

**Memories of My Life
in the Old and the New World**

The Autobiography of
Heinrich von Struve

1812 – 1895

Translation sponsored

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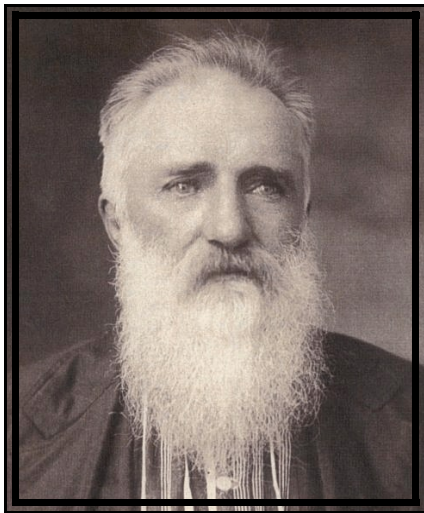
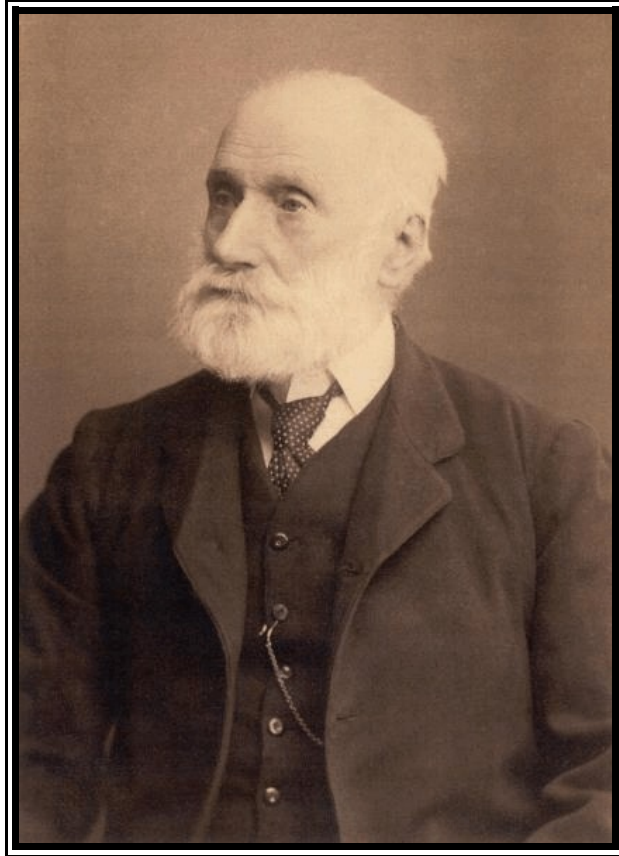
F. W. Struve

Text prepared by Barry Kirkland

Formatted by Kenneth W. Fuchs

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*Heinrich von Struve, c. 1890
Photo taken in Eisenach, Germany*



*Wilhelm Amand Struve (1838-1902),
oldest son of Heinrich von Struve*

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PART ONE

THE PARENTS' HOUSE — IN RUSSIAN SERVICE

I was Russian by birth, although I was born in Germany as the son of German parents, since my father was a Russian diplomat at one of the Courts of Southern Germany. But this connection with Russia was never very important to me. I was taught and educated in a German way, and my sympathies belonged to the German fatherland all my life.

I was born in the so-called “Country House” in Stuttgart in 1812 (Aug. 9). This old house of my forefathers is well known by the fact that the reformer Brenz of Wuerttemberg was miraculously saved here (Johannes Brenz 1499-1570). The Duke Ulrich had informed Brenz that he'd better hide somewhere since the royal troops were approaching and the Duke would not be able to protect him against them. Brenz then had left his apartment and went to the upper City, where he found this “Country House” open and hid there in a corner of the attic. A search started the next day, whereby every house was searched, the “Country-House” being the last house on the list. The searching soldiers came so close to Brenz that he once had to move quickly so he could avoid the point of a pike, with which one of the soldiers stabbed into the corner where Brenz was hidden. However, he was not found and stayed there for two weeks. During this period, a hen came up to the attic every day, laid an egg and left again without making the noise with which a hen usually gives away the place where she laid an egg — which in this case would also have been the hiding place of the reformer. These eggs were the means with which the refugee kept himself alive for fifteen days, thus being able to hide for so long a time. Later, the City gave this house to the man who had been preserved there miraculously, and by heritage it finally came into the possession of the family of my great-grandparents [Friedrich Gottlieb Struve (1676-1752) and Johanne Dorothea Werner (d. 1740)]. When I was a child, I often went up to the attic and visited the spot where the reformer had hidden, and I also liked to listen to the family history which truly kept a record of the incident.

Later on, when my parents had moved to Karlsruhe, we always had contact with the family of my grandparents in the “Country House.” My mother visited the good grandmother every year

together with the children. It was on the occasion of one of these journeys that the funny incident happened which afterwards was often happily told by Mother. The coach had stopped in front of an inn in Pforzheim, where we intended to have our lunch. When one child after the other left the coach behind Mother, one of the curious bystanders cried aloud, "Look, it won't end at all!"

It was a dear, true home where I was able to spend the years of my youth. Although my father died when I was only fifteen years old, I still keep his true image in my soul. He was a man of spirits, highly educated, and the children have to thank him for his example and instructions. Together with our mother, he was responsible for our education, and he did the best he could do. He always talked French to us, whereas Mother always used the German language. She had the greatest influence on our minds and souls. Many of the friends of our parents who visited our home frequently had also some influence on our education. I especially remember the Honorable Prelate Hebel, who was a frequent guest in our family circle, whereby one or the other of his Alemannic poems was sung by sister Sophie; the dear, honorable face of this gentleman impressed me so much that even today I would be able to paint it.

The friendship which connected the minister Henhoefer with my parents was of greatest influence for me. From his home in Graben, he often came over to our house, and my parents thought so much of him that they wanted me to be confirmed by him. When I was thirteen years old, this idea became true, and for half-a-year I lived then in the dear parsonage in Graben, where I received preparatory instructions from the minister. For all my life I have remembered this stay in Graben as something really beautiful.

Another person connected with the memories of the house of my parents — although less famous, but still important in its way — was "Old John." When he was a young man, my father hired him as a servant during his stay in Munich. John accompanied Father on his many diplomatic journeys to Paris, London, and other capitals, and he was very proud of his experiences. He stood high above the rest of the servants, and he had the special privilege to be called "Mr. Valet." In spite of these journeys, he never gave up his truly Bavarian dialect and his rough manners. He was well known throughout the City and a very popular person. The French ambassador, Count Monlessun, was his special friend. As often as he came to visit my father, he first joined John in a pinch. John offered his snuffbox to the Count, who in exchange offered his snuffbox to Old John. Thereby, the

two of them had funny conversations — the count speaking German only fairly well and John using his Bavarian dialect. He was in our services for fifty-six years, after which period my mother released him and paid him a lifelong pension. When he received the last sacraments from the Catholic Minister, he turned around and said, “Have you any further orders, Sir?” These words were characteristic for him, since with these words he always left our father at night.

I had to leave this truly German house of my parents and came into completely different surroundings, when after Father’s death I had to decide which profession I would take up.

I was a strong boy for my years, and I wanted to make a military career, which career should have been easy for me since I was a Russian subject and had the rights of a Russian citizen. My oldest brother was a “Legationssekretär” in Dresden at that time and had good contact with a Russian General who promised to take me along to Warszawa [Warsaw], where he would introduce and recommend me to the Grand Duke Konstantin. At that time, three regiments Guard Cavalry and two regiments Guard Infantry, as well as one battery riding Guard Artillery and one battery Foot Artillery were stationed within and near Warszawa. I chose the riding Guard Artillery.

In addition to the recommendation of the General, who had taken me along from Dresden to Warszawa, I had excellent letters of recommendation from important persons and for the highest Generals in Warszawa. My heart was heavy when in the fall of 1828 I said farewell to the house of my parents and left Karlsruhe for Dresden, where I was to meet my friendly patron, the Russian General. Soon after my arrival in Dresden he was friendly enough to tell me that I had all and every quality to expect a fast career in the Russian Army. To make a career in Russia you must have the following qualities: You must have a good figure, must be a good rider, must know how to speak French, and must be fresh! These are the main qualities.

I could pride myself of possessing the first three qualities, but the important fourth quality, which was so necessary to show off the other three ones, was missing completely.

After a long and tedious journey — the General traveled in his coach — we arrived at Warszawa. The Grand Duke was in Petersburg at that time, and thus I was not introduced to him immediately. In the meantime, I found friendly quarters in the house of Baron B., the Land Master Forester, who was the patron and friend of my dear brother Georg, who at that time was a “Forstadjunkt” (junior forester) in the Commission of Finance.

While waiting for the Grand Duke, I had much leisure time, which I used to make myself acquainted with Russian conditions. The conditions which I found made it very doubtful for me whether I had the right intention when I decided to join the Russian services. I was already on the point of retreating in order to try my luck in Germany when the Grand Duke came back. I had already turned over my credentials to the proper authorities, and the Grand Duke, who took care of everything in person, had been informed of my presence by the General of the Artillery. On the evening before the day which I had chosen as the day of my departure for my journey back to Germany, I received the visit of the adjutant of said General of the Artillery, who ordered me to be ready the following morning, since then would I be introduced to the Grand Duke. Thus, my fate was decided. And during my entire life, my fate was often decided by facts far above and beyond my own possibilities.

I was accompanied by the adjutant to the General of the Artillery the following morning, and the General and I went to the Belvedere (a small palace). There I found couriers of every rank who had already formed a line, and I was ordered to stand on the left wing of this line. I was instructed by the General that I should look straight into the face of the Grand Duke and that I should answer his questions shortly and precisely. Full of expectation, but without fear, I looked forward to what would come. Suddenly, the double-winged door to the next room was opened and the Grand Duke entered the anteroom. He was a man of a stout figure, and his face could frighten a timid person. He was a true Tartar. With one glance he inspected the line of couriers and then made his way toward the unhappy man in a black tailcoat on the left wing of the line. The General of the Artillery and the General of the Guard Hussars each stood on one side of me as my patrons. They introduced me immediately and explained my desire to become a member of the riding Guard Artillery. Then I was questioned in German:

“How old?”

“Sixteen years”

He glanced up and down my figure.

“Where did you study?”

“In Karlsruhe, your Royal Highness.”

“Not in Heidelberg?”

“No, your Royal Highness.”

“Rider?”

“Yes, I had the best of all instructors.”

Then his Royal Highness turned to the Generals and said “C’est un joli garçon, il me plait” (This is a nice boy, I like him). Then he said some words to each of my patrons in Russian, which I did not yet understand, and I was released. The Russian words had been orders to immediately give me a uniform and a horse and to bring me back to the Belvedere the following morning, since he wanted to see me on horseback.

The General of the Artillery made me accompany him to the Guard Hussars in his private coach, where he turned me over to a very nice Sergeant. On the way to the barracks, my friendly patron congratulated me on the good impression which I had made on the Grand Duke.

Not even two hours later a tailor visited me and promised that he would deliver my new uniform early the following morning. Then the Sergeant told me to accompany him into the horse stables, where he gave me a good horse which then was saddled and taken to the adjacent riding school managed by a soldier. There I had to mount the horse and try it out. Everything went well, since this horse was the best one of the entire Regiment. After two hours of riding instruction my work was finished, but that same evening I was to have a private lecture about “Saber in Hand” and “Saber in Scabbard.” I was also to learn how to turn left and right in a soldierlike way. This lecture was also finished to the satisfaction of my teacher. The Captain had invited me for supper and also gave me a room for the night. That day I really had no leisure time from 0800 hours until late in the night. I was very tired and needed a good night’s rest to be ready for the following day. Therefore, I asked my host to excuse me from the social meeting of the officers after supper, especially since I knew that this meeting would not end before late that night and since I had no money to gamble. I knew that they gambled high in their Officers’ Club, and that gambling was one of the main entertainments.

At 7 o’clock, the tailor came already. He brought my uniform, which fit me perfectly. Saber and pouch were given to me by the Sergeant, the hat came from the adjutant of the Artillery, and thus I was a well-dressed junior officer of the riding Guard Artillery. I was very proud to be able to wear such a wonderful uniform and waited for my patron, the General of the Artillery, to introduce myself

to him. At 0930 hours he appeared and bade the Sergeant inform him about my efforts and success. The Sergeant said nothing but the best.

Then we went to Belvedere, where I had my place again at the left wing of a line of waiting officers. At 10 o'clock sharp, the Grand Duke arrived, received the messages from the couriers and then ordered me to his side. The General informed his Royal Highness that my military instructions had been started already, whereupon the Grand Duke gave the commands: "Saber in Hand!", and "Saber in scabbard!", "Left turn!", and "Rights turn!," etc. All these commands were given in Russian, and my instructor had briefed me on these commands perfectly. Thus I had passed the examination and was released. The General again took me along in his private coach and at 1130 hours we reached the Saxonian Square, where at that time the guard paraded. The Grand Duke visited this parade every day. Here I found the horse from the Hussars, on which I was to show what kind of a rider I was. When the parade was over, I was again ordered to the Grand Duke, who again gave the commands in person. I and the horse were made to show everything we had, and finally his Royal Highness made me approach him on horseback. Since everything had been done expertly, his Royal Highness said once and again to the Generals of the Artillery and of the Hussar: "Maladiez! Maladiez!" which means: good boy. Thus I had also passed the final examination and was ordered by my friends and patrons, the Generals who had been so friendly to me, to report as soon as possible to my Battery. This battery was located at Skierniewice, 10 miles from Warszawa. Even today, I cannot forget the friendliness of the high-ranking officers, who patroned the unknown man and made it easy for him to enter a military career, and I am not able to thank them enough.

