ADVENTURES

On

LAND And SEA

By

A. G. Hayssen

Mimeographed and paid for
By Adwill E. Hayssen
Grandson of Adde G. Hayssen
Author of this book
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, May, 1963

Converted into digital format
By Marvin A. Hayssen
Great-Great Grandson
Of Adde G. Hayssen
Waukesha, Wisconsin, June 2001

Translated from the German in 1960
by Frieda Gamper, Ph. D.
- - - - - -

This book has been translated, mimeographed and assembled for your pleasure, sponsored by just another of the descendants of our ancestor, A. G. Hayssen, father of my paternal Grandmother, Marie Hayssen Gutheil.

With Best Wishes to all,

Byron Wm. Gutheil, M.D.

Yielding to repeated persuasion by my children and several friends to write the story of my adventures and experiences, I finally decided to accede to their wishes, and, as far as my memory can reach back, I shall tell everything as it actually happened. I have to rely upon my memory, for in the many shipwrecks I suffered, my books and papers also were lost. The reader, however, may not indulge in the belief that he is given a novel or an epic to read. He is only presented with the truth, or, at least, what I consider to be the truth. Others may think what they like. Moreover, the reader must not expect to hear a great writer speaking to him. The author is just a plain old seaman who has been through many storms and whose life many times hung upon a mere thread. If the reader should find some passages that are not expressed in true literary form, I beg him to excuse and to correct whatever mistakes he may find.

Chilton, January 2, 1882.

A. G. Hayssen

It was on the 30th of November 1811, at 7 P.M. at Str-- on the River Weser, that I first saw the light of the world. Whether I know this from memory, because I was present, or whether my mother later told me, I will let the reader decide.

When it was time to start my education, I attended the village school at Rodenkirchen, together with my older brothers and sisters, until I reached the age of eleven. In the fall and winter the roads were often very bad so that we usually had to wear high boots to be able to wade through the mud and water. After that we had to sit in school all day in our wet boots. The result was that I frequently had to stay at home with frozen feet and miss school. At this time a tradesman from Stotel in the county of Hannover often called at our home to buy flour, pearl barley, oil, etc., for these things were made in our windmill. This tradesman, who probably had been observing me, told my father that they had a very good pastor who accepted boys like me as boarding pupils and also taught them Latin, English, and French. Since the instruction at our village school, aside from reading, writing and arithmetic, consisted mostly of memorizing hymns, verses from the Bible, and the catechism, it was decided that I should be entrusted to this pastor as a boarder and that I should also be taught English and French. In return, my parents were to pay 90 "Thalers"* and, in addition, supply my own bed. Whatever plans my good father had in mind for me, I did not learn until later. The main purpose of my studying English and French was to prepare me for subsequent training for a business career in a Merchant Guild in an office in Bremen. But man proposes and God disposes. "But with the powers of fate, one cannot make a pact."

While we were in class, the pastor would often be called away. Either a birth or a death was reported, or some other church function required his presence. During these recesses we played with buttons or marbles, or drew pictures on the blackboard, or did some other foolish things. When the door opened and the pastor reappeared, each one of us, of course, had his nose buried in the book. The words we had been assigned to memorize we usually did not know, for we were never punished, and whatever we did not do today, could be done the next day, and for 90 "thalers" one cannot expect too much. "You can let your hands hang a bit."

There were five of us from Oldenburg; at first there was also an English boy, and, besides the pastor's six sons, eight or ten children from the village came to our school.

When I spent my holidays at home, which happened three or four times a year, and when I was asked, "How do you like it there?" the answer was, of course, "Oh, quite all right!" For a boy does not ask himself whether he learns something or not, but wants to enjoy the good times while they last. "The time one spends pleasantly doesn't return as a bad one." But all things come to an end, and that, fortunately, also was true in my case. After I had been away for about a year and a half, and came home for Pentecost, it happened one afternoon, whether it was planned or not I do not know, that an English book of anecdotes illustrated with woodcuts lay upon the table. I was sitting near the window and my father was seated in the other corner of the room, so that it was easy for him to observe me. I

* The value of a Thaler is comparable to that of the early American dollar.

reached for the book and read - you will be surprised, dear reader - I read the pictures. After having turned some pages of the book for a while and my father noticed how quickly I turned them, he called to me, "Come over here." Without hesitation I threw the book on the table and ran over to hip side. But he said calmly, "Oh, no, bring the book with you." Like a wet poodle I went back to the table, thinking to myself, "Now you are in for it." As I stood before my father and was going to hand him the volume, he said, "Open the book." I did that and my father said, "Now read." I could give him no other-answer to this than "Father, I can't." "Then spell out the words", he said. "Father, I can't do that either." Then he lost his patience and said, "God's thunder, what do they teach you there and how do you spend your time? Now tell me, when do you get up every morning? And what are you doing then?" and so forth. In my childish innocence I told him the whole truth and when we were through, he mentioned, "Well, I have thrown my money away, when the year is over, you can go back to your old sexton, you will learn more from him than from the pastor."

In reality we youngsters had a happy life. On one side of the village there was a stately bush which we often visited after school hours, and when in 1825 the great tidal wave broke through the dikes on the Weser, the water carried all kinds of things to the edge of our villager; debris of houses, various types of household utensils, even account books and a large amount of weeds which had covered an extensive area of the meadows and fields in neighborhood of the village, Our clergyman also had some pasture land in the region and, after the water had receded and the weeds had dried, he sent us out to burn them. In this way he did not need to spend a penny, and for us it was a holiday.

During the last six months of my studies at the pastor's home our sexton engaged a tutor for his children and, to reduce his expenses, he accepted several children from the neighborhood into this private school, among whom also was my youngest brother. After I had returned to my home, I, too, was sent to his school, but now we no more heard the pastor's words, "What we don't sell today, we'll offer for sale tomorrow"; on the contrary, when we did not know our lessons, we had to stay in after school or were meted out some other punishment. After my confirmation I attended this school for another half year, for it was difficult for a farmer's son to obtain an apprenticeship with a merchant firm, since close relatives were usually given preference.

In the following autumn I helped both in the mill and in the warehouse, doing whatever work that had to be done. There was plenty of work and I was tolerably familiar with all the different chores. My father had bought a rather large quantity of rapeseed in this autumn and the oil was shipped to Bremen by trainloads. One day, as we received a shipment of oil, I was acting as clerk, registering the gross weight and the net weight and painting trademarks and numbers upon the barrels. While I busied myself with this, I became ill and from that time suffered from the cold fever during the entire winter. This had a decisive effect upon my future life. At times the fever left me and then again it lasted for months until navigation was resumed in the spring. Now it happened that a cousin of ours, Captain K. Von Elsfleth, had contracted for a load of rapeseed to be shipped from our lock to Hull in England. Since the ship had to be drawn into the sluice,

the captain came to ask my father's permission to tow the ship with horses along our land. On this occasion we became acquainted with our cousin, the captain had married our cousin. My father granted the permission. At the next visit my father suggested that the captain take me with him so that "the youngster might finally gain his health". Because his crew was complete, he could not pay me any wages, but he said he would be glad to take me along.

My belongings and bunk bed were quickly gathered together and on the third day, as the ship was already sailing, I climbed on board as a "loafer". When I took my leave at home and shook hands with our old maid-servant, she burst into tears, saying, "I'll never see the boy again." After the little boat had been hauled on deck, I was ordered to do this or that; but there were so many nautical terms which were as foreign to me as "Bohemian Villages". I had no fever that day, but it came back on the second and also the third day.

Towards evening we cast anchor on the lower Weser, not far from Bremen, and the next day we continued our voyage with fair weather and a favorable east wind which soon brought us to the open sea, with its surging waves. Towards ten o'clock it was time for my fever to return, and I felt so miserable from the cold shivers that I would have liked to crawl right into the fire. Then the captain scolded me for sitting by the fire and ordered me upstairs on deck. I could, of course, not disobey him and sat down upon the hatch, under the little boat, facing the south side, so that the northeast wind could not get at me, and I let the sun burn upon my skin. As I sat there forlornly and saw the foam dart along the side of the ship from bow to stern, I was thinking that it would have been better for me to stay at home with Mother, so completely worn out did I feel. When I was unable to endure the sitting position any longer, I lay down my full length under the boat, and after a short time drifted into a deep sleep. At noon the cook asked, "Captain, shall I wake the boy up?" "No", said the captain, "let him sleep". When at last I awoke towards 2 o'clock, I was sopping wet as if I had been overboard, for the perspiration had soaked my clothes. I had to change into dry garments from head to foot and felt greatly relieved, although somewhat faint, and from that time I never suffered from fever on the sea. My appetite improved, and after a few days, I was as good as new. The voyage to Hull lasted only a few days, for we had a favorable wind all the time.

After the cargo had been unloaded, we took on some ballast and sailed to the Baltic Sea to bring back a cargo of tea from Finland. But we had to call at the port of Copenhagen first to obtain the order. The captain took me along when we went ashore, and in the forenoon we ventured on a sightseeing trip in the city.

On this voyage I developed a large abscess in my neck so that I had to walk with my head bent forward. After a few days the coxwain, who was a kind of doctor on the side line, called me over to him. I had to kneel before him and place my head face downward in his lap. He had a piece of canvas in which a little hole had been cut out and which he laid over my neck. He squeezed the pus out of the abscess which was extremely painful, but after a few days I was entirely cured and from now on I felt as well as a fish in the water. Our return trip took us first to Wasa and from there to Christinestadt, where the cargo was completed. Then we sailed back to Bremen. I liked the seafaring life, and my health was perfect now.

That summer we made a few short trips to England, and because the ships had been sent to their winter quarters and the crew dismissed, my good father suggested that I attend the School for Coxwains at Bremen in case I wanted to remain a seaman. Here we had to write a great deal and since my handwriting was still poor, I took several lessons in penmanship in the evening to enable me to compete at least in some measure with my classmates.

The following spring I obtained a job as a cabin boy and guard on the Bremen three master "Frederick", Captain Still, with a monthly wage of five "thalers". The ship was bound for Bahai, Brazil, with a full cargo of sugar and cotton. For a boy I was really doing well, for I did my duty; the worst thing, however, was that I did not get enough sleep. The cook, who had already been on the ship for three years, told me one day, "How strange that you've never got a thrashing", for that was the rule with the other boys. One of the boys said to the captain, "Your name may be Still, but you're never still." Even if it sounds like self-praise, I am happy to say that I never got a thrashing with the end of a hawser, but occasionally I received a box on the ear, or some similar punishment.

On our return voyage, we drifted into a terrible storm near the equator, during which one of the sailors was thrown across the helm and broke his arm. A spoke also was broken in the wheel. After that two men had to manipulate the helm with pulleys. The waves were so high that the captain's boat, which hung near the mizzen shrouds, filled with water and tore away. When we sailed into the English Channel, the upper topgallant sail was to be furled. This was my duty, but I could not finish the job alone because the wind came from behind, and whenever I thought I had it all made secure, the wind blew something loose from the other side. Finally the cook came to my rescue.

On one of our trips we had an incident with sharks. Already in the morning I noticed some large fishes under the vessel, which could be seen when something was dropped into the water. When washing the dishes after dinner at noon, which the cook and I usually did together, the former said, "I want to have a swim, you can do the dishes alone today." It was near the equator, very hot, and the sea was almost becalmed. In no time the cook undressed and leaped overboard. The captain was having his after dinner nap, or he would never had allowed it. Boys will be boys, and so I stood there with a bowl in my hand and watched the cook swimming, but suddenly I noticed several large fishes swimming towards him and I called to him, "Look at the huge fishes", and I heard the men call from all sides, "Sharks! Sharks!" The cook had no time to lose and with all the strength he could muster he swam over to the ship. We had already lowered several rope ends, and as he caught hold of one, the sharks were less than two feet away from him. He climbed on deck like a monkey, but he was as white from the fright as the paper on which I am writing. The sharks were not hungry, for they did not even touch the few pieces of bacon and other meat which we threw down to them. The monsters were at least 10-12 feet long.

Upon our arrival on the Weser, we anchored in the large lock, because it was low tide and the captain wanted to reach Brake by driving over land. When the sails were gathered up, a sailor fell overboard from the fore-yard. The cook who was still on deck, seized the end of a hawser, leaped after him and hauled him back on deck. At Brake, where the cargo was transferred

into barges, the crew was discharged. Had the captain hired me as an ordinary seaman, I would have sailed with him again; however, he wanted to have me as a cabin boy, and I felt I was too big for that now, although I had not yet attained the appropriate build and height of body, but I believed I was capable of doing the work as well as the ordinary seamen we had on board. That is why I left the ship but could not find another here right away, for winter was near and so I stayed home for the present.

It happened that winter that two days before New Years my right elbow was dislocated while we were playing some silly games around the mill. Dr. V was immediately sent for. He arrived within a short time, but diagnosed the injury as a dangerous fracture that he could not set alone but needed the help of the district physician, Dr. B. I asked the men to give my arm a good pull to set it right again but, according to the doctor's pronouncement, the one was not able to and the others did not want to do it, hence I had to lie there without any bandage, only wet cloths were applied.

The district physician lived two German miles away at Ovelgonne, and when the messenger arrived there, he was not at home. The messenger waited until the doctor returned at 7 o'clock, but he was too tired to accompany him and sent the man home with the instruction that cold compresses be made upon the am without interruption and that he would come early in the morning. Thus I was without having my arm band-aged from between 2 and 3 O'clock in the afternoon till almost 11 o'clock the next morning, and the arm swelled to three or four times its thickness. After the doctors had applied the bandage in the belief that everything was in fine form, I developed wound fever. When on the sixth or seventh day the bandage was taken off, half a cup of pus was extracted. There could be no more thought of putting on another bandage, for the entire arm was inflamed. Everything possible was tried, salves were smeared on, then washed off, and 18 leeches were applied twice, all to no avail, and my arm kept getting worse. The strangest thing was that I was hardly allowed any food; oatmeal, gruel, and veal broth were prescribed and my body became so weak that recovery was not to be thought of anymore, and I suffered terrible pain. After eight weeks of this quackery the doctors apparently had completely lost their reason, even if they ever had any, and now they decided that the arm had to be cut off (the doctors call it amputation so that the ignorant people may be amazed at their sagacity). At the end of eight weeks, after the last call of the doctors, my father, as politeness demanded it, accompanied them to the door where they finally declared that the arm could not be healed but had to be amputated. This was a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. "No" said my father, "I will consult someone else first." And so the gentlemen departed, not forgetting, however, to send their bills first, which were not small. In addition, the pharmacists bill amounted to 80 imperial "thalers". The last five weeks I had lain upon a garden bench in the living room. During that time I could not endure having the bed either moved or made, the foot end had down-right rotted away; only now and then my pillow was changed.

The next night my father sent the horses and wagon to Jaderberg and instructed the farm hand to bring back old Lanzius. I never heard that he claimed the title of doctor, but he promptly arrived the next day at noon. As he approached my bed, he immediately said, "My God, a healthy man lying in bed, get up right away." That was easier said than done, for I was too

weak to rise. To get out of bed required the help of several persons and I had to be handled like a newborn child, my body was so emaciated that it consisted of nothing but skin and bones. Until now, when friends or school chums came to see me and asked me how I felt, I could only cry. After Lanzius had seen my arm, he lifted up his dustcoat and brought forth two boxes and said, "This stuff is going to be smeared on you." And so saying, he made a plaster with the salve of one box and from the other he dusted a grey powder into the wounds, after which he applied the plaster. When he had finished, he said, "Do this every morning and evening, nothing else is necessary, you may eat and drink as much as you like, the only things forbidden are bacon and alcohol." While I was being bandaged, the table was set for dinner. We had pea soup that day and for the first time, in eight weeks, I was allowed to eat a good home-cooked meal, which did me a lot of good. From then on I was always given good, wholesome food, and at the end of a week I was able to walk around again. I carried my arm in a sling, my wounds were healing nicely, but the bones were not set right; however, because of the swelling and large wounds, nothing could be done about that. After the wounds were almost healed, the swelling also subsided, but the arm was twisted. After that I had to discard the sling and attach a weight of about two pounds to my fingers, which were somewhat crooked. The more my improvement progressed, the more the weight by which the arm was pulled down was increased and it became reasonably straight again. Lanzius said we could not know in which manner I would have to earn my living, and to have a straight arm would always be better than a crooked one. Lanzius assured us that my arm would have been all right if he had been called in right away to treat me. This was no boasting on his part, for I could cite many instances where the doctors gave up the patients as incurable, but who afterwards were cured by Lanzius.

My sister is a case in point. At the age of 12 she was afflicted with a skin eruption, which spread over her entire head. Several doctors were consulted. Each one of these gentlemen prescribed this or that but without success, so that our father several times said he wished she were dead, for he had tried everything possible to have her cured, but in vain. After my father had said something similar in the presence of several friends, they advised him to take his daughter to see Lanzius, of who so many good things were being said. The horses were hitched early one morning and our parents, my sick sister, and my humble self mounted the wagon and drove away. I went along because I had to have a tooth extracted. When after several inquiries, we arrived at our destination, we were led into a regular Gerst farmhouse which lay hidden between a dense growth of trees.

After father had inquired whether we were in the right place, for it did not look at all like a doctor's residence, he asked Lanzius whether the girl could be cured. "Come here", he said to my sister, took off her padded cap and other wraps that covered her head, and, after examining the child, he said, "Of course, she can be cured, but I would like to have her stay here a while, about six or eight weeks; after that she can go home as good as new." As he said, so it turned out to be, for after six weeks she returned home, her head smooth and with a growth of hair about an inch long. She was married when she was twenty and became the mother of five children, two of them living here in America.

Another little story: When Lanzius was sent for to treat me, the news spread like wildfire in the neighborhood. In an adjacent village there was a school friend of mine, suffering from cancer of the lower lip. The two doctors who had also treated me wanted to cut off the lip altogether. The boy's mother sent a messenger to us, asking Lanzius to come to their home, which he did, and after three or four weeks the lip had healed, showing only a little scar, and furthermore, the boy enjoyed good health again. And that is what the doctors call science.

I simply cannot get it into my thick head that people should have such implicit faith in doctors, for how often is it now being said, "The doctor said so", and in this good faith they allow themselves to be stuffed with medicine, or bled, or have similar things done to them for which they, moreover, pay a great deal. But the saying is, "Everything a little beastie has its own bit of fun."

No one in his right mind can blame me for my bad opinion of doctors, particularly in view of their ill-usage of me, which almost made a cripple of me. Let each one believe what he pleases but I will not let anyone dictate to me, for I trust that I can die just as easily without the help of doctors as others with it. My standpoint has been proven in the meantime, for I am now past seventy and still feeling tolerably well without having consulted a physician in the last thirty years. However, I will not delay any longer now and proceed with the story of the journey of my life.

After having worked for a few years in my father's mill and regained my strength, I still did not feel as well as I did upon the ocean; therefore, I tried again to work as a cabin boy upon a ship and soon acquired the necessary training to enable me to perform any task upon a vessel. A few years later I returned to my former Captain K., this time as a cook. This trip took-us from Stettin to St. Malo in France, with a large cargo of oakwood for shipbuilding, but we did not reach our destination, for we ran aground near the island of Lessoe in the Kattegat, on the northwest reef of the island, which extends about one German mile from land. At the end of the northeast reef there is a lightship named Trindelen, which we passed two evenings earlier. The storm coming from the west blew ever more fiercely and the sea became very turbulent. We sailed in a northerly direction until the next noon, then turned the ship westward to seek some shelter behind Skagen, the northeast point of Jutland. We had as many sails unfurled as the storm allowed. We did not see the Skagen light, that is why we once more turned north, then west again. Towards half past three o'clock the captain sent a sailor up to look for the Skagen light. The coxswain and I were in the bunk. Before the sailor came back upon deck, the ship ran aground. We all ran up on deck, I hurried right over to the pump, the ship had not sprung a leak yet. The thrusts became more and more violent and I saw one end of the keel touch the water at my side. Now it was clear to me that all pumping was useless. I ran to my chest, put on my best warm clothes, also took my watch and, as the ship had settled, the waves rolled over the deck. We readied the lifeboat, packed our clothes in preparation for leaving the ship, but our captain would not abandon the ship yet. The mail boat, which wanted to reach the island, was about half an English mile behind us. From their position they signalled to us that we should cut loose, but then a wave swept over the deck and crashed into the boat so that it sank so deep that the water rushed in from both sides. The

coxswain staved the boat off the ship, and I scooped out the water until we had to go on deck, then he called, "Come here," and tried to reach the deck. I threw my bucket away, seized a hawser and also swung myself on deck. We were scarcely on deck when the boat smashed into the ship, and capsized. All our belongings were gone, except what we had on our bodies. When the men in the mail boat saw that we were back on deck, they weighed anchor and sailed toward the island. If no help came from land now, we would soon be lost. Since the cargo did not let the ship sink entirely, it still kept moving with every wave that swept over it. We made an effort to remove the anchor from the bow and succeeded. The jolting of the ship giving support to the anchor caused it to lean more heavily toward the sea with its bow. The result was that we found better shelter on the quarter-deck, although the water still splashed over us frequently.

There we sat, looking at each other, each one occupied with his own thoughts, knowing that there was no hope for rescue from our side. When it was almost ten o'clock, we saw a boat leaving the shore and moving in our direction, and our hopes for speedy help were revived. The boat tacked about half way between the shore and our ship, then its sails tore apart and it also sprang a leak. After its sails had been repaired to a certain extent, the boat turned back and carried our hopes for rescue away with it. Our end seemed near now. After a few more hours had been spent in useless reflections, we began to feel the pangs of hunger, but where should any food come from? We smashed the skylight of the cabin, to look for something to eat, and actually found some dry rye hard tack swimming around in all kinds of floating stuff. We were glad to have it, although it was soaked with sea water. To have a frugal meal, we went in search of a flitch of smoked bacon hidden away in the kitchen below deck, and we had a fine repast. But the worst was still to come. After this salty meal we were unable to quench our thirst, because the few barrels of fresh water still on deck were already briny from the sea water that had seeped in.

Towards 4 o'clock we saw another boat coming from the shore approaching us to within one English mile. They cast anchor to repair some damage, for its foresail was torn from top to bottom; other repairs also were necessary, and the water had to be scooped out. The men later told us that several were of the opinion that no living soul could possibly be found upon the wrecked vessel, and proposed to sail back to the shore. While the boat lay there for sometime, our captain, fortunately, conceived the idea of pulling our distress flag up and down a few times and, to make it even more noticeable, a towel floating around in the kitchen was tied below the flag and pulled up and down several times. When the signal was noticed, the boat set sail again in our direction against storm and waves, until it cast anchor within reasonable distance from our ship, for it was impossible for it to lie alongside our ship because of the choppy sea. But how was a connection between the two vessels to be made? Our boat's mast which was still behind the poop deck, was tied to the plumbline which is 160 fathoms long; however, we had to add another thin line so as to obtain the double length between the boat and the ship. The strong current drew the line farther aside rather then towards the boat, and a great effort was required to row the boat around the point where the line could be fished out of the water with a long hook. When at last a connection was established, the captain asked, "Now who will be the first to go?"

