narrow, which cross the city in every direction. All streets, as well as the public buildings, have ample gas supply.*

Remember, kind reader, that this, as well as all the following descriptions were written long ago. Progress has since wrought wonders, for the public-spirited people of Hamburg spare no expense nor trouble to make their city as attractive as possible.—Transl.

Follow me and I shall take you in imagination to the Esplanade, thence to the Alster, after which I shall close this letter, else you may be tempted to apply the yard-measure to it. But, Hamburg is interesting enough to engage one in writing letters of this length every day.

One has to visit the “Esplanade” either early in the morning or late at night. Hamburg is encircled by what 46 was formerly known as the “Defenseditch.” As this ditch had to be well planned in order to fit the difference of height between the Alster and Elbe waters, the level of the latter being much lower than that of the former, it is truly astonishing that both depth and width of this “defense ditch” vary according to the height of the part of town it cuts into; and measures, in places, from forty to one hundred and twenty, at others from sixty to two hundred feet, thus resembling a river of some importance. Where the waters of this belt wash the city proper, a more or less high wall has been erected, which keeps in exact parallel with the zigzag of the ditch itself. In later years this wall has been utilized in beautifying the city. In many cases, parks of considerable beauty have thus been created. As such a picturesque chain of improvements from Berlin Station, to the Upper Harbor, thence to the Harbor Gate, measures nearly three English miles, and appears with a width of two to seven hundred feet, you will easily imagine the impression such a sight affords to visitors. Hamburg is indeed to be envied, for, as a matter of fact, not a city in Northern Germany can boast of such a promenade, such artistic improvements, botanical and otherwise. True, Berlin has its “Thiergarten,”

larger, perhaps, but it is, after all, but a tame comparison with these promenades, which end at the “Stintfang,” with which I have already attempted to acquaint you. The fact that I loiter every day in the “Esplanade” does not require special mention, as everything is so fresh, so green, and the happy birds sing merry spring songs; why should not man, both young and old, inhale the balmy air in long draughts? Does it surprise you that I roam about for hours during my enforced stay? This is the very time of the year which our only Heine describes in his beautiful lines: “Im wunderschönen Monat Mai Als alle Knospen sprangen Da ist in meinem Herzen Die Liebe aufgegangen.”

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(In the wonderfully beautiful month of May When all the buds are unfolding, Then Love arises in my innermost Heart.)

The Jungfernstieg and Alster basins with surrounding promenades and villas have been so often described and pictured that it does not need my attempt. But one scene has not been included by traveling reporters, the fairy-like appearance at night when thousands of gaslights convert darkness into day, and envelop the crowds which take their evening strolls along the magnificent promenades while thousands of illuminated palaces along the Jungfernstieg and Alsterdamm are reflected upon the mirror-like dark blue waters of the Alster. This is hardly describable and I willingly desist from further attempts. You will probably have to burn midnight candles to finish reading this letter, though you may have started early enough in the day. Next time, more.

Good bye! Love, my heart's love, to all who love me! I write no names, but I have forgotten none. However, before anyone else, I kiss you, my father and mother, a thousand times, knowing full well that no one loves me like the dear ones at home.

(Signed) FRANZ LECOUVREUR.

Herewith an extract from a San Francisco letter:

EXTRACT.

from the letter of a young merchant, E. B., dated San Francisco, January 29th, 1851:

Among the papers which I lately received, there are two containing articles about California. These articles are so full of untruths that I should surely send in rejoinders, if my time would permit it. As it is, this short communication of a private nature, will have to do. The exaggerated description of the horrible attack upon Sacramento City was nothing more or less than the ordinary assembling and dispersing of a common mob. The murders and incendiary attempts mentioned are purely imaginary.

As far as San Francisco is concerned the writer was not altogether wrong. But if "Hell," with which the same person compares it, has no worse features, nor greater horrors, the poor souls of the damned will have a comparatively good time. Dante, the immortal Italian poet, describes that part of the Hereafter with quite different colorings, and, as he is said to have been there, in a trance, I suppose he is an authority in that particular, as I claim my own right to describe San Francisco as I find it.

The timid author of the letters afore mentioned should also have considered the fact that it takes fully two months before the public over there sees or hears of it and that such a space of time alone is sufficient to bring about the most wonderful effects and changes, in a country like this. We have strong breezes in summer-time, yes, and occasional sand-storms but, that people are actually in danger of being enveloped by sand beyond recognition, is a myth. Since last October, the streets have been planked and this has therefore put almost an end to local sand-storms. The climate itself is healthy and strengthening and only he who ignores the most ordinary precautions, which every climate requires, particularly of a stranger, will suffer sickness, and very often blame the country or the people in the long run, rather than his own carelessness. As to crimes, robberies, murders, we find them the world over, even where the best organized police forces try to prevent them, why then should not a new country like this have them, where there is so much of the tough element and no passport-revision or other means of banishment? Gambling houses are running, it is true but, is it not likewise true that they are carrying on their nefarious work in the best regulated cities abroad? Is it only very recently that the Paris authorities revised the ordinances against gambling and are not our

German Watering resorts afflicted with evils of a very similar nature? Or does the fact that the latter cases provide an annual income for certain princes change the criminal aspect? Well, in this country the people are the sovereign power and the profit derived from such establishments fills the pockets of the citizens who have just as much right to it as the “Princes^{*} by the Grace of God.”

The translator wishes to remind the reader that this letter had been written in San Francisco, even before Mr. Lecouvreur's departure from home, and merely had been enclosed in his May letter to the latter's parents, as it contained a refutation of former publications in provincial organs, which had prejudiced the family very much against young Frank's desire to choose San Francisco for his future home.

“Progressive education,” continues the San Francisco correspondent, “helps to wipe out this evil and as public opinion is decidedly against it, the time is close at hand when the people will bring about a welcome change. In fact, I just read in 49 today's paper that a number of citizens from ‘Central Sharp District’ have signed a petition for the removal of gambling dens. If a murder occurs in such places, we need not be astonished, that the people take little notice of it, as the American does not waste many words, where he feels that it cannot mend matters. Every one knows what he has to face in such places, particularly if the luck should come his way and, if he nevertheless visits them, he will have to take his medicine in case of trouble. If I choose to enter certain establishments along the Hamburg Waterfront or in any other large city, I may run the same danger, though I be in the midst of European civilization.

There is quite a good deal of building going on here and solid brick structures find universal favor. Sidewalks too, are being laid; carriages for hire are to be had at the market place and a drive about town costs five dollars. French shoe-blacks will give your shoes an immaculate “shine” for a suitable compensation. French and English theaters, concert halls, balls, Olympic games and circus companies offer quite a variety of amusements. There is actually talk of a gas plant, which some enterprising men expect to erect before very long. Does not such a progress give us a hopeful outlook for next year? Agriculture too has its triumphs. We are enjoying the finest cauliflower, the best of potatoes, turnips, cabbage and many other vegetables. But flour and butter are still imported as there is not yet enough of the local product, though it will not be long before that too, will be a part of our ‘Home Industry.’”

LETTER NO. III

Hamburg, May 16, 1851.

I have always maintained and, still more, have always found my convictions confirmed, that ships as well as human beings, often reveal their character by their outward appearance. To the initiated they are just like men, at times light-headed and frivolous; again serious and solemn, pleasant, sullen, melancholy, easy going, swift, clumsy, top-heavy, some, lacking in character, and other solid as a rock. In the last named category I count the “Victoria.” Having ascertained at Knöhr and Burchard's, the shipbrokers, that this vessel, which is to carry us to the New World, was still in dock at the well-known Godefroy's Wharf, which is located on the Hanoverian side, in the village “Reiherstieg,” island of Steinwerder, our curiosity became duly aroused. We hired a little sailboat and went to examine the vessel, which was to be our floating home for many a day. The “Victoria” is a fine bark, carrying about three hundred tons; but owing to the fact that she was heavily laden and consequently deep in the water, we saw but very little of her hull. Shape and frame are just as I like to see them, well cut, broad overleaning bow, notwithstanding which the vessel is graceful in build, and has an evenly-running deck, without quarter. As a few planks had been temporarily removed from one of the sides, I was able to obtain a glimpse through the solid, closely set ribs. The Victoria is painted, as is customary with ocean vessels of its kind, black, with broad white trimming around the waist, including eight bulls-eyes for small cannon use on either side. The riggings are very strong and heavy, well proportioned, too; the sail-yards are unusually broad and give the ship almost the appearance of a man-of-war. To 51 be brief, I am extremely well pleased with my exploration. Unless appearances are absolutely deceiving, I venture to say we shall have as good a vessel during our voyage as could possibly be desired. There seems to be a scarcity of transatlantic passengers, at least to South America. So far, we three are the only ones, according to Knöhr and Burchard. In mentioning the “Victoria” I cannot omit describing some harbor sights. Yesterday I saw four vessels, bound for New York, take on board their human cargo—the “Gutenberg,” the “Leibnitz,” the “Oder” and—the name of the fourth vessel escaped my memory. All were immense, three-masters, of at least six hundred tons each. The sight of wholesale

shipment of emigrants is truly amazing and no one described it better, in fewer words, than our noble Ferdinand Freiligrath in his poem “*Die Auswanderer*” (“*The Emigrants*”).*

This poet is the Longfellow of Germany, whose “*Hiawatha*” and other poems he so beautifully translated.—J.C.B.

One has only to walk along the shore for half an hour to see representatives of all German Principalities (this was fifty years ago.—Tr.); here he may listen to the many dialects and look wondering at the gay costumes, peculiar to the various sections of our beloved Fatherland. Men, women and children were lying, standing or lounging upon boxes, bundles or mattresses, waiting for the wherry-boat, which was to take them and their belongings on board the ship. These Hamburg wherry-boats are very numerous on the lower Elbe and serve in forwarding immense cargoes to and fro. They are indispensable for the wholesaler; and an occasional strike among the “*Ewerführer*” or wherry-men is as much dreaded as that of the longshoremen, though they are two very distinct sets of workingmen. One can witness such emigration scenes several times every week, though not always in as great a measure as I saw it yesterday. The reason for this is that the influx of emigrants is the largest about the beginning and middle of the month. There were at least eight or nine hundred people shipped yesterday, as it was said that all four vessels were well crowded, not only with German people, but with large numbers of Slavonians, Austrians and Scandinavians in their picturesque attire.

During the first days of this week, there embarked a large number of Schleswig-Holstein soldiers, who had been enlisted for Brazil; they sailed for Rio de Janeiro on the Hamburg bark “*The Colonist*.” What a tribe! I would not have trusted my corpse to be shipped with them. Such specimens of humanity!—ragged, drunk, day after day, with but a very few honorable exceptions. With two hundred and ten of these fellows on board of the “*Colonist*,” which, at the most, can hold but three hundred tons of cargo (sixty English tons), you may fancy how those poor fellows were crowded together. This first expedition is soon to be followed by another one from Altona on Godefroy’s “*Caesar*,” a vessel of about twice the capacity of the “*Colonist*,” and which is to take four hundred “*impressed soldiers*.” It is said that the government has put a stop to foreign enlistments and, indeed, one does not see quite as many of these fellows, who are easily recognized

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by their ragged appearance, with the Brazilian colors, red, yellow and green, displayed on their straw hats, and the loud noise they make in roaming about the streets.

I have just returned from a walk along the harbor. At the "Baumthor" I witnessed the departure of a bark, which was likewise filled with the same class of "Brazilians." All were joyful and apparently contented, while I felt overcome by sadness. When the sails began to fill the vessel slowly glided down the river; all joined in the familiar German folksong: "When I come, when I come, when I come home again, I shall call, sweetheart, on thee!" Poor fellows, will any of you ever return to see your sweethearts? True, nobody who goes out in search of a new home, can answer that question. Happy he who does it in a joyful frame of mind. Toward evening there arrived the German man-of-war "Ernest August" from Bremen, a magnificent vessel of unusual size. Both 53 masts, being rigged like schooners, overtowered many a handsome three-master. The German flag, with the eagle in golden field, waved bravely in the air. May it be honored everywhere as on this proud steamer! Unfortunately I received bad news on the arrival of the "Ernest August," news which had a depressing effect upon me. Remembering that Fritz Benefeld had served on board of this vessel, I inquired after him and heard from one of the cadets that he has contracted dropsy in the chest, and little hope is entertained for his recovery. He was left in good care at Bremen. Too bad, he was a brave, good fellow! However, I, too, am said to be a brave good fellow, and shall have to die some day, nevertheless!

May 17, 1851.

During the whole of last week we have enjoyed uninterruptedly the most beautiful weather, which added greatly to our pleasure during a number of little excursions into the outskirts of Hamburg. Unfortunately one has to limit one's time as the closing of the city gates at stated hours of night prevents the enjoyment of an extended recreation.* Last Sunday, for instance, we walked across the so-called "Hamburg Mountain" to Altona and thence to Ottensen. When leaving the inner city by the Millerngate, one is confronted by an immense lawn, the walks of which are lined with beautiful trees on either side; the center is cut by a fine, broad avenue, which, as you approach Saint Pauli, is adorned with nice new residences, and leads directly into the main thoroughfare of the above

mentioned suburb. This street is called the Reeperbahn, which name is the Low German for rope-makers' alley, said tradesmen having formerly occupied these parts and some of their long narrow workshops, which resemble modern bowling alleys, are still shown in the neighborhood. This avenue, which, as I said before, runs from the Millerthor to the Reeperbahn, is called "Hamburger Berg," though one can hardly distinguish it on a week day from any ordinary large square in other cities. But the "Hamburger Berg" on Sundays is well worth seeing. Fancy to yourself the wildest noise, such as you hear in county fairs in small towns, only twenty or thirty times worse, with crowds corresponding to the noise and you will obtain a fairly good picture of the scene, which enlivens the "Hamburger Berg" on Sunday afternoons. Everything to be seen and heard, as long as there is money in circulation. There are: Penny museums, acrobats, menageries, dancing bears, monkeys on hand-organs, manipulated by Italians, who have trained the little animals to present a cup for collection of stray pennies; organs of all kinds, dimensions and sounds; harp players of either sex, and in their respective national garbs; merry-go-rounds; wild men from Borneo and close-by realms; Punch and Judy shows, and thousands of other things. Between the tents there are tables, filled with southern fruits and sweets, at astonishingly low prices. Italian oranges are exhibited on these occasions in marvelous quantities. Thousands and thousands of people, representing all nations and classes of humanity crowd the walks, eating, drinking, smoking, merry-making. Most sight-seers are seafaring men, soldiers, servant girls in their odd Hamburg style of dressing; the ever present, ever shouting, ever drumming, trumpeting, whistling, happy Hamburger boys are not to be forgotten; their number is legion, their watchword: fun. After one has taken in all the sights and side-show wonders of the "Hamburger Berg" one arrives at St. Pauli proper, which is the most notorious suburb of the metropolis. This notoriety, however, fits only that part of the locality where sailors, ferry-men (Ewerführer) and the rougher shore and saloon element have their abodes and stamping grounds. The upper St. Pauli has nice, respectable, well populated streets, which show little life on work days, a strange fact, which all suburbs of Hamburg seem to have in common, as the only parts which are populated during working hours are the business quarters, the exchange and the water front, where the world's commerce is enacted par excellence. The border line between St. Pauli and the adjoining city of Altona is marked by a ditch six to eight feet wide, the odor of which suggested a change to the least sensitive. Unless one pays special

attention, the entry into Hostein territory is scarcely noticeable; the streets run right through, and the style of building seems to indicate no special change, so that the aforementioned ditch and, perhaps, the change of names of the thoroughfares, constitute the only landmark. Altona, meaning “too-near-by,” is built in the same style as the old Hansatown. Its existence is the outcome of a bet between rival merchants of Hamburg. The streets are mostly crooked and narrow, the houses old-fashioned, tall, gloomy, each one of them brings to my mind the ghost of some petrified mayor or burgomaster, or senator, caused, I presume, by the abundance of rare old sculpture and relief work which adorns the façades. There are, of course, a few real nice streets and places, the Pallmaille, being the most noteworthy on account of its width, which admits of four avenues, adorned with linden trees. Magnificent residences attract the eye on either side of this beautiful thoroughfare and remind one of the celebrated “Unter den Linden” in Berlin. The monument of Conrad von Blücher, second cousin to the immortal General Blücher-Wahlstadt, is another ornament of Pallmaille; in him the inhabitants have honored one of their noblest citizens. The immense steam levers at the freight section of the large station of the Altona-Kiel Railroad aroused my interest greatly. The station is well located on the high bank of the river Elbe and the aforementioned steam levers lift from a hundred and fifty to two hundred weight with an ease and a rapidity that is truly astonishing. It takes but two minutes to raise such loads and place them wherever wanted. These levers are constantly at work and well worth watching; they operate even at night when business is brisk. Passing the railroad station, one immediately enters the village of Ottensen, just as unsuspectingly as is the crossing of the Hamburg-Altona 56 border. In the middle of this village stands the church, surrounded as is customary in our own villages of East Prussia, by the churchyard. Ottensen has three celebrated graves, beautifully described in Friedrich Rückert's poem: “The Graves at Ottensen.” The first one is marked by a simple stone; it is located close to the church and seldom without flowers, which his countrymen and foreign pilgrims lovingly place upon the last resting place of one of Germany's greatest poets, F. G. Klopstock, the author of the “Messiah.” The second grave of note, much larger, but just as unpretentious, is a sad reminder of the cruelties of war. In 1813, when Napoleon's most heartless general, Marshal Louis Nicolas Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt, Prince of Eckmühl compelled General Tettenborn (a German commander in temporary service of Russia) to vacate Hamburg, he imposed a fine of forty-eight million marks upon the city and

crowned his godless work by driving thirty thousand poor from their homes and out of the city during the ice cold Christmas night, while some of his hordes set fire to that quarter of the town, just vacated, after appropriating the little they could use. A holocaust of eleven hundred persons, mostly aged or very young, who were unable to withstand starvation, cold and sickness, were found dead or dying on Christmas day in the fields near Ottensen, while the church bells were announcing the coming of the Savior! And the remains of these victims are mostly buried in this simple spot of gentle, all-embracing mother earth.*

The wall and the gates are no more in existence, though the old names still mark the respective places.—Transl. A recent article stated that the descendants of Marshal Davoust were endeavoring to fasten the responsibility for the above-mentioned crime upon subordinates, and circumstances beyond his control. To them and such as they, the prophecy of Rückert is addressed in words like these: “In this grave lie buried a generation nigh, “Who from their silent chamber to the God of Justice cry, “They call for help from Heaven, “Out of their humble grave, “To Him, Who loves the lowly “And frowns upon the knave.”—Transl.

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Close to the wall of the little church one finds the third grave. Little is left of the humble tablet which once bore the name of the silent dweller, Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, who had been a true successor of the long line of noble rulers, and who had proven his great valor and love of country by laying down his life in the battle of Auerstadt, in which the infamous Davoust won for himself the title of “Duke.” Strange coincident! The noble Brunswick, wounded unto death, was taken to Ottensen, to find his future resting place, in the same village graveyard, where the victims of Davoust's Christmas holocaust were to share his fate, seven years later.

Leaving this memorable spot, we do not find much time for meditation as the close-by “Rainville” soon convinces the stroller, that things are yet very much alive in Ottensen. Rainville is a favorite pleasure resort for Hamburg and Altona working people. It is built in terraces on the high bank of the Elbe, and consequently offers a beautiful view of the Hanoverian mountains, which adorn the opposite shore. Rainville is particularly well patronized on Sundays, on account of the delightful concerts, which draw the music-loving middle class. Last Sunday, for instance, a band of fifty musicians from the Italian Infantry Regiment, Wellington, enraptured the hearers. What music! Not until then did I realize how dances, especially waltzes, ought to be played. The Austrian bands, for instance, play hardly anything else, though occasionally they give a march and more rarely an

easy selection from some favorite opera. However, no matter what their program may call for, they play their parts well. Difficult compositions are not chosen, presumably because the musicians realize that their audience here would not fully appreciate such efforts. This is true in most cases, where, as in Rainville, the audience is exceptionally large. Everybody seems to give the Italians the preference over their rivals. We remained last Sunday several hours in Rainville, as I could neither satisfy my longing for the beautiful views which it offers, 58 nor did I tire of listening to the beautiful, lively music, notwithstanding that the Austrians had their turn this time. Toward evening we returned to our dwelling place by the way of the picturesque suburb of Eimsbüttel.

Hamburg, May 18th, 1851.

Such a walk as I took a week ago and which I endeavored to describe to you in my letter of the day before yesterday, offers much diversion and much food for thoughtful minds. Whenever the Hamburg weather is favorable on Sunday afternoons, one can see all Hamburg on foot, to inhale a breath of fresh, country air, or of the sea breeze, in one or another resort. Of course, one has to be a good sprinter to get the full benefit, as it includes often miles of walking upon stony sidewalks before he reaches the country roads. Those who have carriages at their disposal are, of course, at an advantage. All hotels, inns, coffee gardens, beer gardens, from the most select to the poor man's resorts, are crowded with humanity, though the number of such country resorts is truly amazing. Everywhere is music, from grand orchestra concerts, to plain dancing hall music, and the Hamburg people do love to dance, so much so, that I believe they would feel very much out of place where music and dancing are not at least a part of the program. The dances are the ever present, unavoidable gallop and the so-called Rhinelander or Polish Radowaczka, in which the merry-makers constantly change position from right to left—which is certainly very amusing to look upon, as most of these people know quite well how to dance. Let it be understood, however, that the dancing public varies in the matter of etiquette and manners, according to the resort they frequent, though it struck me very peculiarly that the women dancers seem to be less particular whether they dressed in silks and satin, or in the plain cotton of the farm hand: girls as well as boys are employed on German farms and work in harmony; they are simply all out for a good time, caring little for ceremony and etiquette. The fact that most of them address each 59 other

with the familiar “thou” characterizes the free and easy spirit which prevails during these Sunday afternoons. One thing has surprised me especially: the elegance and luxury with which places of public amusements are fitted up; I am at a loss to describe them, as what I witnessed in Berlin does not begin to approach them. This is not only true of the larger establishments, such as the Tonhalle, Appollo-Saal and many others, but even ordinary beer and wine resorts everywhere abound in luxury. The gardens have generally long rows of beautiful arbors of choicest climbers, often costly importations from foreign lands. These arbors are so arranged that each division has its table around which green benches complete the furniture, inviting the visitors and their friends to a pleasant rendezvous, be it *en famille* or otherwise. And it is in just such places where the tired clerks and storekeepers, as well as others, meet to talk shop, or more likely to divert themselves in various ways as inclination may suggest. These beer gardens are seldom peopled in day time—except Sundays—but by eight o'clock in the evening you will find every one of them crowded, and merry laughter fills the air. The inner halls of these resorts are mostly well frescoed or elegantly draped and papered. Be it said to the credit of the Hamburg people that they are very moderate in the use of alcoholic drinks. One may sit for hours with the same glass of beer and a cigar, while enjoying a pleasant chat with a neighbor. Though there happen to be nearly thirty thousand Austrian soldiers in and near the city, one seldom sees them mix with citizens or participate in public frolics; if they do, their presence always marks modesty and politeness and twenty Austrian officers do not make nearly as much noise as four Prussian ensigns. It consequently does not surprise me that the Austrians enjoy a better reputation in Hamburg than the Prussians, who are not at all liked here.*

This statement is absolutely true, for the reason that the plain, cosmopolitan-spirited Hamburger cannot and will not harmonize with anyone, who assumes to be “better than thou” on every occasion. It is, however, truly surprising that the young traveller should have been keen enough to observe it during his very short stay in the Hansatown.—Transl.

60

May 19th, 1851.

The most beautiful flower in the wreath of villages and beauty spots which surround this city of many attractions, is Blankenese, whither I went a week ago to-day. The banks of the Elbe from and below Altona resemble in character the ocean beaches, and if I were to make a comparison with our

home coast I should choose a spot near Neukuren, where the little birch forest runs seemingly into the ocean, including the sea-bordered landscape near Wanger-Spitze.

At the end of two hours of walk below Altona, the beach forms a small bay, more picturesque and higher than I have ever seen, in the midst of which a sharp eye may discover a miniature valley, from the middle of which arises, on terrace-shaped walls, the beautiful village of Blankenese. Every house, every hut and barn lies either in the midst of pretty floral display, or is almost hidden by aged, wide-spreading trees. The terraces make the laying out of streets superfluous, but here and there one finds stairways facilitating access to the dwellings. No matter whether one approaches Blankenese from the shore or from the inland road, the same over-powering scene awaits the visitor; and strange, indeed, is the variation that greets the eye on every step. Here nature is powerfully fascinating; one moment the view of the village is completely hidden by a chestnut grove, while in the next linden, acorn or fir trees barely permit a glimpse of the sun-kissed waters of the Elbe and the mountain chain beyond, which appear to guard the kingdom of Hanover. Blankenese has the appearance of a mighty gatekeeper or sentinel at the mouth of the Elbe. On the top of the elevation is the famous old Inn surrounded by a beautifully laid out garden, from which point one can view the rich Holstein farm lands for miles, and watch the peaceful herds enjoying the fresh green 61 pastures. A turn upon your heel and the scene has changed from Nature's own garden to the ship-laden waters of the Elbe with another view upon Hanoverian plains, dimly visible in the "Far West." The road from Ottensen to Blankenese, in itself is worth a good tramp. The long line of magnificent residences, with their finely-planned gardens, of wealthy Hamburg merchants, delight the eye on either side of the Boulevard, for such it is in reality. The stately carriages, with their uniformed attendants, ever ready to do the bidding of their aristocratic masters, are part of the scene, which is particularly enchanting wherever a glimpse upon the waves of the river is to be had, or where the high hedge of hawthorn, which hems in the greater part of the Eastern side of the road, permits a glance upon the afore-described rural scenes of Holstein. Though I have tramped considerably through these parts, I have not discovered any portion of land on which grain had been raised. One only finds squares of twelve to fifteen hundred feet of pasture, each square marked by a formidable hedge. I passed several hours upon the Süllberg watching the

ebb tide, which slowly compelled every vessel upon the river to stop its course for a certain time. One by one, schooners, ferry-boats, fishing smacks, even little pleasure seekers, which but a few minutes ago enjoyed the gentle rocking of the waves, were compelled to obey the law of Nature, which makes it almost possible for a man to wade through the river bottom, i.e., near the shore. Not the slightest breeze could be felt. Here and there, from more or less distant chimneys arose small columns of smoke; now and then it conveyed the odor of fried fish and potatoes, which reminded me of the approaching night. The moist sand along the bank was too inviting to be overlooked, and so I chose it for my return route to the city. Deeper and deeper went the setting sun with its brilliant colors, beautifying the small clouds on the azure sky, and recalling to my mind the words of Galileo: "And yet it moves." After a while I seated myself upon a large stone, watching tiny waves disappearing in the sand; the windows of 62 the little fishermen's huts shone reddish from across the river, until one after the other apparently lost its brilliancy and slowly disappeared entirely from my horizon. The shadows grew until the last glimmer of the setting sun kissed the tree tops a hearty farewell—together a scene beautiful to behold. Soon all had become a thing of the past, a mere remembrance. The opposite hills grew darker and difficult to recognize. The air was pure and refreshing and so quiet that I sometimes fancied I heard the ringing of bells such as cows carry when out in pasture. Everything was quiet and peaceful around me, while I was writing in the ocean-sand the names of my beloved ones in the far away home. First yours, father, then mother's, then the name of my beloved Marie, not forgetting Maurice close by. When I had finished my dream, I continued my tramp homeward, my pathway being illumined by the silvery moonlight, while a thin white fog commenced to veil the rural scenes across the river. It was late. When I reached the gate it was closed, which meant a fine of four Hamburg shillings! That was certainly a damper to my sentimental cogitations. What business does a reputable merchant's clerk have to sit dreaming upon a stone and write names in the sands of the Elbe, making thereby a fool of himself? Fine: four shillings in Hamburg currency!

May 19th, p.m.

During the three weeks which I have been compelled to spend here there has been a fire and a flood.

The fire occurred one night last week and devoured four or five houses on “Kehrwieder.”* Such fires are not considered very important, though it generally means a loss of one or two houses, notwithstanding the excellent working of the local fire department, and the fact that there is an abundance of water everywhere in the numberless channels which are winding their often crooked way through the thoroughfares of the Hansatown. As for the relief work of the fire department, it is done most conscientiously. I counted no less than twenty-two hose services, supplied by as many pumps, which were well handled by strong men and not as at home, by half-grown boys. Taking all that into consideration, the cause for the rapid spread of the fire can only be found in the miserable construction of the tenements themselves, which are mostly so crooked, so high, and in the meantime so given to decay, that the term “fire-traps” would never be more appropriately applied.* A real fire alarm, such as causes the whole population of Königsberg to turn out at the burning of a barn, is unknown here. The first alarm signal in this city is given by more or less shots from an artillery cannon on the Dammthorwall gate; the number of shots fired indicates the degree of seriousness. The immediate neighborhood in which a fire occurs receives warning from the permanent tower guard of the church in the vicinity or parish, in which it happens. These guards reside in the church steeples, two or three hundred feet from the ground. During the conflagration of May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1842, there occurred a remarkable incident: The large church of St. Nicholas (Nicolaikirche), one of the five gigantic Lutheran edifices, had taken fire and no possible aid could prevent its doom. While the flames were approaching the magnificent 64 tower, all eyes were riveted upon the well-known balcony from which the faithful guard (Thurmhüter) had sounded the tocsin, or, at nine o'clock, played nightly the melody of some well-known hymn for many a year. Word had been sent up that his life was in danger, but to no avail. He watched the progress of the destructive element and when the heat of the flames and the smoke became too intense, in other words, when the falling of the tower and his certain death were but a question of minutes, he once more raised his trumpet to his mouth and sounded the famous old hymn: “Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott!” (A solid tower is our God!) Hardly had he finished when the earthly tower, which had given him shelter for so many years, fell with a crash, burying its last and noblest guard under its ruins,

a martyr to duty. No Hamburg native speaks of that conflagration without honoring the memory of the greatest hero of that disaster, by relating these facts. To return to our thread: Tolling the district fire-bell in daytime is supplemented at night by the patrolman's horn and his very measured shouts of: Fire! fire! fire!—"Kehrwedder," or announcing whatever neighborhood of the district may be endangered. As mostly natives apply for the positions of patrolmen, these notices are generally given in low German, a typical "Hamburger Plattdütsch." The more unruly the element, the oftener one hears the tolling and the announcements. During the Kehrwieder fire, for instance, I counted fifteen of those much dreaded alarms. There is as little commotion noticeable among the inhabitants during a storm flood, as in time of fire, three cannon shots, in rapid succession, announce the impending danger. As long as the flood does not rise too high the numerous water gates (being closed at the sound of alarm) protect the city from invasion, which threatens especially the inhabitants of the cellars, who are mostly small dealers in vegetables, liquors or small goods, with here and there a cheap restaurant. The real danger arises when the water rushes over the tops of the water-gates, which is said to be a rare occurrence; when it does happen, however, most cellars of the old city become uninhabitable, and one sees every portable piece of property piled up along the sidewalks, all of which is but the work of a few minutes, as the second and third alarm, suffices to put the cellar-dwellers on their guard. The sight, particularly when it happens at night time, is often heartrending; imagine distracted citizens, sick or well, old or young, with babies in arms, driven into the street during an icy winter night. Fortunately, even this condition is looked upon by the long-suffering people as an unavoidable evil, and is therefore taken philosophically. These floods, aside from the great inconveniences just described, leave always an army of rats and other unwelcome guests behind, with which all seaports are more or less infested.

Translator's note.—The old Kehrwieder was a typical tenement district on the waterfront, inhabited exclusively by long-shoremen and water-rats, as the thousands of wherry-men are called in Hamburg dialect. This neighborhood is now part of the magnificent "bonded ware-house district" called "Freihafen," where foreign importations may be stored as "transient," escaping thereby whatever duty they may be subject to, provided the transfer to other parts occurs within a given time.

The translator remembers having seen tenement houses in that very district, which harbored one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty families each, on a lot of about 45 by 125 feet. Jacob A. Riis in his world-famous books "The Making of an American," "Children of Tenements," and "Battle with the Slum," as well as, "How the Other Half Lives," has not exaggerated the deplorable state of affairs, which originated in Europe and of which rich old Hamburg has unfortunately her share.

Fire and water remind me of an extremely practical though very expensive arrangement. Here and there the visitor observes in the middle of the street a funnel-shaped opening about three feet in diameter, which leads into an immense out-fall sewer, the building of which has cost the city millions of marks. These sewer channels are six feet deep and four feet wide and form a well-laid sewer system, extending throughout the city, having for its only object the removal of sewage from the houses and streets to the Elbe. This system was introduced by an English engineer shortly after the conflagration of 1842. An obstruction of this sewer has never occurred so far, and strange as it may seem, the city has never had a cent's worth of repairs on this sewer since the opening nearly ten years ago. The cause may be found in the spacious and solidly built channels, which are thoroughly cleaned by flushing, at least once a month. This cleaning is done by opening a single water gate of the Outer-Alster, whereupon the water rushes with a thundering roar into the subterraneous tunnel-like conduits, removing thereby every particle of garbage and refuse in a very few hours, as if thousands of shovels and brooms had been at work. To give you a more exact estimate of the power with which the water removes all sewage, the 66 final triumphal experiment of the engineer may be related: When his last inspection had satisfied his own expectations, he invited the Senators of Hamburg to witness a public exhibition of his magnificent success. Marked rocks of about three hundredweight each were thrown into the sewer at different points, to test the force of the rushing water, and behold every one of those rocks disappeared and was afterwards discovered at the outlets of the respective conduits; not one had remained in its place. At stated times visitors may inspect the system, and even royal visitors are counted among the eager spectators. But let this be enough for to-night. The evening is so beautiful that I am tempted to go out for a walk through the city.

May 21st, 1851.

Somehow I cannot tear myself away from this letter and no matter how often I decide to take it to the post-office I change my mind to add one or the other thought which just happens to cross it. It gives me such inexpressible pleasure to chat with my beloved ones for half an hour, when and wherever I feel like it, to tell them whatever I may have seen, heard or experienced. Yesterday I took a walk along the famous Jungfernstieg (Old Maid's Path) toward the Alster-Arcades, after

having enjoyed a cup of coffee at the Pavilion. When I was about to turn into the Grosse Bleichen there appeared suddenly a strange procession of still stranger figures, clothed in the costumes of buried centuries. I thought I was dreaming until I became convinced that it was a reality, that I had a living, though mediaeval picture before me. Two by two, with measured step, they turn around the corner, where Grote-Ipmato's cigar store is located. Solemn as their walk was their whole appearance, reminding one of Heinrich Heine's "Men of darkened mien and mantle Spanish ruffles 'round their necks, Dangling sabers, long drawn faces," etc.

67

They looked just as the great lyric poet described them. Well! I thought the king's clown had bitten me (a German idiom reminding one of Charles Dickens': "I'll eat my head"), when the whole proved to be a—funeral procession! These strangely attired figures which passed before me were Hamburg coffin-bearers, who, as I afterwards learned, form a very select guild. Their costumes are too uncommon to omit, as you will surely appreciate the description. These men, to begin with, wear highly polished shoes with satin rosettes about as large as a medium sized saucer, their nether extremities are hidden in velvet knee breeches, and long black silk stockings, attached to the former by immense silver buckles, all of which, if intended to hide the crooked limbs—for all those coffin-bearers had crooked limbs and no calves—fail in their purpose. Next comes the waistcoat of black broad-cloth, with ungainly but snow-white cuffs, covering part of the hands, while broad ruffled collars of spotless linen encircle the long necks of the bony wearer, making the head appear like that of St. John the Baptist, presented upon a plate or like a ball of nine-pins placed upon a millstone. From their shoulders falls a short Spanish cloak, and the hair—if they have any—is carefully hidden under a snow-white wig, the principal ornament of which, consists of two well tallowed and twisted curls on either side of the lengthy face. But I must not forget the sword which fits this professional pall-bearer as a cat's tail would fit a duck.

Having read this true description of a Hamburg coffin-bearer, place yourself in my position, and tell me if it is not enough to make one's hair stand up straight, when, being a stranger, after reading the "National Gazette" or the "Fliegende Blätter" (Flying Leaves, Germany's best humoristic paper), while enjoying a cup of coffee at the Pavilion, one strolls aimlessly along the Jungfernstieg,

meaning no harm but glancing admiringly, or otherwise, at the latest Parisian styles for fashionable folks, one is suddenly confronted by such an apparition. One is carried back—*nolens volens*—to the sixteenth century. It actually stunned me.

68

Another body of men curious to look upon is the local militia or “citizens' guard,” as they are commonly called. It would do your heart good to see them. They are mostly tradesmen and artisans, tailors, glove-makers, etc. They are indeed comical figures; conspicuous among them are the officers of this self-appointed soldiery. The uniforms, too, are as odd as their wearers, and funny to look upon. Long blue coats with blue velvet collars and cuffs, white leather belts and helmets (rather “czakos,” pronounced *tshâccoos*, a semi-Russian head-gear), both such as our Prussian army were wont to wear in by-gone years. The genuine Hamburg soldier, however, is uniformed after the new Prussian army outfit with the exception of the dark green coats, while the helmets bear the Hamburg coat-of-arms—three towers—instead of the Prussian eagle. These militiamen exercise regularly in a large field called the “Bürgerweide” (i. e., citizen's pasture), which is located just outside of the Dammthor. The whole is looked upon by progressive Hamburgers as a relic of the past, which like many others will soon vanish entirely.

The history of Hamburg, called *Hamburgensien*, is said to be full of remarkably interesting incidents, and has been made the subject of special study by several renowned scholars, among whom, Dr. Otto Beneke, the author of *Hamburgische Geschichten und Sagen* (Hamburg Tales and Legends), and the lecturer, Dr. Rüdiger, have endeared themselves particularly to the native Hanseatic. The most remarkable one of the first named tales and legends is the “authentic visit” of Ahasuerus, the wandering Jew, who is said to have visited Hamburg during the winter of 1547, which was his very first appearance in Europe. The chronicle describes him as of tall, bony figure, poorly clad and of decidedly foreign look and mien; he wore a long white beard, and though apparently not more than fifty years of age, his long hair, too, was snowy white. He was exemplary in his demeanor and edified the worshippers in the house of God. A young theologian, Paul von Eitzen, undertook to ⁶⁹ interview this strange man, and obtained the following account: Ahasuerus by name, and shoemaker by profession, he had already been living at the time of Christ in the city

of Jerusalem, his native place. Like most of his fellow-men, he had mistaken Jesus for a sectarian and a revolutionist and, in unison with many others, had demanded the crucifixion of the Master. When the procession, headed for Calvary, passed his house, he, Ahasuerus, refused the suffering Savior even a moment's rest, driving him off in a rude manner so as to be esteemed for his cruelty by the Pharisees. Then the Christ, lookly sadly at the infuriated Jew, spake these words: "I only wished to rest a while, but thou hast refused me, wherefore thou shalt wander upon earth until the day of judgment cometh." After hearing these words, he felt an indescribable longing to witness the crucifixion, during which he experienced so great a change of heart that, repenting his deed, he left Jerusalem to do penance for his sins and has been homeless ever since, a living warning to all unbelievers and scoffers and destined to become a living witness against the Jews on the last day. He suddenly disappeared and visited this city but once more, says the chronicle, and that was in A.D. 1606.

May 22nd, 1851.

Yesterday afternoon I met Vogt from Königsberg and Rudolph Ehlert as well as one Kullack, ex-lieutenant of the Schleswig-Holstein army, with whom I spent a very pleasant evening in the Walhalla a delightful resort on the Outer-Alster-Basin, where good concerts and moderately reasonable priced refreshments help one to forget the time. Sommerfeld is rooming at the same hotel that I am, just two rooms from me. He is awaiting money, like so many other Schleswig-Holstein officers, every one of whom expects to emigrate to America sooner or later. Many of these poor fellows are really stranded but manage in some way to take life easy, true to the old Saxonian saying:

70

"Man muss das Leben eben nehmen, Wie's Leben eben ist."

(One should take life just, as life just is.)

The local beer-gardens and saloons have attractions for the new-comer which are not to be found in Königsberg. Nobody seems to be surprised to hear English, Danish or Spanish spoken at one and

the same table. Not even a head turns unless it be that of a stranger, like myself. I mostly spend my evenings at Diedrichs, townsman from Elbing, who has done Olias and me many a favor. It was there where I met a Turk the other night, who only spoke a few words of broken English outside of his mother tongue, but he got his beefsteak, played a game of billiards and went away again without receiving any more attention than other guests. People who have travelled for years in foreign lands, in America, Africa, etc., speak of their experiences as if they were every-day occurrences, and if any guest within hearing distance tries to listen, depend upon it he is not a Hamburger. It has already happened to me on different occasions to speak German to one and English to another table companion, an easy matter when you become used to it.

There are quite a number of Königsberg and other East-Prussians in this city. I meet many old acquaintances, most of whom will leave sooner or later for foreign lands. And marvelously good it seems to a fellow to shake hands once more with one you have known—back home—sometimes only a mere sight acquaintance. Thus I met Gräfe, son of the book-dealer, who intends going to Venice in a few weeks. Voss, who is bound for Liverpool in search of a living. Both were schoolmates of mine. Brühl also is about to set out for America, i.e., Milwaukee via New York. One thing more that you will appreciate. Seeing my prospective needs, I shall now begin in earnest with the study of the Spanish language and have consequently purchased Franceson's Dictionary 71 and an excellent grammar by José Eusebio Gomez de Mier, both upon friend Gräfe's recommendation, who is now employed in a local book-store.*

The memory of Gomez de Mier is still cherished by many who have been benefited by his teachings as has the translator. A noble soul, who devoted his busy life to the service of his own native land by increasing its foreign commercial interests and thereby cementing the union between two great nations, yea hemispheres. Prof. De Mier spent many of his best years in Hamburg, where, as he expressed it, every foreigner feels at home.

Gräfe and others assure me that the Spanish language is very easily mastered by one who is studying not merely for pastime but for a purpose. The whole construction resembles the French and the irregularities are said to be much better classified and less subject to exceptions. Thus I hope to make good headway, though self-instruction is said to be of slow progress. Where there is a will there is a way. Time will surely not fail me during my long trip.

It just occurs to me that there still remains a bit of Bertha's curiosity to be satisfied. Tell her that the "glass-street" which she has heard others mention is not altogether a myth, but looks different from what the sound of the word would suggest. One finds here outside of regular thoroughfares—by land and water—quite a number of passages for pedestrians only. These are intended to facilitate communications in large blocks and are, in reality, tunnels within said blocks, having the appearances of streets, with stores, cafés, etc., which generally receive their light through immense arched transoms which top the sides of these tunnels. They are called passages, for instance, the Exchange, Arcade, Praetzman's and many other passages. The Hotel de Russie on the Jungfernstieg is thus tunneled, having a glass bridge transom that measures ninety by three hundred and fifty or more feet, so that this immense opening in the five-story building looks at the first glance like a large hall, the sides of which with their finely polished plate-glass windows give the whole—particularly when 72 lighted—the appearance of a glass-arcade. This, then, must be the street referred to. It is called "Alster Arcade."

I close right here, in order not to run the risk of tiring you, my beloved ones, with this almost endless letter. Before going on board I shall doubtless write once more.

Meantime I send thousands of most heartfelt greetings to all who bear me love.

Most affectionately

(Signed) FRANZ.

Pardon the translator a few words in defence of his native place, *i.e.*, as far as St. Pauli and its manifold pleasures are concerned, which some American readers may want to criticise. The grand old Hansatown is a cosmopolitan seaport—eleven hundred years old—of a set character; St. Pauli is, as the author already stated, the center of pleasure-seeking foreigners, mostly sailors and visiting farm-hands. There the native Hamburger is very much in the minority.—Germans drink their beverage as such, but never otherwise. If therefore you think or hear of excesses, treat them as

exceptions if—which is rarely true—they can be laid to the door of a native. The Northern German especially, despises intemperance, though very few are total abstainers.—J. C. B.

Transl.

73

LETTER NO. IV

On Board of Bark Victoria, off Hamburg, near Glückstadt.

June 6th, 1851.

My Beloved Ones:—Floating at last! I have been on board the “Victoria” since the second of this month, though we did not leave the Hamburg harbor until a quarter to six yesterday afternoon. I am informed that there are fifty-seven steerage passengers and six cabin passengers on board; of all these only ten are bound for San Francisco, the others will stop at Valdivia or Valparaiso. My first impression of my fellow-passengers leads me to believe that I struck a very companionable crowd. There are some from Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse, Saxony and comparatively few from Prussia. As I expected they are mostly good middle-class men of some education. We have also a few women and children on board. There is already a certain spirit of harmony among the passengers, which seems to increase as the hours roll by. Among the cabin passengers we count a Dr. Donner—member of one of the oldest and most respected of Hamburg families—who is booked for Valdivia. Of course we do not know each other by name just yet, but it strikes me that the way to mutual appreciation is being paved rapidly, as every one on board is seemingly bent upon studying how he can contribute to that harmony and happy condition, which are so desirable on a long and uncertain voyage like ours. As our staunch vessel had previously attracted my attention, so now do the passengers seem to add to the contentment I feel on board the ship. The crew also is well chosen. There are seventeen of them: The captain, first and second mate, carpenter, cook, eight experienced and two younger tars; also two apprentices. A fine body.

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Our table arrangement is very simple. About halfpast six in the morning each one of us steerage-passengers gets two quarts of coffee; at twelve o'clock, dinner, and at six in the evening, tea, about as much as coffee. At present fresh bread and butter is given morning and evening, which will later be substituted by so-called "ship's zweiback" and butter, as much as we care to eat. We agreed to take our turns, i.e., one person for every two cabins undertakes to go after the supply for a week, divides and distributes the portions and does the dishwashing for the time being—one week. The steerage cabins are really arranged for four persons, but have hardly more than half the number of occupants this trip. As previously mentioned, we left the Hamburg harbor at about six o'clock last evening from the neighborhood of the English Reformed Church, a large but very plain edifice. A few friends—old and new—spent the evening on board with us, and I assure you their visit will ever be remembered, as a few kind wishes, a live hand-shake, a "God be with you" on the eve of a long voyage to an unknown land and an uncertain fate, go far to overcome that awful feeling of loneliness which even the bravest of us would otherwise have experienced. Bartsch, Kirschstein, Diedrich and Fritz Grünhagen, I thank them for this favor.

You will probably have received my letter of the first, which was wholly personal. Sister will be interested to know how I fitted myself for the trip. Last Friday I went to one of the many ship-chandlers where one can buy from a stick-pin to a complete sea-faring outfit, and where I purchased the following goods for the price mentioned: One oil-cloth jacket and Southwester for five Hamburg marks (about one dollar and a half); one plain mattress with pillow, for four marks and eight shillings; one double woollen blanket for nine marks. Further, but do not laugh: Cooking-utensils, one soup plate, spoon, butter dish, bottle and mug, together, one mark and eight shillings. This completed my outfit. I now considered myself in "ship-shape" for the long voyage.

COAST OF FRANCE FROM CALAIS TO CAPE GRIS NEZ; CONTINUED SCENERY. *Drawn by the Author.*

75

We started with light south wind and within about a quarter of an hour we had left the myriads of vessels and commenced to set our sails. Our beautiful ship with all canvas set and flying flags

passed St. Pauli and Altona. Nearly all passengers were on deck to enjoy the magnificent sight of the terrace-shaped banks of the Elbe, with their country residences of Hamburg merchant princes, surrounded by well-laid-out gardens, while on the other side are large fruit farms on the so-called "Werders," little islands, a description of which I have already given.

We passed Blankenese shortly after seven. The wind grew lighter, while the sun sent his parting rays across the beautiful scenery. The water scarcely curled around our vessel and the mirror-like surface of the Elbe was soon covered with innumerable white sails of all sizes, surrounding the magnificent three-master, whose immense pyramid-sails cast a broad, dark shadow upon the waters and passed along just as noiselessly as did the small, easy-going fisher-boat, which was rocking toward the owner's homestead that lay hidden amidst shrubbery on one of the green islands of the river. The wind became so light that it was impossible for us to reach Stade; but we were compelled by the approaching darkness to anchor temporarily on the Hanoverian coast and a mile and a half from the town mentioned. That happened about ten o'clock last night. This morning about four we started again and reached Stade by seven, where another passenger joined our ranks, after he had delayed us for two hours more. Thus we passed Glückstadt at eleven a.m. and anchored half an hour later to await another turn of the tide before entering the wide ocean. Here we are now, right in the middle of the beautiful Elbe, which measures something like a mile and a half from shore to shore (i.e., about five English miles). As I intend to send this letter via Cuxhaven, I shall have to break off that the pilot may take it ashore. You will know by this the exact day, almost to the hour, when we put to sea. Olias asks as a favor to have the enclosed note forwarded to his mother.

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I shall endeavor to send you one more message of love and good cheer.

Sunday, June 8th, 1851.

We are still in the same place exactly where we anchored the day before yesterday, i.e., between the Hanoverian town Fryburg and the Holstein village Brookdorf. Yesterday I had the misfortune to break the rim of my spectacles. While washing myself I had laid them in what I considered a

safe place, but one of our cabin boys managed to break them, unintentionally, of course. I have succeeded, however, in fixing them after a fashion, so that they will probably stand the trip.

While the river did not show much life yesterday, there was more of it on board. We had our first day of “distribution,” which means the laying in of the weekly supply of bread, butter and sugar, which necessarily caused much noise and racket, which was increased by the carpenter's task of the day of driving nails through the strap iron bands of the boxes; this is done in order to fasten them together for the purpose of preventing the otherwise unavoidable swinging and breaking when out on the open sea. These were really the first intimations that we had not merely gone on a pleasure trip, but on a serious sea voyage. Other preparations, such as the secure corking of the water barrels, fastening of life-boats, while new to most of us, were nevertheless very tiresome and noisy, thus making the day one of the dreariest we have so far spent on board of the “Victoria.” Toward evening we rested from the annoyances of the day. Absolute calm set in toward seven o'clock, and as a consequence the river became as smooth as a mirror, while the shores seemed to float in a mist of fog. The tolling of bells from the Fryburg church could be plainly heard on board, and they reminded us the approaching Feast of Pentecost.*

This feast of the Holy Ghost is much more observed in Lutheran countries than elsewhere and has become the herald of a season of excursions and summer festivities, particularly in northern climes. The approach of the “summer vacation,” called “dog's days,” which lasts four long weeks and not as we have it, three whole months, is joyfully welcomed by the young.—Transl.

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We all sat on deck until nearly eleven o'clock, and men and women alike enjoyed the pleasant evening, entertaining each other with jokes, songs and general merrymaking.

Today it is raining—pouring, I should call it—as if the water were emptied upon us by the bucketful. While I am penning these lines the clouds seem to grow thinner and here and there are indications of a clear sky for the afternoon—due perhaps to the ardent supplications of Hamburg maidens who have set their hearts on airing a new bonnet or even a brand-new dress on this, the opening day of the season. And woman is the same the world over. The wind is blowing from the west which gives us little hope for an early start. We have been surrounded by thirty or more larger

or smaller vessels, in course of time, all like ourselves are waiting for favorable wind to speed along. Nothing is more discouraging than to be nailed to one spot and to feel a breeze overhead without being able to utilize it, as the Elbe, though very wide to the naked eye, is but a narrow water in which ships like the Victoria cannot course about to great advantage. There remains nothing but to patiently await a favorable turn of the wind. Meanwhile there is plenty of time to plan and execute our preparations for the long trip which is before us.

Tuesday, June 10th, 1851.

At 9 a.m.

My hope that the weather might clear up during the afternoon of Pentecost Sunday was only realized in part to allow us an evening recreation on deck, which occurrence brings the individuals closer to each other, and shows a variety of amusing intellects which would surprise you. Yesterday we encountered a genuine North-sea storm. Of course, there was no possibility of sailing on Sunday, and all the vessels which had come down the 78 river were obliged to anchor in our vicinity, as the Elbe changes its course near Fryburg and thus neutralizes the breeze that has helped them thus far. Yesterday's storm raged with an intensity I never witnessed before; and the rain came down in torrents. Our vessel, though at anchor, was thrown on one side and rocked so terribly that most of our passengers became sea-sick. I should never have thought the Elbe capable of raising such immense waves at this point. About eight o'clock in the morning two barks which were a little ahead of us weighed anchor to go back to greater safety, and example which was soon followed by four or five brigs and a few schooners, so that we were actually left alone to hold the fort—a circumstance which I thought rather amusing. But about half-past ten we, too, began to get busy and, though the whole crew and ten or twelve passengers were working at the capstan and winding tackle, it took a full hour to haul in the big chain, which measures in bulk about twenty cords. We returned to Glückstadt, where we re-anchored at one o'clock in the midst of the vessels which had left Fryburg before us. Besides, there were many others which had come down from Hamburg, and, like ourselves, were compelled to wait. As we were now sheltered from the rough weather the water calmed and our sick people soon recovered from their seasickness, which in most cases baffled

all description. During the evening nearly all of them appeared on deck to enjoy the fresh breeze, intermitted with slight showers. Our evenings, as I have said before, are looked for with special pleasure. Everybody seems gay and full of fun. Two fellows especially, one Fabricius from Berlin, and a Suabian by the name of Stolle, seem inexhaustible and untiring in finding ways to amuse the crowd—a worthy aim which is heartily supported by almost everybody though one always finds a few cranks in a large body of people. Aside from the two commissaries of good cheer—Fabricius and Stolle—we have some very talented musical amateurs on board. There is likewise *arconteur*, who has seemingly a supply of anecdotes and Hamburg 79 legends that will last and amuse us for quite a while to come. Among our musicians there is a Thuringian paperhanger, who is a veritable master of the Jews'-harp; in this way we enjoy vocal and instrumental concerts and timely after-dinner speeches, which are by no means to be undervalued.

Our steerage has now a more respectable appearance, everything being definitely placed, boxes fastened and nailed together, so as not to disturb our rest by day or night. The upper berths are so close to the ceiling that I can touch it when lying flat on my back, yet the lower berths do not have as much room. Yesterday we received ship's fare for the first time: White peas with potatoes and pork. It was excellent; I ate two portions of it, my own and that of a sea-sick companion, while my thoughts drifted all the time to you, my dear father, who delight in such a plain, healthful meal. Now if the companionship continues in this harmonious and pleasing manner, if the rations of our daily supply do not grow smaller, I, for my part, shall be well satisfied, knowing that the quality of our food may undergo changes such as outward conditions force upon us, and which we have to accept be they to our special liking or not.

The red cap which Marie crocheted as a farewell gift ornaments the head of a Schleswig-Holstein exile, the well-known lawyer, Meyer, from Cappel, who is likewise bound for San Francisco and whose headgear took flight during yesterday's storm. I loaned him my cap temporarily. Today it is raining again and the sky is covered with grayish clouds. There is just a breath of air, which seems to come from the East; should it grow stronger by noon there may be a possibility of an early

departure. As matters look now we cannot get away before the afternoon tide. We find patience to be the ruling virtue at present.

3 p.m., off Cuxhaven.

About a quarter to eleven this morning we started to weigh anchor and, making use of a fresh northern breeze, 80 we succeeded in reaching Cuxhaven, a little sea town within the jurisdiction of Hamburg. This place is known to all sea-faring men for its lighthouse, its old castle and its fine beach, which also has become a point of pilgrimage for the neighboring populace; it likewise serves as a military outpost and has fully ten thousand inhabitants, mostly engaged in ship-building and forwarding of cargoes. Should the wind continue favorable, we shall surely reach the open sea before night. The weather is cold and rainy and my oil-cloth suit proves a valuable acquisition. My fingers are somewhat benumbed, which may be attributed to the cold or other causes. A quick farewell is the best, therefore once more and quickly: Adieu! Farewell! To all you loved ones at home, whose love goes out to me!

With filial devotion,

FRANZ.

P.S.—Grünhagen asks to forward his note.

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LETTER NO. V

On board the Hamburg bark "Victoria," Captain Meyer Between Valdivia and Valparaiso.

The 20th and 21st of October, 1851.

My Beloved Parents:—As has so often happened with many others, so must this one begin with an excuse for not having written from Valdivia, after an interruption of nearly five months. Do not call it idleness on my part. The blame is to be attributed to the government of Chile, as the

constant rebellions have been the cause of a complete interruption in the mail-service between Valdivia and Valparaiso. If I had therefore carried out my former intention of at least notifying you of my safe arrival, the probability is that my letter would never have reached you. I shall, however, make amends by giving you a very minute account of my voyage; but pray do not expect to hear of wonderful adventures or of hair-raising accounts of narrow escapes and danger to life. While it is true that I had a long and disagreeable trip, particularly in the last month, the voyage was not at all terrible; even the disagreeable storms around the Cape were no worse than other storms, though they used our ship badly; there is less danger when one has plenty of space and no land close by. You may read therefore without worry; and especially you, dear mother, take my advice and do not commence the letter at the end to get assurance that I have still the use of my limbs. I am in as good a humor as one can possibly be when—after a four-months' trip—one has had a chance of enjoying the romantic sceneries of the impenetrable, virgin-forests of the Chilean coast—las Cordilleras.

As I do not know whether my letter No. 4; which I sent ashore at Cuxhaven on the 10th of June, has reached 82 you, my beloved ones, I will now proceed to give a short resumé of its contents and, in reality, begin at the very beginning.

It was a magnificent early summer evening, June 5th, of the present year, about a quarter to six, when the Mars-yards went squeaking up the masts of our “Victoria”; a mild south-wind filled the sails; slowly, and graciously the vessel careened lightly to the side and we slid along the mirror-like Elbe. The customary volley of salute was fired to bid farewell to St. Pauli (suburb of Hamburg), and to the city of Altona; then gliding noiselessly past the beautiful parks and villas which, chain-like, present themselves along the banks of the Elbe as far as Nienstädten; that charming little Blankenese, became the object of the parting sun's rays, and darker and darker grew the night, and about ten o'clock we heard the lowering of the anchor near Stade on the Elbe. After weighing anchor again at daybreak, we remained an hour or more to take another passenger and, passing Glückstadt, were compelled by contrary wind to anchor once more, about a mile below, in the middle of the Elbe between the Hanoverian town Fryburg and the Holstein Brookdorf; it was then about eleven in the forenoon. The wind being S.W. and W.S.W., we could not move and were compelled to remain here on the 6th, 7th and 8th. On the 7th we were treated to some great noise.

The carpenter nailed boxes of all kinds more securely, principally in the steerage, and besides that there were many other preparations, though not as necessary, yet fully as noisy, which made the whole day a very uncomfortable one. But the evening recompensed us for the disagreeable day. The air was mild and absolutely quiet. The waters of the Elbe surrounded the ship like a shining mirror; the banks of the river seemed to float in the bluish evening-fog; and bells of Fryburg tolled softly and solemnly through the air-announcing the Eve of Pentecost. Never has an evening like this stimulated the mood of a dreamy mind more. I followed silently the dictates of Nature and choosing the most

HAMBURG BARK "VICTORIA," CAPT. JOACHIM MEYER, JUNE 1, 1851. *Drawn by the Author.*

83 secluded spot, I allowed my thoughts to run as they would, and there is no need of telling you of their course: you are quite aware of it, beloved ones.