On December 31st I arrived at my new location. In fact, it was not easy for a young man to be all by himself suddenly. So I was very happy when I found out that at the same hour when I arrived at the hotel where I intended to live at first, my dear brother Georg had arrived in that same hotel. He had traveled that far for the sole purpose of making my start in the new position easier and recommending me to the Colonel and the other officers. The Colonel had been born in Kurland, and the General Headquarters had already informed him that I would belong to his Battery as a junior officer; he was very friendly when I introduced myself to him. My brother visited the Colonel a short time later, and we were both invited to stay for supper, whereby I was introduced to some other officers, among whom was my immediate superior, the 1st Lieutenant J., an Englishman. Another

young officer invited me to stay at his billet until I had found some rooms for myself.

So far, my situation had turned out to be all right. My good brother could leave his youngest brother without sorrow, and we said goodbye and hoped to meet again soon, since Georg was to be at Skierniewice during the next springtime, where he was to start the work for a zoological garden.

Now began the gun training, riding in the manège, and the service, which I had to learn from the beginning. Three weeks I served as a common soldier, was on guard and did every work which should be done by common soldier. I remember one night when I was on guard at the powder and ammunition dump outside of the town near the carrion pit. It was terribly cold, 25° Centigrade below zero, and it was no fun at all to walk over the fields for four hours. I heard the howling of wolves, which fought over the remaining pieces of bones and meat in the carrion pit; this howling was not a comforting music in my ears. However, this period was over one day and I was able to do the duty of a Sergeant.

The winter passed and training with guns in the open field started again. We were also trained as sharpshooters, and I was one of the best. There were many junior officers in this Battery: a German and a Frenchman; the others were Poles from Wolhynia and Podolia; none of them was a true Russian. Among the officers was only one true Russian; except for an Englishman, a Greek Duke and an Estonian, they were all from the Polish provinces. Except during duty hours, you never heard Russian, but Polish, French, and German.

Life in this little Polish village was boring. The officers gambled, and they gambled emphatically. What gambling did may be proved by the following story: During the summer maneuvers we were stationed at little villages (so-called “Kantonnements”) in the vicinity of Warszawa. I lived together with the Commanding Officer of that part of our Squadron which I belonged to. Since he was always very friendly with me and since right from the beginning I had liked him, I did not mind living in his quarters. He used me then to execute many orders and personal business. He was a very rich officer and had his own horse and private “Troika” (a coach, which is pulled by three horses), and a driver, who also belonged to the officer: he was a bondman. I was in charge of the entire administrative business, and the officer honored me and trusted me.

One morning, when we were not to leave our quarters, he told me: “Today we’ll have a wonderful day. Tell Piotr to have the “Troika” ready by 9 o’clock and be ready to come along with

me.” Everything went along as planned.

First, we went to a restaurant where we had breakfast in a fashionable way; I certainly did not have to pay. Then we made a little walk, and for lunch we went to the inn in the vicinity, the “New World,” its owner being a certain Mr. Alexander. There we ate and drank only the best. There were many Russian and Polish officers in the inn who tried to pass away their leisure time. After lunch I was ordered to get the metal money box from the coach; then we went to an upper room of the inn where the officers started to gamble. I stood behind the chair of my commanding officer and followed the gambling with my eyes. My 1st Lieutenant was in luck that day. Some hours later, the metal money box was filled with hard coins and bank bills. Since I knew his financial situation, and since he had often told me of his money affairs and of some of his debts, I told him to leave, before his luck would change.

I reminded him of these facts times and again, and finally he took a handful of golden coins out of the metal box, put in all the bank bills lying in front of him on the table, gave me the box and told me that I could go home, he would follow soon. I was very happy and believed that I had saved quite some money for my good and friendly but thoughtless officer, and that he would pay some of his debts with this money. When I reached our quarters, I locked the treasure box and put it away, drank some tea, and went to sleep with the thought of having done something tremendously good.

I might have slept a few hours, when somebody knocked at the door. I called for the servant and told him to find out what was the matter. It was a riding courier who belonged to the main guards during the period of maneuvers. He brought me orders to immediately send the coach and the metal money box to Warszawa.

“Where is the written order?”

“I do not have one.”

“I will not give you anything without a written order!”

The courier left and I hoped that I had saved the metal box with the treasure. But I was wrong. I was disturbed in my sleep once again by another courier, who had a piece of paper with the words; “Metal box and Piotr with Troika immediately to Warszawa!” Now I couldn’t resist anymore. The metal box was put on the seat of the coach, I wrapped the key up in a piece of paper and sealed it, and off they went, Piotr, Troika, and Treasure!

The following morning, a rented coach stopped in front of my quarters, my good Lieutenant left and told me to pay the driver!

He had gambled and lost everything: Treasure, Troika, Piotr, even his wonderful saber and his genuine golden watch. It was the same with the junior officers. Nobody thought of studies — if there was no duty, one passed away the leisure time gambling.

During this first year of my service, I was promoted to Master Sergeant. When the year was over, my 1st Lieutenant was transferred to another Corps, and I was made the commanding officer of the platoon until another senior officer had arrived. This was really something after so short a service. My Colonel was very satisfied with me, but the other junior officers were jealous, since I was promoted earlier than all of them. I now had to pass a scientific examination, and my examiner was the Greek Duke, who was most competent in science. It was easy for me to pass the examination, since I had studied at the Technical High School in Karlsruhe, where I had a very good mathematical training. Furthermore, I was good in making sketches, above average in military science and knowledge of weapons, and I had really studied during the first year of my service. Besides, the questions were not very difficult at that time.

Now the Colonel suggested to the Higher Headquarters to make me an officer. This was forwarded to the War Ministry in Petersburg, which had to give its agreement. This agreement was given three months later and now, not even eighteen years old, I could wear the shoulder boards of an officer.

I had every reason to be satisfied with the success of my military career, and my future seemed clear and easy. However, I was not happy and I had decided that I would resign from the service as soon as I had become an officer. Duty was boring, officers and junior officers lived in a way I would never take, the soldiers were treated worse than the horses, the garrisons were terrible and usually located in small Polish towns, where you had no possibility of increasing your knowledge and where you could not find the slightest trace of intellect in the population — all this was such an intellectual burden that I had made the decision to leave the Russian service in spite of my favorable future.

When I informed my Colonel of my decision, he told me that he would not forward my petition to Higher Headquarters. He told me that rarely a young man had so good a chance for a

military career as I did. But since I told him that in this case I would send my petition to the General Command immediately, he forwarded it to Higher Headquarters, from where it was sent to Petersburg to the War Ministry. Six weeks later I was informed that the War Ministry had granted my honorable release from the service. This was done by a friend of mine privately, and I was able to start preparations for my departure.

On November 28, 1830 I was officially informed of my release from the service. I said goodbye to the Colonel and my comrades, took a coach and left for the German border.

This time, again my fate was decided by higher forces, since on November 29, the day of my departure, the Warszawa revolution began, which started the bloody War of the Poles against the Russians.

Six hours after my departure a Cossack came to my Battery with the order to immediately proceed to the Grand Duke at Warszawa.

If I had still been at Skierniewice, my military honor would not have permitted me to leave my comrades, and under no circumstances would I have left my Battery. So I would have joined the Russian forces in a war and perhaps would have been killed in action — or I would have returned as a higher ranking officer.

It was not to be that way, and I arrived at brother Georg's home, still in Russian uniform, since I had been unable to buy civilian clothes on the journey. Georg lived at that time in a forester's house close to the road to Germany, and he was already a Master Forester.

AT THE UNIVERSITY — AGRICULTURAL STUDIES
MY OWN HOME – UNTIL 1848

The family council had discussed the question what I should do now after having resigned from a military career. Finally they decided that I should study in Goettingen, where brother Gustav could patron me. I was to study the law. Although I did not like this and would have preferred a military career in the Wuerttemberg Army — a wish which had been granted to my father by the King of Wuerttemberg when father was still living — I did not refuse to go to Goettingen, since the blame was on me that I had left the Russian service, where I would have made a career, and since I felt that some years of study would help me in my later years. What I would do after the university would be decided in due time and I did not bother with it. I had to polish up on my Latin and Greek, and was also to listen to the teachers of History and the Law.

A hard year of studies followed, and then I was able to pass the Abiturium (final examination on a German High School), in case this would have been necessary. But a legal career would have cost lots of money, even if I entered the Civil Service, and I did not want this sacrifice of the family. To complete my studies, I studied a few semesters of Law and natural science. The second year of my life at the university passed easy enough and I had learned a lot during these two years of study at the university.

My good mother — who still lived in Karlsruhe with my sisters — wished to see the Benjamin of the family once again, and after the next semester I left Goettingen and arrived at my mother's home at the end of September 1833. Now being fully grown-up, I was received with great joy by my beloved ones.

Fall and Winter were wonderful. During this time, a letter arrived from my dear brother Georg, in which he suggested making me study agriculture, since this would be most fitting for me. He also suggested that for this reason I should visit him in Poland and find a position there or somewhere in Posen, since it would be much easier to find an adequate position there than in Germany. Furthermore, I spoke Polish perfectly. I liked this plan, and in March 1834 preparations for this journey began.

I took leave from my dear mother and my dear sisters and with an express coach I traveled

to Breslau, from where I took a rented coach to the home of my dear brother in Poland. The express coach at that time needed five days and six nights for the trip from Karlsruhe to Breslau, and sometimes one was able to make interesting acquaintances or even find a real friend, since one was together with other persons for several days and nights. You could also have an adventure.

In Frankfurt, very nice people joined me in the express coach: a Belgian Count, a Prussian Baron and Landrat [rural district president], and a member of the Prussian government, who was traveling to Silesia on a special mission. We introduced ourselves to each other and then each of us took a seat in the corner, which was the most comfortable position in the coach.

We chatted and joked during the following days. The Prussian Landrat left at Eisenach, the member of the Prussian government left at Merseburg, and nobody took the empty seats, most probably because of the fact that the time was not the best for a journey. The Count and I were the only persons in the express coach now, until we reached Breslau, where I said goodbye to the friendly Belgian nobleman, who invited me into his home when sometime I would visit Brussel. Belgium. I took my rented coach immediately and after two days of a boring journey I arrived at my brother's home, where I was greeted by him and his wonderful wife Eugenie. For the next days I stayed with them and got some rest after the uncomfortable journey, but then it was necessary for me to leave for my future place of work, which was at an estate of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, located in the princely dominion of Krotoschin, in the province of Posen. So I left my dear relatives and soon after arrived at my future place of work.

Now my life as a farmer began, which I took up with love and great interest. I soon was made the supervisor of a special farm at the outskirts of the estate, where I stayed all day. In the evening I returned to the estate and spent it together with the family of my host, Mr. von G., until the next morning I returned to my duties. Thus I had the opportunity to learn a lot and to become acquainted with conditions on the large estates. Administratively the estate was in top shape and I think that I may say that I learned there a lot for my future life.

A year later I left the estate for the purpose of continuing my studies at the estate of the brother of Mr. von G. on other fields and under different agricultural conditions. The brother of Mr. von G. lived in another district of Posen. I found everything to be fine and felt quite at home in my new position, which hadn't been the case in my former position, although I never had a reason

to complain. I felt better in the family of Mr. J. von G., since they were friendlier and since there was more “Gemuetlichkeit” (cosy comfort). Here, I became acquainted with the Landrat of the district, who often introduced me and whom I frequently visited. There I also met the wife of the Landrat.

This was a wonderful family, which consisted of the Landrat, his wife, a nice daughter, and a beautiful niece. Naturally, I was very fond of the young ladies and I often accompanied them to social meetings and to dances. The family of Mr. J. von G. participated in this social contact, and not one week passed during which we hadn’t met each other. I was especially interested in the amiable and beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter of the Landrat, and soon our romance developed into true love, and I could hope that our love would lead to marriage. But we were both very young and I had no home of my own, so that I was unable to declare my feelings to the parents of my beloved one. But our love continued, and when the wife of the Landrat made a trip to friends in Poland, I accompanied her, and during the journey I told her of my love and hopes. She was very pleased and promised me that she would talk to her husband and that she favored a connection between me and her daughter. My beloved and I were very happy of course, and when the father also agreed, we were declared bride and groom [an engaged couple]. Although our future was dark — either side had only little money — we were happy. We were young and were able to wait; it was up to me to build a nest for us and our future family. Now I searched everywhere for a place for us and often I had to leave my bride [fiancee] on trips; this made our love even stronger. I left the estate where I had worked so long, and lived with my brother Georg in Poland, or somewhere in Posen, or in Silesia, where I liked it best. In the winter 1835 I intended to stay with Georg for the purpose of looking for some farm I could rent in Poland. Although it was difficult for me and my beloved to live separated from each other, I was forced to do so by the circumstances. Thus, I reach the friendly house of my brother in October and often visited the neighborly estate of his mother-in-law, where I was welcome any time and where I had my own room, which was always ready for me.