Seeing that none of our belongings could be salvaged from the ship, I immediately decided to tie the rope under my arms. As I stepped upon the stern to leap into the water, they were already pulling in the line from the boat. Thus I fell head first into the water and, since I was holding the line with my hands, too, I was pulled along under the water. I was fully conscious and thinking that this could not go on. I let the line slip out of my hands and a swimming motion brought me to the surface of the water, because the knot of the line lay directly upon my breast. As I approached the boat, it swooped down from a wave, I was lifted high by another wave so that I was able to cling to the edge of the boat with both hands, but after that my strength almost left me. When they pulled me into the boat, I was still thinking of my watch and turned around far enough to keep it from being crushed. I was laid down in the boat, I heard everything but lacked the strength to raise myself. Then they put into my mouth a piece of bread into which a little whiskey had been poured, after which I soon recovered. Hardly had I raised myself when they hauled in the cabin boy from the ship. As they placed him by my side, he put his arms around my neck and wept. This voyage was his first and his last one. There were only five of us upon this ship. After we were all in the boat, the captain being the last one to leave his post, the anchor cable was cut away and we set sail for the shore. There were sixteen men in the boat under the leadership of the beach inspector who had urged and encouraged the men to go out with him, promising them that he would pay them in case they did not accomplish anything, for most of them had at first refused to go. Scarcely had the boat touched the shore of the island when we all leaped overboard and fumbled for solid ground.

The captain was billeted with the beach inspector and the rest of us were housed with fishermen. We were eager to change into dry clothes and were given dry shirts, pants, jackets, shoes and stockings, which we put on as they were, although many of these articles were either too large or did not otherwise fit us. The clothes we had taken off were rinsed in fresh water and hung up to dry; also my watch was rinsed in fresh water and when dry, immersed in a cup filled with oil to prevent rusting, After an excellent supper we went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. We were given the best possible attention by the inhabitants of this island.

The next morning, when we were still in bed, out host came with the news that our ship had totally disappeared. After breakfast we strolled around a little to orient ourselves. The captain, too, wanted to know where we were, but when we saw him, we could scarcely suppress our laughter, for he had squeezed himself into the inspector's clothes which were very tight for him, his arms and feet stuck out almost one foot and, to crown everything, he had to wear a top hat which they call "stove pipe'' here, for it was Sunday. I must admit that we, the others, were not dressed in the latest style from Paris either, but we wore seamen's clothes even though they, too, were partly too large for us. Toward noon, when the sun stood high in the sky, we were on the roof of the house, while the tide ebbed, and we saw in the direction where the ship lay something shining whenever a wave receded. We decided that one of us should row out in the afternoon and see what had happened to our vessel. When the boat returned, they brought the news that the ship had heeled over and that the masts were lying horizontally upon the water. The following night the storm abated, the next morning the weather was beautiful and the sea had become calm.

There was a great bustle of activity on the entire island, and twenty fully manned boats set out to haul in the ship. When the yards and shrouds at the top of the mast had been cut away, the ship righted itself, and when the deck was above water, the anchor was heaved up, and all the boats towed the ship towards that part of the shore where the water was deepest. In the meantime some men already busied themselves cutting away the masts and hacking the deck loose on all sides. At about four to five rods from the shore, the ship touched ground and was held fast on land with cables. After the boats had all aligned themselves and were held secure, the masts, the deck, and the cargo of the ship were one after the other, floated ashore. When they came close to the shore, horses were harnessed to them to pull them on land. The ship's log being lost, too, it had to be pieced together again from our recollections, and the crew had to affirm it on oath, which in seaman's language is known as drawing up a sea protest. This document is then submitted to the insurance company so the insurance sum can be cashed. It also serves as proof that the ship was not deliberately forced ashore. In this case the storm had driven us so far off course, from the North Sea into the Kattegat, that we believed to be near Skagenor, at least to be seeing it, and yet we ran aground on Lessoe. The income of the inhabitants of this island is derived almost entirely from fishing, some agriculture, from flotsam and the shipwrecked, for whatever flotsam is fished out of the water, even if it is sold to defray the cost of insurance, probably remains mostly there; nevertheless, I must say in praise of these island people that they did everything in their power to make us feel comfortable. --- Rye and potatoes seemed to thrive best in this sandy soil.

The storm was followed by more southerly wind. A boat was chartered to take us to Helsinger. The captain had to stay behind to await the completion of the sale of the salvaged goods. After we had been here for a week, the wind blew from the north, we climbed into the chartered boat and sailed southward to Helsinger. As evening approached, the wind changed more to the west so that we could hardly pass the island of Anholt on the weather side for, while we were close to the island, the plumbline had to be used continually. In some places we had already reached the point where we could not but anticipant another shipwreck. Fortunately, our fears were unfounded and, with dawn approaching, the wind veered toward the north and brought us to Helsinger in the afternoon.

Here we soon learned that Captain Haase, who had been in Stettin with us and was bound for the Weser, was still riding at anchor because of the delay caused by the northerly wind. The coxswain chartered a boat and we went to inquire whether this Captain Haase could take us with him. He immediately consented to give us all berth. Some water and provisions were brought on board, and the next day we set sail with a double crew. We enjoyed good weather during the voyage; we fished daily for mackerel and triggerfish. The easiest way to catch triggerfish is when the ship moves at a speed of about 4-6 miles an hour. We caught them in large numbers and boiled, or fried, or even smoked them. When we reached the Weser, we asked the captain what we owed him, but, he would accept nothing for the passage, so we thanked him and said good-bye to him and the crew.

After I had Spent a week at home and repaired my clothes tolerably well, I received an offer from Captain Meyer von Klipkanne to serve as a sailor

on his ship. We made the voyage to Bahia together on the Bremen vessel "Frederick", when I was an ordinary seaman. I joined his ship after a few days, and we made several trips to the Baltic Sea and England. Then his brother joined the crew as coxswain, and we sailed for Liverpool with cargo of beans which had been taken aboard in the sluice of Tettens. Although the ship carried a heavy load, we had a good and pleasant voyage.

From Liverpool we were to return to Friedrichstadt on the Eider with a cargo of rock salt. Because we were able to leave so soon, I had a few pounds of tobacco left which I wanted to sell, but it had to be done by smuggling. I hid two pounds of tobacco inside my shirt and one pound inside my hat, thinking that no one could see that by merely looking at me, but I was mistaken. As I walked from the dock to the city, I ran into a harbor policeman, who asked me, "Where are you going?"* He took me in town, and away we went to the harbor police station. I still had five English shillings in my pocket, which I offered to my companion in return for letting me go back to my ship, but in vain. At the police station I was searched from head to foot. They took my five shillings and a few cigars, but a knife which they were looking for, I happened not to have with me. Then I was locked up in a dark cell and left to my fate. Shortly before half past 11 o'clock I was escorted into the guard room where I was told to sit by the fire and where I had various questions addressed to me, for instance, where did I want to go with my tobacco, etc. At 12 o'clock the guards were changed and the two men took me by the arm and away we went into the city. After a march of about 10 to 15 minutes I was consigned to another prison and again locked up in a dark cell until the next morning. I prefer to keep silent about the things that occurred in the hall during the night, for I could hear only the conversations. Near one o'clock I was called out by the policeman saying, "Young man, come out here."* He led me through the corridor into the street, where a police wagon with barred windows was waiting, into which I had to climb, I immediately sat down in the farthest corner, and after a short time was joined by twelve or thirteen more traveling companions collected from all classes of society. The wagon began to move and drove through several streets until we stopped in front of another jail. There, more traveling companions of the same caliber joined us so that the wagon was filled to capacity. An Englishman sitting beside me asked me, "What is the reason that you are here?"* My answer was, "I smoked a pipe on board in the dock."* Strict harbor regulations forbid the lighting of fire on shipboard in the docks. The food must be prepared in kitchens on shore. The man replied, "Oh, that is a bad case, that will cost you about ten pounds."* "I cannot help it"*, I answered. After another drive through several streets, the wagon came to a halt, everybody had to climb down and enter a large building. Here the sexes were separated, the women were told to go to one side, the men to another. In the "Room"* which we entered, a whole crowd of people were already present. We were at least thirty men, each one having his own views. I amused myself studying the various types of people; one man slept, another danced, or sang, or whistled, others swore and stormed, some had thick noses, others had blue eyes, and so forth, each one passed the time as he pleased. In the back of the room was a pump with a cup on a chain for drinking water. After we had killed time

---

* English words and spelling within quotations marks are same as in original text.

for about 30 to 45 minutes, a guard came with a large sprinkling can and sprayed the whole room with what was probably lime water, for it stung the eyes. The purpose of this was to purify the air somewhat; as a fact, the pungent odors soon dispersed. Now a guard came and brought us some breakfast; a slice of bread as thick as a fist which he carried in a large tub on his back by means of a belt or rope slung across his neck and one of which he offered to everyone. After a while we left the room and marched in single file through the outer door, descended the stairway into a long corridor that extended under several streets. In some places there were holes with iron gratings over them, through which some light filtered in.

At the end of the subterranean passage we saw some rooms. Here we stopped; our names were called one after the other, and then we returned upstairs. When it was my turn to ascent to the upper floor, I found myself in a spacious courtroom in which there also was a large audience. I had time to look around for, before I was to be called, the judge was examining another man with large blue rings around his eyes, who was cursing vociferously, but who was dispatched downstairs again immediately.

Now my policeman came forth from the audience stepped before the bar, and made his deposition, saying he had arrested me on the street the previous evening, because I was in possession of three pounds of tobacco, which he carried in a cloth. Thereupon one of the judges turned to me and asked, "Can you speak English"?* I answered briefly in Low German, "No." He repeated the question very slowly and distinctly, followed again by my Low German "No". Only because they did not want to make a fuss about three pounds of tobacco, they sent me back among the audience, where my policeman received me with the words, "Now come on,"* and we both marched off. After we had walked a long stretch, he inquired whether I had been given back the five shillings. Upon my negative reply, he said, "Stop here a minute,"* and entered a large house. While standing there, I noticed that it was the house where we had stopped yesterday and entered the subterranean passage. Not long afterwards my man came back and handed me the money, saying, "Here is your money, now let us go on board."*

As we were walking through the streets, I was continually looking out for the sight of shipmasts, but without success. Everything was alien to me; I read the signboards, nothing looked familiar. In front of a good-looking tavern sign I stood still, probably involuntarily, and he inquired; "Would you like a glass or porter of beer?"* When I thanked him, he said, "Come, go on then."* It occurred to me right away that he was eager to have a drink and I asked him, "Would you take a glass?"* He was glad to accept, we entered, ordered a drink and conversed amicably. He told me he had arrested me on the assumption that I planned to desert the ship and because I looked rather fat and large. It was I, of course, who paid for the drinks, and when we were back in the street, he showed me the way I had to take to reach the vessel, and warned me not to leave it under any circumstances. We said good-bye to each other, but he kept the tobacco.

The captain had soon heard of my arrest and went immediately to his office to inquire what steps he was to take. There he was told that a policeman would probably come and request him to accompany him to see whether the prisoner was one of his men, and that he should then think no more about it and simply tell the constable he did not want to have such a man on board again. If the captain had accompanied the policeman, it would have cost a

few more "Pounds"*; in this way I got off with a night in jail, and now when I think of that trip, I am still amused, for unless a man experiences such things himself, he has no idea what crazy things may happen at times.

After our ship had been freighted with rock salt, we sailed to Frederickstadt on the Eider where the cargo was unloaded and the ship immediately chartered for a trip to Libau, to haul linseed and wheat from there to Bremen. As it often happens that brothers are unable to harmonize together, it was also the case here, for when the captain told his coxswain to do this or that, he would sometimes receive such ugly answers that my pen refuses to commit them to paper. Since such a relationship cannot endure, the coxswain was discharged, and the captain suggested that I take his place. I had passed the coxswain's examination at Bremen, and only because I considered myself rather young for that kind of a post, I wanted to gather a little more experience as a seaman. I asked the captain to let the man make the short voyage to Libau, and that I would be happy to accept his offer my next spring. "No," said the captain, "He must go, and if you won't take over now, I'll find someone else." Thereupon I accepted his offer and from now on I was the coxswain.

In Frederickstadt the captain fell in love and became engaged to the daughter of the hotel proprietor Kastens; the wedding was celebrated in the course of the winter.

When the ship had taken on the necessary ballast, we sailed up the Eider and, since we had to enter a few bays, it ran aground. An Eider vessel sailing close behind us rammed us so violently that our craft was jolted loose but also sprang a leak as a result of the concussion. It was already late fall, and therefore, not advisable to put to sea with a leaking vessel, and when we arrived at Nubbel, where we first sighted a shipyard, we cast anchor so as to have the damage repaired, for the crew refused to sail any farther on an unseaworthy ship. The shipbuilder declared that the ship had to be towed into the dockyard for caulking and repairs. This was done in a short time, but before all could be finished, winter overtook us and navigation was suspended, hence we had to stay here for the rest of the season.

At the beginning of spring the ice melted, we set sail as early as possible and had a good trip. Near Libau the entire coast was for miles out covered with ice so that entering the harbor was not to be thought of. We cruised for two days on the fringe of the ice and on the third day dropped anchor near the ice in the outer roads. Until noon an easterly wind blew which set the ice in motion. Toward 2 o'clock a pilot vessel came over to us, and soon afterwards we set sail and cruised as well as we could through the ice fields, up to the mouth of the river where we had to ride at anchor because of a strong outgoing current. All the lines and hawsers were taken into the boat and rowed to the pier where hundreds of people were standing, ready to receive the end of the lines, whereupon the boat returned, and threw out the necessary length of cable to reach the ship to which it was soon fastened; then we weighed anchor. The crew on land pulled the ship into the harbor as far as the ice permitted it, for a little higher up along the coast there was still solid firm ice.

Within about one week we had on board the new cargo consisting of wheat and linseed for seed in barrels, with which we put to sea again. At first the weather was good, we had a moderate wind, but the next night a fierce blizzard hit us and we had to furl several sails and reef others. We were following a northerly course from Bornholm, but the north current had driven us slightly

off course, for the next night, during the captain's watch, the light of Erdholm (Christiansoe) came in sight and we had to change our course a few points of the compass to the north, in order to pass Borholm at its northern tip, The sea was choppy and came upon us from the side so that the ship had to work hard, and the waves frequently rolled over it. The pumps were tried out every hour and the ship was found to be leak-resistant until we had the north end of Borholm at our side. Here the water rose in the hold of the ship and the pumps were worked at fall capacity. We decided to sail in the rear of Borholm so as to reach the harbor of Ronne, on the west sides if possible. There the sea became calm, and soon three pilots climbed aboard and declared that we could not go any farther because the wind was blowing from the shore. We were advised to anchor in the outer roads and wait for better weather. While the ship was riding at anchor, all the pumps were set in motion, and after hard and strenuous work we succeeded in emptying the ship of water; however, pumping had to be continued half the time, for when we set out only ten minutes, we had to pump the same length of time again. The water splashing over the deck immediately turned into ice; on the entire foredeck, on the bowsprit, and 10 to 12 feet up in the shrouds the ice was more than a foot thick in places. Rocks were our anchorage and the next morning as I still lay in bed, I heard the anchor chain dragging over rocks; the ship was drifting.

The sea became more turbulent the farther we drifted away from land, and we were forced to furl another foresail and to drag the anchor chain, for the entire foredeck, together with windlass and sail, was coated with ice which had to be removed first before we were able to unwind the end of the chain. As soon as the chain was loose, we hoisted the foresail and now moved westward towards the Holstein Canal, with a snowstorm coming from the east. The men were allowed to rest only at short intervals, for the motto was, "pump or drown." It was a great advantage to us that we had three pilots on board and that they were able to help with the pumping. Incidentally, these poor men were greatly worried about their families who, of course, could not know what happened to us, for the snow was falling so thick that we could not see the land from the ship and from the land they could not see our ship. It was rather difficult to steer a straight course, and with a certain degree of accuracy, for we had to base our calculations upon mere guesswork and the time of our departure. Near the island of Rugen the air cleared, the wind continued favorable and gradually died down so that, little by little, it was possible to crowd all serviceable sail. As the light returned, we could see a few wrecks floating near by; a ship was drifting keel upward.

The next day we arrived in Holtenau where several ships had been detained by the storm that we had successfully weathered. Several men of their crews boarded our vessel to free it from the ice which still tenaciously clung to many parts. The result of this winter cold and heavy snow was the formation of a sheet of ice in the Canal so that a boat had to be tied fast to the bowsprit to break the ice, and six horses on one side and several crews on the other pulled the ship forward. In the evening we arrived at the bridge of Landwehr, and for the first time in a week we were able to get a good night's sleep. The following day we reached Rendsburg, and we immediately made preparations to unload the cargo, for the ship had suffered sea damage. Near the lock the cargo was transferred into warehouses to be stored tempor-

arily and dried. The barrels of linseed which had become wet were emptied out; a one-inch crust had formed on the inside walls of the barrels. The seed itself was not damaged greatly, only the bottom layer had suffered much because there had been three feet of water in the ship. For us personally, the aftereffects of this tour revealed themselves later; the captain had a few fingers frozen black and I had a large abscess below each heel; however they healed soon after bursting open, but until then I suffered excruciating pain. I frequently leaped into the boat to let my feet dangle in the water to draw the fever out of them. Truly, each one of us had received his share of trouble.

I almost forgot to mention that the captain had his young bride on board, for this was their honeymoon. Well, one could scarcely envy them on this kind of a honeymoon.

The cargo was loaded onto other ships and dispatched to Bremen. After the sea-damage papers had been set in order and the damage the ship had suffered appraised, the captain received payment for the full freight to Bremen and 1,000 thalers as reparation. The repairs of the ship were carried out at Nubbel where we had spent the winter. The ship had to be hauled into the dock-yard again. The new sails and rigging were made at Rendsburg; we also received another anchor and chain. When the ship was seaworthy again, we made several trips during summer until winter forced us to stop navigation. The ship was taken to its winter quarters on the Eider. Since the members of the crew were from the Weser district, we traveled home by land.

The next spring I went to work for Captain K. von Elsfleth once more, this time as coxswain, and stayed with him a few years and made several trips on the North Sea and the Baltic Sea until a part owner of the vessel bought a new ship in Bremerhaven, on which I was to sail as captain. Captain K. and I were riding at anchor when I received the news of the purchase of our ship, "Seaman". But since Captain K. refused to release me, I had to accompany him on the following trip until we arrived on the Weser, where I took my leave. In the meantime, the "Seaman" made his first voyage with another captain and set sail for Antwerp. When we lay at anchor in Flushing, ready to put to sea, the "Seaman" came sailing into port one morning.

Because our ship carried the flag of Bremen, I first had to become a citizen of Bremen and reside in Bremen territory, before I could be entitled to be captain of the ship, a circumstance entailing a lot of red tape and annoyance. I took up residence at Vegesack. For seven years I stunted about on the North Sea and the Baltic Sea; the ship was too small and not a good sailer. A cargo of 84 tons of wheat was a heavy load for it and, with the low freight prices of those days, I could barely cover expenses. I made several trips to Hull with wheat, the entire freight amounting to only 40-50 pounds sterling. On the return voyage I was able at times to get hold of some goods in lots, and when these were unobtainable, I took limestones as ballast, which I then sold cheap to limekiln owners on the banks of the Weser. Nevertheless, my trips were always fairly good and without any accidents.

In the winter of 1846-1847, I sold this ship and became a partner with a shipowner at Strohausen. We decided to build a new and larger vessel. My partner had won the money in the lottery, and when I told my eldest sister that he wanted to buy half a share in the new ship, she replied, ''Brother, watch out and look for someone else, I'm afraid there's no blessing on that

money." I laughed, saying that after all it was not stolen money, and there the matter rested. We drew up a contract with the shipbuilder H. Behrens at Brake, according to which the ship was to be built under my supervision, and I watched closely that only good material was used in the construction. The design was that of a galliot with schooner rigging, the tonnage 110 tons. The bottom was made extra solid and reinforced with copper, in preparation for a later copper sheathing. The building progressed rapidly and in July 1847, the ship was launched and given the name, "Visurgis", the Latin word for Weser.

The first voyage took us to Hamerfest in Norway, to take a cargo of dried cod from there to Venice. The vessel was loaded with ballast and some goods in lots, and out on the open sea I soon discovered that the ship was sailing very well; it was in every respect seaworthy and maneuvered with ease. When I saw the draft dancing so lightly over the waves, the thought occurred to me at times that I was the happiest man in the world, for I did not know of anything I could wish for. My entire crew consisted of eight members; only the cook, a man in his forties, and I were married, the others were young men. The voyage proceeded without any accident; the farther north we advanced, the longer the days became until, at the end of our trip, the sun did not set anymore at all but only described a circle on the northern horizon, and at midnight it was as light as at noon.

When about half the cargo of dried cod was on board, the cook one evening started to sing with the young men and to tell stories to pass the time. The loading of fish is time-consuming, and now the sun set again for several hours. After twilight had descended, the crew went to their bunks, the cook with his pipe burning; the boy only had to stay up in order to wait for the coxswain, who had gone ashore for his laundry. I, too, went to bed, and after I had lain there for about 10-15 minutes, the boy, greatly alarmed, came to my cabin and begged me to come on deck. Upon my question, 'But what's the matter?" he replied, "Oh, the cook is acting so strange and has been vomiting." "Oh", I said, "he has eaten too much." The boy left me saying "Please do come upstairs." At once I climbed on deck, went into the men's living quarters and found the cook hiccoughing in his bunk. The mouthpiece of his pipe lay upon his chin, and thick groats with plums, part of his midday meal, were embedded in his beard. I inquired from the crew how it had started and learned that the hiccoughing began a short time after they had gone to bed. They had called for the boy to light the lamp, whereupon they heard him say, "There's a man dying here."

The cook was unconscious and quite limp, hence I ordered the crew to lift him out of his bunk so that we might possibly make him vomit; but all the remedies we applied were ineffective. In the meantime, the coxswain had come back on board, and I had a man row me ashore to find and bring back the doctor, who, however, refused to see anyone, for in the afternoon he had been on the mail steamer which arrives there every two weeks, and where he probably had talked and sniffed too much. Having to leave the doctor's house without having achieved my purpose, I went to the drugstore and explained the matter to the pharmacist, but he said he was not permitted to dispense any drugs without a doctor's prescription. What was I to do now? I returned on board to find that no change had taken place. I conferred with captains from other ships, they brought various remedies to be administered to the cook, but nothing helped. Two men kept watch during the night. No change. Towards four o’clock

I went again to see the doctor. He was still in bed, and I told his cook, who was already up, that I absolutely had to consult the doctor, whereupon he soon appeared. I presented my request to him, but he was still suffering from the hang-over and first had to drink a few drops of coffee, after which we went on board.

After the doctor had seen the cook, felt his pulse and asked the usual questions: whether he had convulsions, bowel movement, etc., I escorted him to my cabin. In answer to my first question, "Doctor, what is going to happen?" he replied, quite apathetically, "The fellow will die." I said to him, "It's easy for you to say that, but can nothing be done that could possibly save the man's life?" "You can," he said, "have him bled or an enema given to him, but I doubt that anything will be of help now."

I wanted the doctor to bleed the cook right away, but he had no time, for he wanted to depart on the steamer that left at 7 o'clock. He said that I should send for the barber, which was done soon. When the vein was struck, the blood spurted like that of a healthy man; however, no change became visible; he lay there unconscious and quite limp, exactly as we had put him down. Now a syringe had to be produced. It was borrowed from the midwife and, after the enema had been given, there still was no change. Now I could not but suspect that the doctor's-statement was correct. Between 8 and 9 O'clock, when the offices opened, I went to call on a merchant, Mr. Jentoff, and explained my bad luck to him, asking him whether it was possible to accommodate our patient somewhere on shore, for I did not like having a death on my ship on its first voyage. The crisis was expected in a few days. Mr. Jentoff accompanied me to the home of a widow who rented sleeping rooms to sailors and who immediately consented to grant our request. She seemed glad to earn something; her charge, too, was very moderate. I returned on board; a makeshift stretcher was made, and we transferred the cook to his new lodgings, put him in a clean bed and he stayed in the same position without making the slightest movement; the only thing he did was breathe. By day the woman looked after him, by night his shipmates kept watch; no change whatever took place. On my way to the office on the third day, I stopped at the woman's house and inquired about the cook. I was informed that he was sleeping and, when I returned after an hour and a half and asked the same question, I was told that he was dead. After three days he was given a decent burial, for which occasion all the ships in the harbor had hoisted their flags at half-mast. The wages he had earned were handed over to his family.