The first day of Pentecost, as you already know, was spent on the same spot; the weather was cold, it stormed and then it rained hard. Many vessels passed during the day, bound outward, but all had to cast anchor near us. On Monday we had a hurricane from the West, of such severity that one ship after the other was compelled to weigh anchor and return up the river, seeking shelter. We, too, had to follow suit soon after twelve o'clock and reached Glückstadt about one, where we anchored again. The waves rose so high that the rapid rolling of the vessel caused many of our passengers to become seasick. The following day was not much more agreeable, as the rain came down in torrents. The wind veered fortunately to the North, so that it became possible for us to weigh anchor during the forenoon, and to proceed toward Cuxhaven in company with about twenty other vessels which were, like ourselves, sea-bound. We reached the lighthouse at three o'clock p.m. and anchored about a quarter of a mile off the coast. Being in hopes that we would continue our trip right away, I sent the afore mentioned letter ashore at once. In this, to my great chagrin, I was disappointed, as the wind changed to the Northwest, which compelled us to cultivate patience for another day, as we were unable to move. To make it worse, this day, too, was rainy one and nobody will blame me for being in ill-humor when evening came. Being compelled to spend a whole week in rainy weather on the Elbe, when one is conscious of having about four thousand miles of

travel ahead, is not the thing to improve one's temper. Angry with the weather, with Hamburg and Cuxhaven, with the Elbe and North-Sea, with myself and fellow-passengers, I crawled very early into my berth and soon fell asleep, notwithstanding the pouring of the rain and the splashing of the waters against the rolling ship. About three o'clock in the morning of June the 12th, I was aroused by the rattling of the anchor-chain. I hastened 84 on deck. The morning was beautiful and the fresh W.S.W. breeze filled every inch of our sails in a short time. About five o'clock we reached the light-house of Neuwerk, built upon a barren island, which is most of the time under water. Within half an hour more the pilot left us near the inner light-boat and about seven o'clock we passed the outer light-boat in company with a large Hamburg steamer, after which we went swinging up and down the blue, foam-crowned waves of the North-Sea, which had a gruesome effect on the health of our passengers. Before we had caught sight of the reddish, glittering rock of Heligoland—about 7:45—our ship became the scene of general seasickness. The steerage in particular had become a real den of misery, which I entered but once or twice during the day. There were six other passengers—Grünhagen among them—who escaped seasickness altogether. Though we did not approach Heligoland closer than about two miles, we kept sight of it until four o'clock in the afternoon. During the day we had met numerous vessels sailing toward the Elbe and Weser, but in the evening we passed right between a fleet of eighteen Dutch, herring-fishing, boats, a fact which apprised us of the short distance from the Coast of Holland. While we had made considerable headway during this day, it proved to be the only one during which we could boast of fair wind as long as we remained in the North-Sea; for we awakened the next morning to observe a fresh western wind with cloudy sky. We approached the channel by short tacks, with many ships in sight. On Saturday, the 14th, we had beautiful weather but hardly any wind; about nine o'clock we sighted twenty-two ships which were surrounding us in the sun-kissed waters of the North-Sea. About noon we were accosted by a Dutch fishing-boat. The wind changed during the afternoon to S.W., remaining the same till the following Sunday, when—about four o'clock in the afternoon—we sighted the English coast for the first time; the land sighted being the high sand-hills of Ramsgate. The sea ran high, and the contrast between the grayish yellow color near 85 the shore and the transparent blue-green of the high sea was very striking. We noticed the air thickening near by, but before it began to rain we could distinguish a large number of English fishing-boats at anchor. Being compelled to turn

aside, we lost sight of land within half an hour. The breeze grew stronger every minute and one sail after the other was taken in; when darkness overtook us we had only the doubly-fitted Mars and storm-bridge-sails up. Of course nobody slept during that night. The groaning and lamenting of the steerage passengers and various other noises from the different parts of the ship, together with the creaking of the vessel, combined to produce a turmoil, compared with which the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was evidently a mild affair. This confusion and noise continued during the whole night.

The long looked-for morning dawned at last and, as the rain was not as heavy as before, we—that is, the few who remained well—went on deck to breathe the fresh air. Though I have since lived through many a storm, among which this one was in reality not to be counted, yet there has not been one that caused as much sickening and unbearable commotion in the steerage as was experienced during that night; it baffled one's powers of description.

The wind changed suddenly to Northwest about seven o'clock in the morning, which had the effect of moderating the weather and clearing the sky. Then came a busy time of setting sails, when we made great speed under good wind. We saw again many vessels and at one o'clock there came an English fishing-sloop alongside to sell fish. Soon after the color of the water changed into a dirty, greyish green, giving evidence that we were approaching land, which we sighted at 5:30 o'clock. There were in sight the low English Dunes of Gallopers at about three miles' distance. We kept sailing alongside of them until eight o'clock when they vanished from sight, we having taken a more southern course. When night came the West wind blew anew, so that the Mars-sail^{*} had to be 86 lowered again. The next morning found the weather very disagreeable and rough, and the air thick. It was the 17th of June; we steered toward the channel and had the satisfaction of seeing the high coast of Calais about one o'clock, though at a distance of many miles. The wind commenced to lessen and changed more toward the North. At half-past two we sighted the coast of England near Dover, when we realized to our great relief that we had entered the Pas de Calais, leaving behind us the North-Sea with all its storms and dangers.

Or top-sail.

While, my beloved ones, I have I taken you clear to the English channel, you have not heard anything of my mode of life, how I am lodged, what I do, or eat or drink. I therefore hasten to give an account of all that which in rality does not undergo much change during the whole voyage. During our trip through the North-Sea and channel, we were not well settled on account of the sea-sickness which had to be considered.

The steerage of the Victoria is a room about seven feet high, forty feet long and taking in the whole width of the ship. Light and air are admitted through the two entrances, the large middle-hatch, near the main-mast and the steerage-way near the cabin. The bunks of the passengers are to the right and left, arranged four in a cell, two by two, one above another. As we were only fifty-seven passengers, having twenty cabins at our disposal, we managed to make things as comfortable as possible by placing two or three in a cabin. The walks were narrow as the boxes and other effects had been piled up in the middle of the steerage alongside of the cabins; we utilized them, however, as tables, benches and chairs. The illumination at night was produced by two lanterns which sufficed to make correct estimate of the dimness and the thickness of the air, which might at times have been cut with knives. My laundry-articles and other necessities for the trip were in a small bag and a still smaller box of about 1 1/2 cubic feet. One learns to be satisfied with little on trips like my present one. Thus much of our common lodging place: our mode of life is, of course, similarly monotonous.

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We generally arise before six o'clock, make toilet, which consists of washing and combing, as there is little dressing done. The necessary adroitness required in washing is soon learned, as one profits by the mistakes of others, who had towels and tin-pans blown overboard or who suffered other tricks played on them by the wind. I soon learned that short hair is a great blessing as it facilitates combing and prevents the wind from playing havoc on one's head. The wardrobe is unusually simple, consisting in my case, as in that of most of the others, of a woollen shirt, linen trousers, and shoes without stockings; a cap completed the outfit ordinarily. A coat is only worn on cold days and I wore my stockings only at the beginning of the voyage and later on woollen ones near Cape Horn. About half-past six each one of us received two quarts of coffee in his mug, which was given

us at the kitchen. The time till noon was spent in any way the individual passenger would choose, for better or worse. At twelve o'clock, dinner was served. Every two bunks were entitled to one mess, which one of the two occupants had to fetch in large wooden bowl from the cook. Though our bill of fare was exceedingly plain, as is natural, it consisted of nutritious and very digestible food, the preparation of which was not to be complained of, although one must bear in mind that we were only steerage passengers. We had: Mondays, white peas and pork; Tuesdays, rice-soup and beef; Wednesdays, sauer-kraut and pork; Thursdays, rice-soup and beef; Fridays, lentils with pork; Saturdays, peeled barley with prunes and herring; Sunday, pudding with prune-sauce and beef. Outside of that we were treated to potatoes every day until July. Sauer-kraut and lentils were in time replaced by peas. By meat, of course, salted meat is meant. We likewise received every week: Five pounds of wheat-crackers, which satisfied the appetite of the most greedy. Rye-crackers were considered a delicacy, as only a small quantity had found its way on board. Again: one-half pound of butter; a quarter of a pound of yellow farina-sugar (so-called), mustard, salt and 88 vinegar for every passenger. Each one, of course, had to clean his tinware, etc., and was then at liberty to do as he chose until tea-time, which was about half-past six or earlier, according to the approach of darkness; it was distributed like the coffee, and everybody was at liberty to add sugar or brandy to suit himself. I preferred to drink both tea and coffee without any addition. Bedtime was not set.

This way of living appears very monotonous, as every day is the precise renewal of the preceding one; and consequently most passengers were more annoyed by ennui than they had previously been by seasickness. As to myself I have not given up my old belief that a man is to a great extent the arbiter or maker of his own experiences—the cause of the effects. I never suffered for want of something to do or think about, and I have stood as much and perhaps more chance of becoming lonesome than any one else on board. Of course I looked around for some agreeable work to kill time with, and thus I took to painting, of which there is always plenty to be done on board a vessel. If it really happened that I could not find anything to do, I enjoyed a rest as well, particularly in the evening about tea-time. Sitting on the rear end, my feet dangling over the rail, I watched the ever-changing course of waves and clouds for hours, and enjoying my cigar. Wondrously beautiful were the pictures of nature at sun-set, when waves and clouds appeared in magnificent colors, especially

in the tropics of the Atlantic; later in the evening, when the play of colors ceased, the soft light of the moon played strange tricks, outlining all kinds of fantastic forms and shapes, and enveloping them with a silvery halo.

Thus were the clouds distributed on the horizon of the dark blue Heavens, bestrewn with millions of shining lights, large and small, and separated from the rising and falling waves of the ocean, the ever-swinging surface of which reproduces in magnificence the thousands of little white stars, throwing them, as it seems, about and reflecting the glittering rays of the moon, which is resting on 89 the summit of yonder cloud. But I do not want to enter the realm of dreams, and therefore will return to the diary of my voyage.

We had arrived in the channel on June the 17th about two o'clock in the afternoon. The wind blew from the North and we turned our course toward the West. We soon came so close to Calais that it was not only possible for us to distinguish the steeples and houses of this quaint little town, but even the masts of the ships in the harbor, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, which only permitted us to recognize that part of the English coast which stretches from North Foreland to Dover Castle. The wind did not permit us to approach it any closer than two miles, so that one could see no more than the gigantic outline of its rocky walls. At sun-set the wind calmed down completely and the evening was so beautiful that even the victims of seasickness crawled out of their cells to enjoy the splendid view. From starboard one could observe the English coast, whose bluish rocks were a fit part in the unusual scenery of the evening, while the setting sun shed its golden rays over the terraces of the chalk rocks of Cape Grisnez. About us was the channel, smooth and silent as the mirror of a lake upon which the soft gliding of the vessel could hardly be heard. The night covered the scene by and by with her star-spangled heavens, and when we at last turned toward our berths we had reached Dungeness, the red lights of which were plainly visible to our view. From the Northeast shone the bright fires of Dover, which towers upon the high coast; behind us, toward the East, we saw the brilliant fires of Grisnez and further South sparkled the blaze of Boulogne. The greater part of the following day we had contrary Western winds which compelled us to make short cruises. The cold and foggy air did not make our trip through the channel much

more agreeable than that of the Elbe and North Sea, though we had occasion to see some very interesting sights.

Early the next morning, Wednesday, the 18th, on which the beauty of the night before had still left its imprint, 90 we found ourselves surrounded by a great many vessels, increasing in number as the forenoon passed, so that I counted toward noon about sixty-four of them with full sails, which offered a magnificent spectacle, the splendor of which was heightened by the noonday sun. Until seven o'clock we were unable to see anything but the immense chalk-rocks of Beachy-head, which we observed from the star-board. The breeze increased during the day to such an extent that top-sails had to be fastened about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we just found ourselves opposite the pretty city of Brighton, half a mile away. We were able to distinguish not only the houses, trees, etc., of this charming little town, but could even watch the outgoing train, speeding along the green, mountainous coast, bound for London. By means of telescopes we distinguished several pedestrians, especially on the Grande terrace, which I recognized at once, as well as the royal pavilion, built in Chinese style, which are so well pictured in Myer's Universal Lexicon (Cyclopedia). The coast of Cowes was reached and passed during the night. Our cruise on Thursday was hindered by stormy West-wind and such a rain-storm that we could hardly see a ship's length ahead. The fog cleared about one o'clock and then, the Isle of Wight, with its high rocks, came to view. While the raging waves were breaking on stony shore, a passing sun-ray dimly lightened its crumbling walls. Within a minute's time the fog thickened again and deprived us of the sight which had caused a surprise, as we had found ourselves within a thousand yards of the breakers. Good care was taken to steer at once toward the French coast. Four smaller vessels, which were between us and the breakers, did likewise, and it is to be hoped that they, too, escaped the danger, though the immediate thickening of the fog prevented us from watching them. On Friday, the 20th, we remained almost without wind and not until evening could we sight any land, when the island of Portsmouth with its picturesque chalk rocks appeared at a distance of about four miles and later in the night I caught a glimpse of the 91 French coast near Cherbourg in the southern horizon. The English coast came plainly to view on Saturday forenoon, when we enjoyed clear weather which, however, did not enable us to see much more of it than we had seen of the French coast, as our last

glimpse of England or Europe was taken about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we reached within a mile the cliff of Eddystone. The fresh sea-breeze and customary fog did not permit us to tarry and we soon lost sight of the island, which consists of two black cliffs, separated by a small canal, the larger one of which projects about twenty feet and is made noticeable by its celebrated lighthouse.

Landsend, as it is called, was reached about eight o'clock Sunday morning under stormy N.N.W. wind, with no land in sight. Thus commenced a new turn in my voyage, not wholly agreeable. When we entered the Atlantic Ocean or rather the Bay of Biscaya, the weather was so cold that I felt compelled to wear my heavy sack coat whenever I intended to stay on deck.

As long as we remained in the Spanish sea, passing Cape Finisterre (Spain) on Thursday, the 26th, wind and weather were rather favorable, though the former blew but lightly, while the latter continued cold. From the day we had left the Channel I noticed a remarkable change in the color of the water. While the North sea and Channel differ little from the Baltic, being all dark blue green in color, the two former are considerably clearer than our native sea, which is the case of the Atlantic waters. I cannot find a suitable expression to describe the clear, transparent, carmine blue of the Atlantic ocean. The color remains everywhere the same, as I have been unable to see any difference, neither in the tropics nor in the southern hemisphere is it more beautiful than at the entrance into the Bay of Biscaya. It almost seemed as if the transparency of the water was more noticeable when we approached the Equator and lessened as we went more southward but in that I may have been mistaken; at all events the difference would be very slight. To give you a correct idea I will say that we could distinguish 92 the nails and dents in the copper sheathings of our keel, which was fully fifteen feet under water, and as plainly as if the Victoria were in dock, and we were looking through blue colored glass. Moreover, we could tell the color and size of the fishes and describe their shapes though they went far below the keel. The color of the water at the turning point from the Channel into the Atlantic was, strangely enough of a beautiful grass green.

Another phenomenon which one has opportunity to observe in the Biscayan Bay, is the well-known much described and talked of ocean phosphorescence. It was Tuesday, the 24th of June. The wind

had been mild all day and the sun did its work; about eight in the evening a light southeast wind arose which grew stronger with the coming darkness, so that the ship soon went flying through the quiet ocean, which reflected the innumerable stars of the firmament upon its dark, billowy surface.

Wherever the bow of the vessel caused a broad foamy wave, it would resemble a bluish white moon ray reproduction in the dusty cascade, created by a turning mill wheel. From the long and narrow strips of dark colored water, which were visible between the flakes of foam, as they passed the sides of the ship, there sprang forth innumerable dark red sparks, like burning coal, in shapes of stars, rings and fire balls, forming a beautiful contrast to the foamy cascade already described.

I scarcely believe that you will be able to get a correct conception of the remarkable phenomenon from my description, as one cannot possibly relate it intelligently to those who have never seen it. Whenever I witnessed such a spectacle it invariably impressed me deeply and when I saw it the first time I remained on deck till after midnight.

On the following Sunday, in a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by lightning, we saw the ocean covered with fiery sparks and a procession of mackerel, splashing along our boat side, which made the spectacle really worth seeing. Each one of these fishes glittered golden red and drew, as it were, a long sparkling trail behind him, which enabled us to watch the fiery procession long after they had passed our ship. Another beautiful sight was caused by the wake of our ship which resembled the passing smoke of a bright fire and could be observed at a distance of fully a hundred and fifty yards. However, it is an erroneous supposition that the ocean produces such lights on every dark night. Even in the tropics these phenomena are rare occurrences. A week would pass at times during which we hardly noticed a spark, and only then when a procession of fish or a passing vessel would cause a sudden break in the water. The most magnificent display of this phenomenon I ever witnessed occurred on the 15th of July, under the eighth degree of northern latitude, a description of which I shall give you later on—south of the La Plata, one can only see a few sparks now and then and only on unusually dark nights; below Cape Horn nothing at all. I am told, on the other hand, that during severe stormy winters there are phosphorescent displays in this latitude which

outrank in splendor anything ever witnessed in other parts. I have had no opportunity of verifying this, however.

As previously mentioned, we left the Bay of Biscaya on Thursday, June 26th. On Saturday we communicated with an Austrian bark, "Nero," which was north-bound and sailing under $14^{\circ} 36m$. of Greenwich W. longitude, and $41^{\circ} 20m$. N. lat.; it was taking freight from Odessa to Antwerp. The same evening we observed a little bird, homeward bound. The wind continued to be light and contrary, often absent. We again had a chance to speak an English vessel, the brig "Euphemia," which carried freight from London to the Cape of Good Hope and had been on her trip from Doverress about a fortnight, now, like ourselves, taking a southern course. We sighted the first dolphins on Tuesday, when twenty of them were playing around our ship and the next morning, Wednesday, the 2d, we were surprised beyond description to be caught by a N.E. monsoon or trade wind which rarely goes beyond Madeira, while we had only reached the latitude of Gibraltar. As we now went along 94 with extraordinary speed, making as many as eleven knots an hour, it was not astonishing that we caught sight of Madeira about three o'clock the following afternoon. We passed within a distance of four (German) miles and even then it was hardly possible for us to distinguish anything but a bare outline of the island, which appeared east of us; the northern part of the island lost itself in the blue fog of the evening, which covered the horizon as usual and which enveloped everything, thus depriving us of a good view. The sun fortunately broke through for a few minutes, as late as seven o'clock in the evening, when we caught sight of the high, rocky coast, which appeared as steep as a wall in the reddish light of the setting sun. Madeira is built upon this wall and rises about 2,500 feet in conic sections. It was a beautiful sight, when the top of this island mountain glittered *above* the clouds in the slowly disappearing coloring of the evening, while the lower clouds seemed to separate the peak from its body. The approaching darkness made it impossible to see anything more until about eight o'clock, when the moon had gained strength enough to draw fantastic sketches of Maderia upon the dark clouds of the night. The monsoon filled our sails and having the larboard sails up on either side, we went along at rapid speed. The sea went high, but the whitecaps which it threw up did not cause phosphorescent light, though they surrounded the ship like a mighty girdle; only now and then appeared a single spark.

When I awoke the next morning, Friday, July 4th, I went on deck, but Madeira had already disappeared from our horizon and the ship went with full sails into the immense desert of water, which had often been the theme of my childhood dreams and the subject for fruitful meditations of later years. For sixty-two days I saw around me nothing but sky and water, clouds and waves; no resting place for the searching eye but, maybe, a lonely sail at great distance; the tired wings of a rare bird or the dumb inhabitants of that unreliable but beautiful, that terrible and yet so charming, that restless, haunted and yet to me so infinitely attractive element which we were now speeding through.

It was not until the 4th of September that we caught sight of land; the desolate wilderness of the snowy mountains of the Fireland (terra del fuego). Saturday, the 5th of July, I saw flying fish for the first time; it appears to be the most common among the inhabitants of the tropical waters, for hardly a day passed in which we did not see one or more processions of them. They are generally seen in very large numbers, often as many as a hundred or more, rarely alone. The flying fish resembles the trout to some extent but reaches hardly three or four inches in length. By means of breast fins, which are unusually well developed and reaching from head to tail, it raises itself above the water and appears in purest silvery light. The rapidity of its motion may be compared to that of our ocean swallows. It jumps about ten feet above the water and then manages to sail a distance of ten to fifteen yards through the air; I have even watched some of them that covered fully two or three times the distance. Another fish which is very often met with in the tropics is the tumbler or porpoise. It measures about three or four feet in length and nearly one foot in diameter, brown on top and white at the belly; it generally keeps close to the surface and travels in company of four or five; now and then it jumps a few feet above the water and is rather lively for its size. Among those that resemble the tumbler is the jumper or hog fish. When we saw these animals for the first time, on July 22d, they approached us in immense numbers—by thousands—and the sight of their bodies and motions were so comical that every mother's son of us had to laugh until he was completely exhausted. The shape, as the name of the animal indicates, resembles that of a clumsy pig; on its back is a large, strong fin about six inches long and bent backward. The motion consists of a big jump forward by which it raises itself several feet above the water in a half circle, returning

head first into its former element. Like the tumbler, the hog fish very 96 often weighs close to five hundred pounds, though only three or four feet in length.

Another fish, which is not quite as common, however, is the bonito, about one and a half to two feet long and closely resembling our pike. I never remember having seen him deeper than ten to fifteen feet from the surface, where it appeared in beautiful golden and emerald colors, but I dare not say that such is in reality its make-up, as one is often deceived by the bluish transparency of the water in tropical climates, which gives a lustre to the color of the fishes which they lose as soon as they are taken out of their element.

These are the four kinds which one meets most frequently, as other species are rarely seen and never in great numbers. For instance, it happened on the 14th of July, toward evening, that we observed two orcs (a small sort of whale) which passed close by our ship and we were able to see their protruding backs, which easily measured twelve feet in length and two or three feet visible width. But you will ask in astonishment: "Where is the much dreaded shark?" Strangely enough, I have seen but one during my whole voyage. This said shark was seen by us all on Wednesday, July the 9th, in the afternoon and there is no need of telling you that our whole ship became alarmed, while it did not bother itself at all about us, following its course in crossing our keel. Whales were more numerous, especially in more southern regions, where the jumping fish and other species aforementioned came no more in sight. All counted, I may have seen twenty of them, mostly at a distance.

Thus much about the fishes and now back to my trip.

For ten successive days we had the North East Monsoon filling our sails, and experienced but one short interruption on the fourth of July, when a fresh East wind set in; the remaining time till the eleventh of July there was absolutely no change, not even in the wind's force. Our lar sails were up day and night, which increased our rapidity considerably.

The weather remained cool and agreeable and 97 everything possible was done to make our voyage as pleasant as could be expected, and this period in particular will always be pleasantly

remembered. The only privation was caused by the bad drinking water, in regard to which I find the first notice in my diary of July 4th. I wrote it in the spirit of real depression and in the meantime in the consciousness of such weakness as one experiences when the pangs of real thirst are torturing body and mind.

I formerly often thought myself thirsty, but it is my present conviction that I never knew what real thirst meant until I experienced it on this voyage, in the days when I hesitated to the last moment before I dared to take a few swallows of the black, yellowish, disgustingly warm water, which emitted an odor that was equal only to its putridity, and yet it was not that which made me hesitate, no indeed! The real thirst does not know of such foolish notions; it was only because my ration would thus grow smaller! Fortunately, this privation lasted only a fortnight or so, when we enjoyed better water, though our Fregel (river) at home would have been a dispenser of delicacy in comparison with the quality of the ship's supply. During that period I had ample opportunity to meditate upon the rare enjoyment which is derived from a glass of clear, cold, fresh well-water and I would have derived great pleasure in treating to my daily refreshments some of those fools who will pour a glass of delicious well water upon the sand on account of a little dust or perhaps only a gnat which has fallen into it. Our drinking water contained other things than dust or dead gnats.

We passed the northern tropic circle on July the 7th, about half past four in the afternoon. The temperature was cool and agreeable, while the air was "flabby," to use a sailor's expression, which means dull, without being foggy or cloudy, a peculiarity of the latitudes of the northern as well as southern tropic circles, where, with the exception of the noon hour, one cannot count upon clearness and brightness of the air.

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On the following day we had the sun almost vertically over our heads, the angle from our vessel to the Northern horizon measuring 89 degrees. The day before the sun stood on the Southern heavens at an angle measuring 87 1/2 degrees. The ship would only throw shadow when it bent to one side or the other and my own shadow could be measured by putting my feet slightly apart, thereby having even the tips of my shoes and the calves out of the shade. The air was slightly clouded,

but not at all oppressive. When evening arrived we enjoyed the proximity of another vessel; it was moonlight and about nine o'clock when we noticed a large bark coming from northeast, while our course was S.W. 1/2 S. Though within a short distance neither a lantern nor any other signal appeared, consequently we continued our course without noticing the strange vessel any further, which followed for a while in our wake. When morning came we had lost sight of it entirely.

Until the eleventh of July nothing noteworthy occurred. On this day, at one o'clock, a magnificent, powerful osprey had taken a temporary rest on our wedge yard, when Capt. Meyer took a shot at him. The beautiful animal measured about six feet from tip to tip. This deed of useless cruelty was immediately avenged, for, scarcely did the dying bird lay in his last agony, when the favorable wind suddenly changed to a deadly calm, the first one we had really experienced during our whole voyage. We therefore were glad when, about four o'clock, a mild Southeastern breeze set in, followed by a slight rain; the sea rose considerably as a last farewell of the departed Northeast Monsoon.

The evening of this day offered one of the rare spectacles which is seen only in the tropics, and though I am well convinced that not even the most enthusiastic description could give a clear conception of the gorgeous magnificence to one who has never been an eye witness of it, I will nevertheless try to describe the phenomenon in the best manner of which I am capable.

We had sunset about six o'clock and it seemed as if 99 the parting rays intended to make the best of the few minutes' time assigned to them. The clouds of the heavens were their objects and the wide horizon their play yard, which soon appeared in the most exquisite colorings, from the deepest violet to the lightest carnation, and shining golden yellow; the wonderful shapes of colors and clouds were such that it really did not require an enthusiast to recognize the most charming mountain scenes, forests, valleys, snow-caps, ruins of the middle ages, whole cities and villages in those fantastic shapes. Every second brought new changes, not only in the forms, but in colors; when one would fade another would appear in its brightest hue, and so on.

The surface of the ocean appeared like a mirror with the exception of the slow waves which measured about a hundred feet in width, and the reproduction of the burning colors of the horizon upon the quiet waters was almost as marvelous as the scene above. Turning to the east, one would be struck by a different but not less beautiful spectacle. The full moon had arisen and shone through the foggy evening atmosphere, its full light was cast upon dark grey figures, no less strange than those of the western part of the horizon and throwing upon the water the floating silvery bridge which I had often watched with longing, dreaming glance while sitting on the banks of our little lake or river at home. Thus we were placed between two beautiful heavens, representing evening and night, purer and more marvelously beautiful than I had ever seen them before.

The light Southeast wind blew hardly enough to fill the upper sails, while the lower ones struck constantly against masts and spars, creating the only noise in the prevailing sultry silence.

Everybody was on deck, lounging quietly during the oppressive heat. The man at the wheel had just rung his seven bells when my curiosity was aroused by a strange, raven black cloud of unusual shape, which appeared upon the Southwestern horizon. At first it approached slowly, then quicker and quicker, taking larger 100 proportions and reflecting its gloom upon the quiet Atlantic, for the lustre of the heaven had vanished quite a while before. Soon I noticed in the cloud a white-yellowish spot, which grew likewise to uncomfortable dimensions until it was over our heads. I watched the phenomenon breathlessly and, as I had often before heard of it as indicating a windstorm, I notified the pilot, who had just come out of his cabin. He gave a quick glance at the cloud, and then came the command to fasten the jib, wedge and topsails and so on. No sooner were the preparations completed than it grew quite dark, a few heavy raindrops commenced to fall, whilst everything was still as death. I nervously awaited the things to come. Soon I heard a peculiar roar in the air and our ship was shortly after tossed over on one side with such terrific force of the gale that those who had not taken the precaution of steadying themselves in some manner would surely have fallen to the floor. The sails commenced to fill and the Victoria gained slowly but surely, cutting a mighty wave in two with its broad bow, thereby pushing aside the unruly waters. Then came the flight! What speed! We went along like lightning, but in the meantime there was a rush for shelter,

as the rain came down in such torrents that it resembled the outpouring of one ocean into another. All this lasted about half an hour, after which rain and wind slowly subsided, and we fell as soundly asleep as if we had been ashore.

From the following day until Wednesday, the 16th, there was complete calm. How all this affects the mind can only be appreciated by one who has lived through similar experiences. We were sailing at this time between the tenth and eleventh degree of Northern latitude.

The intense heat of the sun burns one's brain, the perspiration opens all pores and, notwithstanding the great exhaustion, one can hardly find a moment's sleep on account of the depressing heat. In addition to that, we had to endure a burning thirst, which our daily allowance of a pint of stale, warm water was unable to quench. A good rain fortunately changed the atmosphere and we were able to refresh ourselves, if only for a short while. Our eyes also were henceforth treated to daily changes, as we could now observe many passing vessels.

To him who has never made a sea voyage it seems to be almost impossible for ships to change position in time of complete calm. But so it is and it does not take much mental effort to account for it. One can plainly see vessels on a bright day at a distance of about six German miles and even further away if they lie within the observer's clear horizon, turning the shady side of their sails toward him or, the contrary, if they show the sunny side of their sails on a darker horizon. However, a given vessel will remain invisible to the eye of a keen observer if even on a bright day and at half the distance mentioned nothing be offered but the narrow edge of its sails. Now as at the time of a complete calm the vessels keep revolving very slowly but constantly, which, in seaman's parlance, is often called a "falling off," it will become plain that one can speak truly of seeing and losing sight of a vessel at comparatively short intervals, according to their position relatively to the sun's rays. Aside from all this it will sometimes really happen that ships which have not been within one's horizon will appear and disappear. Even a "dead calm" on the Atlantic must not be thought of as indicating that one cannot notice the least little breeze; such an occurrence is very rare, however, and of short duration. One generally notices a slight breath of wind, now from one, then from another direction, lasting sometimes a quarter of an hour, at other times longer, even for hours,

before it dies away. These little currents are, of course, utilized as much as possible, though the actual progress may be exceedingly slow, as was for instance the case from noon of the 13th to the evening of the 14th, during which time our ship gained only five miles, it nevertheless shows that the distance between the different vessels will vary from time to time. The current of the waters cuts likewise a great figure, which was particularly the case during the calm just mentioned, when the current was so strong that 102 it caused quite an upheaval, during which one could notice a lively curling of the surface. It was likewise during this calm that we experienced the greatest heat of the voyage; thus, for instance, on July 13th about two o'clock in the afternoon we registered no less than twenty-nine degrees Réaumur in the shade, though the air was clouded. It was a rare pleasure when the temperature fell below twenty degrees either morning or evening.

Though I have repeatedly tried to picture an evening in the tropics, nothing can be compared to the imposing majesty of Nature during a thunderstorm, of which I have seen a number; and I shall never forget the wonderful sight of the first one, which left such a deeply-rooted impression upon me that nothing will ever erase it from my memory as long as I breathe.

To the great joy of everybody the prevailing calm was interrupted during the forenoon of July the fifteenth by a light Eastern breeze, while the air was not oppressive. We had all sails laid-to and our course was S. 1/2 W. The wind grew less again toward eleven o'clock and complete calm had returned by two in the afternoon. The air was burning hot, as the glowing sun-rays were right above our heads and not a cloud on the sky. The horizon was hemmed in by a light violet-colored fog. We made the best of the situation and passed the time by examining the surrounding ships, no less than thirteen in number, the movements of which we observed through telescopes. The vessels which were close enough to each other had hoisted their flags and the captain of a Dutch bark was seen to take a boat for the purpose of visiting a large full-masted vessel which was only a very short distance away and belonged to the same nation. The dark-blue Atlantic was as smooth as a mirror and numberless flying fish were jumping here and there out of its glassy surface, and you will form an idea of the calm when I say that it was impossible for us to decide the nationality of one ship—a black, heavy-laden bark, which was only a mile from us—because there was not enough breeze to unfold its flag. Until about five o'clock everything remained unchanged 103 but we soon after

noticed small white feathery clouds arising on the far end of the horizon; by six o'clock they had grown into large, threatening ones, which covered the heavens. It is astonishing how quickly they will gather and disappear.

The sun had just set, giving the atmosphere a rather disagreeable yellowish-red coloring, as if it were the reflection of an immense fire. Not a breath of air was noticeable; a dull oppressive sultriness was spread over the dark silent ocean, while the night grew darker every minute. Soon we saw flashes of lightning, followed by the heavy rumbling of distant thunder, and these approached nearer and nearer, and the thunder grew louder and louder. Half an hour after sun-set every color-play of the clouds had completely disappeared, though it was only half-past six, and the darkness grew so dense that one could not see three feet ahead. Then began the rain—and what a rain! The most severe thunderstorm at home will hardly give you a correct idea of that fearful storm; in a few seconds everybody was wet to the skin and the splashing rain could at times be heard above the deafening roar of the thunder. The gale, which accompanied the rain, filled our storm and topsails and sent us rapidly over the wild water-mountains, which were covered with white, whizzing foam. Such was the change which had been wrought in a few minutes and the color of the sea had become as black as the sky.

The thundering roar of the waves, that threatened every moment to swamp our trembling vessel, while it was sailing down a mighty wave with lightning speed to slowly and laboriously ascend the next one, the torrents of splashing rain, the whistling and blustering of the storm in the squeaking and rattling rigging of the ship, together with the continual rolling of the thunder, formed a concert so terrible and imposing that I feel absolutely unable to give you an adequate description of the powerful, lasting impression which it has made upon me.

The eye, too, was treated to sights of impressive magnificence. The lightning, with the beautiful diversity of its gay colors and the sparkling of the ocean, were never more exquisitely gorgeous during my whole voyage than I saw it on this memorable night. We had not had a chance of watching this phenomenon since we left the Bay of Biscaya, where I had seen it the first time, but not in the same splendor to which we were treated this night. Every one of the millions of rain-

drops which fell into the endless ocean, glowed dark-red like a fiery coal; every flake of foam in the white crown of the waves appeared in purest silver-light, reflecting beautifully in the black sides of our ship. The storm raged, the rain continued with undiminished force until midnight, when the wind changed to South West so that we could steer S.S.E. to South. By daybreak all sails were set again and our progress was rapid though the sea was still somewhat tempestuous. The rain continued all day uninterruptedly and we were unable to discover any of the many vessels which had surrounded us the night before. During the days following the calm, we had mostly stormy South wind, which drove us close to the coast of Sierra Leone, thereby compelling us to approach the African coast contrary to our intention. Capt. Meyer told us that hardly one out of a hundred vessels, bound for a destination similar to our own, would have to go so far East. However, these South winds must have been raging for several days, as we met a number of vessels every day which were cruising southward like ourselves.

Thursday, the 17th, we passed a pretty, black brig, flying the British flag. Everybody took her to be our old acquaintance from Madeira, the "Euphemia," although we could not make sure of it, as she followed a different course and did not come near enough for us to make her out. Toward evening we caught sight of a bark which, being hardly a quarter of a mile away, had put up the lanterns without taking further notice of us. The Friday following we sighted a beautiful three-masted English vessel, which we, at first glance, took to be a frigate, because of its unusual size, appearance and the superiority of its sails. Great was therefore my astonishment when, 105 toward evening, at closer range we recognized a whaler with no less than fourteen row-boats on board. I never saw a more handsome vessel in my life.

Saturday, the 19th, there was a light Western breeze. That afternoon at about four o'clock we came within speaking distance of a brig from Apenrade, sailing from Hamburg to Valparaiso like ourselves. We enjoyed the company of this Danish vessel for several hours. Toward evening still another Schleswig-Holsteiner came within sight; it was the Flensburg three-masted "Helen Louise." We were unable to communicate with the latter vessel on account of the approaching darkness. The

“Apenrader” had informed us that it had already spent fifty-seven days at sea, i.e., since leaving Cuxhaven.

On Sunday, the 20th, we had quite a breeze and apparently rain in the air; the “Helen Louise” was on the Western, and the Apenrade brig became barely visible on the Northwestern horizon, though it was yet early in the morning. We sighted the latter once more on the following day, when she crossed our stern with stormy Southwind and thick cold air. On Tuesday, July the 22d, about half-past nine in the forenoon, we caught sight of two barks, which followed the same Southern direction; these proved to be the last vessels which came within our horizon for a long, long time.

From now on our voyage became exceedingly monotonous, as we did not see another vessel for fully fifty days; when we first caught sight of one again, it was between Fireland (terra del fuego) and New South Shetland. Until we reached the Southern latitudes, where flocks of wild sea-birds would pass over our heads, our eyes were not treated to the sight of any other living things except fishes. Our voyage has been marked from the very beginning by contrary and unfavorable winds. The Northeastern Monsoon had left us much sooner than we anticipated and we had very little of the Southeastern Monsoon if the somewhat lively South Southeast wind, that came to us from the twenty-fourth to the thirty-first of July, is to be considered as such.

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We passed the “line” on Friday, the twenty-fifth of July, at half-past ten in the evening (22° 54' W. L. Greenwich). The day had been agreeably cool; after sun-set, about six o'clock, the air became quite rough and a rain set in. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the sailors were determined to have the customary Neptune-farce. About nine o'clock there appeared one of them, a funny old fellow by the name of Rainer Splitgen, who was lame of one leg. He wore a mask which converted his face into a veritable caricature; a coarse woollen blanket enveloped his body, while beard and hair of unconscionable length had been manufactured for the purpose out of oakum. A gaily-colored crown of sail-cloth rather disfigured than ornamented the head of the actor, who went along the stern upon the water-stay. He then addressed the ship in the proper manner through a speaking-tube with the customary “Bark ahoy!” The Captain himself answered in the

usual manner, after which the supposed Neptune inquired as to the name of the vessel, the port of embarkment and of destination, all of which were duly answered by the Captain. He then declared that he would come on board to investigate, whether everything was in proper order, which he did. He appeared, however, to be of a very ungracious disposition, finding fault with everything and everybody, scolding here and there, whereby the man at the wheel received particularly a full share of Neptune's ill-will. He, of course, gave orders, in a voice which corresponded very well to his exterior appearance. In order to pacify him the Captain invited him at last to take a drink of whisky with him in the cabin, and invitation which he could not decline in such cold and wet weather. Soon after he returned with a full bottle of the same beverage, which had been given to him for his "family." With triumphant air he returned whence he had come and disappeared over the bow after assuring us that he would honor us once more with his visit if we would enter his realms by the following night.

The subsequent Saturday favored the farce of the 107 mariners more than the day before, as the weather was more suitable for their purpose of merry-making. We were making good time and enjoyed a cool breeze; flying fish, bonitos and tumblers were visible everywhere, enjoying the pleasant bright day like ourselves.

The continued tolling of the ship's bell announced the re-appearance of Neptune about one o'clock in the afternoon. This time, however, he arrived with his whole court, consisting of his wife, who carried an immense ragdoll in her arms, two body-guards wearing red coats and otherwise provided with long wooden swords; three or four personalities in strange fantastic make-up completed the procession. All of them wore ridiculous masks. Immediately after arrival Neptune and his pilot commenced the measurements of the vessel, having been provided with an immense octant, built for the purpose by the skilful carpenter, and they then made quite a correct sketch upon a map, which our ingenious sail-maker had provided for them. This map was made of sail-cloth and was, as regards neatness and dimensions, by no means inferior to the carpenter's creation. The equator had been marked by a heavy stroke of the tar-brush. After this part of the program had been accomplished, Neptune's secretary delivered a solemn address to the Captain, at the end of which he requested those of the crew to approach, who now passed the equator for the first time. Thus called,

two sailor boys appeared who were taken to the front and, after being thoroughly lathered, they received a good shaving with a wooden razor, about two feet in length. After the scraping, which had been done with great ceremony, both boys were given a shower-bath by pouring a bucket of water over the head of each. The onlooking passengers could only escape the fate of the boys by contributing to the drink-funds. The remainder of the day was a holiday by permission and all work, which could possibly be delayed, was suspended. The crew, as well as the passengers, enjoyed themselves during the afternoon by all kinds of gymnastic exercises, followed later on by the bowl. The latter example, set by 108 the sailors, was followed even by those who had not been active in the gymnastics, I being one of them. We seated ourselves comfortably in the deck-cabin and chatted around the wine and cognac bowl. Notwithstanding the rather mixed elements out of which this original “hedge-ale-house” assembly consisted, it was happy and harmonious, though there would perhaps have been more hilarity if it had not been for the sufferings of one of our fellow-passengers, a certain Nabholz from Rhenish Bavaria, who had been taken sick about a week before with nervous prostration; this dampened the general merriment and gave the whole proceeding a somewhat strained aspect. No one realized at that time that we would be witnesses of a depressing, almost terrible solemnity, within two days thereafter.

Nabholz passed away about noon on Sunday, the 20th of July. Most of the passengers had the comforting recollection of having done their utmost to relieve him. To do more or even to give material aid was beyond their power—beyond all human strength. Even the physician who had accompanied us hither, could assist the patient very little, as the supply of medicine was so scant that one hardly could get the most common home-remedies, notwithstanding the boasting announcements of the ship-broker. Thus all depended upon the good constitution of the patient, which in this case failed even to respond to the earnest endeavors of the physician. Nabholz belonged to those unfortunates who are ignorant of the fact that the hot zone is an open grave for Europeans who have previously suffered from a certain class of diseases. These ills will re-appear, though very often under different form, and death is the unavoidable consequence in ninety-nine out of every hundred cases.

Though we all felt quite depressed at the death of Nabholz, we were comforted by the fact that his loss of consciousness at the very beginning of his sickness relieved him of that dreadful feeling of loneliness and helplessness which he would otherwise have felt. His burial took place on the same day, about six o'clock in the evening. It was a simple, plain, but very solemn affair, which affected us deeply. The remains were enveloped in a woollen blanket, laid upon his mattress and then, true to old custom, sewed up in sail-cloth, after padding the sides with pillows and covering the top with the clothing of the dead man. When this was accomplished the whole was tied upon a thick board, to the foot-end of which there were attached four pieces of anchor-chain, for the purpose of giving it the required weight. When all preparations had been made, the main-top-sails were lowered in order to prevent speed, after which the flags were hoisted half mast, as a sign of mourning. Everybody uncovered his head to say a silent prayer—so it seemed, at least—while the body was lifted upon the quarter-deck-rail. It was a sad solemn moment, when the remains were slowly lowered into the bottomless ocean, whose blue billows continued to ripple quite a while after. The whole ceremony had left a gloomy, depressing atmosphere, when Heaven itself opened its grey, threatening clouds to send a fine, drizzling rain upon the watery grave. The waves rose high, and as far as the keenest eye could note, nothing was discovered which bore life but our lone vessel, tossed about by the roaring waves, while the mourning flags told the sad, sorrowful tale of the day. We rested another quarter of an hour as a mark of respect; we then went forward under full sail, parting the foam-crowned waves at great speed and leaving behind us the locality which serves poor Nabholz as a resting-place. No sign by which it may be recognized, as no human foot will ever approach his watery grave. Nabholz had not yet completed his twentieth year when he passed away.

On July the 31st we had reached 31° 33' West Longitude and 10° 42' South Latitude. The Brazilian coast between Pernambuco and Sergipe del Rey was the nearest land, and that was about eighty (German) miles away. A wondrously beautiful sunrise—followed by splendid, clear weather—made this one of the brightest days we had during the whole of our voyage. The tropical sun shone in the pure, blue heaven above where only here and there a shining snow-white summer-cloud would make a marked contrast; and notwithstanding the fact that the rays had full sway, the air was cool and pleasant, somewhat like our warm spring-days at home. With all that, we made

unusually quick time through the deep, carmine-blue sea, which I never saw as calm as on this day, not even in close proximity of land. Schools of silvery flying fish were playing around us and four nautilus came right alongside our ship; the pretty rose-colored wings of the largest one reaching about three inches above the water. The sun-set following resembled the magnificent sunrise and I saw, what thousands of people who cross the Atlantic will never have a chance of viewing, and what only occurred once during our whole trip, the rare spectacle of the apparent dropping of the sun into water, and not, as is generally the case, setting behind, or surrounded by, fog or clouds. The air remained pure and mild after the sun-set. The soft, beautiful shades of colors faded on the darkening sky, and when night had closed down, I noticed for the first time the brilliant star-pictures of the Southern Hemisphere, developing their splendor on the blue velvety background of the firmament. The stars seemed to compete harmoniously with one another, in which rivalry they succeeded so well that even the smallest of them displayed a brightness which we do not witness on our coldest winter nights at home. The Milky Way particularly attracted the attention of the observer's gaze and the Dipper, the Twins and the beautiful picture of the Southern Cross filled one with wonder. Excepting Venus—which, though barely within our horizon, displays a brilliancy which compares almost with that of the moon itself—and Jupiter, the brightest star on the Southern Hemisphere; none are more lustrous than those of the Cross. I watched the celestial spectacle from my usual place until very late in the night, unable to take my eyes from the millions of sparkling jewels of the firmament; it was particularly the sight of the little Cross which kept my attention and which even the most careless observer could not have overlooked. Though small enough to be hidden behind the four smallest stars of the “Great Bear,” it shone forth with matchless evenness and splendor. The moon, too, though yet only a crescent at the further edge of the northern horizon, threw out such intense light that the different objects on board would throw their shadow. To give you a correct estimate of the transparent atmosphere in this latitude, I will mention the fact that one could actually see the dark part of the disk of the moon with the naked eye; even the different spots were visible to a keen observer. My description of the thirty-first has been very long-drawn; ought I to apologize for it, my beloved ones?

This date brought forth to my memory many a cherished recollection of the far away home; is it a wonder that I made this day as well as a few others, a sort of holiday of obligation, holding what may be justly termed a Divine Service, in honor of the past? Man needs such moments to gather strength from the recollections of the past, to meet the requirements of a perhaps stormy future. If one allows one's mind to dwell on similar subjects of meditation but twice in three months, is there reason for being placed in the category of dreamers and illusionists? In imagination I dwelt with you on these two days, from early morning till late at night, though I made also a few visits to others. It is a sad privilege, which the great distance from home, however, permits. I can gather around me all those to whom I am drawn in love, and enjoy their company at the same time. But enough of this!

All that is beautiful comes to an end.

The 31st of July experienced the same fate and great was our surprise when we awoke the next morning to find a complete calm which had set in after a heavy rain. We had a little breeze from South Southeast once but it soon changed to South and then slightly West so that, toward nine o'clock in the evening, we could hardly make any headway. The same unfavorable weather, which greeted us on the first day of August, continued almost 112 throughout this, as well as part of the next month. It was a hard trial for our patience, our good humor and, I may add, our state of health. Fortunately, I did not suffer, but managed to keep myself well, as I assured you at the very beginning of my letter; of course I suffered from tooth-ache once in a while, but that hardly counts for much, or is worth mentioning.

After we had reached the South-Western ocean current, which runs along the Brazilian coast from Cape Frio to Cape St. Roque, which took place on the third of August, the unfavorable weather continued and could have been compared to our disagreeable, damp, fall weather at home. Even the inhabitants of the sea left us, though the water remained clear and transparent; further South we would meet a North-Caper or whaler once in a long while. On the other hand, we now found ourselves daily in the company of sea-birds, sometimes thousands of them. We observed the first arrivals on the fourth of August, when about half a dozen of Cape-Doves put in an appearance. This

is a species, which remained with us, following the ship day after day, whether we were close to the shore or not, until we reached Valparaiso. These pretty white birds which accompanied us in large flocks resembled our geese in size and shape but they had very strong, crooked beaks and sharp black claws; their long wings and head as well as tail were speckled with black. The wind was unusually changeable and blew at times from four directions in one day, now light, then again so strong that even the top-sails seemed to be more than sufficient. The breeze was mostly Southern or Western and if it happened once in a while that a more favorable change took place, we were not benefited enough by it to help us very materially in our onward progress. On the contrary, it often happened that such a change brought with it a roughness which was not agreeable.

Notwithstanding the fact that these Northern air-currents caused many disagreeable movements on board, they were welcomed as dispensers of moments of recreation.

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On Saturday, the 9th of August, we had quite a heavy thunderstorm accompanied by lightning as early as half-past seven in the morning; on the 10th, 11th and 12th the winds blew at intervals from all directions, with great force, particularly on the first-named day. That kind of weather causes the sailors a great deal of work, as they have to adjust the sails and rigging constantly, now changing them from one side to the other, then repairing this or that one, now setting and then again laying them to. During the whole voyage we had not had as much rolling and cruising as in these few days, although the sea did not go so very high.

The first albatross reached our ship on Monday, the eleventh of August, shortly after sun-set. At first we saw but little of these web-footed birds, but the further we went South, the more numerous they became. Flying, the albatross resembles the stork, on account of its snowy plumage and black tipped wings, though there is in reality very little resemblance if one looks at it close by. It is generally as large as a swan but has a short, thick neck; its beak is extraordinarily strong, often more than three inches long and crooked like that of a hawk. Mamuris made their appearance next; they closely resemble the albatross with the exception that their plumage is quite dark-grey. We caught one which measured seven feet from tip to tip. The further we went South the

more numerous became the birds; and many beautiful species surrounded our vessel. They are all exceedingly handsome, with an unusually fine and soft, thick plumage. Being exceedingly greedy, one can catch them without much trouble with a strong fish-hook baited with bacon. We had generally several lines out, if the weather was favorable; and it was by no means an uncommon occurrence to see a dozen or more of these pretty birds run about our deck; the peculiar fact is, that these birds can only raise themselves out of the water or manage to fly from high points. Whenever we got tired playing with them we would wind gay ribbons around their necks and return them to freedom.

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Valparaiso-Harbor,

October the 23d, 24th and 25th, 1851.

Having arrived here yesterday (the 22d), I hasten to continue this letter; the pen burns in my hand, for I wish that the message of good cheer, which I now write down, could at this moment be in your hands, assuring you that the hardest part of our voyage is now ended.

On August the 15th we caught sight of an immense “Northcaper,” which came close to our ship early in the morning, while we had a momentary calm and bright, pleasant weather. This large fish emerged now and then so that we were able to see its greenish-black back, which measured about twenty feet in length.

The next day, August the 16th, at half-past six o'clock in the evening, there was born a son to a former citizen of Berlin, Elwanger by name, an event which was celebrated on the following Monday by raising the flag on that beautiful, bright day.

Following the light winds on Monday, August the 18th, we were unexpectedly compelled to make the acquaintance of a storm, such as the Southern Atlantic produces. It struck us during the night, and differed much from previous ones which we had experienced. In our opinion it was so severe that we could not imagine anything worse. Now, every one of us has become wiser—as the terrific

tornadoes which we experienced since, left us to believe that the first one, South of the Equator, was, after all, not of so awful a nature, though it was violent enough to un-roof houses and up-root trees on the shore. This storm came from Southwest and was accompanied by a heavy rain; about noon following it had subsided sufficiently to permit the setting of sails. On Tuesday, August the 19th, we had to meet another loss in the death of a passenger, Odin by name, a Saxon, who passed away during the forenoon, having suffered long and intensely from gout and scurvy. There was already the foot-print of the "reaper" upon him when he came on board our vessel, and it is hardly probable that his life would have been prolonged even if he had remained on land. His

COAST OF FIRELAND, 18 MILES WEST OF CAPE ST. VINCENT. *Drawn on Board at Twelve Miles Distance, by the Author.*

115 remains were turned over to the Atlantic about seven o'clock in the evening, the ceremonies being conducted in the same manner as were those which marked the burial of Nabholz.

It was during this hour that the first storm-birds or "Mother Carey's Chickens," as they are generally called, put in their appearance on board. It is evidently more than a sailor's superstition to connect the coming of these animals with an approaching storm. The mariners take it to be an infallible omen and not without some reason. I made it a special point to observe this strange occurrence and can testify to the fact that whenever two or three of these rare birds became visible we could reckon upon a heavy storm, which would invariably follow within a few hours. So it happened that we had a heavy storm from W.N.W. during the night, which was particularly tempestuous at sun-rise. We had fastened nearly all sails and the ship went with great difficulty until the subsidence of the gale about noon-time, made it possible to have more sails set.

Wednesday night, after a short interval, the weather looked again so gloomy and threatening that the rather timely precaution of changing or reducing sails proved to be an exceedingly wise one, as we were witnesses of another gale from S.S.W., which made the wind much rougher than the previous one. It did not change until Thursday, the 21st, after it had been raging without the slightest interruption for fifteen long hours.

The night between Thursday and Friday passed comparatively quiet, though the air was cold and disagreeable and the ship worked hard in the hollow of the waves. About noon we noticed some short ends of old ship's-rope driving close to our ship, followed later on by a row-boat, which had evidently belonged to a larger vessel; it was full of water and did not seem to have been in the position very long, but had evidently broken adrift. The air was gloomy and an ice-cold rain fell now and then. About two o'clock another S.S.W. gale struck us, so that we had to change sails again. We now followed W. to S. 116 until evening, when we again made a change to W.N.W. This gale reached its greatest fury on Saturday, the 23d, and did not cease until Sunday noon, by which time it had raged full forty hours. From now on we had an occasional hailstorm, and between two and three in the afternoon we had the first, pretty thick snow-fall. The few sails, which were set, had been well reefed.

This week—during which we had experienced unusually stormy weather—was but a preparatory foretaste of the experiences which were to be ours when we passed the Cape.

The period between Sunday, the 24th of August, and the 3d of September can be covered in a very few words. Encouraged by fresh Western and Southwestern breezes, which were not very stormy in their nature, we made pretty good speed and were sailing closer and closer along the Patagonian coast, followed by flocks of Cape pigeons and albatrosses. Owing to the fact that we kept close to the coast, the current remained rather quiet and this period of our voyage would undoubtedly have been one of the most agreeable of the whole trip if the weather had not been so rough and cold, notwithstanding the bright sunshine. What was to have been a pleasant trip was thus spoiled; and though we had not ice enough on board to go skating, there were daily hail and snow-storms, which compelled us to use shovels more than once. We also had quite heavy fogs at times.

The day after the last storm there floated reeds and sea-weed in large quantities all around us. On Tuesday, the 26th, we took a new kind of visitors on board in the shape of a hitherto unseen species of sea-birds. As the air was unusually calm, we were able to catch quite a number of them in the previously described manner and had at one time no less than fifteen of them running around the deck; we threw the whole flock overboard as soon as evening came and how they seemed to

enjoy the swimming again. These animals were somewhat larger than big geese and distinguished themselves by their blue beaks and pale-red swimming webs; their plumage was

NORTHERN COAST OF FIRELAND, 18 MILES WEST OF CAPE ST. VINCENT. *Drawn on Board of the "Victoria" by the Author.*

117 beautifully silver-grey on the back, while head, neck and breast were snow white; the long grey wings ended in black tips. They were undoubtedly the most beautiful swimming fowls we had thus far seen; though dreadfully stupid and greedy, and therefore easy to catch. We only came across this species once more during our voyage and that was on the other side of Patagonia, in nearly the same latitude.

Saturday, the 30th, we discovered what the sailors call "fat geese," which, though yet at a great distance, disclosed to us the proximity of the Falkland Islands; and the 3d of September we were surprised by seeing a tremendous whale. Toward evening of the same day we caught a little land-bird, which, tired from its long flight, had fallen on our fore-deck. We all enjoyed the wonderfully clear moon-light and unusual quiet, and remained on deck till late in the night.

Thursday, the fourth of September, was destined to mark another epoch in our voyage.

Under a lively West-wind we were able to approach the high coast-mountains of the Fireland (terra del fuego) towards four o'clock in the morning. It forms a large bay between the 66th and 67th degree West longitude. When at last the sun arose it was half-past six. We were within four German miles of land and, as the morning was really beautiful, we greatly enjoyed the sight. The ship now changed its course to the East, following the coast-line. The sight was one of the most beautiful that had ever been presented to my view, and it made upon me a deeper impression than it perhaps would have done, had this not been the first land we had seen in fully two months, or since we left Madeira.

The coast of Fireland arises out of the ocean with unusual steepness, resembling a two or three-hundred foot wall, at the base of which the mighty breakers were roaring. Further upward its perpendicular aspect appears to modify slightly, though losing little of its former abruptness.

Slowly it seems to join the wild, rocky coast-mountains, the horn-like peaks of which often are 118 probably more than fifteen-hundred feet in height. The zigzag of the many wide cracks, the caves and protruding rocks, all coated with eternal snow, presented a view most picturesque, and never to be forgotten; and the magnificence of the scene which the early morning sun illumined can only find its equal in the Alps. But, notwithstanding the imposing sight, which I have described, the view is a strangely desolate one, with the absolute absence of vegetation. Nothing was visible but wildly torn rocks of a reddish brown color, which were inhabited by innumerable water-fowl, whose screeching alone would be echoed in the cold, cavernous mountains, where even the native nomad dared to set his foot but rarely.

The surface of the ocean had a dark gray-green color and was comparatively quiet; a Western wind hastened our speed considerably, which naturally brought us new scenery from minute to minute.

We reached Cape St. Vincent soon after ten o'clock and passed it. We had approached shore slowly and were able to distinguish the ever breaking billows at the foot of the Cape.

Beginning with this point, we find the chain of coast mountains recedes somewhat into a deep-cut picturesque bay, which enables the eye to enjoy the panorama of the endless snow-fields and ferns of the interior. This bay ends in the east at the point where the noted Cape San Diego appears as a gigantic corner stone of the Strait of Le Maire. This cape protrudes considerably into the sea, almost pointed like a needle and ends in a rock of about three hundred feet high, which hangs most threateningly over the breakers, that roar amidst fallen fragments, which, reaching almost a quarter of a mile into the sea, may easily be taken for a dam of gigantic construction. We sailed around this dangerous place at about a mile distant and entered the Strait Le Maire at eleven o'clock. This strait divides Fireland and Staten Island.

We kept close to the coast of Fireland, or less than half a mile from the shore. Though the northern coast had offered already a beautiful view, it could not be compared

NORTHERN COAST OF FIRELAND NEAR CAPE ST. VINCENT. *Drawn at Six Miles Distance from the Shore, by the Author.*

119 to the wild, torn character which presented itself step by step in the strait of Le Maire. It was truly picturesque. The most imposing spectacle in this region undoubtedly caused by the many little inlets which form a crescent, opening toward the ocean. This spot is called "Bay of Good Success," and seemed to be half a mile wide and deep, marked at its Eastern end by some large mountains of Fireland; and on the South by the Cape of Good Success. The whole looks like a black, jagged wall of rocks, perpendicular, and often more than a thousand feet high, frequently protruding toward the everlasting breakers of the raging sea. This wall is crowned with immense masses of snow which do not entirely melt away during the summer months; and now, in the spring season of the Southern Hemisphere, we see immense stalactites of frozen snow hanging everywhere and reaching at times such proportions that they almost kiss the breaking billows. No human foot ever reached this region and not the least vegetation could be discovered by the searching eye. Nothing but a dark volcanic rock, covered by the icy blanket of perpetual snow.

The Cape of Good Success itself formed the culminating point, which is the Eastern outlet of the snow-capped mountain-chain with its wild coast-scenery, which make the interior of Fireland so unexplorable. It appears to be about fifteen hundred feet high, a dark, wild and gruesome sight to behold, on the few protruding points of which even the snow seems to have failed to obtain a lasting hold; the sea is at this point unfathomable. It was on this cape that a Danish bark with many emigrants wrecked, in full view of two other vessels; this occurred during last January. Capt. Meyer told me that the bark was thrown but once against the mighty rocks, which proved enough to convert its beams and planks into splinters and the one hundred and thirty-six people, who were on board, lost their lives right there. The captain showed me the spot as we sailed past at a distance of about half a mile.

We left the Strait Le Maire about two o'clock in the 120 afternoon and re-entered the wide ocean, soon losing sight of Staten Island, whose inaccessible rocky peaks could only be seen as an indistinct outline above the clouds, while the lower part of the Island, though but four miles away, had been completely obliterated from view by heavy fog. The breeze was quite refreshing but not very strong, and as the weather seemed to be pleasant and quiet, we set full sails and went with South-Southwest wind. Though the coast disappeared more and more from our horizon, it

remained picturesque, as before. It was now that the numerous small islands and the rough cliffs, which projected out of the water, forming all kinds of strange figures, would impress one with a peculiar longing. The back-ground of this grand panorama was, of course, the mighty chain of snowy mountains.

As you may well imagine, I did not allow this rare and favorable opportunity to pass by without making a few sketches, of which I have six, taken from the most interesting points of the coast. The magic beauty of the sceneries was so attractive that I continued my sketching with fingers, stiffened by cold, for which the favorable light and general quiet seemed to recompense me. The opportunity is seldom offered and few will have ever thought of making this use of it.

We continued on our quiet journey, somewhat protected by the projecting land, and assisted by more favorable ocean currents, which had hitherto been rather against us, especially in the Strait Le Maire, where the waves reach at times a height of thirty feet, i.e., under ordinary conditions, while it exceeds this greatly in times of storms. During the afternoon the air became heavier and by eight o'clock in the evening the sky was quite cloudy, though the wind remained steady and the sea quiet. We expected to reach the Cape within the next six or eight hours. Nobody of our merry crowd, that passed the evening hours laughing and joking, thought that it would take us yet fully a fortnight to reach the long looked-for Cape. Nor did we realize that we would have to suffer more on every single one of these days than we had during our whole three months' voyage.

COAST OF FIRELAND WITH CAPE ST. VINCENT. CONTINUED PANORAMA DRAWN AT 14 MILES DISTANCE, SEPTEMBER, 1851. *Drawn by the Author.*

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By mid-night it was said to have been possible to recognize the Barnavelt Island, which is some six miles from Cape Horn, when suddenly a heavy storm broke out of the West. About five o'clock in the morning of Friday, the fifth of September, the gale blew so dreadfully that our jib was lifted out of its encasings and the top-mast-sail tore loose soon after, on which occasion the ship's carpenter, sail-maker and the Chilian apprentice, Lastico, came within an ace of being thrown overboard.

Not until about nine o'clock were we able to loosen the sail of the foremast from its yard and to set it securely. During all the time required for the most necessary repairing we were floating at the mercy of the hourly-rising sea.