In the night from 9th to 10th of November 1835, I suddenly felt an urge and a longing for my dear mother. We had no information from our parental home since a long time ago. I felt so strong a longing that I decided to use the remaining leisure time to travel to Karlsruhe and visit my mother. My dear brother warned me because of the distance and the late season; however, he did not resist

my decision. Since from my early youth I liked to ride and since I possessed a wonderful horse, which I did not want to give to anybody, I decided to travel on horseback. At lunchtime I was ready for the journey and the adventurous travel began. On the second day of my journey I arrived unexpectedly at the home of my bride; she, as well as her parents, did not like my adventurous journey at all, but did not resist my intention. I stayed only one day, and then continued my journey in spite of wind and weather, and traveled about six miles a day. I traveled through Silesia, Saxony, crossed the Erzgebirge Mountains, and the Thueringer Wald (a mountainous area) and arrived at Jena, where one of my aunts was living whom I'd liked to visit. Immediately after I had entered, she asked me whether I had news of my mother. I denied this and she told me that according to her last information from Karlsruhe, my mother was sick with a serious nerve fever, and that the doctors had given her up. This information made me continue my travel at high speed, and December 4 I arrived in Karlsruhe.

I went to the house of my oldest brother, who was a secretary in the Russian embassy. I rushed upstairs and was greeted by my brother, who wondered why I was so excited. I told him what I had heard at Jena; however, he was able to tell me that Mother was well again. Now I hurried to the parental home, where the happy news was confirmed by my sisters. As I was told by my oldest sister, the crisis was on the night of December 9-10, during which night my mother talked in her feverish fantasies of her beloved youngest son, called me and longed for me. Do I still have to explain, that spiritually, my mother and I were in connection on that night? The dear sick Mother recovered quickly, and we expected her to be well again next spring. Therefore, I could no longer stay among my beloved ones, especially since I was just told that I could take over an estate in Silesia. I received this information from my dear Stephanie (Borowska).

In March 1836 I returned happily to the house of my father-in-law. The journey was boring and without interesting incidents. I traveled only six days. My return was so happy, since now we had a future. My parents-in-law possessed an estate in Silesia, which was rented to a man who was a drinker. He did not pay his rent for the estate, and so my father-in-law decided to give him notice and look for another tenant to sell to. I bought the entire estate, and my father-in-law was happy to be able to turn over the estate to his son-in-law. My bride had been born there, and it had been in the possession of the family for generations.

A few days after my return, my father-in-law and I traveled to Silesia already; we talked to the present tenant and I took over the estate right away. Thus, I was the owner of an estate, and my bride and I were ready to marry. We agreed that the marriage should take place in September. For me it was now a joy to work; I was on my feet from morning to night, and I had everything in top shape.

Spring and summer went by. I had a good harvest and since the price for wool went up, I made quite some money. We wanted to marry on September 19, which day was the birthday of my father. The brothers of my dear bride and others of her relatives were present at the ceremony, and we received congratulations from everywhere. We had reached our goal and were very happy. After the wedding ceremony and a hearty meal with the relatives, the young couple left in a coach for its home in Silesia. My parents-in-law and my brothers-in-law bid us farewell. The community and the servants had prepared a solemn welcome for the newlyweds, and thus we were heartily welcomed in our home. The next days we visited our neighbors who had friendly connections with the former tenant of the estate and who knew my young wife from her early childhood. Then we took care of our household. We had much work to do and we had many friends, so that the first year of our married life was over before we even expected it. The following year was an unhappy one, since my dear Stephanie gave birth to a dead boy. Fortunately, the dear wife recovered quickly and was strong and healthy again. A year later she gave birth to a strong boy, my beloved Amand.

Thus the years passed. Soon I found out that I had to make major changes. The estate was too small for our growing family. I had considerably increased the rentability of the estate, and the prices for estates went up, so I was able to think of renting or buying a larger domain. I searched for another place and found it. I also found a man who wanted to buy my domain, and I sold it with considerable profit. I was sorry to leave the old family domain and birthplace of my wife; however, the necessities and the interest of my family demanded the change, and therefore all idealistic sentiments had to be forgotten.

However, before I started my new career, I wanted to show my dear Stephanie and my oldest son Amand to my dear mother and, therefore, I used the time before we traveled to our new home for a journey to Karlsruhe. We traveled in a coach through Bohemia, stayed a few days in Prague, and then proceeded via Karlsbad, Eger, Bamberg, Wuerzburg to Heidelberg, where we were greeted

by brother Gustav. Together we made excursions in the vicinity of the old City. I knew this region well, but Stephanie was interested in all the new experiences she had during this journey. After staying some days in Heidelberg, we proceeded to the home of my beloved mother in Karlsruhe. Now a wonderful time began. My former schoolmates — having advanced to positions as officers and members of the civil service in the meantime — visited us and I found out that I had some true friends here. We traveled to brother-in-law G. at Altenbreisach, on which trip we were accompanied by my dear mother. We stayed for some days and then returned on a boat on the Rhine River, downstream to Maxau, from where we soon reached my mother's home. It was October now, and at the end of October my mother fell sick. She did not recover this time. It was the night of November 9-10 when my beloved mother died. Our grief was great. However, we had seen the beloved mother before she died and knew that she had blessed our marriage. Our leisure time was over now, and I had the duty to look for another existence for myself and my family. I was to look for our new home in the East. So we left the old country, and this time traveled via Frankfurt on Main, where we visited brother Anton, who was a secretary in the Russian embassy there. From there we proceeded on the road which led eastward. Close to Eisenach we hardly avoided a terrible accident. It was late at night when we arrived at a hill from which the road went downhill towards Eisenach. The road was very steep here, and it was so dark that our driver did not observe the sign which indicated a left turn, so that he proceeded on the former road, which could no longer be used because of its steepness. We had traveled for a few minutes when the horses were no longer able to keep the coach from running away. The same moment the horses were stopped by man who called out, "For heaven's sake, where do you want to go? This road leads into a crevice!" Our driver left his seat immediately and we put heavy stones in front of the wheels, so that the coach could not run away. Our savior was a man from Eisenach, and he helped us to get the coach back on the road. Without further accident we arrived at Eisenach where we stayed overnight. Our savior had left us without having taken our thanks or a reward. The following morning I brought in a complaint to the adequate authority and demanded that a fence be erected at this dangerous place. This was promised to me and I was later informed that the fence had been built. One may think that our being saved from a terrible fate was nothing but a casual event, but we believed it to have been a sign from above. We thanked the Lord for our salvation from great danger and proceeded via

Leipzig and Dresden. When we arrived in Breslau, we stayed with our friends for a few days and then proceeded to my dear parents-in-law, where we also stayed for a few days. There, we united with our other children, who had been taken care of by my parents-in-law during the period of our journey. The motherly heart of my wife had already longed for her children and she was glad to have them back again.

It was my intention to go back to work as soon as possible. Soon I got a good opportunity, since a large estate, close to the Polish border, was offered to me under favorable conditions. I visited the estate and found out that it could be turned into a gold mine. But there was work to do, since everything was out of order. The fields had not been plowed for the last ten years. The buildings were in a terrible condition. The villages of the farmers were decayed, and their huts could no longer be called residences of human beings. These huts were not good enough as pigsties. Everything had to be renewed. Today, I wonder where I got the courage to take over the task of turning a desert into a gold mine. At that time I had the courage, and I was glad to have something where I could prove myself. The house itself was in good condition so that my family at least lived in comfort. I did not like that the premises were under Russian government, but my family persuaded me that this was quite all right. I lived very close to Russia, and the border police were very friendly. Well, I bought the premises and we moved there.

When I remember myself of that time, I can hardly understand what happened during the next two years. Everywhere was activity, the old buildings were torn down, new buildings were constructed everywhere. I bought cattle and horses and started to cultivate the fields. Two of the villages were torn down after the farmers had been chased out of their huts. I had new houses waiting for them, but I had to use force to get them to live in them. Then I divided the land among those farmers.

Lumber at least was cheap, since it grew in my own large forest; then I had wonderful clay for bricks. After two years the desert had already changed considerably, and one might call it a well-administered domain which brought a nice profit. I had a distillery, sheep, cows, and a brick-yard, and I could hope to be well-off for the rest of my life. Although the servants were Poles and stole whatever they could, my wealth increased and everything went along fine until the year 1848.

During the second year of my time in Poland I had a serious setback. I lost my beloved

Stephanie. She died of a serious nerve fever. For two years I lived as a widower, and then I found a good companion in my present wife, my cousin (Minna Hochstetter), who turned out to be a good companion throughout my life. She had the courage to follow me through the many changes of fate which would befall me in my future.

The revolution in Prussia, Austria, and France was serious for the Russian government. Czar Nikolaus [Nicholas I, ruled 1825-1855] was angry and ordered that especially the easily revolting Poles should be closely watched and his heavy hand suppressed the unhappy country. The secret police were everywhere, and the Polish noblemen, and the foreigners were especially suspicious subjects. Although I never participated in any political discussion, I was informed by a friend who worked in the chancellery of the Prince Paskewtch — who was the viceroy of Poland at that time — that my name stood on the black list and that I could easily be apprehended. My friend told me to expect the worst. He would try to clear me; however, he also promised to inform me immediately when a warrant for my arrest would be sent to the governor in Kalisch.

I was frightened, since a political trial under the rule of Nikolaus meant the ruin for both health and wealth. Whatever I could send across the border in boxes and chests, I sent to Prussian territory, and I also made my wife and children go to Prussia. This did not happen without danger, since the border was well guarded and I had to be very careful. I could not cross the border legally, since in this case I would have aroused suspicion, and I already had six Cossacks on my estate who supervised me and watched me. However, I had gained their confidence and the good boys trusted me completely. I had also made an agreement with the border policemen who guarded a certain sandy road across the border. There was a bridge across the Prosna River which was closed by a wooden double-hinged door. Since the man who guarded it was on my side, I had shipped all the boxes and suitcases over the border via said bridge across the river Prosna. I also brought my wife and children to this bridge in the dark of night, and I personally accompanied the coach, which took them there on the back of my wonderful Fra Diavolo, an Arabian stallion. The wooden door was wide open, the coach thundered across the bridge, and my family had reached security. Unfortunately, the good border policeman suffered serious punishment, since somebody had informed the police that he had not only not prevented this incident, but had even favored it.

I intended to wait and see what would come, and so I returned to my estate. Since my family

was safe, I had no fear of the future.

In the night of the 10th of May I received the word from Warzawa: "Cross the border immediately." I did not hesitate any longer. I went into the stable, saddled my horse and rode to the meadow where I had fenced in my cattle and horses every night. This was a precaution since I intended to take the animals across the border, in case I was to be arrested and would have been able to avoid arrest. The Prosna river was very shallow here, so it was easy to get the animals across the river. I had arranged with the Prussian farmers across the river that upon a certain signal they would aid me in getting the cattle and horses to the Prussian side of the Prosna River.

I was about to turn to the small way which ran parallel to the border and finally reached the bridge when suddenly someone shouted, "Halt! Where do you want to go?" The person who had stopped me was one of the two officers of the border police, and I had enough sense to immediately reply, "I'm going to the meadow over there, to look for my cattle." The officers of the border police discussed the question awhile and then the one of them turned to me and said, "You have wonderful calves, and I would like to have such a calf myself. It would be perfect if it would be the mother of numerous calves on my premises." "Well, then, come along and get you one. I'd be glad to give it to you," I said. This was the only possibility to get the two officers on my side. The second police officer proceeded on his way, and I and the other one went to my meadow. There I ordered the herdsman to get the cattle and horses to the river and water them, and then came the moment of which I was afraid. The Cossacks had their horses on the same meadow, and the herdsman who guarded the cattle and horses had driven them to the river together with my own animals. While the animals began to drink, the officer who accompanied me looked for a calf that would fit his wishes. Upon a certain sign, some of the Prussian farmers had appeared on the Prussian embankment of the Prosna. When all the cattle and horses were in the river, I whistled and upon this sign the Prussian farmers jumped into the river and pulled the cattle and horses to the Prussian embankment. I followed my animals with large jumps, and was in safety. The poor border police officer and the Cossacks were thunderstruck. The Cossacks cried, "Please, have pity, send our horses back." This was done immediately and they thanked us heartily, whereas the border police officer swore and raved and threatened.

Two hours later, the Captain of the Gendarmerie wanted to arrest me, but the bird was no

longer in his nest. All my property was requisitioned immediately and I was ordered to appear in court. However, I preferred to be poor instead of being imprisoned for ten or more years in the Warszawa Citadel. Thus, everything was confiscated, but I was a free man.

EMIGRATION — SETTLING IN TEXAS

So I had to start a new life. New questions and sorrows demanded decisions. Where should I stay with my family? First I had sent my wife and the children to the Landrat, my father-in-law, which had not been far from the border. Since I had also left Poland, we stayed together and lived with the dear uncle and father-in-law in Berlin. Here I had to make up my mind and take the necessary steps for the future existence of my family. I had saved only a little money, and my hope that the sale of my cattle and horses would bring enough money to set me up again was in vain. The gentleman to whom I had sold the cattle and horses did not pay, and I was too far to do anything. Besides, I could not go to the legal authorities, since I had nothing written in my hands and was not even able to prove that I was the owner of the animals. So I looked for an opportunity, but the summer was over and I had nothing done.

There was no possibility to find a home in Germany and, therefore, I decided to emigrate. At that time everybody said that Texas was a country where with diligence and energy, everyone could make his way. Therefore, I decided to go there and to find my luck and fortune in the New World. This decision was serious for all of us, but especially for my wife; however, there was no other way. My suggestion that I would cross the ocean first and look for a place to stay alone was not agreed with by my dear Minna, and she decisively stated that she would carry the same fate and burden which was mine. Although Berlin was a place at that time where politicians of every party tried to get the ear of the population for their ideals, we were not disturbed in the preparations for our great adventure. At the end of September we left. It was difficult, especially for my Minna! But we trusted the Lord and thus began our new life.