Now I hired another sailor who had just returned from seal hunting at Spitsbergen. He was the son of the police inspector at Wismar and had attended very good schools; he was musical and a regular jolly good fellow, genial, and the possessor of an indestructible good humor. One of the ordinary seamen now took over as cook. After the ship had been provided with a full cargo of dried codfish and the necessary ballast of stones, we set sail for Venice. At first the sailing was smooth and the ship maneuvered as desired, but already after one week we were forced to slow down,

Many a reader will consider it ridiculous to hear me telling them of my dreams and of the influence of the weather upon them; yet, I have often experienced that, and it happened again here. The coxswain had the watch from 12 to 4 o'clock. We were going in full sail; the wind was so favorable that we were able to spread both the top studding sail and the topgallant studding sail. Awakened by a dream at about 3:45, I went on deck and told the coxswain that the studding

sails were to be shortened; he was of the opinion, however, that the wind was not blowing hard anymore,, but I pointed out to him that the air was rising very black. When the studding sails had been shortened, my watch also came on deck, and all the light sails had been shortened, and were furled, then the yard foresail was hoisted. In the meantime, while I was at the helm, the coxswain came to ask me whether the foresail should be furled. Emphatically I said, "Oh, yes!" hence, he sent up five men to furl the foresail. The topsail, the jib and the schooner sail were still all unfurled, and as the men were pulling the sail into the yard, the mast broke into three pieces: the center piece fell backward and lengthwise upon the boat and the upper part with topmast and yards crashed down heavily so that all five men fell upon the deck. It was very dark; the coxswain and the boy were on the weather side. I left the helm and ran to the lee side, intent upon rescuing anyone that might have fallen overboard, if possible.

The cook was not injured and stood on top of the boat; upon the corner of the poop, on the deck, lay a sailor calling for help pitiably. Then I glimpsed the carpenter as well as one of the ordinary seamen crawling from underneath the rigging, and I called, "Where are you?" The recently hired sailor pleaded, "Oh, help me, I can't move." Because the rigging lay right across the deck, I could not go to him immediately but had to circle around the boat to reach him. When I arrived on the weather side, the coxswain and the cook were dragging him over the shrouds, upholding him under the arms on both sides as he was hopping along on one leg. To my question what was ailing him he replied, "Take hold of my foot." As I stood behind them, I bent over and when I grasped his foot, I almost fell down; the leg was shattered above the ankle, my hands were filled with bones and the blood squirted over both my hands. I told them to bring him to my cabin without delay, and since he was still sitting on the bench on deck, I had his bed brought into the cabin, and we laid him there. In the meantime, the yards and topmast had rolled overboard and caused a strong vibration in the ship so that we feared it might spring a leak; it was, therefore, necessary to rid ourselves of them. To hoist the rigging was not to be thought of, because we were too few and too weak, so we used axe, hatchet and knife, and whenever anything held fast, it was cut away until the ship was eased of its entire rigging. It was impossible to cut away the jib stay and when it became taut, the jib boom broke away.

The sea had become very rough, and since we could not spread any sails, the ship rolled and labored tremendously. Our work on deck had ended for the time being, and when I went back to the cabin, the patient said to me, "Now get an axe and cut off my foot, I have examined it, it can't heal again and I can't endure this thing." The terrible labor of the ship caused his body to be tossed backward and forward, more or less; on the other hand, his foot lying still produced some friction. An area of at least four inches of the lower part of the leg, above the ankle, was crushed so that only the skin and tendons were still holding together. At first I refused to cut off the foot, but he entreated me to be human and take heart; it could be done with one blow. I still objected that with the rolling of the ship it was impossible to deal a steady blow, and so forth, but he said, "Let's first have a good drink, and after that --- the sooner --- the better."

We went in search of a board, a long piece of firewood and the axe. I placed the board under the leg, and the coxswain hit the axe with the log; the patient sat there upright until the blow struck, then he fell back with a loud cry of pain. I sent the boy, who had held the light during the operation, for some water to wet the bandage. When I had almost finished the bandaging, the patient opened his eyes and asked me to add a little vinegar so as to stop the bleeding sooner. Luckily, I had a few sheepskins with the wool on; these I laid under his leg, and soon he lay quiet.

We went on deck and tried the pump; the ship drew a little more water, but after we had pumped for a while, there was no water left, and I sent the cook down to look after our patient. He returned hurriedly, saying that he believed he was dead, for he looked deathly pale. I immediately descended and, after observing him more closely, I saw that the nostrils were still moving faintly and that, consequently he was still breathing. He lay there in this condition for an hour and a half and then opened his eyes and asked for a drink of water. The bleeding had stopped and now the leg was continuously cooled off with water; we did not know what else we could do. As I have mentioned previously the cook alone was uninjured, but the other three had fared rather badly and were incapacitated for work; the carpenter and one sailor spat blood, the ordinary seaman had suffered serious concussions, and it was later discovered that the carpenter had a few broken ribs.

The storm coming from the southwest was growing considerably worse; the prospect was that we were going to be driven northward, possibly to perish miserably. We hoisted a staysail on the mizzen mast to keep the ship close to the sea. The topmast with its upper end already broken off, only the shrouds were still holding fast. The second night the weather seemed to improve a little, and we tried to hoist the mainsail closely reefed. During the hoisting, the ship began to roll much more than before. When the sail was up, I looked at the compass and discovered that the wind had suddenly shifted to northwest. Now the vessel had to be turned around, but with the one sail abaft there was no possibility to turn the ship either against or before the wind; therefore, a block had to be fastened at the top of the mainmast, upon which was raised a staysail and fastened at the front of the windlass. When the sail was in its place, the helm was turned on and the ship became more manageable again so that the pressure upon the helm caused it to drift to leeward. As we were now sailing before the wind, the mainsail was partly lowered and taken over to the other side; I was at the helm and tried to find out whether the ship could be steered closer to the winds which, to my greatest amazement, succeeded quite easily. The mainsail was raised again, and the ship moved eight or nine miles in a northeasterly direction, toward the coast of Norway. My intention was to reach Cristianssund.

The storm grew worse, the sea ran high and became very rough, the waves frequently lashed the entire deck from behind. The coxswain mentioned several times that we would all be washed overboard if the ship luffed too much and if the waves should come from the side. I told him it was our responsibility to concentrate all our attention upon steering and to make the best use of whatever was to come, for in this manner we might reach land in a few days. It was a hard time for us, for we were only three that were able to operate the helm and we had to steal a few cat naps sitting. Our patients were taken care of as well as the circumstances permitted: the broken leg of the one man

was frequently moistened with water and vinegar; the others also were still unable to come on deck. On the twenty-third of September the mast broke, on the twenty-fourth we succeeded in steering the ship closer to the wind, and on the twenty-sixth, at dawn, the coxswain, who happened to be at the helm since he had relieved me at 4 A.M., shouted, "Land ahoy". I had been sitting in the coxswain's room and fallen asleep, for I had not been in bed for three days, as soon as I heard the call, I ran on deck and called to the coxswain, "Hoist the sails." I saw that it was possible to sail along the coast if we spread more sails. From the top of the mainmast the foresail was spread toward the windlass and the staysail toward the broken stump of the foremast, and the ship now moved along the cliffs and the surf. To have a better view, I climbed to the top of the mast and noticed that on the inside of the cliffs the water was calm. My idea was to find an opening between the cliffs that would enable us to sail through it. It was getting lighter, after about half an hour I discovered just such an opening and I called to the coxswain to haul up. The ship came closer to the wind and I directed the steering from above, telling him to keep the cliffs on the right and the surf on the left side. After we had sailed considerable distance inside the cliffs, two boats came towards us. We accepted the first one by heaving to, i.e., by making land against the wind, and the men offered us their services as pilots. They informed us that we had entered a good fairway, which was leading to Molde, and if the pilot had come on board outside the reefs, he could have taken us to Christianssund, but now there was no other choice than to sail to Molde where we would find a dockyard. On September 26, a little before noon, we cast anchor in Molde and were soon surrounded by boats with commission agents and representatives of insurance companies, who all offered their services, for damaged ships entering port spell prospects of a sizable profit.

The first thing I asked for was to have a doctor come on board so that our patients could obtain better care. While the doctor was being sent for, I engaged the merchant Ole Olsen as my commission agent to take care of the business relating to my damaged vessel. When the doctor came, on board, he ordered the patients to be brought ashore, for the fractured leg would have to be amputated a second time. The amputation was performed at once after the arrival on shore. I was unable to be present because other business demanded my attention. When I visited my patients in the evening to inquire how they were, I found them housed in a private home where everything looked neat and clean. After hearing my inquiries about his state of health, Francis, the sailor, whose leg had been amputated, replied, "I'd rather die than go through such an experience again, I don't know haw I could have endured the sawing of the bone any longer." The leg was amputated five inches below the knee, because gangrene had already started in the lower portion of the limb.

The carpenter and the sailor had internal lesions and the latter also a few broken ribs. These two men returned to the boat after a few weeks; the ordinary seaman was not moved ashore and recovered after a day and was able to resume his work. The cargo was soon stored in a warehouse.

The repairs of the rigging were completed as soon as possible; most of the work was done nearby at Christianssund. The ship was also careened and caulked. After the masts were up again, the cargo was brought back, and although the men worked day and night, much time was lost in this process. The compensation for the average loss was approved at Bremen where the ship was

insured and whence the money was sent but, in the end, the insurance company began to question the justification of the claims presented in the large bills, and withheld further payment. The ship had been ready to put to sea for some time, but I could not get away because the bills had not all been paid yet.

Almost every day or evening, we visited our patient, who often was surrounded by an entire audience that he entertained with stories, or music, or songs. On the third day after the amputation he had asked me to send him his guitar. It was tedious for him to be lying there all alone, and although the doctors had forbidden him every kind of excitement, he simply had to do something. After a few weeks he already had a few pupils who he instructed in music and drawing. While he entertained us in the evening with his playing and singing, I was often so touched that the tears ran down my cheeks, especially when he sang the song, "To the Lyre", and played:

"Oh, how dear you are to me,
Gift of Majo’s son!
If I have you, my good lyre,
No throne would I envy then."

It is impossible to describe my frame of mind in those days; only he who is able to put himself in my place can have an idea of it. Three months ago, when I set sail on the new ship, I felt with pride that I was the commander of a craft that obeyed every pressure of the helm and was in every respect an excellent ship. Many times, when I stood on deck and in my thoughts which I never expressed, observed the ship as it proudly cut its way through the waves, it occurred to me that I was the happiest man upon earth, for there was nothing else I could wish for. But now my pride was shattered and, involuntarily, I often thought of my sister's words about my co-partner's lottery money. These thoughts I kept to myself, but am writing them down now. I cannot say that I ever was superstitious, for all things in the world happen in accordance with the laws of nature, although many things appear to us to be veiled, and the ways of destiny are manifold. When at times I needed consolation, I went to my sailor patient, who would comfort me with the words, "We must bear our afflictions and accept whatever Providence sends us."

One day, when the ship was ready to sail, the sailor gave me a book entitled "Stratagems in Connection with Average Losses in Norway", which, he thought, would throw some light upon my present situation. It described several cases in which sea-damaged ships which had entered a harbor had to be forfeited entirely, because the bills had been screwed up so high that they far exceeded the value of the ship. After reading About this I realized that this was just what they were trying to do to me, and I decided, if it was in any way possible, to leave secretly, to which the whole crew agreed, at once. In order to accomplish this, a test run was arranged for January 21, 1848, to which several guests from the town were invited. After sailing back and forth in the fiord, we again anchored near the town with all sails slack, allowing the anchor as short as possible. As chance would have it, there was quite close to the shore, in a house facing our ship, a large party which broke up only a few hours after midnight; until that time there was a great stir in the town. After everything had quieted down and we had once more ascertained that all was still, we noiselessly weighed anchor and bid farewell

to Molde. All the serviceable sails were spread and shortly after dawn we were on the open sea. It was a great undertaking, for I had no map of the coast and the fiords. An innkeeper who had formerly sailed the seas had such a map, and since had no use for it, I asked him to let me have it. I had borrowed it a few times for inspection and studied, as well as possible, the fairway, the reefs and the right course of navigation in those waters. We were already halfway out at sea when we saw a boat following us, but it could not overtake us, for we urged our ship under full sail to give us the utmost speed. When we had barely reached the open sea, the wind increased and shifted to the west, which forced us to lower some sails. Although we were destined for Venice, I decided to go to Bremen first to let the gentlemen of the insurance company know that I was not dishonest and had not filed a fraudulent claim for compensation for average loss.

After almost two weeks we arrived at the mouth of the Weser but were unable to enter the river on account of the ice and southwest wind; hence we decided to enter the Elbe and arrived at Cuxxhaven, from where I traveled to Bremen where I was told that all the money was sent to Norway and that I should continue my voyage as soon as possible.

Because I was so close to my family, I went from Bremen to my home at Brake and found my wife in childbed with a boy who was born January 30. All was well. After the sojourn of twelve hours in my home, I hurried as fast as possible to Cuxxhaven and put back to sea.

The voyage proceeded without any special incidents and we arrived in Venetian waters in the course of the month of March. When the pilot came on board, he informed us in his language of a grande revoluzione*, but beyond that he could tell us nothing, because we did not understand Italian. He did not come on deck but stood upon the bulwarks and held on to the rigging from where he gave his orders about the steering of the vessel. We could not understand the meaning of all the flags on shore, for the green-white-red flag fluttered partly horizontally, partly perpendicularly. When we entered the lagoons near the Lido and had to be examined by the quarantine officers, we received more information about the grande revoluzione* from Captain Segebade von Elsfleth, who wanted to clear port and who had been present at the insurrection in Venice which had taken place two weeks ago. After we had been cleared by the quarantine, we sailed into the harbor of Venice where we soon unloaded the cargo. When the goods were unshipped, it was necessary to register a sea-protest in order to regulate the average loss papers, but in the various government departments things were in a state of confusion, and almost no one in the Republicade Venezia* knew who was the master and who was the cook. A few days went by until our papers were in order, for we were sent from one office to the other.

All the citizens were armed and formed the Guarda Civica*, but which could have achieved little or nothing in the presence of an enemy. I cannot tell how often I heard Viva Italia, morte Tedeska (long live Italy, death to the Germans)*, for the common people took everyone who spoke German for an Austrian. Whenever in the restaurants and cafes a smartly decked out lady came begging for donations for the war, on which occasion the above mentioned

* Italian words and translation, same as in original text.

exclamations at times were heard, too, a man had to reach into his pocketbook with a gesture of grandeus and contribute his mite to the "Death of the Germans". Several times I had to disown my nationality. Once, when I was asked what kind of flag mine was, I replied that it was the emblem of Oldenburg, whereupon I was further interrogated about the location of that country, so I simply said it was part of England, and everything was all right then. They had a certain respect for the English.

Another time I was in a restaurant with a Norwegian captain. The landlady, who was from Trieste, begged me not to speak German with her under any circumstances in the presence of Italians. We ordered a glass of beer and sat down at the end of a long table. On the other side of the room, opposite to us, was seated an Italian of the Guarda Civica*, eating his breakfast. The landlady was talking to him; we, the captain and I, conversed in German. After a short time two other Italians entered and exchanged the customary greeting, "Buenos Dios" (Good Morning)!![**] They sat down by the side of the Italian and talked with him while we continued our conversation in the German language. Each of us had scarcely spoken ten words when one of the Italians looking very grave, came over to us and asked, "Tedesci?"* (Germans). I answered in English, "No, what you want, we are English!" He repeated in Italian, "Inglesi"*, where upon I also answered in Italian, "Si, Signor".* Then he went for his glass, clinked glasses with us, toasting the English, "Viva Inglesi". (long live the English).

One day, several superior officers and a few soldiers of the Roman army, who were being sent to Lombardy, came to Venice for the purpose of annihilating Radetzki. The general of their troops and Mannin, the new president of Venice, appeared on a balcony and delivered a speech to the people on which occasion they concluded a pact of friendship with an embrace of each other before their audience. After the speech making, they went to church to pray for the success of the Italian troops. Ten or twelve days later a few of these armed men returned to Venice, but, alas, what did they look like now!! Radetzki had clutched them, and now they were on the way back to Rome. Radetzki was the commanding general of the Austrians in Lombardy. The reports that in some battles thousands of Austrians had been killed, but only one Italian horse.

An outgoing cargo from here was unthinkable, for the business world was in a state of upheaval, too, and we had to consider ourselves fortunate to be able to leave this place, for in the gulf, near the Lido old ships had been placed across the fairway tied together with heavy chains and arranged so that they could be scuttled at a moments notice. No ship could have either left or entered the harbor after that. The apprehension in Venice was that a foreign power might ally itself with Austria and send its ships before the city to bombard it. It took us a long time to put our average loss papers in order, but as soon as this was done, we made haste to get away; however, the question was where to? Near the Lido, where we wanted to put to sea, the chains of the ships that blocked up the harbor mouth had to be untied to give us enough room to slip our ship through it backwards. Nowhere was there a prospect of obtaining a freight for the ship, because the German ports were

[**] Spanish words and translations same as in original text.

blocked up by the Danes, hence we sailed to Messina, where we thought we would have the best chance of picking up a cargo. When we arrived in the waters of Messina, we had to anchor outside the harbor, for here, too, a revolution had broken out, and all the Neapolitans had been driven out of Sicily; only the forts and fortifications were still manned by a fairly large Neapolitan garrison.

Here two Prussian ships were riding at anchor in the roads in the same predicament as ours and, after a few weeks, a Hanoverian vessel joined us to keep us company. Momentarily there was as little hope for cargoes here as elsewhere; we could, however, count upon obtaining some as soon as the hostilities between Denmark and Germany would come to an end. The pay of the crew was reduced in half of the monthly wages to which they agreed, because there was nothing to be earned with the ship. During the three months, there always was some work to be done on the vessel, such as painting the rigging, etc. The weather continued fair; only once during the whole period we had a little shower. Life in the city was not always safe, for if the commander of the fort took a notion, he would send a few bombs into it, causing some damage here and there and killing a few people. Several batteries were erected along the coast, and whenever a steamer came up to the forts and moored there, probably bringing ammunition and supplies, they were shot from the batteries but never hit, for the shells always missed their goal and fell into the water. Approximately halfway between the forts and the city was located an arsenal in which cannons and other war material were stored. One very dark night the townsmen dragged a few cannons out of the arsenal by means of a long rope actually, it would be more correct to say they stole them. The next day the arsenal was shelled from the fort and reduced to rubble.

We had to idle away the long waiting period of three months. In order not to succumb to melancholy, we, the-captains and clerks, made an excursion through the city and into the vineyards where, for little money, we were able to have a good time to which the beauty of nature and the lush vegetation contributed a great deal. Finally the good news came that the war between Denmark and Germany had ended and, since it was not yet possible to secure a cargo in Messina, I accepted a load of sulphur for Dortrecht. I did this for no other reason than to become active again, but I had to take in the cargo at Alecata, on the southern coast of Sicily, then return to Messina to receive my papers for the voyage. When the papers were in order, we sailed northward, around Sicily.

On the northeast point of this island a battery had been set up for the purpose of shooting at Neapolitan ships passing through the Strait, and on the coast of Calabria there was another battery from which they were firing shots at the battery on the opposite shore the morning we passed through the Strait. They missed their target, however, for they did not reach far enough. When we found ourselves in a straight line between the two batteries, a shell was shot over from the Calabrian side, which burst near our ship, with pieces of it falling into the water less than three rods from us. The pilots who were still on board ran away from the helm and crawled into hiding behind the poop upon the deck; they had fastened their boat close to the ship on the starboard side so that it could not be seen from the battery. Right after that another shot was fired, but this shell burst before it was barely one fourth on its way to us, which could clearly be seen by the rising smoke.

"Now they are going to shoot themselves", I said, and then the shooting stopped. The pilots left the ship, and we continued our voyage unmolested until we arrived safely and without any accidents at Dortrecht. The cargo was transferred onto large Rhine barges which were to take it up the river.

Since we could not obtain an outward freight from here, we took in ballast and sailed to Newcastle on Tyne where we acquired a cargo of coal for Bremen and set sail for the Weser. It was really impossible to get rich on such trips. A year and a half had now passed since our first voyage with our ship: during the entire time we had only three cargoes for freight and, in addition, the great sea damage. The ship had been given a copper sheathing to enable us to make longer trips, and in the spring of 1849, it was chartered to carry 95 passengers on a voyage to New York. We landed them safe and sound after 42 days. Of all the ships that arrived at the same time as we did, we had made the fastest trip. A new schooner that left the Weser simultaneously with us we outdistanced by five days. This voyage was arranged at Bremen, together with one to Puerto Rico to take a cargo of sugar and tobacco from there to Europe. But first we had to call at Falmouth for the order, because the German ports were again blocked up by the Danes.

In Puerto Rico we touched at the port of Aguadilla, in the northeastern corner of the island. We anchored in a bay, and the cargo was brought to the ship in boats. One forenoon our merchant, Mr. Schroder, advised us to hurry with the loading of the goods that were still in the boats, because a thunderstorm was approaching. The air was quite clear so that we did not have the slightest suspicion of it. Now we worked as hard as we could to stow away the tobacco, and the last bale was scarcely on board when it began to lightning, thunder and rain, and the whole vessel vibrated under the pressure of the air. After an hour we had the finest weather again. In the center of the ship, between the two masts, we had two layers of barrels of sugar, which provided sufficient ballast; the rest of the space was filled with bales of tobacco leaves. In the stowing no screws or anything similar could be used, or the tobacco would have deteriorated.

The ship never sailed so well as with this cargo, for on the entire voyage we saw no vessel that was capable of keeping pace with us; only a brig in ballast moved along with us at the same speed. Arriving at Falmouth after a very quick voyage, I found no order for me there yet. At once I advised Bremen of my arrival, and was notified after a few days that the hostilities would soon cease and that the blockade would be raised; as soon as this was to come to pass, I would be informed immediately. There were several ships here that had been waiting for the same news for months. After a week the report of the raising of the blockade reached us, and I was advised that I should continue my voyage to Bremen. The mail arrived at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; at once I engaged a pilot whom I took on board, we sailed away and when the pilot left us, the beacons were already being lighted. This night we sailed with a favorable wind through the English Channel and after three days cast anchor at Bremerhaven.

An American brig, Mary Ann, had sailed from Aguadilla five and a half days ahead of us and entered the Weser at the same time as we; we had out distanced it by thirteen days. Mr. Schroder of Aguadilla had promised me a new hat if he received the news that we arrived in Bremen earlier than the brig. I had told him that if he should offer a reward of 100 "thalers", I

would show him that even such a square block, as he teasingly used to call my ship, could be a good sailer, and if I should maybe lose a sail, I could replace it. My suggestion did not appeal to him, for it had no commercial interest for him, sailing was the only thing of concern to him. But I did get my hat.

Because the "Visurgis" was such a good sailer and, on the whole a commodious sea-going vessel, I accepted a freight for Valparaiso, confident that she was in every respect suitable for service as a coasting vessel along the western coast of South America. We followed a northwest course for a few days; then the wind shifted to southwest and we turned the ship towards northwest until we were in the latitude of Cape Horn when the sea became calmer, and we enjoyed continuous good weather and good wind so that I wrote to my family from Valparaiso that the Pacific Ocean fully deserved its name. But in Valparaiso my luck changed, for there lay about 400 ships of every size and nationality at anchor in the harbor seeking cargoes. The harbor is a large bay, open to the north; the ships ride at anchor in the background of the bay. After my cargo had been put ashore, my merchant, Mr. Muller of the firm, Lampe Muller and Fehrmann, asked whether I wanted to make a trip along the coast. The cargo would be small but I could earn my expenses, and upon my return trade might have improved somewhat, for at the time there were no prospects whatever.