This kind of weather continued all day long, so that it was barely possible to steer South-Southwest. As night approached the storm increased and became so violent about midnight that it fell little short of a hurricane, the waters constantly washing over our deck. The force of the billows grew so powerful toward day-break that it knocked the heavy iron ridges asunder, under which the quarter-boat hung, which, in consequence, rolled upon the deck between the deck-cabin and the mizzen-mast and it took several hours before it was possible to secure it properly again. At another time the storm struck us and tore off the mouldings of the star-board, carrying them away; then again, it went tearing between the fore and main masts. The keen, cutting cold had frozen the rigging and glazed the deck and the water-barrels were heavily iced. Was it a wonder that we made absolutely no headway under the circumstances? For fully twenty-four hours we were compelled to remain with main-top-sail, mizzen-sail and storm-jib tightly hove to, drifting all the while. Such was our reception at the Cape.

Sunday, the seventh, about noon, we were glad that, after the storm had raged for fully fifty-five hours, its force was abated sufficiently to allow us to set the lower sails again, though the wind remained unsteady between Southwest and West. Instead of the sails, we had already 122 lost, our men substituted reserve-sails and, as the weather brightened during the afternoon, we heaved out the top-sail, set it and took the course North West to West. The air was cold and large pieces of ice floated on our water-barrels. The weather continued fair on Monday, the eighth, and as it was tolerably bright, we were satisfied though the wind had neither changed in violence nor direction, remaining S.W. and W., as during the day before. We kept S. to S.W. and S.W., making the best of our chances.

Suddenly there arose another powerful gale from the South, about two o'clock in the afternoon, carrying with it a cutting cold, and much snow and hail; notwithstanding which we managed to keep our course West to South until about midnight. From this hour on the storm changed gradually

to North-Northwest and assumed such proportions that we were again compelled to take in all sail except the smallest; again we drifted hopelessly while our vessel was constantly under water. To complete our misery, the clouds kept sending us snow and hail—dark, sharp, cutting hail. This continued till Wednesday, the tenth of September. While it is true that the wind continued, even on this day, W. to N.W., accompanied by constant snow, it became possible about noon to again bring our vessel under more sail and its course was changed to Southwest. We then had a chance about three o'clock in the afternoon to see another vessel through the fog. It was a freight-bark, which cruised East-ward, probably bound for Europe; none but the fore-mast-sail was set out.

Soon after this we experienced another “rough sea,” which destroyed the pigeon-house that we had standing on deck and washed away a few things, without causing much damage. The sky was thickly clouded when night came and the storm increased but it did not reach its greatest violence until Thursday, the eleventh, in broad daylight; the severe cold again caused plenty of ice to form on board. Early in the morning there was another loss to be registered, another sail gone which compelled

CAPE SAN DIEGO, AT 21 MILES DISTANCE.*Drawn by the Author.*

123 us to drift all day with but one small bark sail and the well reefed mizzen in a sea truly mountainous and constantly breaking over our deck. Another heavy wave broke our mizzen mast about eleven o'clock in the forenoon and the water came rushing down the steerage in such quantities that our lower bunks on our starboard side were completely under water. The violence of the waves was terrible and the ship suffered to such an extent, causing so much water to come in my own bunk, that mattress and blanket were thoroughly saturated, our deck being sadly in need of repairs.

One can only obtain a faint idea of the terrific force of this hurricane, for such I can call it, without scruple, when I relate the fact of our having on board an iron bar, four inches thick and twelve feet in length, which, as it was lying flat on deck, was suddenly carried away as if it had been nothing but a feather.

Our barometer stood all day 5" below storm, or at 25" 7&". At last, toward sunset, the storm abated so that we were able to set topsail again. The next day—Friday—we found ourselves in a snow-bed, which had fallen during the night, and even at noon there was plenty of it; the sun, though bright, had been powerless to melt it as the cold remained piercing all day with a S.S.W. wind. We kept West by South under well reefed sails. I can very well make a division and call this the second Cape storm which had so far subsided that we were able to slightly loosen the sails by five o'clock of the same afternoon. We had in all ninety-nine hours of storm which though varying in severity, had actually raged all this time, a fact which is even a rare occurrence in this storm-beaten latitude. Saturday, the thirteenth, we had quite a severe North wind and rain, the air, however, being less cold than on the previous day. The sea was still exceedingly rough and the waves broke over our deck as before. We continued Southwest to Southwest by West as the wind would permit us.

The weather remained thus somewhat bearable until about half-past ten in the evening when, without the least warning or sign, another tornado struck us, coming from South-Southwest with such violence that even the most inexperienced of our passengers marveled that our masts were not carried away; even the captain himself had expected it.

As already mentioned this storm caught us at a time when there was absolutely no preparation made to meet it as it came unexpectedly; the barometer did not even fall until we were in the midst of it, when it went down to 25" 2".—No wonder then that all our sails were set at the time the storm so suddenly broke on us. It was only possible to fasten and secure the sails by the most strenuous efforts of the captain and crew which were greatly hindered by the thick snowstorm and constant motion of the ship. But they succeeded in fastening the top-jib and foremast-sails, though every one of them was more or less damaged or torn. The main sail, however, was doomed. While it still stood the tornado grew fiercer and fiercer and there was danger in every moment's delay; but our captain dared not give the order which was to have saved the beautiful sail made of nearly fifteen hundred square feet of heaviest, strongest sail cloth. All remonstrations, all begging proved fruitless. Nobody was willing to risk his life to the imminent danger—for such it seemed. At last there came forth three volunteers in the persons of our sail maker, cook and ship's carpenter—three men, every

one of whom had already passed his thirty-fifth year and was a true specimen of a South Sea sailor—these men were ready to risk the hazardous undertaking. They were just going along the main yard, slowly and cautiously, when we heard a terrific noise, something like the firing of a cannon. The storm had torn the brand new sail. The carpenter retired, but the cook and the sail maker undertook courageously to save at least part of the cloth; but what could have been accomplished even by the fist of a Hercules under such circumstances? Rag after rag tore away from the beautiful sail and in a quarter of an hour there was nothing left except a few tatters,

1, 2. CAPE GOOD SUCCESS, SOUTH END OF STRAIT LE MAIRE; CONTINUED
VIEW. *Drawn by the Author.*

125 beaten by the wind. This happened about one o'clock at night. The next thing was another billow of unusual height and momentum, which came dashing over the helm, throwing two sailors from the wheel, one of whom had his left hand crushed; again the mizzen mast broke and with it the rigging, the whole coming down greatly damaged, but we managed to place it securely. At four o'clock, having raged for fully five hours, the storm subsided, taking along about thirty feet of our backboard trimming as a trophy. The wind calmed down quickly about seven o'clock, giving way to the Sunday sun, which shone bright and warm, while we had only a pleasant Southwestern breeze.

I hardly ever witnessed a sadder scene than that which our vessel presented on this morning. It was very cold. The rigging hung in a most dilapidated condition, torn here and there, and again knotted; some of it was lying on deck, which was coated with ice more than an inch thick with the exception of a few spots where the snow had gathered. Bowsprit, anchor, capstan, in one word, the whole bow of the ship was thickly covered with ice and snow. The masts and tackling were likewise covered with ice, at least as high as the spray of the waves had reached, which represented a height at least of twenty to thirty feet. Under the yards, on the ropes and other protruding parts of the running rigging, there were long icicles hanging everywhere. One piece of the broken mizzen mast was lying on deck, while another one fastened to the vessel, was trailing along in the water; the sail of the mizzen was on the cabin roof, partly frozen and partly covered with snow, one end of it reaching considerably over board. Of all the sails there remained only the little bark sail, which was almost useless under the slight breeze and the raging sea. The snow covered deck was seldom crossed by

any one this morning, as the whole crew was sadly in need of rest after that terrible night's work; everybody was therefore trying to obtain as much comfort in his bunk as was possible under the circumstances.

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The condition of our vessel was a pitiful one indeed and I must really confess that on this day at least I was not free from worries as to our immediate future. Four of our sailors had become disabled, among whom were three who had become seriously injured externally; our brand new sheet iron side coatings had given way and could not be repaired on account of the prevailing frost. Our running rigging was torn or, if not completely so, it was worn out beyond remedy and in this case too the cold forbade any attempt at repairs or renewal. The worst feature of the situation was the condition of our sails, it being truly distressing. Until we reached La Plata the old sails had been in constant use, after which the two topsails, fore and mainsails were replaced by new ones, which had never been in service. But even these new sails had suffered terribly, especially the big topsail, which showed no less than eleven holes, large and small; that of the fore mast had become so threadbare that one could have easily outlined the sun or the moon from behind it. The only consolation in this hour of general distress was to be found in the fact that the body of our vessel had suffered comparatively little, so that the water at the pumps did not amount to much.

Thus were we compelled to float till about two o'clock in the afternoon on this lonely Sunday.

The vessel was then put in repairs, first by replacing top and jibsails which were set to the light Southwestern wind; after this was accomplished, all hands were ready to fix up the mizzen again, in which we succeeded by seven o'clock; the breeze blew towards the North-Northwest.

The night between Sunday and Monday, the 15th, was the first one which passed somewhat quietly since we passed the Strait Le Maire. We succeeded in making good time during the forenoon and were even encouraged to set the topsail to West by South. However, when two o'clock came we were again overtaken by a severe storm, accompanied by snow, coming from the South; the former cutting cold prevailed and this state of affairs continued 127 till the following forenoon. On

Tuesday, the sixteenth, the wind turned again to Southwest. We had bright weather, though it was icy cold and the deck remained thickly glazed with ice all day long. During the night we reefed the big topsail, gaff top, etc., and steered West-Northwest.

On Monday, the 17th of September, we again had a change of wind after a calm of short duration. We had the great satisfaction of finding the air mild and agreeable, and by six o'clock in the morning the snow and ice, which had covered our ship for days, began to thaw and soon disappeared from the deck as well as from the rigging. The dark green coloring of the ocean and the calm of the waves announced again the close vicinity of land. We kept Southwest by South, and made a very satisfactory run.

Toward eight o'clock we caught sight of a little island rock, Cape Deceit, which is about two German miles from Cape Horn, and in our estimation we must have seen it at a distance of eleven miles. Hardly a quarter of an hour had passed when we beheld the insurmountable peak of the celebrated and much feared Cape itself. We kept Cape Horn in view till about four o'clock in the afternoon, after which the thickening air commenced to hinder observation. When we had approached the Cape within eight German miles, its immense mass of rocks was plainly outlined on the darkening horizon. At the same time and distance there came a number of prominently projecting points of the Hermites Islands plainly within our view. The wind was rather refreshing during the day and turned gradually toward North. We soon shortened sails and about four o'clock we came within a short distance of the Diego Ramirez Islands, a little archipelago consisting of thirty-six large and small islands, which are close together and look like black perpendicular rocks in the unfathomable sea. The highest points of these islands roughly estimated may be a thousand feet above the ocean level; they show clearly the volcano type, are completely barren and covered with 128 perpetual snow. The sight of these cliffs, on which the most terrific storms and breakers had beaten during thousands of years past, created a feeling of indescribable gloom, uneasiness and sadness, which was rather increased by the immense swarms of screeching albatrosses, ocean geese and cape doves, which find shelter here by millions. As we were lucky enough to reach these Ramirez Isles by half past six o'clock, i.e., just before dark, at a distance of about four German

miles, I could not forego the pleasure of drawing a few sketches, though, upon my word, my fingers became as stiff as the horns of a billy goat.

The approaching night made it gradually impossible for us to distinguish the disappearing of the archipelago from our horizon, and the strong breeze drove our ship quickly through the calm waters in a Southwest direction. We had by this time crossed the Atlantic in its wildest dimension and entered upon the waters of the South Sea.

I shall now take a short respite and then make a review for your benefit of the last few days, to complete this report.

Now, since everything is a matter of the past, I am glad to have gone through it. The trials were indeed overwhelming and injurious to the health of every one, but, notwithstanding all privations, I had the good fortune of coming out hale and hearty.

It creates quite a sensation while one is sitting in the circle of loved ones around the aromatic tea table and close by the old-fashioned fireplace, to read a well written description of some thrilling sea novel, with its snowstorms, its creaking and breaking of masts, its rattling of frozen rigging; and one thus by contrast feels a glow of satisfaction in the warm and cosy homestead. But you will believe me, that to read a description of a tornado, and to actually live through it, are decidedly two very different things, particularly when the scene takes place amidst real snow and ice around Cape Horn. One may experience a profound feeling for all that is

1. DIEGO RAMIREZ ISLANDS, DRAWN AT 16 MILES DISTANCE. 2. THE "VICTORIA" AT CAPE HORN, AFTER HURRICANE, SEPT. 14, 1851. *Drawn by the Author.*

129 imposing and grand on the wild waves of the ocean or during a storm just below the Equator, but when one has reached the sixtieth degree of South latitude, one is not likely to indulge in mere sentimental or emotional impressions. On the contrary, he is more forcibly reminded of the gnawings of an empty stomach, the freezing hands, the ice cold feet and the wet, frozen clothes! It is really not a fable if I tell you that we were actually endangering our lives in our attempts to fetch our scant meals; they were scant, because it was impossible for the cook to fill the kettles

more than half full on account of the terrible rocking of the vessel. The biting frost, the ice coated, slippery deck, strewn with fragments of rope and riggings, which were treacherously hidden under half-frozen snow, now and then a rushing billow which saturated one's clothes to the skin—all this having been successfully overcome on the way to the kitchen, we received there the prize of our undertaking—half a cup of tea or coffee; and then we had to return with it in the same dangerous manner, and happy was he when the storm only spilled half the contents of his cherished bowl, and it is needless to state that tea and coffee were completely cold by the time we had reached the steerage again. Similar were our experiences at dinner time. The food was invariably cold and too little to satisfy one's craving. In addition to this you may consider the wet clothes, wet feet and hands, the cutting, cold draught of the steerage in which the water would at times be splashing as much as on deck; then figure to yourself the soaking wet mattresses and woollen blankets, which were kept in this state by every new shower wave, the water of which would find its way through the cracks of the deck. Imagine that, whether one sits or lies down, there is absolutely no comfort, no rest, as the constant motion of the vessel requires as much strength to keep these positions as would walking or standing under the same circumstances. You will thus gain a slight conception of our frame of mind during these unhappy days and of our great joy when we had Cape Horn behind us.

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With all our misfortunes we still have reason to rejoice. As much as we had to suffer, we had at least the satisfaction of seeing some extraordinary sights, which recompensed me at least abundantly for the hardships we had met.

There are hundreds of ships sailing around the cape that do not even see land at a distance, while we had the advantage of obtaining a broad day view of the cape as well as of the Diego Ramirez Islands, when we had already made up our mind that it would be our unavoidable fate to cruise the South Sea for weeks only amidst ice and snowstorms. We, too, had sailed a whole day along the romantic coast of the “Fireland” (tierra del fuego) and passed the Strait Le Maire on a bright day, which is in itself an unusual occurrence, as only very experienced sea faring men who know the cape and its surroundings well and who have passed it often will dare to pass through this narrow

strait. The only conditions which can tempt them to risk this trip are bright weather and light, favorable wind (by which I mean West and North-West wind) which will enable them to make the run in daylight; otherwise they prefer to sail around Staten Island, foregoing thereby the pleasure of seeing the interesting points I have mentioned. Everything seemed to come my way during this long voyage so that, notwithstanding the many hardships and privations, I cannot find much reason for complaint, but rather see good cause for satisfaction.

Let us therefore be thankful that my voyage around the cape terminated so satisfactorily.

One can safely consider the dangers of Cape Horn overcome as soon as the Ramirez Islands are passed, for the difference between the South Sea and the Atlantic is pronounced in many respects, and it rarely occurs that a vessel which has once reached this point is buffeted back again over the meridian of Cape Horn.

The Northwest and West-Northwest winds, which blew during the next few days, compelled us again to take a Southwestern direction till we had reached the sixty-first

BEACH AT ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF CORRAL, CHILE.*Drawn by the Author.*

131 degree of southern latitude. The weather compared to that of the same degree in the Atlantic was far less cold, though more foggy and the storms were not as severe.

The waves were still rolling high, though much more regular than was experienced in the strait which lies between the archipelago off the New South Shetland coast and the Fireland; this strait is hardly ninety miles in width. We must, however, take into consideration the fact that the powerful northern ocean current, which runs along the coast of Patagonia, adds materially to the turbulence of the sea in that region.

I remember the picture in Meyer's Universal Encyclopedia, well, quite well; it is a perfect representation of facts and even the portraiture of the ocean has not at all been exaggerated. The waves reach an almost incredible height; I have seen them roll up many a day, reaching a fluctuating line that would easily measure twenty-five or thirty feet from the foot to their highest

curve. The “lambkins,” as the sailors often call the splashing crowns of foam, are frequently from sixty to seventy-five feet long and twenty to thirty feet wide. Just such little “lambkins” knocked in our ship's waist and broke our mizzen mast.

When we tried to set our main sail on Friday, the 19th, the yard broke right off, probably in consequence of damage which it had sustained before because the prevailing breeze, though strong, did by no means blow hard enough to warrant such an occurrence. The loss was soon replaced by the fore yard; of course we had to do without sail on the fore mast. We kept the southwestern course without much interruption until Monday, the 22d, when an immense whale came within a quarter of a mile of our starboard; it measured at least eighty to ninety feet in length. It had become necessary for us to seek the wide ocean, partly on account of the storm, partly on account of the close proximity of dangerous trap cliffs, which are quite numerous on this coast. What retarded our progress most at the present stage was the extremely poor condition of our sails and rigging, which, as already 132 mentioned, needed, under the circumstances, the greatest care in their handling.

Commencing the twenty-second we steered Northward. The weather continued to be somewhat rough and the wind blew from the North and Northwest, bringing with it a good deal of rain; and these northerly winds did not leave us until the twenty-sixth. About noon on this last named date the air clouded visibly and soon after we took occasion to rejoice in a heavy snow fall which in these regions is taken as a good omen for favorable wind, as the North wind brings warmth and rain but no snow with it.

Our hope had not deceived us as a good South wind came up toward five o'clock, enabling us to turn N.N.W. This favorable change continued throughout the night and well along Monday morning, thus helping us considerably as we had kept full sail all the while. We had also occasion to hail a South Sea hunter but could not understand each other. A snowfall, probably the last one on this journey, changed the atmosphere slightly. Monday, September 29th, was a playday for the winds which seemed to chase each other from and into all directions. The crew made good use of the leisure hours by mending torn sails and replacing the ones that had become dangerously storm-beaten. The large mainsail had suffered much and our men worked diligently to make it sea and

ship shape. After dark the wind settled once more in the West and a heavy storm came up. How thankful we were to have repaired our sails, as the wind gave us more and more concern.

It broke the fore yard (which was fully sixty feet long and eighteen inches thick) in two like a match; this happened about four o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the thirtieth. The repairs thus made imperatively necessary took all day and delayed our progress considerably. We fortunately found in the reserve hatch an old damaged but large yard, which was put into service after having been placed in proper condition by attaching small security planks and winding a strong rope around the weak

VILLAGE AND HARBOR OF CORRAL, CHILE, IN 1851.*Drawn by the Author.*

OLD FORT CORRAL AT THE MOUTH OF THE VALDIVIA RIVER, OCTOBER, 1851.*Drawn by the Author.*

133 parts. As the vessel was laboring heavily through the hollow sea, and the rain being much in evidence, it was quite a difficult task to bring this heavy yard in place and in ship shape condition for service, and night had already set in when the last finishing touches permitted its renewed use. The fore topsail was set once more. On Wednesday, the first of October, as early as one o'clock in the morning, there came a heavy rainstorm which destroyed our jib for the second time; as soon as the sun had risen this was replaced by a brand new sail and again set agoing. Toward evening "we again made our bill without consulting the host" and this happened quite often during our voyage. We were steering toward the coast, thinking that the next morning would find us close to the Bay of Corral, which in reality is the harbor of Valdivia. But we were once more to be disappointed as the wind turned North and continued thus with steady showers until about noon of Saturday, the fourth, which compelled us to cruise once more. We were so thoroughly disappointed at not seeing the Harbor of Corral as we expected, that neither the sight of three immense whales nor the reappearance of a few flying fish were able to dissipate our bad humor. But we had not seen the worst. About one o'clock we were once more in the midst of a heavy Northwest storm, bringing with it hail, thunder and lightning. As quickly as possible the jib, main, top and mizzen sails were secured and the vessel went West-Southwest.

Hardly had we changed the course when lightning struck the water about 150 to 200 feet from our ship side, followed by heavy thunder bolts. In the evening we had lightning in the West. Though the storm abated during Sunday, there was little change in the air until Tuesday, the seventh. We were all in bad humor. It was really enough to vex anyone. During a whole week we had been close to our destination, and yet we had never made more than a day's journey and had even seen land Monday morning at nine o'clock, some three miles away. About five miles from Cape Carlos there was a high 134 pointed elevation which prevented our entry at the time, but we had to be thankful to God for being permitted to sail in close proximity to the coast.

The weather became more favorable on Wednesday, the eighth, when the wind settled in the West, blowing more regularly, while the sea calmed considerably and the air brightened. We pressed the sails hard all day long so that our larboard was constantly under water. We had yet a few showers during the afternoon, which ended about six o'clock, followed by a magnificent, complete double rainbow, which exhibited a beautiful variety of harmonious colors, the like of which I have never before witnessed. The air became bright and mild, the wind turning Southwest, which made it comparatively easy to set full sails for land. The night, enlivened by beautiful moonlight, aided our purpose greatly. In order to avoid an untimely arrival we made another little trip, just enough to fill out the time from eleven in the evening to two o'clock in the morning. The horizon was clear until daybreak, when a light fog set in. When five o'clock came it was sufficiently bright and clear to recognize the high coast of Chile, which was about four miles from our vessel in East-Northeastern direction. We now sailed slowly along the high and rocky coast, which was covered with an impenetrable primitive forest down to the sea level, until we reached Cape San Carlos by one o'clock. While it is generally necessary to give the cape a wide berth, we were fortunate enough to pass right around it, and half an hour later we were at anchor, a quarter of a mile from Fort Corral, in one of the most beautiful and picturesque harbors of the world. One hundred and twenty days and ten hours and a half had passed since we weighed anchor in Cuxhaven.

It was with a strange, indescribable feeling that I first trod upon American soil. I slowly ascended the narrow path among the steep rocks, which led from the beach into the Chilean village Corral,

but while my comrades dispersed to find wine, bread and cheese in the cottages I continued my way into the forest covered mountains. 135 My path with the dried-up bed of a mountain or forest stream, a deep cavity between mossy walls, on which wild climbers would run up and down, swinging their gay flowers back and forth in the evening air. Every step in this rocky wall gave me indescribable delight, so that I made for myself a path through weeds and bushes of fuschias, which were seemingly determined to oppose my progress the higher I went.

When I had reached a height of about four hundred feet above the sea I stopped and sat down upon the stump of an old laurel tree, which was covered with moss. There at my feet lay the harbor in which I counted ten barks and one three-masted vessel, all Chileans; all were at anchor and further away was our "Victoria." To my right there reflected the beautiful evening sky in the mirror-like mouth of the Rio Valdivia, between the high Fort of Niebla and the charming island Mansera, the tree covered mountain peak of which was only surpassed in height by the snow-capped peak of the Volcano of Villa Rica, which showed light smoke; to my left was the opening of the harbor; between mountain forests and the rocky coast of the South Sea could be plainly seen as far as Cape "El Molino." The coast mountains, some six hundred feet high and covered with thickly set trees, were under the spell of profound silence, as even the screeching of the parrot could but rarely be heard. Everything was solemn and quiet. Had it not been for the approaching darkness I surely would not have thought of returning; even then I did so reluctantly, by the way through the arroyo bed.

While Grünhagen and I were awaiting the boat of the "Victoria," we accidentally met Don Rafael Asenco, the port master, who drew us into an English conversation. The man must have taken a liking to us as he asked us to be his guests the same evening, an invitation which we thankfully accepted. We appeared at the proper time to find five or six Chilean sea captains and two Frenchmen. The ladies present, among whom the three daughters of Señor Asenco, spoke only Spanish. 136 Notwithstanding this I spent a very pleasant evening as I could anyhow talk to some of the captains either in French or English. There was dancing and singing with guitar

accompaniment, all with doors and windows open, which are only closed in times when people do not wish to receive visitors.

The night was mild and when I returned about midnight to Capt. Sanlar's gig my whole voyage with all its disagreeableness seemed but a past dream. While we were gliding along the mirror-like bay, the beautiful, silvery, full moon dipped its shining light into the silent waters and the dark forest threw its quiet shadow about, while we returned on board the "Victoria."

Such were the first few hours which I spent upon American soil. The kind hospitality which I found upon my arrival in a foreign land left a lasting impression and served as a good omen.

During the following two days we had many visits from Germans of Valdivia, which did not interest me particularly. I preferred to tramp and climb on the beach and in the mountains, notwithstanding the frequent showers. The weather became pleasant and steady about the Sunday following. The night before was marked by the departure of those passengers who desired to remain in Valdivia and as I was very anxious to see that city I joined the travelers, among whom was Grünhagen. We rented a boat and the five of us, accompanied by a young merchant named Uhtemann, who had been in Valdivia about a year, left the "Victoria" at nine o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the twelfth. Our way led up the broad and deep Rio Valdivia, which bears the name Calla-calle after passing the city. The high rocky banks are covered with impenetrable forests which rarely show a mark of ax or fire. Here and there in caves we saw scattered a few huts and block-houses, the dwellings of Chilean wood choppers (peones) or of newly immigrated German colonists. Further up and particularly beginning where the Rio Cruces empties its waters into the Valdivia, about three-fourths of a mile below the city,

LANDING IN CORRAL, CHILE, OCTOBER, 1851.*Drawn by the Author.*

137 the country becomes more level, while the coast cordillera seemingly runs aside from the river bed; however, one sees neither here nor in the immediate vicinity of the city cultivated ground worth mentioning, as in most places nothing has been done but rough tree cutting, whereof the stumps remained standing.

About one o'clock in the afternoon we arrived in Valdivia. The town did not impress me as being particularly foreign in its build. There were about two hundred and fifty to three hundred one-story wooden houses scattered in disorder, mostly covered with shingles, rarely with straw; few had glass windows. The streets were all without paving or grading and ran up and down, owing to the fact that the town is built upon uneven ground. Most houses have some kind of a nursery attached, while likewise contains a few vegetable and flower beds; rose bushes and apple trees were already in full bloom. The whole place bore the appearance of a large primitive village.

We remained in Valdivia until Monday and met great hospitality among the German residents. While they do not put themselves to any particular trouble for one's sake, their hearty welcome makes you feel quite at home. There are a great many Germans in Valdivia, who show signs of wealth in a comparatively short time, particularly the artisans. However, they do not live altogether in harmony with their Chilean neighbors, whose truly Spanish tenderness and ease is often met by characteristic German severity and firmness. Politically they remain non-partisan, but they have established a so-called citizens' guard of their own in order to maintain necessary watchfulness and secure to themselves protection in these days of unrest. They have even succeeded in maintaining a guard in the government building. The militia of the natives, which is at present in arms throughout Chile, is as comical looking a sight as you can possibly see. The whole company goes bare-footed, their uniforms, which are made after the old Prussian pattern, are blue, trimmed with red, over which they wear the "poncho," the national garment, which consists of a square, gay colored woolen blanket. This blanket has a slit in the middle, through which one puts his head. The "poncho" is considered by Germans and natives alike a very useful article, particularly when on horseback, as it is not only comfortable and warm, but of so closely woven material that the rain does not penetrate it. We left Valdivia on Monday, the 13th, after having explored every point of interest; it only took us about two hours to reach our vessel again, as we had four able native rowers.

The weather remained favorable, as I have already stated, and it seems almost unnecessary to assure you that I made good use of my limbs, as you are perfectly aware of my love for excursions,

particularly when trips into a mountainous region are so easily accomplished as they are here.

Whenever we wanted to visit some point of interest, unapproachable by land, we would row along the shore of the bay, and thereby attain our object. At other times I would just take it easy by lying down in the boat and, like a ferry man, await a chance to take a parcel ashore, which often took me across the bay to the islands Niebla or Mansera, which, though about half a German mile distant, did not even tire me, when I had to make my way against flood and wind.

The harbor was originally well fortified by the Spaniards but now both forts and batteries are very much neglected and I doubt if one would be able to find a dozen old iron guns which could be pressed into service. The buildings are, for the greater part, neglected and covered with moss and climbers; they are in many instances mere ruins of which one sees quite a number all around the bay. The little isle Mansera, which is exclusively inhabited by Chileans, has the ruins of a monastery, which are indeed very picturesque.

Corral is a poor mountain village with only two German residents, the Klix brothers, one of whom has a little store in the village, while the other one owns a saw mill on the road to the fort. Outside of the few 139 village streets there is only one single road which may be called practicable; it leads along the bank of the bay toward the old Fort San Carlos. All communications are sent either by water or over the narrow trails of dried up mountain creek beds, such as I described before. The climbing in these mountain paths is by no means an easy matter for the uninitiated, as the rolling pebbles cause one to slip, if not steadied by climbers, which, in turn, have to be cut or cleared to make progress possible. Every now and then one has to crawl along over and sometimes even under rocks or fallen trees, wade through wild mountain streams or cross a primitive bridge of joining branches, below which a chasm or cave of unknown depth may be hiding. Often these places are covered with fuschias of all kinds, below which one sometimes hears the falling of the waters from rock to rock. No matter where I went the surroundings presented about the same picturesque character, though scarcely two places were alike; the change of scenery was truly magnificent.

The excursions by water were no less entertaining than those by land, particularly those undertaken on the brilliant moonlight nights, when we rowed along the grayish coast rocks, from which the

bushes often touched our boat, while the splashing of the oars was the only sound that disturbed the universal and profound silence of the southern night.

During my stay in Corral I had little desire to enter the habitations of men and it is for that very reason that I have learned very little of either. The Chileans, i.e., the men, have well shaped features, dark or black, thick beards, curly hair and beautiful black eyes, which harmonize well with their dark complexion. The women, on the contrary, are rather homely, almost all short and stout, and old matrons at thirty. Even the young girls are not to my taste, though it cannot be denied that their fresh, round faces, their burning eyes and beautiful black hair are great attractions. I have had the opportunity of seeing a girl of slender build but once, 140 though I can say of her without endangering my conscience—she was pretty. My meeting with her in the ruins of Mansera was of short duration but nevertheless romantic, if not adventurous.

The Indians are easily distinguished from the Chileans, and they are mostly to be found among the workingmen. They belong to the nation of the Araucans, are of small stature, reddish-brown; their faces are flat and homely, and their hair is straight and black, hanging disorderly upon the shoulders. Their garments do not differ much from the others.

The houses in Corral are all built of wood, except the halls of the fort, which are of adobe brick, but like everything here—lacking in cleanliness. One generally steps from the street right into the sitting room, which in many instances is only partly floored. Windows are only found in two houses, Asenco's being one of them. Even the more pretentious ones have a very plain selection of furniture and rarely anything but tables and chairs; cupboards, dressers, bureaus and the like are nowhere in sight. One-half of the room, nearest to the window, has a more or less elegant carpet, reserved for the women, who cower upon it all day without the least occupation, unless it be to keep the fire going in cold weather.

Alongside of our vessel is anchored the bark “Jóven Julia” from Valparaiso, whose captain, Rickmess, a native of Hamburg, visited us quite often. Whenever we went on an excursion he would go with us; and the remembrance of this kind old man will not be effaced as long as I live.

Whenever there was an opportunity I inquired about conditions in Chile, and especially in regard to foreign settlers and shall complete my investigation as I go along.

On Friday, October the 17th, we received on board eight new passengers for Valparaiso, three of whom went in the steerage, the others being cabin passengers. Among the latter was a Chilean artillery captain, a 141 former commander of Osorno, who, being a state prisoner, was escorted on board by soldiers.

After a rest of nine days in this magnificent harbor, we weighed anchor on Saturday, the 18th of October. No matter how destiny may shape my future in America, I shall always cherish a happy remembrance of Corral and its paradisiacal surroundings.

We started at nine o'clock with a light West-South-West wind and passed Cape El Molino about half-past twelve, and were once again in open sea. It was our good fortune to have a brisk South wind which filled our sails and hurried us along the coast, which we did not lose sight of during the entire day. Toward evening we observed the snow-capped volcanos of Villa Rica and Osorno.

There is hardly anything to be told of our journey to Valparaiso, as the mild, warm weather and the quiet ocean with an agreeable Southern breeze afforded very little variety; in fact, one might almost as well have made this trip while asleep. On Wednesday, the 22d, we reached the Bay of Valparaiso about daybreak. We then steered under full sails right into the bay, but received a setback at nine o'clock, when overtaken by a complete calm which compelled us to call for tow boats as we were still a mile from the place where anchoring seemed desirable.

The weather was warm and pleasant and while we moved along at snail's pace one could follow the magnificent panorama presented to our view which gradually became more and more distant. The center of this splendid scene was the city of Valparaiso itself, which is built on a terrace; and it appears the more picturesque as the sky-high, snow-capped Andes form an incomparably beautiful background.

We anchored about one o'clock in the afternoon, a quarter of a German mile from shore, and in the midst of about three hundred merchant vessels and men-of-war, which surrounded us very closely.

At present I am unable to write much about 142 Valparaiso as I went ashore yesterday, the 24th, to present my letters of recommendation, spending the remainder of my time in writing letters, as the mail is going out tomorrow and all letters are to be handed in today. They will go with the Royal Mail Steamer to Panama and from thence to Europe. I can see that boat right close by; the next mail will go within another month's time.

The main thing has been accomplished; you will know on receipt of this that I have arrived here in good health. It will be my lot and is my determination (as I am ready and filled with courage) to meet in America whatever the future may have in store for me. I have made many inquiries about San Francisco, both here and in Valdivia and strange to say the reports are very contradictory even from people who have come from there but a short while ago. I have therefore decided to investigate for myself, caring little for favorable or contrary information. There is, unfortunately, little chance of continuing the voyage to San Francisco on board of this vessel and we—i.e., seven other passengers and myself—will have to embark in a strange boat. Probably we shall have to remain here a few weeks and if this proves to be the case, I shall write again for the next mail. Should we, however, get a chance to set out sooner, which would be a surprise indeed, then you will receive my next letter from San Francisco. Do not therefore set your heart upon another letter before four months. You will in all probability have heard that San Francisco has been visited by two conflagrations, one in May and another one in July, destroying a greater part of the city. I now hasten to close this letter, as the time is growing rather short.

How much I would have liked to know that this letter will be in your hands at the time of your birthday, my dearest, most beloved mother, but this will be an absolute impossibility. I would have been so happy in giving you this pleasure, knowing that you who love me so tenderly and unceasingly, would have rejoiced in nothing more than in the thought that your boy is well 143 and in good spirits. You will know it a few days later and the joyous tidings which I intended for your birthday will reach you by New Year's or on the birthday of my darling sister Mary. If the truthful

assurance that I am filled with happy courage and confidence in my future success as well as in possession of as great a mental and physical strength as I ever enjoyed or would have enjoyed at home, can have the guiding and soothing effect upon you that it ought to have, I will give it from the bottom of my heart.

Now, farewell! All my dear ones at home! I would have liked to add a few words of love and friendship to many a one, but it was not possible. You, my dear father, will find a few words of special nature in the inclosure.

It is hard for me to tear myself from this letter but—it must—it must be! Good bye, all you who love me and who think of me in kindness!

Good bye!

(signed) Frank Lecouvreur.

The Apenrade Brig entered just after I closed this letter; it is the same which we met on July the 19th. I reopened the letter quickly to mention this. I am unable to send the sketch which I promised you, as the time is too limited. Fr. L. C.

Valparaiso Harbor, the 12th of November, 1851, on board of the Hamburg Bark “Victoria,” Capt. Meyer.

My Dear Parents: You will have received my last letter, No. 9, measuring so-and-so many yards, which I forwarded by the Panama steamer on the 26th of October through care of Bartsch in Hamburg, and today I seat myself again, pen in hand, in order to spend the last day which I shall probably stay on board of the “Victoria” by writing to my dear ones. I see already that it will be my greatest pleasure here in America to chat with you.

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But before I go into details about my sojourn here, I must thank you most heartily for the great pleasure which your letter No. 7, of July 19th has afforded me. I cried like a child when Capt.

Meyer brought it to me in the afternoon of the 30th of October. Since then I have always carried it around in my pocket; I read it daily, at least once until I know it by heart.

It quiets, it pleases me greatly that you all have kept well, especially that the health of my dear Mary is improving. May Providence grant that she recover completely and that I may not be able to recognize on my return in later years, in the healthy, robust “Madam Moritz” the pale, delicate girl I left—my sister—my darling sister, she will remain forever! The letter, which bore on the outside a greeting from Louis Dubois, Hamburg, August 12th, I received through Franz Hallmann, to whom it had been sent by Wachowski from Santiago. Thus may the delay be explained, as it has made the voyage from here to the capital and back. As you know, we are here since the 22d of October, during which time I have uninterruptedly boarded and roomed on board. As Capt. Meyer has kindly offered free use of his boat to the passengers, in order to ferry us ashore and back as often as we desired to make use of it, I have had little chance of spending money, though I quite often strolled round on shore a whole day at a time. If we had not had the use of the boat I would probably have been able to take but few trips ashore, as the ferrying across is a very costly operation; if one has to depend upon the little ferry boats, which are rowing around the harbor for that purpose; each of such trips costs two reales (10 Silber Groschen), back and forth, therefore more than 20 Slbgr. in Prussian money. All other prices here are in proportion. In the eating houses no smaller coin than a real is known. A glass of ordinary Chilean wine, a cup of tea, chocolate or coffee, a glass of cognac-punch, yes, even a glass of ordinary corn brandy costs one real (5 Slbgr.). If one wants to have a somewhat respectable meal, one is compelled to pay at least three reales. A 145 game of billiard costs two reales; an hour of bowling in a fairly good alley means one peso (8 reales) and so on. Even the ordinary bread—none but wheat bread is known here—is enormously high, twelve little loaves, the size of 2 pfennig (1/2c) biscuits cost one real.

If (as I wrote to you) Valdivia has absolutely failed to leave a foreign impression upon me, Valparaiso has abundantly made up for it. The city extends about half a German (1 1/2 Eng.) mile in a northerly direction, along a deep bay, is crescent shaped and built upon the narrow beach, which is often less than 50 yards in width, lying between the steep, majestic coast mountains, the Cordilleras, and the niveau of the ocean, partly in the mountains, so that, observed from the bay,

the whole looks like a terrace, built along the foothills and sides of the mountain range. Thus even nature divides Valparaiso into two parts: the lower and the upper city: (1) the city of wealth and (2) the city of poverty; of extreme luxury and pomp, of wide, well paved streets with magnificent stores and residences and steep, crooked, rocky mountain alleys between low, miserable huts; below, the splendid carriages and the glittering of silk dresses; above, the climbing of half-fed donkeys and mules, and half-naked women and children, tramping in mud. The only things which the upper and lower Valparaiso have in common are the mud during the rainy season, and the endless dust in summer time; innumerable barking dogs, fleas of immense size and bedbugs during all seasons.

The lower city is built in Italian style, light but elegant. The houses are mostly two-story, built with large adobe bricks, as more solid construction is inadvisable on account of the many earthquakes, which have left their marks on nearly every building, by large and small cracks. The upper story is generally provided with an extensive balcony, running the full length of the house and having elegantly stained-glass windows; and on the east side of the city, where the beach forms a beautiful valley, we find the houses built like squares and the 146 side court converted into pretty little gardens which look like jewel boxes. The streets—this term is only applicable to the lower city—are partly paved with stones, though the sidewalks have cement paving, and others are badly or not at all graded, as is the only plaza in Valparaiso. Only the most important business streets have lights.

When the Spaniards founded Valparaiso amidst green mountains, the name “Valley of Paradise” was probably well chosen, but now—it is called thus inappropriately. The surrounding hills at present merely show naked, red rocks, covered here and there with desert weeds, intermixed with large cacti, presenting an unusually sad view, as the eye can nowhere rest upon a spot of agricultural beauty, nay, not even a tree. Trees are only to be found in the scattered gardens of the east side. Of fruit trees we see mostly olives, figs, peaches and apricots but rarely apple and plum trees. All of them bear already pretty large fruits, which are ripening rapidly. There are many beautiful summer-houses of roses and vines, together with those of passion flowers and other climbers, which are now in full bloom. One can pick roses all the year round, fresh from the bushes.

As far as amusements are concerned one finds Valparaiso to be an American city, i.e., the like is not known here. The first glance upon the topography of the place shows clearly that whoever goes about in these streets is not seeking pleasure but hard cash. Therefore Valparaiso has only one theater and one large public garden (Apolanco) where they have concerts on Sundays; this resort, however, has not nearly the size of the “Exchange Garden” in Königsberg.

The busy life in the harbor affords me more pleasure than that on shore. I therefore have remained most of my time of late on board, in order to watch the fun. Particularly beautiful is the sight on Sundays of the many merchant and other vessels when all masts carry their gay flags—English, Brazilian, immense Dutch 147 three-mast vessels, small Chilean schooners, Hamburg, Peruvian, Italian, North American, Spanish, French, Bolivian, Danish, Swedish, Lübeck and Prussian vessels are there in gayest mixture. The farthest from shore are the warships, a North American, an English, a Chilean and a Spanish Fregatta, two Chilean and a French gunboat, all stationed here; besides these I have seen in port during our stay a French 24-gun man-of-war, an English fregatta with 56 cannon and a steam corvette of the same flag. The American man-of-war is a magnificent new vessel with 62 guns. On board of the latter and of the English boat are bands of music which delight us every night with really fine concerts; they play mostly well known airs, European dances, among which I heard to my great surprise the “Flora Gallop.” These melodies can be heard far away in the pure, calm night air of the quiet harbor until the thundering of the batteries from the war vessels and the returns from the beach announce the ninth hour. Suddenly everything stops, silence reigns; not a boat glides over the waters of the bay, which plainly shows the outlines of the dark, silent ships resting upon its mirrored, placid bosom. Only here and there may be seen a lonely light, which throws its ray through a narrow window of some cabin. Fairy-like is the appearance of the city after dark—a sea of lights ascending in terraces and zigzags along the dark, bare mountains.

During our stay we have had so far two earthquakes and one revolution. The first earthquake was so insignificant that I never noticed it, while I became quite conscious of the second one. It took place on Sunday, October 26th, at 6:15 p.m. I was on board, sitting on a bench in the deck tent. The shock

raised me a few inches from the bench and its noise may be likened to the rattling of a dropping anchor chain of a large vessel. Our ship actually trembled for several minutes.

The revolution was more serious. You will probably have received news of it in Europe and I do not doubt that the details of causes of the outbreak of October 28th 1848 have been given better than I could if I attempted the task. As usual, the day was warm, bright and pleasant, and there was absolutely nothing that could forbode an extraordinary occurrence, until the rumor gained credence that insurgents had surprised the regulars and taken possession of about of one thousand guns, a few light weapons and ammunition. This occurred at four o'clock. Regulars and militia were at once called in, and the lively street fight began at half past four in the lower city. Small firing was commenced in all seriousness on either side and continued until six o'clock, when the "crusaderos"* had to vacate the barracks which they had previously taken and they slowly retired into their caves and hiding-places of the upper-town. The fight grew now very serious as larger fire-arms had to be put into use on either side, which, however, enabled the regulars to gain but little territory. Meanwhile it became evident that the "crusaderos" had few or no leaders, as they retired slowly toward the fortress which protects the harbor-entrance, thereby coming, about eight o'clock, within reach of the big guns, which caused them to disband rapidly.

"Los Crusados," followers of Cruces, the rebel candidate for President.

The men-of-war remained absolutely quiet, only sending a few boats full of armed men ashore for the protection of their respective consulates. About five o'clock the English man-of-war got up steam, and weighed one of its anchors and the other English vessel towed in order to turn its batteries to face the city. Lanterns appeared in the evening along the deck-side, where the cannon stood. The night passed quietly with the exception of the plundering of a small arsenal on the east-side of the city.

My private opinion is, that peace will not be of long duration even if La Monte would be able to defeat the "crusaderos" completely, which, according to some, is already an accomplished fact. The hatred of the lower classes is too great.

Since we are at anchor in this harbor, already three vessels with state-prisoners have left for the Strait of Magellan, where Chile possesses a colony for criminals, called "Fort Famine," and the rumor has gained credence that the insurgent-prisoners, who are mostly sentenced to five or ten years of deportation, have simply been shot as soon as the vessel reached high seas. Neither do I consider this charge unreasonable, as I have been an involuntary witness of a transport of eight corpses, which fishermen found last Monday (day before yesterday) in the Bay not far from shore, all with stones, attached to the neck by ropes. These were recognized as members of the band of insurgents who had evidently been drowned to make short process with the prisoners.

Such deeds are enough to arouse the cooler blooded: how much more the hot-headed Chilean. If, however, the excitement were only headed against La Monte and the ruling party, the foreigners could watch the whole matter quietly, but that is not the case. The lower classes hate the English and the Germans unto death, and I am convinced that they are only awaiting an opportunity in order to give vent to their hatred. It has come to the point that no foreigner dares to go after dark to the upper-town, except in company and well armed; even the less frequented streets of the lower-town are not considered safe. This state of affairs cannot possibly last long and, until complete order will have been restored, I shall advise nobody to emigrate to Chile, particularly if it be his intention to settle in the interior. Matters will undoubtedly be carried to a very dangerous point. The hatred against the English (and the natives seem unable to distinguish between English and Germans) has been fanned anew by a very queer incident. A few weeks ago it occurred that a partisan of Cruces of Coquimbo took possession of a small steamer, belonging to La Monte. As the latter could not possibly get hold of it again, he declared it outlawed. The English frigate "Thesis" happened to be stationed in Coquimbo and undertook to profit by the announcement by forcibly taking possession of the steamer, and after forcibly taking it from the "Crucists" they, the English, brought it hither to Valparaiso under protection of the English flag and cannon.

Under existing circumstances there is no possibility of obtaining employment here in the near future, as business and traffic in general are as dull as we experienced them at home in the year 1848. I shall therefore go to San Francisco, contenting myself for a while with steerage-meals and

tea, quietly awaiting what the future may have in store for me. It is true that one does not hear California affairs well spoken of, but almost every German here who has spent more or less time in San Francisco assures me from his own observation that perseverance, thrift and luck will still enable one to lay something aside. The circumstances in which my informants are living bear witness to the truth of these assertions. Not one of them has returned from there empty-handed and many of them did not hesitate to say that they had wasted time and spent much money foolishly.

Thus I ask you not to believe for one moment that I have lost my courage; on the contrary, I feel quite well, and ready to bear all the burdens of a life of work, as I have it undoubtedly before me. More than ever before do I understand the value of health and work; as I regained possession of the former after waiting a long, long time and have missed the latter for nearly half a year. Do not worry; I shall make my way. America is a country after my taste.

The “Aurora,” on board of which I shall continue my voyage, is a small, low, black brig, which goes under the flag of Hamburg. With the exception of the meals, to which I become quite accustomed, we shall make a change for the better, which will be specially true of the quarters on the “Aurora” as compared with those of the Victoria. The Aurora has no steerage and we shall therefore be lodged in one of the large and cosy quarters on deck, where the accommodations will be just as elegant and comfortable and even cooler and more airy than the cabins.

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It has cost us quite a fight to manage the continuance of our voyage on the “Aurora.” Poppe, the agent of Godefroy (Hamburg) had flatly refused me the privilege of sailing with this vessel and declared in an insolent manner that he would ship us when and in whatever class of vessel he might see fit; and that we were not to have any say in the matter. That was a little too much for me, moreover, as I had found out that it was his intention to place us on board of a small Chilean vessel, which was to go to San Francisco at the beginning of December; it carries steerage passengers and is said to have engaged already eighty berths. I then gave Poppe a piece of my mind and complained at once to Hallmann (the Consul of Bremen, to whom Oswald had recommended me), to Uhde and Hünecken (the Hamburg Consul, upon Bartsch's suggestion), and to the Prussian

Consul. This caused some noise, which evidently scared Poppe to some extent, as I received the announcement of our passage on the “Aurora” two days later. I now hasten to the close of my letter by giving you an idea of the weather which we found in sailing around the Cape. We received news from Terra del Fuego since we came here and the report refers to several vessels which we met there in September last, and is rather sad. An English three-master and a bark are in San Carlos, the former minus masts and leaking, and the latter without sails and fore-mast. A Danish bark is at anchor in Ancud on account of damage on palisades and rigging; both ports mentioned are on the Chiloe islands. A large Dutch vessel is in dock at Corral on account of severe leakage and loss of bowsprit, boats and rigging. In Coquimbo and Copiapo are likewise ships awaiting repairs, which have suffered considerably. Nearly all ships which arrived later than we in Valparaiso have suffered more or less damage, with the single exception of the Hamburg brig “Sarah,” which passed the Cape at the beginning of October with good weather in three days. The brig of “Apenrade” has not yet arrived. It was owing to a misunderstanding on my part that I announced her arrival 152 in my last letter; it is said that she has lost bowsprit, foremast, etc., and is now in Copiapo.

Good bye! Do not worry about me. It is unnecessary to tell you that I send many, many hearty greetings to all my loved ones. All who love me will forever and ever be dear to me!

The enclosure is for you, dear Father. As this letter will only leave on the 26th, I shall keep it until the last moment in order to be able to add a P.S. in case something of interest should turn up, and to let you know when we shall be ready to sail. The promised sketch is enclosed.

With sincere love,

Your

(Signed) FRANZ LECOUVREUR.

P.S.—On board of the Hamburg Brig “Aurora,” Capt. Mildenstein.

Port Valparaiso, November 15th, 1851.

Since the transfer of our baggage on the 12th inst. we lived partly on the “Aurora,” partly on the “Victoria.” Beginning with to-day we are completely installed on the “Aurora.” The vessel is heavy laden according to American ideas, but I hope that we may have a quick voyage, as the “Aurora” is said to be an unusually fleet sail-boat; we also expect to have good winds. We are to take some more freight to-day and set sail to-morrow—Sunday. Franz Hallmann has given me two letters of recommendation, one to Wm. Meyer & Co. and the other to Heymann Fingshorn & Co., San Francisco. Uhde and Hünecken likewise promised me one, which I hope to receive to-day.

There will be several fellow-passengers, outside of my seven acquaintances from the “Victoria,” and a lady passenger, Mrs. Mutzenbecher, from Hamburg; some of the former will occupy cabins and some deck-quarters. Up to this hour I have seen none of them. There are said to be two Chilean señoras, mother and daughter, likewise an American (Yankee) and wife. I am glad of that, as I shall thereby have a chance to perfect my knowledge of 153 English and Spanish. The latter language is not hard, neither the grammar nor the vocabulary, and I hope to master it fairly well by the time we reach San Francisco.

It will be necessary to draw the enclosed sketch upon a card. I did it, too, and was enabled to get a real and correct view of our voyage. By it you will see our route has been very crooked. Our course has been very eccentric. Our trip around the Cape looks almost like a chess-puzzle. If you desire to get a sailor's view of the sketch, you will have to mark upon the map every point mentioned and then join these points by straight lines. I hope that this letter may reach you by the middle of January of the coming year (1852), perhaps even before grandfather's birthday, whom it may find in the old, happy frame of mind and the old indestructible health. However, I am somewhat worried as to the fate of this letter, as it will have to remain here till the 26th inst. I shall take it to Hallmann and shall use all my fluency of speech so as to make sure that it will not be forgotten when mail-time comes.

If everything goes well you may expect my next letter within eight or ten weeks, from San Francisco.

Am I to hope for a letter from you on my arrival there?

Your

FRANZ.

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LETTER NO. VI

Sunday, January 11th, 1852.

On Board the Hamburg Brigg “Aurora,”

Capt. Mildenstein, 36° 11' N. Latitude, 126°

1 W. Longitude, coast of California.

My Beloved Ones:—This is the birth-day anniversary of my own dear sister Marie, and could it possibly be celebrated by me more worthily than by entertaining you all with an account of my last voyage?

I presume that you have come into possession of my letters dated the twenty-sixth of October and twenty-sixth of November a.p., which I mailed by the respective Panama steamers long ago.

One cannot imagine anything more pleasant than my trip from Valparaiso hither. The weather favored us so remarkably that my diary contains but three records of slight inclemencies, whilst at the same time it describes the magnificent effect which the tropical sun had upon the quiet, cooling waters, which were scarcely interrupted by disturbing winds. We really could have made the trip in an open boat, without running any more risk to our safety than in one of the largest vessels. But this was not the only agreeable side of our trip, which in reality proved by far preferable to that made on board the Victoria. Intentionally I avoided saying to you in my early letters that our meals on the last named vessel were—to put it mildly—abominable. The quantity was just sufficient to keep a

fellow alive, particularly during the last few weeks, when the inclemency of the weather made the want of nutritious food the more perceptible. Indeed the preparation of our food corresponded to its miserable quality. Not a thimbleful of fat ever found its way into the meals, and the hard, old peas and beans, with 155 occasionally a grain of rice or barley, were often swimming in clear water—half-cooked. However, I never complained about the miserable grub, and would, if it had been necessary, have taken it without grumbling all the way to San Francisco, as I have neither been a great eater, nor a Lucullus, at any time. Quantity and quality never worry me, as, thanks to my early training, my taste has never been spoiled. With all that, however, I could not help noticing and acknowledging the great difference in treatment there and here. Indeed, I do not believe that many ocean travellers can boast of such a spread as we have on board the “Aurora.” Our dinner consists of potatoes and good meat in abundance; and coffee and tea are likewise of very good quality. Instead of bad, rancid butter for cooking purposes, we receive as much good lard as we care to use. During the fore-noon, at about ten o'clock, and again at half-past two in the afternoon, each of us receives a drink of cognac to stimulate the appetite for the regular meals. Another most agreeable feature is the daily distribution of large loaves of wheat bread about tea-time, the product of our good cook's industry. As the flour has given out, we receive now potatoes instead, all of which are additional items which the Captain is by no means obliged by the prescribed bill of fare to furnish, and, though seemingly secondary, they are greatly appreciated on the open sea. Aside from this, we may drink as much fresh water as we have a mind to. As I told you in my last letter, there is also as marked a difference in our sleeping accommodations as in the food. If my present frame of mind would harmonize better with the better surroundings and accommodations, I should surely be spoiled; but, as it is, all these circumstances, which in the end are only pleasing to the body, have little effect upon my mind in general. I mention these external improvements only to give you pleasure, knowing full well how you will regard the information that I am well cared for.

As expected, we left Valparaiso on Sunday, the sixteenth of November, a.p. At about five o'clock in the 156 morning we began to weigh anchor, while the church-bells were inviting the faithful to early mass. There are many magnificent churches in all South-American cities, and Valparaiso is also well supplied. By half-past ten we started on our voyage, passing the light-house half-an-hour

later, with a light South wind, while the weather was perfectly beautiful. A Chilean three-master and the large Hamburg “Johannis Marie” left the harbor at the same time. It is truly astonishing how many Hamburg vessels one encounters everywhere: the merchant-marine of the old Hansa-town is evidently as well represented on the Pacific as on the Atlantic ocean. Toward one o'clock we set lee-sails and made no change whatever until the nineteenth of the month, when the bram and lee-sails had to be laid by. Think of it, nine days without changing sails! This will serve you as evidence of the magnificent weather and favorable winds which we enjoyed. Hardly had we gone to sea, however, when someone discovered that the old “Aurora” had sprung a leak, which caused an inflow of about fourteen inches of water per watch. “One watch,” in sailor parlance, means four hours of duty, or one shift. Of course, we passengers began to worry a little, but the uneasiness was soon overcome, when we became convinced that the leakage did not increase. There was not, however, any additional influx of water near the pumps. Though the danger from the leak seemed very small, it nevertheless became the cause of two very disagreeable features, which we did not meet with on board of the “Victoria.” The pumping to begin with, caused a barbaric noise, which, being repeated every two hours, day and night, became a constant bar to the sleep of nervously inclined passengers. Much more troublesome than the pumping were, in my estimation, the countless bed-bugs and rats, which latter, in particular, paid us nightly visits in our bunks. Imagine our joy!

There was consternation among our passengers when it became known shortly after leaving the port of Valparaiso that we had a goodly load of gun-powder on 157 board; it made some of us feel rather uncomfortable. This powder, in all one hundred and sixty-two kegs of twenty-five pounds each, was enough to blow ten liners into splinters. It was part of the freight which I mentioned in letter No. 10, as being ready for shipment. Though I knew the nature of the cargo then as well as I do today, I withheld the information from you because you would otherwise have had powder-dreams day and night, and would, perhaps, have pictured to yourselves my fiery ascension into Heaven, somewhat after the method of the prophet Elias, of Holy Writ. The worst of it is that these kegs of powder were knocked about wherever there appeared a little space between the other freight, principally under the cabin and front-steerage—two places where light and smoking is a constant

menace, particularly on account of the cracks and holes in the flooring, through which the kegs may be seen, and, in places, even be felt. As you may fancy, this challenged, at first, a good deal of my courage and caused me to think of Bontekoe, Cook and the Flying Dutchman, especially when the sailors commenced to throw those kegs around carelessly, whenever they were looking for tools, iron, chains, or whatever they happened to be in immediate need of, and that generally finds its way into the cable-hatch. Even right near the fire-place one can see ten to fifteen barrels piled up at times, simply to temporarily facilitate the search of something or other in the hatch below. Fortunately for the sensitive looker-on this proverbial carelessness of the tars has a contagious and soothing effect upon the many, as one hardly thinks of disastrous possibilities after a while, though we might have been sent on a flight through space more than once, and without the least warning or preparation for the journey. There would not have been as much as a detailed report, though the facts, if known, might have caused more excitement than did the appearance of the Lord in the burning bush, in the ancient Hebrew days. It is well-known that the apprentices on our men-of-war handle the powder-kegs, which caused those boys to be nick-named "powder-monkeys." In the end, our old German proverb: "Everything is a matter of digestion," plays the trump in this case especially.

The immense surface of the South-sea is rarely visited by any but so-called trade-winds, Monsoons, which blow with an unsurpassed evenness and always in the same direction, no matter what zone they happen to strike, only being here and there interrupted by playful courting breezes. One is thus enabled to make pretty close calculations as to the probable duration of the trip through these regions, provided the ship is in experienced hands, who know how to utilize the Monsoon realms to greatest advantage. We left these regions on Wednesday, the nineteenth of November, and placed ourselves therefore out of reach of those winds, which, if you recollect, had also been our companions during the trip from Valdivia to Valparaiso. We soon experienced changes after bidding farewell to the Cape-pigeons, which had been our faithful followers since the time when we passed the Rio de la Plata. A strong Southeast breeze made us realize the change very quickly. Our deck was covered with gulf-swallows, little greyish-brown birds about as large as our crows; they have white breasts and black tails and wing-tips. Toward five o'clock on Thursday afternoon,

sailing West half-North, we caught sight of the islands Ombrosio and San Feliz which disappeared from our horizon again in less than half an hour. Though the day happened to be exceedingly clear these islands appeared and disappeared like small blue clouds. Sunday, the twenty-third, we felt a mild East Monsoon with light rain, but not until the twenty-fifth could the wind be utilized, as we experienced on Monday, the twenty-fourth, our first complete calm. I suppose this announcement will give you the third fright during this reading. I count this the third because I fancy that the word “leak” has caused the first scare and the “powder-shipment” must have given you the second fright; am I not right? But it is in reality a much less serious matter than people are ordinarily led to believe. Many fables have been told us ¹⁵⁹ about the dreadful calms on the Pacific Ocean. My description of the trade winds will already have informed you that things are not as bad as the writers of sensational stories would have you to believe. Prolonged, and actually death like calms are only noticeable along the coast and particularly between Callao (sea-port of Lima) and Mazatlán; the islands between Panama and the Gallopagos, too, are frequently visited by these calms, which, on occasions, will last for weeks, a good reason why sailing vessels are seldom seen in those waters; they are shunned by all who do not have business in those regions. The aforementioned calm happened on one of my personal holidays and lasted till evening. A strong East Monsoon enabled us thereafter to continue our voyage uninterruptedly until the nineteenth of December, which means fully twenty-four days, accompanied by the most delightful, mild weather. Though the air is much purer and clearer here than under the same degrees of tropical latitude in the Atlantic, the heat is not nearly as over-powering, and hardly ever exceeds our ordinary summer's heat at home. The reason for this may be found in the fact that we are sailing along the coast, which, being very mountainous, protects the ocean for miles from the approaching sun while on the Atlantic the unprotected vessel is exposed to the tropical heat from which even the coast, being West of the traveller, cannot possibly offer any amelioration. We seldom noticed cloudy atmosphere until after sun-set, which latter was ordinarily beautifully clear. And yet we must not lose sight of the fact that, at the time indicated, the proper advent of winter had, according to the dictates of “Grandma's calendar,” still three days of grace. I hardly remember having had such marvelously clear nights at any time during the crossing of the Atlantic, though I find among my notes a similar mention on the thirty-first of July a.p.