We traveled to Hamburg, from where we should sail on an emigrant ship [*Colonist*] which was to go to Galveston. There were some honorable families on the ship, and even some passengers who wanted to travel to Texas. We found our cabins onboard and were able to get our luggage into our room before the boat left the Elbe River and entered the North Sea. I expected that we all would suffer from sea-sickness as soon as the heavy waters of the North Sea were reached. However, after we had secured our luggage, we took the opportunity to make ourselves acquainted with the other passengers on the ship. There was a curious collection of people of all classes: learned gentlemen,

doctors of philosophy, and artisans, among whom many brought along their families; young fellows who had avoided war service and who now flirted with the nice daughters of the artisans — in short, honorable but unfortunate persons. There were two persons who caught my eye immediately. A Doctor of Philosophy — H., and a monk who turned out to be a Bavarian capuchin — who had left the monastery. Of both I will have to tell later on. With all of them I became on very friendly terms, while my wife and the children stayed in the cabin.

My family consisted of my two boys from my first marriage, ten and nine years old then, and a very nice girl of one and a half years of age. <Amand, b. Aug. 3, 1838 / Louis, b. Nov. 21, 1839 / Stephanie, b. Mar. 24, 1847 – This means the family would have sailed in mid- September 1848.> The boys had been in the institute of the Professor Stoy in Jena, where I had picked them up before our departure. They had been there for two years. Now they were happy and played on the deck of the boat with the other boys — they did not feel the grief of my wife, a grief which was not easily to be overcome.

Near Stade we had to wait several days, since Danish Men of War did not permit us to leave for the open sea before they had received special instruction from Copenhagen. Finally, these orders arrived and we were able to sail. At first, the sea was quiet enough, but soon a strong wind began to blow and the waves became higher and higher. Nearly all the passengers had to go to their cabins and most of us were sea-sick. Thus we crossed the English Channel and the Biscay. However, when we had reached the Atlantic Ocean, this pitiful condition ended and everybody walked the deck happily after these days. Dr. H. now started a series of materialistic lectures, which were full of blasphemies. I was very annoyed by this behavior and told him to stop it, since the people were bad enough. He listened to me and stopped the lectures.

We had no special incidents on the journey and happily but slowly, since the boat was not a fast vessel, we reached Cuba, where we came into a calm and could not sail for two weeks. We all grew impatient and bored.

There, I had an adventure which could have cost me my life. During supper I once told the Captain of the boat that I would like to have a swim in the ocean, and he replied that I should try it. That same evening, in the dark, I went to the bowsprit of the vessel, took off my clothing and jumped into the ocean. I had swum halfway around the ship when some longshoremen and passengers cried,

“Shark! Shark!” I did not bother to look but swam towards the ladder as fast as I could. I reached it and was just out of the water when I saw the fins of two of these terrible beasts appear at the same spot where a few seconds before I had been myself. On deck the ship, I had to listen to the sermon of the Captain, who was very angry that I had jumped into the ocean in these waters, which were crowded with sharks.

Once more I was in danger when the boatmen and I had taken a boat and rowed to another ship, a Spanish galleon, the Captain of which had visited our vessel before. This Captain had invited us for a glass of wine on his ship. We were heartily welcomed and had a good supper with the Captain. Suddenly we were signaled back to our boat, and while we rowed back a strong wind came up. We had hardly reached the ship when it sailed. Ten seconds later we would have been lost, since neither of the two vessels would have been able to help us, since they were too busy with themselves to not be harmed by the sudden storm.

The winds were favorable now, and we had a fast journey. Eight weeks we were on the ocean already, and the passengers had become well acquainted with each other. Dr. H. had turned out to be a good man and very learned. The Capuchin monk had become one of my best friends, and I often had to laugh when he told some incident from his life in the monastery in his funny Bavarian dialect. One day after a long conversation he told me, “You know what? You could take me along when you go into the country.” “Well, what should I do with you?” “Oh,” he replied, “I am a good cook. I had to cook in the monastery, and those guys wanted good food. During times of fasting they wanted hind legs of frogs, and I had to catch the frogs for them. They ate lots of it, hundreds and hundreds of frogs I had to catch.” “Well, this is not too good a recommendation. Besides, what am I going to do with a cook?” “But I am a good worker too. I’m strong; you cannot find a better worker. Take me along, I’ll be helpful.” Well, he was a strong fellow, and his suggestion was worth thinking over. I knew that I alone would not be able to do all the work required when my family and I settled in Texas. Therefore, I did not tell the man to leave, but tried to humor him.

Finally, after a ten-weeks’ journey, we were close to Galveston and hoped to be able to land the following day [Nov. 25, 1848]. From now on, everything went fine, and we were on firm ground again. I found a house where I could leave my family and the baggage, and after a period of rest, I prepared my trip to look for an adequate place in the west part of the state. The western part of Texas

had been recommended to me as a healthy and beautiful country with very fertile ground. A lady, the wife of a merchant — a nee Countess P. — became acquainted with my wife and helped us very much. Her fate was very interesting. As a young girl she had eloped with her piano teacher, who brought her to New Orleans after the two of them had been married. She was not a lucky person, and she was forced to sell oranges for a living. Her husband was not able to find any students, and he could not speak either English or French, so after they had sold the few possessions they had, they had no place to live and nothing to eat. She still had courage, but her husband — who could not make money with his music — shot himself in front of her. A wealthy merchant from Galveston took care of the young and beautiful lady; arranged for her to live with a German family in Galveston, and a short time later, asked her to marry him. Under the conditions she was in, she was not able to refuse such an offer. This lady did everything to help Minna; she invited her and the children into her wonderful house; took them along on short trips in her coach, etc. Since I knew that Minna was well protected here, I was able to leave to look for a place to live. Thus, I, the Capuchin monk, and a former officer — a Mr. v. K., who had offered to help me settle somewhere, left Galveston. I had hired the monk as my helper.

Another passenger of the boat, a former member of the Prussian civil service, and a blacksmith traveled together with us, thus forming a strong group. First we went to Houston, where we bought horses and from where we started our trip. K. had his own horse, and so I had to buy only two horses — one for the monk and one for myself. When we started our trip we were well equipped with weapons (even my Capuchin monk was armed with a cutlass and a rifle). The monk looked like my Sancho Panza. On his saddle he carried a metal coffee pot, a pan, and other metal household goods, and when his horse jumped, those metal goods tingled like bells. I couldn't but laugh at this since he made a truly grotesque figure. Fortunately, he was sitting on a high saddle so that he couldn't fall off his horse.

We had thought that perhaps we would have to fight with Indians, and this thought had made us all carry a cutlass and a rifle. When we settled down for the first night outdoors, one of us always had to be on guard — but in vain. As a cushion for our heads we used our saddles, and we covered ourselves with the woolen blankets which during daytime were under the saddles on the back of the horses. The night was quiet and peaceful. I forgot to tell that on the boat which carried us from

Galveston to Houston we made the acquaintance of a very nice gentleman, a certain Mr. B. from Hessen, who had already been in Texas for two years and had a farm in the vicinity of La Grange on the Colorado River. This gentleman had heartily invited us to visit him, and he also had told us that the region around La Grange was perfect for our purpose. Mr. B. had been in New Orleans, where he and his bride had married. Now they were on their way back to his farm. I became acquainted with Mrs. B. and found her to be an amiable lady. The married couple traveled by coach, and therefore arrived in La Grange much earlier than we did. We made La Grange our goal and arrived there eight days later. About the middle of the journey, we had been caught by one of the cold northern winds of these regions. The cold had forced us to look for shelter, and we found it on a farm where we could stay for the price of one dollar per horse and rider. This price included quarters for horses and riders, and food for both of them. For the rest of the journey we stayed in the open at night, since we did not intend to spend much money. When we arrived at La Grange, we did not hesitate to cross the Colorado River and arrived at Mr. B.'s farm in the evening. We put up our camp close to the farm buildings, which were still very primitive, since we did not want to bother the young married couple with our presence. Here, we became acquainted with an Austrian, Mr. von Z., a former officer, who lived here together with his wife, a nee Countess L. Both of them were very friendly to us. Later we were heartily connected with both families.

The region was very beautiful, but I could not find a place that suited me. Meanwhile, the former member of the Prussian civil service and the blacksmith had continued their travel, and the monk and I were now alone. Another German, who passed by our camp, told me that in the vicinity of Rutgersville I would have good opportunity to buy land. This little village was located about ten miles from the place of our camp, and so I decided to go there, but left the monk behind, since food was very cheap here and our rations from Galveston had been eaten in the meantime. Furthermore, the grass was good on the farm and our horses were in good shape; thus, I went alone, back to La Grange and farther to Rutgersville. When I arrived there, I fed my horse and then entered the store which was an inn at the same time. I got me a drink and was immediately approached by a man who asked me about my intentions. He had recognized me as a newcomer. When I told him that I wanted to buy some land, he invited me to his farm for the purpose of showing me some good places. Together we left and we soon arrived at his farm, which was located close to a forest and where I was

heartily greeted. They also took good care of my horse. The next morning, the farmer and I left together and he showed me a place which had just been developed into a farm from the former wild country. He told me that it was for sale and that it consisted of 400 acres. I liked this place — it was divided into two uneven parts by a brook which was bordered by high cedars and other wonderful trees. The land consisted of beautiful forests with nice small prairies in between which could easily be turned into good fields, and the entire premises formed a nice quadrangular area. It was cheap and I decided to buy it immediately. Soon everything was signed and finished, and I had a place for my family again.

A little house was located on top of a hill, and close to the house there were some small fields. I would increase the area of the farm gradually, and my host promised me to get my Lieutenant and Sancho Panza, the Capuchin monk, over here, so that he and I could make the house a bit more comfortable right away.

Soon, I traveled back to Galveston to prepare our moving to the new farm. A ride of three days took me to Houston, and one day later, I was in Galveston, where I was heartily greeted by my beloved ones. Some days later we left Galveston with all our luggage, arrived at Houston, where I rented an ox-cart for the family and the baggage, and then were able to start our Texas life. My wife and the children were well off in the large cart, and I rode beside it on horseback. The boys often left the cart and played on the prairie. The vehicle was not fast, since oxen don't go fast, but secure. Throughout the day we traveled and in the morning and in the evening we cooked the meals; we always had a cold lunch in the cart. After a trip of twelve days we arrived at our destination, and life could start anew. I was full of courage and my good Minna did what she could; however, she was not happy, and I could understand this. There was too much a difference between today and the former times, and life over here in Texas was not easy for a tender lady.

THE NEW HOME — PROBLEMATIC EXISTENCE!

The first thing I had to do was enlarge the house and buy some cows and oxen. The Americans residing in the vicinity helped me to build a second house, which we constructed at a distance of twelve feet from the old house. Both houses were covered by only one roof, so that the two houses and the roof-covered space formed one long building. On the long side of the entire building we constructed a porch, which made the house very pretty; later we built some more rooms which we attached to the house. Then we erected a horse stable and another small house for the kitchen and at last a smoking chamber and storeroom.

It was not difficult to buy some cattle. We exchanged some of our linen for the necessary cattle. The Americans were all very friendly and gave us a calf for a table cloth or for twelve napkins. One of the backwoodsmen gave me a pair of oxen for my old tail-coat, and a Mexican exchanged some horses for our silver knives. A little bit later, another American came to my farm on a Mexican mountain pony (all horses less than five feet high were called ponies) and asked me if I had something else to exchange. Since we had exchanged nearly everything we could spare for cattle, horses, pigs, etc., I asked Minna whether we had something else to swap. She replied that we still had our last servant's new uniform. I asked her to give it to me and showed it to the American, who was very fond of it. He immediately took off his coat, put on the coat of the servant's uniform and showed off in front of my wife and the children. "What do you want for it?" he asked me. "Well, let me have that pony of yours," I replied. Thereupon he scratched his scalp and thought the business over. Then he looked into the mirror and said decisively, "Take it!" Then he said goodbye and left on one of my horses, which he promised to send back right away, and I had the wonderful mountain pony. Since the man was the inspector of the next farm, I did not fear that he wouldn't return my horse. It was soon brought back by a Negro. The uniform had been a green tailcoat with red lining and silver buttons. Later, I often saw this man in this uniform on the occasion of meetings in La Grange, where he was always the fun for every German, since Germans recognized this uniform to have been the one of a servant.

Gradually my farm was enlarged and after one year the fields covered already twenty acres. I had a good harvest of corn and sweet potatoes. In addition to the cultivation of the ground, we had

the usual daily chores, which took much time for their completion. You had to bring water to the house, grind the corn in a corn mill by hand — work which I was not fit to do and which I had never done so far. The boys milked the cows, guarded the cattle and the horses on the prairies, and were very useful at everything; within a short time they were all good riders and guarded the cattle on horseback like old cowboys. Soon I was accustomed to the new manner of life.

For the first two years of our Texas life everything went well. But soon, we would find out about the bad sides of this life. A fever befell us, which was due to the climate in these regions and of which I had been warned by my neighbors. Minna caught it first, and I caught it from her. This was very hard. Konrad <must have been a little more than two years, as Konrad was born in 1849> also caught the fever and became so weak that he could not work at all, and only the boys were spared. Sancho Panza had left us six weeks after we had arrived at the new farm, and the debt of sixty dollars — money that I had paid him — had not been paid back by him, i.e. he had not worked for this amount of money. All he said was, “I don’t like it here; I’ll go!” Thus, our situation was very serious. I had to do the entire housework, carry water from the brook to the house, grind the corn for bread, etc., and I performed these chores in the few minutes when I had no fever. The children were not yet strong enough for these chores. The Germans who resided a short distance from our house did not care for us, and the Americans who were much more helpful to newcomers lived far from our premises. Fortunately, the field was ready and did not require work at all.