I accepted the offer, and the ship was loaded with various merchant goods for Cobijoi in Peru. I was advised to take as much fresh water as possible with us, because it would be almost impossible to obtain any there, which later I found to be true. Cobijoi is a small harbor surrounded by bare rocks, with a cactus plant growing here and there between the crevices. About 200-300 feet above sea level, in sort of a valley, flows a small spring from where the water for the locality is brought down by mules. The water had a high mineral and sulphur content so that it is used only when absolutely necessary. No rain had fallen there for three years. Having brought an abundant supply of water with us to enable us to draw off some, when needed, we handled it more carefully than liqueur and beer at home. The cases and bales of our cargo were loaded upon mules, which formed a caravan and climbed up the mountains to a height of 1,000 feet; from there they moved into the interior of the country to deposit their load in mines and other places.

The town of Cobijoi itself is unimportant; a German clerk took care of the business transactions for the merchandise that was landed here. From here we sailed back to Valparaiso where we arrived after an absence of 4-5 weeks. But we found conditions had little chanced here; there seemed to be rather more ships than fewer. When I visited the office, I was asked whether I would like to make another short trip, whereupon I replied, “Mr. Muller, I'll lose my shirt off my back doing this, see to it that I can get a voyage to the Atlantic, for there won't be any prospects for good cargoes here for a long time."

After a few days I scraped together half a cargo for Rio de Janeiro. I was willing to accept it, hoping for something else would turn up by the time we were ready to sail. But before we could leave this port, we were to experience a real "norther", a violent storm coming from the north and blowing unobstructed into the bay, stirring up its waters from the depth and causing a fierce breaking of the waves. Many ships began to drift, and because the

space was somewhat limited or, rather, because they had anchored too close to one another, one drifted in front of the other: here a jib boom broke, there a bowsprit fell, and the whole masts came crashing down. From the beginning of the storm in the night until the next morning, thirteen ships ran aground in the harbor, and some lives were lost. We had dropped two anchors, each one with its full length of chain, and we were not in distress ourselves, but one Vessel came so close to us that we broke the jib boom in the stern of our ship.

On the previous day a large English steamer had entered the harbor and was fastened to a large buoy at about 10-15 rods from our side. As it is customary with large ships, the captain and the engineer live on land when the ship is in port, but due to the high winds and the storm, the two men could not return on board when the storm broke loose. The ships labored mightily. Toward 7 o'clock in the morning the steamer broke loose, and snapped its anchor and chain, and drifted in the direction of the shore. The steam was ready but no member of the entire crew knew how to operate the engine. These men must have been quite confused, for the anchors were still lying on the bow; if they had dropped them and given plenty of chain, the ship could have been saved, for there was enough space between it and the shore. In less than a quarter of an hour the ship drifted ashore and floundered. The vehement thrusts must have jolted coal out of the boiler, for in a short time the whole interior of the ship was aflame, although the water splashed over it from the outside, the ship being of considerable length, a hole was chopped in the middle of it, on the side facing land, and the fire was extinguished with fire engines from the shore. The breaking of the waves caused the sand in front of the vessel, as well as behind and underneath it to be washed away, and toward noon the ship split open in the middle, producing wide gaps on the deck and in the sides. The sails were mostly torn loose and fluttering in the wind so that all the elements were taking part in the work of destruction. Some of the ships that had run aground were completely wrecked. The masts were lying on the shore, and it was with the help of these that the crews saved their lives.

After the storm was over, each one tried to repair the damage he had suffered in the best possible manner; every ship had suffered more or less damage. When we had taken our cargo aboard and were getting ready to sail, we started raising our anchor, but several chains and anchors had probably become entangled so that, in spite of our efforts, we were unable to lift our anchor above the water. Our chain broke and we lost our anchor. We received so much help from other ships in heaving up the anchor that we lowered the prow of our ship by about one foot until the chain broke. We had a reserve anchor on board, hence we were not delayed, and set sail.

The voyage was pleasant and upon our arrival in Rio de Janeiro, we unloaded our cargo and immediately received a freight of coffee for Hamburg. While we were loading our ship the birthday of Don Pedro was being celebrated, the festivities consisting of salvos, fireworks, divine service, parade, etc. The Emperor and the Empress drove in two carriages through the city to the castle where congratulations were offered first by the ministers of state, then by the high officials and the clergy, during which ceremony the bare hand of the Emperor placed upon the armrest of his chair was kissed. Afterwards the procession wound through a long corridor from the castle to the church. Here I

had taken my place and was quite close to the Emperor as he passed by. Next to me stood a bit of a customs officer, who seized the corner of the Emperor's coat and kissed it. Inside the church the Emperor had his stand or seat, or whatever it may be called, almost directly in front of the altar. When the bishop took the crucifix from the altar and held it up before the Emperor, His Majesty knelt down, and the entire congregation joined him; only the soldiers stationed with fixed bayonets in two rows in the church, and I myself, together with a few others, remained standing. I was told that the Emperor had wished for very bad weather for that day so that he could stay at home and away from all these ceremonies.

The most interesting place in Rio de Janeiro is the Botanical Garden with its luxuriant and varied vegetation. Right at the entrance into the garden the visitor is amazed at the eight of the long avenue of conical palm trees, all perfectly straight and alike.

After the cargo of coffee was on board, the hatches were closed tight with utmost care, for the ship carried such a heavy load that we could expect water to hit the deck frequently. The voyage turned out to be as we would have wished it, with a fair and moderate wind. In the tropical zone flying fish often flew onto the deck; we fried them and they tasted very good. Now and then, with spear and harpoon, we caught a bonito, a fish of the length of a little over two feet. They pursue the flying fish which, during the hunt, often fly above the water in large numbers and fall back into the water only after becoming dry. The bonitos also provide a good meal.

According to the freightage contract of the charter I was under obligation to call at Portsmouth for orders. We had been riding at anchor there for scarcely two hours when a fierce storm arose which, however, did not last long. I received the order to sail for Hamburg, to deliver there the cargo which was in very good condition. Here I learned that a schooner, which had left Rio at the same time as we did, had run aground at Texel while we were riding at anchor in the roads of Portsmouth.

The reader will find little interest in being told that I made this and that trip during which not many extraordinary things happened. A voyage to Bahai and back to Bremen, another, with merchant goods, to Bolivar, also named Angostura, on the Orinoco river, and from there with hides to New York. The Orinoco is the second largest river in South America; its estuary has several mouths, and the main river can be seen for several miles from the sea; its length is very considerable, for it took us two weeks just to reach Bolivar and in comparison with other ships, we had made a fast trip. We arrived at the lightship in the estuary, received a pilot from it and sailed upstream with a light east wind, into the neighborhood of an Indian village.

At sunset we were becalmed and it was necessary for us to drop anchor. We lowered the sails without furling them, because no wind was expected for the night. Now there began in the forest a concert of parrots, of a kind of tiger, of all sorts of insects, mostly mosquitoes, a bedlam of screaming, hissing, and buzzing in every possible key, which it is impossible to describe. The first thing we did the next morning was to eat breakfast, wash the deck, hoist the sails, but we were still becalmed until, a little before 10 o'clock a breeze blew in from the sea. The sails began to swell and the ship was able to master the current.

We weighed anchor and sailed up the river with a moderate west wind and with the studding sail on both sides until the sun disappeared again on the horizon; then came another windless calm which lasted until the next forenoon around 10 o'clock. In this way one day followed the other with almost no change while we navigated on the river. The banks are covered with nearly impenetrable forests and, occasionally, magnificent clumps of trees are seen, with several creepers climbing up one tree, and after the tendrils reach the end of the branches, they drop to the ground in search of another tree to climb. A tree thus covered with lianas bears great resemblance to a mast with its rigging. The water level became lower, here and there sand banks loomed into view with crocodiles basking in the sun. From the distance they looked like old tree trunks and, as soon as a noise reached them, they would glide into the water. Bathing in the river is very dangerous; it may happen that bathers suddenly disappear and are never seen again. The crockodiles are blamed for that. The habitat of the electric eel is here also. If you touch it, you are as if struck by lightning and virtually paralyzed for the moment.

The difference in the water level at Bolivar amounts to approximately 40 feet within a year. When the water is high the Indians live in trees where they manage to live quite comfortably. At the time when we were there they were dwelling in huts over four poles or trees, if they happen to stand in the right position, a roof is placed under which a hammock is spread out providing enough space for quite a number of people to lie in it. The Indians scarcely know what work is, they do not need to work, for the abundant vegetation supplies what they need for substistence. From an Indian who came to us in a canoe we received a fairly large fish which he had killed with a javelin and for which he demanded only a little salt. In a hut, which I visited with the pilot, an Indian was to show me how to make fire, but we could not induce him to rise and give up the comfort of his hammock. He showed us how to generate fire by friction between two pieces of wood, one of which being rotated upon the other, between the two hands.

Considerable time was required to stow the cargo of hides. First the lower section was pressed down by screws to about five feet from the deck; then starting at both ends of the ship, the stowing was done in layers, and with long beams or sets of pulleys, several times eight or from ten to fifteen hides were shoved into every layer. It was quite strenuous work, especially in the heat, for the thermometer registered not less than 21 degrees Reaumur by night and above 30 degrees in the shade by day; in the sun the temperature was almost unbearable. Over the entire ship we had spread sails to serve as awnings, under the boom of the mainsail I had hung my hammock with a flag over it to keep the mosquitoes away. I slept in it clad in a thin light shirt and pants, and I still perspired. In the cabin conditions were unendurable because of the mosquitoes; there were so many of them that a veil seemed to have been spread out in it.

In the neighborhood of the ship there was a bathhouse which we often used, for as I have previously mentioned, bathing in the open air was dangerous. When the water level dropped and, consequently, evaporation of the river bed started, cases of illness became more frequent. It was necessary to live on a strict diet in order to avoid illness. Death is the almost ineluctable result of such illness. The man who dies today is burried the next morning.

I was present at the funeral rites in a house in which the relatives and neighbors assembled around the body, dancing, rejoicing, drinking, and performing all kinds of antics.

The foreigners, who had immigrated to this country, were all of very pale color, but otherwise healthy and prosperous; every day they ate fresh meat and, in addition, the greatest variety of fruits and vegetables. In the offices stood a stone jar in which water was kept at the coolest temperature; beside it were all kinds of spirituous liquors to which anyone was free to help himself and mix with the water he was about to drink. Water alone is drunk very rarely, yet, because of the heat and the evaporation caused by it, it is necessary to dring frequently to prevent dehydration of the body.

The market was held in the early morning hours, everything had to be cleared away between 8 and 9 o'clock, for it was already getting too hot by that time. I bought a little wild boar; it had a gland at the end of its back which 'it used as defense by squirting a spray at its pursuers. The little pig became very tame and would jump into my lap with its forelegs and eat out of my hands. When the weather became cooler it lost its vitality and died in New York. As soon as we left the-trade winds behind us on our voyage and faced a real cold, north wind, we, too, became sensitive to the cold air.

We had been in New York for two days and, as I stepped out of my cabin, I saw a gentleman standing on deck. He asked me whether I was Captain H.., and upon my affirmative answer, he delivered greetings from his wife. At first I did not know what to say or whether I had understood him right, so I asked "Greetings from your wife?" "You probably know Marianne P.." he said.

Now a light dawned upon me, and I invited Mr. Schulze, for that was his name, into my cabin, where, over a glass of wine, we exchanged information about our families, etc. Mr. Schulze invited me to dinner for Sunday noon, and I was happy to accept the invitation. Before he left, Mr. S. inquired whether I had any engagement for that evening and, if not, he would call for me at 6 o'clock; I could then see his wife with his twelve year old son. When we joined his family which, incidentally, had left the old homeland fifteen years ago, there was so much to be asked after the first greeting that I was hardly able to answer all the questions. They wanted to know about the old grey cow, the one-eyed dog and limping old Mother Gebke, the woman barber, and similar things. It was quite probable that these people and animals did not exist anymore. The next Sunday Mr. Schulze came to take me to Brooklyn where his residence was. After a splendid dinner, a neighbor, who was an American, came over to invite Mr. S. and his wife to spend the afternoon with his family, and after we were introduced to each other, he extended the invitation to me. We passed a very pleasant afternoon with music and dancing in most agreeable company. After that I received several invitations for dinner and supper from Mr. Schulze's relatives and spent many pleasurable hours with them. Messrs. Schulze and Co. had a wholesale florists' business; the flowers were imported from France, and a member of the family was in charge of buying and made frequent trips to that country for that purpose.

In New York I secured a cargo for Bremen, which consisted of diverse merchant goods among which there was also a batch of several barrels of turpentine, which I ordered to be stowed in the farthest section of the stem so as to prevent damage to the other goods by leakage. As a consequence I

was the one to suffer, for the evaporation made me sick, so I had to transfer my sleeping quarters to the poop upon deck. We had a good voyage, without any remarkable incidents, and we arrived safe and sound in Bremen.

After a trip to Bordeaux and back to Bremen with a cargo of wine, the ship was freighted with merchant goods destined for San Francisco; we also took 11 passengers aboard. When the ship was ready to sail, the weather was very unstable and stormy, with winds from the west and northwest which kept us a few days from putting to sea. Then the wind changed to south and we were able to set sail; this wind, however, did not last long and soon veered to west again. We labored against it as well as we could and reached the English Channel where it changed to a western gale that lasted for several days. In order to avoid the danger of being rammed by other sailing vessels, and furthermore, in view of the fact that the passengers had been on board for four weeks already and most of them seasick, and realizing that the supply of drinking water was declining, I decided to enter Portsmouth harbor and wait there until we could continue our voyage with fair wind. We filled our water barrels and also took in some fresh provisions. At the end of a week the wind veered to the north and we put to sea. The pilot had scarcely been on board an hour when the wind shifted again to the west; the same old story. The sails had to be reefed, and for another week we labored against the wind until the weather improved and the wind blew in a northeasterly direction. We crowded all sail, and before long we were in the region of the trade wind.

When we arrived near the equator, the wind was so far south that we were unable to get Brazil on our lee, which made it necessary to let the ship run eastward several times. This caused the loss of another two weeks. After that we had a good voyage as far as the Falkland Islands, but when we were ready to sail around Cape Horn, a fierce storm arose, and we could sail only with small storm sails. After a few days the weather was fair again and we sailed to the coast of Tierra del Fuego where we entered the Bay of Succes to fill a few water barrels, for our supply of drinking water was dwindling. As we lay at anchor here, we lowered the sloop and rowed around the whole bay along the coast, without finding a landing place; moreover, the high breakers along the shore made it impossible to land. We saw a few mud huts but nowhere a trace of inhabitants. We returned to the ship without having accomplished our mission. Now the outer walls had to be cleared of the polyps, or long necks, as we call them; they were of the length of a finger and clung to the ship above the copper line. This being done, we set sail again, but when we tried to sail around Cape Horn, we experienced the same bad luck as the first time, and lost another week. All blessings come in threes, I thought, and the third time we succeeded in rounding the Cape, but every mile had to gained almost by force.

On my previous voyage around Cape Horn, to Valparaiso, I had lauded the Pacific Ocean in my letter, saying it was fully deserving of its name, but now exactly the opposite was true. With contrary winds, long-lasting storms and the water so turbulent as if it were boiling, the ship could make little headway, in spite of the valiant efforts it made. The consequence of all these adverse circumstances was that the voyage became an inordinately long one. Now we noted that the voyage and we all, passengers and crew, began to show signs of scurvy, our entire bodies breaking out in a rash and pimples. For this reason I felt under obligation to enter the nearest port and try to obtain fresh water and fresh provisions, particularly vegetables.

The closest port where we could obtain what we needed, was Talquahana in Southern Chile, the harbor of Concepcion. We took aboard cabbage, potatoes, lettuce, fresh water and other supplies. After a few days the rash and pimples disappeared and our health was completely restored.

Approximately one week after our arrival, we left the harbor again and the voyage to San Francisco progressed without anymore noteworthy incidents. We had mostly only light winds, at times also a windless calm, which further lengthened our voyage. The lovely weather we enjoyed on the last days of our voyage made us forget all the hardships endured and the passengers, among whom there were five women, sang songs that resounded over the vast surface of the water. As soon as we arrived in San Francisco, the passengers were met on the ship, for we had been expected for a long time. No one need to marvel at that since no less than eight months had passed since our passengers had come on board.

We had scarcely cast anchor in the bay, outside the city, when several boatloads of agents, known as slave dealers, boarded our ship and talked to the crew. I already half suspected what was going on, but was powerless to do anything about it. I had myself put ashore in a boat to obtain instructions from a merchant and when I returned after 1 1/4 or 2 hours, there was no one around; the whole crew, with the exception of the cook had deserted. I could not undertake any steps to have the police search for these men and return them to the ship, that could have meant death for me. All I could do was to look for a new crew, but had to pay $40-$50 for a sailor and $60 for a coxswain; nice prospects for losing money. Docking in the wharf cost me $9 a day, a workman on the ship received $6 a day, and everything else was in proportion.

Although San Francisco was only a few years old, it was already an important city where money played a great deal and was little appreciated. The proverb, "Lightly come, lightly gone", was valid here. That could best be seen on a Saturday evening in the gambling houses, where workers lost their week's pay in a few hours.

One evening I visited the city with another captain and entered a gambling house where we watched the gamblers. Then my companion invited me to place a bet. I began with half a dollar and in a short time lost a few dollars. "Well, one game is enough for me", I said, "Let's go on board now." On the way to our ship we found another gambling house, which we also entered. Almost involuntarily we stopped before a gambling table and watched for some time until we felt the tingling sensation and bet a small sum. Lady Luck treated us with greater favor here, for after a short time I won back the money I had lost before and even a dollar and a half more. I said to my friend, "I am through with gambling for all times", and I have been true to my vow although I have frequently watched others gambling since then. It is interesting to observe how the gamblers' passion is reflected in their features as the rake glides over the table and sweeps up the stakes and, as after each winning an equal amount of money is tossed onto the pile. No one says a word, the croupier alone is the spokesman from the beginning to the end of the game.

After landing the cargo, we sailed to Mazatlan in Mexico. We would have obtained another freight there if the trip to San Francisco had not been expected to last so long. Hence we had to sail farther north in the Gulf of

California, into the small port of Navarhista, and there secured a shipload for San Francisco. This harbor is formed by a small river, with no village or town located on it; there was only one farmhouse in the neighborhood inhabited by a tenant who looked after the cattle grazing on a large ranch that extended over several square miles. Farm products brought to us on horses and mules constituted our load this time.

After we had been riding at anchor for a few days, we received the visit of four or five gentlemen with their wives and servants, who came from Sonora and wished to see a sea-going vessel. They spent two days with us. The party had brought their cook, their provisions and blankets with them. We spread sails over the ship for them to camp underneath, which seemed to please them very much. The only unpleasant feature was that we could not converse with them, for they spoke only Spanish, a language that was unfamiliar to us. The fair weather and fine climate had made this excursion very enjoyable for them. The whole group was really a classy and distinguished one. After a few days a horse was sent to me with the invitation to visit Sonora, about 20 miles inland. I was received with the greatest friendliness and shown everything of interest. The horses mostly gallop here, and the riding saddles are very comfortable. The next day several young men rode back to the ship with me.

When our vessel was freighted, we set sail for San Francisco. Immediately after the cargo had been landed there, I undertook a voyage to Otahaiti* with diverse merchants goods, and back from there with a full load of oranges. Half the profit from the sale of the fruit was to be mine, in payment for the freight. The supercargo, an authorized agent in charge of purchasing and selling the cargo of oranges, made the trip with us, and every contract made between us had its full validity. Also a few passengers bound for Otahaiti* were with us on the ship. Among them was a Frenchman who had made the same voyage before, also a young man whose father was a missionary in Otahaiti, and a few others.

Urged by the French man, the supercargo and I agreed to call at the Marquesas Islands for business; I was to receive $50 for every day of our stay there. First we called at the Dominica Island, from where we were met far out at sea by a canoe with three persons in it; the district chief of the island in his birthday suit, an islander wearing a narrow sash to cover his private parts, and a sailor, who had escaped from a South Sea whaler and who wore a shirt and pants; he was a native of Otahaiti and acted as pilot. As the canoe lay alongside the ship and the islander arranged the sail, an oar fell overboard. The man did not tarry long but leaped into the water, retrieved his oar and swam back to the canoe.

Our topsails were braced aback. A little before 5 o'clock we dropped anchor on the north side of the island, behind a small rock, about half a mile from land. We had scarcely lain there for a quarter of an hour when at least 12-15 islanders of both sexes came swimming up to our ship, intending to board it, which I did not permit considering that the sun was about to set. Nevertheless, a few climbed aboard the anchor chain or along the shroud, and when they were given to understand that they must depart, they leaped overboard again, swam around the ship for a while, performed a dance in the water, and then made for the shore again. The next morning the supercargo and a few passengers rowed to the shore in our sloop, in search of some possible business. A short time after his departure, an islander came swimming

up to the ship with a bundle of fruit; we helped him aboard by throwing cables to him by means of which the fruit was pulled on deck and on which he climbed himself. No sooner had he reached the deck than a second and then a third and still more arrived until they became too numerous for me, for the deck was littered with breadfruits, pineapples, bananas, coconuts, and many other kinds of fruit. I began to fear that the crowd might overwhelm us, for only a few crew members were left on board. My apprehensions were unfounded; the natives were very friendly, and I believe the music played by my steward was responsible for this to a large extent. These island dwellers seemed to like the music of the accordion which he played rather well.

The supercargo returned to the ship in our boat, and we opened a few wooden boxes and sent part of their contents ashore to be bartered for several pigs which we took with us to Otahaiti. We were still doing business here the next day. The pigs were fed coconuts, which they adroitly opened and emptied of their contents.

The music of the steward amused these children of nature so much that a whole company assembled in the afternoon and serenaded us in their turn; their music was ear-splitting and heart-stirring, or maybe the opposite. The more we praised them by our pantomimes, they more they clapped their hands to the accompaniment of their musical program. We had at least 70-80 islanders on board who, with a few exceptions, had all arrived swimming. Their wardrobe was very simple: a waistband that covered only a part of the abdomen and half of the loins, otherwise they wore the costume of Adam, respectively, Eve, before the fall. Their skin tends to the color of copper, they have strong, well-shaped bodies and some of them a handsome figure, their physiognomy is entirely Caucasian; furthermore, they have beautiful teeth and lustrous black hair. Both sexes of every age level were represented, and I am inclined to believe that they were lured to our ship by curiosity. When the business was settled and the windlass put into operation for our departure, all the islanders leaped overboard and steered their course toward the shore. The chief rowed off in a canoe while his wife had the pleasure of swimming behind, holding on to the canoe with one hand. From here we sailed to the nearest and most important of the islands, Nukkahiva, belonging to the group of the Marquesas Islands, where the pier, or, rather, the harbor lies in the bay, on the south side of the island. Arriving at the entrance of the bay, two men and the supercargo rowed into the bay in my boat to look for business possibilities, while we kept the ship under sail outside.

Inside the bay several ships lay at anchor: a French warship, two whalers, and a few smaller vessels. When the men on the warship sighted our boats, they immediately sent out one of their own to inspect my boat and us, too, afterwards. They allowed my boat to pass and theirs now approached us. The officer asked me several questions concerning the purpose of our voyage and our call here. Having received satisfactory answers, he gave me some instructions in case I should enter the harbor in the darkness; then he bade me farewell and withdrew. My boat returned at nightfall, we sailed into the bay and cast anchor toward 9 o'clock. Darkness and the high elevation of the surroundings of the bay made it difficult for us to determine how far we had advanced; hence, we anchored at a certain distance from land, and in the morning we moved close to the shore.