Nothing can be compared to Nature's Panorama in the South-Sea; no human description can faithfully portray the magnificence of the scene which the immense, purple, rayless fire-ball—the sun—offers to the naked eye as it slowly glides down the horizon of the un-measurable waters, the bottomless depth of which appears still more awe-inspiring on account of the profound silence, which everywhere prevails. Even the fleetest-winged powers of imagination—such as only truly poetical souls possess—cannot fully do justice to so grand, and yet so melancholy a spectacle. I often felt the tears come into my eyes, without knowing the cause. Even the wind seems to pay his last respects before the majesty of the setting sun as it invariably stops its course for just a few minutes, the moment the last spark of the immense fire-disk has disappeared in the ocean. This unusually clear sun-set, however, is not the only proof of the extraordinary transparency of the air in these regions, for the circumstance which enables the naked eye to observe the moon alongside of the noon-day sun, is assuredly another not less to be underrated. As the light breeze was unable to ruffle the ocean, we seldom observed foam-crowned waves and, had it not been for the occasional upheaving, or swell, as it rolled from the South, and only disappears altogether as we approached the Equator, we could, in reality, have mistaken the bottomless sea for a vast pond. The up-heaving I just mentioned, reaches a height of from six to eight feet and a width of about eight hundred feet, while it is often several miles long, dimensions which, by far, out-measure the swells of the Atlantic, which, at the time, surprised me greatly. While the South Sea appears more imposing as regards the immensity of the waves, it cannot compare with the beauties of the Atlantic as far as the coloring of the water is concerned. As I have mentioned in an earlier letter, the Atlantic Ocean has a magnificent dark blue color, while the South Sea, though clear as crystal, is of a much paler and more greenish hue. The brilliancy of the surface shines forth more beautifully in the Pacific than on the other side of the American continent and what has particularly attracted my attention is a certain lightning in the water which often causes a momentary flash-light of bluish or reddish shade, covering at times a space of many feet in dimension.

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On the twentieth of December, we passed an immense school of fin-fish, the whole surface, as far as the eye could reach, was literally covered with them; again, now and then a shark or a dolphin

would break the monotony, but beyond that we met no different species from those I described as inhabiting the Atlantic Ocean, namely: bonitos, porpoises, and numberless flying-fish—of which we kept one or two dead ones on deck for quite a while. Soon after leaving Valparaiso we saw two whales at a great distance, but not one since come within our view. Birds have been our constant companions. The faithful cape-pigeons had been replaced by the gulf-swallows, which, in turn, had been succeeded by so-called tropical birds, which are now followed by California wild-geese, large, dark-brown birds, in shape resembling the albatross, but much larger and stronger in build—probably Pelicans. After several fruitless trials we managed to catch a few, one of which measured no less than eight feet ten inches from tip to tip, and whose dark blue beak proved to be over five inches wide, while the claws were fully six inches in length.

Ships have been rather scarce on our trip, as we have met only four so far, which makes one feel rather lonesome on the wide, wide ocean. Saturday, the twenty-ninth of November, we sighted a large Danish schooner, heavy laden and South-bound; the Tuesday following, we passed within two miles of an empty full-master, under short sails, steering in Northeastern direction. Seeing only top-sails, three (mars, cleaver and lee), we concluded that this mysterious vessel must be a coursing whaler. I passed the Equator the second time during the night of the fourteenth-fifteenth of December a.p. The night was clear and beautiful, the wind steady but mild, so that we passed the line with lee-sails laid-by. And then came Tuesday, the sixteenth, your ever remembered birthday, beloved mother, and in chronological succession, my second holiday since leaving Valparaiso. You will be wondering how I celebrated it. Just like the other holiday during my trip; I smoked one cigar more 162 than usual and observed strict silence all day in order to enjoy a visit—if only in imagination—to the beloved ones at home, and to you, blessed mother, in particular. About sunrise I was walking up and down in the deck-house, with shirt-sleeves rolled-up, a light straw-hat, and my bare feet modestly hidden in slippers, while the slowly appearing sun's-rays glistened in the mirror-like water. I could not help thinking how you would have enjoyed watching me through a magic mirror, if such a thing were possible. On such days, during such moments, I feel happy and contented; home seems nearer and I fancy myself present in the circle of those whom I love so dearly! and among my few true friends! Yes, there seems to be an inner voice calling out to me

every now and then: “Fear not! you will be happy, happy in your home.” In such moments I feel untold joy. But I suppose I must say: away with such delusions, the old enemy will have many a chance to put stumbling-blocks in my way whenever he may have a mind to do so.*

And yet, how true was this presentiment; though many were the hardships, which our young traveller had to overcome, the reward for his ever onward struggle was attained at last. The “Happy Home,” for which he longed, was to be his in due time, as Providence measures it.—Translator.

On the nineteenth of December we had Eastwind with rain, which the experienced sailor regards as a sure sign that the trade-winds will soon cease. The sea showed heavy swells from the Northeast, so that the lee-sails were set during the evening, which was, in reality, the first material change made since we left Valparaiso. Later in the evening we had brilliant lightning in the northeast, which made the Heavens appear as though on fire, though not the least sound was heard. Saturday, the twentieth, was the first day with northern trade-winds, but, notwithstanding the increasing severity, the weather remained otherwise unchanged. Toward seven o'clock in the evening, top-sails had to be set, and they remained that way until Monday, the twenty-second, as no material change in weather occurred. That night, 163 however, the wind turned toward North and grew stronger. The days which followed this change brought us considerable work on board, as sails had to be changed back and forth on account of the variable winds. But Wednesday, the twenty-fourth of December, Christmas Eve., a severe N.N.E. wind set in and compelled us to strengthen the masts-sails. The sea rose high, but our vessel was too well laden and too well built to be in any way greatly disturbed by the whistling, whirling winds; and the hot punch and pancakes with which our good Captain treated us, in due commemoration of the day, were so well received that we scarcely thought of our watery road-bed, but enjoyed the celebration as if we had been on shore. Was I happy? No! Not I. Notwithstanding the general merriment, I could not enter into the spirit of the hour, and was glad when everybody had retired, as it enabled me to spend an hour undisturbed, promenading up and down the deck, accompanied only by the faithful friend—my cigar. Watching the floating wave-forms carry the glittering lights which appeared and disappeared like ghostly jack-o-lanterns upon the black roaring sea, had such a soothing effect upon my mind that I sought the mattress sooner than I had anticipated. My dreams, however, did the work, for they carried me home, where holiday-bells were inviting the God-fearing people to Divine Service.

The weather during the two Christmas holidays was as beautiful and warm as one could possibly desire. Even the sea behaved well, with the one exception, that a heavy down-pour which came from the North, was permitted to disturb our equanimity for a few minutes. One experiences these down-pours throughout the Pacific from the twelfth to the fifteenth degree of Northern latitude to Behring-Strait all the year round, I am told. Until the last day of the year we sailed with good steady North-Eastern winds and we had nice, clear weather and nothing extraordinary to relate. The thirty-first—Sylvester day—brought us another complete calm, while the air was rather sultry. We amused ourselves most of the day by 164 fishing for so-called “boatsmen.” These little animals resemble the Nautilus; they have an oval flat body, gelatinous in substance, and are more than two inches in diameter; they carry what appears at a distance to be a sail, transparent like glass and shaped like the wing of a butterfly. This sail, their only means of locomotion, is placed exactly like the yard-sail of a ship and indeed these strange mollusks will never be found heading the wind, but always gliding alongside. We have seen these animals at times in enormous numbers, almost covering the surface of the sea as far as the naked eye could reach. Birds of prey and fish do not seem to harm them, for they are protected by a poisonous, slimy substance, the very touch of which will cause a painful swelling of the fingers.

About noon we had a light breeze from the South-South-East, which disappeared with the sun, and a deathlike calm prevailed throughout the night. The air became as quiet as the breath of a sleeping child. It was my “Sylvester night,” during which I could give audience to my thoughts till three o'clock in the morning without being disturbed. Head and heart ran the race, now taking past, now future subjects, for their temporary meditation. Meanwhile I found delightful and yet cynical pleasure, when a breath of reasoning would blow to ashes the frail, yet beautiful air-castles which the heart and an imaginative mind had luxuriously erected in the sandy desert of an uncertain future. However, they generally were quickly rebuilt and joyfully accepted by their sanguine architects, while old reason planned another disaster for them. Thus it went on and would have gone on indefinitely had not all three grown sleepy in the long vigil. But no sooner had I closed my eyes than I commenced dreaming of Home. Dear, joyous pictures pass in review, and again I recognized

the play of my evening-companions, those merry goblins, but especially the unavoidable, un-tiring teaser, my own heart.

Beginning with the first of this month we have had quite a change of wind, at times very brisk Southwest or Southeast breezes, which continued till the fourth, and 165 caused the weather to be at times bright; at other times cool and cloudy. On Saturday, the third, we passed the American steamer, "Constitution," within speaking distance. She was sailing Westward, coming from San Francisco and bound for the Sandwich Islands. During the night following there happened a little accident on board our ship which could easily have caused serious trouble. A sudden squall of wind accompanied by heavy rain, which surprised us about midnight, broke the rudder-tackle. Fortunately the squall, which had not come very forcibly upon us, grew slowly weaker, or we otherwise might have lost several sails and masts, owing to the circumstances which made it impossible to handle the rudder until the damage could be repaired. You may be sure that we spent a very anxious hour of uncertainty. Sunday, the fourth, brought us another calm, which lasted from one o'clock in the afternoon until noon of the Wednesday following, when a light breeze arose from the Northwest. During all this time the air was warm; we drifted along, while everything around us remained in death-like silence, which was only interrupted by an occasional breath of air from the South or Southeast, hardly causing any motion of our ship. The sixth of January, at about nine p.m., we observed a complete eclipse of the moon, which was made very clear by the cloudless sky. The night was so mild that I patrolled the deck in shirt-sleeves. Pretty good for January, is it not? As before mentioned, we enjoyed a delightful Northwest breeze during the afternoon of the seventh and had already made up our minds that we were soon to greet the Northwestern trade wind, but fancy our dismay, as it turned North-northwest; and when evening came we found ourselves under a strong North breeze. The air grew rough and decidedly unpleasant and a real cold fog limited our view considerably so that we were almost unable to look ahead more than shipslength. To our great delight we experienced another, more favorable change the following evening, even though it was but another calm. We have since then more or less warm weather with light South 166 West winds and calms. The day before yesterday we noticed during the afternoon several sharks in our wake and within an hour's time, we had succeeded in catching no less than three of them, two

of which were about four feet in length, while one measured fully seven feet. They were of the less dangerous kind, so-called, blue-sharks. Though these are fully as greedy as their relatives, the ground and shuffle-sharks, they are much lazier and dislike fast swimming; though they are well able to move slowly, a good swimmer can easily out-do them, provided, he has no more than one at his heels. One of the little fellows was fried for supper. The taste is somewhat similar to that of the laddock (shellfish), though one cannot eat as much of it, and he must be very careful in partaking of fish at sea, I am told, on account of the serious stomach troubles and vomiting which generally follow, no matter what kind of fish he indulges in. This forenoon we had another calm and were enveloped in a heavy fog which reminded me of the familiar Baltic summer fogs. Since noon the air has cleared considerably and at present we enjoy a light Northern breeze, which sends us slowly toward our destination. I am in the best of hopes that my travels may terminate in a few days, and dare say that, considering all, it has been a lucky voyage, of which the last part has proved particularly agreeable, though as a whole ours has not been a very fast trip. More from San Francisco. Good bye for the present. Your

FRANZ.

Note by Translator.—The reader will probably remember that young Mr. Lecouvreur mentioned in one of his former letters the enclosure of an exact nautical record, covering the voyage to Valparaiso. Whether this document was lost or mislaid, the translator is unable to say, and he has had to content himself with a reproduction of a few notes, found in one of the neatly-kept diaries which, like everything else that the noble pioneer undertook, are a lasting proof of his uncommon exactness, as well as an enduring record of a useful life. Here is a transcription of the notes found:

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Days

Left Königsberg, Baltic Sea, April 25-6 2

Stettin, Sunday, April 27th 1

Berlin, April 28-9 2

Berlin-Hamburg, April 30th 1

Hamburg from May 1st to June 1st 32

Altogether 38

On board of the “Victoria”—

Hamburg Harbor, June 2d to 4th 3

On the River Elbe, June 5th to 11th 7

In the North Sea, June 12th to 17th 6

In the Canal, June 18th to 21st 4

In the Bay of Biscaya, June 22d to 26th 5

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In the Atlantic from June 27th to Wednesday, Sept. 17th, 1851 83

In the South Sea from Sept. 18th to Oct 8th 20

In the Harbor of Corral, Chile, Oct. 9-18th 10

From Corral to Valparaiso Oct. 19-21st 3

In Valparaiso Harbor, from October 22d to Nov. 15th 24

On board of the “Aurora”—

From Valparaiso to San Francisco, Sunday, Nov. 16th to Thursday, Jan. 15th, 1852 60

According to which record the whole trip from Königsberg, East Prussia to San Francisco, California, was made *intwo hundred and sixty-three days*.

At the end of the letter, dated January the 11th, I find the following nautical record, covering the trip from Valparaiso to California, lacking but a few days, to make it complete; the next letter, however, contains the detailed description of that missing period. The existence of a record covering the second half of his trip, leaves no doubt that the methodical author had previously drawn up the now missing document. But let us peruse, what we have before us:

Nautical Record of the trip made on board of the Hamburg Brigg “Aurora,” Capt. Mildenstein, from Valparaiso, Chile, to San Francisco, California, November 1851 to January, 1852, A.D. 1851.

Nov. 16—Leave Harbor of Valparaiso at eleven A.M. Beautiful weather and light south wind prevailing.

Nov. 17—South wind, mild, little cloudy.

Nov. 18—75° 4' W.L. 28° 33' Lat. Fresh south wind. Good weather.

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Nov. 19—South wind, fine weather.

Nov. 20—At 5 P.M. Ambrosio and Felix isles, to the right, southward at about five miles distant. Wind S.E.—fine.

Nov. 21—Very light southeast, nice weather.

Nov. 22—84° 11' W.L. 22° 57' Lat.—Continued light S.E.

Nov. 23—Light east wind, cool, rainy.

Nov. 24— $87^{\circ} 43'$; W.L. $22^{\circ} 34'$ Lat. Calm, warm but moist.

Nov. 25—Very light E.S.E., fine weather.

Nov. 26— $91^{\circ} 26'$ W.L. $20^{\circ} 43'$ Br. Wind E.S.E. Beautiful weather.

Nov. 27—Wind E.S.E., fine weather.

Nov. 28— $95^{\circ} 21'$ W.L. $19^{\circ} 53'$. Wind E.S.E., no change in weather.

Nov. 29—Wind and weather continue.

Nov. 30— $98^{\circ} 1'$ W.L. $17^{\circ} 32'$ Lat., no change.

Dec. 1—Wind and weather continue.

Dec. 2—The same again. $101^{\circ} 9'$ W.L. $14^{\circ} 40'$ Lat. E.S.E.

Dec. 3—No change in wind and weather.

Dec. 4— $104^{\circ} 14'$ W.L. $11^{\circ} 5'$ Lat. Wind E.S.E., beautiful weather.

Dec. 5—Wind and weather continue without change.

Dec. 6—Again the same. $107^{\circ} 27'$ W.L. $8^{\circ} 33'$ Lat.

Dec. 7—No change.

Dec. 8—Again, no change. $110^{\circ} 19'$ W.L. $5^{\circ} 11'$ Lat.

Dec. 9—Wind E.S.E., weather very warm and sultry.

Dec. 10— $113^{\circ} 22'$ W.L. $2^{\circ} 30'$ Lat. E.S.E. wind and fine weather.

Dec. 11—No change in wind, air sultry.

Dec. 12—116° 49' W.L. 1° 54' Lat. E.S.E. wind and pleasant weather.

Dec. 13—Very light E.S.E., most beautiful weather.

Dec. 14—119° 2' W.L. 0° 41' Lat. Wind and weather the same.

Dec. 15—East wind, most delightful weather.

Dec. 16—120° 23' W.L. 2° 26' Lat., E.S.E. wind; fresh and fair.

Dec. 17—Wind and weather continue the same.

Dec. 18—121° 30' W.L. 5° 19' N. Lat., E.S.E. very light.

Dec. 19—East wind with rain; warm.

Dec. 20—124° 4' W.L. 8° 8' N. Lat. east to N.N.E.; air sultry.

Dec. 21—N.E. wind; agreeable weather.

Dec. 22—125° 58' W.L. 12° 11' N. Lat. N.E. wind, breezy; fine.

Dec. 23—N.N.E. wind; stormy, but beautiful.

Dec. 24—Continued. 128° 8' W.L. 16° 6' N. Lat.

Dec. 25—Same wind and weather.

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Dec. 26—132° 0' W.L. 18° 54' N. Lat. N.E. wind; fine weather.

Dec. 27—N.E. wind, beautiful but cool.

Dec. 28—133° 11' W.L. 22° 33' N. Lat. N.E. wind, nice weather.

Dec. 29—Light N.E. nice, cool weather.

Dec. 30—134° 37' W.L. 25° 34' N. Lat., calm, fine weather.

Dec. 31—Wind south and S.S. east, light, warm air.

1852.

Jan. 1—135° 6' W.L. 27° 38' N. Lat. Light S.E. to S., beautiful.

Jan. 2—South wind, very brisk, beautiful weather.

Jan. 3—133° 9' W.L. 31° 28' N. Lat. S.S.W., cool and cloudy.

Jan. 4—130° 24' W.L. 32° 50' N. Lat. S. and S.W., cloudy with rain.

Jan. 5—Calm. Weather, beautiful and warm.

Jan. 6—128° 44' W.L. 33° 45' N. Lat. Calm; fine weather.

Jan. 7—128° 10' W.L. 33° 53' N. Lat. Calm; P.M., northern breeze.

Jan. 8—126° 58' W.L. 33° 51' N. Lat., N.N.E. followed by calm; cold.

Jan. 9—127° 11' W.L. 34° 4' N. Lat. Calm; later S.W.—breezy.

Jan. 10—Very light S.W., then calm. Nice weather.

Jan. 11—126° 1' W.L. 36° 11' N. Lat. Light circling wind from south and west; air, pleasant.

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LETTER NO. VII

San Francisco, Jan. 29th, 1852.

At last I am at my destination and, if I may be permitted to judge from the impression which the short stay has given me, I shall have reason to congratulate myself upon the choice of my second fatherland.

But before I enter into details about San Francisco—details which will make you burn mid-night oil to read—I beg your indulgence for a brief space while continuing my last description—with the help of my faithful diary—the thread of which you followed to the eleventh day of this month.

The twelfth brought various indications of near-by land, such as the dark-green color of the water, diving ducks (duckers, as the sailors commonly call them), gray birds about the size of our geese. There also appeared floating alongside of our boat the limb of a tree, covered with leaves, a most convincing and welcome proof that the days of our journey were numbered. At about a quarter to one, the same afternoon, the joyous shout of land rang out from the fore top, whence the high coast could be observed, both in a Northern and Eastern direction. Soon after we commenced to notice the outlines with the naked eye, as they appeared at considerable length on the Eastern horizon. The sea grew calmer and the air warmer. As darkness set in we, of course, lost sight of the situation. By four o'clock the next morning we found ourselves close to the Farallones Cliffs and had hard work to keep the ship away from them, in which attempt we were particularly fortunate, as the moon shone brightly during that beautiful night. However, we were compelled to reverse our course, and as the wind changed considerably back and forth during the early morning, 171 we had quite a lively time on board. Though the sunrise was simply magnificent, the wind blew severely. The high coast of California appeared to be but twelve miles away, while the Farallones cliffs were now almost as far distant, when looking from our backboard-quarter. Though maneuvering the sails carefully, we had little control of our ship and by about eight o'clock found ourselves again (to the dismay of every one), close to the largest of the Farallon Islands. Just when our troubles were at their height there appeared a San Francisco coasting pilot-boat on the scene, which sent a man on board, who immediately ordered the changing of sails. Unfortunately there is a vast difference between the German mode of rigging and the American way, in consequence of which an American

mariner seldom finds himself at home on a German sailing-vessel. In our particular case the pilot's aid cost us a main yard and endangered the lives of several men of our crew. After ridding ourselves of this undesirable help, we had the visit of another coasting-pilot. We also sighted a strange bark and a brigg, both coasting Eastward.

At four p.m. Sea and wind grew calmer. Toward eleven o'clock we reached the Cape "de los Reyes"; afterwards we coursed in short tacks near the coast. Our sails were in poor condition, some of the yards being too short, others as crooked as fiddle-sticks, which proved a great hindrance in stemming the tide near "de los Reyes Point." The air is unusually bright and agreeable. The coast pilot-boat which reached us this morning has made the trip from Boston around Cape Horn in one hundred and four days; its name is "Emily." Since the latter's arrival we have had two other pilots offer their assistance. The aforementioned bark and brigg are approaching us rapidly, though yet beyond recognition.

Wednesday, the fourteenth of January, 1852, at nine a.m. The wind turned N.E. last night, enabling us thereby to sail along the coast; but when we approached the "Golden Gate" about ten o'clock, ready to enter the long-sought Bay, an East-Northeast storm broke out 172 which spoiled our fond hopes, notwithstanding the endeavor of our brave men to fight the difficulties successfully by shifting the sails diligently. You will readily imagine our thorough disappointment when finding ourselves about three o'clock near the "Punta del Año Nuevo"—which means about sixteen miles from shore. At last the storm subsided, the air became mild, even warm, and the sea very quiet. By seven o'clock we managed to approach the shore anew and at present we are slowly making our way Northward, rigged as yesterday. The bark is now cruising some four miles from us, while the brigg has anchored at Cape "Bonita" alongside of a fullmaster. One can likewise observe a threemaster cruising in the neighborhood of the Farallones. Poor fellows! May they escape the danger-mark, as we did.

At ten o'clock the bark had advanced sufficiently for us to distinguish the Hamburg flag, and a little later we recognized the "Sophie," Captain Decker, an old acquaintance from Valparaiso, where she arrived coming from Sydney, three days before we left that port.

At high noon: Complete calm set in. The air is delightfully warm. The three-master "Spray" from San Francisco is now within close calling distance; she likewise has come from Valparaiso, which trip she made in thirty-five days. We are now near Punta "Clara." At three p.m. we have a slight Western breeze. The "Sophie" is now within a mile of us. A large Peruvian bark laden with ballast passed us a little while ago. The full-masted ship which had anchored near Cape Bonita has set sail again; she evidently lost her fore-top-mast and is now heading for the Bay. At seven p.m. We have taken a Northern course since three o'clock; the air is warm and the sky is cloudless. By half-past five we sailed around "Punta de los Lobos Marinos" (seal rocks), passing the Fort right after sunset. At five minutes past six we anchored close to the American Revenue Cutter and just outside of North Beach, in the outer harbor of San Francisco.

Thursday, the fifteenth of January, 1852, at high noon: 173 We weighed anchor once more, about nine this morning, and sailed slowly under light Westwind into the inner-harbor of the Western Metropolis. The weather is beautiful. We reached the California wharf at twelve and anchored opposite.

Thus ended my trip in *Two hundred sixty-five days, five hours and fifty-five minutes* since my departure from Königsberg, on board of the steamer "Königsberg," Captain Lybe.

Two hundred twenty-three days, eighteen hours and ten minutes since my departure from Hamburg in the bark "Victoria," Capt. Meyer. *Fifty-nine days, one hour and twenty-five minutes* since my departure from Valparaiso in the brig "Aurora," Capt. Mildenstein.

ON AMERICAN SOIL!

No sooner had we anchored than I at once went ashore to visit Boettcher, who received me very kindly. It was from his place that I dispatched my letter No. 11 (including strictly personal notes), which informed you in few words of my safe arrival and well-being.

You will now doubtless be exceedingly curious as to the impression which San Francisco has made upon me; and therefore a description of the city and its people will be in order. San Francisco is,

to begin with, an American city. “Every third grade pupil can tell us that,” will be your impatient suggestion, “but what is in reality an American city?”* Let me explain, what I mean by a typical American city.

The third grade of a German grammar school corresponds with the sixth grade of an American public school, as the highest grade is named the “Prima.”—Tr.

The American uses the very practical and characteristic expression “for a purpose” on nearly every occasion, so much in fact that it may almost be called his life's motto: “Working for a purpose.” He eats and drinks for a purpose; he works for a purpose; he builds his 174 house, his town, his cities for a purpose, and San Francisco, above all others, I judge, is built for a purpose, through and through. You will understand this phrase better as you read along. The streets are straight and wide, because crooked, narrow lanes would not suit the commercial purpose; they are all cut at right angles, running North, West, East and South—for a purpose. How could a stranger possibly familiarize himself quickly with the location of a place in which he is interested in so large and mountainous a city, the houses of which, particularly in the outskirts, resemble anything but a continuous line and where the many vacant lots make it almost impossible to use numbers effectively? You commence to realize that the founders and early city fathers laid their plans for a purpose and, moreover, for a good one. Having read so far you will now reason thus: If San Francisco has wide, straight streets and large squares, it must be a beautiful city. Slowly, I pray you! Do not judge too hastily. This is a new country and San Francisco is of the latest birth, in what is commonly known as the “Wild Western” region. Everything consequently is yet done for a commercial purpose, and beauty, so far, counts for little. And still one has to admit San Francisco has its attractions. Though the appearance of the city, were I to describe a bird's-eye view from one of the hill tops is not a very symmetrical one, nor does it present to us the beautiful architecture of ancient Greece, but one finds therein a rare liveliness and an ever changing aspect. San Francisco compares with Berlin as a bright, rosy-cheeked maiden might be compared with a marble Juno. No two houses have a similar front; not ten are alike in general architecture. Each house has its peculiarity, indicating the taste and nationality of its owner and is built in accordance with the requirements of the respective material used. One naturally finds the strangest contrasts of architectural products, mostly imitations of foreign ideas, brought hither from every civilized

From *East Prussia to the Golden Gate*, by Frank Lecouvreur; letters and diary of the California pioneer, edited in memory of her noble husband, by Mrs. Josephine Rosana Lecouvreur; translated and compiled by Julius C. Behnke <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.179>

and uncivilized nation of the world. Buildings, representing the styles of Holland, Australia, East India, Germany, 175 China, Belgium, North America, England, France, Chile, Switzerland and many other countries stand peacefully alongside of each other. The materials used differ as much as do the countries which their styles represent. Most buildings are of wooden material, many others of brick, iron, zinc and copper. Brick houses with metal roofs, iron doors and window casings are very much the style here and those who are able to afford the great out-lay generally favor the latter, because they offer better resistance in case of fire than any of wholly metal structure, which have proven impracticable during great conflagrations. It is said that the intense heat of some big fires has softened the metal built houses to such an extent that they became almost useless. There is no way of repairing such damage to metal built houses as the wages for building mechanics, no matter what metal they work in, are so enormously high that the repairs would cost much more than the importation of a new structure from England or the Eastern States.

The streets which run through this gay appearing map of edifices are still very hilly, but time will change that easily and soon enough. As soon as the American finds out that hills do not suit his purpose, he will find means of moving them without much ado. He will not try to bring that about like Mohammed, by faith, but by machines of the most varied and unheard-of construction, which, however, have or seem to have all one common feature, that of being very much “for the purpose.” One of said machines is at present working at leveling a sand hill, about one hundred feet high, near Rincon point, the Southern end of the harbor. This machine consists of a high pressure steam engine, which runs immense shovels into the sand, then raises them and empties the contents into a cart of special make. Each one of these carts holds a box two feet deep, ten long and seven wide. Two of the aforementioned shovels suffice to fill this cart, which at once rolls off on rails to a certain point at the harbor, where a single man awaits its coming and by touching some simple mechanical device, manages to tilt the whole 176 box over, whereupon, after emptying itself, it is replaced as easily, after which a single old horse hauls it back to the machine where the performance is repeated. While I pen these lines the cars glide along the railroad tracks, crossing and running through busy streets, traversing, for instance, nearly a mile of Battery street, one of the most populated thoroughfares of this city, where thousands of people and hundreds of freight

wagons, carts and vehicles of all description pass hourly. What would you say to all that? What would the Honorable City Council or the worshipful Board of Police Commissioners of the grand old city of Königsberg say if a private citizen should conceive the idea of rolling heavy freight cars in the above mentioned manner, from the Haberberger Church, for instance, to the Green Bridge? They would surely be amazed at the audacity of the man who should even propose such a thing. But here! Why, the American would be very much surprised indeed at the impudence of a municipal body that would dare to interfere with an undertaking which could be proven to be so eminently for the purpose he had in view. Danger for the passer-by is not considered by the American, who judges rightly that every man should have sense enough to keep his eyes open and be watchful to keep out of the way of danger of being run over.

I explained to you one method employed in reducing the local elevations or hills, but there is still another by which the city is leveled and this latter is typically American. The plan for the location and building of the city of San Francisco as drawn by the government presupposes level ground and is calculated upon filling up of a large portion of the bay. The building squares or so-called lots, are cut exactly square and all of the same size and whosoever intends to build, is obliged by law to keep strictly within the boundary of his lot. Whether he proposes to put up a match factory in a wooden shack, a tamale factory in a tent, a cottage or a brick structure, is nobody's concern but his own. No building restrictions here. A goodly number of these lots extend thus 177 partly into the water of the bay and the builder has necessarily, in building on his square, to use some old vessel or undertake the tedious work of filling up the allotted space; if he is fortunate enough to obtain a real lot on dry land, there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that he has to level it one way or the other. However, this again is left to the pleasure of the owner, who may build on a hill or in the valley if he chooses or he may take pains to level it before beginning to erect whatsoever the plan may call for. Thus it occurs here and there that they who have built their houses upon natural ground find their neighbor digging twenty feet deep into the elevation to place his own house right into that newly dug hole, which is a frequent occurrence where the street is either planned or already laid out. As the soil is generally light or pure sand, the neighboring houses where such digging has occurred soon tumble into the hole, as may be witnessed quite often nowadays. In

this manner one need not be surprised at the rapidity with which the leveling of the city progresses. In fact, the work is done much quicker than in localities where the authorities impose building restrictions of various kinds—which would cause many inconveniences here in America. I have already mentioned that the streets are wide and straight but as yet without stone pavement. Only the oldest and most frequented thoroughfares in the immediate vicinity of the harbor show some improvement in this line, consisting of wooden pavement; while all of them have broad wooden sidewalks which in some instances are being replaced by flag-stones (usually slate) or bricks. Every house is occupied by tradesmen of some kind and is literally covered with advertising signs and posters. Though the only ornaments of the buildings, these signs show much originality, as it is every man's endeavor to make the letters, coloring and wording of his advertising board as attractive to the passer-by as possible. Thus it is that the whole represents a typical Rococo the reality of which baffles any description. In solid Königsberg, I would perhaps be accused of telling 178 “globe trotters' yarns,” were I to assure the good people that all the signs and inscriptions of the whole French street (Französische Strasse) would, in some instances, not suffice to cover the display of three houses in Commercial or Montgomery street, as they appear at present. If the streets and houses of San Francisco make a strange impression upon the European immigrant, the magnificent harbor and its gigantic improvements fill him with amazement. The wharves and docks are such immense structures that one can hardly find words to describe their extent and importance. These wharves, of which there may be ten or twelve, are seldom less than one hundred feet in width, while the California street wharf, Long wharf, Pacific, Broadway and Cunningham wharf, which are among the largest, measured three-quarters of a mile (one-quarter of a German mile in length). You will readily understand that it took millions of piles, beams and planks to complete these structures, while available means at hand are often limited, as may well be imagined, if one considers the comparative newness of the country, and, in many respects, the primitive means of communication.

As the people fill up the waters along the shore of the bay in the manner I have described, the long piers grow shorter in places, as the so-called water front extends further and further into the bay. When one considers that the wage scale at the time of the construction of these enormous

wharves demanded no less than six or eight dollars for the common day laborer, while carpenters, for instance, received from ten to twelve dollars a day, a faint estimate of the original cost may be obtained. It is well indeed to marvel at the great spirit which conceived and executed the plans for this unique American undertaking; it fills one with a degree of respect, which no other nation in the wide world can command.*

And this from a youth of twenty! What a lesson for the multitudes of foreigners who land on these shores and, having found the individual liberty which was denied them in their own native principality, abuse the government which protects them from personal harm, be it of a religious or political nature.—Translator.

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In strange contrast to these just described public structures are others, the sight of which transports in imagination the newcomer to different parts of the world. For instance, that part of San Francisco which is built upon props, just above the water on the edge of the bay, and which, like Venice, has water avenues instead of streets, with occasionally a so-called “running bridge,” the structure of which I deem more dangerous than anything I have ever seen in my life. I shall try to describe the sight. Piles or props have been driven into the ground in straight lines, about ten feet apart; the upper ends are then connected with cross beams, to which in turn are spiked planks, joining the opposite rows of piles or props. The bridge thus constructed is just about wide enough to permit two persons to pass each other, while it is fully from eighty to a hundred feet long. As the gnawing tooth of time loosens the piles or wears them out, the passer of the bridge experiences a queer sensation when the planks creak under his weight in consequence of the unsteady support below. If I add to this description the fact that this very bridge is located in the most thickly inhabited part of town and serves as a means of daily communication to thousands of people, you will undoubtedly ask: “How does that harmonize with the gigantic structures at the wharves?” But anybody who bears in mind that everything here in America is done for a purpose will soon find the clue. The bridge is, to begin with, for foot passengers only. The American would consider every dollar money thrown away were he to put, for instance, a railing on either side of said bridge, as he reasons that people who desire to make use of this short cut should have sense enough to look out that they do not fall into the water, just as before mentioned, that they are expected to steer clear of the quickly moving sand cars on Battery street, lest they be run over and 180 crushed. Whoever deems

this bridge too dangerous is entirely at liberty to choose a roundabout and much longer way to reach his destination. Just imagine our typical German philistine in Sunday attire coming across such a bridge! How he would give vent to his righteous indignation and growl at the seemingly inexcusable negligence and niggardly parsimoniousness of the municipality, while carefully looking about, fearing that some one might have overheard his unguarded words. But, I assure you, I never admired the practical side of the American character during my short acquaintance with their means and methods, more than in this very comparison. There is on one side of this strangely original structure just described, filling its temporary purpose, and right alongside of it, the splendidly built Long wharf, which also is there for a purpose, different, of course, from that of its neighbor.

Should the practical eye of San Francisco's city government become officially convinced today that this swinging bridge ought to be replaced by one of fifty feet in width and of more solid frame, thousands of men would be found at work tomorrow and in about a week's time all would be done and nobody would be very much surprised. This, of course, is so different from the good old way of the Fatherland, where, after long and careful debating and consideration, an Honorable City Council would perhaps permit repairs of said bridge, even a railing, while the execution of the municipal edict might drag along for a year. Yes, our people are thorough whenever they undertook a thing, but so slow!

It is impossible for me to leave the harbor without due mention of the many magnificent vessels, which are here in plain sight. Some of the models before my daily gaze overshadow everything I have seen anywhere thus far. The American clipper has particularly attracted my attention; it is a production of the last few years and has not been very long in practical use. The chief object of the ship builders has evidently been to make a record with these new vessels for unequaled rapidity. Every 181 part of the structure indicates this purpose. In course of a short time this new line of vessels has reached such a marvelous degree of superiority that clippers of two thousand tons and more sail faster than many of our justly famed steamers, thus breaking the record by covering fourteen to fifteen knots (nearly four German miles) an hour, which is not even taken to be a very remarkable accomplishment by our American brethren. There is, for instance, at anchor in this harbor, the New Year Clipper "Fleeing Cloud," a fine vessel of nineteen hundred tons, which has

made the trip from New York with full freight in eighty-nine days and which is the record breaker, as far as hitherto known. Another one, the smaller clipper “Challenge,” has made the trip from Valparaiso to this port in twenty-seven days, including four days of calm, while we spent fifty-nine days in making the passage between the same ports. These clippers are, notwithstanding their large freight capacity, the most handsome, easy going and elegant models one can possibly imagine. Special care has been taken to avoid whatever might cause the least resistance to the welcome wind. The whole is in appearance sharp, narrow and long, beautiful to behold. While these well shaped vessels are rigged like full-masters, every spare space between the masts is utilized for another smaller sail.

There need hardly be any mention of the many steamers in this great harbor. Ten or twelve a day leave for inland points or seaward, while as many incoming vessels anchor daily, among which may be seen the smallest fishing boats and the largest merchant-men often more than two hundred and fifty feet long. The number of steamers regularly running between this and foreign ports is given by harbor officials as from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty.

Thus far the city and its harbor. Let us now describe the people.

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THE PEOPLE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

It was in Valparaiso where a young Frenchman—one of the satirical kind, who ridicule everybody and everything that does not strike their particular fancy at any particular hour—for the French, as a nation as well as individuals, are very much subject to the impulse of the moment—expressed himself about San Francisco and its inhabitants as follows:

“Vous n' y trouverez pas des hommes, seulement des sacs à l'argent, ou remplis ou vides.” “You will not find any human beings there, only money bags, either filled or empty.”

I have not been here sufficiently long to know exactly how far this man's sarcastic saying may be justified but, judging from the kind welcome I have received everywhere so far, I am rather inclined to take his words at a discount as an intended bon-mot rather than as absolute truth.

Variegated as is this metropolis of the West itself, are the many people who crowd the streets, be they afoot, in carriages or on horseback. I do not think that there is a nation, representatives of which are not to be found in every sphere of local society: Yankees, Mexicanos, Peruvians, Chileans, Firelanders, Italians, Malays, Siamese, Creoles, Mulattoes, Negroes, Chinese, Indians—in short, Jews and Gentiles of all nations people the ever-crowded streets in their respective national costumes. No matter where the stranger may hail from, he is sure to find sooner or later some congenial countryman with whom he can chat in his mother tongue. Of course, English being the language of this country is the most spoken, but German. French and Spanish are heard almost as often, so that one ought to be able to converse fluently in four languages in order to move with ease among all classes of local society, and there is no doubt in my mind that every retail merchant of this city is daily or even hourly called upon to answer in at least three of the above named languages. No wonder therefore that almost 183 every one of them—though he may be often unable to go beyond “yes” or “no” and to count (on his fingers)—has a very conspicuous sign in his show window announcing his linguistic ability in words like: “Aquí se habla español;” “Ici on parle français;” and “Hier spricht man Deutsch.” In this respect most seaports are alike. Considering the great mixture of elements, each one representing different modes of living, thinking, acting, each individual educated and raised in different zones from those of his neighbors, impressed from childhood with different principles, different ideas of right and wrong; they are united only in one purpose, namely, a desire to become rich as quickly as possible. Does it or should it astonish you that one's personal safety and that of his property are not as yet as firmly assured as in other civilized states? Notwithstanding all this, I can truly say that the average opinion in this respect of the folks at home is a very erroneous one, even exaggerated. Our daily communications and means thereof are now no more endangered by criminals and actual crimes than in any other city which has so large an influx of foreign elements.

In order to explain to you the circumstances which brought about a radical change in the social conditions, changing the most disreputable state of disorder and lawlessness into one of absolute safety, I shall have to take you back in spirit over a period of about nine months, to a time when lawlessness was at its very height. This requires likewise a detailed account of lynch-law and its executions during the last year. As these events which I am about to relate have very likely been reported in fragments or in such distorted fashion that you will not have been able to get correct impressions of the matter, I have taken particular pains to get at the very truth of this history making epoch of San Francisco. I consequently vouch for the reliability of the following description, as it has been told me by Boettcher, a man who had been one of the prime factors of the movement and in whose veracity I have the utmost confidence.

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Until May 3d of last year the danger to person and property had reached a height surpassing belief, both in the city and in the interior, where the worst imaginable conditions are said to have prevailed. It had come to the point that no one dared to venture upon the street without a pistol or dagger, even in broad daylight. In out-lying parts of the city, precaution was taken after dark to call for signals of recognition; and even then one person meeting another would be ready for an emergency by keeping his weapon in hand, so that at the first suspicious movement on the part of the stranger, he might be able to defend himself on the instant. Every issue of the daily papers would contain two or three columns of sensational reports of criminal assaults, highway robberies, breaking into stores, thieving in every conceivable way, etc. Among these short accounts one often reads of the most daring broad-day crimes, executed in crowded thorough-fares with such boldness and absolute insolence as to baffle all description. No wonder therefore that the local authorities became practically helpless and unable to put down the growing lawlessness; and the punishment of guilty parties became more and more difficult; while law-abiding citizens openly accused officials of accepting bribes. The work hating, hoodlum classes seemed to feel licensed to prey upon the public like so many human vultures. Lawyers and even judges of police and superior courts had become corrupt, and it became known that large sums of money had gone into their pockets in order to facilitate the escape of criminals through loopholes and technicalities which the minions of the law

knew so well how to manipulate in behalf of their clients. The natural consequence was that the indignation of all right-minded people rose in proportion to the evergrowing number of criminals; and it finally reached a climax at the time of the May conflagration which improverished thousands of honest, hard working inhabitants, and which, being the work of incendiaries, was accompanied by a large number of lesser crimes. All classes of society would have dissolved under similar conditions in any 185 part of the wide world, and a more or less revolutionary uprising would have been the necessary and unavoidable consequence of similar events in Europe; but the American imbibes with his mother's milk not only a certain respect for law and order but an undeniable talent for self-government, which saved him in this instance from mob violence, notwithstanding the fact that the municipal authorities showed a woeful lack of power, yea worse, a great weakness for ill-gotten gains. Thus every individual suspected his next door neighbor and was ever on his guard to protect his own belongings against the fancied or real covetousness of the other; each one kept a watchful eye by day and night. People went about troubled in mind and ghastly in mien, for they never knew what news the homecoming might have in store for them. In order to meet this ever growing distrust and worry, the citizens had to determine upon some very decided course of action in order to protect home and property. Thus it happened that toward the end of May, six of the most respected citizens inaugurated a movement which was destined to bring about a radical change for the better. These aforementioned men, having quietly invited their most trustworthy acquaintances to join them in secret in a well known hall on Sansom street, succeeded in calling a gathering of about sixty picked men of the most reliable merchants and tradesmen, all residents, both Americans and foreigners. Each one appeared well armed and bound to secrecy. This assemblage knew that they were called for a purpose and proceeded at once to select from among their number temporary president and secretaries, after which they decided upon a constitution and by-laws, laying down some sort of program for the newly created secret society, the purpose of which was given out in the following condensed announcement:

“The undersigned citizens realize that if the present state of affairs should be allowed to continue, a total up-heaval of all that right and order call for would have to be expected, as the action or inaction of the local municipal authorities has given convincing proof of their lack 186 of power

and even of good will, failing, too, in protecting the working citizen, wherefore they have decided to take this duty upon themselves and thus to adopt a self-protecting law, vowing to stand all for one and one for all.”

After all present had affirmed the above by a solemn oath, the next step was to increase the membership by inviting men who were recommended and vouched for by those present, who were looked upon as the charter members of this young organization. In three days the society counted no less than two hundred and eighty members, all of them picked and sworn; this number was considered sufficient to make an energetic start. During the second meeting, likewise armed, the members were divided into committees and sections. At first a permanent watch was established at the meeting place on Sansom street; then a number of small patrols, well armed but bearing no outward sign of any but the peaceful mission of their respective vocation or leisure's pursuits. Thus hundreds of eager eyes kept watch by day and night, enveloping the city like a network of vigilance. And all this without the slightest knowledge of anybody except the chosen few. They thus constituted a well organized secret police, acting without the knowledge or aid of the municipal authorities.

The second day after the vigilance committee had commenced its active and effective work, one of its patrols succeeded in catching a thief, who had stolen a bag of money from an office and, while trying to escape with his plunder in rowing across the bay, fell into the hands of the patrol. A meeting was called hurriedly at Sansom street headquarters, the culprit brought before the president and identified as one Jenkins, ex-Sydney convict. The witnesses proved the correctness of the charge and the president picked a jury of twelve persons, who, duly sworn, returned a unanimous verdict of guilty. As not one of those present voiced an objection, the president condemned the defendant amidst profound silence to expiate his crime on the scaffold, the hanging to take place within half an hour. Meanwhile it had been ordered that 187 the occurrence should be partly made known in the city, in order to prepare the citizens for an extraordinary event, without giving exact details as to what to expect. Thus no one outside the sworn members of the organization knew

anything definite, but even the late hour did not prevent the gathering of an enormous crowd at the plaza—a large square in the most frequented part of the city.

Expectancy was at its height. About half past eleven there appeared the criminal Jenkins, surrounded by twenty-four armed men, members of the lynching committee. A scaffold had been erected and was now the destination of the culprit, though an unsuccessful attempt had been made by a few regular policemen to break the cordon; the order to stand back and the significant display of pistols had its wholesome effect upon these so-called agents of public safety. When the place of hanging had been reached the chosen leader of the band of lynchers, climbing upon a table and in the torchlight, addressed the multitude, which had reached a number of at least twelve thousand people. He dwelt eloquently upon the present state of affairs and this particular event, ending his fiery speech with these words: “Citizens of San Francisco! Is it your will that this criminal Jenkins, who has been found guilty of robbery, shall lose his life by the rope?” A thundering “yes” from thousands of voices was the answer and when the sound began to die away the lifeless body of Jenkins was already swinging in midnight air!

This daring deed had given publicity to the existence and purpose of the society and the crisis was overcome. Everybody indorsed the action of the lynchers and the demand for admission to membership reached such proportions that the names of nearly every honest and armed man in the city appeared on the membership roll within the next few weeks. Of course, it became necessary to reconstruct the by-laws and reorganize committees, sub-divide patrols and plan the whole working on a larger and more effective scale. It was therefore decided to 188 select an Executive Body of two hundred men, known henceforth as “Vigilance Committee” which would take upon itself the authoritative patrolling and general management of this protective policy. The city was divided into districts, harbor, water front, city and suburban districts; all had their vigilance patrols, while those members of society who had not been detailed to duty formed a sort of secret agency, which in all probability has never been known to work with greater precision, greater harmony and consequently to better effect. So-called “fences,” that is, houses of people who harbor stolen goods, were searched and a great many arrests were made without giving newspaper publicity. In a short time branch committees of the vigilance organization were established throughout the state and

many a criminal fugitive from justice was caught in a far away hiding place of the mining districts in the Sierras. Even steamers were pressed into service to follow the tracks of escaped culprits, to Mazatlán and Panamá, in order to return them to San Francisco jurisdiction. Naturally, enormous sums of money were needed for such extensive prosecution but that did not hinder the progress of the movement, which had set for its purpose the complete suppression of the lawless element and whenever the monthly contributions of the members, five dollars a head, proved insufficient, calls for public contributions were so well responded to that whatever sums were needed could be raised in a few hours. I suppose you will be shocked to hear that but one form of punishment was dealt out—*the rope*. Under these circumstances the state of affairs improved hourly and the safety of the lives and property of citizens became more and more evident. Any person whose conscience accused him of misdeeds sought safety in flight; for, to be caught, to be convicted and to be hung was but the experience of a few hours. The former possibilities, yea probabilities of escape through legal loop-holes were things of the past, as the lynch committee would acknowledge no other testimony and deal out justice through no other channels but that of the conscience 189 of honest men, whose final judgment bore the stamp of sound sense.

However, the committee had set its ambition higher than merely to clear the city and surrounding country of vagabonds of every description, who had openly sinned against law, life and property. It directed its energies likewise against those who had helped or hidden the criminals in their respective positions as lawyers, judges, receivers of stolen goods or as den or dive keepers of more or less importance. It was naturally not very easy to bring this class of malefactors to justice, to convict and condemn them to the well earned rope, but they were nevertheless dealt with most effectively. The judges and lawyers were practically ruined by the arousing of public opinion against them by publishing in the most popular dailies the trials of noted criminals in the course of which these men had proven themselves unworthy of their calling by manipulating evidence in favor of this or the other law breaker, giving full particulars of the tricks used in such cases. By this and similar means they became exposed to the wrath of the people, and not only lost their patronage among the honest citizens but generally earned their well deserved public contempt; and whenever they appeared in the streets they were greeted with hisses, shouts and other degrading expressions.

As this class of men had accumulated more or less wealth they disappeared one by one, without noise and without special farewell services. Thus San Francisco was effectually freed from this most undesirable gentry.

Next in order were the keepers of “fences” and dens, called “cribs,” the number, exact list of names and biographies of which had been secured by the vigilance committee by means of secret service men. With these another process was enacted. Most of these fellows were ex-convicts from Sydney, Australia, and, according to information obtained, either exiled, escaped or discharged from there. They were dealt with very effectually and by rather short methods. The vigilance committee paid passage on an outgoing vessel, bound for Sydney, for the 190 whole outfit, numbering more than thirty, and sent every one of them the following notice on the same day: “Five days after date you will have to leave the city of San Francisco and Upper California forever. Passage has been paid for you on board of the vessel ‘N,’ Captain ‘N,’ in this harbor, bound for Sydney. Ticket herewith enclosed. “The Vigilance Committee.”

No further signature was attached to this laconic notification of their banishment but so panic stricken were the recipients by the order of the all-powerful committee that all but one hastened to comply without making an attempt at delay by contradiction. One, however, thought himself immune, pretending that nobody would be able to prove his actual guilt and—he remained. To his amazement he found his house one fine morning surrounded by two hundred well armed men. Every particle of his belongings were packed on a wagon, whereupon he himself was given a free ride to the building of the vigilance committee on Battery street, where he was held prisoner for eight days, i.e., until the departure of another Sydney bound vessel, when he and his belongings were taken on board and he was bidden farewell. This man had suffered veritable death agony during the eight days of his involuntary imprisonment in the Battery street jail, which inmates in those days were seldom known to have left—except to ascend the scaffold. No wonder that he was happy to have saved his neck, even in this manner.

The municipal authorities, for weighty reasons of their own, dared not interfere, and thus the vigilance committee held full sway until the former commenced to feel the sting of public disdain,

as well as chagrined that their presence and offices cut so small a figure in public opinion. They then planned to regain the power which, in their opinion, the vigilance committee had usurped. An opportunity for their intended action seemed to have come. With the beginning of August the arduous work of the purification by the vigilance committee seemed to have been nearly completed. There remained, however, among a few others a band of very dangerous 191 criminals, all of whom were Sydney men, who had been sought in vain for many months. They were five: Robinson, Hamilton, Thompson, Whittaker and MacKenzie. At last the three first named were caught in the neighborhood of Sacramento, while about to add a new crime to their already heavy list. To the sleuths of the Sacramento branch committee belonged the credit of catching Thompson and Hamilton, while Robinson was caught by the regular authorities of San Francisco. All three were incendiaries or highway robbers, but owing to the mixed associations in their many mis-deeds the trial lasted considerably longer than it otherwise would have done. The fact that their crimes had been committed in different parts of the state had also delayed matters, as it was the purpose of the committee to lift the veil from all their misdeeds before sentencing them. Finally, toward the middle of August, the other two miscreants, Whittaker and MacKenzie, were caught and taken to the headquarters of the vigilance committee in San Francisco, after which the trial took a quicker turn. As you will have observed, the fact was that the trial against these five malefactors had to be divided into three parts and, still worse, it had to be carried on in different cities and under distinct authorities, virtually on bad footing with each other, which surely did not help nor hasten matters. Robinson was tried in the regular criminal court of San Francisco, Thompson and Hamilton stood before the vigilance committee, Sacramento branch, while Whittaker and MacKenzie had to face the main committee in this city. It was on the eighteenth of August when Whittaker and MacKenzie were adjudged guilty and condemned to be hung the next morning. During the night the unexpected happened. It had not been thought necessary to keep an unusually numerous guard on the occasion and it was therefore an easy matter for the sheriff and a few well armed officers to take possession of the two criminals, whom they led to the prison on Telegraph Hill. Meanwhile the trial against Robinson before the criminal court in Sacramento had come to an end on the twentieth of August, resulting in death sentence for the defendant. The execution was to have taken place on the twenty-first of August, instead of which the authorities proclaimed the governor's pardon of

said Robinson who had actually confessed to murder and incendiarism. This gubernatorial act of injustice naturally caused an outburst of wrath from the justly embittered populace, who arose and loudly demanded the execution of the other two law breakers. Meanwhile the vigilance branch committee, forewarned by the kidnaping experience of the other prisoners by the San Francisco sheriff, hastened to hang the two companions of Robinson, Thompson and Hamilton on the twenty-second of August in the public square of Sacramento. And now happened the incredible. Robinson, already freed, had the unprecedented nerve and morbid curiosity to watch the execution from among the many witnesses. As he had taken no precaution whatever to avoid being recognized he was caught anew and the leaders of the committee ordered at once a third scaffold to be erected. This was done in a moment, boards being roughly nailed together—for the purpose—and before his two companions in crime had breathed their last this bandit, too, notwithstanding the governor's pardon, was swinging in mid air, suspended at the end of a rope.

Though the central committee of the vigilance organization in San Francisco had been greatly exasperated by the kidnaping of the two condemned criminals by the municipal authorities, it took all possible means to calm the great excitement of the general populace, in order to prevent an open rupture with the legal heads of the city government, such as any revolt on the part of over-zealous citizens would undoubtedly have brought about. This, however, did not mean that the committee would willingly stand by to see the previously condemned men escape execution of their sentence, after so much time, effort and money had been spent to reach the ends of justice. It was therefore secretly decided that the prisoners should be re-taken by means similar to those used 193 by order of the regular authorities, that is, by finesse. It came therefore to pass on Sunday, the twenty-fourth of August, that one of the initiated obtained permission to enter the city prison, while the prisoners were assembled in the chapel to attend Divine Service. When the door was partly opened to receive him this man took such a position that it became impossible for the doorkeeper to close the gate without using force. Before he had a chance to call for aid the visitor had given a signal in answer to which forty heavily armed strangers appeared upon the scene to give the first visitor their aid. Whittaker and MacKenzie were then overpowered without any trouble, placed in a waiting vehicle, which drove them at full speed to the Battery street branch of the vigilance committee, where

they were made to expiate their crimes by means of a rope, which was fastened to the window casements, whilst an enormous crowd cheered lustily without.

This was the last public act of the vigilance committee during the past year, as it slowly yielded its power to the proper municipal authorities, not, however, without a very plain, explicit understanding that its services could again be relied upon should public safety require them.

San Francisco owes this body of clean, tried men a great deal more than the world will ever know. As already mentioned, safety to life on our streets is at present as effectually assured as it is anywhere in large cities; and although the majority of citizens continue to go about armed, it is more from the force of habit acquired than by reason of fear. It is true, however, that one has to be on one's guard and avoid quarrel, as the least word-duel is apt to end in a pistolade, as there seems yet to be much inclination to meet an insult with a bullet. But all peaceably minded persons who go quietly about their daily occupation, avoiding everything that is not part of their legitimate line of work, but who seek only to earn daily bread will seldom be annoyed by ruffians.

It cannot naturally be expected of me to have gained a reliable insight into the business affairs of this great 194 Western city during my short stay of a fortnight. Merchants, however, are heard to complain at present of considerable pressure brought about by overproduction and scarcity in the money market. It thus happened that my many efforts, aided by most excellent recommendations and personal endeavors of newly found friends, failed to secure for me a position as clerk. But there are thousands of ways and means of support in America, which, if they do not serve for anything better, will at least surely keep the wolf from the door.

Mercantile establishments are mostly in the hands of either North Americans, Englishmen or Germans, while there are likewise some very rich and respected Chilean firms, but very few French and Mexican business houses. The Chinese, too, go into business ventures once in a while, but rarely on a large scale, though many of them are very rich and could easily have the largest establishments in the city, if money were the sole factor. Each nationality tries to preserve its own peculiar character and, as will be readily understood, the general hunt for money and riches does

not always bring out the better qualities of men to advantage, but rather tends to bring the weak ones into daily display. While it cannot be denied that some acquire riches in comparatively few years, most foreigners remain but a short time, only to return home with disappointed hopes and shattered expectations; they, however, make room for newcomers; new elements take the vacant places, and the merry war for earthly possessions continues. The sooner the European realizes that the only safe way toward accumulating money is to work for it, the better for him. There is not one out of a hundred who grows rich rapidly, and here as elsewhere the old adage: "Honesty is the best paying policy," is in reality the only "golden rule" one should follow in business as well as in private life. Though we generally believe that time is all-powerful in smoothing conditions and harmonizing difficulties and national peculiarities, there seems to be astonishingly little assimilation between the different nations; they seem to remain intentionally and distinctly foreign to each other. Of all foreigners, the German seems to command the highest respect in public opinion. The American respects him, and —please do not laugh at the comparison—the Chinaman seems to honor him above all foreigners. Both of these nations have obtained the good will of the natives by their soberness, honesty and industry, which qualities the real Yankee the more admires, as he sees in them the fundamental principles of a great nation. Englishmen and Americans seem to get along fairly well, but a close observer will be very much amused at times, and unintentionally think of long forgotten mother goose stories of cat and dog. When the Englishman goes with hands in his wide trousers, whistling his "Rule Britannia" or some other of his national songs, the genuine Yankee (if one happens to be walking behind him) cannot refrain from humming "Yankee Doodle," a by no means complimentary song to the Briton.

Frenchmen find no favor in the eye of the native American, who cares little for them. "All French humbug" is a saying frequently heard in American circles. The fact is that, though present in large numbers, they seldom show visible means of support. Most of them are waiters, restaurant keepers or professional gamblers, though, here as everywhere else, one finds noble exceptions.

Women are scarce in this part of the New World, though I am told that they are much more numerous now than a few years ago.

Having mentioned before that the French population in this city consists to a certain extent of professional gamblers, I am led to say a few words about the gambling houses, of which so many strange stories have been told abroad. The fact is, they long ago outlived their notoriety. The magnificent, gorgeously decorated halls of such places as the “Veranda,” “Eldorado,” “Union Hotel,” “Oregon House” and a few others, the pomp and fascinating attractiveness of which are certainly not outdone even by public resorts of Hamburg or Berlin, are 196 now mostly deserted in daytime, and frequented at night by sailors or lucky miners, who cannot rid themselves quickly enough of their hard-earned money. The formerly rich display of gold by the bank holders of the green table has diminished to such an extent that one rarely sees a few pieces exhibited and even in the largest establishments, where formerly hundreds of twenty dollar gold pieces tempted the gaping crowds to try their chances, today the smallest current coin—one bit—(or Spanish “real,” one-eighth of a dollar) will not be refused by the keeper or bookmaker. This rapidly decreasing popularity of gambling houses is a most convincing proof of the immeasurable success of the Vigilance-Reform movement, as well as of all-powerful “public opinion” in America. And Jean Galbert de Campistron, the great French playwright, who indignantly asked: “The public! the public! how many fools are required to make up a public?” would indeed be ill at ease in this country.

A few well worded newspaper articles proved sufficient to incense the people against these academies of vice and breathing places of immorality. Had not our greatest living poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath, whom Americans honor as the most beloved German friend of their own Longfellow, blasted all hopes of speculating gamblers to establish their nefarious bank in the ruins of the old historic castle Ebernburg, by a single poem: “The Monument,” which appeared a few years ago in the “Cologne Gazette,” the San Francisco newspaper success would have won an unprecedented victory, which, however, is great and praiseworthy enough in itself. Thanks to this noble effort of the press, to be a gambler, has since become the worst thing that can be said of a man.

The American press differs from that of our methodical home periodicals. It is very much more alive and awake to the fact that it has to serve purposes of which the solid “Old World” has little

or no conception. It may have its faults but then it has greater responsibilities, greater aims and is consequently more heeded by the reading masses than its pompous contemporaries abroad. Its 197 editorials are the expressions of free men, who say what is uppermost in their mind, without fear of government censure or imprisonment. No wonder then that the press is one of the pillars of this country. It fully deserves recognition.

As to myself, I cannot tell you just yet what I may chose to do in case my endeavors to obtain a paying position in this city should not be crowned with success within the next few days, though I shall very likely take the next best chance to try my luck in the mines. To do this will be, if nothing else, an educating experiment, and without overworking one's self, one can easily make the necessary expenses of daily life and in the meantime gain an opportunity of making a wholesome study of the natural conditions of the country. There is, of course, no more hope for immense riches for miners, as in days gone by, when a globe trotter would accidentally stumble over a lump of pure gold. Still, by industry, perserving and saving, one can yet accumulate a moderate sum in a long or shorter time, as fortune may permit. I board at present with Grünhagen and Olias in Boettcher's residence, about a (German) mile from San Francisco, in a charming place, which is well named "Pleasant Valley." There are several young clerks from the city, all Germans, rooming in the same house, so that we number a round dozen at the dinner table. The walk to town is very agreeable and takes but half an hour. My expenditure amounts to twelve dollars a week for room and board, which will prove to you that living expenses are not nearly as high as in days gone by. I live well at that, and, as far as eating and drinking goes, far better than at home. Life in hotels and saloons, however, is very expensive; so are the three best theaters of this city—the American Theater, the "Jenny Lind" and the Théâtre Francais—where tickets for seats in the loges or dress circles are three dollars apiece. Wine seems to be cheaper here than in the large vineyards. For instance, a gallon —about five bottles and a half of good table wine—costs but four bits or one-half dollar, and the best champagne 198 no more than four dollars a gallon, which makes it possible for the poorest day laborer who shoves a hand cart or carries a hod to include half a bottle of wine in his bill of fare. And the California wine is fully as good as the French wines, so-called, which we purchase at home; at any rate you get what you pay for. Business men, as a rule, eat after what is

called the American plan, and which is a very sensible one, in my estimation. About eight o'clock in the morning one starts with a good warm breakfast, consisting of beefsteak, chops, roast beef or something of that sort, winding up with a cup of good coffee. About noon one indulges in a so-called lunch, that means a glass or two of wine, bread and cheese or cold viands, and enjoys the principal meal at six o'clock, after the cares and worries of the day are over and the office is closed. This mode of living suits me exceedingly well, yes, even better than our home method with its five meals. By this method the day is not much divided, and one can follow one's pursuits without being interrupted every two or three hours, and the natural consequence is that the American accomplishes more in a day than his European competitor.