This serious condition lasted for several weeks, when one afternoon a gentleman and two ladies stopped their horses in front of our porch. Outside of the building they said the usual “Hello” and then entered the house, where we expected them curiously. The gentleman introduced himself as our next-door neighbor (he lived a distance of five miles from our house), John Baylor from Ross’s Prairie [near present-day Fayetteville]; the elderly lady was his mother and the young one his sister. He had heard that we were in serious trouble and so he decided to come here with his females and take care of us. He had brought some medicine and told us how to use it. He gave us courage and told us that the fever would soon be over and that everything would be well again. The ladies, who were able to talk a little French, took care of Minna. When the young girl saw my guitar, she took it from the wall and sang us a few songs. They also talked friendly to my wife and told her that they would always be good neighbors. When they had finished their good deed of humanity they left us

and told us that they would soon be back.

This proof of good will and kindheartedness was overwhelming. We were encouraged and hoped for a better future. The following morning, a Negro matron came to our farm on horseback. She was equipped with a large basket, and when she was down from her pony, she took of the bridle, whereupon the pony returned to its home. The Negro servant came into our house and reported that she had been sent here by her master, who had ordered her to stay with us until we had recovered.

The basket contained wonderful things, such as preserves, marmalade, candy, some beef, and some medicine. The ladies from Ross's Prairie had written a short note to my wife which told her how to prepare the medicine and which contained the best wishes for our recovery. This was practical charity! That throughout our stay in Texas we were on very friendly terms with this good family, I do not have to say! As long as I live, I will never forget John Baylor and his ladies.

A year before, I had a good tobacco harvest, which still was stored in the storehouse and for which I had not yet found a customer. One day, a young German passed by the farm, came into the house, and asked me whether he could stay here for a short rest period. When I asked him about where he came from, he told me that he was a cigar maker and that he was looking for a job in his profession. I showed him my tobacco and asked him whether it could be used for cigars. He tried my tobacco and said that it was perfect for cigars. Then we agreed that he should stay with me and that we would start a little cigar factory; I would deliver the tobacco and he would add the work. The profit would be divided equally. My son Louis was to strip the tobacco leaves and the young German would pay for his help with cigars. Later I hired another helper for him. But to tell this, I must go back in my story.

One day I was sitting on the porch, which faced the road, which led to my house. I saw a rider on a small spotted pony approach the house. When he came closer I saw that he must be a minister, since he had a stove-pipe hat on his head and wore a long, black tailcoat. I asked myself what kind of a person he was, but wondered even more when he did not pass by, but approached the house.

He left his horse at the door of my house and I made a few steps in his direction to greet him. Can you imagine my surprise, when I recognized my old Dr. H. from the boat?

I addressed him, "What is the matter with you? You look like a holy man!"

“Well, old friend, I thought things over. I recognized my errors and today I am a minister of the Methodist Church in Galveston. It is my duty to travel across the country as a missionary among the German settlers.”

“But what about your former atheistic ideas?”

“As I told you, I recognized my errors and am a strong believer now. With the blessing of the Lord, I will do my duty!”

“Well, first of all, come in and have some rest. You will not be able to win me for your church, but in spite of that, you can have a little chat with me.”

He gladly accepted my invitation, the children took care of his spotted horse, and he came into the house to say hello to Minna. The following day he continued his journey and our best wishes accompanied him.

Six months later, that same spotted horse was to be seen on the way to our house, but it did not carry a holy man on his back. The rider was Dr. H. all right, but without the stove-pipe hat and tailcoat. On his head he had an old brown hat, which I had seen on him on the boat already, and he was clad in an old jacket. It was my old shipmate again, although no longer a materialist.

“Well, the Doctor’s back again! What’s the reason for the change this time?”

“The Methodists told me to go, since I proved to be of no value as a missionary. So I had no home for my family and myself. So I thought, go to Old Struve again (I was always called “Old Struve,” although I was only thirty-six years old) and ask him for some advice.”

“Well, it’s not easy to give you any advice under these circumstances. However, in your situation you may be willing to take anything. I could hire you as a roller in a formidable cigar factory.”

“I’d like to!”

“OK, then let’s call Lehmann, the master of the cigar factory.”

Lehmann was glad to hire him, since now he could produce twice as many cigars and the two of them were soon at terms.

The next day, Dr. H. happily returned to Galveston in order to bring his family to my farm, and Lehmann and I prepared the corn storehouse for them to live in. The wife of Dr. H. became our cook, and so we had the entire family fixed up for that time.

A few months later, the Doctor was a real wizard at cigar making and was able to go into business for himself. He tried it out at La Grange and then proceeded to San Antonio, where I lost track of him. I never did hear of him again.

THE TRADER — HARD DAYS — GOOD NEIGHBORS

It was my part of the business to sell the cigars. Therefore, I traveled to the little towns in the vicinity, La Grange, Ruttersville, Washington, etc. where I traveled with the cigars in an oxcart. I often traded the cigars for household goods, which were necessary at home, or which I swapped again with my neighbors. You never received money except for cotton, and in the carrying trade. I needed money urgently to buy shoes and clothing as well as wheat flour, and the small cigar factory did not bring enough profit to pay for all these necessities. Furthermore, as soon as my tobacco was used up, the cigar factory would stop operation. Therefore, I decided to set up in the carrier business. I needed six pairs of oxen, which partly I possessed myself; the rest I borrowed from my neighbors. My first trip was to Houston. I drove the large cart and Amand drove my small cart, which was pulled by a pair of oxen. The field work was finished, and before the harvest I would be back again.

My expedition went along fine until I reached Houston, the largest town for the storage of goods in the west and north of the country. There, I received goods to be transported to Austin, which was located in a distance of 200 miles. My journey was a good one, except for a broken wheel on the small cart. My farm was located on the road, right in the middle between Houston and Austin, so I stopped for two days and greeted my beloved ones.

We arrived at Austin without accident, delivered the goods, and received a nice sum of money. I got a load of cotton for Houston, reached my farm in the middle of December, and celebrated Christmas together with my family. The small cart I had sold in Austin and bought another large cart, so that I was able to carry a greater load and make more money. With no accidents, I should have some good years coming. But then a serious accident happened. In the time between Christmas and New Year I was in the forest for the purpose of getting some lumber for a new house out of the woods. Two oxen pulled the trees, and while they were pulling hard, I stumbled, and my foot came under the heavy tree. It hurt terribly. Amand, who saw me on the ground and did not know why I couldn't get up, cried for help, and some hunters who must have been in the vicinity heard his shouts and hurried to the scene of the accident. They carried me home and when the shoe had been taken off, we saw that the ankle was smashed. There was no doctor in the vicinity, and we cooled the ankle with wet pieces of cloth until a doctor arrived from the nearest village. The foot hurt so much

that my beard, which had been black all the time, turned white in one night. When the doctor finally came, he couldn't help at all. I think that the cooling of the smashed ankle prevented blood poisoning and nothing else. For three months I had to stay in bed, my foot hurt constantly, and after that time, I could not move but with the aid of crutches.

During the same period I suffered some more accidents. Since I had to deliver the cotton to Houston, I had to hire somebody to take the carts there. Friend Z. was good enough to lead one of the carts; for the second cart I hired a young man, a former officer, whom I put under the command of friend Z.

A large portion of my fortune was put in this business, and I expected something out of it. The two carts and the twelve pairs of oxen represented quite some money, and I also sent 20,000 cigars to Houston, which had been ordered by a customer. The money I would receive from this load of cotton and the cigars was to be the start for my trading business, and Z. was to bring along some goods from Houston for that purpose.

About ten or twelve days after his departure, I saw Z. coming back on horseback. Something must have happened; otherwise he would not have come back alone. Soon I was to hear the reason. They had reached a point about fifteen miles from Houston, when Z. fell sick with an attack of cholera [a mild form of cholera] and had to go home to recover. So he had to put Bombe (that was the name of the hired man) in charge of the cargo and told him to take the carts to Houston one at a time. As soon as he would recover, he would join him in Houston. When he came to Houston six days later, the culprit had disappeared. He had delivered the cotton, but had taken all the money he had received, including the price for the cigars, the chains, tents, blankets, and carts, which represented an amount of at least 500 dollars. All this was stolen. Z. was told that the scoundrel had tried to sell the carts and oxen, but did not succeed, since he had to hurry. He expected Z. back every day, and he wanted to be gone before he arrived. The carts were found on the prairie and the oxen too; however, the animals were in a terrible condition since Bombe had spent no money on their food. Z. had turned over the remainder of the expedition to a farmer, where the animals and the carts were taken care of until next spring. I would be able to put them back in good shape again. This was the bad news. I do not intend to give a description of the effect which it had on me and the family. However, we had to show courage. Gradually my foot became better and it did not hurt so much

anymore, although the ankle was destroyed and the limb would be stiff forever. But this unlucky time also had many incidents which improved our morale and helped us to carry our burden. One morning while I was inspecting the road leading to our house, from my bed I saw a man on a white mule approaching our premises. He had a large sack in front of his saddle. When he arrived at the doors of our farm, he said "Hello," and then I saw a Negro who followed him and led a pair of oxen. The thick old man entered our house and told us the following. "I am your neighbor Gregory from Ross's Prairie. I heard of your bad luck and thought that I should try to help you a bit. Well, it's time for the potatoes; tell me where to start planting them." I thanked him and showed him the field. He then told the Negro to go there and plow, and also told the man how to plow. Gregory then came into my room with the heavy bag, took a chair and started to cut the potatoes into half. Thereby we had a friendly chat together. Then he went out to the field and planted the potatoes. Without saying goodbye he mounted his mule and left with the Negro and the plow. Although this was not an action which would go down in history, it was an action of true charity! Its effects are easier to feel than to describe. When I think of it today, I still get wet eyes.

There was another wonderful experience with a farmer. He had sold me a pair of oxen on credit, and I had intended to pay him from the profit which I would have made on the cotton. However, since the entire business had gone haywire, I had no money to pay him and this worried me a lot. Therefore, I told Minna, to take our last treasure, a long golden chain, ride on horseback to said farmer, and offer him the golden chain as security for his pair of oxen. When Minna arrived at the farmer's house, he rushed out of the house and helped her from the horse. Then he asked how I was and whether we had all we needed. Minna now told him that I was worried about the amount of money I owed him for a pair of oxen and that since I could not pay my debt as expected, I had told her to visit him and offer him a golden chain as security for the debt. The good man was really excited now. "Who do you think I am? Is it not enough tough luck the poor man has had? He will pay me, and if he can't make it, well, I got enough oxen!" He made Minna take the golden chain back, helped her back onto the horse and released her with the best wishes for my recovery.

Experiences like these helped us a lot, and I will never forget my good American neighbors.

In the meantime spring had arrived. I had recovered so far and could move with the aid of crutches, so it was up to me again to do business. Together with Amand I traveled to the farm where my carts and oxen had been during the winter, in order to reconstruct the carts. For the trip I borrowed Z.'s coach. We caught our oxen on the prairie, fixed the carts, and bought the necessary equipment from merchants who knew me and were willing to deliver the goods on credit. We received a good load and made our business trip without accidents. At least I had saved enough to make another try.

During the summer I stayed at home, worked on the field, took care of the cattle and horses, and waited for the cotton harvest; after which I would be able to get some good loads as a carrier. My sore foot hurt from time to time, due especially to the little splinters of the broken bone. I suffered from abscesses on the smashed ankle, through which the splinters of bone came out of my body. I often had to operate myself and pull the splinters out of the abscesses, an operation which was no fun at all.

In the fall I started my business as a carrier again. We had to make good profit this time, since our situation was not the best. Amand had become a strong boy in the meantime; he took one of the two carts and for the other one I hired a man. I myself accompanied the caravan on horseback, my crutches in front of me on the saddle. A few trips showed very good profit, and we were able to expect the winter in peace. I mentioned already that money was only paid for cotton and carriers; you couldn't get money for cattle or corn, and not even for horses.

Since I had not enough hands to plant cotton, I had to stick with the difficult business of a carrier to make the necessary money. Although it was hard work, to be outdoors at day and night and in every kind of weather, this business did not lack romantic moments. During periods of good weather, the nights in these regions are so beautiful, the air so clean and fresh, that I often lay on my blanket, the saddle under my head, and looked into the wonderful sky, thereby enjoying the miracle of such a night. And during the daytime I was able to make observations of value to natural science.

On the occasion of one of these trips, we arrived at the little town of Columbus, on the Colorado River. To cross the river you had to use a ferry. But since the ferry was out of order, I had

to show patience and wait until the owner had repaired it. I camped close to the river, and since I had nothing to do, I observed the life in and on the embankments of the river. Thereby, I observed a little hill with an opening at its top, and a long line of brown ants which entered the hill through this hole in the top and which came from a hole near the embankment. I saw that the ants carried something, which I recognized as raw sugar. I certainly wondered where the little robbers got the sugar with which they supplied their castle?

When I crossed the river the next day, I found a cart on the other side, a wheel of which was broken and which was loaded with sugar vats. Here, I observed the same type of ants, which in an unbroken line climbed the cart, entered the vats through small openings and returned, each carrying a grain of sugar. Then the ants disappeared in a hole close to the river banks. This proved that the diligent animals must have built an underground tunnel, through which they were able to cross the river. Therefore, I think I may call them skillful engineers.