To land a part of the cargo here, I first had to see the French governor, present my papers to him and legitimize myself. After everything had been declared in order, a part of the cargo was brought on land, which required an entire day. The French government had taken possession of these islands. They called it protecting them; what they understood by it could easily be seen by the forts and batteries that were occupied by French troops. A little more civilization than in the other islands had been introduced here, inasmuch as the inhabitants were not allowed to be seen with so little clothing as in Dominica, only small children were still in evidence here and there running around naked.

The next day, when the business that amounted to approximately 4,000-5,000 francs, was terminated, I called upon the governor to obtain my papers. After the servant had announced me, I was led into a large hall where the governor, the king of these islands whose name I have forgotten, and a few officers and councillors were seated at the dinner table, to which I was also invited. After dinner we all went into an adjoining room where we were treated to cigars. Here the queen also appeared in a long white dress, an altogether majestic and beautiful, white-complexioned woman. The king, who had been in England and Australia, spoke a little English which made it possible to converse with him. He said, "London is a very good town when you have plenty of money."* As I was about to take my leave, the king invited me to visit him in his residence located at a little distance from the town, on the bay. Coming from the governor's office with my papers, I encountered the supercargo and the French passenger, who escorted me to see the mission building, the church and the school. The business transaction with the missionary society had already been concluded. After viewing the points of interest, we repaired to the royal residence which was a little house with a porch and one room in which a bed, a table covered with a medley of things, some chairs, also a sabre and a few firearms on the wall constituted all the furnishings. At our arrival we were welcomed by the king; the queen was sitting on a mat on the floor, in front of the bed. We were offered chairs and I was invited to sit next to the queen.

While we were conversing about various topics, the king filled a pipe with his own hands; the tobacco first had to be cut fine, and then a servant brought fire to light the pipe. This was the peace pipe for, after several good puffs, the king handed it to the queen, who also smoked for a while and then handed it to me, inviting me to follow here example, which I did. But I had scarcely accepted the pipe when the king came with a tray, or what might have been called a board with holes in it; on it were coconuts which had come fresh from the tree and which had already been opened and were served by His Majesty himself. However, he started at the other end of the group of guests and, since my neighbors now had their hands full and I, too, was expected to take a nut, I gave the pipe back to the queen, who again busied herself blowing clouds of smoke into the air, while we sipped the coconut milk, which may rightly be styled a delicacy. Out of courtesy and in recognition of his friendly reception and hospitality, I invited our host and his wife to pay us a visit on the ship, which was immediately accepted. However, before I had the privilege of escorting the king to my ship, I had the pleasure of seeking the governor's permission. My request was granted at once but with the remark to go easy on spirituous liquors, for if he should get tipsy, he would not be easy to manage.

I entered my boat which had been waiting for me and rowed to the royal residence. There was no regular landing place, only reefs from which one had to leap into the boat in certain sport; moreover, the wash breaking between the reefs did not permit the boat to lie alongside, rather, we had to hold it near the reefs with the oars and then jump into it. When we arrived, the king came outside, his head uncovered, and called to us that the sea was too rough for his wife to accompany us, but that he himself would come at once; then he went back into the house. After a short time, a servant appeared leading on a rope a little pig with which he was heading for the boat. We could not but accept it since it was a royal gift. As soon as the little pig was accommodated in the boat, the king, together with the supercargo and the passenger came leaping in, and when all were seated, we rowed away, in the direction of our ship.

On board I had a bottle of wine uncorked, but soon, and before we emptied it, a boat arrived from the warship presumably to watch the king and keep him under constant surveillance. I had the table set to serve my distinguished guests some light refreshments which, of course, included something to drink too. His Royal Majesty soon became quite gay, and both of us began to dance. Because we intended to set sail in the evening, I had the sails unfurled and a certain length of the anchor chain wound. When I wanted to escort the king back on land, the officers would not allow it and took him into their own boat.

In our conversation with the officers we happened to mention potatoes, and they complained that they had not seen any for several months. Since we still had a good supply of them, I ordered a sackful of them to be carried to their boat, for which they were very grateful. We had all the sails hoisted and weighed anchor, but a windless calm prevailed so that the ship would not budge at all. Our boat, with four men in it, had to act as tug and take the ship in tow, but without success. Then each of the American whalers sent a boat, and one from the warship also came to our rescue, which was a great help, for now there were at least thirty oarsmen in the three boats. They left us before nightfall with a loud hurrah, after we had regaled them with a few bottles of brandy. Soon after reaching the open sea, we had a nice breeze from the coast, and we steered directly toward Otahaiti, our destination. On the entire voyage we were favored by fair weather and a good and, at times, light wind.

At dawn we sighted Otahaiti; at first only the higher peaks of the mountain, towering above the clouds that lay upon the mountain come into view. We soon obtained a pilot and cast anchor in the harbor in the forenoon. The pilot's orders were that the ship be held fast in the front with the anchor and in the back with a thicker cable or hawser made fast on land. Behind us, along the shore, lay a long mud bank over which a narrow bridge led to the water, which made it easy for us to reach the shore in our boat, although we were several rods from it; we considered ourselves as safe here as in the bosom of Abraham. After we had lain quiet here for a number of days, a stormlike wind arose, striking us directly in front. Our anchor, which probably had not entered deep enough into the ground, tore loose, the ship drifted backward, with its rudder sinking into the mud bank, and when it could not go any further in that direction, it turned to one side in front and settled sideways along the bank. Because the rudder had become wedged in the mud,

and could not be turned in it, the gudgeons connecting it with the sternpost broke and the rudder became unusable. Another turn of bad luck. To repair this damage, the ship had to be hauled backward into a dockyard belonging to the French government. Since the lateral yards had to be placed so as to accord with the structure of the ship, the depth of the keel was measured, for which purpose a diver swam under the ship in three places and each time brought up the measurement of the respective spot. After making his notation, he again put himself in position in the boat and, head forward, with one bound, swooped down to the keel, took its measurement and then, bracing his feet against the keel, pushed himself off and came to the surface. The water was so clear that it was easy to observe every movement under the water if one kept a little to the side.

Here, too, business transactions had to be approved by the French authorities, for the whole island was under French protection, although Queen Pomare still had her court, her body guard and her councillors. On the last day, while I was attending to my clearance papers, she was passing judgment on a criminal, but the shortness of time did not permit me to learn what the sentence was.

The inhabitants of this island are, in my opinion, the most handsome people that I have ever seen. They are tall and of sturdy physique, their skin is copper-colored, their hair black and straight, their teeth are beautifully white, and their physiognomy is Caucasian. They eat a lot of fruit and, like amphibians, spend part of the day in the water. A French restaurant owner living with a native woman was not considered by her to be an educated man, because he could not swim. Even small children are often seen romping in the water. Here, too, civilization had already made some progress, for the entire body had to be covered. These islanders wore clothes of light material similar to our cotton prints. They went mostly barefoot; on the other hand, the foreigners who had settled here and the more prosperous aborigines already enjoyed some luxury. With reference to climate and vegetation one could and would like to say, "Otahaiti is the garden of the world."

Every evening a fairly large street in the outskirts of the town was the rendezvous for almost all the inhabitants; there they all mingled pell-mell until nightfall in their quest for relaxation. After 8 o'clock no natives were allowed to be seen in the streets; foreigners however, were free to pass through at any time.

In the office to which I was consigned, I met a German clerk who invited me to call on another German clerk who was ill in the evening. But what a surprise awaited me when I entered the sick man's home and heard him say, "Hello, Captain, where are you coming from?" And who was this man? A former passenger of mine on the voyage to Valparaiso who had subsequently moved here.

The island appears to be of volcanic origin; its highest mountain, as previously mentioned, towers above the clouds and is covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; almost all the tropical plants are thriving here. The people live exclusively on vegetables and fruit. The breadfruits are placed upon a large fire and when they are cooked, the outer shell is removed, and the very tasty and, without doubt, easily digestible inner part is eaten.

The repairs of the ship being completed, it was necessary for us to sail to the southwest coast of the island to take aboard the cargo of oranges. We entered a small, deep bay in which the ship was directly moored to the shore. Soon after our arrival, boats loaded with oranges appeared. The oranges were brought ashore and a canopy covered with palm leaves was spread over them. Underneath it the oranges were wrapped by twos into long leaves tied with bast and then packed into crates, made of thin sticks. About 30-40 persons, men and women, were doing this work, some making the baskets, others packing, with women and girls mostly in charge of the wrapping. The oranges were almost ripe, the green color had already partly been replaced by yellow. The latter color fully developed on the voyage, for the hatches were left open so that no vapor could develop in the area.

When the loading was nearly finished, I had to go to town for the necessary ship's papers. I mounted a horse and made the trip overland along the coast in a little more than six hours. When all my business was settled, I rode back the next day. In many places along the coast little streams of clear, cool water came rushing down the mountain and through the shrubbery.

Whenever the workmen who did the packing wanted to have a little fun, they leaped into the water, some from the jib boom, others even from the spar which was, after all, about 50 feet above the water. While jumping, they held their bodies erect and, only shortly before immersing, crossed their legs the way tailors do, thus preventing too deep a plunge.

As soon as the cargo of 400,000 oranges was all aboard, we set sail. We steered through the trade winds crowding all sail, yet we mostly ran a few points of the compass north of east so that we had to pass between the Sandwich Islands*. Slightly north of these islands the wind turned to the west, which enabled us to head directly for San Francisco. During the entire voyage all the suitable sails were spread to accelerate the speed as much as possible. Upon our arrival in San Francisco we heard that a shipload of oranges had reached that port a week earlier and sold for the most part for $100 per thousand. First we sold a few thousand for $65, then a few more for $45 and $40 and the rest, almost three-fourths of our cargo, we had to sell for $25 per thousand, for more ships with fruit were continually arriving, which lowered the price. In payment for the transportation, I was given half of the receipts from the sale of the fruit; the pasengers' fare also increased our intake. The four hundred thousand oranges represented a value of ten thousand dollars at twenty-five dollars per thousand.

A passenger for San Francisco, an actor, joined us in Otahaiti, but he died on the way. He was not bedridden and did not know himself what ailed him. Knowing that we had a case of medicine on board, he often said to me, "Captain, give me something to sleep." To comply with his wish, I frequently gave him a few drops of morphine, although I disliked doing it, considering my downright horror of medication. When we had completed about half the voyage, he became weaker and weaker and soon breathed his last. The body was sewn into canvas and weighted with stones and hard coal. The next day the sails were reefed and the ship slowed down; the body was placed upon a board which was lowered to the water level and tipped over, and that was the end. During the funeral, our flag was at half-mast. In San Francisco the brother of the deceased man came aboard; he showed great grief over his brother's death, and was given his clothes.

* Hawaii

While we were unloading, two clippers came sailing into port, the "Hornet" and the "Flying Cloud", which had run a race from New York to San Francisco for an important sum; the difference in the time of arrival amounted to only 45 minutes. The "Hornet" was the winner. The publication of the logs showed that they had presumably seen each other in the latitude of Valparaiso, but not at all during the rest of the time until shortly before the Golden Gate (the entrance into the bay) where the "Hornet", being close to the shore, received the breeze from land, and thus the lead over the other vessel.

Times had changed here in regard to compensation for labor. Vigorous young men who had once been stricken with the gold fever and who had returned from the mines, offered me their services and were willing to pick out oranges on the ship for no more than their board. Also some members of my crew who had deserted me before, offered to return to the ship. I rehired the son of my former school teacher. On my previous voyages on the Pacific Ocean I had a motley crew, with not two men belonging to the same nationality, and, the coxswain being an American, the commands were given in English.

After the cargo was unshipped, the reloading was begun right away, for I had accepted a freight of various goods for Geuymas, in the Gulf of California. A colonel and five soldiers, entering the service of the Mexican government, accompanied us as passengers. They were good company and contributed a lot to our entertainment; moreover, they let the brandy bottle circulate freely to prevent our good humor from fading out, but they were always well-behaved. The weather was fine on the whole trip, and the wind mostly favorable and moderate.

The town of Gueymas is located in a bay surrounded by high mountains, with no access to the wind. Because it was midsummer, the heat became almost unbearable; all of us aboard suffered from it more or less. The entrance into the harbor is not visible until one is right there, for the high mountains girdling it appear from the distance to be all joined together. There were no prospects for an outward freight here; therefore, we sailed with ballast to Mazatlan where we at once obtained a shipment of logwood destined for Hong Kong and Canton in China and, in addition, forty-six cases of hard Mexican dollars, each case containing two thousand of them. When the logwood was on board and we were ready to sail, the cases arrived accompanied by several customs officers and a few merchants. We stowed the money under the cabin. Scarcely had the last case been stored when we had to put to sea in order to get out of sight of land while it was still daylight.

Mazatlan lies in a bay in which the ships must ride at anchor, for in the neighborhood of the city the water is too shallow for the ships to dock. The name of the firm in charge of my business was Melchers Hemanos, a branch of the Bremen firm of Melchers Brothers where I was always given a courteous reception. The manager was Mr. C. Fuhrken, a compatriot of mine, who was generally known here by the name of Don Celso. Through his kindness I was invited to several social gatherings. The most elegant and aristocratic party I ever attended here or elsewhere was given in honor of the president's birthday. Gentlemen wore dress suits and white ties; everything was organized superbly. At the end of the hall was mounted the Mexican coat of arms, on either side of which stood a warrior, each impersonated by a living soldier; they were relieved every hour, and while on duty, were not allowed to move, standing there like statues presenting arms. The mandatory etiquette was almost beyond me. My worst drawback was my insufficient knowledge of the

Spanish language, and attempts made by several gentlemen to draw me into a conversation ended in failure for this reason. It is a pleasant experience to gain insight into this mode of living once in a lifetime, but to be always a part of it I politely decline. That is the reason why I was glad to return to my ship where I feel at home.

From Mazatlan we traveled westward and lost sight of land before dark; the wind was favorable, and we sailed with studding sails on both sides. The voyage was a good and pleasant one, but my coxswain, whom I had taken aboard in San Francisco, began to make me feel more and more ill at ease, for he constantly carried a bowie knife in his belt and displayed signs of weird behavior so that I could not but suspect him of plotting a mutiny motivated perhaps by the presence of the money on board. The other members of the crew did not reveal a word nor did I have any reason for distrusting any one of them. In order to rid myself of the coxswain and of my worries, I decided to call at the port of Honolulu and to discharge him there.

One evening, towards 11 o'clock, we cast anchor in the roads of Honolulu. The next morning I went ashore, and since Oldenburg had no consulate there, I turned to the consul of Bremen and told him of my suspicion and decision. "Oh, we can easily take care of that", he said. He sent a boat with police to bring the coxswain ashore, with bag and baggage, to which he made no objection at all. I had settled my accounts with him previously, he was given the money, and that was the end of it.

Because I was unable to hire another coxswain here, I had to try to do without one. I trained the son of my former teacher and taught him what was most necessary to know about our daily calculations so that he could help me in observing the sun for the purpose of chronometrical calculations, and in determining the degrees of longitude within which we happened to be navigating. It is a fact that in these degrees of latitude and, in general, within the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn, the ship is usually somewhat west than the calculation indicates, for which the equatorial current probably is responsible. On October 28th, 1854, we passed the 180th degree of longitude, hence, according to the Nautical Almanach*, we were twelve hours ahead of the 30th of October, according to Greenwich time. On the entire voyage across the Pacific Ocean, we did not, excepting the Sandwich Islands, sight any land, and when, before entering the China Sea, we arrived at Fomosa, our calculation was not even one fourth of a mile in the wrong.

On the whole, the voyage was favored by fine weather and good wind. We first cast anchor at Hong Kong and soon were able to unload the money we had brought along and deliver it to their owners to their complete satisfaction. The logwood was destined for Canton. That is why we had to sail to Wampoa where the cargo was loaded onto lighters and transported to Wampoa. Here some merchantmen and warships of various nations, English, American, and French were riding at anchor to observe the Chinese revolution. Some twelve to fifteen Chinese junks, rigged up as warships, lay at anchor near the other ships, along the coast. These were imperial or, as they were called, mandarin vessels; practice drills and maneuvers were held on them every day. We had not seen a trace of the rebels, for they had established themselves on the remote islands of which there are a great many and which form various channels in the river that can serve as hide outs.

* English term as quoted in the original text

While we were busy unloading, I received the offer of a copious freight for London, which I was glad to accept. However, we had to return to Hong Kong and there take aboard a few barrels of seal pelts which, quite conveniently, served as ballast for the ship. In order to make this trip, we first had to repair to the dry dock, because several copper plates had been damaged and required thorough checking.

Wampoa is a very small seaport; it has a daily market where one can buy everything needed on a ship. The dry docks are here, but have no doors, and after we brought our ship inside, heavy beams were laid across the opening and covered with planks and to make these waterproof, they were daubed on the outside with loam which was plastered onto them almost exclusively by hand. When the dam was completed, several chain pumps were set up to remove the water from the dock. These pumps are long four edged coffers, 11 by 2 feet wide, in which upright boards with hinges run over rollers which are set in motion by women by constantly treading upon spokes made for that purpose. Some of these women were carrying their little children an their backs. In this way the water was raised high enough to enable it to flow off. After completion of the repairs, the dam was lifted out again by hand and the loam removed from the planks.

Wages were low, and so many workers had been hired that it looked as if an army of ants were working in their hill. As we were sailing from Wampoa to Hong Kong, we were met by a whole fleet of ships which, as we later learned, belonged to the rebels. During our absence from Wampoa the rebels had arrived there from several directions and opened a deadly fire upon the imperial ships, the latter, of course, retaliating. The neutral ships anchored away from the skirmish also received some bullets in their bulwarks and rigging, as it was repeatedly pointed out to me upon my return from Hong Kong. Also a shop operated by an Englishman and established in a house upon a junk anchored in those waters received several bullets that penetrated through the wooden partitions and caused considerable damage. The shopkeeper's wife was seated upon the floor with her child when a shrapnel bullet pierced the wall and whisked through the air less than two inches above the heads of mother and child, and shattered a flower pot on the other side upon the verandah.

Over population here and in China in general is so great that thousands of people live only upon boats and cannot call a foot's width of land their own. Each of the foreign vessels had to protect up to twenty of these boats, for their owners were too timid and regularly sought protection under a neutral flag. Each foreign vessel had its boatman who, as long as -the ship lay at anchor there, was ready to carry out every order he received. The payment of their services was very small, and if errands or short trips became necessary, the ship's master did not need to take his own men away from their work and was thus able to save much time.

During the first days after our arrival at Viampoa we saw some bodies drifting in the water, people who had lost their lives in the course of the bombardment. But nowhere were arrangements made to remove the corpses from the water and bury them. They lay wherever the current carried them and washed them ashore. The rebels became so bold that they snatched a loaded lighter barge from the site of an English ship. The captain of this ship complained about it to the commander of the English warship, who dispatched an aimed long-

boat after the rebels with the command to return the barge without delay; should they fail to comply, he would insist upon a parley with them, whereupon the barge was returned, and everything was found to be in proper condition. As an aftermath of this occurrence, the merchants who were about to load their goods upon my ship, became somewhat apprehensive and, consequently, I was ordered to sail to Hong Kong and receive the cargo there, which eliminated the danger of its being seized by the rebels. On our way to Hong Kong we sighted many bodies lying on the shore, and after having sailed north for some time, a fleet of what seemed to be fishing boats came towards us which, however, after its arrival at Wampoa turned out to be a rebel fleet of what seemed to be vanquished several mandarin ships and destroyed some of them. When we returned with our cargo, we saw in a little bay a ship which was completely burned out; the rebels had fled inland, but not before setting it on fire.

In Canton I did not venture farther into the city than the business sector of the foreign merchants which, like a park and close to the water, leads directly into the city. The inner sections of the city did not look very attractive. The streets were so narrow in some parts that it was almost possible for a man to touch the walls on both sides with his outstretched hands. Furthermore, they were filthy and dark, because of mats being spread from roof to roof as a shield against the burning sun. There is no room for a vehicle in these narrow streets, that is why the people of rank have themselves carried about in sedan chairs. I also had an opportunity to watch some ladies walking. I consider the horrible mutilation of the feet of the rich Chinese women a great sin and disgrace. They are incapable of stepping out properly, they can only patter so that they always give you the impression they are going to fall.

Along the shore, fronting the city there came into view beautifully furnished dwellings built upon vessels in which business of all kinds was being transacted, and which were inhabited by entire families. Also the cruising boats are inhabited by entire families, and every boat has a place marked off and reserved for its idol before which a light is continually burning, and to which they pray, particularly when a longer trip is contemplated. The god is an image of considerable size representing a plump fellow. If a longer voyage must be undertaken there comes first of all a consultation with this fat fellow, then a piece of paper is set on fire on the light before the idol and held overboard by one end, while a steady murmuring is heard. If this paper is completely consumed, no power in heaven can in any way impede the progress of the boat on its voyage. I did not see whether this experiment turned out to be unsuccessful, but if this should ever be the case, I am inclined to believe that the trip is cancelled or, at least, postponed until the idol is in better humor again. It happened once on a run on a Chinese boat that I began to suffer from boredom and, in order to overcome it, I was about to light a cigar on a candle which the oarsman had placed beside him, but that was the wrong thing to do, for it was a sacred candle and not to be desecrated by the hands of an unbeliever.

There is not much I can say about Hong Kong, considering the short duration of my stay there. It is an English possession and all things have a British tinge. The city is well fortified and garrisoned, its harbor provides the first secure anchorage if you enter it from the China Sea. When we

arrived here the first time and mentioned that we had called at Honolulu, we were asked whether we had encountered a full-rigged Chinese ship there, or whether we had seen it on our voyage. It had left Hong Kong three months ago and was destined for Honolulu and San Francisco, but had not been heard from since. A few days after our arrival this ship returned to Hong Kong; it had lost a number of its passengers through illness, and the others looked very miserable and starved. The captain declared that the above named places did not exist anymore, for he had gone far enough and had not been able to find either Honolulu or San Francisco, and therefore had returned. This is just mentioned incidentally.

As I have stated before, we had left Canton with the cargo and were on our way. Our shipment was composed of barrels loaded with sealskins, the other space was filled with silks, such as shawls and dress materials, also indigo, aniseed oil, camphor, and other very costly things of similar kind. The ship was in every respect in good seaworthy condition, the crew was complete, they were all good seamen; in addition, we had a passenger from Stettin who had been a clerk here; his name, if I remember correctly, was Wiesemann.

The voyage through the China Sea progressed well and quite fast; at times we had to reef our sails, but the wind was favorable. As we left the China Sea and entered the South Pacific, we came close to the island of Dwasindeweg, which had this Dutch name and lies within the course of navigation. While we were approaching this island, the wind increased and grew ever stronger until it finally became a tempest. The sails were shortened proportionately, yet we carried as many as the ship could manage. With this west-northwest wind the ship was able to follow the southwest course under full pressure of sail, and even with four to five points of leeway our path was free, and we did not have to fear we were drifting close to the shore, from which we calculated we were at least six to seven miles windward, according to the position of the aforenamed island. That the current might force us off our course was not to be thought of. The ship labored bravely, and when at half past three, the pump was to be tried out, for which a little water was required, the sailor who was drawing it cried out "Breakers to leeward", and in ten minutes we were already in the midst of them. The ship ran aground with such force that in five minutes we were filled with water, and lurched outward which caused the waves to beat so furiously against the boat and the sloop that both were dashed to pieces. Because we feared that the ship was going to heel over completely, we cut away the masts and now remained stationary in this position. We had struck the edge of a coral reef which reached from the shore way out into the sea for almost an English mile and which was covered with one to three feet of water. The breakers which were easily discernable because of the phosphorescence of the water ran along the reef. Now we wondered how we could save our lives. We decided that one man should swim through the surf with a thin cable and that the others were to be pulled in on this line afterwards. It was still dark when the passenger, a good swimmer, offered to accept this preposition. The plumb line was tied around his body and he went overboard, and after he had swum a short distance, we could not see him anymore, so we fed more and more cable to him in order not to hinder him. We observed the line with great suspense, for it showed us whether he still had it around his body, or whether he had passed through. Finally we became impatient and drew the line back again, but to our great

astonishment there was nothing on it, and its end seemed to have been torn or cut off, and we had to assume that the passenger had drowned. Now we were exactly where we were before.