Though we are said to live in the midst of the rainy season, I confess that so far I have not seen a drop. The air is warm and most agreeable in daytime, the sky clear and of a tropical blue, and Mother Nature is clad in a pretty green; the nights, however, are decidedly cold and remind me quite often of the dear ones at the fireside at home. The mines, too, are said to lack rain, particularly in the more southern region. A few days ago I had a very interesting chat with a miner from the San Joaquin country, who complained greatly about the lack of water in the "diggings." He claimed to have worked four long months without being able to wash a handful of the earth. Having thus spent his money for necessities of life, he found himself compelled to look for work in San Francisco until the long-looked-for rain would give him a chance to sift the proceeds of his months of hard labor. And there are hundreds of men sharing the same fate 199 and consequently very dejected and compelled to look for temporary employment that may stay the tide till St. Peter opens the channels of relief. The Northern mines, on the contrary, are filled with snow and ice, which makes the working of them impossible, though many of the miners, who have spent the winter here, are preparing already for another season of hard work and uncertain results. Such is life in the Wild West.

Meanwhile, I have made the best of the beautiful weather by taking little excursions into the surrounding country, which, though picturesque in places, cannot be called beautiful. The surface is hilly and sandy, covered with shrubbery and here and there interspersed with marshes, which are mostly to be found along the bay; weeds and impenetrable shrubbery grow in abundance and harbor

large numbers of snakes and other reptiles, as well as wolves and even bears. Sea fowls nest there in fabulous quantities. The closer to the city, the more the clearing of the creeks for the purpose of draining has progressed.

One of the finest spots just outside the city is Monte Dolores, a hill of about twelve to eighteen hundred feet in height; from its summit, which it is not difficult to reach, the visitor has a beautiful panorama before him: San Francisco with its fine harbor and the Golden Gate; the bay with its attractive islands on one side and the Pacific Ocean, in all its majesty, on the other. There is a boulevard, laid out with planks, which leads from the Mission Dolores to the foot of the hill and is frequented on Sundays by pleasure seekers, promenading families, ladies in elegant carriages, people on horseback, all bent upon enjoying the sights which Mother Nature presents. Were it not for an occasional redman (Indian) or the ever present yellow Mongolian with his long, coal black queue, one would fancy one's self transported to one of the much sought promenades of a German city, for instance, the ever memorable Hamburg boulevard leading to Blankenese (which I have described elsewhere) instead of being on the far away Western coast of North America. I wonder whether I am safe from your criticism in mentioning that one may tramp through corn fields and meadows without being fined, as is customary elsewhere. It is advisable, however, to avoid bands of cattle, which is not always a safe thing to do. At the foothills especially the cattle are very plentiful, and they roam about uncared for, looking for food, wherever it may be found. Most of these animals are uncommonly large, powerfully strong and often decidedly hostile in disposition; they have large, sharp pointed horns, and an attack upon man is not at all an unfrequent occurrence. Only a few days ago it happened that a Kentuckian was attacked in a neighboring creek by two cows and though he managed to kill one of them outright with his gun, he was miserably harpooned by the sharp horns of the other and finally lost his life in the struggle. Still wilder and consequently more dangerous are the cattle in the inland on the other side of the bay, known as "Contra Costa." To give you a more correct idea of the situation, I may add that even the Mexican rancheros, known for their daring and unsurpassed horsemanship, who are almost born in the saddle and raised among herds of wild cattle, who never throw their lasso in vain, nor fire a pistol without hitting the mark, even they, I say, though provided with tried horses and reliable weapons, will

never venture alone into those herds to catch an ox for slaughter. The interior of the country is said to be uncommonly romantic and decidedly picturesque and of so changeable a character that even the most experienced world-trotters have been surprised at the manifold grandeur of California scenery. While one may enjoy for a few moments a typically Dutch rural scene, there appears suddenly a magnificent mountain view, with its wild, noisy waters, and impenetrable virgin forests. While it is perfectly true that the high mountains of which I gained a very satisfactory view from the neighboring hill-tops, are indeed promising, I shall not attempt to give you the descriptions of other people, but prefer to wait until I can judge and tell from personal experience and observation.

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San Francisco, California,

the 31st of January, 1852.

As there remain but a few more minutes until the closing of the European mail, I shall make use of them by adding a few more words to those, who I know, will enjoy them. It is so difficult to tear one's self from a letter, which is homeward bound, across the many thousands of miles, that I cannot let go until "time sets my nails afire" (German idiom). I am at this hour quite determined to try my luck in the mines and shall leave for the interior next Tuesday, the third of February, via Benicia and Stockton, in order to continue along the Stanislaus, a branch of the San Joaquin River, then passing Sonora City, enter the Sierra Nevada as far as I possibly can. In all probability I shall not return to civilization very soon and, as you will easily comprehend, postal facilities are absolutely unknown in those regions, many of which have never been visited by a pale-face before. Of course, it remains an open question how soon you will receive my next letter, while this one, I trust, will keep you busy reading and re-reading for many a day. Do not worry about me, dear parents, and do not forget that California has ceased to be a nest of robbers and highwaymen. The severe laws, which the miners have enacted in their own behalf and for the preservation of order in their own camps, and which they execute with unrelenting vigor, frighten away criminals from the most remote camps. Even the petty thief, if caught in the act, is sent into eternity by the "rope-route." As the miners—rough and ready—are in the habit of doing those things quickly, we

should not be surprised that their method has a wholesome effect upon the long-fingered gentry, most of whom are cowards by nature, and the miner, though he generally carries a warm, yea, philanthropically-disposed heart under a rough exterior, cordially detests cowardice.

The next Panama steamer is due since yesterday and is expected to arrive at almost any moment. I await her with impatience, hoping sincerely for long-missed news 202 from you, which would expel the feeling of uncertainty as to the personal welfare of every one of my loved ones at home.

I have openly to confess my great disappointment at the strange fact of not receiving a single letter from you upon landing here and cannot deny that it has depressed and discouraged me for many an hour, and to a great extent emphasized my disappointment at not obtaining employment. Please make up for it by writing long letters and read often. It will be advisable to direct the outer envelope as follows:

Messrs. Gent, Schott, Boettcher & Co.,

San Francisco,

Upper California.

And then put the closed letter into it. The mail will thus receive quicker attention at the post-office than if it were directed to me in care of Boettcher. Please give my very best regards and many thousand greetings to all the loved ones. Do not worry if you do not hear from me within the next few months, but write diligently that I may have plenty to read. I embrace and kiss you all. God be with you!

FRANZ LECOUVREUR.

Translator's note:

The following pages contain a few timely quotations and thoughts, which the young author enclosed in the above letter, but which had been written on the eve of his departure from

Bartenstein. His well-known admiration for the exiled poet Heine, who was slowly dying on his mattress-grave, while our friend set foot on American soil, led to the first quotation, which refers to the unexpected marriage of the poet's fiancée, Amalie, daughter of Solomon Heine, his multi-millionaire uncle, a fact which the great lyric bemoaned in many songs, of which the following is one of the shortest:

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“Anfangs wollt ich fast verzage “Und ich glaubt', ich trüg es nie— “Und ich hab' es doch ertragen,
“Aber fragt' mich nur nicht wie!”

(Translated:

“First I almost died despairing “Doubting, that I stand the strain, “Still, I've borne it without
yielding “How? You ask of me in vain!”

—J. C. B.)

Then follows our young author's own composition: “When, in the battle of life, the heart of man
is seem- “ingly burning to ashes, in consequence of a stroke of “fate's own lightning, when he
sees drop by drop of his “heart's blood trickle into dust, let him not despair, but “rather revive his
drooping spirits, as well as his pride, “both of which, aided by perseverance and self-reliance, “will
help him to victory in all struggles which the fu “ture may have in store for him.*Help thyself and
God “will help thee.”*

Then follows Rückert's: “Dem Liebesänger,” which translated would read somewhat like this:

TO THE EROTIC SINGER: If you wish to touch the heart-strings Of all human kind alike You
should strike the note of sorrow, Not the melodies of joy. Many a one finds no enjoyment During
earth-life, and methinks There is none, who does not carry Buried troubles in his breast.

—(J. C. B.)

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LETTER NO. VIII

Long Bar on the Yuba River, Cal.,*

Sunday, February 8th, 1852.

This Long Bar and Yuba Mining letter is the late Dr. Theodor Wollweber's translation.—J.C.B.

My Beloved Ones:—I hope you will not take it amiss if I write only a few words to-day; I merely want you to know where I am at present. As I wrote to you before, my intention at first was to go to the Southern mines; unfavorable reports from there, however, made me suddenly change my mind, the more so as on the 2nd inst. (Monday) the younger of the Boettchers made up his mind to accompany us and share our fate.

The same day at 4 o'clock p.m. we four, that is Boettcher, Grünhagen, Olias and myself, taking with us only our blankets, arms and such clothing as was indispensable, started on the steamer "I. Bragdon" for Sacramento, on the river of the same name, where we arrived on Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock. At 8 o'clock we continued our trip up the river on board the "Fashion" and reached Marysville at the junction of the Yuba with the Feather river, a tributary of the Sacramento, at 5 p.m. At Marysville we remained over night, and on Wednesday morning we started upon our journey, of course afoot. In the evening we arrived here. We found the bar already taken possession of; not a place left open that offered a tolerable "prospect," but on the following day, in the evening, an American offered to sell us his claim. We bought it for 75 Dollars, and since noon of day before yesterday we have been hard at work. Up to the evening yesterday we had taken out only 10 Dollars; but considering that none of us four are used to 205 hard labor, that we have never handled the tools, much less acquired any knack in handling them, and that aside from this, Olias has been unwell since yesterday and unable to work—considering all this it seems to me that the result is not very bad. The former owner took out from this claim from 5 to 7 Dollars a day, all by himself.

The weather is very clear and pleasant, at noon even oppressively warm, so that the miners have to suspend work. Of course during the summer it is much hotter here; for this reason we do not intend

to pass it on this bar; but will go further up in the mountains, which are now inaccessible on account of snow.

The work of a miner is now-a-days anything but easy. To move heavy stones under a burning sun at mid-day, to loosen the ground with the pick, to shovel it then into the rocker, to carry 50 or 60 buckets of water a day from a distance of several hundred yards over a rough, stony path up and down hill, is no child's play. But then, we lead a life as free as the bird in the air. The miner is nobody's master and nobody's slave; there is no law for him except that which he makes for himself.

In the course of time I shall get used to this work which as yet causes my back somewhat to ache. If I remain well I shall not soon return to San Francisco. This wild free life, the sweat of the brow, the pistol in the belt, the pick in hand—this is just what suits me—it disperses thoughts which at times make me feel very heavy at heart.

Continue to write to me to San Francisco; I have made arrangements for the prompt and safe delivery of your letters. It distresses me very much that as yet I have not received any letters from you. Can it be possible that they have been lost? I am awaiting your answer to four letters of mine; Nos. 9 and 10 from Valparaiso, Nos. 11 and 12 from San Francisco. Yesterday Emil Boettcher received a letter from Königsberg; how I envied him! Emil will inclose these lines in his letter to his mother and so I hope that you will receive them; but 206 to say when I shall write again, is more than I can do now. Do not feel uneasy about me; I am in good health, and yes, I am in good spirits.

Many thousand kisses to you, my dear mother, and to you, my beloved, my only sister; remember me to all.

I must close this, because I must put a new sieve into our rocker, and it must be done to-day, so that to-morrow's sunrise shall find us promptly at work.

To you, my father, a hearty squeeze of the hand from your true son. F.

Long Bar on the Yuba River, Cal.,

May 6th to 15th, 1852.

My Beloved Ones:—I can well imagine how anxiously you await news from me, and especially news about the mines, the much-talked of, often-described and—often vilified mines. So far I have not found time to describe them to you, and though I wrote to you twice from here on February 8th and on April 5th—I could then only intimate in a few words that I was physically well.

But now I will not delay my report any longer from you, and shall use the evenings to write in detail—and I shall not mail this letter until it has reached quite a respectable length. To do that will not be a difficult task, since I have much, very much, to tell you. Ere I proceed, however, I have to thank you, to thank you with my whole heart, for the delight which your letters (No. 8) of February 5th have caused me. Boettcher, from San Francisco, brought them to me in person on the 24th of April, a little after 10 o'clock a.m. He found me at work, but not for all the gold in the world could I have washed another shovelful of dirt. I ran to my tent like one possessed, and read the letters, and read them over again until the tears obscured my sight and I could not distinguish the characters any more. I cannot express how glad I was. Every word, nay every single letter, was a treasure to me. If I knew that my letters would give you the same pleasure I should write from morning till evening, hard as writing in itself is for me. I hope to have soon another festival of the same kind.

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The mines are not any longer what they have been, even as late as a year ago, and with all my heart do I pity those poor fellows who come here with the illusion that they can make a fortune in a short time, and that with little work, too. They look exceedingly blue when they see the daily increasing pile of rocks, and us at work about them, with the perspiration streaming down under a burning sun, and that to make only poor wages, which often stand in no comparison with the amount of work done.

Nobody with you seems to have a correct idea of how the gold is found here. The erroneous idea prevails that it is found in pieces of different sizes. By far the largest quantity of gold found here in California is washed out by machines of widely different construction of which more anon.

As there is a difference in the machines used in washing out the gold, so there is a difference in the Diggings, or the mines proper. They are divided into the so called Dry Diggings and Water or Wet Diggings. The former you will find almost everywhere in this part of California, gold being—strange to say—to such a degree diffused throughout the whole soil in many localities that wherever you may wash a pan of dirt, be it in the woods or in a meadow, on the top of a hill, or in the valley, you will at least find one or two small “scales” of gold, or to use the common expression of the miners, you will find “the color.” At first it will not pay you wages, because dirt that does not pay at least 1 1/2 cents to the bucketful is not worth working. But the further you go from the low land into the Sierra Nevada, the richer you find the soil; and dirt that pays 6, 8 or 10 cents or even a dollar to the bucket is even now no rarity in California. Unfortunately such localities are generally so far away from water that they cannot be worked. Grounds which are often exceedingly profitable, but which can be worked only during the rainy season, or with water brought there in an artificial way, are called Dry Diggings.

Gold is not so much found in the upper region as 200 further below on the rock—the “bedrock”—and to reach that, the miner has often to dig down a hundred feet and even more; it is, however, by no means certain that he will find gold there, or in sufficient quantity to pay him for the hard labor and the time spent in getting there. Often 3 or 4 men will work for a whole month on such a hole, and when they reach the bedrock they find perhaps 30 or 40 Dollars, which means that they have thrown away hard labor, time and money. The sinking of these shafts in the valleys and ravines is a lottery; but it offers the only chance here in California to become wealthy with one stroke; because out of such a shaft (they generally are 6 or 8 feet square), have been often taken forty or fifty thousand dollars. Gold at the bottom of such a hole, on the bedrock, is always found in coarse pieces of from one dollar to five or six hundred dollars each, and it lays there in the crevices and on the rock, so that all you have to do is to scrape it together with a knife.

It is this prospect which, during the summer, draws every one up to the mountains; and so—should I succeed during that time in saving a few hundred dollars either on this or on any other bar—I, too, shall go up to the Dry Diggings and try my luck there. It is possible that I may work for several

months for nothing; yea, I may work—and it is hard work I assure you—and lose my money besides, but it might just be that I may return with several thousand Dollars. Being a miner now, I shall try all my chances to make money.

One kind of Dry Diggings are the quartz mines. You know that often quartz is found containing free gold. To get that out the rock is reduced to powder in the so-called quartz mill, and out of that powder the gold is afterwards extracted. You can imagine that such a quartz mill is expensive; the outlay for a small one is about twenty thousand dollars. They can only be established where the quartz is rich. Quartz which pays less than 5 cents per pound will not pay for crushing.

The connecting link between the Dry Diggings and the Wet Diggings are the Ravine Diggings. The ravines 209 which drain the water from the springs to the river are often found to be rich in gold, and so it pays well at times to work them; but this also can only be done during the rainy season, because in the summer and even in the spring, they are perfectly dry. The gold found there is generally in fine scales, or in small pieces of the size of a pin-head, and is only found in the uppermost region, about 1 or 2 feet below the surface. The more rocky and the harder the ground, the more gold it usually contains; light soil with but few rocks in it will not pay wages, not once in a hundred times.

And now to the Water Diggings or to the so-called River Bars.

You can get the best idea what a bar is, if you think of the bleaching ground in Bartenstein; but instead of the grass, there are at the bar only sand and rocks, similar to the sea shore. Such bars, alternately larger and smaller, are found one after the other, on either one or the other side of the river, just as it changes its course, and they are on nearly all the rivers of North America wherever they emerge from the mountains, when they begin to flow less swiftly and consequently can deposit the sand and the stones which the rapid current has torn loose in the mountains. The higher up in the mountains, the smaller and the more rocky are the bars, and the more coarse and heavy is the gold found there—the further down the stream, the broader and the more sandy is the bar, and the finer and lighter the gold.

You are aware that I have as yet not seen much of the different mining districts of California; but I feel confident that, if I succeed in giving you a good description of Long Bar, where I am working now, and of a miner's life and work, you can form a correct idea of the bars in general, because in the main they all resemble each other, and the life of a miner is the same on all of them.

Long Bar is one of the lowest bars on the right bank of the Yuba river, a tributary to the Feather river, and is distant from Marysville about 20 English miles; a very good and much frequented country road leads to that place. Long Bar extends for about a mile up the river and is divided into three parts, viz.: "Big Bar," so-called on account of its former richness, miners making even as late as the last year from 12 to 20 Dollars per day; then "the Flat," a level sandy piece of ground 200 or 300 yards wide, covered with a growth of short grass on such places as are not worked by miners, and where these find but little gold, seldom more than 2 cents to the bucket; and lastly the lower end of the bar—"Island Bar"—evidently formerly an island, since between it and the higher ground one can yet plainly see the old river bed, even now in autumn, winter and spring full of water. This old river bed is called "the slough." The banks of this slough are covered with brush, just as the somewhat more elevated center of it, which, however, also shows a few stunted oaks and pines. Elsewhere on the island one will not notice anything but naked piles of rocks—desolation itself.

The tents of the miners, the stores and boarding houses, are not put up on the bar itself, but upon higher ground, on the bank of the river, which is about as high as the "Veilchenberge" (Violet Hills) on the "Neue Bleiche" near Königsberg—and where they form a continuous irregular line, so that the whole looks like a village of tents—about 300 of them—picturesquely scattered and partly hidden among brushwood and trees.

Behind the tents the ground rises again to a second terrace, about as high as the first, thus forming a gently sloping elevation covered with short grass, and here and there a bit of brushwood; the ridge itself being a constant change of gently undulating hills and dales, and the whole forming the outermost link between the Sierra Nevada and the vast, boundless savanna, where the mighty Sacramento—a stream as broad as the Elbe—in its slow course absorbs its numerous tributaries.

One can hardly imagine such a variety of lovely landscapes as are shown in this part of the country, especially now, in the spring of the year, when numerous rivulets rush through the ravines between overhanging boughs, and the gigantic evergreen California oaks and aged pines show in their aromatic twigs the brightest verdure. The country is not what we call woody; the trees stand about 30 or 40 feet apart, so that their outer branches hardly touch each other. The ground between them is entirely free from underbrush, but is covered with a dense growth of soft grass, forming a carpet which is interwoven with the brightest and most fragrant flowers. These flowers which rival the flowers in your gardens in the splendor of their colors, but surpass them in fragrance, often cover the ground so completely that they even hide the grass; and in the cooling shade of these oaks one often walks for hundreds of yards, and walks literally on a carpet of flowers. This belt of undulating country, never losing its character, is crossed by beautiful rivulets, here meandering between low brushwood over a gravelly bed, or there rushing in cascades over moss grown rocks towards the Yuba. For miles and miles around us the country shows these charming features, which though on the whole always the same, constantly present themselves to the eye in a different and—if possible—more enchanting form. If I had to select some scenery near my old home, in order to give you an idea about the country surrounding Long Bar, I should select the Simser Valley near Meilsberg, where the “holy” lindentree stands; in looking at that scene there, think of gigantic oaks here, and of the indescribable aroma of millions of flowers, so strong that at times it almost overcomes you. But come with me; it is Saturday evening, and I wish to take my usual walk.

We ascend to the second terrace above Long Bar, which I mentioned before, and follow a serpentine trail which, running through the most charming natural park, brings us in about fifteen minutes to the top of a high hill, a somewhat higher point than the surrounding country. It is covered with brushwood, through which we have to find our way ere we reach the summit; through this the bed-rock has forced its way in the shape of two mighty bowlders of granite, wonderfully resembling in shape and size the Borstenstein at Neu-Kuhren, only that they tower higher above you by about 15 feet. We climb up to the top of the larger of the two, and from here we have a good view of the surrounding country.

Our view towards the North does not extend very far. Near us a small rivulet passes in its winding course on towards the Yuba, now in plain view falling over gray rocks, then disappearing among brush, to come to light again as a lakelet, bedded in banks of flowers, its crystal surface reflecting the purple clouds above. Another curve and it is again out of sight. This is “Dry Creek.” Its steep bank on yonder side bars your view in that direction, and so we turn towards the East.

Here, terrace upon terrace, rise the hills, higher and higher, steeper and steeper, and more and more densely wooded, until we gaze in the far distance upon the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, covered with eternal snow and ice, and now bathed in violet tints of the setting sun. The character of the landscape in this direction is melancholy, almost sad; nothing animate, no human habitation in sight; mountains upon mountains, and only high above in the air you may at times see an eagle, hardly visible to the naked eye, slowly sailing in circles in the clear atmosphere; or perhaps from yonder tree the shrill screech of a raven may at times reach your ear.

Towards the South we have the whole bar before us from end to end. Among the gloomy, desolate-looking piles of rocks, which, however, at this moment, bathed in a rosy tint of the evening sun, appear in their best light, we see yet here and there an exceptionally industrious miner. The most of them, however, are at this moment climbing up to their tents, carrying in their arms the tin pans with the gold, which they have taken out during the day—their wages gained by hard labor. Nearer to us, on this side of the bar and glistening white among the green foliage, you see the tents; and out of the chimneys here and there you will notice the smoke curling up, a sign that the occupant is busy preparing his frugal evening meal. Yonder the Yuba—a river now in the spring fully as broad as the Pregel—lines the bar as with a band of silver, and its bank beyond with the same characteristics you observe on this side, ends the panorama in that direction.

And now a look toward the West over the broad, level savanna, where the Yuba empties into the Feather river, and this again further on into the Sacramento. This immense plain extends almost without any interruption up to the chain of mountains, which line the Pacific coast, far beyond our horizon. The vista is broken by the “Butes” only—eight or ten conical mountains, six or eight hundred feet high, rising abruptly out of the plain between the Sacramento and Feather rivers, and

close to one another, but separated by deep ravines, whose bottoms are densely wooded—the abode of numberless grizzly bears.

I feel, nay I am convinced, that my description of the scenery here cannot impress you in such a manner as to do it justice. If, however, you were to read it on a mild, fair evening in summer, somewhere in the quiet, pleasant Simserthal, you might conceive a better idea of what it really is. Now let us return to the Bar.

I told you before that gold is washed out by different kinds of machines. Here at the bar there are four different kinds in use. The Rocker or Cradle, the Bullrocker, the simple and the double Long Tom.

Anyone who prefers to remain by himself and wants to do without a partner, has to use the rocker, because the last named three machines cannot be worked by one man alone, but require more hands. The rocker or cradle, as some call it, with which I, too, have worked, is a box 18 inches wide and 4 1/2 or 5 feet long. It rests slightly inclining forward on two runners, or rockers, so that by means of a handle (a), which is fastened to its left side, it may easily be rocked just like a cradle. On top of the rear end, i.e., the higher end of the rocker, is a sieve (b), made of sheet iron about two feet long and of the same width as the rocker, which can be removed. 214 Below this sieve and slanting toward the rear end, is placed the so-called “apron” (c), made of strong cotton cloth and fastened to a frame. The object of this is to conduct everything that goes through the sieve to the rear end of the rocker. The drawing here will help to make you understand that. The forward or lower end of the box is open, only a narrow lath—1 1/4 or 1 1/2 inches wide—is nailed across it at the bottom; this is called the “riffle.” *Themodus operandi* is very simple. A bucketful of dirt, with stones and all, just as you have loosened it with the pick, is thrown on the sieve, and then while you set the rocker in motion with the left hand, with a dipper in your right you pour water over the dirt on the sieve. As soon as the soil is washed off the stones these are thrown out and a second bucket of dirt is thrown on the sieve, and this again is treated like the first, and so on until you have washed about 20 or 25 bucketfuls. By the motion of the rocker the gold and heavy sand are collected on its bottom, while the lighter stuff is washed off over the riffle; this lighter stuff we call “tailings.” The residue which

has collected on the bottom of the rocker is now very carefully scraped together at the rear end of it, is then treated again to three or four washings, and now we have the gold mixed only with some black ferruginous sand, but free from all other matter; it is now taken up and thrown into a tin or sheet-iron pan—a pan about 4 inches deep, in diameter about 16 inches on top and 12 inches at the bottom. The last work before evening is then to wash in this pan the black sand off the gold, a procedure requiring much dexterity, the sand being almost as heavy as the gold itself, so that one not used to the work, is apt to wash away gold and sand together. Any grains of sand which, on account of their being too heavy, we cannot separate from the gold by washing, we get rid of by first drying the whole thoroughly; then we put it on a small tray and blow the sand away.

In reading this description you will not think that our labor is as heavy as it really is. Believe me, it is as exacting, mechanical labor as can be done; and is intensely so to one not accustomed to manual labor. The hard stony soil has first to be loosened with a pick; then the larger stones—often so heavy that they can hardly be moved, have to be rolled aside; next the dirt must be shoveled together, and must then be carried to the rocker. Now consider that we have to remove the top dirt before we reach the soil in which we find the gold; (on the place where I am at work now I have to remove 5 or 6 feet of rocks—at times even more) that I have to carry daily 40 or 50 pails of water a distance of from 200 to 300 yards over rough, loose rocks, that we have to work in narrow holes or shafts from 6 to 10 feet deep, where one never feels a draught of air, but where he is exposed to a sun so hot that he can hardly touch the stones with his hand; if you think of that you will concede that to chop wood is in comparison with this, justly considered to be light work. But one gets used to everything, and so have I got used to this work, which now is not half as hard on me as it was at first, though I am able to do almost as much again as I did at first. But I have made it a rule not to over-exert myself; whenever I am tired or do not feel like working I stop; I always bear in mind that my health is my only capital, which I have to husband most carefully. Yet I am making more money than many others, because I attend to my work in an even way without hurrying or exerting myself too much.

Almost of the same construction as the rocker above described is the “bullrocker,” only with this difference that it is larger, generally 2 feet wide and about 6 feet long, and that the iron sieve which

covers the whole length of it is open at the lower end, so that the rocks after being washed will by the motion of the rocker drop off by themselves, and the sieve needs not to be emptied, by hand, as with the small rocker.

216

The single “Long Tom” consists of a wooden box, open at the lower end, 12 or 15 feet long and about 12 inches wide—the so-called “sluice box.” The lower end of this is placed on a sieve, which is usually 6 feet long and 2 1/2 feet wide. About 15 inches below this sieve is placed the riffle box, which is of the same width, but about 8 feet long, and divided into two parts by nailing a piece of lath about 1 1/2 or 1 3/4 inches wide across it; the rear portion is about 5 feet, the front portion about 3 feet long. It requires 3 men to work a Long Tom. Two of them loosen the ground and throw it into the sluice box, into which a stream of water is conducted which in washing the rocks carries them also forward and on the sieve. On this sieve the stones collect, and from here the third man removes them with a shovel; everything else goes through the sieve and into the riffle box, where the gold and the black sand are deposited, while the lighter stuff is carried off as tailings. With these machines you have the advantage that you are able to wash a great deal of soil with them. While one man alone can with a rocker, under the most favorable conditions, when water is close by and the dirt easily picked, wash at best only about 250 bucketfuls, 3 men with a Long Tom can easily handle from 12 to 15 hundred bucketfuls.

The Double Long Tom differs from the single only in that it has two sieves instead of one—a second and finer sieve being placed about 6 or 8 inches below the first, and that the riffle box, instead of two is divided into 3 or 4 parts, the two at the rear end being placed about 6 inches higher than those in front. The Double Long Tom is mostly used where very fine gold is found, which it more effectually saves than do the other machines.

217

Such are the tools we work with; they are rather rough and primitive; and rough and primitive is the life we lead. (The theory on which they work is based on the fact that gold is heavier than sand or rocks.)

Up to the beginning of last month I took board and lodging at one of the boarding houses here, for which I had to pay eight dollars per week. Since then I live by myself and do my own cooking, and that costs me hardly four dollars a week. I am certain mother and Marie will ask here together: but what does he cook? Answer: the same things that every one else here in the mines cooks. Pancakes (here called slapjacks) made of flour, water and lard; dumplings, beans, gruel, rice and dry fruits are about all we can have here. Beefsteaks are too expensive, and for this reason I eat them but seldom, and so are potatoes at 10 cents a pound; bread I use only occasionally, for instance, when I have a visitor.

I live in a tent which, however, does not belong to me but to a Southern German, an elderly man, who, while out hunting in November last, had the misfortune to wound himself so severely in the right foot—the gun going off accidentally—that even now he can use it but very little, and is still unable to work. He occupies the tent with me. In front of my tent and close by the road is a store and boarding house, kept by a young American of German descent. My other neighbors are a ship carpenter from Hamburg and Carl Kamke, a sailor from Dantzic, with his partner, an old Hollander. But though I live here in a “German corner” you would not hear any more German spoken around us than anywhere else on the bar, because strange as it may seem it is nevertheless true that the Germans here, even when among themselves, give preference to the “American” language. There are men here with whom I have been in daily intercourse for months before I found out that they are Germans.

I think that nowhere in the world are the characteristics of a man so fully developed as here in the mines. Everyone lives according to his own fashion or liking without paying any attention to the ways of his 218 neighbor, and that is just what makes life in the mines so free and pleasant. There is no distinction of rank; everybody is his own boss; I do not meddle with anybody's affairs just as nobody else would dare to interfere with mine. The manner in which one man approaches another is characteristic of the life here. The usual way of addressing a young man is to call him “boy;” or one man calls another in a joking way “Captain” or “Boots.” The latter nickname they here give to one another on account of the high boots which everybody wears. Generally, however, people address

one another by their first names, and you may be acquainted with a man for years without ever learning his family name or anything about his private affairs. But since many men have the same first name they are distinguished from one another by certain epithets, and by these they are known at the bar. There is, for instance, a “long Johnny” and a “little Johnny,” a “Swedish Johnny” and a “Johnny Snakes.” The latter received his nickname on account of his being often drunk; and when a man gets drunk they say that he is “looking for snakes.” Then there is a “red Johnny” and a “blue Johnny,” according to the color of their shirts. I myself—to distinguish me from another namesake, am called “Doctor Frank” or “Colonel Frank.” Corresponding to this free mode of addressing one another is the ordinary daily intercourse; nothing is easier than to get acquainted with one another, yet without ever becoming intimate, in one word—“sailor-like” well describes the whole situation. Everywhere you hear people laugh, joke or sing, and if you ask anybody: “how goes it?”—ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will answer you: “First rate,” that is, excellently.

Though most of the miners have been sailors or are men used to manual labor, there is no lack of representatives of the educated class. I am acquainted here with several former clerks and supercargoes, one lawyer, a Greek, formerly an officer of engineers, a professor from the University of Strassburg, etc. My best friend, 219 however, and he has proved himself to be such indeed, is and always will be that sailor from Dantzig, whom I mentioned before, Charley—, commonly called Charley Long Tom, because he works with me on such a machine; a square shouldered fellow, face and mustache a brownish red; “an old miner,” which is to say, that in his whole appearance he resembles more a highwayman than anything else. I am certain that if ten or twelve of us were to show ourselves on the road anywhere in Prussia, dressed and equipped as we are here, with blankets rolled up and rifles on our shoulders, the military would be called out at once to place the dangerous vagabonds behind locks and bars.

Our dress is sailor-like, suitable to the hot climate; a red or blue flannel shirt, gray corduroy trousers fastened above the hips with a leather belt or silk scarf, wherein also a long knife is carried, or—when away from home—a revolver; high waterproof boots, and either a broad-brimmed brown felt or a straw hat. Now think of such a suit being tattered and patched up everywhere, for instance on a blue shirt a red patch, or on gray pantaloons a black and next to that a light green patch; the whole

person from head to foot bespattered with mud, and you have the miner in his nevertheless highly picturesque costume.

Notwithstanding all this, I am satisfied, more than satisfied, with my lot. This free life, so full of charm because free, and without the slightest restraint, the surrounding country a perfect paradise, the work heavy, but in a manner voluntary—as one day's labor gives me enough to satisfy my wants for a whole week—this same free life refreshes me physically and mentally! Day by day I feel more vigorous, more easy and more cheerful, and if this is to continue I shall within a year be as healthy a man as there is in God's world! Even toothache I have not had since I put my foot on California's soil. And indeed how strong have I become! You ought to see the rocks I have to move or lift every day; some of them are large enough to scare the devil—if he were compelled to lift them!

220

It looks now as if we were going to have continued fair weather. If this should be so, I shall soon again have some money in my pocket. Since my last letter (April 5th) I have paid all my debts,^{*} and have about thirty dollars left—not much, but it is something—at any rate better than nothing.

Through an inundation caused by a rapid rising of the river (the Yuba rose about 15 feet) the writer lost all he had, and was even in danger of losing his life during several hours. To supply himself again with the most indispensable things at exorbitant prices however, a rocker at 24 dollars, a shovel at six, a pick at four and one-half dollars, and everything else at the same rate; and having been severely hurt on his right foot and thereby confined to bed for several weeks, the writer of the letter was compelled to borrow some money.

I do not know yet if I shall remain all summer on this bar; to be honest I must confess that the delight of traveling makes me restless again; I shall be guided by circumstances. To determine here upon a trip of—say—three, four or five hundred miles, and to start upon it is usually all done within an hour; all a man has to do is to roll up his blankets, and with a couple of shirts and an ax, and his rifle on his shoulder he is ready to rove through California in any direction. I am thinking of going to the Trinity river, a tributary to the Klamath in Oregon. The river is rich and has been mined but little; a great many are afraid of the climate; the winter there brings snow and ice.

Ere I finish this I glance again at your letter. You ask me, my dear father, if the sun has not bronzed me considerably and add that that would form a nice contrast with my blond hair. Yes—I am

bronzed considerably, but—I am sorry to say—the contrast is not very pleasing, because the color of my sunburnt skin is of such an infernal dirty yellowish hue that anywhere in Europe I would be suspected of not having touched soap and water for at least six months, and that is anything but pleasant.

Thanks for the latest news from papers. How glad I 221 am that I can drink deep from nature here in my Californian paradise, and that I can turn my back on politics.

Poor***is really to be pitied, though I am not surprised at her fate. It is well for her that she has found a home, and perhaps assistance with her sisters; yet it is hard, after having been independent, to become dependent again upon others, and to have to live on charity; for charity it is, though it be the charity of loving relatives.

Marie's friends are going off rapidly, I see. And so***got married? Girls are said to be desirous of marrying, and Heine says: “***married just out of sheer spite the first man she came across.” But this time it seems the desire has been with one of our own sex. How could a man marry***? Why, he must be an imbecile! With my whole heart do I congratulate***however. It is true she had her faults, but they were few, and who of us is entirely free from them? I have no doubt by this time she has become more sensible. Usually no pretty girl becomes endurable before her 18th year, or sensible before her 22d. Ugly girls become so before that time. Her intended, it seems to me, is one of those young men of whom it takes just twelve to make a dozen. I believe, however, that he is just of the sort that furnishes the best husbands. Of all the girls poor***has chosen the better part. Death has summoned her just at the right time; ere she had to face the troubles and distress which would surely have sent her to an early grave, after having chosen such a companion for life. Many a poor wife—now slowly wasting away in anguish—will envy***'s lot which appears sad only at first.

I am glad to hear that Carl is doing well as an agriculturist. If he were not married yet and out of business I should advise him to come out here at once. Strong and active as he is, he would do well here, especially if he had some ready money. As yet there is little farming done, but farmers here have it much easier than in the eastern states, since the ground is easier worked, and 222 it is less

difficult to find a market for their produce, and at better prices too; and all that with scarcely any heavier expenses than there. With ten or twelve hundred dollars one can start a farm, because the most splendid soil will not cost him anything, and he can take as much land as he pleases; all the law requires is that he should put a fence around it and that proves possession.

Speaking about farming reminds me of a subject I came near forgetting, though I know you wish to hear about it, namely, the Indians. They roam about the country in large bands, steal like ravens, but are otherwise peaceable, and if a man be alone and should happen to fall in with them, he need not be uneasy as long as their greediness does not get the better of them. The Indians here dress in a half civilized way; they wear flannel shirts and at times even pantaloons and boots. The squaws, that is, the Indian women, wear short striped petticoats, and around the shoulders they throw a large shawl of the brightest colors, in the same manner as the Mexican women. I can not say that they are a handsome race. They are of small stature, and their broad, flat faces are void of expression. Men and women alike wear their long, coarse, black hair tied behind into a thick knot, and ornament it in an odd manner with gaudy feathers, silver and gold tinsel, red rags, etc.

A few days ago I happened to get amongst a whole tribe of them. I had taken a walk to Independence Flat, about six miles below here, to see Boettcher and Grünhagen, who are at work there. On returning in the evening and taking a straight cut through the woods I met about thirty of them, all armed with long knives and with bows and arrows. They were very friendly, invited me to sit down near their fire and to have a drink and a smoke with them. My spectacles became an object of especial interest to them, and caused many an “Ugh” and “Oh.” Several of them even put them on their noses, and then very gravely shook their heads and returned them to me.

In parenthesis, I would like to ask a certain young lady a question, supposing that she should see this letter, and 223 that she should remember the young man and his toilet, who had the honor to open the last ball with her at the “Clerks' Club” in 1851. I wonder if in that sunburnt fellow, looking somewhat like a gipsy with his boots covered with mud, his coarse flannel shirt, knife and revolver in his belt, as he stretched himself under that old oak tree, the short black clay pipe between his teeth, and in front of him a blazing fire of brushwood sending up its flames and throwing a

flickering light on him and on the wild, shaggy figures of the red men around him, I wonder if she would have recognized in him her former partner in evening dress? I asked myself that question on that evening, and I had a good laugh to myself about the difference in my outward appearance then and now.

Well, this will do for the present. Boettcher is here and asks me to close, so that we may send our letters together to San Francisco, and from there onward to our beloved ones at home. Believe me—considering circumstances—I am happy and contented and perfectly well. I would feel entirely comfortable here if I had not left my heart at home.

Write often to me; even about the most insignificant daily occurrences and trifles. You have no idea how they all interest me. From Rosenstock and from Carl I hope soon to receive full reports about my acquaintances in Königsberg.

As a curiosity I inclose a few more scales of gold; I doubt if they will keep but I will try anyhow. Should they be lost, it would not matter much; and should you receive them, I know that they will give you pleasure. So let us try it. I have, however, selected the largest scales I had. The gold here is generally finer than the samples I send.

And now farewell; a thousand “herzliche Gruesse” to all my beloved ones!

With love as ever, your

F.

224

Long Bar, Yuba River, Cal.,

(Begun) Sept. 1st, 1852.

Though I only the other day mailed my letter No. 16, I shall now begin to make good my promise to give you a detailed account of events; and since my letter written on Nelson Creek, of which I

made mention in my last, has become almost illegible by wear and tear, I will begin this letter by first copying the former.

On Nelson Creek Near Hopkinsville,

In the beginning of July, 1852.

And so I am here at last, far up in the Sierra Nevada, on the line of the eternal snow.

When I wrote my last letter at Long Bar I not only scarcely knew this place by name, but I certainly never thought of passing the summer up here in the wilderness. But that is the way here in California, no one can predict at any given time either where he will be or what will become of him, say, within the next eight days. In my last letter I told you how few preparations it requires here for any kind of a trip, and how little time it takes a man to make up his mind about it, and to start on it; that is exactly how it came about with me.

On Wednesday, June 2d, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as I was at work, Charles Kamke came to me and asked me if I would go with him to Nelson Creek; a German from there had come to Long Bar to hire some men, and that we might find him on the next day in the forenoon at the "Wisconsin House," about ten miles from Long Bar, and there make our arrangements with him. You will see that I did not have much time to make up my mind; I went to my tent, packed up my bundle and put rifle and revolver in order; then I brought my rocker and other tools from the bar and placed them where they would be safe during my absence; and on the following morning I was ready to start on a trip of about 150 miles.

On Thursday, June 3d, at sunrise I ate my last pancake at Long Bar, and then turned my back on the place where I had made my debut as a miner, accompanied by 225 three other Germans, who also wanted to go up into the mountains, and by some friends who wished to accompany us to the "Wisconsin House" to see us off. We all carried rather heavy loads. Each one had about thirty pounds in his pack besides two or three blankets, pick, shovel, gun, pistol and hatchet. The morning was delightful; birds sang merrily in the old oak trees, the air was cool and balmy; we were all in

good humor and good spirits, and so as we stepped forth on our way over the green velvety turf, all of our worldly goods on our backs or in our pockets, we did not deem the loads we carried to be too heavy, and many a merry sailor song awoke the echoes among the green sunclad hills.

As we did not hurry over much, it was about 9 o'clock when we reached the edge of the prairie, along which our road now led us and at 11 o'clock we came to the "Wisconsin House," our place of rendezvous. We threw our bundles down in the shade of an old oak tree, and, stretching ourselves at full length on the grass, we awaited the arrival of our man from Marysville. From our resting place we had a good view of the prairie as it stretched before us, unbounded, cheerless, bare of bush and tree, covered only with short, coarse grass. For miles the eye could follow the serpentine course of the wagon road, running like a fine red thread over the plain. From a cloudless sky the sun poured down its fiery heat, and over the prairie the air quivered as it does over a raging fire. Away from the road no sign of life; on the road itself, however, it was different. Trains of pack-mules would pass us every now and then, led by "*muleros*" (mule drivers) in gay old Spanish costumes, their dark, sunburnt faces shaded by broad brimmed felt hats, the long rifle in front on the saddle, and knife and pistol in their belt. They reminded me of Italian bandits as they galloped past us on their small, half-tamed horses, now in front and now behind the long line of heavily burdened mules; now keeping them back and now urging them on by the use of their lassoes, their most dangerous weapon, which every one of them carries on the pommel of his saddle. They are a wild, dangerous set, these "*muleros*." Mostly Mexicans, they have very little love for the foreign intruder in—what they still consider—their own country; and when a man is alone on the road, he does well to keep out of their way—for they are exceedingly handy with their long knives, and a murder will not weigh heavily on their consciences.

More peaceful were the so-called teamsters to look at, mostly Americans or Germans, who passed us with their wagons, each drawn by six or eight oxen. Urging on their slow, powerful animals with an incessant "hi-ho-ah," and with their enormous 20 feet long leather whips, which to swing requires strength and dexterity, they all had a "good morning" or some other kind word for us as they passed by.

“Gentlemen,” too, passed us, mounted on fine horses or mules. They were merchants or their clerks, going perhaps to the nearest postoffice or visiting the mines on business. Some abominable tourists we saw, too; these fellows go about the country and stare at the mines and miners as they would at wild beasts in a menagerie.

The most pleasant to encounter, often without any arms whatever and their bundles reduced to a minimum, were traveling miners like ourselves, who either were going up to the mountains full of hope or returning from them. They stopped with us, chatted for a few minutes and then went on again wishing us “good luck.”

Such was the procession that passed us as we lay that day at noontime in the cooling shade of that old oak tree, smoking old black clay pipes, and chatting with our friends from Long Bar, who had come to see us off.

At last at 2 o'clock Rothrock, our man from Nelson Creek, arrived with his team drawn by eight powerful oxen. We presented ourselves and were accepted at once, with the understanding that our wages should be the same as those paid by others on Nelson Creek at the time of our arrival there. After we had sealed the contract by a drink at the “Wisconsin House,” we loaded our baggage on the wagon with the exception of our 227 arms, and then our little company started on its march. We were: Rothrock, the teamster; Fritz Günther, his brother-in-law, both German-Americans, and lately from Jefferson City; Charles Kamke from Dantzig; August Braun from Memel; a young man named Reinhard, and Fritz Schmetzer, whom Rothrock had brought from Marysville, and myself.

As I mentioned before, the “Wisconsin House” is at the edge of the Sacramento valley, about 14 miles Northeast from Marysville, about midway between the Yuba and the Feather rivers. The country which we crossed on that hot afternoon of our first traveling day, offered a perfect parallel to the lovely landscape around Long Bar, which I have tried to describe in my former letter. Among the softly undulating hills lay the valleys with their carpet of flowers and their old oak trees, and here and there a cozy farm house. Of these we encountered six or seven during that afternoon. Situated as they are on the only road that runs at present between the Yuba and the Feather rivers

to the Sierra Nevada, they are kept as inns, and the board we get there is good. Especially one of these houses pleased me very much—the “Galena House”—as well on account of its picturesque situation as of the *toute ensemble*, the owner a German-American—having built it in the style of a Swiss cottage, probably as a compliment to his young wife, a native of Switzerland.

When you travel with an ox team, you do not get over the ground as fast as you would on the wings of Pegasus. Sauntering slowly along we took a good view of all we encountered on the road—teams, horsemen and mule trains, who from afar announced themselves through the bells of their leaders; but what pleased us most were the constantly changing, charming landscapes, which the now setting sun covered with a purple tint. It was after sundown when we came to a halt on a meadow in a valley near the “Tennessee House,” about 20 miles from the “Wisconsin.” On the bank of a small laughing stream, under an oak tree heavy with age, on 228 a spot covered with the softest and greenest grass, we kindled a blazing fire, and soon had a large coffee pot humming. Two frying pans were at once set agoing, and so, while the bells of the cattle furnished the music, we disposed of our plain miners' supper in even less time than it had taken to prepare it. Then every one of us pulled out his short clay pipe, and yarns were in order until the fire getting smaller and feebler, finally sank down in embers and ashes. One after another we spread our blankets on the ground; each one placed his arms alongside, and shoved a rock, a piece of wood or some such thing under his head, so as to rest more comfortably; the conversation at first lively, became by degrees more and more dull, and the answers came faint and in monosyllables, until at last the eyelids dropped and we became silent.

On the following morning when the first rays of the rising sun lighted the tops of the trees in our valley our breakfast was already disposed of, our oxen were yoked up, and we started again upon our journey. The country through which we now passed had the same character as on the day before, only it showed less cultivation; the hills became steeper and steeper, so steep in fact that our oxen often had hard work to pull the wagon with its heavy load up to the summit, and in going down again, we had to put the drag chain on both hind wheels. Among the oaks we noticed more and more firs and pines, and the foliage became at last so dense that only at rare intervals could we get a good view of the surrounding country. Towards noon we reached a beautiful large valley,

entirely open, with a Mexican ranch on it, the “Indiana Ranch,” which, however, had not a very good reputation. Here we rested ourselves for about an hour, and then continued our journey. Just behind the “Indiana Ranch” we passed a pleasant little mining camp, Toll's New Diggings, and then began the ascent. That was a pretty tough piece of work! From here the road leads upward continuously and is very steep for about 3 miles; but not only that, the road is here also much less traveled than below and is not covered with rocks, but with veritable boulders in such a way that in places a pedestrian has trouble to get over them. Here it was where I got my first idea of a California mountain road. About a mile beyond Toll's Diggings we became satisfied that neither the oxen would be able to draw the load any further, nor that the wheels would stand any longer the terrible jolting they constantly received by slipping off the rocks into holes 2 and 2 1/2 feet deep. So there was no help for it—we had to take half the load off the wagon, pile the things up on the side of the road, and leaving myself and Reinhard in charge, the others continued on their way. Towards sundown our teamster returned for the rest of the load; but our oxen came near giving out, consequently we did not reach camp until long after sundown. I was very glad that our friends had supper ready for us. Our camping place was on top of a big hill, densely covered with firs and pines—oaks not appearing any more here—and about a hundred yards away from a deserted Indian village whose half-round mud huts, or the so-called “wigwams,” were yet in a fair condition. On account of the many poisonous snakes which infest just such places as deserted huts or hollow trees, we preferred to spread our blankets under the blue canopy of heaven, though the air was rather chilly, and the huts would have offered us good protection against the cold—I must say the snakes here are not to be trifled with. I alone killed no less than five of them on that afternoon, two of them being rattlesnakes—one about five feet long; and one a whipsnake, a snake about as thick as a finger, of brilliant colors, whose bite is said to be absolutely fatal. The smaller one of the two rattlesnakes I clubbed with the butt of my pistol not five yards away from the place where I afterwards spread my blankets for the night. I must confess that I felt a little uncomfortable on retiring on that evening, and I felt nervous whenever I heard a ground squirrel or anything else move. At last fatigue got the better of me, and I slept soundly till morning, dreaming that a large rattlesnake had the pious intention of devouring me, skin and hair—and then I awoke.

On Saturday, June 5th, our progress began to be difficult. Constantly up and down steep mountains, through a dense gloomy forest of firs and pines, showing but seldom an open space, the road was a genuine mountain trail, rocky and narrow. It led along the edges of frightful precipices, and at times in going down the ravines it was so steep that not only did we have to clog^{three} of the wheels, but we had to cut down some of the small fir trees and fasten them to the wagon, so as to help in holding it back. In spite of all these precautions it would at times shoot forward with such a velocity that for a moment I gave up all hope of ever seeing it or the two old oxen, the leaders, again, who alone were left in the yoke at places like these. By hard work we managed to reach “Frenchman's Ranch,” a cluster of five or six houses on the South Fork of the Feather River, at high noon, and here we took a short rest.

After starting again I remained yet for a short time with the team; but, getting disgusted with the continual yelling and the whipping of the poor animals, I stole off, i.e., I walked ahead, at first slowly and then faster. I soon found myself alone on the road which I followed now more leisurely—my rifle on my shoulder. Silence like that of a sepulcher lay over the primeval forest around me, and the sighing of the trees rather increased than disturbed it.

This was a virgin forest! Dense brushwood covered the ground between these giants which had witnessed the change of winter and summer for centuries. There they stood; the mighty yellow pine, the sombre black fir, and the slender, magnificent cedar, “the gazelle among trees,” running up straight as an arrow, often two hundred feet high, into the clear, blue atmosphere. Many of them had fulfilled their destiny and paid the debt of nature. Phantom-like stood the immense trunks, often eight feet in diameter, and a hundred feet high, devoid of bark and branches, and bleached by storms of countless years as they looked down on the wanderer, or showing by their charred or blackened stems that they had 231 been blasted by a scorching fire. Many lay almost buried under the coppice, covered with moss and vines, and—according to the eternal law of nature—returning to earth.

The grandeur of the scenery, the solemn unbroken stillness invited graver thoughts, and so I fell involuntarily into one of those reveries, to give way to which has ever been an inveterate tendency

with me from early youth. With my eyes on the ground before me I sauntered along, faster or slower, *nolens volens*, keeping time with the train of thoughts as they were influenced by heart or head. I did not notice that the shadows of the old trees grew longer and longer as they fell on the intricate maze of undergrowth, when a sudden turn of the road brought me to a clearing, and I beheld as lovely a landscape as the pen of a Lessing or the brush of a Behrendsen can produce—the most gentle idyll which the pure fancy of a Voss can conceive or describe in poetry. In the middle of a small narrow valley or rather meadow, watered by a beautiful rivulet, stood a log house, which, however, did not look as if the ax of a back woodsman had had much to do with its construction; or as if it had been put up only for the purpose of affording shelter. It looked rather as if it had been built by a skilful carpenter for the park of some wealthy artist. The ground around the house was neatly fenced in with pickets, and well stocked with poultry and pigs, while near by in the meadow—also surrounded by a good fence—were half a dozen cows, whose bells were tinkling at every motion. The shades of evening had settled over the larger part of the little valley, including the spot where I stood as if spellbound on beholding the beautiful view before me, but the house itself and the small open space in front of it lay yet in the light of the setting sun, whose last rays were breaking through the tops of the firs and cedars which covered the surrounding hills. A cedar log, roughly trimmed by an ax, lay in front of the house, and was at this moment the center of one of the most picturesque groups I ever beheld.

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On the log sat an old man, dressed in a suit of coarse gray cloth, a brown felt hat covering his white hair. On his knees he held several open letters, one of which he seemed to be reading aloud to the persons surrounding him. These were a young woman, of twenty years or more, dressed as the wives of American farmers are usually dressed; she had dropped her needlework in her lap, leaning forward with her intelligent, sunburnt face turned fully towards the old man, the better to listen to his words. On the opposite side of the patriarch—on the ground—sat a boy about 14 or 15 years of age, his knees drawn up to his chin, and his hands folded in front, so as not to lose his balance. Behind the boy stood a man leaning on a long rifle, with which he had probably at that moment returned from a hunt, dressed like a farmer, the broad-brimmed hat shading a handsome, manly face

—and also listening attentively to the reading of the letters. A few yards away two children—a boy about six and a little girl about four years old—were playing near a draw well, constructed just as we have them in the country at home, and this gave to the whole scene something very pleasant and homelike. The last figure of the group, a young man about 20 years old, stood near the road unharnessing a pair of mules.

For a short time I forgot everything in looking at the lovely idyll, and it was only when the old man folded up his letters and turned around that I awoke from my reverie, and following a natural impulse I approached them. My first expedient was to ask for some water, and much quicker than I could have hoped, I found myself engaged in a conversation with the old man and his daughter, the wife of the farmer. The latter was very communicative, and still excited by the good news received, and apparently forgetting that I was a stranger, she let me into some of the family affairs by telling me how the letters said that her sister Lucy had married a rich farmer in Missouri, and the other sister Clara was engaged to a young German locksmith at such a place, and that her brother Charles would probably be soon out here on a 233 visit; and so she freely went on recounting many other family matters.

An hour had passed by in pleasant conversation without our being aware of it, when I saw our team approach and I had to bid “good-bye” to my newly made friends. Our parting was cordial, considering our short acquaintance. Evening had set in, and while I was walking alongside our team through the dark forest, I could not but constantly think about the “Pine Grove House” and its inhabitants. My companions, noticing this, kept bantering me about my having fallen in love with the handsome young wife. In reality it was not that at all, but I did think how happy the man must be who can live thus secluded from the world alone with his wife and family, loving and beloved.

It was late when we reached our third camping ground, distant from “Pine Grove” about 3 or 4 miles—and it was not a “Night in Granada,” but a night in “Strawberry Valley”—a small town of 5 or 6 houses, where we pitched our camp. Out of consideration for our purses we slept again in the open, hard by the public road, our blankets for a cover under a dark blue, starry sky. The cold air reminded us that we had now attained a high altitude, and during the night every now and then

we were compelled to draw the blankets closer around us after the fire, which we had started in the evening, had fallen into embers, and as the raw morning air began to rustle through the pines.

During the forenoon of the 6th we did not encounter as many obstacles as on the day previous. Our road led us over a sort of plateau; and even if we had to cross a valley or a ravine occasionally, they were few and far between, and the banks were not steep. We had passed the region of the cedars, and where we rested at noon, we found the pines quite numerous among the firs. This was near the "Missouri House," which we reached at about 11 o'clock. Here a steep mountain rose up before us, and we had to climb steadily upward for about three hours. After reaching the summit, our road—now only a 234 trail—led us along the edge of a precipice several hundred feet deep, and I may say that from here—though we were high up in the mountains—we for the first time gazed upon the grand, gloomy giants of the Sierra Nevada and her aerial glaciers. There was not one among us but stood for the moment awed, on beholding the picture thus suddenly unfolded before our eyes. Standing as we did on the top of an almost bald mountain, we could with one glance take in the whole panorama; the deep valleys in the foreground, densely wooded with dark firs, whose tops were many hundred feet below us; the tangle of chasm and precipices beyond—some of the latter nearly bare, others covered with a growth of brushwood and stunted firs; the sides of the mountains furrowed by numberless ravines and gulches, and beyond this and towering high above it all, the mighty giants themselves, rising high above the line of vegetation, their sharp peaks glittering with eternal snow and ice—standing out frozen and clear through the blue atmosphere. A cold breeze came as if in waves from the other side of the valley. *We had reached the margin of the snow line.*

I have not attempted to give you anything like an adequate description in detail of the panorama before me, nor to tell you what I felt in looking at it. I could not do either; not the first, because I could not grasp any single feature myself; I had eyes for the whole only; I saw only the clefts, the mighty mountains, the snow—and I could not do the second, because—smile at me if you will—I cannot find words to do so.

From here we began to descend again, and soon the dense, dark forest prevented a look in the distance. It was more a tumbling down than an orderly descent, and at I really thought that our

wagon would get to the bottom ahead of the oxen. At the foot of the mountain—at the “Lexington House”—we were told that owing to the bad condition of the road, we would barely be able to reach the next loghouse—the “Deadwood House”—3 miles distant—a great disappointment to us, as we had been in hopes of reaching Grass Valley, distant about 235 six miles, before darkness set in. Without delay we took again to the road, going as fast as our tired animals could travel over mountains and along precipices that made one dizzy.

Our road—or to be more correct the ground—because one cannot speak of a road where there appears only here and there the faint track of a single wagon—the ground was so thoroughly drenched by melted snow that every now and then the wheels would sink down to the hubs, and the oxen to above their knees. We all had a hard time of it; the constant unloading and reloading, the lifting, pulling, pushing, tripping and stopping of the wagon, would have kept busy a crew as large again as we were. Later than we expected, but yet an hour before sundown, and without any damage to our team, we reached “Deadwood House.” Here we were told that thus far in this year no team had attempted to go to Grass Valley, and that we certainly would not be able to get there this evening, if at all. Rothrock's motto, however, in true California style was “up and doing;” he insisted upon going on, and so, after we had taken a stiff drink of whiskey and lighted our pipes anew, on we went ahead.

Grass Valley, the town of that name, is distant from Deadwood about three miles, as I said before, while the valley itself begins just one mile beyond Deadwood. As we had been told here, we lost immediately after starting even the slightest trace of the road; and nobody has an idea what it means to travel with an ox team where there is no road, not even a trail, unless he has tried it. We had our hands full, now cutting through snowdrifts 5 or 6 feet high, then rolling large boulders out of the way; here we get mired down and we have to unload; the oxen strain every muscle and we lift and push to get the empty wagon again on solid ground; then we load up again and immediately afterwards we run into another snowdrift, where the wagon goes down again to the hubs; the snow is piled up before the dash-board, like the water before a swift sailing ship; but our 236 oxen pull hard, and only about ten steps more would have brought us out of the snowdrift, when there came a sudden jerk. Stop! On shoveling the snow aside we found that the fore wheels had struck the

trunk of a fallen tree, about 2 feet in diameter, which had been completely hidden by the snow. Immediately two men, one on each side of the wagon, begin to cut through, and others are ready to relieve them when tired, it does not take long to open a passage. We start again. The snow begins to get solid enough for the team to pass over it, frozen solid, yes, it is! For the next hundred yards we are all right, when all of a sudden the treacherous snow field gives way, and oxen and wagon disappear together in a hole 5 feet deep. We unload, dig wagon and oxen out and load up again.

Thus it went on constantly, and, of course, we made little progress. The sun had gone down and it became dark, and we had not made a mile yet. Here we came to a place where standing up to our knees in mud and snow we had to cut our way with axes through brushwood covered with snow. The small branches would fly back at every stroke like steel springs, covering us all over with mud and snow. Immediately beyond this place we stood before an exceedingly steep grade, almost a precipice; how steep we could not tell in the darkness; but down there we had to go to reach Grass Valley, and down we went like an avalanche, though we had three wheels locked and two young pine trees fastened on behind. In spite of the darkness and our rapid descent, we reached the bottom without accident and stood now before a narrow but rather deep creek. It was too dark to look for a crossing, and so we waded straight into it and right up to the hips—the water being cold as ice. Just think how pleasant! the upper part of the body dripping with perspiration and pantaloons and boots full of ice water! We took just enough time to wring out our nether garments; took off our boots and poured out the water; into them with bare feet—and off we started again.