Another time I rested near a forest, and my horse fed itself on the grass of the prairie. I lay on my side and observed an ant-hill, around which I noticed a space which was completely cleaned of every little branch and grass. To clean this space from the prairie grass and its roots must have been a serious work for millions of the little workers. This space was an exact circle, and it was bordered by a type of grass which differed from the usual prairie grass. It was about three feet high and carried seeds. I soon noticed that many ants worked on these seeds, which were cut off with their mouths and fell to the ground. Other ants on the ground carried the seeds into the ant-hill. This was a real field of the ants and the seeds for the grass must have been carried here from a distant place, since in the entire area I could not observe this type of grass. This grass not only supplied the seeds, but was also a kind of fence for the ant-hill, and in the fenced-in area, I noticed numerous plant lice, which were surrounded by ants which scratched them with their forefeet, whereupon they excreted a sweet liquid, which was eagerly consumed by the ants. Thus, I observed ants as farmers and rangers. One kind of ants lived as warriors. On my own premises I had two colonies of ants which I could not extinguish, in spite of all my efforts. I often saw that armies left their castles, formed a line on the sides of which I could see the officers, and then started to fight with great anger until the weaker army retreated into its castle. I was able to observe that these were planned fights of ant armies.

I had interesting meetings with people, also. On one of my journeys I became aware of a troop of men who were accompanied by some ox-carts. When I looked closer, I saw that they were serfs (serfs had to wear red vests, pointed hats, and felt shoes). I talked to them in Polish and their joy was great. They surrounded me and even if they were not Poles, but people from Bohemia, they were able to understand me, and I could understand them. They told me that immigration agents had brought them to Bremen, in Germany, and had told them that the ship he was taking them to was going to America. They traveled aboard ship for two months; reached Galveston, and then were transported to Houston without knowing at all where they were. In Houston, some American carriers had taken their luggage and told them to buy some food. All the talking was done with the hands and gestures, since the poor people did not understand English or German. Thus, they did not refuse and had traveled for ten days, not knowing where they were to be taken by the carriers. Since in the vicinity of my farm some other farms were for sale, I advised them to go there and settle down. They were very glad to hear this and accepted my suggestion. Then I instructed the carriers to take the people to my farm. I gave the poor people a letter to my wife, and in it asked her to take care of them for the time being, and to let the women and children live in the barn. The men were to camp on the free space between the house and the barn, and Minna should let them have the most necessary things. I also told the men that within ten to fourteen days, I would be back, and that I would help them. They thanked me and then we left.

After I had finished my business, I returned home and found the people well enough. They surrounded me and called me Pantatu (which means “father”)! While I had still been away, Louis had led some of the men to the town of Ferryville, where they bought some food, since we could not feed such a crowd. They were at least thirty men and women, not to count the many children. For three of them, who had enough cash, I was able to find some small farms in the vicinity. The others were hired by American and German farmers as farmhands; and three girls were hired by wealthy families as maids. Within three weeks I had taken care of all of them. These people were very thankful and they honored me like a father. In case they had an argument they said, “Let’s go see the father,” and then I had to judge — and they always accepted my judgment. In these regions I was soon called “The General of the Bohemians” by the Americans, since the Bohemians always came to me with American partners and I had to interpret their business.

As long as we stayed in Texas they respected me, and as often as I needed some help, I could count on them. When we left, all of them — men, women and children — accompanied us for several miles and said goodbye under tears. Later, when my family was on the way to Germany, and I had stayed on the farm alone, I was visited every morning by the little daughter of one of them who brought me a pot of milk, since I had let go all the cows with the calves because I did not want to milk the cows. Then she entered the living room with Stephanie's picture on the wall, stayed there for a short time, and returned weeping. She loved her very much and had played every day with her. I can say nothing but good things of these people.

I had once camped near San Felipe, where I wanted to cross the Brazos River. There, I was approached by a man who told me that he was in need and asked whether I could loan him some money. The man looked desperate; therefore, I thought, it's better to lose a few dollars instead of starting an argument. I got my money out of my pocket; it was only five dollars. I showed him the money in my hand and told him, "This is all I've got. Take half of it!" The man looked bewildered, took two and a half dollars, and told me that he would fight for me anywhere. He was a rowdy, although not a bad man, as I was able to find out a few years later.

LIFE ON THE FARM — SEVERAL TYPES OF PEOPLE

Life on the farm continued during this adventurous life as a trader. Stephanie, who had been born in Poland, grew up helping us to milk the cows and wash the younger brothers and sisters — a boy and three girls, who had been born in Texas. When I stayed home, usually from New Year's until the beginning of the cotton harvest, I was able to improve our farm considerably and enlarge our fields. I also planted peach trees, which brought fruit after three years, and built a new barn and a machine shop with a sugar press. Here, I produced sugar and molasses. These products came out perfectly.

Close to my house a middle-sized mountain was located, at the foot of which I had observed a cave which seemed to go deep into the mountain. It had never been inspected closely, and it was considered dangerous to follow too far into the mountain. There were no wild animals in it, since a terrible stink drove every man and animal away. The ground in the cave was covered with the excrements of birds to four feet high, called "guano," which was used by the farmers as fertilizer. I rode there once to get a load of this guano, which was praised as an exceptionally good fertilizer. The distance from my farm was a good day's journey with an ox-cart. In the evening, I reached the vicinity of the mountain and camped there. And then I found out from which animals came this wonderful fertilizer! When the sun had sunk, I saw millions and millions of bats leave the cave through the opening. It could have been about half an hour before the stream of bats stopped. The bats hunted for insects, mosquitoes, etc. In the morning they returned to their home in the cave. Although there was a tremendous number of bats, they made no noise when leaving or entering the cave.

When I entered the cave, I saw the bats hanging everywhere on the ceiling. I now filled my cart with the guano, an easy work except for the awful smell, and left for home.

Now I made an experiment with the stuff on my potato field by putting it into the furrows with the potatoes. Since I didn't have enough fertilizer for the entire field, the outcome of the experiment could easily be observed. The furrows with the fertilizer brought three times the quantity of potatoes of the furrows without fertilizer. The experiment had thus turned out to be a success.

It was my intention to buy the land with the mountain in case the experiment turned out to

be successful. Now, I sent some of the guano to a chemist for analysis. He asked back, what type of fertilizer this was, since it was much richer than the guano from Chile. If there was enough of the stuff, it could turn out to be a worthwhile business article. Unfortunately, the distance to the railroad line was too great, so that the guano could not be transported without great effort, and furthermore, the owner of the land, who formerly wanted to sell it cheap, had become informed himself of the treasure in the cave and refused now to sell the area.

Even at home you were able to make interesting acquaintances. Not far from my farm a little town was located [Rutersville]. It consisted of a blacksmith shop, a store which sold everything like eggs, bacon, brandy, flour, books, medicine, etc., and some other houses. There were streets; however, there were no houses along the streets. The government had given a "charter," but the town did not grow.

The environment of the town was rich prairie with groups of wonderful oaks. Some brooks, which were usually without water, were there, and you saw many cattle, horses, and sheep. The most prominent landmark was a large two-storied building which was located on top of a hill and proudly overlooked the so-called town. This building was an institute and was called "Military College." But the military character of the institute was that all the students were clad in uniform gray jackets, and that in the morning a shepherd beat a drum for reveille. However, the director was a Colonel and a West Point graduate.

A prospectus was handed to everybody who wanted it. It read that in this institute a boy would receive the best military, scientific, and gymnastic training, whereby the classic and living languages were not forgotten. This paper promised much, and since there was no other school in this area, it was frequented by the sons of the rich farmers in the adjoining counties. The owner of the school had not a bad business.

I often had to travel to this place, since there was also a post office which was taken care of by the Colonel, if his other duties did not require his presence. This often caused delays, but since the Colonel was a nice gentleman, nobody held this against him.

Besides his college, the post office, and, as he expressed it, his learned correspondence, he was also a farmer. With these many professions he needed many aids. He mainly took those aids from the new immigrants, for whom he waited at the store in the town. There he also found a German

one afternoon. As good as it would go, they talked to each other, and finally the Colonel took the German along to his “Castle,” where the German took over the responsibilities of the shepherd, since the former one had left without notice. The German, however, was a former student from Halle/Saale. Instead of wages he was promised free food and quarters, and two English lessons daily, together with the Cadets (as the Colonel used to call his students). The German was clever, and soon enough he had a second job, in addition to that of shepherd. He became a professor of classical literature! As such, he appeared on the new prospectus of the school.

Before the summer vacations, the great exhibition was held. The parents and relatives of the Cadets were invited and many of them appeared. After the examination, lunch would be taken in the open and several speakers were then to address the invited persons. I was one of the invited ones.

The director was a genius in the course of the exhibition. He was the great “scientist” and “military man” who did not know defeat. Every boy knew his lesson and the guests were charmed. But after the examination, or as he called it, exhibition, the director announced that a member of his school, a professor of classical literature, would now address the assembly in Greek. Thereupon the student from Halle stepped up to the speaker’s desk and started to recite the first phrases of the “Anabasis” by Xenophon. But soon he did not know how to continue, and so he repeated the first ten lines over and over, until he thought that his speech had been long enough. After this, he was congratulated by everybody for this wonderful performance.

I was greatly amused then by one gentleman, the father of one of the Cadets. He had left Germany, since his business, a soap factory, went bankrupt. He had better luck in Texas since he married an American girl who owned a cotton plantation with a number of Negro slaves. He was a very important person now and liked to play the role of a gentleman. He approached me and said, “Look at those fools — they act as if they had understood the sermon!” He indicated that he had understood the speech very well!

Another nice incident happened in the summer 1856. I was sitting on my usual place on the porch when I saw a man walking towards my farm and stop at the door. I went out to him and immediately knew that he was German. I invited him into the house and noticed that he had a sore foot. When I asked him about the type of his malady, he answered, that he had an open wound on his foot, which hurt him a lot. I invited him to sit down and asked some questions. He looked nice

enough and I noticed that he must have had a good education. Before I asked him any more questions, I made him eat breakfast, since the poor fellow had not eaten since the evening before. After breakfast I examined his sore foot and found that it was swollen and inflamed. A very good medicine against inflammation is the liquid of a cactus, and in the vicinity of my house I had something like a plantation of cacti. The cactus leaves, if cleaned from the thorns, are also a wonderful medicine against inflammations. Therefore, we went out and wrapped his foot up in them. This helped the poor man very much, and he thanked us again and again. Then I talked to him and found out that he had read a lot about Texas, and that he had given up his position as a sales clerk in a book shop in Germany to emigrate to Texas and live in the wild forests, where he intended to settle. Well, first he had to cure his sore foot, so I invited him to stay with us, until he had recovered. "Stay, where chance took you to," I told him. Thereupon he told me that he had not come here by chance, but that in Houston he had been told to go to Fayette County, where a good man lived who had already helped many a newcomer.

This compliment made me proud, and I promised him to do everything to live up to my name. He then told me that he was the youngest son of the Commanding Officer of a Prussian Guard Regiment, and that his father could not afford to let him study, since he had twelve children. So, when he had finished the "Gymnasium" (German high school), he became an apprentice in a book shop, where he stayed, later on, as sales clerk. He also gave me his name and showed me his pass, which proved that he belonged to an honorable family. I liked the young man because of his open, moderate character. I had to get these funny ideas out of his mind. He was as clumsy as a man could be, and a backwoodsman had to be skilled in many mechanic professions, since otherwise he would not live. To prove my point, I chose a drastic method.

When his foot had healed completely, I told him that I would show him what life in the backwoods would be like. I gave him an ax and told him to follow me into my forest. There I pointed out a thin tree and told him to cut it down. I left him, and from a distance observed his efforts. He hacked at the tree, sweat running over his face. He tried again, and again with great energy; however, the tree would not fall. Then I approached him again and asked him what he had performed. He showed me the tree, which looked as if rats had worked on it. I explained to the young man that about 200 trees, each of them thicker than the one he had tried to cut down, covered

one acre of land. To get enough food to support one person, you must have approximately ten acres of land, which equals 2000 trees. When those trees were cut down, you still had to cut them in smaller pieces, take off the branches, etc., before you could use them to fence in your field. Even if he would be able to perform all these things, what did he intend to live on until he had finished the job? He admitted that he had not yet looked at the problems from this angle, and that he really was not the man for this adventure.

But since he did not want to give up his plan to live in the country, I told him that he should rent a farm, which could be done for half of the harvest, whereby the owner had also to deliver the necessary equipment. Since he had no money at all, this would be the only solution for him. However, in this case he had to be able to work with a plow and to handle oxen. He had not thought of all this, so I told him to try it out on my farm. I led him to my corn field and showed him how to clean the field of weeds with a rake. I left him with the instrument and observed his efforts from the porch. He started out with much emphasis, but ten steps later he stretched himself for the first time. The intervals between stretching became shorter and shorter, and half an hour later he came back to the porch, completely discouraged. I had him thoroughly cured of his ideas.

Well, and what now? In further conferences with him I learned that he had learned to bind books and that he could produce nice little paper boxes. This was something at least, and I told him that soon I would accompany him to La Grange, where we would find a possibility to set him up in business. I also asked him whether he was able to play an instrument, and he told me that he could play the violin; however, he had left his instruments in Germany. I borrowed a fiddle from one of my neighbors and found out that he was not a bad musician at all. He had to become a book-binder and musician in La Grange. First we had to look for an instrument for him, and then we had to find a merchant who would open an account for my young friend. I taught him a few popular songs, "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "O Susanna Cry For Me," etc., and soon he was able to play them perfectly on the borrowed fiddle.