In the tropics there is no long dawn or twilight at sunrise or sunset, and when day came, we were better able to survey the scene. The passenger was sitting up to his neck in the water, on the other side of the surf, for it was warmer in the water than in the air. Now a sailor offered to swim through with the line. In the daylight it was easier for us to watch him and to feed him enough, though not too much cable, as the surf could be reached with three waves. The first one was the largest and strongest and pushed him forward a good deal. After it had ebbed away, he needed no line until the second wave arrived, and we swiftly gave him more cable. This procedure was repeated with the third wave. The sailor got through successfully, and now the connection by means of the line was accomplished since there were now two men on the other side of the breakers. It was necessary to clinch another thin cable so as to have a double length of line, after one man had been pulled through, the loose cable had to be drawn back again. When the whole crew had passed to the other side and I stood alone on the ship, I tied the axe to the line, although so far back that I could be pulled through first. I placed the axe upon the bulwark and the cable for ready use upon the deck, and then jumped overboard and was pulled through. As I landed, or rather, stood in the water behind the surf, I told the crew to pull the line to bring in the axe, but the waves dashing over the deck had caused the line to become entangled somewhere so that we were unable to tug it loose and had to abandon the axe on half its way to us. Now we had to wade up to our knees in water, over very uneven corals, towards the shore, to find out what kind of an existence the future was holding for us.

In spite of the rain and stom that continued without interruption, we walked up and down the coast and explored it in both directions, to see whether we could find something to enable us to keep alive. The forest was almost impenetrable because of the many lianas, and nothing edible was visible on the trees and bushes; however, we found a few coconuts washed ashore and took them with us. As a result of the heavy rain, fresh water flowed in several placed from the undergrowth, but it was very dubious whether this would have continued for a longer time.

At our arrival upon the beach we were met by our two dogs and one pig, the other pigs presumably had drowned.

The prospects for our further stay upon this uninhabited island were not exactly bright, for in spite of tireless searching we found no trace of food. We assembled again, facing our valiant ship, and tried to decide what to do. The water seemed to be rising somewhat, and the ship looked like a man in the throes of death, for it rolled and turned as if it wanted to tear itself loose from the reef. It was probably about 9 o'clock in the morning when it split up near the foremast, and the stem burst apart lengthwise. This cleared cargo, and some pieces drifted onto the reef, but many were carried off by the current running along the coast. Now everybody pitched in, and whatever we could lay our hands on we brought ashore. We salvaged a few barrels of flour and some casks of meat which had lost either their lid or bottom in the surf, also the large barrels of sealskins, a good many beautifully lacquered chests containing costly silk shawls, a few bales of indigo, several cases of camphor, and a few jars containing aniseed oil and cinnamon.

The last thing we retrieved was my desk which had stood in my bedroom and in which I had kept several articles of clothing, mostly underwear, a few books and a burning glass. With the help of the burning glass we lit a fire on the fourth day of our sojourn on the beach.

On the second day after our ship was wrecked, the weather cleared up and the sea became calmer. This made it possible for us to return to the vessel and bring back a good many more things from it and from the reef. These were of great use to us, particularly the pieces of meat which we cut into slices and dried. In a locker in the cabin we found a compass, a chest with fine oil, ground pepper and other spices in securely corked up flasks. In the hood covering the hatchway of the cabin still hung the telescope, the ship's bell, a number of sails and riggings, etc. We brought ashore whatever could be of use to us. The large barrels loaded with sealskins were used to sleep on. Silk shawls, which undoubtedly represented a value of several hundred dollars each, plus some clothes fished out of the sea supplied our bedding. In the spherical lantern, which we also found accidentally, we burned aniseed oil. In this respect we lived very extravagantly; our meals, on the other hand were very simple. Since we had no fire the first four days we had to eat everything raw. The dogs caught a few monkeys fishing in the water. As soon as these noticed us, they leaped a few feet into the air and onto a branch where they believed they were safe and showed no great fear. The dogs running up to them seized them, pulled them down and killed them. Then we took the monkeys away from the dogs, skinned and seasoned them with a little pepper, pounded them well and ate them. As soon as we had fire, we cooked them, for we possessed a few saucepans, too. We also searched for mussels along the shore and ate them; we made dumplings with the flour mixed with sea water and cooked them with a little dried meat, but we had to be very economical with everything.

Convinced that we had no prospect of being found, we started building a raft; we constructed it by using several bamboo stems that had been washed ashore and by fastening them together with crosspieces and cordage. In the middle we placed a few boards, on the sides we attached contraptions for rowing, and in the back we erected a stand for steering by means of a long oar. It did not even lack a mast on which a studding sail could be hoisted, in case the wind should be favorable. Two barrels were tied down securely, one containing provisions composed of dumplings, mussels and some meat, the other filled with drinking water.

The raft and its equipment had to be built with knives and a few carpenter's tools which we had found. After some days of fine and dry weather, the drinking water became scarce. At a short distance, on the north coast, we found the framework-of what had once been a hut, with a fireplace and elevated sleeping quarters. From here a path, already for the most part covered with vegetation, led into the thicket to a ditch with fresh water which, however, would probably not have outlasted a prolonged dry season, but which in the meantime was useful to us.

The western section of the island on which we happened to find ourselves was flat and separated from the eastern part by water. The trees stood very close together along the edge of the water, but there was not so much low underbrush here as in the other parts of the island, in which crocodiles and probably other monsters, too, had their habitat. Then we lay down to rest, but we were often visited by lizards running over us, and by sand flies and mosquitoes which disturbed our sleep.

On a very hot day, our young dog had a kind of sunstroke or some other canine disease so that we believed he had been stricken with hydrophobia. He ran around as if mad, and each one of us had to hide from him. In his madness he finally ran from the reef into the sea until he lay in the water, utterly exhausted. "It's a good thing we're rid of him, he'll surely die there." But he refused to do us this favor and, after a quarter of an hour, he stood up again looking quite lively and walked toward us, behaving as if nothing had happened, and he never had another attack after that.

In the eastern part of the island was a high mountain reaching almost up to the clouds. We were sure we would find inhabitants there. To get there, five of us took the raft the next day and navigated eastward along the coast. A little before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we landed in a small bay and spotted a pole in the water, presumably there for tying boats to it. Here, too, we found the framework of a hut but no inhabitants. In several places water flowed down the mountain in small streams, yet we could not find any fruit here either. Because nightfall seemed imminent, we were compelled to stay-here. We lighted a fire with our burning glass and kept it up during the night. At dawn I suggested that we navigate to the opposite coast, which was at least twelve English miles away. My proposition was vetoed down with the objection that our supplies of food were insufficient, and,that we would starve to death if we should fail to find any over there. We, therefore, decided to turn back to our home base and make preparations for an expedition of several days. We returned the next day, and on the following day we cooked more dumplings and prepared more mussels and meat; furthermore, we repaired the raft. Nine days had elapsed since the shipwreck when we started on our exploratory trip. The first day we camped in the same place we had visited three days before, but we arrived so late that it was too late to make fire with our burningglass. When the moon rose at 2 o'clock in the night, we climbed onto our raft again and rowed downstream in a northeasterly direction; all was calm and we made good progress. Toward noon a breeze blew in from the northwest and soon gathered momentum, the current, too, became stronger in the same direction so that it appeared we would not be able to reach the coast near which we had already arrived. Should this have been the case, our prospects would have been dismal. In spite of our exerting all our strength, I could not be realize that we were in danger of drifting past our goal. A prominent rock demonstrated this clearly, hence I told the man in front to hoist the sail, and exhorted all to do their best to prevent us from drifting past the last corner. When the sail was raised, we were greatly comforted to see that we were able to get the last reef on our lee and reach the beach.

We ran into the surf, and as soon as were were close enough to the shore, we jumped into the water and pulled the raft so far onto the beach that the waves could not reach it anymore. As a result of the exertion and excitement, we were all quite exhausted and needed some nourishment and rest before moving any farther. We refreshed ourselves with some food, and being on dry land now and having enjoyed a short period of rest, I took my telescope, which I had brought with us, and scanned the horizon for something pleasant for us to discover, and behold, I detected some roofs and smoke in the background of the bay, which meant that people were living there. We estimated the distance to be about four to five English miles, but since there was no possibility of making the journey to that place overland, we were forced to move our raft back into the water and to travel by the waterway along the coast.

We pulled the raft into the water again, jumped onto it, and now each one of us gave all he had to propel us ahead and out of the surf. After we had covered about 1 ½ - 2 miles, the water became calmer. This was due to the nearness of the island located in the bay. The whole coast was formed of huge rocks; only about half a mile from the village began a sandy shore which gradually sloped down to the sea. Five Malays were standing on the shore when we arrived; their clothes consisted of trousers held fast around the body with a belt in which a knife was insheathed. As we caught sight of them, we could not help thinking that the time had come for us to fight for our lives. We pretended not to be heeding them, but no sooner did we approach than they ran into the water and came towards us. One of them climbed into the raft and gave us to understand that we were to lay down the oars, then each of the four men took hold of one corner of the raft while calling to the people, "John, rope"*. These children of nature escorted us to the edge of the village where we were received by the entire population. At first we could not quite suppress an uneasy feeling, and being unable to understand their language, we were, of necessity, limited to pantomime. While the raft was being pulled upon the beach a little after 4 o'clock, the chief of the village arrived; he probably had arrayed himself in gala first, for he wore a discarded officer's uniform and, for a sash, a kind of shawl flung over his shoulder. Having joined us, he shook hands with us as a token of peace and welcome, and made a sign that I should follow him. I took one of the men along, a Dutch sailor who had been in Batavia** before and understood a few words of the language of the Malays. Upon arrival in the chief's residence, we informed him that we had left another five men behind and that they would have to be called for in a boat.

While we were trying to convey this information to him, we were served a well prepared meal consisting of fowl, fish, and the delicious fruit. We relished the repast and, when we were satisfied, we returned to the beach to make arrangements to feed our comrades. But they were already amply supplied with food brought to them from all sides. The chief ordered some of his men to untie the barrels from the raft and to carry them to his home, together with the sail and some articles of clothing. There the wet garments were hung up to dry on long bamboo poles, and again we were not allowed to help.

When we and our belongings were in good form again, at least as good as the circumstances permitted it, we went once more to the beach and discovered that our raft had disappeared. It had been taken to a little river where it now served as a ferry boat.

At twilight the chief came, called from afar, and pointed to his mouth as a sign that we were to eat again. Upon our return to his house, we missed our clothes; our host had them all hung up in a room, because the dew is falling early here. Again we found the table set for us with an abundant supply of tasty dishes and fruit, and we ate heartily. After dinner we stayed up for a little while, but we soon longed for a rest. A room was assigned to us for this purpose; mats formed our couch, and we slept soundly.

* English words within quotations marks same as in original text.
** Jocarta on the Island of Java

Because there was no large boat here, the chief, soon after our arrival, sent a canoe to a place located some miles northward along the coast and a large boat arrived from there the second night. The next morning all kinds of provisions, particularly fruit and also water, were stowed in the boat. Immediately after noon we put to sea to call for our companions in misfortune on the uninhabited island. There was a light wind; at times a windless calm forced us to row and we did not rejoin our ship's comrades until the second morning. We landed near the previously described hut, there being no other good landing place. My words are inadequate to give expression to the effect of our arrival upon the men left behind, for upon seeing us, they were all so joyfully surprised that the tears were running down their cheeks. They had already given us up for lost, because we had stayed away so long. Even the dogs and the pig seemed happy as if they had known that we would come to their rescue and take them away from this forsaken island.

Our bedding, the silk shawls and clothes, as well as everything else that seemed to be of value to us, were quickly snatched up and carried to the boat. Then we all climbed aboard and sailed in the more northerly direction to the harbor from where the boat had come. It was already dark when we arrived there. We were given some food but were 'not allowed to go away from the boat. A few documents were drawn up and handed over to the boatman, and very early next morning we departed and were heading farther north. Our treatment in this place had not been so friendly and polite as at our first landing place, where we had received the friendliest sympathy and every possible attention. This place was a little settlement, only recently established, for the houses made of bamboo stems and covered with palm leaves looked new. The ground floor was from three to five feet above the earth so that the noxious animals could pass through underneath. A stairway led into the house, the interior of such a dwelling was divided into several rooms, chambers, cabinets, and a verandah was built on in front.

To the commander of our landing place I wanted to present the ship's bell as a gift, but he refused to accept it until I certified the present to him in writing.

It is time to return to our boat and record future events. Shortly after noon, between one and two o'clock, we landed near the fortress of Terrinjen, on the southwestern coast of Java. The crew had to remain in the boat, but the boatman took me into town to see the harbor master, who was a Malay by birth and had formerly served in the Dutch army. He received us at the door, but let us stand out in the street. He must have had a bee in his bonnet, for he had an inordinately high opinion of himself and behaved as if he were the Lord himself. After the boatman had delivered the papers, he seated himself on his posterior in the middle of the street. With his legs crossed under him, and his arms laid crosswise over his chest, he probably told how and when he happened to find us, but I could not understand a word of what he said. The conversation must have lasted about an hour or so, it seemed to me to be at least as long as that and, all this time I had to stand in the street in the sweltering heat. My pants were torn at the knees, my shoes also were not in good condition; both shoes and pants had been torn on the corals. I wore a shirt that was not quite clean and a southwester, my hair had been combed with my fingers only, and my face, of course, was unshaven. The entire crew looked like me, more or less; our appearance was not particularly attractive.

As I stood there in the street looking like a vagabond, I scanned the neighborhood in every direction, attempting to discover a European face so that I could communicate with someone. No luck for a long time! At last I saw an elegantly dressed gentleman, of white complexion, coming towards our group. I walked up to him and asked him whether he spoke Gexman. The answer was in the affirmative and he asked me what he could do for me. In a short time I made clear our situation to him, and he turned to the harbor master and reprimanded him severely for having failed to make an immediate report of our arrival, etc. Thereupon the gentleman turned to me again, saying, "Captain, come with me to my home". On our way I explained to him that my crew and a passenger were still in the boat and that we had brought several items of the cargo with us.

In his home he at once made arrangements to have the crew, the passenger, and all our belongings brought to his house. This gentleman who treated me with so much kindness was the vice president of Java, Mr. de Nys. He dispatched messengers with his orders, and then he came back to me saying, "Captain, let's have a little drink of gin". A bottle was brought and we had our drink.

While we were awaiting the arrival of the crew and the passenger, I had to tell my host all the details of the shipwreck and about the crew, and the passenger, etc. When they arrived, they were received with kindness and regaled with a little glass of gin; all the things they had brought with them were stored in an adjoining building. After a lively exchange of questions and answers, the vice president said, "Captain, I want you as well as the coxswain and the passenger to stay here with me, for the rest of the crew we shall find a place elsewhere". Some messengers were sent with the men to accompany them to their quarters. After their departure we, the others, were assigned two bedrooms, one for me and one for the coxswain and the passenger. They were furnished with beautiful beds, a washstand with all possible accessories and, in addition, a table covered with every kind of clothes. "Now, Captain", said the president, "it is time to dress for dinner, take whatever clothes you like and fit you best." It goes without saying that I was delighted to have the opportunity of a thorough cleansing, and the clothes I selected fitted me as if they had been cut for me, for the president and I were of the same size and build. The material was mostly fine linen, the coat was of grass linen, and the shoes and socks were of the best quality.

As I emerged from my room, my distinguished host met me with outstretched hand, and said, "Now you like a human being again". The coxswain and the passenger also appeared, completely transformed, as a result of the apparel they wore. While we were occupied in our own rooms, the table was set and we were served the most delicious dinner which we relished immensely.

In the evening a large group of distinguished guests assembled in the home of our dear host, among whom were the highest ranking officials in the army and the most prominent citizens, with their wives. They all conversed at length with us, a great many questions were asked and answered, the main theme being mostly our unfortunate voyage; even the dogs and the pigs became a topic of conversation. The commander of the fort wished to have the old dog, a female; her son, the younger dog, we gave to our host. A magnificent supper was served; there was no lack of wine, and the guests showed their appreciation of it.

On the following day it was necessary for the president to send a courier to Batavia. He inquired whether I knew a firm there to which I could write in case I was entitled to assistance and relief. The courier would take-my letter and deliver it to the firm. In virtue of my letter of credit which I had found in my desk, I addressed my letter to Messrs. Bahre and Kinder, a Hamburg firm, informing the gentlemen of my situation and of my intention of going to Batavia with my crew and passenger to seek help.

Terrinjen is a citadel on the southwest coast of Java, and because this island is under Dutch rule, Dutch soldiers were garrisoned there, too; most of the officers were of Dutch nationality. Trade and shipping are only insignificant here. During the few days we spent there, we lived a carefree life, for we received much attention from all sides, aad people were solicitous about our comfort; even our old and dirty clothes were returned to us washed and clean. .

Two boats were chartered to take us to Batavia. After a sojourn of three days we embarked, well supplied with provisions to which our pig had made a sizable contribution, for it had been butchered and the meat boiled down well so that it would keep for several days without spoiling. For dessert we had a variety of fruits.

As we were ready to leave, a few of our sailors said, "We wouldn't mind staying here for a few more days", and they showed little desire to say goodbye. We boarded the two boats and distributed ourselves evenly in them, and off we went on our trip along the coast of Batavia. The first night we stopped at a little place for a few hours, although I was unable to find out why, and in the evening of the second day, at about half past seven or eight, we reached Batavia. It was near dusk when we landed a short distance upstream in a river, in the business sector of the city where we found almost the whole place deserted and still, for the offices were already closed. What could we do in this critical situation? Everyone could point out the office where I was to call, but no one was able to tell me where the residence of the gentlemen was. Finally I was advised to take a cab for the coachmen were the ones that knew the city best. I hired one and away we drove through many streets and market places. I asked some gentlemen who were walking in the street coatless and hatless and who spoke Dutch for directions to the residence of Messrs. Bahre and Kinder. They all knew the gentlemen personally, but no one knew where they lived. After driving a little longer, I noticed a large and beautifully illuminated house with a long flight of steps in front of it, and the thought occurred to me that I should inquire there. I asked my coachman to stop, and entered the house. A very friendly and rather stout lady dressed in silk met me, and I asked her whether she spoke German, "Yes, indeed, and what can I do for you?" she replied. I repeated my inquiry about the residence of Messrs. Bahre and Kinder. "Oh, yes, I can help you. If you have a cab as I presume you have, tell your coachman to drive to I regret that I cannot remember the word, it probably was the name of the street. The coachman, who understood no other language than Malayan, seemed to be satisfied, when I gave him the name for now he knew where to go. Again we drove through streets and market places in which there was still a lot of activity, until he stopped in front of a beautiful house, a few rods away from the street and situated in a lovely garden. Several gentlemen were sitting on the brightly illuminated verandah. I had scarcely alighted when I noticed that they spoke German. I entered the house and asked whether I was

in the home of Messrs. Bahre and Kinder, and received the reply, "You must be the captain of the Visurgis". The coachman was paid and dismissed and, after being seated, I briefly told that my crew and passenger were still camping downtown by the harbor. Two clerks drove off in a cab to procure lodgings for them, which was done in a short time. They brought the passenger back with them, for one of the clerks was an acquaintance or even an old school friend of his.

The next morning a cab came for me to take me to the business sector of the city. Our boats, in which we had brought all the goods salvaged from the ship, were unloaded. After that we spent a-few days drawing up the documents relating to the loss of the ship; the crew had to confirm them by oath in order to have their validity recognized by the insurance companies. Every day, during this time, a,cab was placed at my disposal for my own personal use. After the business had been settled and put in order, Mr. Heineken, the partner of the firm who was from Bremen, told me that I might now stay at home and rest. I replied that I was in need of rest indeed, for I had enjoyed no peace since the shipwreck. The silks and shawls were sold at public auction, which netted us over 3,000 guilders. Moreover, a collection in our behalf yielded a considerable sum and made it possible for me to defray the expenses incurred up to this time, and to purchase a good outfit for every member of the crew.

After a few days of rest at home, I fell seriously ill with climatic fever and had to stay in bed. They wanted to send for a doctor, but I protested; however, my condition became worse from day to day, and Mr. Heineken finally said to me, "If you go on refusing to see a doctor and your illness settles in your blood, you will never in your life enjoy good health again." "All right", I said, "you may bring a doctor, for all I care." It did not matter to me anymore whether I was going to live or die, for the loss of the ship made the future appear very gloomy to me.

When the doctor came, he prescribed mercury pills, but after I had taken them twice, I could not stay in bed anymore, for they happened to be a powerful laxative. I became so weak that I believed I was going to die soon. Shortly before I was scheduled to take the third pill, the doctor came, and seeing me so weak, he told me to stop taking them and gave me quinine pills to allay the fever.

After a week I was able to get out of bed for a little while at a time, and after a few more days I was allowed to walk in the garden once in a while, but I still felt so miserable that life had ceased to mean anything to me.

When I was barely able to crawl around a little, the doctor told me, "Now you are cured." But I saw little evidence of the presumable recovery. I am incapable of describing my condition and frame of mind at that time, I felt as if my limbs were paralyzed, I was exhausted and totally apathetic towards all things. In the home of Mr. Heineken I received the best care and attention; I had a room to myself and a servant at my disposal for whatever I wanted him to do for me; he was there exclusively for me. When I began to feel better, an English full-rigged ship, the "Jakatra", Captain Ayton, destined for Bremen, was being loaded. Because I was still too debilitated to work, I made the voyage as a passenger. Had I been strong enough, I would have worked to earn my passage, which cost six hundred guilders.

It would be appropriate to insert a short description of Batavia here; however, my business transactions claimed too much of my time at first, and during my illness, I found it almost impossible to look around much; for this reason I shall tell only what I remember.

The sea-going vessels are riding at anchor in the roads, and their cargoes are transported to and from the shore on lighters. Through the lower part of the city where the main business section for overseas trade is concentrated, flows a little river along the banks of which, or in its neighborhood, are located the warehouses of the various firms and close to them the offices. The streets are fairly wide, and the houses do not stand too close to each other, as this is so in European cities. That is the reason why the city covers a large area. The wealthier classes and the shopkeepers live in beautifully furnished homes with large gardens where one finds the most beautiful tropical plants, from the slender coconut palm to the tiniest flowers and shrubs. Neatly kept gravel paths crisscross the gardens. The wages of the working class were very low in those days, their needs few and easily satisfied. Fruits constitute the main food of the worker, and there is such a great variety of them here that it is possible to serve a new kind of fruit dessert with every dinner for an entire month. No luxury in clothes is displayed here either; they are made of material very light weight. In several sections of the city are fairly large market places where everything from day to day is sold and bought.

At the end of March, 1855, I boarded the English ship as a passenger and started my homeward bound voyage. Two years and nine months had passed since my departure when I set foot on my homeland again. I had lived through many a sorrowful experience, and now I came home a sick man, emaciated and almost reduced to a skeleton, and without a ship. Anyone can imagine what my feelings were. The voyage was pleasant enough, but I failed to recover my health; I was able to get up by day, but it required all my strength to walk the length of the deck just once. The captain ceded his room to me and had his bed made up for him in the cabin. A few times we suffered from strong winds. The stormiest region was in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, which we never saw, because we gave it a wide berth, on account of the darkness and rain-soaked air, and because it had not been possible for some days to make favorable meteorological observations.