The ground here was still boggy, but covered with 237 grass, free from snow and level, so that we began to hope that we might yet reach some human habitation; but we had hardly gone a half a mile over the bottom, when the wagon sank again to above the hubs into a quagmire; the now totally exhausted animals gave out, and there was no alternative; we had to wait here for daylight. Having unyoked the oxen and fed them some hay, we started out in search of a camping place and firewood, but all we found was mud, knee deep everywhere, and a little half rotten wood, which we had to fish out of some puddles. For fully half an hour we tried to kindle a fire, but it was all in vain—we had to give it up, and with empty stomachs and wet and chilled through and through we had to seek rest as best we could. Yea, rest! The moment one of us would lie down,

the mud and water would splash up to the right and left of him. But it was of no use to grumble (as it is nowhere in California for that matter). I was as “tired as a dog” and so I resigned myself to fate, wrapped my blankets around me and laid myself down. I had given up all hope of going to sleep, but fatigue at last got the better of me, and I fell into a sort of slumber, which, however, was anything but refreshing. Wet, cold and hungry as I was, it was impossible to sleep soundly, and I laid awake for hours. It seemed as if that night would never come to an end! With the coming of daylight, however, we were all on our feet, for none of us had had any sleep to speak of. I felt so stiff and chilled that I could hardly move my limbs; a heavy fog—dense and cold—lay on the marshy bottom of the valley. What would I have given for a glass of brandy or a cup of coffee! but neither was to be had. Our whiskers were white with frost; our wet pantaloons were frozen stiff and hard like buckskin. After considerable yawning and stretching we went to work to get our wagon out of the quagmire. It took us two hours to do this, and then we started again slowly on our way, the mud being up to our knees. After crossing and recrossing the creek about half a dozen times we at last reached Grass Valley at about 10 o'clock in the morning. You may imagine that it did not take us long to get the much needed food and nerve tonics; that reinvigorated us, and after half an hour rest we started again in better spirits. Two or three times more we mired down, but finally we reached a deserted and half-ruined loghouse, about two miles beyond Grass Valley. It was on dry ground, half hidden under trees and bushes on the bank of a creek of clear, cold water; and there being good pasture for our cattle, we pitched our camp.

Rothrock, after a consultation with us, concluded to walk across the mountains to “Onion Valley,” distant about twelve miles, and from there to send mules for half of our load; we—after the oxen were rested—to push on with the other half in the same direction.

The first thing for us to do was—as you may imagine—to kindle an immense fire, to divest ourselves of our clothing (except our flannel shirts)—in other words, to take off our boots and trousers and to dry them. At the same time we provided for our dinner, putting on a large kettle with meat and another with potatoes, and while these were singing cheerfully, we stretched ourselves at full length upon the dry soft grass, dressed in the most modern Indian costume (i.e., shirts)—trying

to get on one side as much heat as possible from a brisk fire, while the other side was exposed to the warming rays of the sun.

You can hardly imagine the exceedingly pleasant feeling I experienced now that for the first time in thirty-six hours I was again dressed warmly and comfortably, and had enjoyed a good hot dinner. But not only that, the surrounding country looked so bright, bathed as it was in the warm sunshine; the snow on the sides of the valley, which was here only half a mile wide, contrasted so beautifully with the bright green of the sprouting grass and the dark firs; the birds sang merrily and the very beetles were out on a picnic; a feeling of happiness, of delight, stole over me. After a nap—I alone could not sleep, because I had to think on this day a great deal of my beloved ones at home—we began to explore the deserted house, near which we had made our halt. It had 239 evidently been a tavern in its better days; there was yet the bar, an immense number of empty bottles, flour sacks, sugar bowls, boxes of all sizes, etc. While we were thus rummaging around, to see if we could find something useful which we might appropriate I happened to stumble upon a small keg. I lifted it up; it was rather heavy and gave a gurgling sound. I smelled it; it had a pleasant spirituous odor. Having advanced thus far in my exploring expedition, I raised an alarm, and the others came to my assistance. We tasted—first with the tip of a finger, and then we became bold and absorbed a moderate “snifter.” Imagine our surprise when we found it to be old cognac of the very best quality; just two gallons of it! It made us a first rate punch which we enjoyed after supper sitting around a big fire till late in the evening. Thus ended my birthday, a great deal pleasanter than it had begun, and after I had wrapped myself in my blankets, sleep came to me much sooner than usual. I could easily understand that after the fatiguing trip.

Early on the following morning we took down half of our load and left it in the house in charge of one of our company, and then started again on our journey. We found the road in a far better condition than we had expected after our experience on the two previous days; and as our oxen had been thoroughly rested, we made the four miles to the end of the valley in a little less than 1 1/2 hours; the time passed quickly enough with me, because this part of the valley offers so many fine, romantic views.

We now began to ascend again, the first hills being about 400 or 500 feet high, densely covered with brushwood, but showing few trees. We soon encountered snow again, but since we had now less than half our former load, we got stuck but 2 or 3 times, and if one of our oxen broke through, as did happen now and then, the others soon dragged him out again. Considering everything, we made rather good time for the next two miles on a bald ridge, which offered us some magnificent views into the surrounding gulches and the snow crowned mountains beyond. Then gradually our ascent began to get steeper and steeper, and our progress became correspondingly slower; the higher up we went the softer became the snow, and we often broke into it to above our knees. Our oxen had a hard time of it, and we were some distance yet from the top of the mountain, when a snowdrift 15 feet high and more than 100 yards wide made it impossible for us to advance any further with the team. We were forced to unload right here, and while our teamster returned with the oxen to Grass Valley, the rest of us shouldered our blankets and baggage, and continued on our road alone. We soon found that it was not an easy road to travel; the snow was loose, and the weight on our shoulders caused us to sink into it to our middle.

After reaching the summit we came into rolling hills, gradually rising higher and higher. The air was thin and sharp and everyone of us soon complained about pain in the side, chest or head; at the same time the snow began to get softer and softer, and every now and then some one of us would sink into it up to the arm pits, so that the others had to drag him out again. In this way we made about 3 miles, when at 11 o'clock we reached an entirely bald plateau, exposed to a high wind, sharp and cold as icicles. Here, however, we made good time. The wind which probably blows here strongly all the year round, had swept the hard ground perfectly clean of snow, while at other places it had blown it together in banks as high as a house. In most cases we walked around these and since the plateau was perfectly level we would certainly have made the last three miles to "Onion Valley" in half the time that we actually required if the tempestuous weather and snowdrifts 25 feet high on this the 8th of June—and the thin, cutting air—had not seriously told on our lungs. As it was we had to make a halt every few hundred yards to recover our breath. It was 2 o'clock when we reached "Onion Valley," a broad ravine about 300 feet deep, covered with snow everywhere; a few stunted firs were the only signs of vegetation I could discover. Yet there is on this desolate spot a

small town of ten or twelve stores and 241 taverns, the central point for the numerous surrounding mining camps. We rested ourselves here for about an hour, and then began to ascend the opposite side from where we had entered. We followed now a well traveled trail which led us up the steep Pilot Peak. This peak rises about 800 feet above the bottom of “Onion Valley” and ends in two sharp cones, which on account of their peculiar form make it a very conspicuous landmark from a great distance. Milleson and Adams, two American surveyors, give the height of the peak as 12,500 feet above sea level. Our trail led us to within 15 feet of the summit, and this was the highest point I have ever visited. From here it was an uninterrupted descent, following a ridge between two deep gulches; one of them the Poorman's Creek, which in a semicircle sweeps the other side of the Pilot Peak. From the dizzy height on which we stood this stream, as it appeared here and there between the dark, pine covered ridges, looked like a thin thread of silver.

It was 5 o'clock when we arrived at Hopkinsville, a small mining town at the confluence of Poorman's and Hopkins' Creeks, and at 7 o'clock we reached my present home, a loghouse a full mile below Hopkinsville on Nelson Creek. (Hopkins Creek flows into Nelson Creek a few hundred yards above our abode.) We were not slow in throwing down our bundles and doing justice to supper, which we found awaiting us.

I am pleased with the aspect of the country. According to my estimate—uncertain at best, I know—our loghouse on Nelson Creek must be nearly on the same elevation with Grass Valley, and certainly considerably below “Onion Valley.” The climate is mild and pleasant; the air is very pure; snow is to be seen only 400 or 500 feet above us on top of the ravine where, however, it never entirely disappears; even not during the heat of summer. I am justified in calling this a ravine and not a valley, because the lower end is so narrow that the bed of this rushing stream takes up the whole width of it; the hills on both sides being more or less densely covered with firs.

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There are numerous wild, charming spots on this creek above as well as below us, towards its mouth; it empties into the northeast fork of the Feather River, about eight miles from here. My time

does not allow me to explore these places, and so I have to be satisfied when chance takes me to one of them.

September 19th.

Truly everything is going to pieces, and if an earthquake were to swallow up this whole country, I would not care a cent about it! I cannot advance a single step forward. At this moment I might as well say that I have to begin anew again; my money is very nearly all gone; what little I have left will certainly go, too; and I have to commence again to work for the paltry few dollars I need to pay for my board. But I want to get ahead, and I *will* get ahead even if I have to begin anew again a hundred times, and if I have to burrow through the biggest mountains of California.

Now, let me tell you just how it all happened. Such is life in California.

When I arrived at Nelson Creek, I found Rothrock and his four partners to be as honorable, pleasant men as any one can wish for. It is true the work was very hard; at times I thought I could not stand it any longer, or I would succumb; and I was at the point of throwing down my tools and quitting; but shame kept me from doing so; I strained every nerve, and when evening came I looked with satisfaction on my day's work; and on the following morning I would think "well, you stood it yesterday, and so you will be able to stand it today," and so it went on day after day. I said that the work was very hard; but I cannot say that we were worked beyond our ability; and after I had got used to it and accustomed to the rare air of this high altitude, which inconvenienced me very much in the beginning, I must confess I liked it very well up there. Besides this, my pay was sure and I was in hopes that I would be able to stay with Rothrock until the beginning of winter. As you are aware, this hope was 243 not verified. Rothrock and his company had such poor success that he was compelled to discharge all his hired men, I being one of them. I regretted to have to leave these good people, to whom I had really become attached during the time I remained with them; and there being no prospect of finding work again in the near future, and—considering the enormous prices charged for provisions—and that there was no chance for me to make a living by working alone, I packed my bundle and started back again on my way to Long Bar. I must say I disliked to do so. Of

late several men had been robbed and killed on the road; but there was no alternative for me, and so I started. On account of the insecurity of the road, I thought it best to make forced marches, and so I reached Long Bar towards evening on the third day.

There was something oppressive in the aspect of Long Bar, it looked deserted, quiet almost as a graveyard. The few people I met on the street looked like wandering corpses; they were barely able to drag themselves forward. On the bar itself it was only here and there, at long intervals, that one saw a man at work, who had so far escaped fever and dysentery.

I would have preferred to leave again at once, but would it have helped me any? and whither should I have gone:—there was nothing left for me, but to go to work and take my chances.

I have previously explained to you what sort of work I am doing here. We had already purchased the necessary machinery, pumps, etc., when sickness began to take down our men one after another; and within a few days we were compelled to stop work altogether. I kept up to the last. But during the hot days of this month, I too was taken down with fever. It is true, I had only one chill; but that has reduced me to such a degree, that up to this day I have been unable to do even the slightest work. I am yet very weak, but I will go to work to-morrow, so as to make some money; my purse is getting to be very slender.

There you see now:—such is life in 244 California;—constantly up hill, and down again. A man who is well off to-day, may go to bed to-morrow evening without a cent in his pocket. Some weeks ago I considered myself a well-to-do miner; to-day I can hardly afford to offer a smoke to my friends, who come to see me in my tent. But it must be a long road that has no turn; if it is “up hill” now, it certainly must go “down hill” sooner or later. I mean to keep cool and to do all I can. If I only can keep in good health now; of the rest I shall take care.

There is still considerable sickness here, but the temperature is improving; now and then we see rain clouds, and—what is very pleasant—nearly every day at about noon, we have a strong wind from the north, moderating the heat and purifying the atmosphere.

On our wingdam we shall probably not work again. Two of our company have died of fever, and all the rest of us are down with it yet, with the exception of myself and another—an American. Our prospect, too, was so poor, and we have to dig so deep for the gold, that it will not repay us.

But let us turn now to something more pleasant,—to your dear letters. You ask me several questions which I will now answer.

First let me thank you, my dear father, for the kind advice you give me, based on your own experiences during your campaigns. Such things we soon learn here from one another; the whole life of a California miner is nothing else but a campaign. If he has a claim which gives him work for any length of time, he generally lives in a tent; drives four low posts into the ground, nails to these two pieces lengthways and two across; on these he nails a few potato sacks, and thus he has a solid bed-stead. Only when he is traveling or prospecting he sleeps out in the open.

But you and all of you may rest perfectly tranquil. I know too well what a blessing it is to enjoy good health, and how easy it is to get careless in regard to it. It needs no admonishing about that, because our work here is already dangerous enough to health and limbs; besides, there is no escaping the inevitable.

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I am glad that you have kept our “memorial day” in the Warschkeitei Hills. I never doubted that you would do so. And we had our celebration on the very same day too (Saturday, April 10th); because I remembered just in time that I was mistaken in thinking the day after Easter was our day. *That day will forever be a holiday to us.* I passed the evening of that day at the place near Long Bar, which I have described to you at length in my letter No. 15. That place has a great charm for me.*

Note by Frank's Father.—The following will here serve as an explanation. On April 19th, 1851—the day before Easter—Frank with his father and Moritz Ruhdel took a very pleasant walk—the last one—starting from Eylan going through an extensive forest and back across the Warschkeiter Hills, from where one has an extensive view over the surrounding country. During the rest we took

there, the conversation turned upon his approaching departure, and the great distance he had to go, and in the serious frame of mind produced by this, Frank asked as a favor, that this day be made a “memorial day” for him, to be passed by us all in the years to come in a similar manner. The assent was readily given.

In his letter written February 8th, 1852, Frank reminds us of this promise given “for the day after Easter,” and he was answered in a letter written on May 5th, that “memorial day” was not on the day after Easter, but on the day before Easter; and that day we celebrated on the Warschkeiter Mountain by kindling a mighty fire of Juniper brush, and keeping it burning for about an hour.

I am unable, my dear father, to give you the exact difference of time between here and there, because I do not exactly remember the degree of longitude under which San Francisco is situated. But you can easily figure it out yourself, if you will look at a map, and multiply the number of degrees of longitude between Königsberg and San Francisco by four minutes. (Every degree more to the East or West makes a difference of 4 minutes: $360 \text{ degrees} \times 4 \text{ min.} = 1440 \text{ min.} = 24 \text{ hours.}$)

Juniper brush or any similar aromatic wood I have not noticed here yet.

You mention in your letter the “cugar.” I do not know of any animal bearing that name, but I presume it 246 means what is here called the “California Lion.” The animal belongs to the feline family, grows as large as a powerful dog, has a more slender figure, and an immense long tail. Its color is a dirty, yellowish grey, and it is anything but handsome. Though large, it is one of the least dangerous of the wild animals; it is so shy and timid, that the hunter finds it a difficult matter to get a shot at it, and is seldom found on this side of the Sierra Nevada, but it is quite numerous on the eastern side, which is steeper and more inaccessible, and in the adjoining desert.

There is another beast of prey here, also belonging to the feline family, which, though smaller than the California lion, is much more dangerous. It is the catamount, or the mountain cat. I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing one, but I have been told that these animals are exceedingly ferocious,

hiding in trees and between rocks, attacking men by jumping from there on their victims. They are numerous and mostly found in the deep ravines of the Sierra Nevada.

Another animal of prey belonging to this class, and met with quite often, is the common wild-cat, which resembles the domestic cat, but is larger, stronger and very savage.

The most numerous of the animals of prey, and at the same time the least dangerous of all, is the coyote, the California wolf. In shape and color he resembles a fox, only he is larger. Hundreds of them are often found together, and they are so timid, that they will never go near a man. But I doubt, if it would be safe for a man to get into a band of hungry coyotes; they are good sized, strong beasts. But if we can not see them in the daytime, we can hear them howl every night, when they are out on their marauding expeditions.

The worst customer to meet however is the grizzly—the great California bear—a perfect monster. I have seen one in a cage, which measured, standing on his hind feet, 11 feet 6 inches; twice as high as a man. I have never before seen or heard of anything like it, and have 247 been told that they are found only in California and Oregon. They are really dangerous to animals and human beings, and are more numerous in the mountains than the miners like to have them. In the week before I left Nelson Creek, two of them were killed between Onion Valley and Nelson Creek, and six between Nelson Creek and Jamison Creek. One evening, as I was walking along Nelson Creek, I saw a grizzly descend the other side going to water. I was able to take a good look at him, because I was on a higher ridge and near some houses. I was considerably more scared, however, on my last trip here from Nelson Creek, when—near Onion Valley—I saw the fresh tracks and other signs of a grizzly on the road. The tracks of the hind feet were more than 18 inches long, and you may believe me that I kept my eyes and ears open, because he certainly had passed there not more than 10 or 15 minutes previously,—the snow in the tracks being yet freshly disturbed. I thought every moment I should see the beast, and what made my position more unpleasant was, that in the dense chaparral or copsewood there, I could not see ten yards ahead, and my heavy load had made me feel stiff and dull.

Except these mentioned above, I do not know of any animals of prey; but these should suffice without adding the wild Mexican cattle; but we must not forget the fleas, bedbugs and vermin which infest California by the myriads, causing to us poor mortals a great deal more trouble than those large beasts do.

Snakes I have mentioned before. There are a great many of them, and some of them very poisonous; but they are not by far as dangerous as reported. To be afraid of snakes in a country which is so full of them as California, is quite as foolish as to be afraid of ghosts. All a man has to do is to keep his eyes open in walking through the grass, and to wear topboots of heavy leather, and there is no danger.

My sincerest thanks for the news you write to me. None of you have the faintest idea, how even the smallest trifles in that line interest me. Poor***I feel 248 sorry for him with my whole heart; it was nobly done, and his wife is deserving the fullest credit for it, that she, who was tied to him only by duty, attended him so faithfully, until death relieved him. The misfortunes in the***and***families are much to be deplored. I hope and wish that things have changed since for the better. I am glad to hear that***and***are to be engaged, and possibly they are married by this time. Everybody gets married, and I—"I remain single and my aine"—as Newman says.

Enough for to-day.

October 10th, 1852 (Long Bar).

It really taxes to the utmost all the mental energy and self-reliance this wild life in California has imparted to me, to make me keep my head above water. Since my arrival in California (with perhaps the exception of the two months I have been at Nelson Creek), I have had to fight adversity after adversity. Were I still the weakling, the physically—and mentally—sick boy I was when I left you, by heavens!—I would have blown my brains out ere this. But now I am too proud to do that; I will not be bowed down by misfortune. Not in vain will I have gone through the test so far; and, though should adversity strike me again with double and treble force, I shall meet it.

Now let me tell you what happened to me, since I wrote my last lines on the 19th ult.

I spent nearly my last dollar in buying a claim, and—though I felt very weak yet,—I went to work with a will, and finding that my claim paid me as well as I expected, I felt that I was again in a fair way to make some money. But my hope was short lived, it lasted only 5 days; on Saturday, the 25th of last month, I was taken down with dysentery, and so severely that I was hardly able to drag myself to my tent. I have been down with it all of last week, and at times I felt so bad, that I thought this letter would never be finished, and that I should soon exchange my claim on the bar for a “*claim on the hill*”—that 249 is the cemetery of Long Bar. As it happened, I did not;—and my good constitution and perhaps the physician, who kept me busy swallowing medicine, have pulled me through; and now all danger is passed, and you need not in the least feel uneasy. Yet I must say, I am still very weak, and that I have during the last few days only, been able to make just enough to pay my board bill at the inn. I hope to get better by degrees, and if I only get strong again, I shall soon have money again too, because a full day's work in my claim, will always give me 6 or 7 dollars.

The general state of health here at the Bar has evidently improved considerably. During my sickness, however, and in the previous week, it was worse than ever. Around our boarding-house alone, cholera and dysentery carried off three and four victims every day; the former claimed its victims generally within a few hours. I have sat at the breakfast table with apparently well people, who, when I returned from my work in the evening, I learned *had been buried*. Of our wingdam company, two more have gone to their last resting place, so that four out of ten of our number have been buried. During this present week, however, I have not heard of a single case of cholera, and only one man has died; but he had been hopelessly sick for several months.

The only rays of sunshine during all this suffering and sorrow were your dear letters No. 11 of May 5th, and No. 12 of June 7th—for which I thank you with all my heart.

You have had bad weather during this spring, as I see by your letter of May 5th, my dear father; but you must not imagine that the weather in California during the summer season is the same as it is

in spring. It may not be pleasant to to have to start fire in your stove in May, but it is much less so—you may believe me—to have to work hard in the sun when the thermometer rises to 30° R. in the shade. The air is hot as if it came out of a furnace; it is useless to look anywhere for a moment's relief; it is as bad in the shade of a tree as it is out in the sun,—for the glaring rays, coming down day after day from 250 a cloudless, almost tropical sky, heat the very soil to such a degree as you can hardly believe. You may think I am exaggerating, but it is the plain truth. *I have had my fingers blistered by touching stones, which had been exposed to the noonday sun.* You take refuge from the cold near the hot stove; but where are we to find refuge from the heat? In our low narrow tents we feel it a great deal more, as you can well imagine. To warm yourself you drink hot tea or hot coffee; but what shall we do to loosen the tongue which actually clings to the roof of the mouth? For miles around the springs are dried up, and all that is left to us is the thick muddy water in the river, and that is more than lukewarm. Not a blade of green grass to gladden the eye, not a flower to exhale its fragrance,—everything is withered, dead; the very leaves on the trees and bushes are parched and shriveled, and they would rustle as the leaves with you in the fall of the year, if ever the slightest breeze would stir the hot atmosphere.

Such is the climate here in the summer; it is really no better, at least not in the interior of the state; along the coast, it is incomparably better on account of the proximity of the sea. Beautiful, glorious is the climate in this part of California, only during a few months in the spring; in the summer you are roasted, and in the winter you may get drowned in rain and mud.

In your letter of May 5th I find a passage,—now do not get angry my dear, my beloved father,—which, though your love for me speaks out of every word of it, caused me almost a smile. Is it really impossible for you to have more confidence in me? Is Emil Boettcher to lead me whither he will to my hurt? Here in California, and I believe nowhere else in this world to the same degree, does this saying hold good, and this alone,—“Himself is the man.” Whosoever does not stand *firmly on his own feet*, is swallowed up in an instant as by a roaring whirlpool, and the greatest exertions only may perhaps bring him again to the surface. That I am yet on top, will, I hope, give you confidence in me 251 and confidence in my energy, even if I am young in years yet; have confidence and all your doubts about my future will vanish. With my experience, my energy increases day by day; and

should *aman* not be safe in a stream, where the feeble inexperienced boy has kept himself afloat so long? Answer that question to yourself, my dear father.

And now let me answer your question about Grünhagen and Olias, my original companions, whom I have not mentioned lately. After having worked together in the mines for a few days, there were plain indications, that our company would not last long. The first condition for the permanent existence of such a union, is complete harmony in everything, that may lead to success, and that was lacking with us. As long as Emil Boettcher's soothing influence was felt among us—I am sure Rosenstock has not exaggerated in describing it to you—everything went all right; but very soon after he had left us to go to Lucius' farm on the Feather River, we dissolved our partnership, though in a thoroughly friendly way. Olias went to work on Feather River, at the mouth of Nelson Creek; and Grünhagen, with whom I remained for a while longer, went afterwards to Independence Bar, where Boettcher also went, on returning to the mines from Lucius' farm. Ever since that time—or since we dissolved partnership—the most cordial relations have existed between us. Of Olias, however, I have not heard since I left Nelson Creek; Grünhagen and Boettcher I have visited, nearly every Sunday at Independence Bar. In June Boettcher fell sick and was compelled to go to San Francisco, and Grünhagen followed him soon afterwards. A letter from the former,—the same which transmitted to me your two letters,—told me that Grünhagen has not yet succeeded in finding employment. In this letter Emil advises me, in earnest and not to be mistaken language, not to come to San Francisco; and his elder brother—an excellent man, cool headed and intelligent, in whom I have the most implicit confidence—who wrote to me at the same time, gives me 252 the same advice; the mines being in their opinion, for the present at least, the better place to make a living. Emil even tells me that he might return here, if his health, which has been undermined by fever, will permit him.

Considering everything, you must see now for yourself, my dear father, that, apparently I can not do anything to ease your mind about me. All I can do is, to give you in my letters a plain and true statement of my life here and of my affairs. And then I can and must ask this of you:*have the most*

implicit confidence in your son; you will never have cause to regret it. This, I feel confident will help more than anything else, to relieve your mind of any uneasiness about me.

This much in answer to your first letter; and now to your second of June 7th, which—I must confess—has pleased me a great deal better than the former, because it shows me that you are beginning to gain confidence in me. In this respect, I hope, you will not, allow Aunt Carola to surpass you! Now, now—that would not be right!

To show you that I will do all I can to quiet your apprehensions, I sat down immediately upon receipt of your letter and have drawn my own portrait, as well as I could. I herewith inclose it. I dare say, I made a success of it. What do you say about that large hat, and the still larger boots? (Plague take them for keeping my feet sore continually); what do you say about my mustache and my whiskers? Eh? About these however—the whiskers—I must confess that they are just a little exaggerated; I had a little too much ink in my pen when I did them. And then—my pipe; what do you think about that? Is it not a really beautiful ensemble? especially so when you consider that the somewhat dubious background is a—mudbank.

If Aunt should ever read again mining novels to Froehlich's children, send her this portrait; that she may know exactly how a Königsberger looks, after he has been transformed into a California miner. But, 253 by-the-way, August Froehlich, like a civilized European, knows how to use paint and brush; should he want to color the portrait I will here give him a full list of the colors he will have to use:

Hat, brown felt, almost new, but badly sprinkled with mud.

Face, a brownish yellow; the color approaching nearest to it, is that of a very dirty shirt.

Hair, fair;*beard* reddish.

Pipe, clay, an old stump, dark brown, nearly black.

Shirt, originally red; wearing and washing have in places lightened the color, and darkened it in others; a dark reddish brown now; in spots,—as you will see—it is torn and patched.

Undershirt, striped white and blue, somewhat worn but clean.

Belt, black leather;*pistol*, the national California weapon, a Colt's revolver, five shots, and sure to hit a card at 30 yards.

Trousers, difficult to describe, fancy mud color; when new they were grey. The patch on the right knee is cut from a blue flannel shirt; the lower one on the left knee is from a piece of sailcloth; the upper one is cut out of a black coat.

Boots, any color except black; the leather on the few spots not covered by mud, looks a reddish brown.

Thus, and exactly thus, looks the transformed Frank Lecouvreur in his working suit.

In regard to your remark, that, what Rosenstock says about our being in a German boarding house, may seem to be not true—because I spoke in my letter about pancakes which I bake myself;—I must say, however, that both statements are correct. We certainly lived during the time we were in partnership, in a boarding house here; but afterwards I prepared my own meals, because I found it to be cheaper. In whatever we do here in California, we must be guided by circumstances, as I told 254 you before. For instance, just at present I am again at a boarding house; simply because, while I am sick, I have better care there; I can have a cup of tea, or anything I need on short notice, and do not have to prepare it myself; I can select among different *well prepared* dishes what suits me best; and last, but not least, the prices of provisions are so high at present, that the small saving which might be effected—perhaps 2 or 3 dollars a week—does not amount to anything, when you think what it is to supply myself with wood and water; and when I consider what time it takes to prepare my meals. This alone would occupy me one or two hours a day; but during the same time I can take out of my claim double the amount I might save in preparing my own meals. I shall remain

in this boarding house until I am quite well again, and until through cheaper provisions I can effect a saving.

Flour is worth now, lb \$.25

Rice “ 25

Ham “ 50

Tea “ 1.25

Onions “ 25

Crackers “ 35

Candles each 15

Beans lb 35

Salt pork “ 40

Coffee “ 40

Potatoes “ 15

Fresh beef “ 25

Cheese “ 30

Matches, pr. hundred 12 1/2

I am very glad to see that you, my dearest mother, take such a kind interest in***and***the only two friends I had in Königsberg. Though entirely different in their ways, they have this in common, both are pleasant and thorough gentlemen. Your hint, that I might have the pleasure to grasp

my dear*** 255 by the hand here in this country, startled me like an electric shock. Yes, let him come and try his luck, and let him steel his body and energy as I have done. It is true, I have heard California cursed by immigrants thousands of times; I have seen men—old women I ought to say—*shed tears*, because they had exchanged their comfortable homes elsewhere for a mining claim in California; I have seen men land here from one steamer, and start back for home again on the very next boat (literally true!); and I would never advise anyone to come here; but***is so much like myself that I will say out of the depth of my heart: “let him come, if he has a desire to see the world.” He will find in me the same friend I used to be, and as long as I have a crust of bread and a blanket, he shall not go hungry or cold.

And now I come to you, my little gossip, my dear Marie. A pity that***died so young; he was a gifted painter and would have accomplished much. That my place at the christening at Podlechen was kept open, I will believe. I know how kindly you all feel towards me; another reason probably was, that Carl has named his firstborn after me. When Lucinde will have presented him with eleven more, let him come here, he can then start a farm and have a little kingdom of his own. —And so grandpa has now two Franks among his descendants; one a big good-for-nothing fellow, who roams at large; and a little one, who if everything goes satisfactorily, may also become a good-for-nothing; but who, I hope will not turn out any worse, than I am.

For the present: Good night!

San Francisco, Cal., October 27th, 1852.

You will undoubtedly be surprised to hear that I am in San Francisco; but it came about in a very simple way. When I found that my health would not improve in any way, I made up my mind to take a trip to this city. It is now about two weeks that I have been here; but though immediately after my arrival I placed myself in the hands of a German physician (Dr. Wedekind) who 256 was recommended to me by Boettcher, —I must say I am gaining very slowly, though I am somewhat better. You can have no idea how this malarious fever here reduces a man; I would not have believed it. I take the matter very coolly though; I must ultimately get well again. That this sickness

is a great injury to me in a pecuniary way, you can imagine; this is what troubles me. Not only that all I had went to the doctor, but I am in debt; and unless an unforeseen lucky chance turns up (which is not at all likely) I shall not be able to save anything during the next six months. Well, I will not lose heart on that account: "Es muss doch wieder werden," (It must come our way again) as our grandma used to say. Others have had worse experiences than I.

I saw Olias on the day before I left Long Bar; the poor fellow has fared rather badly. From Nelson Creek, where he did not succeed, he went to Cañon Creek (on the upper Yuba), and here 286 dollars were stolen from him about fourteen days afterwards. He followed the thief to San Francisco, but without result; his traveling expenses however increased his loss to 360 dollars. It was on his return from here that he called on me. The poor fellow felt down hearted, and nobody can blame him for it; the loss is really heavy.

Grunhagen has at last succeeded in finding employment in Santa Cruz, a small place a few miles from Monterey. He is clerking there in a marketshop, gets 50 dollars a month and board, and sells butter, carrots, onions, ham, etc.

Emil Boettcher about a week ago went to Sonoma, on the other side of the bay. His position there is not very brilliant.

I myself shall return to the mines as soon as possible.

Business is exceedingly dull here. For weeks thousands have been looking for employment, and nobody can give it to them. In addition to these, every incoming vessel brings more immigrants. How it is going to end—God only knows.

I hope you will not take offense, because this letter is 257 so badly soiled. When paper is lying around loose in a miner's tent for about 8 weeks, it can not well be in any other condition. I hope you will be able to decipher what I have written.

To you all (and to myself), I wish the best of health, and remain with much love Your

FRANK LECOUVREUR.

P.S.—The last mail did not bring me any letters from you. The next steamer, the Northern (Light?) from Acapulco will be due here within a few days. I wonder if she will bring anything for me?*

F.L.

Here ends Dr. Wollweber's translation.

LETTER NO. IX

San Francisco, Cal., January 13th, 1853.

My Beloved Ones—My somewhat sorrowful letter No. 17,* finished in San Francisco towards the end of last October, must have reached you some time ago, and I have no doubt, you have ever since longed for another letter from me and for news about my health.

The author's number includes more private correspondence.—Transl.

I have experienced hard times since then. Under the impression that I had completely recovered my health, and thinking that the unhealthy season must have ended long ago at Long Bar, I started on November 4th to return thither, and immediately upon my arrival went to work again. My dream was of short duration, three days afterwards the fever returned, and ever since—for fully two months—it has been racking me day and night. As it happened the rainy season set in at the same time—storms and floods—and so dispensed me from telling you what I suffered during that time. Day after day the rain came pouring down in torrents, accompanied by the howling of the storm. The canvas-roof of my tent could not withstand it any longer; the water would soak through, and so I lay—shaking in a cold chill, in vain trying to get warm—in a bunk and under blankets, both wet through and through by rainwater constantly dripping in. In the beginning I tried yet—exerting all my strength—to make my board; but I very soon became so weak that I had to give that up, and shortly after, I was often not even able to prepare myself something to eat. In regard to this, I had often to depend on the kindness of my neighbors who now and then would let me have 259 some soup, or would make some tea or coffee for me. In this way I led the most miserable existence

imaginable, until at last—seeing no prospect of getting better there, but on the contrary, feeling that I was getting weaker and worse every day—I resolved to go again to San Francisco, which I did shortly before Christmas, after having sold my tools and everything I could convert into cash.

You can imagine in what a miserable, wretched condition I arrived here, but the complete mental and physical rest, living as I do in a dry, sunny room—I room with Boettcher—and sleeping on a dry mattress, have done wonders for me, the fever left me more than a week ago, and I feel that I am rapidly regaining strength, so that I begin to hope that this terrible sickness, which has kept me down for fully four months, is about to leave me.

I call this malarial fever a terrible sickness, and so it is, in the fullest meaning of the word; it manifests itself in different ways, but is always periodical; it returns at regular intervals, either daily or every second or third day. During these intervals the patient may either feel quite well and may eat and drink with a good appetite; or he may have a constant chilly sensation, and be at the same time unable to go to sleep, and may feel a repugnance to the taking of nourishment, as was the case with me. The chill which lasts at times from 6 to 8 hours, is followed by a high fever, during which the patient becomes delirious and sees himself surrounded by the most horrid creations of a sickly fancy. But this is not all; during the same time he suffers an agony of pain in the chest, stomach and intestines; he feels as if he would suffocate the very next minute. The worst, however, is the complete apathy into which the sufferer sinks. It is as if there were forever an end to every mental exertion. He sees his future black, and while in other diseases hope sustains the sufferer, it is just the reverse with one stricken by this fever: hope abandons him at once and as if forever. It is a most horrible condition to be in, and it is impossible to describe it.

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But what is gone let it be buried with the past. A new year has come upon the river of time; may it bring me better luck,—may it bring me nearer the goal than the past year has done. Yet, there is much I have to be thankful for; if during the last year I had to suffer a great deal, I have also learned a great deal. “Habeat sibi!”—Retired, quiet and contented *asyou* live,—I do not know if I could wish you anything better, than that the new year may not bring you any changes, my beloved ones!

The storms which constantly spring up around me, will not touch you. To Marie only will I wish that she may soon regain her wonted health.

Just as you received my letter of April 5th last year, on my birthday, so did I receive your letter No. 16—of August 6th on December 16th, my beloved mother's birthday. That was a satisfaction!

I am glad to see that the specimens of leafgold, which I sent you in my letter No. 15 of May 6th-15th have reached you in safety. I hardly had expected it. To be sure, the gold found here differs very much in color; but you never find gold differing in color in the same locality; and especially does this hold good about the gold washed out of rivers. The gold found at Long Bar, for instance, as it is washed out of the river, looks beautifully bright and *reddish*. After a while it turns to a pale yellow and then it takes a greenish hue; but since the miners are in the habit of carrying it on their persons, the perspiration may have something to do with that.

I did not see anything at which to laugh, my dear father, about the suggestions you make in regard to mining operations here; the improvements you suggest have in part already been made,—as for instance, the repeated utilizing of the same water by running the tailings into a hole. The system however, which you suggest, would not only be impracticable in most cases, but—considering the small quantity of water used in washing with a rocker,—too expensive. Lumber is worth 25 cents per foot (in some localities 50 cents and more); so that a hundred feet of a flume such as you suggest, would cost about fifty dollars. To bring the water to a Long Tom we generally use a hose, three inches wide and made of canvas. To dry the ground before washing it, as you suggest, would not be an advantage; why should we dry it and then wet it again? You have no idea how difficult it is to wash the gold out of ground which is dry; I can wash three or four buckets of moist earth in the same time and with the same quantity of water, that it takes me to wash one bucket of dry earth.

So far as game is concerned, you can imagine that near cities like Marysville, with 2,500 inhabitants, or Sacramento with 15,000 inhabitants, or in mining districts where there are numerous settlements, it has pretty nearly disappeared. Game birds are, however, yet to be found in large

numbers in the Sacramento valley. The buffalo has never been indigenous in California, but is found in endless numbers on the other side of the Sierra Nevada.

As for the drying of meat in the open air, what you were told about that is only partly true. During the hot summer months, meat decays here as quickly as it does elsewhere; but strange to say—during the rainy season one can in *some parts of the country*, preserve meat an unusually long time, by hanging it up in the open air; ultimately however it will spoil.

In consequence of reports received by returning miners, I have for the present given up all idea about going to Oregon.

I have repeatedly mentioned my going by steamer to and from Marysville, but have never given you a description of such a trip. Let me now do so.

The style of the entire interior arrangement of the American river steamers is so entirely different from what you are accustomed to see in Europe, that I will first give you a description of one of them, ere I proceed further. The hull of the vessel is something like an egg-shaped flat-boat, whose deck however extends in all directions beyond its sides, thereby gaining a great deal of room; on this deck stands a two-story structure—a house, 262 covering the deck from one side to the other and almost from end to end, leaving only a small portion of the deck forward, open, and uncovered. The lower part of this structure which usually is open all around, or at the most only partly covered in, is taken up by the machinery,—the boilers are in the forward part of the vessel, entirely uncovered—and is used for freight; the second or upper story of this building however contains usually, an elegant cabin, so constructed, that only a sort of veranda extends all around it, to be used as a promenade in fair weather. On the forward part of the upper deck, or in most cases on top of it—thus forming a third story—is the wheelhouse. With small variations nearly all American river steamers, from the largest to the smallest, have the same, or very similar construction, the appropriateness of which is evident, since it enables them to carry an incredibly large number of passengers.

Between here and Stockton on the San Joaquin river, the central place for the Southern mines, there run ten or twelve large high pressure steamers, making regular trips; between here and Sacramento there are probably no less than fifteen of them; not counting those which go direct to Marysville. How does that compare with Königsberg, which after preliminaries extending through several years, has succeeded in establishing communication with Stettin by means of two old, almost unserviceable steamships? All these steamers here have plenty to do, especially in carrying passengers, and there is nothing more interesting than a trip on one of them—some of them being 100 feet long with a 60-foot wide deck—to Sacramento for instance. This trip occupies generally from 13 to 14 hours, the fare being 5 dollars on deck and 10 dollars in the cabin. Nowhere has one a better opportunity to notice the cosmopolitan character of the population here, than on board of one of these steamers, where he finds Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Mexicans, Chilians, Spaniards, Dutch, English, Danes, Swedes and Norwegians, Mulattoes, Negroes and Chinamen,—all crowded together on the same deck. 263 Everyone chatters in his own tongue,—the French, as usual, being the loudest and the most noisy; and everyone does as he is in the habit of doing at home and among people of his own nationality. You can not imagine what a motley crowd it is, nor how interesting it is to a quiet observer, to note their doings. One might think himself to be in a theater with several hundred actors from all parts of the world before him. There being hardly any distinction between classes in America, and absolutely none here in California, most everybody travels as a deck passenger, and the cabins are used only by ladies, or persons who will pay for comfort. Aside from what we see on board the steamer, the trip offers us but very little of interest. The surrounding country is not interesting. The banks of the river are low, the country is flat as far as the eye can reach. Only here and there we note natural hedges or some stunted willows; seldom groups of trees or grazing cattle; at times we pass a loghouse or shanty standing high on piles: that is all. The most interesting part of the trip is the passage through the slough. This slough is one of the many outlets of the Sacramento river into Suisun Bay; it is the narrowest, but, on account of its depth of water, the only navigable outlet. It is about 20 miles long and the banks are just above the water level; but they are virgin soil, covered with the most luxurious vegetation, including all sorts

of vegetable growths, from the primeval oak down to the most intricate masses of bush and vines that I have ever seen.

Before I close my remarks about steamboats, I must mention what I believe to be an English scheme but which has entered so much into the very life here that we can not exist without it. I mean the “opposition”—the mutual efforts of two competitors in the same line of business to ruin one another, by alternately lowering the prices. It is especially among the owners of steamboats where the procedure is in vogue, and at times it is carried to most ridiculous extremes. It was only the other day that I came here from Sacramento for one dollar; and a few weeks ago a new company advertised that they would not only carry passengers from here to Sacramento free of charge, but that they would give them their supper besides. And so they did for three or four days, —when they came to an understanding with the old established companies, and since then they charge uniform prices.

I do not know if your papers informed you about the terrible fire which on November 2nd and 3rd laid in ashes the whole city of Sacramento—about 2,500 buildings, and rendered about twelve or thirteen thousand people homeless. You may perhaps remember that I was at that time here in San Francisco; but on November 4th I took the steamer to return to Long Bar. As it happened, this steamer—the “*Confidence*”—was the first boat to leave here after the fire, and you can form no idea, how she was loaded down with freight. Anything and everything that one might want or not want, was on board. Every little bit of space, even between and below the boilers, and even part of the cabin, was used to store away all sorts of provisions in all sorts of packages, household goods, furniture, building material and everything else conceivable; and between and up and down these mountains of boxes and barrels and bags, pushed and climbed, like the mules in the Sierra Nevada, the most heterogenous crowd—about 900 of them—which has ever been on board of a steamer, even a California steamer. I saw a pile of mattresses stowed away between the smoke-stacks, reaching about half way up to the ceiling and selected them as a “throne” for myself; but straightway I came in conflict with the owner, who would not allow me to remain there. Repeated efforts which he made to pull me down miscarried, until I was careless enough to bring one of my feet within his reach, when he immediately took the opportunity, i.e. the foot, and began to pull

with all his might, but as I resisted as hard as I could he almost pulled off my boot. At last, perhaps, moved by my obstinacy, he desisted in his attempt “to drag the lofty into the dust,” and we became afterwards such good friends, that he even divided his cigar supply with me.

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It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when we cast off from the California street wharf, and it had become pitch-dark when we arrived at the mouth of the slough (mentioned before). Here we had the misfortune to run into a schooner lying there at anchor; and, as bad luck would have it, we shoved her on the mud in such an unfortunate way as to completely block the passage. Repeated attempts on our part to get her off again, failed in the blinding darkness and on account of the heavy load we had on board, there was nothing left for us to do but to await daylight. I made the best of it by making myself as comfortable as I could on my pile of mattresses. I wrapped myself in my blankets and tried to get some sleep; but the night being very cold, I succeeded only partially.

With the break of day we began again to pull away at our schooner so as to open a passage for ourselves, but with no better result than on the previous evening. Things began to look dark, as we had now to await the arrival of other steamers. Fortune favored us finally; at 8 o'clock the “*Antelope*” hove in sight and shortly afterwards the “*Wilson G. Hunt*.” By their united efforts, the three steamers at last succeeded at about 9 o'clock in floating the schooner again, and by that time the steamer “*Comanche*” and the propeller “*Archimedes*” had also joined us.

We thus had the pleasure of seeing the whole fleet around us; and accompanied by this noble convoy of four other steamers we arrived at Sacramento at 2 o'clock in the afternoon—or rather at the place where Sacramento City used to be before the big fire.

A scene of the wildest desolation met our eyes. Of a great many buildings not even any ruins were left, —not even any cinders! The terrible heat caused by so many buildings burning at once—and some of them large buildings (one—for instance—being a hotel four stories high) reduced the ashes of everything combustible to the finest powder, and this was at once scattered by the wind. Where the city had stood there was now nothing before 266 us but a wide expanse of blackened soil, with

here and there the blackened walls of a burned out brick building, ready to fall at any moment, and from some of these smoke and even flames would still at times shoot up. In the fullest meaning of the word, the whole city was in ashes, because only one side of one single street had partly escaped destruction by a change in the wind, and if I were to say that there were forty houses standing, my estimate might be too high.

It being 2 o'clock p.m. when we arrived at Sacramento, and the boat for Marysville having left long before that time, I was compelled to wait here until the next day, much against my will. I was hungry as a wolf and for a wretched bit of a beefsteak with a few potatoes and a cup of black coffee—just enough to sharpen my appetite—I had to pay *two dollars*.

The night I had to pass in the open air like thousands of others who had lost their house and home; but I took advantage of the situation: in the ruins of a brick building I found a corner, where, protected against the wind, I slept on the warm ashes as in paradise!

It was daylight when I awoke; but when I opened my eyes I thought I was still dreaming. Where I had seen the angry flames shooting up on the evening before, there stood now (the sun had not risen yet), rows of tents and shanties, which had been constructed during the night by the light of lanterns; and when at noon I took the boat for Marysville, long continuous rows of these tents and frame houses formed well-defined streets, —a temporary city had sprung up. Where in the world can you see anything like this, except in America? In any other part of the world a city like this, after such a catastrophe—being wiped off the ground as this city has been—would have been deserted by the inhabitants, certainly by most of them; and years afterwards one might yet have seen the traces of the disaster while here they will have completely disappeared within a few months.

San Francisco too has changed wonderfully in this one year since I first saw it; one can hardly believe his own 267 eyes. Not only have frame and sheet-iron buildings been torn down and replaced by magnificent brick buildings, and new ones been added; but whole streets have been opened and built up; and where as late as last January large ships have discharged or taken in cargo,

there you may see to-day buildings two and three stories high on solid foundations; and on the very spot where we passengers of the “Aurora” managed to land by climbing the narrow ladder on the California wharf—one may now take his cup of chocolate in a beautifully furnished establishment and may indulge in finest confectionery. Streets, where we had formerly to climb up or down like a goat, are now graded, —and steadily is that steam-engine at work, which I have described to you in a former letter, in leveling down hills and in filling in that part of the bay, over which the city will extend.

Every day shows new improvements, and the variegated styles and the different colors of the material used in building, produce an effect at once odd and attractive, such as one may not find in any other city. A veritable fairy-land panorama unfolds itself before one's eyes, if, on a clear, bright day he ascends one of those hills which surround the city in a semi-circle. They are already so densely covered with cottages and villas that they may be considered as forming part of the city. The observer standing upon one of those eminences can view the great mass of buildings of the western metropolis at his feet. The wide streets run straight as a ray of light, and the busy throng of humanity that flows through them from early morn till late at night, represents all nationalities on earth, and is a sight worth seeing. A little beyond, near the wharves, the throng seems even to increase. Here hundreds of the largest and most magnificent ships of the world are either at the wharves, unloading or taking in cargo, while those which are not in dock for repairs of damages suffered during a long voyage upon the more or less tempestuous sea, are to be seen in the bay, majestically resting at anchor. And this beautiful bay! Its blue waters are glistening in the bright sunshine and, 268 being dotted with lovely islands, are reflecting their emerald in the crystal flood; and innumerable small boats, spread their white wings to the breeze. Steamers are passing to-and-fro, and every now and then a large clipper ship glides by, her tall, graceful masts swaying under a cloud of canvas, and looming up like a frigate among the smaller craft! The back-ground of this picturesque panorama is formed by the Eastern shore of the bay, with its long chain of hills, the beauty of which is enhanced by the constantly changing of light and shadow, as the sun rises, sets or hides himself temporarily behind the clouds, thus presenting a picture of indescribable beauty. Neither painter nor poet can do it justice; one must see it with his own eyes, and feel with his own

heart, the power of this grand picture—at once majestic and sweet—as Mother Nature unfolds it before one's delighted senses.

The place however, which I prefer to all others and which I visit oftenest, is—I am fully aware that you guess it—the harbor. I find that this feeling of admiration is shared even by those who do not take as much interest in ship-building and maritime affairs as I do; the harbor attracts everybody. No other port in the world can show such an accumulation of grace and beauty, allied to the most imposing dimensions in maritime architecture. In one of my former letters, I have already spoken about American clippers, and at that time, I thought it next to an impossibility to improve in any way on what I had seen then. How I mistook American possibilities, at least, when it comes to ship-building. Nearly every new clipper that enters this port, surpasses those which have come before in simple elegance as well as beauty and practicability. The “Winged Racer” lately arrived from New York is a good specimen of these giants. Length of keel, one hundred and ninety feet; length over all: two hundred and thirty-five; width of beam: forty-eight; main yard: ninety-eight, drawing twenty-eight feet of water when loaded. Though of such uncommon dimensions every line of her body is clean and beautiful, a masterpiece, which looks as if it had been cut out of one solid block of wood. On the stern underneath the bow-sprit, she carries a finely carved winged horse, gilt and much above life-size; this and a giltmoulding, about three inches wide, running all around the ship, are her only ornaments; beyond these, she is painted black. To show you how remarkably strong these vessels are, I shall relate an incident which I should not have believed from hearsay, but which I now vouch for, having been an eye-witness to the fact.

As the “Clara Mallory,” a Baltimore clipper of about equal size and just as handsome a ship as the “Winged Racer,” came into port a few days ago, the breeze began to decline and, as the tide was running heavily against her, she was obliged to engage the steamer “Goliath” to take her in tow, and bring her up to the wharf. Being loaded rather deep, the “Goliath” had to make supreme efforts to bring her near Long Wharf, and just at the moment, when she was turning into the slip, the tow-line broke and the “Clara Mallory” fell squarely into the trough of the sea and began to drift with increasing rapidity. She immediately let go both bow-anchors, but these did not take hold at once and it thus could not be prevented that she swept with her long jib-boom over the deck of the three-

masted screw-steamer “Fremont,” a steamer somewhat larger than the Königsberg “Coleraine,” then at anchor. Any ordinary ship would have lost her jib-boom in striking against the mast of a vessel riding at anchor and would then have cleared, but the “Clara Mallory” did just the reverse. With the very end of her jib-boom, she first broke the “Fremont's foremast, then the main-mast, and finally knocked the chimney overboard, without sustaining even the smallest damage herself. It seems incredible, but as I mentioned before, I saw it with my own eyes.

Perhaps the most gigantic, though not the finest of all ships in this port at the present time, is the screwsteamer “Samuel S. Lewis” lately arrived from New York and intended for the Panama line. She is of two 270 thousand nine hundred tons capacity. The width of her upper deck is fifty feet; her length, two hundred and sixty feet or twenty feet more than the height of the tower of the “castle” at Königsberg. What would the good citizens of Königsberg say, if one fine morning there should enter the river Pregel such a monster vessel as the “Samuel S. Lewis,” with the “Winged Racer” in tow?

Though San Francisco is an entirely new city, steam navigation has already been developed to such a degree, as our slowly-progressing merchants at home would hardly consider possible. Not only are we connected by steamers with all places in the interior where a connection by water is possible and advisable, but steamers run to the North and South from here along the whole coast, even to the smallest ports. The largest, the fastest and the finest steamers however, are those connecting us with Panama and with San Juan del Sur, the crossings of the Isthmus. Three, four or five of them are dispatched on the first and on the fifteenth day of every month by the different companies. No less than five of these magnificent steam-ships are advertised to sail from here on the fifteenth instant for the two ports named. These steamers are: The “Winfield Scott,” carrying two thousand one hundred tons; the “Samuel S. Lewis,” two thousand nine hundred; the “New Orleans,” sixteen hundred; the “Independence,” fifteen hundred; lastly, the “Golden Gate,” two thousand five hundred tons and one thousand horse-power; and the latter steamer, according to the unanimous opinion of all the newspapers—the finest vessel afloat at the present time. What do you say about such a traffic at a place, where four years ago there stood but a few tents and hovels? Is it

not a miracle almost as great as any mentioned in history? "*Help yourself and God will help you,*" comes true here as well as elsewhere.

But, methinks, I have really dwelt long enough in and about the harbor, but you all know my hobby and will pardon my weakness.

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It just strikes me that you perhaps have no correct idea about what is meant by the descriptive phrase, "clipperbuilt." I left three small models at home, two not finished, one, a side-wheel steamer, the other a screwsteamer, the latter, though hardly sharp enough, resembles a "clipper."

January 24th, 1853.

Do not be astonished if my words flow more glibly and manifest a more cheerful spirit than those, which I addressed to you on the thirteenth of this month. The cause of it is easily explained. I feel myself gaining in strength from day to day and I have every reason to believe, that I shall soon enjoy perfect health; another star has arisen on my present horizon: prospect of steady employment, which assures a steady income; and, last but not least, I received the day before yesterday by the mail steamer "Tennessee" your letter of November the sixth of last year. Of this I am anxious to speak first.

I actually did read your underlined note^{*} first, dear father, but with such trepidation, that its first perusal left me completely bewildered. The second reading met with better success.

The underlined note here referred to, contained the unwelcome intelligence that his only sister, Marie, was dangerously ill and unable to write to her brother, as had been her usual custom; there being however but one mail a month, the writers thought it best to forward their own letters. As he would naturally have missed his sister's handwriting at the opening of his mail, they thought of forestalling a prolonged anxiety by notifying him at once of said news. The fact had been minimized, but his sensitive nature divined the seriousness of his sister's illness, for never did a brother love his sister more tenderly.—Transl.

As you had supposed, I was anxious to see first who of my beloved ones had been kind to me this time. I saw, that the dear hand of my mother had rested on the paper; then I perceived Alexandina's cheerful lines and—that was all! Why not a line from my dear and only sister Marie? A dark, a

terrible supposition shot through my brain and then my heart ceased to beat! No one will 272 blame me, if it took quite a few moments before I was able to regain my equilibrium.

I can very well imagine how the foreign newspapers have exaggerated the state of cholera on this coast but let me assure you that it was not half as bad as reported. As you are aware, I was at the time at Long Bar, which was one of the places that suffered the most.

As for the assembling of ten thousand Indians, I assure you that the story is a lie from beginning to end. Some correspondent with an abundance of nerve and imagination, has once more succeeded in forcing upon your press, news, which happens not to be news at all. But I wish we could find such a large number of redskins together in one lump, so as to have an opportunity for a good cleaning up among those thievish vagabonds. The worst and most blood-thirsty of these tribes are the Blackfoot Indians, the Shoshones, the Arrapahoes, the Snake Indians and kindred tribes, which are fortunately on the other side of the Sierra Nevada; and the Shasta Indians have too few warriors to become dangerous, though they gladly embrace every opportunity for doing mischief. As for the other Indians in California, they are, as I said, in a former letter, less savage, though very thievish and, if once in a while, here and there, a few of them are “hung up by the neck until they be dead,” the rest of them will keep quiet enough. Again it must be borne in mind that our population has grown quite large and consists mostly of young men, well able and accustomed to bear arms; and besides, that those Indian tribes beyond the mountains are almost constantly hostile towards one another and that, even at best, each tribe could but put a few warriors in the field. For these reasons they will never be able to stem, or even temporarily hinder, the tide of progress in this glorious country. There is not the least probability, —but supposing it should happen—that the entire body of savages was to make a combined attack upon California, it would only hasten their extermination, which, to use a mild expression, I should not consider undesirable—all the sentimental, 273 soft-headed novelists and all the maudlin poets, who would probably be scared to death, if one of these dark, red-brown muscular fellows were to approach them, tomahawk in hand—to the contrary notwithstanding.

Let us change the subject. When you say in your letter, that you are not afraid that I will associate with loose and worthless persons, I can only repeat, what I have said before: in California one does not as a rule become intimate with anybody. You combine with others, whenever you find, that to do so, is in your own interest, and that it enables you to accomplish a certain purpose. The moment this is accomplished, perhaps without saying as much as “good bye,” you follow your own way and pay no more attention to the other fellow than you would to an old tool, which you have thrown aside, not having any further use for it. Why shall the intelligent and the strong always drag along a train of fools and weaklings, thereby impeding his own progress. “Every one for himself and God for us all!” Whenever a person of common sense looks around for another to assist him in digging for gold, is he likely to ask him: What are your habits and your principles? No, but he will satisfy himself, that the man can look him straight in the face, that he has strong arms and that he is willing to work, even under hardships. Or, if he wants to engage in a mercantile business, is he likely to ask of his prospective associate: Can you use a pick and shovel and a crowbar? No, but he will satisfy himself that he has brains, a knowledge of business and a well filled purse. It is of the greatest importance, and it is just here, where the greatest difficulties are encountered, namely, to find in this constantly shifting crowd, the proper tools and to make them subservient to your purpose; to do this effectively requires a sound knowledge of human nature and in spite of this, many have failed and even broken their necks, and this mostly because they chose ways, which are crooked. You write that there are many, who would like to know the contents of my letters and thereby show “sympathy” in my behalf. Please do not give my 274 letters too wide a circulation for, I confess, that I should not like them to go outside of the circle of your or my friends. I am convinced that the “sympathy” displayed by other outsiders does not amount to much and all they care for, is to hear something interesting from the other side of the globe. Would you like to satisfy yourself as to the truth of my assertion? Just go and ask one of those sympathizers if they are willing to let me—the poor fellow—have the loan of five hundred dollars to start a business! I do not think you will try the proposition. I know all about such interested sympathy, it disgusts me! “Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos, tempora si fuerint nubila—solus eris.” (As long as you will be in luck, you will count many friends, at the time when there will have been clouds—you will *be alone*.) I write for my loved ones, not for the public! You, my dear mother, have aroused my curiosity, for, what in

the world has made your sweet soul so angry against Grünhagen's father? Is there really any cause for it? Because he does not want to hear anything about the return of his son? Now listen to me, my dear, dear mother, and I shall try to explain that matter to you as I see it. Heinrich Grünhagen and I went to California under very similar conditions. Our position was the same, our education, both at school and afterward in business, had been the same; in our ages there is only a difference of a few months; our dispositions, our inclinations are about the same (though our character may differ very much). We both were poor boys and did not want to let our best years pass by without making an effort to better our conditions. We both realized that we could not very well do so in our old home surroundings and so it became natural for us to look abroad for greater possibilities. Thus we came to California with the intention of making a fight for prosperity. The fight began, we started in with stout hearts, but we were beaten. Grünhagen's heart failed after the first reverses and he actually had the intention to run away, to retire again into the safe, yet anything but brilliant surroundings, he had left at home. 275 To this his father objected and the reasons which he gave are plain enough *and I believe that his father was right in doing as he did*. How could Grünhagen, or how could I—or how could any one with common sense—being without means, unfamiliar with the country and with life here; without friends, even without reliable acquaintances—how could we in any way expect to succeed without a struggle? Yea, without a hard struggle and without severe disappointments—having come here to make our fortune and with the firm resolve to succeed in spite of everything and of everybody? Any man, who has the use of reason, must know beforehand that such a battle cannot be won in the twinkling of an eye, considering the terrible odds which confronted us. Inasmuch as we became familiar with our arms and realized the strength of the enemy, after the battle of western life had begun, I consider the experience thus gained too precious and too hard won a treasure to turn my back to it. And now should his father have given his consent and let his boy run away after the first attempt? Though the battle was seemingly lost—we are richer by the experience. Is not the best and most glorious victory, a victory won over many reverses? Would not the runaway, whoever he may be, make himself utterly ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of all sensible people? To be made the laughing stock of the community is almost worse than a curse.

When I left Hamburg, I had made up my mind to devote five years of my life towards accomplishing the purpose which led me to the New World, and which consists in: Making money enough so that at the expiration of the time set I should be enabled to found my own home with a good and thrifty wife at my side, and that, with such an occupation as would suit me, I might live in ease and some comfort.* One year has gone by and I have reason to hope that it was the worst of the five, and, while it has not brought me nearer to the goal, it has made me familiar with the field of operations. I have 276 learned to distinguish my friends from my enemies and it has taught me hundreds of other things which were necessary for me to learn; and thus it has benefited me, and, best of all, I am convinced that I have deceived myself in my hopes and expectations. The remaining four years shall be devoted to the same purpose and, provided I remain master of my own free will, these coming four years devoted thus to the service of my purpose *will not be curtailed one single hour*, except it be that I reach the fulfillment of my plans *before* the expiration of that time, which, however, I can hardly expect. I would therefore say to you, my sweet, darling mother, do not expect to see me again before the expiration of the time I have set.

And, bless his soul, he succeeded!—Transl.