Some days later we rode on horseback to La Grange, where I introduced him to Mr. Grasmaier, who was a rich citizen of the town and who often had helped German immigrants. He was one of my friends, and I recommended the young man to him. We also went to several inns, where I introduced him to the inn-keepers, who immediately asked him to come to their place in the

evening and play some music. We started that very evening, as it was too late to return home. The young musician made some dollars this evening; we had also found quarters for him. Grasmaier credited him paper and some tools, and so he was set up in business. When I left him the following morning, he thanked me a thousand times. Within a few months he spoke good English and became a clerk in an American business. Then he became a salesman of this firm for German customers and made a good living. He visited us frequently and we were close friends as long as we stayed in Texas.

OLD FRIENDS — THE TONKOWA INDIANS

Meanwhile, the time had come again when we had to take up our traveling. Cotton had been delivered to Houston and I had to look for new cargo. I got a cargo which was to be delivered to a place 400 miles from Houston. Weather was fine and we made good progress on the trip. After six weeks we were close to our destination and had only one night before we would reach it. I rode on horseback to a store on the road, where I wanted to buy food, since our supply was running low. When I entered the store, I saw my rowdy from San Felipe behind the counter. He recognized me immediately, jumped across the counter, and shook hands with me. Full of joy, he called for some guys who loitered in the vicinity of the store, and introduced me to them. "This is the good old man who divided his money and gave me half of it, when I was south and in tough luck." Then he addresses me, "You must spend the night here, and we'll have fun together." In the meantime the carts had arrived. The young guys took the oxen to a fenced-in meadow. My rowdy, however, the owner of the store, brought a bucket, some dozens of eggs, sugar, whiskey, and hot water, and prepared a wonderful grog of eggs. Everybody took a seat on the grass and we celebrated all night. The young men danced and sang until the sun rose in the early morning hours. I did not like the heavy drinking; however, I did not want to offend my host, so I stayed and had a few drinks myself. When dawn came, I was able to get some sleep. A few hours later we had our breakfast, caught the oxen in the fence, and continued our journey. Before we left, the good rowdy brought us food such as onions, apples, sugar, and flour, and paid back my two dollars and fifty cents, then released us with a hearty "Good-Bye!"

That same day we arrived at our destination, unloaded the two ox carts, and prepared for the ride home. Since there is no cotton in the north part of Texas, we returned with empty carts. But on this trip we had another adventure.

We had arrived at Lockart's Spring, where we intended to spend the night. I rode into the town to buy some supplies. When I reached the town and looked for a store, I noticed a man standing in front of the door of a shop. I approached him and wanted to ask him whether he could tell me where I could buy the supplies I wanted. When we looked at each other, I recognized my old Dr. H. This was a happy meeting! The Doctor was clad in black clothes, his black hair was long and parted

on the left side — he looked like a minister again.

“What is the matter with you now?” I asked him. “You are looking holy again!”

“Well, everything changes. Now I am a barber here and the organ player of the Baptists, and since the members of this church patronize my shop, I have to show an adequately earnest face. But come in, please.”

The shop was well equipped. The Doctor showed me his supply of perfumes and toilet articles, and I mentioned that he must have a good business. He informed me that he could not make money as a cigar producer. He had tough luck, his wife and his child died, and he was alone and lonely. Then he became acquainted with a wealthy German family who had a daughter. Soon he was engaged and married. She had some money, so they moved to the growing town here and he opened the barber shop. Since he was a good piano player, he became the organ player of the Baptists and his business flourished. Then he led me to his house and introduced me to his wife and his two children. They had all they needed and were happy. We spent a nice evening together and said good-bye with the best wishes for each other.

On this trip back home, two of my oxen got lost in the bushes. We searched the area for days, but in vain. I grew restless and wanted to return home. So I left the oxen there and we returned home, but it was my intention to look for the oxen as soon as I had been home. The oxen got lost approximately forty miles from my house. After having greeted my beloved ones, I got a few days rest and then returned to the forest where I knew my oxen were. This forest was about 150 miles long and ten to twenty miles deep and consisted of oaks and hickory trees. Between the trees grew thick bushes. Many animals lived in this area.

First, I went to the place where we had camped that night. Then I searched the forest and looked for clearings, since I thought the oxen would be at places with grass. I rode on and on and couldn't find a trace of the oxen. Night came and I had to camp. I found a clearing and was about to make a fire when I saw smoke between the trees. Since I knew that there was no house in the forest, I carefully approached the place where the fire must be. After half an hour, I saw a fire between the bushes.

I looked around for people and suddenly saw a pair of brown feet, small feet of a child. These were the feet of an Indian child, and I knew immediately that I was in a dangerous situation.

I hurried back to my horse, saddled it, and took off in the direction opposite to the one where I had seen the fire. I reached another clearing where I camped but did not make a fire. I did not sleep too well that night since the Indians kept me worrying. The next morning I was tired and hungry, but started the search for my oxen again. I went to a hill and from its top surveyed the area. At a distance I noticed some houses, shouted "Hello," and a dark-faced man came out of the first house to greet me. I noticed that he was a Mexican.

The family had breakfast and I was invited to join them. They had tortillas, bacon and eggs, coffee and marmalade. After breakfast I asked whether he had seen my oxen, and he told me that he had seen oxen like the ones I described that same morning. We both saddled our horses and rode into the prairie, where after two hours, we found the two lost oxen. We took the oxen back to the Mexican's farm and I asked him what I owed him. He refused to take anything, so I took leave from this gentleman with a dark skin.

I arrived at home lucky enough, but on this search I might have lost my scalp, if the Tonkowa Indians in the forest had found me. This is a weak tribe which lives in this area in small groups, as I had been informed by the Mexican, who had spoken good English.

DIFFICULT JOURNEYS

After having been away from home for ten weeks, during which time we were never under a roof at night, we had returned, and were glad to see our beloved ones again. For the short time, we could all live in quiet. Louis and a hired man had taken care of the fields. The number of cattle had considerably increased during the last year, and our situation was a good one. The doctor's bill of 500 dollars, which added considerable pain to my aching foot, had been paid from the profits which came from my trading and carrier business. My foot was well enough, and with the aid of a crutch, I was able to work and walk. But we still had many needs, and in the fall I had to gather my oxen again and prepare for another journey to make some more money. Thus, our rest period was not longer than a few weeks.

Twenty miles from Houston we camped for the last time on this trip, as the next day we wanted to reach the town. When we were ready to start the following morning, the best of my oxen had disappeared. Amand searched for the ox, but returned without having been successful. Since we didn't want to leave without our best ox, I mounted my horse and tried my luck. When night came I had not yet a trace. I had to camp, which means that I took off the saddle, which I used as a cushion, and wrapped myself up in my blanket. My horse, Don, was fastened to the pommel with a long tow, so that it was able to feed itself from the surrounding grass. My supper consisted of bacon, bread, and some whiskey, and after having eaten, I slept. I was awakened by a noise which originated from a group of wild geese which had chosen my location for their camp. When I gathered my belongings and pulled away my blanket I saw a rattler lying under it. This rattler had been my company throughout the night. She had liked the cozy warmth, and when I pulled off the blanket, she got angry. I jumped back in time, since the snake struck at me and tried to bite me. Rattlers are very poisonous, and I intended to kill it. However, I couldn't reach my saddle, where my pistols were in the holsters, since the rattler was too close to it. So I decided to throw something at it, and I caused the rattler to disappear in the high grass. Now I saddled my horse again and continued the search. I had not the slightest idea whether I rode north, south, west, or east. So I looked for my Brandy (this was the name of my best ox) everywhere, but in vain. Night came again and horse and rider were tired — the latter did not even know where he was! Then I heard a cock and knew that where there

are hens and cocks, there are people. So I continued my ride in the direction from which I had heard the cock, crossed a wide brook, and found a pretty farm on the other bank of the brook. There were people in the yard, and they talked German. I asked for night quarters and food and told the widow who owned the farm that I would like to pay for it. The widow had two sons, and they knew the prairie around their farm well enough, since they had many cattle. I asked them in what place I was right now and they informed me that I was twenty-five miles from the place where I had camped with Amand. One of the sons had seen the black-spotted ox that same morning and promised to bring it to our camp for 5 dollars. I agreed and started for our camp the following morning and arrived there nearly at the same time as did the son of my hostess with the ox.

The season was late and the roads were terrible, but we reached Houston with the cotton in our carts without accident. We received another load for a place close to our home. The weather was terrible now, and the roads in an undescrivable condition. Often we had to use twelve pairs of oxen for one cart in case the road was too soft. But often this did not help at all, since the wheels of the carts were too deep in the mud. Then we had to unload the carts, carry the goods across the muddy stretch of road, return, pull the carts out of the mud with the aid of the oxen, take the carts to hard ground, load all the goods into the carts again, and then we could continue on our way. This was hard labor, especially in the cold northern winds. My oxen grew weaker every day, and day by day I had to leave some behind me on the merciless prairie.

Things grew worse every day. I no longer had twelve pairs of oxen for my carts, but only eight pairs, and a day later there were only seven pairs left. That couldn't go on, since we were not able to transport our load in the carts any further with that few oxen. Fortunately we were close to a larger settlement. I went into the village and offered some of the vats with flour for sale. Otherwise, I would have been forced to leave those vats behind on the prairie, since I couldn't transport them any further. I found customers who bought the flour for the same price as it was in Houston at that time. Now we could proceed to our destination, where I delivered my goods to the receiving merchant and paid him the price for the vats with flour which I could not deliver. He was contented, but I had lost the money for this load and five pair of oxen. That was an unlucky expedition. I had to return with no profit. And still I had to be content that nothing more serious had happened than that we had been wetted to the skin several times and that we did not make a profit.

The snake could have killed me. In Germany, nobody will understand these conditions.

NEIGHBORLY CONTACT — THE ANIMALS

After those adventurous journeys it was a relief to spend a few months on the farm with my beloved ones. We had many friends, but due to the large distances, the social meetings were limited. Once a year we visited the Latin Settlement, where most of our friends lived; I referred to some of them before. When we went there, we had everything with us, and since we didn't want to bother the housewives of our friends too much, we usually traveled in an oxcart, which was a little house on wheels. In the cart we had also a supply of food, since we did not want to clean out the food store houses then, and the men resided in the carts, while the young men lived in tents. Not only would we go to meet friends, but also because it was a social meeting of all the inhabitants of the area. Food was prepared in the open; we ate in the open, and usually several neighbors had only one kitchen. In the evenings social contact was especially close. We all gathered around large fires, had some drinks, and the young people danced and sang. The morning I usually used to gather construction material for my friends, which they were unable to transport from the distant forests due to the lack of oxen. I also helped cultivate new stretches of the prairies and other things.

The Latin Settlement was inhabited by people who belonged to the upper classes and therefore were able to speak Latin; that is where the name "Latin Settlement" originated. The inhabitants of other settlements were called "Speckbauern" ("bacon farmers"). Due to the fact that the inhabitants of the Latin Settlement were not as skilled in the work as were the inhabitants of the other settlements, they often suffered from lack of food, whereas the more skilled inhabitants of the settlements of the "Speckbauern" had their store houses full of bacon, ham, and other good stuff.

Those social meetings were little celebrations. When we returned home we took up our daily work with more joy, and I should say that those social gatherings helped us to do a lot of things more efficiently.

Another form of entertainment was hunting. The hunter had the choice among thousands of animals. There was not only big game, like deer and roe, but also, wild turkeys, and partridges. Later, the game was no longer to be found in the vicinity of the settlements, and the hunters had to make distant trips for hunting.

Once, I had the opportunity to hunt a panther. I was on my way to visit a friend of mine who

lived about twenty miles away. I had to cross a large forest on my way to his house, where you never met a person. I had no rifle with me, but my pistol and my hunting knife, which later I never left at home on trips. It was a hot day, and I dozed on my horse, when suddenly I was awakened, since the horse jumped to the side. I nearly fell from the horse. When I had regained my balance, I looked for the reason of my horse's behavior and found it about thirty feet away. There, a large panther was stretched out on a tree stump, and the animal looked quietly into my eyes. I rode back a short distance and fastened my horse to a tree; then I returned to my former position. From there, I proceeded towards the panther with the intention of seeing what the beast would do. I did not intend to shoot the cat. Thus I approached the panther to a distance of about fifteen steps, and the animal did not move at all, except that it beat the tree stump with its tail from time to time.

Behind a tree I lay down. I took my pistol out of the holster and directed it at the panther. Still I did not want to kill the animal. However, a murderous urge forced me to pull the trigger twice. The panther jumped about ten feet vertically into the air, fell back to the ground, and died. My two shots had hit the head; one went into the skull through the left eye and blew the brains out. It was a very good shot if I say so myself. The panther was a terrible beast, eight feet eight inches long from mouth to the end of the tail, and nearly three feet high.

When I arrived at my friend's home, I told him that I had shot a panther. [Alex] Himli, that was the name of my friend, told me that he had often seen the panther, but did not dare to shoot. He was glad that I had liberated him from the beast, which had killed many a calf and cattle on his farm. We went back into the forest and pulled the dead cat to the farm with a pair of oxen, but since it was summertime, the fur was no good at all. So I had no trophy to show.

There were many snakes in this area and they did us much harm. There was the poisonous rattler, and the copper-snake, which also was poisonous. Then there was the mocassin snake, which can live on the ground and in the water, and the hensnake, which eats eggs and little chickens. One of the most beautiful and harmless snakes was the Teutonia, a snake with the German colors: black-red-yellow! (Kingsnake).