We cast anchor at St. Helena and took aboard a few barrels of water, fresh vegetables and meat and, of particular importance, some bags of green watercress. This cress eaten with salt is a sure prophylactic against scurvy, which is apt to afflict people on long passages. I went ashore with the captain, and if I had not felt so weak and miserable, I would have visited the upper part of the island to see Napoleon's home and tomb. The upper story of his residence could be seen from the landing place. St. Helena is a rock of the height of several hundred feet, jutting almost everywhere out of the sea like a sheer cliff; there is no possibility of landing except on the west side where soldiers stand on guard continually. A slanting path leads eastward to the upper region of the island, upon which a horse can easily climb up and down. Both sides of this way are rather steep; that is why on the south side, a little above the landing place, a stairway of several hundred steps leading to the upper part of the island had been constructed. This is the so-called Jacob's ladder which, however, by no manner of means, reaches up to heaven.

From St. Helena my voyage was favored first by the trade winds and then, in the English Channel, by the west winds and fair weather. But my health showed no improvement, rather, shortly after having left St. Helena, my feet began to swell so that I was compelled to put my shoes on immediately after rising from bed since it would have been impossible to do so later. After our arrival at Bremerhaven I took the first steamer to Strohausen where I found my family and relatives in good health. As I have mentioned earlier, two years and nine months had elapsed since my departure for San Francisco, and now I came back home a man with broken health and without my ship.

My first concern was the restoration of my health. Nothing that I was advised to do in order to reduce the swelling of my feet was left untried but, unfortunately, without any noteworthy success. Yet, the good nursing by my family brought some of my strength back to me; only the extremities, i.e., my aims and legs were still very weak. One afternoon I went for a walk in Brake. Passing the home of my former butcher, who used to supply the meat for the ship, he spoke to me and said, "For goodness sake, Hayssen, you look as if you had been in your grave already. Come inside." And he called to his wife, "Mother, is the coffee ready?" In the course of our conversation he inquired about my illness and the treatment. Hearing that my legs were still swollen, he exclaimed, "Oh, if it's no worse than that, all you have to do is loosen the skin over the nails of your feet and push it back so that it won't grow simultaneously with the nails." He had heard this from a sea captain who had suffered from a similar illness.

After I had performed this operation for two weeks, the swelling of my legs subsided and, although slowly, I gained some weight and new strength. Only a slight pain remained in my arms and legs which, fortunately, hindered me only little or not at all in my movements.

When my health was restored, I bought a fourth share in the ship, "Hermann", a schooner galliot of about 160 tons. My co-partners living in Bremen and the ship sailing under the Bremen flag, made it necessary for me to take up my residence in Bremen, too. Hence I moved my family to Vegesack for the second time. The papers testifying to my discharge from the province of Oldenburg and to my subsequent establishment in Bremen had to follow the same procedure as for my first transfer.

My first trip was to Cardiff in February, 1856. In summer we sailed to Bristol, Harburg, etc. In the fall of 1857 we made a trip to Hammerfest in Norway with a cargo of codfish. There was almost no sunshine in that latitude; on the other hand, the aurora borealis made the sky appear as luminous as in our brightest moonlight. On the tenth day after our departure from the northern town, the sun rose for about one hour above the horizon. The farther south we sailed, the larger the sun's circle above the horizon became, and the days, of course, grew longer, too. We were bound for Venice and as we sailed in the Mediterranean, along the coast of Spain, we could not but notice a great contrast of climate between Hammerfest and here; up there everything bare and covered with snow, cold temperature without sunshine; here, on the contrary, everything was green and the air impregnated with the most delightful odors of flowers, and the most glorious sunshine all the time.

One afternoon, as we were making from five to six miles an hour, two whales came swimming into our wake and finally passed so close to our ship that it would have been easy to jump onto them from our vessel. They were almost as long as the ship,.and though no movement was discernible, they advanced twice as fast as the ship.

When the cargo had been unloaded in Venice and the ship scrubbed clean, we took aboard a load of corn destined for London. The ship was thoroughly fitted out for this consignment, the bulkheads, i.e. boards with props, were put up in the hold to prevent the cargo from being thrown around.

On the day following our departure from Venice, a violent storm coming from the northeast, known as a bora, arose. To keep from drifting close to the Italian coast and to make as little leeway as possible, we had to spread as many sails as the ship was able to carry. The vessel labored hard, but the cargo rolled more and more over to one side until the water covered the deck on the lee side. Under these circumstances it was impossible for us to continue on our way; the first thing to do was to distribute the cargo evenly, and to accomplish this, we directed our course to Trinity a Mare, which was situated on our lee; near the island we passed behind a coaster and dropped anchor. Scarcely had the anchor fallen when we realized that the ship was grazing the ground. We lowered a kedge anchor and propelled the ship into deeper water. But unfortunately, we noticed that it had sprung a leak, and neither could nor should go any farther without repairs. These were, however, impossible on these islands, for they are used only as a place of exile for criminals sent there by the Italian government.

The main island of this group where the banished convicts are housed is, like St. Helena, a rock several hundred feet high, with only one landing in the west side, which is guarded by soldiers and, moreover, supplied with fortifications everywhere. Because drinking water cannot be obtained from wells, large reservoirs for the rain water had been built. The rest of the islands are not so craggy, and the land is tilled and under cultivation. Many turpentine trees and other species of trees grow here. As I have mentioned before, there was no possibility to undertake the repairs here; therefore, a telegram by way of optical telegraphy was sent to the Consulate of Bremen at Naples, which sent an agent to make the respective and necessary arrangements. Because we had to work the pump for a good while every hour, we freighted an Italian schooner, which took charge of half of our cargo and then sailed with us to Brindisi where the repairs were taken care of.

While the ship was being repaired, I stayed at a hotel, and as I was sleeping in an iron bed one night, I was shaken out of my slumber and when I awoke, the shaking started again, yet there was no one else in the room. I jumped out of bed and looked out of the window. In spite of the darkness, I could see lots of people in the street, as well as downstrairs in the house. .Since all was quiet otherwise and no sign of fire was perceptible anywhere, I thought they would surely wake me in case of danger, and went back to bed and soon was sound asleep again. In the morning I heard that there had been an earthquake, and later we learned that in other places in the north the tremor had caused a great many churches and houses to collapse and had severely damaged many others.

As soon as the repairs were terminated, the cargo was brought aboard again, and we continued our voyage. As we were leaving the Adriatic Sea, the weather again became very stormy and the sea very rough. Because we had to sail briskly to steer clear of the coast, the ship labored hard and promptly sprang another leak so that the pumps had to be kept going all the time. In spite of all our efforts, the water rose steadily in the ship, the pumps were plugged up with corn, which forced us to lift them out and clean them with the help of long poles. As soon as the pumps were set to work again,

they became plugged up again, and in this manner we lost a great deal of time. The ship sank deeper and deeper until the water reached the deck. During the night the wind changed from southeast to a more northerly direction, and since it was unfeasible to reach a harbor, we held a general consultation and decided to abandon the ship and land in the southern part of Sicily in our boat. While the water on deck rose higher and higher, we transferred our most valuable belongings to the boat; it was now high time for us to leave the ship. The boat supplied with a mast and sail, enabled us to reach the coast soon, in spite of the prevailing wind.

After sailing for several hours, we met fishermen who directed us to the place where we were to land. He pointed to a small round tower beside which a little river emptied into the sea, a place accessible only to boats. On the entire south side of Sicily there is no harbor for large ships, and if ships have to take in cargo, they must drop anchor out in the open sea, as close as possible to the coast. I had a similar experience several years ago with a cargo of sulphur that I had to take in at Alicante and convey to Rotterdam.

When we had safely landed at the designated place, we were met by the coastguard and requested to legitimize ourselves. But since we could not make ourselves understood and had no interpreter with us, a report about us had to be dispatched to the authorities. That is the reason why we were watched closely in the meantime, as if we were pirates. For the night we were locked up in the aforementioned tower until the following morning, when we were driven to Syracuse to make our deposition.

A few days later we were taken to Palermo, where the crew signed on to other ships and where I boarded a Dutch steamer bound for Rotterdam, which was scheduled to call at Palermo and Malaga on its homeward voyage. At each of the ports we stopped for a few days, which gave us the opportunity of viewing them more closely. In Palemo there was a great carnival with everyone indulging in all sorts of crazy things. The streets were filled with throngs of people who were pelted with nuts and confectionery. In the parade the most beautiful thing was a float representing a warship and, one a citadel which, as soon as they met and came within firing range, began to bombard each other. The bombardment was lustily supported from the upper floors of the nearby houses until the "enemies" had moved outside each other's range. Krupp's guns were not known yet in those days, neither were any other cannons used. There were neither casualties nor wounded, for the ammunition consisted of nuts and candy for which the youngsters quickly scrambled, enjoying themselves immensely.

When the steamer had taken in its cargo, we proceeded to Malago and from there to Rotterdam. There was nothing of particular interest that came to my attention upon this voyage. As we were sailing along the coast of Portugal, the wind grew considerably in force and the sea became very rough, which impeded and slowed down the progress of the ship. For this reason we steered toward the mouth of the Tagus in search of shelter. After we had followed this course for some time, the wind and the swell grew less, and we were heading for the north again.

After our arrival in Rotterdam, I did not delay long in that city, but took the stage coach to my home where I found my family in good health. This was not the case with me, for my whole body was racked with pain and the aching was particularly bad in my arms and legs.

Since it was apparent that I was not favored by particular good luck upon the water, I said good-bye to the seafaring life and tried to earn a living with a sure income on land, but the question was, how?

Shortly after my return, the miller who had leased the Elsfleth mill died. His contract expired after a year and a half, and since his wife was not able to take over the business by herself, I applied for the lease at the expiration of the contract. The prospects were good as I already had the approval of the Court of Chancery; all that was still needed was the approval of the government to which I had sent an application at the office of Elsfleth. I expected it to be forwarded right away, but I was greatly mistaken. There was another miller whose lease also happened to expire and who had friends and close relatives at Elsfleth. They succeeded in having my application to the government held back and that of the miller handed in, which was approved and my application was rejected and my plan thwarted.

When fall came, I was glad after all that I had not obtained the mill for, as a result of the long windless calm, the mill could not be set in motion and the bakers were compelled to procure their flour from the steam mills.

My first plan had miscarried, so I tried another way of earning a living and wanted to lease Kunst's hotel. When I asked about the rent, it was so high that I could not consider it; besides, the cost of furnishing a first class hotel exceeded the sum of money at my disposal, and I could not carry out my plan because of my overwhelming lack of funds. As there were no other prospects, I wrote to my brother at Thiensville in Wisconsin, asking him whether he thought there was any possibility of my earning a livelihood for my family in America. His answer was in the affirmative and he advised me not to bring any furniture or household utensils with me. Now we decided to emigrate to America; the household effects were put up to auction, and all the preparations for the passage to America were made.

On March 18, 1859, we embarked at Bremerhaven on the steamor "New York" of the North German Lloyd, and the next day we put to sea with a considerable number of passengers on board, with some of whom we became quite well acquainted. We traveled second class and had a bedroom to ourselves and good service and food. Almost all of the first half of the voyage was pleasant; then a heavy storm rose coming from the west, followed by a swell so that the ship had to labor terribly hard to open a way. The bowsprit and the jib boom frequently plunged into the towering waves, and, in consequence the jib tore itself loose and began to flutter in the wind. Three men were ordered to furl the sail, and while they were at work, the jib boom and the entire bow were swept away but the other two were hurled into the water, and only one could be seen swimming. The engine was stopped at once and the ship moved backward until it was alongside the swimming sailor, who was holding on to a life preserver, many of which had been thrown overboard right after the accident. The man was so exhausted that he could not help himself, hence, an officer sprang into the water and, with the aid of a cable, brought him safely back to the ship. After many emetics had been given him, he was able to vomit the water he had swallowed, and after an hour was back at work on the deck. The other sailor did not come to the surface again, only his cap was seen floating on the water. After waiting for some time without seeing a trace of the unfortunate man, the engine was set in motion again, although slower than

before, and we continued on our course. If the engine had moved more slowly when the sailors were sent to the jib, I am inclined to believe we would not have lost the man.

The stormy weather and the water splashing over the ship made it unpleasant to stay on deck. The passengers withdrew into their cabins and passed their time with music and all sorts of entertainment. When the engine suddenly came to a standstill because of the catastrophe described above, all ran upon deck to see what was the cause, and when they learned that a man was lost at sea, the happy-mood was suddenly gone, the music stopped, and everyone busied himself with his own thoughts about what had happened. We continued our voyage, without any further accidents; what was very unpleasant was the cold air in the vicinity of the New Foundland shoals where the temperature dropped almost to the freezing point. There was quite a dense fog, too; nevertheless, visibility was still possible within approximately one English mile. Here we sighted some icebergs, which were probably the main cause of the drop in temperature.

We were fortunate to see the icebergs by day, by night these old white fellows might have become very nasty if the ship had collided with them.

In New York we stayed at the hotel for a few days after our arrival, from the trip my wife was in urgent need of rest. We spent this time visiting acquaintances and compatriots. On a Thursday, at five P.M. we entrained in New York and on the following Saturday, at one P.M., we ate dinner in the "Republican House" in Milwaukee. After two days we rented a car that brought us to Thiensville, where my brother received us with open arms.

It was the beginning of April when we reached Thiensville. In those days the roads were still in miserable condition, we were badly jolted, and at times we were afraid we were going to break down completely. After a good rest we rented the empty store of H. Thien, and began to sell groceries, dry goods, etc., and also operated a saloon on the sideline. We sold a lot of beer, for we took the trouble of bottling it, which helped to keep it and avoided loss. After six weeks my youngest son was born. My eldest children insisted upon his being baptized, because they too, had been baptized, as it was customary in the old country. Since there was no minister in the neighborhood we had to wait until pastor Diederichsen from Milwaukee paid one of his occasional visits to his relatives near by. On such occasions he baptized the children, preached funeral sermons, tied the bonds of Hymen, in short, he did everything that was in any way connected with pastoral duties. One day, toward noon, his younger sister-in-law came and announced that Mr. D. was at their home and planned to return to Milwaukee in the afternoon. If we wanted the child to be christened, Mr. Diederichsen would call at our home and perform the baptismal rite.

We were, of course, glad to be offered this opportunity and told the girl that we would expect Mr. D. in the afternoon. To make it really festive, some baking and cooking had to be started right away, for a baptism without a good cup of coffee is unthinkable. My brother Heinrich and Mr. Thien were the godfathers, and the boy received the names of Friederich Heinrich. After the baptism coffee was served with cake and confectionery. Not long afterwards the pastor looked at his watch and declared he had to leave for Milwaukee. As he said good-bye, I wanted to give him his money, but he declined it, saying that he would prefer coffee to money. I fulfilled his wish, of course, and gave him what he desired. This proved to us that he had enjoyed our coffee.

In the fall of 1859 a sad event occurred near our store. My next-door neighbor was a butcher and also made wooden shoes. One day he left home for some butchering. During his absence the miller came to visit the butcher's wife. As bad luck would have it, the husband had forgotten something and hurried back home, where he found the miller with his wife. What happened then, nobody was able to say, but between 10 and 11 o'clock in the evening the miller appeared before the butcher's home and used foul language. Finally he challenged the butcher, who was standing in the door, to come outside. The butcher, on the other hand invited the miller to come to him. Both parties failing to accept the invitations, the miller picked up some stones and threw them at the butcher, fortunately, without hitting him. At last the butcher lost his patience, entered the house, but soon came out again. In a blind fury he rushed at the miller and ran back to the house. I saw the miller collapse and immediately ran up to him and led him over to my house, where he sat down on the threshold. The close examination I made showed that he had received a five-inch long wound in the abdomen, from which the bowels were hanging out. Great excitement gripped everyone, the news spread like wildfire through the entire locality. The butcher could not be found for the present. The miller was carried to the mill, where the doctor examined the wound more closely and found that several intestines, including the rectum, had been cut through.

Everyone was astir, looking for the culprit, but without success. An hour or so afterwards, the butcher came into the house across the street from us; the sheriff took him into custody, handcuffed him and led him to the nearby inn where he had to spend the night under guard. A jury was called which assembled the next morning. At 10 o'clock it was reported that the miller had died, whereupon the jury adjourned and the butcher was moved to Port Washington by the sheriff, where he was to stand trial at the next session of the court of justice.

A short time afterwards, our nephew, A. Krieger from Kiel, Wisconsin, paid us a visit. He advised me to come and settle in his locality, which was new. A sawmill had already been built and a flourmill was planned for the following summer. I went there in the winter and soon bought a parcel of land; in the spring, as soon as the weather permitted it, I went to "Town Schleswig" with Theo Mohrhusen to erect the building which was to serve as store and residence. Before the building was finished, the sheriff from Port Washington came to summon the carpenter and me to appear as witnesses at the butcher's trial. On the day before the court session, we left Kiel at half past six in the morning and wandered toward our destination. The road was bad, every vehicle we met came from the opposite direction, none made the same journey as we did; thus, we were unable to hitch a ride for a single mile. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at the home of Mr. Janssen, a German, who served us dinner.

We still had ten miles to go. Actually, we had intended to spend the night there, but the meal and the rest had given us new strength; the fine weather also lured us, and so we decided to again walk the last ten miles on the same day. The bumpy road made the rest of the journey hard for us so that we did not arrive at Mr. Schroling's inn until about half after nine in the evening. Although somewhat tired, we were glad to know that the fifty miles lay behind us, and we found ourselves in pleasant company right away. After we had quenched our thirst with a glass of beer, my traveling companion

began to look quite livid and yawned. He declared he had to go to bed, because he did not feel well, for which the dense tobacco smoke and fumes in the room were probably responsible to a large extent. I led him to his room, put him to bed, and then returned to the parlor in which only a few acquaintances and friends were left.

Because my feet felt very hot, I asked Mr. Schroling for a half a pail of water. He was surprised and asked for what purpose I needed it, and when I told him that I wanted to bathe my feet, he sent for it at once. While I was sitting there, with my feet in the water, all kinds of stories and anecdotes were told, and during the conversation that lasted a few more hours, we also consumed some glasses of grog. When I went to bed at half past twelve, I fell asleep immediately. It was a very restful sleep, and I did not wake up until the sun had already traveled far in the sky. I arose and felt happy and as merry as a cricket.

We had to wait three days until we were called to the witness stand, however, the time did not appear long to us for, other amusements failing, Seppel, the Tyrolese, entertained us with his singing and playing. After the butcher's trial had come to an end, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and he was set at liberty. As soon as we were released by the court, we traveled to Thiensville and made arrangements to move my family and all our belongings to our new home. We formed an entire caravan of eight wagons, for we took most of the merchandise of our store with us so as to start our business in the new place as soon as possible. We stayed at the home of Mr. Krieger, near Kiel, for the first weeks until our house was ready to move in, and, when at last in our own home, we tried to make it as comfortable as we could under the prevailing circumstances.

The building lots were still more or less in the natural state, we first had to clear away trees and underbrush before we could start with construction work. The flour mill was already being built, and while it was under construction, our locality received the name of Rockville, in virtue of the fact that the dam, on which the mills were built, was composed of rock and was from five to six feet high. The dam was then raised to twice its height to give more power to the waterfall.

The next year already a school and some other buildings were erected. Our business was fairly prosperous, but the abuse of the borrowing system caused us considerable loss of money. Our merchandise we had to procure from and via Sheboygan, which sometimes entailed great expense, as well as loss of time.

One day I commissioned a farmer to bring me an assortment of goods from Sheboygan. In the afternoon, as I was working in the garden, I saw my farmer already coming back, his horses in lather. When I met him in my house and greeted him with amazement, and laughing at his speedy return, he looked at me with great earnestness and said, "Don't laugh, the Indians are stirring up a revolt, whatever they find they burn, they murder the people, the towns and principal localities are in flames and their inhabitants killed. I left your goods with Schweihofen outside of Sheboygan so as to be able to drive faster."

At once the whole village was in an uproar. My farmer drove to his home at full speed, and after half an hour an Irish farmer arrived on horseback with a similar report and galloped away. The agitation grew, and in every household the most valuable things were packed; whatever could not be taken

along was hidden away in the safest possible hiding place. Even our well, with its bottom of rock and containing no water except in the bore hole, was used by us and some neighbors as a place of concealment, into which we lowered the silverware and linen goods, and other things of such kind. We covered the floor with pea pods, under which we concealed two barrels of whisky; the windows were boarded up so that they could not be opened from the outside. The next day this seemed a very ridiculous way of protecting the whisky to me. When, as we believed, we had taken all the precautions and looked around, all our neighbors had fled and we did not know whither.

It was ray intention not to flee until we heard the Indians coming, and then to go into hiding somewhere in a dense copse. A farmer's wife with her son, who lived a mile away from our place, had sought refuge with us. Towards evening, when the cattle came home and mooed a few times, our elder children also became uneasy and said, "Now we shall be the first ones to be slaughtered." It is a well-known fact that cattle, especially oxen, show an aversion to Indians, and when our children heard the bellowing, they also began to take alarm. Yielding to my wife's pleading to gratify the children's wish, we decided to leave home for Kiel, where most of the fugitives had gone. Incidentally, they were already on the point of organizing a guard armed with clubs, and with the drum and fife as the most important thing.

For our youngest child, who was sleeping peacefully, we made a bed in a wheelbarrow, the other members of the group were all provided with bundles and thus we, including me with the wheelbarrow, marched to the "plankroad"*, which was a mile away. All the houses we could see on our way had been abandoned by their occupants, for nowhere was there any light visible. When we arrived at the "plankroad", I set down my wheelbarrow and said, "Here we are, and I won't go any farther". Kiel was a mile and a half away, so we sent our eldest children ahead to find out about the state of things there, for I still could not give full credence to the whole story. After camping there for an hour or more, I heard someone call my name; it was an old man living near by, who told us we could safely return home, the whole rumor was nothing but humbug. I turned my wheelbarrow around, and we wandered homeward. Arriving in front of our home we were met by a whole band of men coming from the opposite direction; they were armed with pitchforks, hatchets and other weapons of such kind. We all entered the house, and after the terrible experiences we had been through and as a reward for demonstrated bravery, it was only natural for us to feel the need for a refreshing drink. Some of those who had fled returned the same night, and the next day our other neighbors also gradually came back. The things were brought back from the well and everything was restored to its proper place.

No Indians were seen after this episode for a long period of time. A few days prior to this tumult, several redskins on horseback, with their faces painted, had passed through our village and headed for the north. They brandished their weapons and knives at times and uttered peculiar cries. This was probably responsible for the belief in an Indian uprising and for the people’s flight to escape from being murdered and robbed. We were fully aware of the fact that a camp meeting of the Indians was held in the northern part of the state and that because of this meeting Indians frequently passed through

* Same term as in the Original text.

Rockville. How it was that this terror of Indians, which spread from Green Bay to Milwaukee, could be communicated to people so-far apart on one and the same day, it still is a riddle, for no one can explain it to himself how it was possible to spread the alarm in so short a time.

Ten years had passed since we came to live in Rockville, when I sold all my property to W. Zillmann and bought forty acres of land in Chilton, which we farmed ourselves. At first we had about twelve acres of cultivable land, and gradually we cleared the rest of the land, with the exception of about eight acres of brush. Because there was only a small habitation upon the land, we first built a small stable to provide for the livestock, later we added a barn and a stable with a granary.