I have never cared about the “*Affection*” of the public; respect was all I demanded, and that I could enforce, if necessary. Should I return home to-day, the people would be justified in ridiculing me and to compare me to a school boy who ventured into a dark room and, becoming frightened, ran at once back to mamma's apron strings. Should I, however, return after five years, even without having accomplished my purpose, but after having faithfully and perseveringly tried to do so, having fought bravely, though in vain, my course will not resemble the running away of a school boy from a ghost, but it will be the withdrawing of a man from a fight to which his strength is no longer equal. But ere all honorable resources are exhausted and before all strength is gone, there *must and there shall be no talk of retreat*. Should that point be reached, however, there will then be nothing cowardly, nothing ridiculous about it and no sane man need be ashamed of it.

January 31st, 1853.

The closing of mail compels me to seal my letter and all I wish to add is my great satisfaction at Carl's success, the most interesting news in Alexis' welcome missive.

In regard to my health, I must say that it progresses 277 slowly, but surely. My stomach is as yet very weak and will not accept heavy, substantial food, so that my diet is rather restricted and my limbs, being swollen as far as the knees, remind me of their deficiencies by cramping pains and by trembling whenever I venture to take even moderate exercise that I must not consider myself “a healthy man.” These troubles, however, are but the consequences of the fever and will disappear in time. As you know me well enough, you will realize that it is not my own temporary indisposition which gives me most concern, but the state of my Marie's health; I long to hear favorable news about her condition.

Hearty greetings to all my loved ones! F. L.

FROM THE DIARY.*

The following pages contain the most interesting details, gathered from the diary of the author, as from now on there are but few letters in a sufficient state of preservation to be translated. The diary in itself is a model among its kind. Such neatness, accuracy and faithful execution, till sickness disabled the noble man from continuing it, are seldom seen; and they show that the author must have been thorough in everything.—Transl.

February 28th, 1853. My health had somewhat improved and a clerkship in a toy-store had been accepted at thirty dollars a month and board. This lasted just a month, when Otto Deussing, the owner, expressed his regret, that business would not allow the expense, but that I could remain, with board, free, until something better turned up, which I gladly accepted.

March 15th, 1853. My strength has returned and with it my courage to try again. To-day, I bought a handcart for fifty dollars (payable at convenience), and the morrow will find me at the corner of Battery and Commercial Streets as “*hand-cart-man No. 107.*”

Grünhagen is said to have opened a store in Pájaro. Olias, Kamcke and Emil Boettcher are in the mines, suffering from fever.

June 30th, 1853. My life as a hand-cart-man has something romantic about it. I reside in a vacant store on Market street, the use of which Neuhaus had proffered me. My furniture consists of a mattress, a plain table and a box to sit on. Breakfast and supper are homemade, and dinner is mostly procured at a restaurant. Not being strong enough to take heavy burdens, my earnings are naturally very small. I make on an average two dollars a day. Have managed to pay for the cart and a few minor debts and bought some clothes.

July 7th, 1853. Saulmann offered me a position as *hotel-waiter* with Louis Etonbleau in Alameda. Salary fifty dollars and board, which I accepted. Good bye, Hand-cart!—Arriving at my new station, I encountered some difficulty, as I told the employer that I was but an apprentice in that position and had it not been for his kind-hearted Hamburg wife, he would have surely sent me away. As it happened, he engaged me at forty dollars a month, on trial. The hotel is situated on the border of the magnificent oak-forest, about half a mile from San Leandro Creek. There are but few houses in the neighborhood.

August 19th, 1853. Every thing goes smoothly. The Etonbleau family and assistants are very congenial people, mostly French. Strangers are seldom seen on weekdays and our table-guests are mostly the artisans from the neighboring buildings, and other toilers. Sunday is our busy day. Plenty of light work, incomparably healthful air and good, substantial food have brought back my old strength, for which I am infinitely thankful.—Grünhagen is still in Pájaro; both the town and this inhabitant have changed their name and will henceforth be known as Henry Jackson of Watsonville, Cal. As Americans invariably mispronounced his name, friend Grünhagen conceived the idea of adopting the maiden-name of his mother.

Here follows one of the few remaining letters.

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LETTER NO. X

Alameda, November 2d, 1853.

My Dear Ones:

Though I do not exactly know what to write to-day, I trust the material will come as time progresses. As you will notice, I am still at Alameda, with Etonbleau. I like it very well and have no intention at present of changing my place, so long as I cannot better my circumstances materially, though so far, there has been no raise of salary. You will therefore realize that everything continues as heretofore, with no changes worth mentioning to report, so far as I am concerned. Alameda, which three months ago existed only on the map, counts now from fifty to sixty block-houses to which number, one is added daily. We have daily communication with the principal places along the bay, and a special small steamer runs twice a day, from here to San Francisco and back. This is the way we populate towns and cities in America! Can you figure out how long it would take the good people of Germany to build up a place like this, and how much red tape and many parliamentary actions would be necessary to bring stage and even steamer communication to the new town? As most American towns and cities have arisen, as I may say, like our Alameda, a more detailed description will not be amiss. This will prove to you that we are in the habit of *doing* things over here and of doing them to suit the present need, *to suit* —I repeat it—*the purpose*. W. Chipman, an American, settled in this part of the country about three years ago when hardly anybody thought of going into agriculture and when land had hardly any value at all. Being pressed by new settlers who curtailed, what he had considered his birth-rights as senior squatter, he bought the 280 district of San Antonio, which borders on the bay of San Antonio, the bay of San Francisco and of San Leandro, from the rich Mexican land-owner, Antonio Peralta, for about ten thousand dollars; thus securing a clear title to the land.

Chipman wanted to make money, piles of money, and after he had laid out a small part of his possession for garden-produce, he had his property surveyed and cut it into lots of four square acres each, which he put last year in San Francisco, on the real estate market. Though the values in property had already risen considerably in Northern California, the uncertainty and unreliability of land titles, and moreover, the insolence of the squatters, who simply took possession after armed invasion of whatsoever ranch would strike their fancy, scared the buyers and Chipman's

speculation failed almost completely, as he could dispose of but very few of his four-acre lots. Etonbleau had the good fortune to secure his sixteen acres at this time for seventy-five dollars an acre. Chipman saw himself beaten, but resolved to make up for loss of time, and the rapid growth of our neighboring city, Oakland, inspired him anew. He made up his mind to lay out a city. He engaged a surveyor to divide the property into lots of 335x100 feet and to draw plans of various kinds for purposes to suit his imagination. He then chartered the steam-boat "Bonita," to serve as ferry-boat between here and San Francisco for one thousand dollars a month, not including fares and freights, and agreeing to supply free fuel. The new city of Alameda had thus been forced into existence and lacked only—houses and people. But this part did not worry Chipman. The newspapers of San Francisco commenced now to describe the magnificent, healthful climate and boomed every thing that could be found, or could not be found, in Alameda and did everything to encourage new settlers. In the meantime it was rumored that the great philanthropist Chipman would give away lots, with clear title. This rumor was promptly contradicted and again it appeared until the people of San Francisco had almost 281 grown nervous over the prospects. When the excitement was at its height, Chipman suddenly placarded city and county with yard-long bills in green, red, yellow and blue colors, which announced to every one who had eyes to see and brains to comprehend, that the magnificent newly-laid out city of Alameda would surely become the only place worthy of a gentleman to live in. It was made plain as daylight that perhaps within a year's time wharves, steamship and railroad lines would help to make this the most attractive spot on the Pacific coast. This and many other illusory stories appeared before the dazed eyes of the readers, who were slowly led to believe that they were to be participants in the foundation of another New York. Having for a time moulded the minds of the unwary in such and similar announcements, he finally played his trump card. Notwithstanding the undeniable fact that the value of those city lots could hardly be estimated, he, Chipman, had decided to part with them, *free to all* who agree to build a wooden structure for residence purpose, no smaller than sixteen by twenty feet within ten days from date of agreement. And all this as a token of love for his fellow-men. Thus stated Chipman, the philanthropist.

That brought the crowds. They came in ship-loads from across the bay and as Alameda has in reality some of the natural beauties, which the board-bills described, the majority of visitors thought well of the proposition, especially as they could get something for nothing—apparently. Americans are well aware of the fact that a real-estate boom must always be taken at a discount and they should not be disappointed in their anticipation regarding Alameda. Many had enlisted and secured the lots but, —will you believe it, —most of them failed to build the little house. And how many people bemoan to-day their lost opportunities. Well does our German poet advise us: “Learn to cling to opportunities.” No sooner had about a dozen houses been erected, when philanthropist Chipman stopped his “*free for all*” proposition and declared his previous offer null and void, except 282 in the few cases where the ten-day-improvement-clause had been properly and wholly carried out. He immediately started to auction off all remaining and unimproved lots and sold a good number at a price of from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars a lot, according to location. In a later auction, held at San Francisco, he realized even more; and to-day, —about two years after—one gladly pays him from a hundred and eighty to three hundred dollars. This last quotation is about one-half of what Chipman paid for the whole town-site.

Friend Etonbleau, who invested in time and owns sixteen acres in the very heart of the town has likewise profited by this “boom,” without even soiling his conscience; he is now a wealthy man and contemplates returning next year to “la belle France,” to spend his remaining days in the peaceful enjoyment of home-life and comfort. I personally am glad for their sake, for he and his noble Hamburg wife are courageous, honest, amiable and industrious people, whose good fortune has not turned their heads. I sincerely wish them God-speed.

If I only had been able to invest about a hundred dollars at the time of my arrival, I should now be the gainer of five or six hundred dollars. As it is, I can only dwell in air-castles and be satisfied to congratulate others upon their success.

November 13th, 1853.

Hurrah! Another holiday for me! I just received your long-looked for letter, dated the fifth of August a.c. Many thanks for all the welcome news it contains.

Indeed it is no surprise to me that our American newspapers give more political and local information and are generally more informing than yours. This is particularly true of the Koszta affair in Smyrna. Every one of our papers is full of unlimited praise for Capt. Ingraham, who, by his energetic action freed Koszta from the hands of the Austrians and only express regret that Ingraham did not make use of the language which our cannons are so able to voice in order to teach those Austrians how 283 citizens of our free states are to be respected. Tell me, has a single one of your papers given space to the answer of our Secretary of State, Marcy, to the request of Austria for indemnity? Not one, I wager. Such tobacco would have been too strong for a German smoker. It pleases me to hear that at last you have a railroad. Things do go dreadfully slow over there: nobody will dispute that. Your road-building, above all gives ample proof of it. Alongside of this, just allow me to hint at a few things which have been accomplished here in California, just a little of it, as it comes to my mind. And all within *two* months:

1. San Francisco has gas. The plant, the holder—fifty-eight feet in diameter—twenty feet high—forty thousand yards or one hundred and twenty thousand German feet of pipes have been laid and by New Year our city will be illuminated by gas.
2. Four brand-new wharves of about two to four hundred yards in length and forty to fifty feet wide have been constructed and the old ones repaired.
3. Electrical telegraphs, one coast-line, to report incoming vessels, and vessels in distress; the other from San Francisco to Sacramento—about 100 miles distant. Two or three branch lines have likewise been under construction. Quite a number of surveyors and road-builders are engaged in finding the most desirable passes through the Sierra Nevada in order to plan the best possible and the safest possible route for the Great Eastern Railroad which is intended to cross the desert. It is contemplated to begin work at either end during the coming spring. The costs are not expected to exceed fifty million dollars and have been partly provided for before-hand. Strong military escorts

protect these commissioners and surveyors from attacks by the Indians. Soldiers are often ordered to aid or protect commercial undertakings, —a wise plan to keep those fellows (the Indians) out of mischief.

4. Three new river steam-boats, —one about two 284 hundred feet in length—have left the ship-yards of San Francisco, and as many more are now in course of construction.

5. A new semi-monthly steam-ship service between here and Central America has opened and it is announced that the first vessel, the “Amazon,” with a capacity of one thousand tons, will leave with passengers and freight on December the first, a.c.

6. The “Leytona” has arrived in San Francisco and will henceforth sail between this port and the Sandwich Islands. Two other boats, for the same purpose, will be installed by the same company, immediately upon arrival.

Were it my intention to give you a recital of all minor occurrences in and about the city, such as the construction of churches, road-building, planking of sidewalks, bridge-building, new express lines, river-shipping, I should have to fill half a dozen sheets. But to give you even a faint idea of the busy life, I shall but state that in San Francisco alone, there are no less than one hundred and fifty-five brick buildings going up right now! About four weeks ago, I read in a local newspaper what a correspondent had to say about progress in the city of Sacramento, where he assures us there are at present two hundred and twenty-two brick buildings and eight hundred and forty-eight dwellings of wooden structure, not counting barns, stables, warehouses and the like. And do you not remember that I wrote to you last winter regarding the total destruction of that city?

I shall not force any more news from this part of the globe upon you. But I blush, when I compare my own beloved fatherland with this country. Next to poverty, it is *the greatest misfortune that can weigh upon an industrious, strong-minded youth, to have been born elsewhere than in the United States of North America!* Well do I comprehend the just pride of the Yankee and interpret the fire which sparkles in his eyes, when he sings his national hymn: “The Star Spangled Banner,” whilst he

watches the unfurling of the proudest, purest flag of 285 God's earth, the "Stars and Stripes" to the breeze of his free and mighty country!

My dear father, in speaking of Grünhagen and Emil Böttcher, you make the remark that such inconsistency of fate annoys you. Not so with me, nor do I believe that any Californian thinks it strange. One has to pass here through many different stages. An example may here suffice:

The hand-cart, which I procured last year, was the property of a German, who had made the round sum of one thousand dollars with it, inside of a year and a half. He was, and is yet, an honorable, industrious man and appeared to me, who at the time was a sick, broken-down and almost penniless individual, to be in a position, which I might have envied. About the same time I went to Alameda, he disposed of his cart and invested his money in a horse and dray, (freight truck, it is called in some places), and with the remaining sum he bought a small piece of property in San Francisco. A few weeks after his happy change, misfortune overtook him. His dray was destroyed in a fire, his horse was killed by a fall a few days after, and to complete his ill luck, there appeared the rightful owner to the property he had thought to be his own, and proved to him, that he had been made the victim of an unscrupulous swindler. In consequence, the poor man had to let go his hold, give up his lot, and furthermore he was unable to bring the deceiver to justice. When I happened to be in San Francisco some four weeks ago, I met him on the street, sick with fever and penniless. I gave him five dollars, which he gratefully accepted. Which of us to-day, do you suppose, will envy the other, he or I? And, if you tell anybody of it here, you hardly gain attention, as such occurrence is not at all rare. The Yankee, if at all interested, will remove his chewing tobacco and exclaim: "Well! California is a great country!" I have not heard from Grünhagen within six months and Emil Böttcher has gone to the Society Islands, as his brother informs me.

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November 16th, 1853.

You ask me, dear father, why I have not sent my letters through Böttcher, as formerly, and wonder whether there has been a misunderstanding between us. This is a new proof, that you cannot

familiarize yourself with our conditions and their changing possibilities. As I experience it, as I carry on my warfare, so do thousands of others struggle for an existence. As I have written to you more than once, the only way to succeed here is to take the first chance which offers itself, no matter what it may be. And this is exactly the case with Böttcher, who has just decided to enter farm-life, to plow, sow and engage in similar pleasures which the Goddess of agriculture may have in store for him. He had long since severed himself from his mercantile connections and kept a small hotel in Union City—about eighteen miles south of here. Many times I had not the slightest knowledge of his whereabouts, and it therefore would take me three times as long to send my mail through him, as by the ordinary channel. This accounts for the change. As to my personal good-fellowship with Böttcher, there has been no break; on the contrary, everything is more agreeable than ever, as I have been able to return to him the sixty dollars which he so generously loaned me in time of need. As to the New York post-mark I cannot enlighten you, but believe that the fifteenth of June is the correct date. It takes from twenty-five to twenty-eight days to go from here to New York (via Panama), and twelve days from New York to Aix la Chapelle is not uncommon. The postage, whether paid here or over there should be the same, namely thirty cents or thirteen silvergroschen for single weight. Thirty cents here is scarcely enough money for a good cigar, while thirteen groschen will suffice to buy yourself a bottle of good Bavarian beer every evening for two weeks in succession. I want you to figure upon that and not to ask me again to let you pay the postage of my letters. Please send *your* mail through Bartsch. There is no reason for a change, as I have hitherto been well treated, and as 287 my present address, though seemingly of some duration, is by no means absolutely permanent; we had better leave well enough alone. Who knows how long or how short my stay may be. The next week, nay even the morrow may change my destiny. Just leave those things as we have been accustomed to do since my arrival; it is the safest plan.

Give mother and Marie my inmost thanks for their ever-welcome letters. They know very well how fond I am of lilacs and consequently I decorated my picture with them to celebrate my birthday anniversary. And I certainly realize how you all love me, probably more than I deserve, undoubtedly more than I shall ever be able to repay, not for the want of heart, —for all and every one of you dwell within my heart, —but for the want of—I do not know what to call it! Do you

remember that part in Fredrika Bremer's* novel "The Home," where the old assessor falls in love with little Eva? I refer to the warm, living hearts in the cold, coarse, ugly stone. This comparison to the assessor is apt to fit much younger people.

Fredrika Bremer's novels: The Neighbors, the Home, the President's Daughter and Nina are a masterly exposition of Swedish character and make admirable reading for refined home circles. Young Mr. Lecouvreur's reference to them gives us a welcome proof of his parents' delicate and wise selection of family literature. Would, that all parents were as careful, and the number of such sterling sons would be greater.—Translator.

Tell Podlech to remain where he is as long as everything goes fairly well but, if things should change for the worse and darken his hopes for the future, let him not waste time in a fruitless attempt to regain his lost fortune but rather remember that California is a country where people of his kind are certain of success. May Carl Podlech also be assured that he has a true and sincere friend in the far West, who will always be mindful of the debt of gratitude which he, (that is myself) owes him.

As you know, we mix here with representatives of 288 every nation on the globe, and consequently there is probably no place where one finds so much foreign money in circulation as here. To give you a striking example, I shall mention the present contents of my purse which is divided into four parts:

First pocket: One French five-francs dollar; one Peruvian piaster; one French half-franc; two Chilean reals.

Second pocket: Four French francs; one Prussian half-florin; two Spanish two-real pieces.

Third pocket: One East India rupee; three American half-dollars; two American dimes.

Fourth pocket: One Dutch ten-florin gold-piece; one American Eagle—ten dollars.

In all, nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents in coins from no less than eight different countries. Is not that an example of Babylonian confusion?

Some of you folks may be greatly interested in this coin question and, for their benefit, I will undertake to give you as close a list of current coins, including of course, all foreign money, as we daily run across it. To make it a quick and comprehensive description, I shall mention the American value first, to be followed by its respective foreign competitors, some of which have a history of their own, which afford interesting reading.

Copper coins do not exist here.

Silver coins:

Half dime —five cents—is very scarce as people do not care to handle so small a coin, and which in reality is therefore of little use. I consequently commence my coin table with:

I. *The Dime* —ten cents—4 silbergroschen 2 1/2 pfg. Prussian; or French half-franc piece; or Spanish real—which is very common here and generally counts eight to the dollar, though many people do not consider the difference, and pass them for dimes. These reals, (which in fact are 12 1/2 cents) come from Spain, Mexico, Central and South America.

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II. *The Quarter* —25 cents—10 sgr. 7 1/2 pfg. Prussian, is the coin most frequently met with; it stands in equal value with the

English shilling, though worth seven pfennig less.

East Indian half rupees a trifle less in value.

French francs, in reality two silbergroschen, ten pfennings less in value than the American quarter. Notwithstanding this fact, the coin generally passes for a quarter, though it does seem strange. The story is frequently told that a local firm, Godefroy & Sillem, branch house of the world-renowned firm of Godefroy & Co., Hamburg, imported some three years ago a large quantity of francs and put them in circulation as quarters, which they closely resemble, at least in size. It proved

successful and Godefroy realized an enormous gain from this transaction. But the secret leaked out. Nowadays, many immigrants are loaded with francs, the most profitable merchandise for importation. This will not last long and measures to prevent the circulation of the franc in its present form will soon be taken; even now people are trying to avoid them.

Cuartillo Pesos, coined in Old Spain, Mexico, Central American Republics, Peru, Bolivia, New Granada, Brazil, Argentine Republic, Paraguay and Chile are very numerous and perhaps the most honest equivalent offered for the American quarter-dollar, as it even weighs a trifle more.

Prussian Half Florin (Gulden). For curiosity's sake I shall mention an attempt to flood the market with these coins. Godefroy's successful experiment had induced another German firm to do likewise. J. G. Schröder, the Hamburg merchant prince and banker, is said to have been tempted to this transaction by his local representative. Well, the Prussian Half Florins, which are scarcely worth one-half of an American quarter, had found many dupes, as its size deceives the guileless, —of which there are still some left! But Schröder's agent was in too great a hurry to get-rich-quick and the flooding of the money market with these coins was resented by San Francisco bankers, who informed the people as to the real value of the “Gulden.” As soon as the fact became generally known, the agency had to stand the inpour of the rejected coins, as well as the many uncomplimentary suggestions, that were offered gratuitously. Now and then one runs across one of these importations and as you will have noticed, even your only son, —bright as a fond parent may think him to be!—counts one of them among the miscellaneous coins in his porte-monnaie. Somebody got the best of me lately but, never mind, I shall get rid of it sometime. “*Tit for tat*” or, as the Germans say: “*Wurst wider Wurst.*”

III. The *Half Dollar* —50 cents—21 sgr., 3 pfg. Pruss., likewise acceptable are: *Medio Peso*, Bolivian, Peruvian but rarely Spanish coin.

East Indian Rupee:

IV. *The Dollar* —One thaler 12 sgr. 6 pfg. Prussian. American dollars are so rare here that I have not come across a single one during my stay in San Francisco. In its place, one receives foreign coins of the following kind:

Five Franc pieces, silver, very common.

Bolivian and Peruvian Peso —one thaler 14 grs. Pruss.

Old Spanish and Mexican Piaster: likewise *Prussian Thaler* is not at all rare, though only the large old coins with the images of Frederic II and Frederic William II pass for dollars; the later and smaller ones do not serve the purpose, as people generally decline to receive them, except as seventy-five cent pieces, which in reality is just about what they are worth. Prussian money has come into such disrepute since the halfgulden speculation fell through, that many people absolutely refuse to accept it, even at a liberal discount. In fact, it is a growing belief that the Prussian money, as we have it here, is but a counterfeit, that is, that it consists of silver-plated copper coins. It is hardly credible, but I personally overheard the assertion of an educated American, that this supposed or apparent fraud proved to his satisfaction the rottenness of the Prussian government.

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American coins are almost of pure silver and consequently small in size compared with pieces of similar values of other nations. Dimes and reals are no larger than silvergroschen. Quarters resemble your (now notorious) halfgulden. Half dollars are as large as, and thicker than the large Prussian gulden, and the whole dollar is of the size of an old Prussian thaler. Spanish coins are old and uncomely.

Gold coins. I shall pass the half and quarter-dollar pieces, which are too small to be practicable and are generally looked upon as curiosities. Even the

I. *Dollar* coins are only of the size of half a sgr.

II. *Quarter Eagles* —2 1/2 dollars—3 thaler 16 sgr. 3 pfg.

III. *Half Eagles* —5 dollars—7 thaler 2 sgr. 6 pfg.

IV. *Eagles* —10 dollars—14 thaler 5 sgr.

V. *Double Eagles* —20 dollars—28 thaler 10 sgr.

These are all the American denominations of gold coins, but there is much foreign gold in circulation, though not in as large quantities as there is of silver. I shall mention the most frequently met gold coins: Such as pass for

VI. *Two Dollars* —two thaler 20 sgr. Prussian.

Spanish Eight Ounce —two thaler 27 sgr. and which appear mostly in old Spanish, Mexican, Peruvian and Chilean coinage.

VII. *Four Dollars* —five thaler 20 sgr. Prussian.

1. French Twenty Francs—five thaler 10 sgr.
2. Dutch Ten Florins—five thaler 18 sgr.
3. Danish Christian d'or—five thaler 20 sgr., rare.
4. Hanoverian Fredrics d'or—same.
5. Prussian Fredrics d'or—same.
6. Spanish Quarter Ounce—frequent.

VIII. *Eight Dollars* —eleven thaler 10 sgr.

Spanish Half Ounces.

Hanoverian and Prussian Double Fredrics d'or, rare.

IX. *Sixteen Dollars* —twenty-two thaler 20 sgr. Prussian.

Ounces only of old Spanish and Peruvian coinage are quite rare.

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X. *Fifty Dollar* pieces—seventy thaler 25 sgr. Pruss. Though this appears to be an enormous value for one single coin, it is seen quite often. These are really private coins of pure California gold, i.e. only one hundred and sixteen of copper and eight hundred eighty-four parts of gold. These valuable coins are of the size of two-thaler pieces but instead of being round, they are octagon-shaped. There is one peculiarity about these “slugs” as Californians call them; the gold is said to be softer than usual, so it often happens that because of wear, the value gradually decreases two, three or more dollars. Nevertheless I should not mind possessing a pocketful.

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LETTER NO. XI

The 24th of November, 1853

Christmas is nigh; Do you remember how Marie and I, as children, cut slips of paper about this time, by means of which we managed to keep close count of the days until that great and glorious feast-day arrived, on which Christopher would drive up with the sleigh to take us upon the holiday trip to grandpa's at Bartenstein? Do you remember, how every night one of those slips would be burnt with great solemnity and how we rejoiced, when the number decreased to twenty, fifteen or ten, now but one more week, six, five, four or three days, at last the day after to-morrow, then to-morrow! Then!!—Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis! Yes, times change and we change with them! And how wonderful the change!

Little Marie has grown into maidenhood; the then careless child stands now on the eve of that great day when she will take upon herself the great duties of a household and the still more serious and

sacred duties of a faithful wife. May God bless you, sister! The little Franz has grown too and gone away into the wide, cheerless world! He has become acquainted with the many hardships of life, and manifold reverses have made of the tender-hearted boy a man, hardened by experiences. Yes, hardened is the right word, for I have become hardened by strenuous labor for daily bread. As once the boy counted with child-like glee the days when school would close for a golden vacation of four long weeks, so counts now the man the remaining days of the month, at the end of which he may pocket his few hard earned dollars. Work-day after work-day, months, years, a long chain of work-days, no vacation, scarcely a 294 holiday for him! The poor man's life has but one vacation, when all seems ended, when men in holiday attire sink his body five or six feet deep into mother earth, then covering his coffin with cold, unsympathetic ground. But there at least, is a time of rejoicing for the poor man, though he cannot, as in his childhood days, count the moments by paper-slips. Providence prefers to surprise him, by extinguishing the poor, sick, work-worn life at an unexpected hour.

I am a fool, I know, a dangerous, maddened, relentless fool, who worries himself and others, all of which I know, but cannot help that I was born for a dark existence. Do you still remember, how we children surrounded the Christmas tree, to watch the candles go out one after another, up to the large life-light on the top of the tree? The present, earnest life has interpreted for me this parable of the big Christmas candle. I still look toward the candle of hope. To-day it burns rather dimly, though not so very low, not yet nearing the end, as it appeared a year ago. Yes, this last comparison makes me see things brighter but, shall I ever live to see it shine serenely? Though I be but a poor fool, I am not far enough gone, to grow melancholy over what may or may not be in store for me in years to come. We poor pygmies do not know what even the next morning may bring us! Meanwhile I shall do my duty, as and wherever I see it, and do it earnestly and courageously as becomes a man, who forges his own fate and everything will turn out well.

It is now time to withdraw in Morpheus' arms; or, prosaically expressed, I shall roll my tired body in the blankets and go to sleep. Have amused myself this afternoon by planing five dozen pickets—six feet each—for a garden fence. This occupation tired me the more, as the wood used had been

exposed to an uninterrupted eight-day California downpour of winter rain. I shall therefore not delay my night's rest. Once more: Good night—good night!

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San Francisco, Dec. 29th, '53.

“Ye, Gods! That boy must have been in a trance, if he has not awakened before the end of the year sufficiently to continue his letter to us!” This or similar words I hear my dear father murmur, when he catches sight of the last date. Well, I did not sleep longer nor oftener than usual since the twenty-fourth of November, the date of my last writing but, I worked hard and lost my position at Etonbleau, which kept me searching for another; I worked again. To make the long story short, I could not find time to have a quiet chat with you and, to be honest, would not have done so to-night, if the fact that you all are waiting for my letter, did not weigh heavily upon my conscience. It has been so long since you heard from me. Etonbleau found business too dull and gave up the hotel, preferring the life of a gentleman of leisure to the worries of a hotelkeeper with doubtful patronage. I consequently severed my connection with him at the middle of the month. I can truthfully say that we parted in excellent harmony and as soon as I can manage it, I shall follow his hearty invitation to visit him.

Thus did it happen that I became again a passenger on a little steamer bound for San Francisco—an unemployed breadwinner. It was on the 14th of December, a beautiful morning and the dark-blue surface of the bay as smooth as a mirror; the many white sails of the myriads of coasters were reflected in the sun-kissed flood which our little steam-boat rapidly furrowed through. Not a breeze disturbed the early morning meditation of Mother Nature. The sun was slowly lifting the foggy veil from the magnificent mountain view which encircles the bay of San Francisco. This panorama is at once imposing and exceedingly attractive; the early foliage and verdure which the first rain of winter had seemingly coaxed out, assembled a new garb, becoming and enchanting. The air was agreeably cool and filled with an aroma peculiar to the coast of the Pacific. San Francisco seemed to enjoy the magnificence of her youthful beauty, and 296 the happy sun rays sparkled playfully in

the reflecting mirrors of the many windows and in the terraces of the zinc roofs. It was a beautiful morning.

How differently did I look upon everything a year ago, when I arrived here at night during a downpouring rain, deathly sick, penniless and without hope for work?

This time, I was positive that success would accompany me on my search for work, and, bless your heart! I was not disappointed, as the very next day found me at work as—a painter! A friend of mine, Edward Raabe of Posen, has settled here as painter and paper-hanger and has done a good business during the last year. He received me kindly and offered me work and pay. Of course, this being winter-time, he could not offer me permanent work as he himself is idle at times and cannot agree to engage a helper except by the day. So far I have been in luck, as work has been rather steady, notwithstanding the holidays; if there should be a day now and then, when I shall have to lay idle, I do not worry as there is enough forthcoming to cover expenses, without living off my own fat. My savings at Etonbleau amounted to about seventy dollars with no more debts to my name. Raabe pays me three dollars a day.

As you will readily understand, I have to learn many a knack, and “the tricks of the trade,” so that, if I can only make my expenses, I shall gladly stay at Raabe's through the winter. In summer time there is always a scarcity of painters and no one needs to worry. Raabe is a good, quiet and temperate fellow so that I cannot hope for a better “boss.”

Am I now to waste time, ink and paper to tell you in fine words and well calculated phrases, how earnestly and heartily my wishes for your future health and happiness are, which flash with lightning speed through space to greet you on the New Year morn? Truly not!

My love for you remains the same, from year to year, from hour to hour, from minute to minute. I cannot promise you greater affection than hitherto shown for, if it had been possible for me to increase my love and ²⁹⁷ devotion to you, it would have occurred long ago. And what is true of me, is true of you. Your love, so tender, so unwavering, so immense, remains unchanged. There have been moments, when I doubted the sufficiency of my own love for you, but yours! I never

questioned and never shall! I therefore do not wish for a renewal of your love, which I know will accompany me beyond the grave and I am unable to make new wishes for I love you beyond measure.

If you were to ask of me a well-worded letter of New Year's congratulations to one or the other Privy Counsellor, I should gladly send you ten instead of one, well-written and well-constructed according to the latest dictates of grammar and rhetoric not to mention a superb orthography but, when there is a question of such a letter to you, dear parents, or to you, my only sister—my eyes seem veiled, the writing appears crooked, and of orthography or rhetoric we had better not speak. I could never accomplish such a task. Let it suffice, that I love you!

Farewell, a thousand times!

(Signed) FRANZ LECOUVREUR.

The 30th P.M.

Have just accepted an engagement at J. Jensen's, San José, or Santa Clara. My salary as steward will be sixty dollars a month and travelling expense. I shall leave to-morrow morning. F. L.

FROM THE DIARY.

December 31st, 1853.

One of our many proverbs in the Fatherland teaches us that: "All is well, that ends well!" I wonder whether this will come to pass in my case and as regards this latter-day venture in the old year of eighteen hundred and fifty-three, which has really been pretty good to me. 298 Will my trip be a successful one? *Nous le verrons*. We shall see.

Nine o'clock saw me on board of the little steamer "Guadaloupe," which took in passengers and freight at Long wharf. They charged me six dollars for this trip. With the exception of a slight collision with a whaling-vessel, our voyage was delightful, as the coast offers a variety of scenery,

which seems unequalled elsewhere. The mountains reach a height of about four thousand feet and are plentifully covered with fir trees of various kinds. We reached Alviso about three o'clock and soon arrived at San José, where old sycamore trees and willows are plentiful. On my arrival I am informed that the vacancy which I expect to fill is in the town of Santa Cruz, whither I shall proceed on January the second. As I do not propose to hunt for adventures in a strange place and as the company gathered in the bar-room of the hotel does not attract me, I have retired into my assigned room and am dreaming of "sylvester-night" at home!

January 1st, 1854.

San José is one of the oldest California settlements, and existed long before the gold-fever appeared. Its mission contributed largely to its importance and the agricultural possibilities assure a lasting resource. The population consists largely of Mexicans and California Indians, often mixed-breeds, which the eye of the northern immigrant can hardly distinguish. One thing strikes me and would strike the most careless observer: the untidiness and actual filth, with which the lower classes of these people surround themselves. But I suppose there will be plenty of chances for me hereafter to dwell upon just such descriptions. There is a magnificent variety of wild-flowers in this part of the country and when one sees the fantastically dressed natives roam lazily about among nature's choicest productions, the sight is attractive indeed.

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January the 2nd, 1854.

Have been on the road since three o'clock this morning and I assure you that any description one may read of adventurous stage-coach drives through dangerous forests of Italy or Hungary is tame, compared with my latest experience. While the panorama which opened and closed before our eyes occasionally was truly grand and surpassed anything I had ever seen, the drive up and down the narrow roads along the mountain sides were often so frightfully unsafe that every step of a horse's foot sent a chill through my body. The fact that we happened to be in the rainy season, which makes the road more slippery than usual, did not contribute to my comfort. At last we reached the

long-spoken-of road which is about six miles in length and, passing the river San Bonito and its tributaries here and there, leads us straight to the Mission of San Juan.

These missions all look alike to me. The church is in ruins, with uncommonly thick adobe walls and tile roof-and right close by is the church-yard, likewise surrounded by thick adobe walls. The residences of the monks, who generally live in barracks, built in the same style as the Mission churches, are very simple and give the whole a rather mediaeval appearance. It will seem odd to every stranger that these structures have windows without panes of glass, which, it is said, are enormously high-priced in this country and were evidently not at all to be had when the good mission-fathers brought civilization to the natives. All the missions I have seen so far: the Dolores, Santa Clara and San Juan Bantista, are built on the same plan. After a good rest we prepared for another long ride, which proved to be worse than the first part of the trip, as the road was in places so rocky and mountainous that I expected any moment to have my ribs broken or dislocated. Whenever the thought of my own safety would permit it, I drank in the magnificent air from the virgin forests which beckoned us to stay. Oh! it was a glorious drive and when sunset came we were approaching what I first had taken for my new 300 abode, but which proved to be Watsonville, the home of friend Grünhagen, now Harry Jackson, to whom I paid a flying visit. Again we went on through the beautiful Pájaro Valley, entertained by the songs of countless birds and reptiles, with here and there the roar of a disturbed mountain lion or the danger signal of a fleeing coyote, whose bark resembles that of a wolf. The evening is clear and the parting rays of the setting sun allow us now and then to catch a glimpse of the Pacific ocean near Santa Cruz. Soon the moonlight night with the millions of twinkling stars prepared us a feast such as one can only witness in the "Wild West." To express the degree of my rapture, be it said that I forgot all about my aching bones, to pay homage to God and Nature.

January 3d-15th, 1854.

My position as head-waiter was of short duration, as Madam Jensen, the ruling spirit of the house, proved a veritable Berlin dragon, with whom no employee can live in peace and one after another leaves her house without getting a cent of pay. When at last she made me work from three in the

morning till twelve at night I drew the line and quit, after vainly trying to make her refund my traveling expenses, not to speak of the wages due me. Robbed by a woman, a Berlin woman—I shall remember this experience.

After visiting Grünhagen on my return trip, I decided to take the water-route for the sake of saving expense, as my funds have dwindled down to almost nothing.

January 31st, 1854.

Grünhagen treated me well. As I have an opportunity to get a low rate to San Francisco on the little schooner “Sarah Lavinia,” I decided to ship in her. The weather looks threatening and even the Captain seems to doubt whether everything will go smoothly. It happens that the ferry-boat on which he embarks cannot take me along but after the Captain is safely on board, it returns after me. While just about to enter, the boatman points to the 301 “Sarah Lavinia,” which is dragging her anchor, and rapidly drifting toward Monterey. A thick, heavy fog enveloped her and sealed her fate. The next morning brought the sad news of her complete wreck, not a life saved! How do I feel? Do not ask.

February 6th, 1854.

After recovering from the shock which my latest experience had given me, I resolved to try my luck again. This time a schooner, “Francisca,” Capt. Miller, bound for San Francisco, will receive me as a passenger. The weather is not at all what I should wish it to be, but one cannot have it made to order. I frankly confess that the fate of the “Sarah Lavinia” has rather benumbed my courage; but as I tried to persuade myself that it is the evident will of Providence that I should get to my destination alive, I braced up for the rough outlook. And rough it certainly was, but not till midnight did the crew really think of danger, which was averted by the skillful handling of sails and rudder—captain and crew sharing the merit evenly. Sunrise found us only near Cape Añnuevo. All goes well; we come about four o'clock in the afternoon within sight of Cape Bonita, the reefs of which we hope to quietly avoid, as the wind, though strong, has been favorable during the day. Suddenly a dead calm

sets in, the sails flap to and fro, then, merciful Heaven, a storm from the dreaded South West sets in, and—the fog, the fog!

My thoughts were of life, death and hereafter. The heroic efforts of Captain Miller and his noble crew will ever remain in my memory. Again and again we approached the reefs, and as if by miraculous interposition we escaped seemingly certain destruction. A last effort was made to force obedience to man's skill from the roaring wind and waves. Every available sail was set, the schooner was laid completely on one side, while the gale blew us fiercely toward the dangerous rocks. One single rope broken would now mean death, but once more Providence had pity on us in our struggle and the danger was 302 narrowly passed, whilst I was watching the escape alongside the man at the helm. Cape Bonita is a large, pointed rock around which the wild breakers play their dangerous game among the reefs which the falling debris of centuries have wrought. We had passed the danger, I thought, and I went below to light a cigar, when I was nearly prostrated by a terrific noise, resembling a cannon-shot, which brought me instantly on deck again. What I beheld can only be realized by one who has gone through similar experiences. Our vessel was a wreck—a mass of splinters from the broken masts and yards, fragments of sails strewn about the deck or floating already in mid-ocean—this was the sight which met my eye. I stood as if paralyzed! Had this occurred five minutes sooner, we would have met our death unconditionally, but as we had already approached the Golden Gate, our perilous condition had been signaled to San Francisco by some one from shore before we had quite recovered from the shock. While we were awaiting help from San Francisco a clipper entered the Gate and at once offered assistance which was gladly accepted. Thus ends the journey on the “Francisca,” Capt. Miller, whose heroic deeds I shall not soon forget.

June 10th, 1854.

I have been working with Raabe ever since my return to San Francisco and have averaged about sixty-five dollars a month. I have heard from home and have just answered Marie's wedding announcement. May she be happy, for she deserves it.

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LETTER NO. XII

San Francisco, October 12, 1854.

My Dearly Beloved Parents:—Week after week passes without bringing me, what I desire most, news from you. It is now more than three months since I received your last letter. No change has taken place in my way of living since I wrote to you last, and I am, to my own surprise, still following the same trade—painting, without bettering my condition, except perfecting myself in the business. As to my health, I have no reason to complain. As far as social intercourse is concerned, I keep company with myself and wonder sometimes that I do not feel more lonesome, but then I might feel more lonesome if I were to associate with others. During my idle hours I walk, and of all places I prefer a quiet nook at the beach. There, far from the noise and the strife of God's images, stretching myself upon the sand in the shade of some rock, I let my thoughts roam wherever they please and let the waves of the Pacific sing to me the old, old song, which fits my thoughts so well! Do not imagine me, however, to be a complete anchorite, such as are found among the Hindoos and early Christians, who retired for solitude to the wilderness, living in hovels and caves. As far as outward appearance is concerned, I am on excellent terms with all persons with whom chance brings me, but I have no desire to become in the least degree intimate with anyone. I know myself too well, and this is the result of it. I know what the verdict of sensible people would be were I to tell them of my troubles and my anxieties. How ridiculous, how silly I would appear in their eyes! This I know to be true, because other sentimental dreamers, such as I (but who have not sense enough to conceal their weak sentimentality) have always challenged my satire, 304 and the most bitter sarcasm on my part, even when I knew my own weakness, and when nobody had to tell me that I saw motes in the eyes of others and failed to recognize the beam in my own.

I had a very pleasant surprise the other day, one—if not as great as when I receive letters from you, at least somewhat resembling it. I am sure you will never guess what it was. I got hold of two copies of the “Königsberger Hartung'sche Zeitung” of June the thirtieth and July the eleventh, which an acquaintance had received from relatives in that city. And how I read them and read them again! Not a word was there in them but awakened in me either pleasant or sad recollections, and

not a word did I allow to escape me from the beginning to the end. No one, in the whole of East Prussia, could have read these two numbers more attentively than I have read them here. From the political news down to the very signature of the editor not a single letter escaped me. And what was there that did not bring my old home vividly before my mind! And what a cloud of memories arose within me with every word I read. There was the announcement of an auction at Stockhausen's, reminding me of my desk in Malmros' office—I wonder who may be at it now?—and of the time when I ran as an apprentice with samples of grain from one warehouse to another. Then came Spitznik with “Plaster of Paris for sale,” and close by I read all about “Fräuleinhof,” and saw myself at play there as a little fellow with Dave and Emil. Here I read in large letters: J. Wolfrath, linen goods—Schmiedestrasse—opposite the Courthouse—and at once I saw him before me with his round, good-natured face and his flaxen hair surrounded by the whole “Society of Clerks,” which brings back to my mind our balls, with myself as vice-president and committeeman in dress coat and kid gloves. And there is Laube, my comrade of the City Guards, who volunteered at the festival of the Eylan Rifle Club; and does he not remind me of sentry duty, of patrol duty and of parade? Koesting has been transferred from Tapian to Rastenburg; old Leitmüller is 305 dead and so is Wiersbitzkie's little daughter. Then I read of the excursion of a club to Arnan and how nicely they were caught in a rainstorm. I saw the old “Schwalbe” advertised for an excursion to Tapian; that Wagner is still giving concerts and that Harpf has returned. I also read that the rose festival of the German Club had to be postponed on account of the inclemency of the weather and that reminded me of the Börsengarten and of the many quiet, pleasant evenings I spent there.

You can not realize how one who has been away from home three years and a half as I have been longs to see the “dear old home paper.” I actually devoured the contents of the Hartung'sche.

Olias, who spent six days here a few weeks ago, is back again trying to regain his health, which life in the Long Bar mines has badly shattered. He too is tired of mining and wants to give it up completely. I am not at all surprised. Nearly all the money he had saved up till last spring—and he had been rather successful—went for medical assistance during his illness; and sick, as he still is, he cannot see how it will be possible for him to regain what he has lost by making three or four dollars a day. His intention is to stay here for the present and to find a suitable position, if possible. Should

he not succeed in that he will leave California and return home while he still has the means to do so. I hear that Emil Boettcher is doing well at Papetee, Society Islands.

Two months ago there arrived in our harbor an old acquaintance of mine from Königsberg, the schooner "Expedition," Capt. Mueller. Though rigged up as a brig and sailing under the Hawaiian flag, I recognized her the moment I saw her. I remember Mueller from the time he commanded the "Wiedersehen," another ship of Laubmeyer's, and I am very sorry that I could never find him on board, though he had to remain here quite a while, in order to sell the cargo of oranges he had brought from Tahiti. I expect Laubmeyer will shed tears when he receives the account of that transaction. The local market 306 was so overstocked with oranges this summer that the very best of them could almost be had for the asking. What nonsense to send a vessel like the "Expedition" out here with a cargo of fruit which this country produces in over-abundance. It took Mueller fifty-eight days from Tahiti here, while our American coasters generally make the trip in thirty days, but the regular packets—and they are all fine sailing vessels, schooners after clipper model—will make the run in twenty days, which means about one-third the time that it took Mueller. Poor fellow, he will give old Laubmeyer a few practical hints on modern navigation that will open his eyes or paralyze him for life.

The Prussian flag is flying in port just now, which I had not seen since I left Hamburg. It belongs to the brig "Titania," Capt. Voss, from Stettin.

I would very much like to keep you posted on some public matters but I have not time to give you the news of the day. This, I know, should not be neglected, as it is only by constant truthful details that you could better learn to understand American conditions and modes of living; for affairs run so very differently in the Old World. It is true, there are two German newspapers published in San Francisco, but to send them to you would certainly not accomplish the object I have in view, as both are miserable sheets, published as organs of political cliques and edited by men who have not even a fair knowledge of the language in which they write, and who would do better to take some lessons in the grammar of their own mother tongue before they attempt to write for the public. If you understood English I should send you the "steamer edition" of one of our better American

papers now and then. This edition is published regularly on the day before the mail steamers leave and gives in a concise form all the news of the previous two weeks for its readers in the Atlantic states and in Europe.

I suppose I shall have to send you one of the French papers from here. "Le Messenger" is published in such 307 a steamer edition and is—if we overlook its being very "Frenchy"—reliable and respectable. It may therefore interest you.

My love to all of you, your

FRANZ.

[We shall now make a short review of the interesting description which the diary furnishes, as there are unfortunately but few more letters preserved, of which we shall read later. Therefore a few notes in the form of a missing link.—Trans.]

DIARY NOTES.

San Francisco, Cal., March 23d, 1855.

Having in vain tried to establish a well paying business for myself, I resolved to quit painting and seek new pastures. Olias and I engaged berths on board of the SS. "America," bound for San Pedro, a small port in Southern California, whence we hope to start for the Kern river mines. We made this trip without mishap, unless the fare charged, which amounted to thirty dollars for each of us taken in that way. On our arrival at San Pedro, March the sixth, I saved five dollars by walking twenty-five miles with forty pounds of baggage on my shoulders, thus reaching the city of Los Angeles after a ten-hour tramp. We went to the United States Hotel for the night, where men of experience warned us not to risk our remaining few dollars in the Kern river venture. We took the hint and remained in Los Angeles. My surprise was great to meet an acquaintance, Wm. Arnhold, from Königsberg, who at once offered me a place in his saloon, which I reluctantly accepted as only my utter lack of funds could induce me to engage in that business.

October 10th, 1855.

My stay at Arnhold's lasted but two months and how I disliked the work, which brings one in contact 308 with some of the lowest characters. Naturally I did not take kindly to their excesses and was assaulted on two occasions for my righteous opposition. Both shots missed their mark, but hastened my leave-taking last June. Since then I have been at my brushes again, working for Goller, the carriage builder. He is greatly pleased with my work. By the middle of July I was able to return to Olias the ninety dollars I owed him, whereupon he resolved to return home at once, as his earnest endeavors met with so little success. I wished him "Godspeed." He tried his best to succeed. This day finds me in a new position. Capt. Henry Hancock, county surveyor of Los Angeles, engaged me as flagman of one of his surveying parties at sixty dollars a month.

December 31st, 1855.

The outdoor life agrees marvelously well with me. Am in high spirits, as Capt. Hancock promoted me to head a company as compass man, with a salary of seventy-five dollars. We are working in the Mojave desert and swamps.

June 30th, 1856.

Hancock's expedition ended in January and with two hundred and twenty-six dollars to my credit. Although assured of future employment, I took once more to painting in order to avoid idleness. At last, on March 10th, Capt. Hancock sent two new expeditions to the Mojave valley, one of these headed by Deputy County Surveyor George Hansen, while the command of the other was entrusted to me at eighty-five dollars a month. We surveyed the Cañada de Solédad and neighboring valleys along the Northeastern foothills of the Sierra Nevada.* Again Capt. Hancock showed his appreciation of my work by raising my wages to one hundred dollars

SCENE IN WILLIAMSON'S NEW PASS, "LA SOLEDAD," OCTOBER, 1855. *Drawn by the Author.*

309 which I thankfully accepted. We finished the Mojave work and surveyed part of the San Bernardino Valley near Cocomonga, which was accomplished shortly before this diary entry.

Of these early maps, as drawn by the careful hand of young Lecouvreur, one of the best known local surveyors, Alfred Street, assures the translator that there is nothing in the possession of the County Surveyor's Office that surpasses the work in accuracy and neatness. No wonder Capt. Hancock raised his salary.

August 31st, 1856.

Having taken a few days of involuntary rest I chanced to meet Johann Behn, who owns a farm and a cattle ranch on

Catalina Island,

where he offers to employ me during the summer.

Santa Catalina is a mountainous and very romantic island, about twenty miles in length, situated just South of San Pedro and about twenty-five miles from the mainland. Some of its mountain peaks are more than two thousand feet high, I judge, and the attractiveness would certainly be great, were not the absolute lack of fresh well water a material drawback for visitors or settlers. Rain is likewise very scarce. The necessary drinking water for man and beast is drawn from cisterns and decidedly disagreeable to the newcomer on account of its salty taste. John Behn has a well laid farm and a neat little home in a pleasant valley on the North side of the island, which reminds me of Valdivia, as it is crescent shaped and protected by the capes on either end. Small vessels are perfectly safe within its realms. Catalina has from afar the appearance of two islands, owing to the peculiar fact that both the north and the south end of the island have for miles high mountain chains, which fall off so suddenly that they resemble a low saddle, the highest point of which extends hardly thirty feet out of the water. This freak of nature causes the well formed little harbor on the west side and a finely protected road on the east side. Thos. Whitley, an American, brother-in-law of Behn, resides here.

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Four of us started soon after my arrival to go fishing in earnest and the plentiful harvest of white fish and even sharks brought satisfaction to all. I learned to dry fish as well as to salt and pack them like herrings; then we drew the oil from the shark's liver. The beginning of August sees the end of this sport and to be useful I volunteered to burn shells, a new trade for me, after which I proceeded to excell as master bricklayer by building a new trough for the cattle.

My employer settled with me and being fifteen dollars richer I return to San Pedro. Upon Behn's urgent recommendation I obtained a clerkship at A. W. Timms at seventy-five dollars a month and board, which I now enjoy.

December, 1857.

Am still at Timms', who raised my salary last October to one hundred a month, so that I figure my credit at nine hundred and thirty dollars. Pretty good for a clerk, I think.

December, 1858.

Reverses in business, by which I barely managed to get the amount due me, caused me to leave Timms, who afterwards sold out to Goller, his principal creditor.

After a short visit to San Francisco I returned to Los Angeles, where Wm. Moore had become the uncrowned head of the county surveyor's office—who in reality was a wagon maker by trade. Upon his request I surveyed the Protestant graveyard, and drew a plan for the new water supply of the city. I have done a little work for private parties, namely, Juan Apablaza, O. W. Childs, John G. Downey, Mateo Keller's Malaga Ranch, and drawn plans for the Catholic cemetery as well. Meanwhile there had been trouble in the Goller camp, as the latter found it very up-hill work to run a commission and forwarding house like that of Timms, especially as he himself know little about it and was too busy at his wagon factory to spend time to learn the inside details

MOHAVE SWAMP, CALIFORNIA. DEC. 1855: SCENE FROM THE NORTH.*Drawn by the Author.*

311 of the business, which, by the way, had Banning as a sharp competitor. Timms had paid every cent honestly, and with Goller, persuaded me to take the management of the San Pedro house at one hundred and twenty dollars and board—a position which I held about four months, when I thought it better to look about for a new occupation—greatly to Goller's regret.

Annaheim, an attractive German settlement, owned by fifty stockholders, who propose to have set out five hundred thousand vines. After three years each holder shall be entitled to twenty acres of land—twelve of which are to be in vineyard with ten thousand vines, while the remaining eight acres are to be planted as the holders may direct. My old friend George Hansen, of the Mojave surveying expedition, is the superintendent, who engages me for sixty dollars and board. There I am at the close of 1858. But how long?

December, 1859.

My stay at Annaheim was of short duration as it is too monotonous and disagreeable a job to watch a gang of Indians and half-breeds all day long at the selfsame field labors, where the mind has absolutely nothing to do. I left there toward the end of January and rode leisurely toward Los Angeles. At Wilmington I met Banning's manager, Wm. Sanford, who offered me Thos. Workman's place as first clerk during the latter's vacation. Banning paid me two hundred dollars for six week's work. Meanwhile Goller was in despair again, and, of course, I was his Moses and took hold of his business again at little more than the last paid salary. Phineas Banning with an eye to monopoly bought out Goller's San Pedro venture and engaged me at one hundred and fifty dollars and board. With the exception of a month of absence, I have been holding this position ever since, though business demanded a reduction in wages.

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December, 1860.

Though Banning raised my salary again, I objected to an edict that went forth from headquarters, prohibiting every employee from smoking. This caused the breach and the month of May found me

as storekeeper under the U.S. quartermaster, Capt. W. S. Hancock, at a salary of forty-five dollars and rations or one-third of my previous earnings. This really looked like an expensive smoke.

Two months after Bachman & Co. made me an offer that approached my former position and here I intend to remain, as both the employers and my duties are very congenial.

December, 1861.

All went well until September, when my employers decided to retire from business. We parted very amicably and I re-entered Banning's service. The business had increased so rapidly of late that I found myself soon in the midst of work, earning my salary more than ever. Banning has two steamers running between here and San Francisco, the discharging and loading of which often kept me up all night. The forwarding of provisions for the barracks were likewise to be attended to very promptly. There are times when I do not change clothes once in three days, but gladly drop to sleep anywhere. I had to give up my nice quarters and move to an old storage house with a rough board for a table, and use a bottle for a candlestick and a barrel for a stool. Thus ends the year in romantic Wilmington.*

During this year, the author befriended one Herman W. Hellman, a bright German youth, who has since become the genial millionaire-president of the Merchants' National Bank of Los Angeles.—Translator.

December, 1862.

Thos. Workman, our bookkeeper, two young assistants and I partake of Banning's private table. There are also about twenty men under my supervision, whose

SCENE AT THE MOHAVE RIVER, CALIFORNIA.*Drawn by the Author.*

313 duty it is to attend to loading and unloading of incoming vessels. My patience is at last rewarded, as I am given a very nice room in our new warehouse. The view upon the little harbor and the grand ocean repay me amply for the privation of months. At a distance I see the picturesque island of Catalina. All went well until the end of August when some political differences arose which I had so far very carefully avoided. However, the time for election drew nearer and I could

not conceal my view and maintain my manhood. I for one shall never be justly accused of being untrue to the dictates of my own convictions. A

POLITICAL QUARREL

arose, when some Arch-Yankees in name branded me as a “German trouble maker,” and as soon as the Democratic supervisors of Los Angeles county appointed me inspector of election for the district of San Pedro, the camel's back was broken. About twenty of those rowdies gathered about my headquarters on the eve of election day and tried in vain to coax me outside, while I sat, a pistol in either hand, ready for a bloody defense should they dare to break down my door. To do this they proved too cowardly, though even the mouth of a loaded ship's gun had been turned toward my room with evil intent. When I realized that I might have to sit up all night, six-shooters in hand, I resolved to beat my way through to Banning's residence. At eleven o'clock I went upon my porch, then down stairs and faced the mob with piercing look and ready pistol. A few made motions to attack me but the better element became evidently ashamed to attack a single opponent, twenty to one. I reached the house unharmed and had the good fortune to meet Mr. Sanford (Banning's partner in San Francisco), and the U.S. quartermaster, Lieutenant Morgan, whom I informed of what had happened. Both were incensed and the latter promised me military protection should I decide to attend the election in my official capacity. I declined with thanks, as it would have embittered the hot heads and might have led to bloodshed sooner or later. Personally I felt keenly the sympathy of the two noble men and returned to my room after midnight, passing but a few of the early disturbers. The following day I spent at work at the SS. “Brother Jonathan,” without even approaching the polls, as in all probability my appearance would have given cause for new trouble. The next day I settled with Banning and left, followed by the kindest encouragement of my employer and companions.

On my arrival in Los Angeles I found myself lionized, and many political friends tried to indemnify me for the temporary loss of employment. Surveying and clerking for the county kept me busy from the first. In the former occupation, I mention the Chino Ranch, sub-division of San Pedro Ranch

for Ph. Banning, Manuel Dominguez and others, which brought me to Wilmington where I met no further annoyance.

Work has positively been showered upon me since I left Banning's employ, but as the winter puts a stop to outdoor measurement, the latest favor, an appointment as deputy county clerk comes like a happy surprise.

I qualify as deputy county clerk on November first and am to draw one hundred dollars from the public treasury. Thus ends one of the most successful and eventful years of my life.

January-December, 1863.

My position is agreeable and my mode of living simple. I roomed first at J. M. Griffith's house, then at Nordholdt's and board at Dockweiler's adobe inn, the "Lafayette," for thirty dollars a month.

A great shock to me and to the many concerned was the explosion of the SS. "Ada Hancock" at Wilmington. Loss of twenty-nine lives, ship totally wrecked. This happened on April 27th, 1863. Mr. Banning himself was on board of the vessel at the time of the explosion and was thought to have been dangerously wounded. He sent me word by express to come to his aid at once,

SCENERY ON THE RIVER OF THE PLAINS, NOVEMBER, 1855. *Drawn by the Author.*

315 whereupon I obtained leave of absence from my superior officer County Clerk Shore and hastened to the spot. O, horrors of horrors! Among the dead whose memory I shall ever honor were:

W. T. B. Sanford, Banning's partner and brother-in-law.

Capt. Joe. Bryant of the SS. "Ada Hancock."

Thos. Workman, Bookkeeper.

Dr. H. R. Myles, Louis Schlesinger.

Robt. Johnston, son of Gen. Sydney Johnston.

Capt. Seely and many others.

Among the wounded were: The indefatigable Phineas Banning, Mrs. Banning and her mother, Mrs. Sanford; Miss M. Hereford and many others. Of the about fifty persons who happened to be on board but three or four escaped injury, among them the engineer, Clark, and the fireman. The wreck sank immediately.

On my arrival at San Pedro I found my beloved friend and employer unable to concentrate his mind, and I at once realized that I had to take matters into my own hands, which task I did not underrate. The large business needed a most competent leader in times of complete calm, and was now so shaken in its very details that confusion seemed to reign supreme. In addition to this, the many able hands that lay helpless in death, and the sight of the many noble men whose hearts beat no more actually dazed me.

When I entered the large warehouse, so well known to me, I found it partly turned into a morgue, as more than twelve bodies had already been brought in and stretched out on primitive frames. In some cases it was impossible to recognize them, as even the very features were distorted or torn to pieces. My first duty was, of course, to put order into the interrupted course of business. With a number of good men I started the routine work of assorting a few tons of freight in the warehouse, where the victims had found a temporary resting place. Gruesome as the task was, we tried our best to clear the cloudy sky, but whenever a new body was brought in from the shore and we recognized the well known figure of some honest co-worker, our hearts grew weak and work went on slowly. Then came calls from mourning friends, whose piercing cries would melt the coldest hearts. One by one they finally were laid to rest—and may they rest in peace!

Slowly I succeeded in bringing order into the chaos; and when all Wilmington rejoiced with me in the recovery of the revered Phineas Banning, I was able to make satisfactory report. Though it was my employer's wish that I should remain as bookkeeper, I declined on account of the political

disagreements of the past and reentered my former position at the county clerk's office. Mr. Banning generously offered me five hundred dollars for my services, of which I accepted only two hundred that sum representing my regular salary.*

Dear reader! Do you read through these lines the story of this man's noble heart? There were widows and orphans who needed the money more than he. And their blessing went with him.—Translator.

The beginning of June found me again at my desk in the county courthouse from eight a.m. to five p.m., except when urgent business claimed my evening hours, which seldom happened. My only real companion in leisure hours is Dr. Theodor Wollweber,* with whom I discuss current and past events. Thus ended another year.

Dr. Wollweber preceded the author into the realms above: it was he, who translated the interesting *mining letters from Long-Bar—Yuba River—dated 1852-3*. A strong, manly character, he soon recognized in the author a man, whose companion ship was worth cultivating. Strong characters often differ, so did these; mutual respect, however, paved the way to a close, lasting friendship.—J.C.B.

July 31st, 1864.

The new year brought changes in the county administration, the result of the Fall election. My new chief, T. D. Mott, kindly confirmed my former appointment, so that my position seems secure for the present.

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In December, 1864, I had to vacate, to make room for the county clerk's brother, Stephen Mott, which gave me a welcome and much desired rest. I needed open air exercise and obtained from Geo. Hansen an appointment as deputy county surveyor. About the same time I entered Los Angeles Lodge, No. 42.

The court, after nearly six years of waiting, gives judgment in favor of my claim for wages from Deputy Surveyor Wm. Moore; the amount of \$383 was finally paid by him in paper money (greenbacks), from which I realized \$180 in gold.

Again we are at the end of another year. What has the next in store for me?

July, 1865.

The discovery of coal oil in these regions has brought crowds of fortune hunters to the city, and the location of wells naturally puts money into the hands of the surveyors. Thus it happens that I have been in clover since new year, even my old friend Goller—and many a wordy war we have had—has grown oily and paid me handsomely for plans I have drawn for him.

Main, New High, San Pedro and Alameda streets have also been surveyed anew.

Harris Newmark and Isaiah Hellman are among my steady patrons; both substantial people. Harris Newmark offered me a lucrative position which I accepted about the middle of last month. I also changed my boarding place, which circumstance I consider quite an event, as I dislike changes. Having tried a French table I have now decided to let Mrs. M. Goldstein administer to my gastronomic tastes.

December, 1865.

Though everything seemed to come my way, and the pleasant relations with my employer, who never objected when I had a chance to earn a few dollars extra, grew stronger, I felt the slow but certain approach of a perhaps severe illness. As the only way to get well, my physician suggested a change of air. Being from the 318 high North, the somewhat tropical climate of Los Angeles has in course of years enervated my whole system, which needs a good cold spell for a bracer. We are accustomed to four well defined seasons, while Southern California offers only two, in which the daily sunshine is seldom missing. It thus happened that I severed my connection with Harris Newmark, which was most pleasant from beginning to end. The fifteenth of December I embark on the “Orizaba” at Wilmington and reach San Francisco Sunday night after a most interesting trip of fifty-three hours. Dr. Zeile's sanitarium had been recommended to me, and there I am at present, able to walk around upon the roof when the weather permits. Sam Cohen, Israel Fleishman and J. P. Newmark visit me frequently. Though yet on the repair list, I hope to make the best of the coming year.

January-December, 1866.

The new year brought disagreeable weather but then I had been spoiled in Los Angeles. All went well with me except that E. Boettcher and I agreed to disagree. Among those who surprised me with their visit were my former employer, P. Banning, W. H. Peterson and John Lazzarovitch. Schubnell and I took daily walks.

Through J. P. Newmark (brother of my former employer) I obtained a position as bookkeeper at E. Wertheimer's, who agrees to pay me one hundred and fifty dollars a month. As I arranged to begin work by the fifteenth of February, there was time for a flying business trip to Los Angeles, which I enjoyed on board of the "Orizaba," Capt. Butters, though wind and weather were in a wintry mood.

Three days in Los Angeles sufficed to settle all matters and bid good by to my many staunch friends and acquaintances. The "Orizaba" took me safely back to San Francisco, where I entered my position on the appointed date. And here I am at the end of the year.

From the beginning I have boarded at the St. Nicholas Hotel—a Jewish hostelry well kept by Levy 319 Hess—where I also took rooms after June the first, upon leaving Dr. Zeile's place. Hess charges me fifty dollars a month and treats me well. "Kosher food" is good for Gentiles.

As our business, like all Jewish mercantile houses, closes on Saturdays at one o'clock, I find ample time for excursions. The Contra Costa ferry lines and the railroad connection to San José offer many a wholesome outing. During the spring, however, most of my Sunday trips were directed to Oakland where my friend Schubnell had found a home at Conrad Zimmermann's. These visits gave me at first considerable pleasure, as I sincerely enjoyed the company of the plain honest hearts who met under the green foliage of the pretty little garden. But alas! Simon Schubnell's health grew poorer and poorer, so that we had to stay in his little room and cheer him, while our hearts were aching. I tried to be more punctual in my visits than ever. At last the end came on June 21st a.c. As my Los Angeles friend, Dr. Wollweber, happened to be in the city, he too took part in the Masonic rites, which distinguished the otherwise simple funeral.

At the beginning of September the Jewish holidays gave me a chance to pay my friend, Henry Jackson (Grünhagen of old), a short visit at his place in Watsonville, but as I did not arrive until seven o'clock in the evening, we had only the night for a friendly chat, as the stage left at six o'clock the next morning. This mountain trip did me a great deal of good and the scenery is truly magnificent.

As my genial landlord has sold his "St. Nicholas" and installed himself in new quarters at the corner of Market and Third streets, I followed him hither and occupy now a room on the fifth floor, with a magnificent view of the bay, for which I have to pay ten dollars more than at the old place. But I get my money's worth and the board is excellent. The new year finds me in the same position and home comforts as heretofore. My employers are gentlemen.

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Though my acquaintances are many and daily increasing, my intimate friends are few. Give me people with unselfish hearts like Lembcke's, at whose home on Dupont and Filbert streets I spend most of my Sunday evenings; week day evenings I generally take a walk. During April and May commence the many picnics, in which I frequently take part.

George Dubois from Hamburg obtained a position through me in Los Angeles. On July seventh Rinaldi, Louis Scheerer and I enjoyed a journey on foot to Crystal Springs, which is the most picturesque cave in the neighborhood of San Francisco. We returned home by rail. Half Moon Bay is another place worth visiting. The neighborhood of San Mateo, the rides through mountains and valleys, through natural tunnels and caves are so wondrously attractive that I do not know of anything that could be of greater interest to a lover of Nature. Such outings would generally terminate with Mother Lembcke's genuine German suppers. And how good they tasted!

Thus ended the seventeenth year of my life in foreign lands. Shall I ever see home again?

April, 1868.

The city bells and the uproar of the noisy populace announced the incoming year, while Robert Rinaldi and I exchanged the sincerest wishes with the Lembcke family, who endeavored to please me more than ever, knowing that I contemplated a long absence, though my plans had not matured.

My employers, who had always treated me well, were rather disappointed when I announced my intended trip to Europe and acquiesced only when every offer failed to tempt me. Letters from home sounded more and more worrisome and when father's handwriting grew less frequent. I could stand it no longer. March the first I turned over my books in perfect order to Lips, my successor. March the fifteenth was the date set for my 321 departure. I had two tickets, one for the North American liner "Nebreaska," passage \$75 to New York, and another for the "Orizaba," \$20 to San Pedro. Many friends, Lembcke's whole family among them, bid me a hearty farewell. I felt touched by their good fellowship. Golden Gate, Fort Point, Cliff House and Seal Rocks disappear and as rain has set in I take to my berth in good time. My farewell visit to Los Angeles gave me many a proof of good will on the part of my old friends, Dr. Wollweber, Messrs. Behn and others. One evening the "Teutonia" gave a little ball in my honor, the next night while at my lodge the German Singverein serenaded me at the head of a carefully planned torchlight procession; and still I wonder why the humble clerk has thus been treated?*

Do you, dear reader? Certainly not. But you who are young and ambitious, remember the virtues which made Franz Lecouvreur beloved: Integrity—simplicity and perseverance in all that was honorable.—Transl.

Many were my visits and many were the tokens of friendship. I mention but one, the one I treasure most for the sake of the noble giver; it is a biography of "Mrs. Eliza A. Seton," and with it a few verses, eulogizing the virtues of Merced, whose grave I had visited during my short stay. Said verses were the giver's own. But all days end, and I had to embark and did so with a heavier heart than from San Francisco. Was there a reason? My heart will not tell! Onward once more, back to San Francisco, and then for the long, long trip East.

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LETTER NO. XIII

April, 1868.

Before leaving for New York I took precaution to make a will, with David Stern and Albert Solomon as witnesses. I believe in being systematic. My former employer, Wertheimer, honored me with an invitation to dinner, which I greatly appreciated. The eve of my departure was spent at Lembcke's, where the San Francisco Männerchor surprised me with a serenade, instigated by Robert Rinaldi.

The last pleasure was given me at the Mission street wharf, where Lembcke, Rinaldi, Solomon, Louis Wertheimer and others had assembled to bid me adieu. The "Nebraska," Capt. Horner, upon which I had engaged a state-room, left the wharf at twelve o'clock.

Our trip, so far, has been most pleasant. To-day—Tuesday, the 21st—we stopped in the harbor of Manzanillo, about fifteen-hundred and twenty miles from San Francisco. Manzanillo is a most romantic spot, surrounded by high mountains; the gay colors of the Mexican towns and villages add to the beautiful sight. We stay but a few hours.

The next day we reached Acapulco toward evening and having passed the lighthouse, we observed at a distance some very destructive but nevertheless magnificent mountain-fires. The coast is picturesque, indeed, and offers many beautiful views. Now and then we pass a cape of lesser importance.

Tuesday, the 28th, at three o'clock in the morning, we anchor below Taboga Island in the Bay of Panama and only three hours later than the "Sacramento," which left San Francisco twenty-six hours before us. Our trip took us twelve days and thirteen hours and covered a distance of three thousand two hundred and fifty miles.

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We reached the railroad station, which is outside of the city, and were packed into the cars like sardines. The heat was intense though only eight o'clock in the morning. As no one seemed to know or to care when the train was scheduled to leave, none of us dared to take a walk about the city,

though we did not start until eleven o'clock. The car in which we crossed the Isthmus was literally a travelling-tropical sweat-box.

Fortunately the trip took but three hours to Aspinwall (Colon), where the whole population, men, women and children of all sizes and colors seemed to have been in wait for us, for the purpose of selling their wares in pottery, basketry and handiwork. Two hours after we crowd on board the "Santiago de Cuba," which is to take us to New York. The vessel is dirty and about half the size of the "Nebraska." I wish we had taken the American vessel "Ocean Queen," which left an hour later with the passengers of the "Sacramento" over which we now had gained an advance.

May, 1868.

Toward evening of the next day we sighted the island of Cuba and at eight o'clock enjoyed the magnificent "turning-fire" of Cape San Antonio.

Nothing else of interest occurred during our trip. Of course I took note of everything and kept a nautical report from day to day. It is thus one can enjoy an otherwise monotonous trip. Wednesday, the sixth, about nine o'clock the fog had cleared sufficiently to present to our eyes the grand panorama of the Bay of New York, alive with many hundreds of vessels of all sizes, kinds and nationalities. Hamburg and San Francisco, in all their magnificence, cannot compete with New York in shipping; it is simply immense. We passed Fort Lafayette and anchored at the quarantine station about noon, after a trip of exactly twenty-one days from San Francisco. The "Ocean Queen" beat us this trip by one hour's time. The Port formalities were soon complied with and by half-past-one we landed at Pier No. 45. An hour later I had taken possession of a room at the "Prescott House," agreeing to pay three dollars and a half a day for room and board. Among my first visits was one to Harris Newmark at his office on Broadway, and to Leopold Wertheimer and Meyer Newmark; and I received an invitation to supper at Israel Fleischman's. A pouring rain accompanied me home.

Friday, the eighth, I visited some friends of Lembcke's to whom I wrote a long letter later. The evening found me at the hospitable home of Harris Newmark, whose invitation to dinner was an honor as well as a pleasure to me.

Saturday, the ninth, and the *Sunday* following, were spent sight-seeing in New York and Brooklyn. The harbor-scenes, of course, do not differ from others except that their view is more imposing, but the different fortifications, such as the Governors', Ellis' and Bedloe's Islands, and those of Forts Richmond and Tompkins on Staten Island, and Fort Hamilton at Long Island, attracted my attention to no small degree. There is a danger-spot close by, called "Hell-gate," a rock which the sailors fear, but Americans will probably find a way to render it harmless in time.*

They did so, by disrupting it by means of dynamite a few years later.—Tr.

New York is said to have a population of over nine-hundred thousand inhabitants. Places of amusements are plentiful and in such varieties, as one can only find in Sea-Ports, where care is taken to suit all nationalities and their manifold tastes. As in most American cities the rule seems to prevail in New York for all tradesmen to congregate in certain quarters, thus tailors, hatters, shoemakers, tin-smiths, etc., are to be found, each in one certain neighborhood; and what is true of them is also true of the different nationalities. While the Germans and Americans in an overwhelming majority are everywhere, the Italians, the French and others are more clannish and seldom move out of their quarters. Two localities are truly picturesque, the Chinese, called Chinatown, with its many laundries, curio and tea stores, opium dens and a thousand and one attractions; and the Jewish settlement in Baxter street, which baffles all description. Of buildings there are many magnificent structures, of which I mention the Post-office, the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick on Fifth Avenue, the Immanuel Temple, of Moorish architecture, Columbia College and its fine library, the grand Cooper Institute, the Academy of Design, and the City Hall, of white marble, with Corinthian Porticus and a dome about 180 feet in height. Among other attractions which the sight-seer will remember are: the marble structure of Stewart's warehouse, the celebrated Hotel Astor and last but not least, the world-renowned Delmonico Restaurant.

Fleishman and I visited Newark on Monday and had admission to the clock and iron-moulding factories. This city is said to have over five hundred factories, but strange to say, little direct export to foreign lands. We visited Jersey City, where the large railroad stations interested me most during our short stay. We returned to New York by way of the Christopher ferry.

Tuesday, the twelfth of May, was an ideal spring-day, such as I had not witnessed since my departure from home, as California with all her beauties has no such spring, no fresh grass and foliage as we of the North enjoy—except at the beginning of the rainy season. When the early Erie train pulled out of the Jersey City Station, I was just in the best of mood to inhale all the beauties of nature, with which the trip to Buffalo was said to be strewn. And there was to be no disappointment. Such were the scenes presented to our view that I actually found myself transported in imagination to home surroundings—familiar spots seemed to turn up every few minutes. The rivers, the brooks, the very ponds with their floating leaves and majestic swans, imported from Europe—all this caused me to think, to meditate upon the past and on the immediate future which was awaiting me at my home across the ocean. These and similar were my 326 thoughts, while the train sped along through the narrow valley of the Delaware, which at times may be called a hollow way among rocky mountains, mostly very steep and bedcked with firs and ferns of the most magnificent kinds and sizes. Here and there a romantic village station and now and then a wood-chopper's abode, which left me wondering whether America's greatest son, the lamented wood chopper and rail-splitting President was ever as happy in later life as when he shared the bread and bed of nature's sons of the forest. At Susquehanna we enjoyed a twenty minutes' stopover for refreshments. Soon after we entered the valley of the Oswego, which is wider but not much different from that of the Delaware, both being very picturesque. Another stop was at eight in the evening for supper. In another four hours we reached Buffalo, after a trip of four hundred and eighty-three miles in sixteen hours, or about thirty miles an hour. The City Hotel is my temporary resting-place.

Wednesday, the thirteenth.

“Weather and women,” some say, “are changeable.” To the former I certainly can testify, as this downpour of rain could surely not have been foreseen yesterday, when Flora appeared in her ever-

beautiful spring-garb. But I had to go now or not-at-all, if I wanted to see the Niagara Falls before leaving for Europe. It is twenty-two miles from Buffalo, and if you feel drowsy take a nap, for you certainly will not lose anything for the time being. It seemed to me as if Mother Nature intended to gather for rest her own and her visitors' strength in order to fit them for the coming spectacle. I reached the station at ten o'clock and registered at the "Niagara Hotel." It actually rained in torrents nearly all day.

After seven o'clock it began to clear up slightly, wherefore I ventured out and following the sound of the falling waters I soon reached a spot—fancy my surprise—about two steps from the world-renowned Falls. The path had hidden it from me by the thick bushes which grow on either side. But as it grew darker and my safety ³²⁷ demanded prudence in a perfectly strange country, I retired to the Hotel, satisfied with what I had seen. The roar of the falling waters, the splashing of the rain soon put me to sleep within stone throw of America's greatest Wonder.

Tuesday, May the fourteenth, 1868.

By six o'clock in the morning the rain seemed to diminish sufficiently to risk the much longed-for excursion across the chain-bridge, which in itself is a wonder of human ingenuity placed alongside of this wonder of the Supreme Architect of the Universe. This bridge leads, on the Canadian side, to Table-rock, whence wooden and stone steps, grown slippery from the ever dripping waters, lead downward to a path which has been hewn into the stony wall and which in turn takes the visitor to the "Horseshoe" Fall. Though one can scarcely progress more than fifteen feet under the main cataract, it is quite sufficient for one's nerves. Here, about eighty feet above the boiling, foaming whirl-pool, in the ever dark twilight, scarcely admitted by the constantly falling waters, the thundering noise of which is simply deafening, nobody will ever remain very long at one time. The immense waters, which thus form the unique wonder in the shape of a cataract, come originally from the Erie and Ontario lakes, whence the Niagara River, at times four thousand feet wide, has its powerful strength. The celebrated Falls form between the little American town of the same name and the Canadian village, Clifton. Goat-Island divides the cataract into two arms, the Eastern, which measures at least one thousand feet in width, and the Western, which is on Canadian territory,

known as the Horseshoe Fall and said to exceed the Eastern division in width and consequently in momentum. The grandeur of this natural wonder is not to be measured by the *height* of the cataract, but by the almost incredible mass of falling water which reaches one hundred million of tons in a single hour. The bed of the Niagara at this point is partly chalk but mostly slate and it would seem 328 to me that immense wall was about to bury me and my four travelling companions, who must have had a similar feeling for, as soon as I turned my back, every one of them followed me. As the rain had ceased I undertook a trip to Goat-Island and went on foot to the neighboring Luna-Island, a romantic little place in the American branch. From the latter Island one can look straight down into the whirlpool, called Devils-pool, one hundred and eighty-six feet below, into which the *Luna* branch pours its waters. After this I visited the Terrapin tower, which has been erected upon a rock, in the Horseshoe Fall. This tower is indeed the strangest spot in this most remarkable place on the American continent, as one is actually permitted to visit it without paying a cent for the privilege, a rather incredible fact in Niagara. Then followed a trip to the “Three Sisters,” little islands on the Canadian Branch, similar to Luna-Island and joined to Goat-Island by pretty little foot-bridges. By this time my appetite made itself felt and nature within demanded its share of the pleasure, which circumstance led me back to the Hotel. No sooner had I sat down to dinner than thunder and lightning made out-door life disagreeable, but fortunately the sun won the race and triumphantly showed his power soon after two o'clock. Rejoice my heart, the worry has passed! Again I went to the suspension bridge to inspect it at my leisure. This marvellous structure is eight hundred and twenty-five feet in length and the rails are two hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the Niagara River, which is said to be two hundred feet deep at this spot. The bridge has two stories, the lower one for carriages and foot-passengers and the top one for the Railroad. It happened that a heavy freight-train passed this bridge, while I was walking below. There was considerable shaking, but contrary to my expectation, very little of visible motion. The enormous height of the structure cannot be realized from the window of a passing train but, when one stands below, the magnificence of this masterpiece of human invention inspires one with awe for the Divine Intelligence 329 which is the cause of it all, and of which our finite intelligence is but an atom—an infinitesimal spark!

On my return trip I bought a ticket to Toronto and one to Kingston. Even the temporary inclemency of the weather helped me to see the sights of Niagara in their different aspects. The contrast, for instance, between the effects of the bright sun-light and the dark, threatening clouds close by, upon the blending white foam in the depth, as seen from Goat-Island, was a spectacle of Nature which may almost be called ghostly in its effect.

The impression this great wonder of Nature makes upon the beholder cannot easily be described. It is too grand, too overwhelming, to be expressed in human words. Only he, who has stood near the bottom and heard the indescribable roar and seen the stupendous volume of rushing waters, can even faintly grasp the idea of the Power and glory of his Creator, who tells him in an unmistakable voice: "Humble thyself, for all the works of this earth are mine. I am the Lord!"

And once seen you will never forget Niagara Falls, nor the Voice which spoke to you.

It is evening. I am penning these lines while seated upon a rock and leaning against a fir-tree; to my right yawns an abyss two hundred feet deep, and in front of me are the Falls in their magnificence, clad in the golden light of the setting sun. Darker and darker grows the spectacle, the Horseshoe Fall seems veiled and soon nothing but the everlasting roar reminds one of its royal presence. In the midst of it all I am thinking of Home and of California.

Friday, May 15th, 1868.

The romantic trip to Lewiston exceeds my expectations. The road has evidently been hewn into the rocky banks of the Niagara river. While the American scenery on this road is decidedly attractive, that on the Canadian side has a still greater charm, which I enjoyed so thoroughly that I regretted not to have made the trip on foot. We reached Lewiston at 10:50 and proceeded at once to 330 the little steamer, "City of Toronto," which was to take us to the Canadian Metropolis. At Lewiston the Niagara River is much wider and the banks are lower, showing neat settlements all along till we reach Lake Ontario. It was a fine little trip, which terminated at two o'clock, when we arrived at Toronto. No sooner had I set foot on shore, expecting to take a good look at the city, when it

commenced to rain again so hard that I betook myself at once to the depot where I spent three dreary hours waiting for the Grand-Trunk train. All the information I could obtain concerning the city was that its name is of Indian origin and means meeting-place. It has a University and an Observatory, several colleges and an abundant supply of churches, I understand. Business must be quite brisk, judging from the sights of shipping in the harbor and at the freight-station.

Our trip to Kingston was delayed by an unforeseen obstruction from a freight train, so we had to spend all night on the road. We arrived at our destination after five o'clock and I personally was glad of it, as it is not at all agreeable to hunt for a hotel at mid-night. From now on the return-trip to New York was taken up in real earnest. Another pleasant trip by steamer to Cape Vincent and thence by rail to Albany, where we arrived early Sunday morning. My great hope for favorable weather on the trip from Albany to New York was certainly spoiled, as I had little chance of verifying the much advertised scenery of the "Rhine of America," the Hudson, being prevented by heavy clouds and a cold fog. Arrived at New York I rested at the Hotel, as the rain kept me indoors.

This trip has taught me that travelling in America is a cheap, comfortable and quick entertainment. Fares included, I expended scarcely more than if I had boarded at a Hotel during the same length of time. I went over eleven hundred and thirty-three miles, and the total cost, inclusive of all extras, amounted only to forty-eight Dollars, of which twenty-six Dollars were for railroad and steamer fares. And all these long trips without the constant annoyance from minions of some little potentate, whose principality one happens to enter.

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Saturday, May 23d, '68.

I have procured passage to Europe on board of the SS. "Bavaria," Capt. Meyer, at the cost of one hundred and thirty-nine dollars, paper money (or one hundred dollars in gold). Last Tuesday I went to Hoboken to see the Hamburg American Liner "*Cimbria*" leave the port; she is undoubtedly one of the finest steamers afloat and powerfully strong in build.*

And it was just this strong steamer which, a few years later, while leaving Hamburg during a very foggy night with over four-hundred passengers on board, collided with a small British coal-vessel, the "Vulcan," whose drunken

From East Prussia to the Golden Gate, by Frank Lecouvreur; letters and diary of the California pioneer, edited in memory of her noble husband, by Mrs. Josephine Rosana Lecouvreur; translated and compiled by Julius C. Behnke <http://www.loc.gov/resource/calbk.179>

captain, Cole by name, had previously caused great damage to the “Marguerite Franchetti.” Strangely enough, the “Cimbria,” sank instantly, while only twenty-three lives were saved. Among those drowned were seventeen American Indians and most members of the grand American circus “Salamonski,” together with a magnificent collection of trained animals.—Translator.

The remaining time was spent in visiting and writing letters to California friends. My departure from New York was accompanied by another heavy storm. The weather continued more or less unfavorable.

Hamburg, June the 7th, 1868.

The trip across the ocean has been anything but pleasant, owing to the inclemency of the weather, though accommodations and treatment leave nothing to wish for. The passage from New York to Southampton occupied twelve days and fourteen hours. How I enjoyed the last few minutes as we passed Blankenese, Ottensen, Altona and then rapidly approached the dear old Hamburg once more! I made Zingg's Hotel, opposite the big “Exchange,” my headquarters; it is one of the most reliable and consequently is the best patronized place, where principally merchants congregate. This afternoon I took a long walk around town and found many improvements since my visit of seventeen years ago.

Wednesday, June 12th, 1868.

My sojourn rested me, and would probably have been extended had I not just received a telegram which 332 announces the dangerous illness of my father, thus hastening my departure for Königsberg. On the way I stopped at Grabow, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the native place of my good friends, Lembcke and wife, to deliver a few letters and parcels to their relatives. It was there that another telegram, this time from Dubois, reached me, which caused me to take the “Express train” via Berlin to Königsberg. Though it was but two o'clock in the morning, I was too nervous to rest, and wandered to the Polish graveyard, opposite the School-house, where I received my first instructions. Slowly I returned to familiar places, and finally called on Rosenstock, who accompanied me to the train, by which I reached Bartenstein about noon—in *time for my father's*

funeral. When I reached Hamburg my dear father was breathing his last, but the fact had not been made known to me in the telegrams, as I could not have reached home in time.

Grabow, i/M., Sept. 30th, 1868.

The days of family re-union have passed and many were the visits and pleasant hours spent among my relatives and friends. But wherever I went one sad thought marred all else. The most beloved father, who longed for my home-coming, as I longed to see him again, had been called before I could reach him! It seemed almost too hard to bear, but bear it I must and I did.

Outside of the family I met many old and new friends, but shall mention only a few, whose names sound more familiar: Olias, who is keeping books again; Grünhagen's family, and Rosenstock. My two weeks' stay at Schleiff's was full of pleasant diversities.

My California mail is astonishingly regular, as Lembcke, Rinaldi, Dr. Wollweber, and many others prove to be faithful correspondents, who keep me quite busy answering them.

Tuesday, the 22d of September, was another day which I shall ever remember, the farewell from mother and sister was truly heart-rendering, as it followed shortly after a visit to my father's last resting-place. Many were also the visits paid me in Königsberg, as most of my acquaintances either managed to meet me at Rosenstock's or at Schwarzenberger's.

Berlin, the next stopping place, harbored me four days, and my time was principally taken up with visits to relatives of California friends. And how they love to hear those American stories; everything interests them.

Monday, the 28th of September, about four o'clock, I reached Grabow and have really enjoyed the quiet little town, where everything seems so peaceful after the noise of a large city like Berlin. The Martienssens, Lahs and Jastrams rival each other in making my stay most agreeable. The little town has hardly four thousand inhabitants, but they are all of the solid Mecklenburg kind which are an honor to any country. Farming is the principal occupation of these people, which accounts for their

healthy minds and bodies. To-morrow I shall continue my journey to Hamburg, much as I should like to spend a few more days in these quiet surroundings.

Hamburg, Oct. 8th, 1868.

Again I am well cared for at Zingg's Hotel, and make the rounds at my old friends. Dubois secured for me a ticket to New York, for which I paid him one hundred and twenty dollars.

Of course, I make the best of my stay by reviving remembrances of old, which I described in former pages. A spot, which was new to me, is the little borough of Wandsbeck, which, they say, will soon be raised to the dignity of a city, as it has almost the required ten thousand inhabitants. The trouble is, that it takes an unconscionable amount of legislating and red tape, as Wandsbeck, like Altona, is within Holstein territory, which has just become a province of Prussia. This pleasant borough has several places of interest, such as the castle of Count von Schimmelmann, a beautiful forest and the monument of its genial citizen, the writer and poet, Matthias Claudius (the Whittier of Germany), who is best known as the "Messenger of Wandsbeck," which name he had 334 given to his much read paper. His poems, like those of Hoffmann von Fallersleben excel in their simplicity. A little child will enjoy them, while unconsciously receiving the moral lessons which this great lover of children knew so well how to impart. And blessed are they, whose thoughts and words are plain and pure enough for a child.

Claudius was a linguist; among others he translated Fénelon. While his orthodoxy remained unshaken, his influence upon his friends and readers was lasting. The monument honors his simplicity as well as his genius.

On our way home we visited the Work and Poor-house in the Oberalten Allée-Barmbeck, returning finally by the magnificent suburb "the Uhlenhorst" on the Outer Alster, enjoying an evening trip on one of the many miniature steamboats amidst hundreds of row and sailing vessels, while we could plainly hear the strains of the "Fährhaus" concert, where the great Kéla Béla with his excellent band was just playing the "Turkish Patrol." Kettenburg's hospitality was greatly appreciated.

The next day passed without even a walk, as it happened to be typical Hamburg weather, cold and rainy. By appointment I met Dubois in the evening and with him I went to “Circus Renz,” which is in reality one of the finest attractions of its kind I have ever seen. Renz has a permanent building near the Spielbuden Platz or Hamburger Berg, which I described before, though he uses it only four or six weeks a year and keeps it closed for the rest of the time. The fine balconies were completely crowded and even the gallery (which Californians commonly know as nigger-heaven), was taxed to the utmost. And the show was gorgeous. The training and the costumes were worthy of an oriental court. The faultless performance of the horses, elephants and dogs, the masterly handling by their patient trainers, had already kept me in breathless admiration; but, after the last number, “The Queen of Saba,” a magnificent representation without words, wherein the combined skill and ornamental beauty were exhibited, I felt that I received more than the money's worth.

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Neil's oyster-house, which we visited afterwards, was to me the most interesting eating-place I had ever visited. It was just eleven o'clock when we entered the large rooms, which did not present any strange features except that the ceilings seemed lower than is ordinarily the case in large restaurants. As we were among the first to enter, we seated ourselves where we could see every newcomer, and thankful I was, as never had I seen so cosmopolitan a throng in any place as filed in at Neil's. The “Four-Hundred” of the theatrical world of St. Pauli mingled with the most picturesque foreign element as well as our own gaily attired peasant-emigrants, mostly sight-seers, who wished to enjoy an oyster-supper at this unique though not-at-all fashionable place. “Fraternal Brotherhood” seemed to be the slogan of this strange group of humanity. The repast was good and well served but the rooms became so filled with smoke that I was glad to escape from them. We decided to visit one more place of local, i.e., St. Pauli fame—the Spanish “Fonda” of Rudecindo Roche, who is said to have the best variety of Spanish wines of any dealer in the metropolis, though he might have chosen a more aristocratic location for his headquarters. When we entered his place, we were greeted by a handsome man of good medium stature, muscular build, whose dark complexion and magnificent black eyes compared well with the engaging smile with which he greeted us. It was not the greeting of a typical inn-keeper but that of a gentleman, and I firmly believe that he has missed or lost his

real vocation. I heard later that this foreigner—a publican in the sight of men—feeds the hungry and clothes the poor without noising it abroad. If his eyes are the mirror of his soul, this Castilian must have his heart in the right place.*

All this is true.—In later years, Roche obtained five wolf-cubs, which he trained very carefully, like dogs, and then exhibited them in the large cities of Europe. I was told that he died from wounds, received from his treacherous pets during an exhibition at Antwerp.—And the poor missed him.—Translator.

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LETTER NO. XIV

New York, Oct. 22, 1868.

My Beloved Marie: —Before these lines will reach you, the news of my safe arrival will have been communicated to you by Dubois, who promised faithfully to send notice as soon as the landing of the “Allemania” would be known at the ships broker's office. It is therefore not impossible that you have knowledge of my well-being at this very moment.

We arrived yesterday morning at ten o'clock, exactly fourteen days after leaving Hamburg. By the time landing was accomplished and the Custom-House formalities satisfactorily gone through, it was four o'clock. This and the fact that I desired to outline to you my intended trip to San Francisco, led me to wait till now to write this letter.

My trip across the Atlantic was neither fast nor agreeable, though we did not suffer any hardships.

Our voyage through the North Sea was fine and all were in the best of spirits when we anchored at Southampton, between an English man-of-war and the Royal Mail Steamer “La Plata.” Our short stay was for the purpose of coaling and exchanging mail and passengers. There was a constant communication with the shore, as little steamers go to and fro at short intervals. Besides this, the “Jackies” on the man-of-war amused themselves and lookers-on by target shooting, while the boys on the Royal Mail Steamer, like our own, were busy enough getting things in ship-shape. The “La Plata,” bound for Lisbon and Brazil, left Port just ahead of us. At Needles we found ourselves alongside of the “La Plata” again and enjoyed an hour's communication, while a friendly race

kept us the more amused, as our handsome 337 neighbor could not get the lead. Soon after seven o'clock our course changed and when I sought my state-room we were already on the high sea, with wind from South South-West and cloudy sky. The weather throughout the trip was rough and disagreeable, and what made us passengers feel it more keenly was the strange fact that we only sighted two vessels at great distance during the first week; an English Screw-steamer broke the monotony as she passed eastbound under full sails. Of the passengers, I saw very little, owing to the fact that few overcame the miserable feeling of what may be called the aftermath of seasickness, which prevented me also from enjoying this transatlantic voyage. Not until the last three days of our trip did I do justice to the excellent board. All in all, this voyage did not present any worse feature than one may expect at this time of the year. We have had a good deal of storm and high sea but nothing in comparison to what I experienced around Cape Horn in eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

This morning I heard that San Francisco has had a very severe earthquake which is said to have damaged the city considerably; one part of town is even reported uninhabitable. The loss of life is small, but those injured more or less severely, by falling brick and timber, are many, according to the morning papers. Of course, as this happened but yesterday, the reports are still meager and more or less exaggerated. However, I am thankful enough not to have been in the midst of it.

Another item of news from the Pacific affects my pocket-book materially and consequently, from my standpoint, is of some importance. The competition between the Steamship-lines has ceased in consequence of an amalgamation, a case of big fish eating the little ones. This, of course, has wrought changes all around, so that the number of steamers has decreased, while the fare is now rated at one hundred and ninety dollars instead of seventy-five, as I paid from San Francisco to New York. This is rather unexpected, but cannot be helped. Another disappointment is the fact that I shall have to wait here until the 338 thirty-first before I can get a berth. The disagreeableness of this delay, however, will be greatly overcome by the unexpected pleasure which is in store for me. My former employer, Harris Newmark, has taken a passage on the same steamer and seemed to be as greatly pleased as I, wherefore we decided to share one and the same stateroom. To be in such congenial company is truly a pleasure, as I should otherwise have been compelled to share the cabin with any stranger who might happen to have the price, as, owing to the crowded condition of the

steamers, there is no favor shown. My disposition would have made life miserable for anyone who might have had to share the place with me for three long weeks, as I do not take to strangers very readily. This means one worry less.

The evening papers are just out and state that the San Francisco damage will not exceed three hundred thousand dollars, while but four lives have been lost. This is good news, indeed, as compared with that we first heard. When I reach my destination I shall send you a description of actual facts, which in all probability will be less sensational than the reports in your papers. Los Angeles has evidently escaped the earthquake completely. How anxious I am to go to work again. Truly I was not intended to be idle and shall welcome the day when this travelling ends. The steamer "Arizona" will take us from here to Aspinwall and the "Sacramento," an old acquaintance, will make the home-stretch from Panama to San Francisco.

Do not expect any letter from me before New Year, as there will be little prospect.

Thousandfold greetings to all!

FRANZ.

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DIARY AND NOTES.

Before we had to bid good-bye to New York, I under-took some splendid trips around the neighborhood, of which the one of Tuesday, the 27th of October, seems particularly worth mentioning. For eleven cents we enjoyed a car-ride to Harlem, and then crossed the fine, iron draw-bridge over the Harlem river to Motthaven, Melrose, thence to West and East Morrisania until we reached Tremont. Another car took us to Fort Morris on Long Island Sound. Having enjoyed the sights, we took the little steamer "Sylvan Creek" at 129th-street and passed Randalls Island with its orphanages and Children's Homes; then, near Hellgate, the Foundlings' Homes and Emigrants' Hospital. Passing the "Table-rock" and "Gridiron" we stop at Hallen's Cove in Astoria, Long Island. Again we glide along the beautiful banks until we pass Blackwell's Island, where one gains a good

glimpse of the magnificent buildings, which serve as penitentiaries, poor and work-houses and insane-asylums. All are of granite and of imposing dimensions and architecture. This whole trip cost me only ten cents; I do not believe that I can spend a more interesting hour upon the water for the price I paid here, in any part of the globe, as, between Harlem Bridge and Peck Slip, where we landed at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The following day I visited Manhattanville, where Manhattan College, conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, has been erected where the wigwams of the Manhattan braves once stood. My object was to see High-Bridge, a million dollar structure, which one reaches after passing through Carmanville. This magnificent bridge of granite is fourteen hundred and fifty feet long of which one hundred and twenty feet are above the Hudson 340 river, carrying the Croton Aqueduct on fourteen arches. The view from this bridge is splendid. After a pleasant walk through the park I returned to the hotel by the same route as yesterday.

Saturday, the 31st —on board of the “Arizona,” Capt. Maury. At last, about half-past ten, in the midst of a gay crowd of restless passengers, some of whom seem never to have been on board of a vessel before, we are about to set out. The captain appears and upon a sign the minor officers call out their routine-orders, upon which the gang-bridges are drawn, the cable-ropes loosened, while shouts of farewell and waving of handkerchiefs continue. Now a single stroke of the bell gives the signal that all is in readiness for the departure and immediately the immense wheels on either side begin to turn, slowly at first, then faster and faster do we glide from the dock into the beautiful Hudson river. The friends of our fourteen hundred passengers combine once more in a long, deafening Hurrah, whose echoes seem to reverberate from all the four points of the compass, while the white handkerchiefs, like so many doves of peace, signal their silent but heartfelt farewell to the crowds on board the fleeing vessel, which soon passes the Battery, the south end of the city of New York. By half-past two we reach Sandy Hook, and the pilot leaves us to our own resources. The sea is quiet, though the horizon is by no means clear. Owing to the overcrowded condition of the steamship we had to share our state-room with a third passenger, an American named Hagar. Strange to say, while most passengers braved the evening breeze, everybody seemed to have turned

into his bunk soon after dark, and by ten o'clock everything was so quiet that one might suppose that there were not more than a dozen persons on board.

During the fourth and fifth day we passed the West Indies, of which the mountain views, the fire of Cape Maisi and Cape Dame Marie on Hayti, as well as the Guano Island Navaza, attracted my special attention. We met the company's steamers "Ocean Queen" and "Henry Chancey," both within talking distance, which 341 indeed seems like a revival of old acquaintanceship—that does one good not less on the high seas than on the desert. By a mistake we went North as far as Cape Manzanillo, which is the more surprising as our captain has made this trip back and forth for ten long years, and ought to know the proper route perfectly. This delay brings us two hours later to Aspinwall, but in time for the train, which leaves at half-past nine.

The air is refreshing and the scenery along the Isthmus at its very best, as the vegetation in these regions appears in its most luxurious colors. How different from the dry and desolate looking country of six months ago. A slight shower contributes to our comfort. At one o'clock we reach Panama and as the ferry-steamer "Ancon" is already waiting to take us to the "Sacramento," which is anchored at Taboza Island, thus making it impossible for us to buy curios, to the great disappointment of the natives, some of whom actually swim along and manage to board the ship in order to sell their wares, after which they give an exhibition of their skill by jumping back into the water in which, apparently, they are as much at home as they are on land. Happy, thoughtless, easy-going people, nothing worries them; they eat, and work at their leisure, and their needs are very few. Of course, they seldom arouse themselves to do something extraordinary nor do they have to bear the burdens which such an effort would inevitably create; they live in the blessed ignorance that belongs to a semi-primitive state of existence.

At two o'clock we boarded the Str. "Sacramento," Capt. Parker, and soon our few belongings had been stored and we settled down for the last trip. The scenery was truly grand, but the heat! it was enough, it seemed to us, to boil water without additional fire. We were compelled to wait all the afternoon to take on coal, which delayed the storing of freight. When evening came and still no end of the cargo in sight, many of us expressed the desire to go ashore once more, but we were informed

that the local government forbade all passengers of the 342 Mail Company Steamers to visit the city, owing to the fact that such permission had been abused to a degree that endangered the peace and property of the city and had even cost human lives on either side. Too much aguardiente, I suppose. We had consequently to exercise patience during our imprisonment and be satisfied with a look at the magnificent panorama from a distance. It is now clear to me why, on my first arrival at Panama, not a soul wanted to impart information as to the time when the train was to leave for Aspinwall and we were obliged to wait three long hours packed like sardines. The inimitable “Quién sabe” (who knows) was all we could get out of those fellows.

At last we retired, hoping to find ourselves in open sea the next morning but! what a disappointment! Lighter after lighter appeared and unloaded and still there seemed to be half a dozen in waiting. During the afternoon a splendid rain refreshed the tropical air, then a slight thunder-storm and all was over. Such is the winter in Panama, I am told.

At last the end is in sight, one more lighter and then, hurrah for the open sea! I never thought that I should become such a water-fiend, but I actually enjoy traveling on board of ship, at least I prefer it to being imprisoned on it in a tropical Port for thirty-six long hours. It was nearly six o'clock when our cannon roared its farewell and the mountains echoed our salute, which rocks and reefs seemed to mimic. So great was my delight that mid-night had passed before I retired to my bunk. When I awoke we had already reached Punta Puerco and were approaching Cape Mariate. The coast of New Granada is really beautiful and the lofty mountains were clad in the early green from top to bottom, without a bare spot anywhere; forests everywhere, yea, even the rocks seem covered with green in this blessed country, as the most remote are covered with ivy or some other climber, wherever the trees could not possibly set roots. Now the fog, a heavy whitish fog is setting in and slowly veiling the scenery I just described. Here and there the climbers 343 are hanging down from protruding rocks, while the veiling fog coats the foliage. What magnificent hiding places some of those spots would make for Indians or—other people. After passing Cape Mariate, our distance from the coast became more and more noticeable. We sighted Cape Matapalo the next morning and, as the coast from there to Cape Lloreno was hardly visible to the naked eye, the distance must have exceeded fifteen miles. Toward evening of the twelfth, we reached Cape Blanco and had covered only

about two hundred and twenty-five miles in about fifty-six hours, as the wind had been somewhat against us part of the time. On Saturday, the fourteenth, we observed quite a change of scenery as the conical giant mountains along the coast of San Salvador and Guatemala, many of which are volcanoes of more or less dangerous propensities, formed quite a contrast to the coast-scenes I described before. Some of these mountains are actually thirteen to fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level. The captain informed me that we were uncommonly fortunate in our observation, as these giants are more than a hundred miles away from our present course, and only visible in consequence of a certain tropical, meteorological phenomenon, which is a very rare occurrence in these regions. Two of those volcanoes seemed to emit smoke but that may have been a mistake of ours.

Sunday, the fifteenth, finds us in the Gulf of Tehuantepec and as the air is remarkably pure this morning we can distinguish the bluish mountains of Mexico, though they are yet fully forty to fifty miles distant.

A fresh Northwest breeze cooled the air, and we were refreshed in body and spirit. About noon we sighted the company's Steamer "Constitution," which left San Francisco nine days ago while we are nearly five days from Panama.

Monday, at day-break, we pass along the coast of Oajaca at a distance of about three miles. This part of the coast shows another variety of nature's work; the mountains are terrace-shaped, with wide romantic valleys, some of which resemble our plains, reaching from 344 the beach to the foot of the mountain-chain. Here, too, is plenty of vegetation, though one notices already the reddish mountain tops which I have spoken of as characteristic of Northern Mexico and California. Nature all along this coast is in her virgin-state, which lends considerable variety to the otherwise monotonous scenery. Toward night we noticed a beautiful display of lightning in the East.

Tuesday, at three o'clock in the morning, I am aroused by the saluting of our ship's—cannon, which announces the welcome fact that we are at anchor at Acapulco, after sailing fourteen hundred and forty miles in six days and nine hours. Having taken a look at the town we were glad to enjoy the

coolness of our tents on deck of the steamer, as the heat was intensely oppressive. Notwithstanding this one disagreeable feature, we gained a good view of this romantic sea-port town, which is so completely hidden by picturesque mountains that one cannot see the ocean; and as the entrance into the beautiful bay is likewise hidden, the latter has the appearance of an inland lake rather than of a harbor, though it is quite large and deep enough to admit sea-vessels of all sizes. Alongside of us there ride at anchor two of the largest American clippers and the big screw steamer "California." All around were high mountains covered with heavy growth of cocoa palms and gigantic ferns, from which the adobe huts of the natives loomed up like mushrooms. Acapulco is a typical Mexican city with huts of wood, reeds or adobe; few may be called houses of one story, but all are without window panes and have wooden or iron grates instead, a few have shutters. The streets are badly paved except where nature provided the rocks. I was surprised to see street lanterns, which showed a certain degree of progress. We then went to the fortress, built of stone and not without skill and practical purpose; it has really been baptized by the blood of Frenchmen, who occupied the city but vainly tried to drive the natives out of the Fortress San Carlos, where sixty good sized guns prevented the capture. A splendid and well 345 graded avenue, with old laurel trees on either side, leads to this fort, whence one gains a magnificent view of the harbor, which is fully capable of giving protection to five or six hundred vessels. It is said that Acapulco's harbor is one of the safest in the world. I cannot but compare it to Manzanillo, though the latter is much smaller and less favored by Mother Nature. Particularly interesting are the strange life and dress of the natives, who swarm in large numbers around the harbor or approach the foreign ships in small boats, hewn after Indian style, out of large trunks of trees. Their dress consists of an immense straw hat called sombrero, an excuse for a shirt and short drawers (which are frequently wanting). Tropical fruits, bananas, anonas, cocoanuts, mangos, oranges and many others, together with curious, singing birds, parrots of all sizes are offered for sale by the irrepressible Mexican youth, as well as their elders. Another amusing feat of theirs is their diving capacity. Throw a small silver coin into the water and you will see one or more boys diving after it, and they never fail to fetch it, as the water is so clear, that one can clearly recognize any object at the bottom of the water. Were it not for the intense heat I should like to know more about these dark brown people and their customs. I do not understand why one sees so very few white faces in the market place and other busy parts of town compared

with Aspinwall or Panama. One cannot but think of the Italian brigands and their Spanish brothers in spirit, as often represented on canvas by the brushes of our European artists, when the poorly clad brown figures, whose dark eyes lurking from under the immense brim of their sombreros, make the stranger feel rather uncanny until he imagines himself at a safe distance only to meet another.

Acapulco is the coaling station of the Pacific Mail Company, which accounts for our stopover, which ended by three o'clock in the afternoon. Soon after we passed the little lighthouse, which is built on a very high rock so that its beacon light reaches far upon the sea. Manzanillo is the next port of importance. On our way to this 346 harbor we passed the "Playas de Cojuca," commonly called the "beaches," but a small child on board, noticing this sandy dividing line between the blue surface of the ocean and the dark green foliage of the lower mountains, referred to it as the "Sidewalks of the Sea," surely a very natural and appropriate name for it, I thought. From Acapulco to Manzanillo, a distance of two hundred and ninety-three miles, we covered in thirty-one hours, arriving in port at ten o'clock in the evening. The coast view changed, inasmuch as the mountains along the last trip were neither so high nor steep as those just passed.

Thursday, November 19th, before any of the passengers had arisen, we were again on the high sea and steaming toward San Blas, at which place some German passengers went ashore, who were connected with a large firm of German merchants in Tepic. As there is no railroad running to San Blas, the stages and mule trains do all the work. Everything is packed on mules; care must, however, be taken that one side of the load is no heavier than the other. Sometimes two or three mules, one after the other, carry long pieces of freight together and it is astonishing how much these much abused creatures can pack along. Opposite San Blas are the Isles de las Tres Marias (the three Mary's Islands). I am told that ships coaling there are occasionally lost, either in consequence of some terrific storm or by accident more or less strange. Seafaring men have their suspicions. I forgot to mention Cape Corrientes which is important as the border outpost of the Gulf of California. The air is cooler but still warm enough to suit me. By three o'clock on Friday afternoon we sighted Cape San Lucas, an isolated hill, about three hundred feet high, which forms the most Southern point of the peninsula of Lower California. That night we experienced the first complete calm during this trip, which made it possible for us to hear the splashing of the mighty

wheels of our steamship. Vegetation is not at its best in Lower California, the country looks rather desolate; though the volcanic, rocky mountains, with their many fantastic caves look picturesque enough, I 347 should not care to live there. Peculiar are the color changes of these mountains, which appear sometimes grey, then red, yellow, violet and green in the oddest possible mixtures. It strikes me that the Titans must have had among them an artist, who tried his color mixtures and new brushes on these rocky walls. Again a change as we approach the Bay of Santa Maria, which forms a crescent of low sandstone hills, until Cape San Lazaro shows its height of fifteen hundred feet, backed by a chain of rocks and volcanic mountains. Here, as elsewhere on the coast of Lower California, not enough vegetation to raise a cow on nor enough wood with which to cook a pot of coffee.

Sunday, the 22d. This is our twelfth day from Panama. We are speeding along with Cape Abrojos in sight, while approaching Cape San Roque, which resembles a mighty heap of grey, yellow and reddish ashes, and suggests to me that the same Titanic painter must have emptied his pipe after his work was done. Nowhere was there even a weed to be seen. As is the custom on most American and English vessels, there has been what they are pleased to call "Divine Service" in the cabin.

We have had a very high sea all day, which is the reason that the ship was kept closer to the shore than usual to protect the immense cargo we took on at Panama. There is no change in the desolate scenery, as we pass the large Cerros Island late in the evening.

Monday passed quietly, the air grew colder and I actually had to take out my overcoat toward evening. The company's steamer "Colorado," fifty-two hours from San Francisco, came within speaking distance.

Tuesday morning brings us to an old acquaintance, San Clemente Island, some fifty miles south of San Pedro. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes which greet us from the nearby shore. And at still greater distance the progressive town of Los Angeles with many a good friend within. Onward we speed and the next day brings me face to face with the dear old "Orizaba" and her well known crew; she had been twenty-four hours at sea on her trip from San Francisco to San Pedro.

We, of course, have long since enjoyed the charming coast of California but, as I have said enough about these regions, I shall drop the subject, though one feels like saying something nice after the monotonous view of Lower California. Tomorrow will bring us to San Francisco!

Thursday, the 26th of November, 1868. Earlier than usual I arose to watch our approach to the long wished-for place of destination and we soon sighted the fire of Cape Bonito. At seven o'clock we raised our flags opposite Fort Point, and by eight o'clock I stepped upon the wharf where old Hess received me cordially. In a few minutes our many passengers had disappeared hither and thither, while I took up my headquarters at the Nucleus Hotel, my former stopping place. After a few calls the afternoon and evening were spent at the hospitable home of Lembcke. There was an old-fashioned rejoicing at every pleasant remembrance I related to my eager listeners as coming from their relatives, friends and dear old neighbors in Grabow, Berlin or New York, notwithstanding that I had written several long letters, bearing most of the local news as I obtained it while abroad. There seemed always enough matter left to discuss to pass the time agreeably. I feel at home.

December 3d, 1868. Though tempting offers have been made to keep me here, I decided to visit Los Angeles once more, and settle business matters after I shall have satisfied my longing for this trip. The Southern town has something besides climate which seems to draw me thither. (Bless his heart, he had love in his bosom and spurs in his heels.—Translator.)

Saturday, December 5th. Having taken leave of my good friends I am now bound for Los Angeles, whither the old "Orizaba," Capt. Johnson, is to take me once more. While passing along the portions of the Pacific coast with which I was familiar I cannot help but think of the narrow escape from drowning which I had just ten years ago, when the urgent invitation of my good old friend Capt. Morton of the "Laura Bevan" led me to 349 prepare for a trip to San Francisco at a time set. The boat was late and as I had business in the Northern metropolis I concluded to change my plan and take the "Senator," Capt. Seeley, hoping to keep my previous promise on my return. As it happened, we met the "Laura Bevan" a few miles from Santa Barbara, Southbound, and exchanged signals. Two weeks after I inquired for the date of its expected arrival from San Pedro at San

Francisco, when, to my consternation, I heard that the vessel was eight or nine days late. Thus I was obliged to return on the "Senator." Reaching Santa Barbara I heard of the possible fate of the vessel, which rumor was confirmed at Los Angeles. The "Laura Bevan," Capt. Morton, with crew and passengers had found their death in mid-ocean.

Monday, December 14th, 1868, Los Angeles. Arrived at San Pedro just a week ago to-day, after a trip of fifty hours. To my great joy I found Rinaldi waiting for me with a buggy; a four hours' drive took us to Los Angeles, where the welcome accorded me was truly grand. For a whole week visits and handshaking seemed to be the order of the daily program. In the meantime a great deal of good will has been shown me by General Banning, Harris Newmark and others, who endeavored to engage me for their offices. Though the offers made were very tempting, I saw a still better future in surveying. It was on one of the visits to General Banning, in connection with my refusal to take up the managing of his business, that the kind old gentleman exclaimed: "Frank, if you ever need my help, call on me and should I, forgetful of the past, refuse generous assistance, tell me to remember the 'Ada Hancock.'"^{*}

The reader will recollect the tragic incident of the loss of that ill-fated steamer with many of her passengers, as related on earlier pages.—Translator.

Thursday, December 17th, 1868. Have commenced my work as a surveyor again. Gen. Banning was the first to employ me.

Last night we were aroused by the fire alarm and 350 before I realized the closeness of the danger, the efficient fire department had extinguished the flames which destroyed our hotel kitchen. As usual, I escaped with a mere fright.

December 31st, 1868. Christmas has passed and New Year is again only a few hours away. I spent the holidays mostly at Messer's, but came near breaking my neck last Sunday. Having attended the wedding of a friend, the whole party decided to drive out to one of the pretty suburbs, when the horses of our carriage took fright and ran away. Though two of our number were thrown out,

none was seriously hurt and I, as usual on such occasions, came away without a scratch, though the buggy was almost demolished.

The dedication of the new hall for our lodge took place on Tuesday. Am busy surveying.

January 30th, 1869. The New Year has made two souls happy. My old friend Rinaldi and Francisca Valdez de Pfeffer were made one on the second. I wish them happiness, health and harmony. The Lembckes lost a child on the sixteenth. The twenty-ninth brought us an earthquake. Altogether we had fairly good weather this month.

I am now settled as civil engineer and surveyor, with office in the Wolfskill building on Main street, opposite Commercial.

April 30th, 1869. The weather has been rather wintry for Los Angeles and this, together with a lame foot, have kept me indoors considerably.

June 30th, 1869. The weather has changed at last and we enjoy the old California sunshine once more, which makes everybody feel good. Strange things happen sometimes, and even in the far southwest. Repeated persuasions from my many friends and acquaintances have induced me to try my luck in politics. It is no more the fiery youth of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, who tries his wings, but a man of many experiences, who casts his lot with the grand old Democratic party and hopes to obtain the nomination and eventually the election to the office of county surveyor.

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There are two other candidates for this position, but the Democratic organ, the "Daily News," foretells my victory on July third.

Among others, there appear on the list the following well known names:

T. D. Mott, candidate for county clerk.

T. E. Rowan, candidate for county treasurer.

Harris Newmark, candidate for supervisor.

July 31st, 1869. The month began hot and little work in sight.

The Democratic convention confirms my nomination, giving me thirty-three votes out of fifty-three.

To celebrate the fourth of July fittingly after such a victory, my friend Rinaldi, his young wife and I drove to Santa Monica Ranch, where we spent the day, returning to town in time to shoot firecrackers. On the nineteenth of this month the opening took place of Pentalpha lodge, of which I am a charter member. Needless to say that the ceremonies were most impressive.

August 7th. Ripe grapes.

September 30th (1869). Election day passed very quietly. As the city council had neglected to provide more than one election booth as many as four hundred voters are said to have been unable to cast their votes. My opponents worked strenuously but the counting of votes had progressed by midnight so far that my election was generally conceded.

The "Los Angeles Star" announced the definite result of the election in my behalf on the seventh as follows:

For *Surveyor*: Lecouvreur, 1,240; Reynolds, 677; rest of votes scattered.

T. D. Mott, Rowan and Newmark won the race in their respective candidacies.

Note by Translator: Our author obtained in this election more Democratic votes than did the presidential party candidate, Horace Greeley, two years later, notwithstanding the steady growth of this city. Gov. Henry Haight, Democrat, polled over two thousand votes. 352 Through kindness of Mr. Alfred Street, who himself held the office of county surveyor of Los Angeles twenty years after Lecouvreur, the following copy from the records of the work done during the latter's terms of office has been obtained:

Surveys of Gallatin Road in 1870; of Tustin and Newport City in 1871; Anaheim Landing, Compton; Gallatin College, Santa Gertrudes, and Anaheim Telegraph Road, 1871; Monte Branch Road in 1872; Ballona, Green Meadows; Anaheim Landing II., Cahuenga Roads, Anaheim Spadra, Green Meadow VII., Compton II., Richland, Cahuenga, Westminster, Lexington and Gallatin, Anaheim and Orange Roads in 1873. Mr. Lecouvreur's diary does not give us many details of his official services, but a few notes of interest from public records should not be omitted in this connection. Some of them may have been and, to the knowledge of the translator, are mentioned in the graphic records given us by the eminent writers of Southern California history, J. M. Guinn and H. D. Barrows. Many a page in the "Illustrated History of Los Angeles County" (signed or unsigned) is from the pen of Mr. Barrows, who will likewise write the preface to this biographical translation and thereby give the weight of his testimony to the work. We read:

January, 1870. The people of this city were so worked up by the actions of the councilmen in regard to several financial manipulations that they caused the arrest of this honorable body headed by the mayor.

December 31st, 1870. The local vigilance committee, which has given the city a much needed cleansing of bad characters, has suspended its actions with the close of the year and after hanging the last of desperadoes, Michael Lachenais.

October, 1871. There has been a Chinese massacre this month, a most disgraceful affair, the like of which is fortunately not on American records. Some members of different Chinese secret societies fought over the possession of a woman. The first battle took place in Negro 353 Alley, but notwithstanding that several shots had been fired, nobody seemed seriously hurt. A few Celestials were taken to jail in consequence. The disturbance was thought to have ended and the jailbirds were taken the next day before the police court for preliminary hearing, at which large numbers of Chinatown were present. No sooner had the court set the day for trial than the Mongolians repaired to their own quarters, where a new fight ensued, which soon attracted a multitude of Mexicans and Americans from that vicinity, some of whom were speedily mixed up in the fight. The heathens fought desperately and an officer, Robert Thompson, who attempted to quell the riot, was killed

and his deputy, Bilderain, was wounded, which naturally roused the boundless anger of the white mob that now surrounded the Chinese dens demanding the blood of the murderers of an American official who had done his duty as a peace officer. One of the heathens ventured into the street and was at once caught by his pursuers, taken about four squares and hanged to the doorway of a corral amid the abjurations of the enraged spectators. Having tasted the blood of the almond-eyed stranger, the combined mob of Americans and Spaniards now largely reinforced, began the real massacre. As the beleaguered heathen had barricaded doors and windows, a crowd of hoodlums in desperate frenzy climbed upon the roofs, broke holes through and shot the inmates, males, females, young and old, regardless as to their guilt or innocence. The object was one of vengeance on the cold-blooded murderers of an American citizen. It may seem amazing that so-called civilized communities should have to witness the frenzied destruction of nearly a score of human lives, even though the provocation was very great. When quiet was restored, there were eighteen bodies found dangling in mid air, some from window casings, some from lamp posts, while one or two had actually been tied to the seat of farm wagons and others to awnings, among these the body of a child!

Though quite a number of arrests had been made, few actual convictions followed and the sentences covered but 354 a few years of imprisonment, while the City of Angels will never be able to erase this dark page from her chronicles. How strangely human justice is sometimes meted out in this free country of ours!

About two years before the above occurrence the author expressed a great longing to see his fatherland, which was then divided into many principalities, once more united under one supreme head, be it as an empire or as a republic. He longed for it, but dared not hope. On the contrary, he sighed often when what he called the insignificance of Germany's power and the consequent diminished respect shown her abroad, was the subject of a conversation. Lecouvreur loved his native land, and he therefore followed the preliminary negotiations between France and Prussia, which led to the war of 1870-71. He hoped for a German victory, but could scarcely believe a united action of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and the smaller kingdoms would be possible. But the insult which Napoleon III. through his ambassador, Benedetti, had offered the venerable King

William I. of Prussia, aroused and united his fellow rulers to action. The war lasted but two months, during which fifteen big battles were fought and won by the German armies and the crowning events, the taking prisoner of the French Emperor, the proclamation of a German Empire under William I. as well as the capitulation of Paris, overpowered our author with gladness and surprise. Now, at last, was respect for the German citizen established at home and abroad.

Los Angeles, like all Western cities, had to undergo many changes and struggles, with now and then a boom, all of which was shared by the public spirited author of this biography. Being a man of education, such as was rare among the foreign born element of this vicinity, his interest in all matters pertaining to the uplifting of his fellow men was as keen and far-reaching as his perception of public needs, wherefore he welcomed and encouraged the endeavors of every good man.

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In the beginning of June, 1877, while cashier in a leading local bank there, began a new era for our author whose happy matrimonial venture was accompanied by the earnest wishes of his many true friends. A wedding trip to Europe was heartily enjoyed by both. after which they founded a home where happiness reigned supreme for fully eleven years, when suddenly an attack of paralysis compelled our author to bid farewell to all activities and resign himself to the will of his God. Great were his sufferings and privations, but greater was his faith and his hope in the Divine Mercy, which sustained and comforted him to the end.

Purified by fourteen years of untold agonies, his beautiful soul entered into the realms of Eternal Peace on the seventeenth of January, nineteen hundred and one, in the seventy-second year of his well spent life and the fiftieth year of his California citizenship.

THE END.