As my sons grew up and one after the other left the home, I had to hire help, because I could not do the work alone. In consequence, our little plot of land did not yield a profit anymore, because the wages for a farm laborer were too high, so we decided to sell our property as soon as we could find a buyer. After some time a purchaser presented himself; we soon came to terms, and since I reserved the right to keep the farm for some time before surrendering it, I posted notices advertising the sale of all livestock, furniture and farm equipment at public auction. The auction took place on the appointed day. In the meantime, we informed our children of our doings, and my wife and I immediately received an invitation from our daughter, Martha and her husband, R. Wegener, at Alexandria, Minnesota, to make our home with them, and we made up our minds to accept their offer. A few pieces of furniture and beds were carefully packed and sent to their place by freight. Before we left for Alexandria, my wife and I spent a week visiting our son at Bryant, near Antigo, Wisconsin, and a few other friends along the railroad line to Milwaukee.

We departed from Milwaukee at noon, traveled all night, and the next morning we arrived at St. Paul where we had to change cars. We reached Alexandria in the afternoon and found our daughter and her family in good health and spirit. Our household goods, which we had shipped earlier by rail, had already been called for at the depot by our son-in-law. Everything was in good condition.

We stayed at Wegener's home for some weeks until a house which he had bought in town and moved onto a building site near the brewery, had been made over and completely renovated. This house had once been a hotel and, consequently, there was no lack of space for us. When the remodeling was completed, and the rooms freshly papered and painted, we two old folks moved in and settled down to be as cozy as we could wish. All the land belonging to the house was ploughed, and we also had a garden in which we raised all kinds of vegetables, which grew fairly well. The upper floor had four rooms which, in part, were used as storage place for flour, sausages, bacon, ham, cattle feed, and other things of this kind. In the cellar we stored potatoes, carrots and all the other things that belonged there. Whichever of these things were needed for the brewers, had to be taken from this supply.

The foreman at the brewery rented the room upstairs facing south, the present foreman lived with his family in a rented apartment across the street from us. Mr. Wegener, who was on his trip to Germany, had engaged a clerk for this time of his absence. This man lived in the other room upstairs. The stable with the cattle, ducks and chickens stood next to our garden, and I took over the care of the poultry.

In the summer there is a "slough"* or water hole behind our garden and stable in which the ducks are enjoying themselves, and in a little stable on the edge of the water they lay their eggs and hatch. While I am writing this down, everything is frozen over and covered with a few feet of snow, for it is February, 1888. Wherever we can make ourselves useful, be it in the brewery or in the house of Mr. Wegener, we are happy to be of service, and when he had to be absent himself to go on his business trips, as it frequently happens, take care of the office work. Little jobs also are apt to turn up, which I am glad to take over as long as I am capable of doing so.

If we had chosen Alexandria for a retirement place, it is because of the beautiful location of the town. Alexandria is situated on two lakes, with superb farms around them. In addition, there are many lakes, with superb kinds of fish. Three miles east of the town there is a large hotel on Geneva Beach, which was built five or six years ago and which is filled with tourists every summer. Many visitors even have to be turned away for lack of room. A rumor is circulating now that a similar large hotel is to be built between the lakes L'Homme Dieu, Carl and Darling, about four miles from the town. This location is likewise very beautiful, but momentarily still covered with forest.

Whether we shall end our days here is still a matter of time. We cannot expect to live much longer, although our state of health, i.e. mine and that of my wife, is still fairly satisfactory. Our forty-seventh wedding anniversary was on January 21, 1888; in three more years we shall be able to celebrate our golden wedding.

Near the brewery Mr. Wegener had built a steam bathhouse, which is supplied with water and steam from the engine room. The bath is used about once a week by us and Mr. Wegener's family, and is under my supervision. At times local residents and strangers, too, come to take a steam bath, for which they have to pay fifty cents.

Since I was dwelling on the topic of baths now, I will try to give you my confession of faith in regard to water, for I have gathered some experience, and if there is anyone that neither can nor desires to share my opinion, he is at liberty to do so. I have been laughed at many times and have heard people say, "The old man is daffy over water", but that does not hurt me, for I am convinced and know definitely that solely by an intelligent use of water have I succeeded in eliminating from my system the mercury that I had to swallow in Batavia, a cure which took several years to effect. I also must credit this water treatment for my not having suffered anymore from rheumatism and podagra since then. When my brother-in-law at Delmenhorst first suggested hydrotherapy to me, I laughed at him, as perhaps hundreds will laugh at me now.

My brother-in-law had formerly been a pharmacist and was suffering from asthma, a chest ailment. When I was on my first ship, I visited him in the spring. To my amazement I noticed that he was wrapped in wool blankets in bed in the morning and drank one or two glasses of water until perspiration forced him out of bed. Then he stood in a tub of water, and from a small barrel filled with water to which he had attached a little crane, he let the water run over his body, which time he was giving it a regular brisk rub. After this he dressed and then ran up and down several times in the

* Same term as in the original text.

garden. I said to him, "Man, you're killing yourself! First the heat, then the cold water, all this is against nature, this is a horse cure, etc." But he replied that I should read the books about water and its healing powers, and gave me some of them to take and study. I was firmly convinced that he would not live to the end of spring, which had already begun, and with a heavy heart I bade him farewell. But the mistake was all mine, for on my voyage in the summer of the same year I never heard of his having passed away.

The next fall I returned to my home, and since I had to go to Bremen on business, I traveled via Delmenhorst in order to visit my brother-in-law and his family. What a difference in him since last spring! He took care of the shop, worked in the garden, in one word he was completely transformed. I asked him to give me the books he had previously named to me, and he was glad to comply. After I had read them, I could not help pondering over what they said, for Rausse, the author, writes so simply, clearly and distinctly that, after a little reflection, one realizes that his method is conformable to nature. Just because Rausse's method of healing is understandable to all, I have placed my great faith in it, whereas medical healing always goes to its secret ways and makes people believe that they can regain their health by these secret ways. Every atom of poison is injurious to the human body. How often do we read about warnings published in periodicals and newspapers, for instance, against green wallpaper, biting off sewing thread with the teeth, etc., which can result in poisoning!! Now I would like to know how a sick person, who has to absorb the poison by the grams can be cured since most of the medicine contain a lesser or greater amount of poison. If a man takes poison, he will become sick, and if the dosage is considerable he will die.

Let me give a few examples of cures which, I am convinced, were so eminently successful and without harmful after-effects only because of the use of water. When our daughter Martha was 11-12 years old, she visited an uncle at Rodenkirchen during summer vacation. A few days before school started, I went to Rodenkirchen, and when I inquired about the health of the children, I was told that Martha was probably becoming ill, for she was not feeling well. After I had searched for her and found her, I thought it best to take the children to our home at Vegesack. It was lovely weather when we returned there by steamboat in the afternoon. The next day Martha developed a temperature which rose so high that she became delirious. It had become very hot and my wife suggested that the doctor be sent for but I said, "No, just give me a sheet and some woolen blankets." When she wanted to know for what purpose I wanted them, I told her that I wanted to apply hot packs on the girl. My wife was unable to understand that and said, "If you do that in this heat, you'll kill the child."

Yielding to my persuasion, she went to the cupboard, gave me a sheet, while tears were rolling down her cheeks, and said, "If this turns out all right, more things will come out right."

The first thing I did was to lay the blankets upon the bed, then I dipped a sheet in a pail of cold water, wrung it out and spread it over the blankets. In the meantime my wife undressed the girl, who was then placed on the wet sheet, completely wrapped up in it and then enveloped in the woolen blankets. As she laid inside the wet sheet, she said, "Oh, that's so cold."

As soon as the covers were put over her, she lay there quietly and in less than ten minutes dropped off into an undisturbed sleep, and the flush on her cheeks began to fade away. After an hour and a half she woke up and pleaded, "Oh, father, let me out, I am so hot, I can't stand it any longer."

Although the flush had grown less, there was no perspiration yet, so I took a second sheet and repeated the procedure, whereupon the girl soon fell asleep again. She began to sweat after half an hour and after another hour she awoke and called again, "Father, let me out, I am covered with perspiration."

During her sleep I had brought in a tub half filled with water and saying to the girl, "Come here," I lifted her out of bed, threw the wet sheet aside and put the girl down in the under tub, in which I rubbed her thoroughly, then massaged her, put clean underwear on her and laid her back into the bed. She slept peacefully during the night.

We kept her at home for some days for treatment, we bathed and washed her a few more times, and after that she went back to school as vigorous and healthy as she was before her illness. Not the slightest harmful aftereffects followed, and it certainly was very agreeable not receive either large or small bills from the doctor and the druggist.

The last year before my emigration to America, when I was trying to earn a living on land in Germany, because I was tired of life on the sea and, moreover, was suffering from spasms and rheumatic pains in my limbs, particularly my arms and legs, I started a similar treatment on myself. Every morning, as soon as I got out of bed, I stood in a washtub and rubbed my whole body with a course sack dipped in cold water. At the same time I observed a strict diet and drank water often.

After continuing this treatment for two months, the mercury mine in my body was put into action, abscesses formed by means of which the body disposed of its poison. It started with the thumb of my right hand which became four times as thick as it was before. All I did was to apply wet compresses, and when the heat became too unbearable, I immersed the whole hand in a pail of cold water. One evening a tiny yellow speck became visible; I opened it a little with a needle, for the pain was almost beyond endurance. A little relief followed, I made wet compresses and wrapped woolen cloths around them, then I went to bed and soon fell into a deep sleep. In the morning my thumb was healed completely, also the uncomfortable feeling in my arm had disappeared and I was able to exercise the limb freely.

A few days later the same thing happened with my feet, and with both of them simultaneously. Especially the balls of my big toes and the toes themselves were drawn into the process of eliminating the poison from my system. After I had been cured of these abscesses with the help of pure cold water, the pain in my limbs left me. Thirty years have passed since, and if I were to complain of pain in my limbs now, I would not be telling the truth.

To cite a few more examples, let me mention a fractured arm. After we had lived at Rockville for a year or more, J. Harbrecht came to me with his wife and son one evening and said, "My boy has broken his arm, I want to have you bandage it." I replied, "What are you thinking of? I am no doctor." It was just at the time when the lamps were lighted. Harbrecht insisted that I apply the bandage, for there was no doctor at Kiel, and it was too late for him to take the boy to New Holstein. "Well", I said to him, "I'll do it as well as I can, but you must go to the doctor afterwards and let him see it and determine whether it is all right."

I took some shingles and showed some guests who were visiting me how to cut the splints, while my wife was getting the necessary linen cloths ready. When all the preparations were made, I asked two men to pull the arm into what was, in my estimation, the right position, then I applied the splints and firmly wrapped a cloth around them. This being accomplished, I moistened the entire bandage with cold water, made a sling of a piece of cloth and tied it around the boy's neck. When all was done, the boy said, "Now let's go home, everything is all right now," Once more I requested Harbrecht either to go and see a doctor, or send for one, and to keep the arm moist until then.

The next morning he came to the store, and when I asked him whether he had seen the doctor, he said, "No, why should I? The boy is feeling well and has no pain."

After a week I took off the bandage and replaced it with a fresh one, and after another five or six weeks it was possible to leave off the bandage altogether, the arm was straight and completely healed. Harbrecht asked me what he owed me for the cure. Because I refused to take any payment, he did, nevertheless, not want to accept my services for nothing and brought me, free of charge, a few loads of merchandise from Sheboygan in return.

Several years had passed when Harbrecht Jr., who operated a smithy on the "plankroad", came to visit me. After the first greeting I inquired, "John, how is your arm?" "Oh," he said, "it's much better than the other," and he waved it in the air.

"Let me see it", I said. I had to feel very carefully to find the place where the fracture had been; a little cartilage had formed on the bone.

When our youngest son and the son of our neighbor Gilbert, who were of the same age, contracted the measles, I treated my son with wet compresses, packs and baths, whereas my neighbor consulted Oswald, the priest, from the Baden Settlement, who also practiced medicine on the sideline. After a lapse of time, Mrs. Gilbert came to my window and lamented that her Hermann was going to die. She implored me to apply the hydropathic treatment on him, which I did in response to insistent pleading. Because she had no wool blankets, I took my own to her home and wrapped the boy in them, whereupon, after one and a half or two hours, he became very hot. Then he was bathed and began to improve, but because he was not running around yet the next morning, Mrs. Gilbert consulted the doctor again. I maintained already at that time that the boy was feeling considerably better than before the wet pack. After that it was only natural for me to desist from giving any further help. To ease my mind, the boy lived four more days before he died. After his death gossip would have it that with my water treatment was the blame for his death, yet, my son stayed alive and recovered soon afterwards.

A few years later my son was afflicted with an ugly skin erruption which spread over his entire body. I applied my well tested hydropathic method, and although I was earnestly besought from all sides to send for a doctor, I could not make up my mind to listen to their admonition, for I had great faith in hydrotherapy. I was told, "If you don't call for a doctor and the boy dies, what will you say then?" "Well," I replied, "then he'll be dead. But if I call for a doctor, and he dies anyhow, then I'll have the large doctor bills on top of everything."

One day, as I was occupied with my boy in my bedroom, Dr. Le Viseur entered with a patient who he examined in my room, for he was no stranger in our house. When he saw me thus occupied with my boy, he withdrew and went upstairs into a guest room with his patient. After I had put my son to bed again, I went into the inn parlor where the doctor came aver to me, tapped me on the shoulder, saying, "Captain, don't fool yourself believing that you can cure your boy with your hydrotherapeutic method, something else is needed here." My reply was, "Doctor, I can't change it and I will have a try at it."

I had already had enough of the mystery drugs. What was meant by the term "something else"? Maybe some kind of a poisonous patent medicine to be rubbed into the body or taken internally so that the body becomes a tributary to the doctor.

After approximately four weeks, the boy's temperature fell and the body began to heal; after six weeks our son was completely cured, and no trace of a skin disease could be detected on his whole body. If the boy had died, I would have been considered the murderer of my child because I did not consult a doctor, for a layman, such as I am, may not intervene on behalf of his own health, let alone the illness of someone else. A doctor, to be sure, has the privilege of poisoning people with his drugs with impunity, since the government and the courts of justice are in most cases on his side.

One day, as I was walking from Chilton to the city, I heard a sled coming behind me. I stepped aside to let the sled pass when all of a sudden a girl came running of the nearby house. The horses shied and turned to the side where I was standing, and the shaft of the sled hit me so fiercely in the back that I fell to the ground. The horses bolted, the shaft passing over my neck compressed me in such a way that my head came to lie between my legs, and my ribs suffered greatly. In spite of the pain, I accepted a ride to town to transact some urgent business. I had to expedite matters, because the pain was becoming worse. Upon my arrival at home, I went to bed at once and stayed them for some days. Cold compresses and wrapping myself up in wool blankets hastened my recovery so that I was able to be up and around again after a few days.

A similar case was experienced by me when I was assessor for the town of Chilton. I drove around the country to make my assessments. On the second day I had already finished my work at some farms when I stopped my horse before another farmhouse. When I had completed my business and was about to untie my horse, it shied at a dead dog and ran away with me. The vehicle struck against a large stone lying beside the bridge. I was thrown so violently upon the ground that I suffered injuries on my head and neck and almost fainted from the shock. He ran two more miles and was finally caught by some workmen.

An Irish farmer living nearby helped me on my feet and led me to his home where I lay down on the sofa. Soon my farmer came with a bottle of ointment and instructed me to rub it in, saying, "Just smell it, it is very strong," But I thanked him and asked him for some water and a small linen cloth, which they were glad to give me. The cloth was moistened and put upon the sore place. The farmer was very kind and ordered his horses to be hitched to his buggy and brought me home. As soon as we arrived there, I told my wife that I had to lie down. This was on Tuesday. The wet compresses were continued and renewed when they were too hot or too dry.

At noon on Thursday, I sat up in bed and asked my wife to bring me my dinner; my appetite had been very poor the last three days. After two more days I was able to leave my bed. On Saturday I was able to go outside, although I found it difficult to walk. After that I resumed the duties of my office and in a short time I had completely recovered.

Let me mention just one more case. After we had been in Alexandria for a few months, I went to the brewery one forenoon with a milk pitcher to get some beer. The "Landlord of the Star Inn", as they called the barrel reserved for the brewery workers, had not been tapped yet, since they were busy with the bottling. For this reason I went to the storage cellar to obtain a glass of beer. This cellar was about four to five feet down a flight of steps and quite dark. In the belief that I had reached the top of the stairway leading to the cellar, I slipped and fell down the steps. One of the men at work in the cellar ran up to me, raised me on my feet again and led me upstairs; then I walked home, although with great difficulty. At home I felt so dizzy that I almost blacked out. I told my wife to send for Mr. Wegener's maid so that she could fill the bathtub with water. When the bath was ready, I stayed in it until my entire body was shivering with cold. Then I lay down in my bed and the injured parts of my body were wrapped up in wet cloths and wool blankets and, as long as I lay there quietly I did not suffer much pain. On the second day my temperature rose, so I repeated the procedure of the day before.

My son-in-law visited me at that time, urged me to use something to rub into the sore places, but I replied that the only thing I would do was to continue with my hydropathic treatment. After 8-10 days I was out of bed again, but had to use crutches until the blue marks on the injured parts of the body had disappeared altogether.

Now, my dear reader, I believe I have told you enough of my illnesses. Let us look at it from another point of view and ask what would have happened if I had consulted a doctor each time. First of all, it would have cost a great deal of money, and secondly, I would have suffered far more pain and would have needed far more time to recover. Apart from that, what would have been the final results? In all probability, I would have to use a came to the end of my life and spent many nights in pain, whereas I feel hale and hearty now and blessed with a sound sleep. These are my personal opinions and you, my dear reader, may think of them what you like. Watch for example, a doctor who has been called to a patient; at first he feels the patient's pulse; if the case is a serious one, he takes his pocket watch in his hand and counts the pulse by the seconds. Also, in most cases, he wants to see the patient's tongue, and to investigate the heat of the body and establish whether there is any fever, he sticks a thermometer into the armpit so that not only the patient but also the members of the family may see how difficult it is for the doctor to make the right illness diagnosis. After these preparations he writes a prescription, for should he not do so, he simply would not be knowing his business. He does what the dear public wants him to do. According to the nature of the case, he prescribes an antipyretic or a tranquillizer, or a cooling remedy, etc., which the patient swallows in good faith. But water for which the sick person is thirsting is not given to him. All these experiments are not needed by the hydropath. A glance at the epidermis suffices him to know whether there is any fever or not, and after a little reflection

he can, with the aid of water, and as the circumstances demand it, help the patient to feel cooler or warmer, and without any harmful after-effects.

Rausse says in his Introduction to the Practice of Hydrotherapy: "In nature healing there are only two essential acute symptoms, namely, inflammation and fever. The endeavors of the organism to effect healing by eliminating disease-producing bacteria can only be carried out by the vascular system as carrier of the blood, because blood alone liquefies substances that are being eliminated, and makes them transportable. Whenever the organism seeks to eliminate disease-producing bacteria it sends to that place, through the arteries, an abnormal amount of blood and simultaneously retards its regression into the veins. This is inflammation. The process of inflammation can only take place at the peripheral ends and beginnings of the arteries and veins in the capillary vascular system, since only here liquefacation and removal take place.

The removal of the disease-producing organisms can at the same time be an elimination when the process of inflammation occurs in secretary and excretory organs. But if it somehow is not the secretory and excretory organs that are attached and inflamed by the disease producing organisms, or is the capacity of elimination of the secretary and excretory organs is not proportionate to the disease producing organisms to be eliminated, the latter seek additional eliminatory outlets, pass through the network of the venous capillary system into the veins and thus into the general circulation of the blood, to be eliminated from here with its aid. This is fever or participation of the entire organism in the process of inflammation, elimination, or healing. Fever, in general, is produced by irritation of the nerves of the heart and blood vessels. If inflammation is accompanied by fever, the principal cause of this irritation, is the disease producing organism entering the blood vessels; however, the process of inflammation, heat swelling, pressure, etc., presumably also contribute to direct local share to the cause.

Inflammation and fever have hitherto always been classified as illness by the old medicine, and indeed, very unjustly. The more modern medicine, styling itself scientific, based upon the accomplishments of pathological anatomy, has already erased fever from the list of illness, and classified it only as what it is, namely, a symptom implying nothing else but the presence somewhere in the body of a notable and significant change, i.e., irritation. Scientific medicine, however, should soon reach the point of insight that inflammation, like fever, is nothing but a symptom, a sign of healing that is to be sustained and nursed with great care, but it is by no means a disease to be fought in mortal combat as medics are wont to do.

Medicine would reach this point very soon if it gave more consideration and paid more attention than heretofore to the principles of hydropathy or merely to the accomplishments of hydropathic treatment of inflammatory diseases. Pathological anatomy would need to only go one step farther to be standing where nature healing already stands, for it is already focusing its main attention upon the material, physical changes in inflammation; repletion and stagnancy of blood in the network of the capillary system. All that remains for it to do now would be to recognize that it is not inflammation in itself that is harmful but the disease-producing organisms that must be eliminated. However, because pathological anatomy ignores the result of hydrotherapy, it is bound to consider inflammation as something injurious, since medical practice prevalent until now has not been using water as a medius of

healing. If the organism, during the process of inflammation, as it always happens in medical practice, is deprived of its normal vital stimuli, above all, water which, in form of local and general wet compresses, baths, drinks, is so necessary for diluting and cooling down the blood, and if, in addition, new abnormal stimuli are infused into it at a time when, in tremendous exertion of all its strength, it seeks to defend itself against the old ones and rid itself of them, then, of course, inflammation becomes an organic process of destruction. Thus, as one sin follows another, medicine, once on its path of error, feels itself under obligation to withdraw from the organism the most normal of all vital stimuli, namely, blood, in order to prevent this process of destruction, and to encircle its delusion with a halo. And these activities of scientific medicine are by Liebig called the procedure of the most perfect science. Rausse calls them those of the most perfect-stupidity.

If water is not used in inflammation, the blood is not sufficiently diluted and cooled down, it stagnates, exudes and calls forth various processes of destruction, deformities, gangrene, abscesses and pus formation, hemorrhage and dropsy. Hydrotherapy prevents all these abnormal processes, it prevents complete stagnation of the blood, and it accelerates the elimination of disease producing organisms with the aid of appropriate forms of application, and by stimulating perspiration, etc.

In all probability, scientific medicine will gradually, on its own initiative, and by laboriously attained empirical principles, reach the level at which hydropathy has already arrived. Yet, in my opinion, it could get there by a shorter route if it chose to adopt the plain reasoning of hydropathy. But, of course, simple rational conclusions are not allowed in the atmosphere of science taught at universities, although it claims its work to be based upon a rational foundation that would be against academic standards. And, indeed, to adopt rational conclusions reached by laymen and principles laid down by laymen, would that not be tantamount to abandoning all arrogant claims to be all knowing, and all professoral and doctoral pride? Would that not be too simple, too common? Science at the university level must pass over thorns and cliffs of scientific research, it must satisfy the wordy chatter of the scholastics and doctrinaire phrase mongering."

Thus writes Rausse, and if you my dear reader, wish to know and learn more about hydropathy and naturopathy, buy Rausse's books, Introduction to the Practice of Hydrotherapy, and read them and think about them.

Test all things and keep what is best. In all nature almost all things are permeated with water, even the surface of our earth is two thirds water and only one third land; the human body too, according to anatomic analysis, consists 78% water. Deprive the healthy person of water, and the result will be illness; give the sick person water, and the result will be health.

Now my little book, take your pilgrim's staff and start on your journey, and if you challenge only a few people to thought, you will have served the purpose I had intended for you. Many will laugh at you, saying, "The old man who wrote you must be crazy." You can do nothing but pity them, for the cases I have cited are, to be sure proof enough. The time will surely come when the eyes of the public will be opened and when the results of hydropathy will be better known.

Alexandria, Douglas, Minnesota, February, 1888.
A. G. HAYSSEN