Once I had nearly been bitten by a rattler, but I was able to kill it. It was six feet long and had eighteen rattles, which means that the snake was also eighteen years old. The children suffered from snake bites, especially Amand, who had been bitten by a rattler. At that time we did not yet

know the best medicine against those bites; so we put tobacco leaves and a freshly killed hen over the wound. This helped, but Amand recovered slowly. When Louis had been bitten by a rattler, I forced him to drink whiskey until he was completely drunk; this cured him from the pain instantly. Minna was twice attacked by rattlers, but was able to escape the danger. Once a rattler fell from the roof into her lap. She jumped up immediately, caught an ax, and killed the beast. Another time she was walking in a forest and stepped on the head of a rattler. Before the animal was able to strike, she killed it with a stick which she fortunately had in her hand.

After I had visited a friend whose farm was located twenty miles away on the San Antonio prairie, I did not take the usual road home, but rode across the prairie, partly because the distance was shorter and partly because the road was boring. The prairie is not a flat country here, but has many small hills. It was winter and the farmers had already burned the old grass. The prairie was covered with a carpet of fresh, young grass. Everywhere I saw deer and hundreds of antelopes, and since the animals did not fear persecution by a human, they did not flee when I rode by. I also saw cattle everywhere. The prairies were the ideal pasture for the cattle. There was fresh grass, and there were brooklets everywhere. The entire country was one large garden.

When I was on top of one of the little hills, in one of the little valleys I saw a young cow which had a new-born calf between her forelegs. The cow bellowed alarmingly. Then I saw three wolves which had circled the cow and the calf and which were looking at the calf with hungry eyes. I waited on top of the hill to see what would happen. I had just decided to ride to the cow and drive away the wolves when I heard a roar of many voices in the distance. I looked and saw a big black bull approaching the cow and the calf. The bull was not alone, but it was accompanied by the entire herd of cattle. It was a real stampede. In a jiffy the cattle had reached the cow and the calf, and now the roaring changed from its former tone to something that sounded in my ears like a happy melody. The wolves, by the way, had disappeared completely. I had not even seen where to. I was in luck that I had not yet been near the cow and the calf. The bull, seeing no other enemy than me, would have certainly attacked me. And there is no force against stampeding cattle. But it was an interesting spectacle to see how fast the help had come and how efficient it was!

A NEW FRIEND — THE CAMP MEETING

While Amand and I were often absent from home on our business trips, Louis, Stephanie, and Konrad helped the mother in the household. The little ones were very diligent. They helped to milk the cows, carried the water from the brook into the house, gathered lumber for the stove, rode to the mill and to the stores — where they bought the food and necessary supplies.

In the summer of 1856 I had returned from the fields one day and was resting on the porch when I saw a stranger enter the garden in front of my house. I did not know him, but bade him “Hello.” He told me that he came from Switzerland and that he wanted to join the groups of Belgians and Frenchmen who, under the lead of Considerant, the well-known socialist, wanted to establish a social colony in the east part of Texas. But before he reached the place, the settlement failed, since the people did not want to work. Now he wanted to go to Galveston, and since he did not like the American way of living, return to Switzerland. He was a teacher, good mannered, and a nice man. I told him that Galveston and Houston had an epidemic of yellow fever and that every newcomer was in greatest danger there.

Now he told me that he had no money at all and that he first had to make enough money to be able to pay for his fare home. It had been his idea that this would be easier in one of these towns. I doubted this and invited him to stay with us until late fall, in which time the yellow fever should be over. Besides, there were no boats to Europe before fall. He asked me whether I would hire him. I told him that I couldn't do that, since the field work was finished. Under the circumstances the man refused my offer, since he thought he would be a burden for me and my family. I told him that now was the season of the cotton harvest, and that I could probably get one of the cotton farmers to hire him. In the meanwhile, he should stay with us. The next day I rode over to my dear friend Gregory in Ross's Prairie and told him of my man from Switzerland. Gregory said that I should bring him over; there was enough cotton to be harvested. When I returned, I told the Switzer that Gregory would hire him, and he was very grateful. The following day we rode over to Gregory's place, where he stayed.

I had to take some loads of cotton to Houston again, and, since the weather was fine, this didn't take more than two weeks. When I returned home, I asked Minna about the Switzer, whose

name by the way was Vogel. She told me that he had been with her last Sunday and that he was unlucky with the Americans, who were Methodists and tried to convert him during the evening hours of leisure. I sent Louis over to him and invited him for Sunday. The poor fellow came and I saw that he had a tough break. Now I told him that he should stay with me, and that he should not worry at all about what he ate and drank. That helped. He brought back his boxes and stayed with us fall and winter. Since Vogel noticed that by working he would never make enough money for his trip home, he had written to his brother in Zurich and asked him to send him said amount. Until this money arrived, he did many chores in our household, and we all liked him. He really was an honorable man. Finally, the money arrived and he was able to return to his beloved Switzerland. We parted as true friends, and the good man had been an asset to our home. We missed him very much when he left.

During this period I had the opportunity to visit a camp meeting of the Methodists. These meetings are usually held after the fields are finished, and it is their purpose to open the spirit of the community for God and to win new members of the Church. Usually, the place for the camp meeting is located in a forest, close to a brook, and there have to be oaks. There, they build a large wooden shed which is not torn down after the meeting, and around this wooden shed the members of the community make themselves at home in small wooden sheds or in tents. These smaller sheds and the tents are torn down after the meeting. These meetings are celebrations for which the ladies prepare months ahead. Since there are opportunities for the young folks to become acquainted with each other, many engagements and marriages result from a camp meeting. The meeting I visited was especially important, since some famous preachers were present; so there were more visitors than usual. I had been invited by a friendly American, and since the place was located only a few miles from my farm, I agreed to come.

When I arrived, the meeting had begun already. Fires burned in front of many small wooden sheds and tents which surrounded the large wooden shed, which looked like a barn. Male and female Negroes worked there as cooks. The ladies dressed themselves in the sheds and didn't bother that they could be seen from the outside. The men loitered around. In the shed was an assembly of preachers; the shed was equipped with wooden benches. The floor of the barn-like shed was covered with straw, which was necessary since in the period of greatest excitement, the Methodists often rolled on the floor; the straw prevented them from hurting themselves. One preacher after the other

went up to the platform which served as the pulpit, and as soon as a preacher got tired he was relieved by another one. The people came and left as they wanted, and the sermon went on and on without interruption.

Outside of the barn-like shed, the eating and drinking, dancing and singing never stopped. In the afternoon, the excitement had come to its peak. Men, women, boys and girls were sitting on the benches in the barn-like shed. The preachers shouted as loud as they could. Suddenly I saw one of the young men make a vertical jump into the air, thereby grasping something invisible with his arms. Then he cried, "I have him, I have him." I was told that the young man had seen Jesus Christ. When he nearly could not breathe anymore, he fell on the straw. Another young man was sitting on the floor and cried aloud, "The devil has caught me!" He was approached by a preacher who softened him. Women and girls rolled on the straw and cried of excitement. This spectacle did not end during the night. The American who had invited me and whom I knew well of from travels which we had made together found me and asked, "Well, how do you like it"? He took my arm and led me behind some bushes. I have to mention that the Methodists are people who do not drink alcoholic beverages. But behind these bushes was a large cask of whiskey, and my American friend and I had a drink together. There were more male Methodists drinking, and some of them had more than enough. I had enough of the racket, so I departed into the prairie where I had my horse, got into the saddle and returned home. I never visited a camp meeting again.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

After I had tilled my fields the following year, I took up my carrier and trader business again. Several trips had been performed successfully, when on the first trip I had a bad experience. We had no load back home, so I was able to leave the ox carts behind me and ride faster to our farm. On my way, I was caught in a strong norther. I was wet to the skin and then it was so cold that I was completely covered with ice. In this condition I had to ride more than thirty miles. When I reached my home, I was barely able to stand. I took off the wet clothes and went to bed. This night I had a bad fever, and the following morning we knew that my lungs were inflamed. For three weeks I was closer to death than to life. However, my good bodily condition enabled me to recover in spite of the medicines of the American doctor who treated me with mercurium in such quantities that I was about to lose all my teeth. Weeks after my recovery I was not able to eat anything but broth. Finally, after ten weeks in bed, I was able to get up again and begin to work. Now I decided to give up the carrier business. I sold my oxen and carts and wanted from now on to live only from the harvest of my fields, from my molasses production, and from a small brandy shop which I erected close to the barn.

During the period of my acquaintance with Vogel, I had discussed the social question with many of my friends who had the same troubles as I had. We all agreed that this was an important question and that somehow a solution must be found. We all agreed that a single person couldn't do much. Therefore, I had gathered a few friends around me. There was Mr. von Merscheid (a former officer of the Hungarian Army); Mr. von Jaenschke (a former Austrian officer); Mr. von Rosenberg (a former owner of a large estate in East Prussian); Mr. Studer (a former teacher in Switzerland); and several other honorable citizens. We all met frequently and discussed the social question.

We came to the solution that if those ten families formed a settlement and worked together, the result would be better than if any of us worked alone. Instead of ten simple kitchens, we would have one well equipped kitchen; which was taken care of by two or three female persons. Instead of simple wash houses, we would have one laundry which would be well equipped and which could be taken care of by three or four male or female persons. Instead of wasting hundreds of dollars on food, we would save money and still have a better equipped store house if we spent 1,000 dollars together. Then we could have a school, a kindergarten, a library where instead of one newspaper in ten single

houses, we would have ten different newspapers.

I prepared a plan and wrote a pamphlet in which I pointed out the aforementioned advantages. I handed this pamphlet to my friends, and they agreed with it emphatically. There was only the question, how we could put this plan to work. I suggested that since my farm was the largest one, I would have the experiment made on my premises. We would construct a house for each of the ten families, a larger house would be constructed in the middle of these houses, and the larger house would contain the library and the reading room; it should also be used as a meeting room. The buildings for the laundry and the kitchen were finished already or, in due time, would be finished. The families should sell their smaller farms and join my farm; the money they would get out of the sale would be enough to establish the aforementioned buildings. Since they all liked the plan, I invited them to meet at my house to prepare a contract and to sign it there. And so we did and established a society, at least on paper. I had been elected President and was to act in the name of the society. Jaenschke wanted to come over right away with his family, and Studer wanted to do the same. Both came, but with empty hands. Others came who had not yet found customers for their farms, and so I had to feed a bunch of people who had promised to work, but were so lazy that the administration of my farm had become completely out of order. Mrs. Jaenschke had promised to take over responsibility for the dairy, Minna wanted to take care of the children, the Austrian was responsible for kitchen and pigs, and Studer was to work in the fields until all the families had arrived, at which time he would have to take over his position as teacher and librarian. Mrs. Jaenschke, however stayed in bed until nine o'clock instead of having milked the cows at six o'clock already, and her husband sat in the shadows and smoked his pipe instead of feeding the pigs, cleaning the kitchen, and preparing the lunch. And Studer was so clever to be out in the fields, but he was always at such a spot where no work was to be done. This could not be continued. I told them to change their ways a bit, whereupon, they were all angry about me. Since nothing helped, and the socialists did not want to take over their responsibilities as promised, I was forced to call in a general assembly where the comrades would be warned.

The general assembly was formed, and both sides were heard. The accused persons said that I commanded them like a dictator, since I wanted order and good work to be done in the community. Since nobody in the formerly enthusiastic families was ready to work, and since the conditions on my

farm grew worse and worse, I told them that the community would no longer exist. The comrades left my farm and everybody went back to the former form of life.

There were ten families who all belonged to the so-called educated classes. These ten families were unable to form a working community, although in their lives they had nothing but worries and trouble and they had recognized the advantage of a social community. Now tell me, how will you be able to establish a working social order for an entire nation? All efforts in this direction are in vain, and never will they be successful.

I think that one of my American friends, with whom I had discussed the problem, was right when he mentioned that these questions “could only be solved with a weapon or with a religious passion.”

RETURN

Now we had three tough years. We had nearly no rain at all. The corn on the field dried out and died, the brooks were completely dry and even the Colorado River had only water in a few holes. There was no grass and water for the cattle, and hundreds of cattle died within weeks. We had often no bread, and no money to buy flour. Hunger was terrible everywhere, and since the entire Texas suffered from the lack of water, there was no trade anymore. All my friends suffered from the same fate and couldn't help me — they needed help themselves!

There, my dear Minna wrote a letter to her relatives in Germany, in which she asked them to save us. Minna's relatives did not ask questions, but wrote us that we should return to Germany and sent us the money for the journey. I was to get a job in the old country, which had been arranged for me by influential people who were interested in me. I was forced to take the offer for the sake of my beloved ones, although I did not want to leave Texas, and live on the expense of the noble relatives of my wife. I told Minna that she and the children should leave for Germany and that I wanted to stay here in Texas, but the dear wife did not want to leave without me. I had to promise that I would follow her as soon as I had sold the remainder of our possessions. Amand and Louis asked me to do as Minna wanted. The two boys were grown up now and had become Texans. They were able to take care of themselves. So we came to the conclusion that Minna and the children should leave with the last German boat, and that I would follow them as soon as I had sold out the remaining cattle and horses, our furniture, and the fields. I wanted to make at least as much money so that I would be able to pay for my trip and that I could live at least some time on my own expense. The last vessel for Germany left in March 1860. I took my beloved ones to Galveston to board ship. We said goodbye, and we were very sorry that we had to part, however, soon we would meet again in the old country. The ship sailed, and I returned to my farm. Amand and Louis had their own business. When they had said goodbye to their step-mother, they had both cried, and Amand especially had always loved her very much.

So I was alone with my horse and two dogs. I had not tilled the fields. The terrible dryness had stopped. The cattle were better already and one could hope to get a good price for it, since now money was in circulation in Texas. Products and premises could be sold now against money,

something you couldn't have done at the time when I arrived here. At that time you could only exchange products and estates. However, before July, I would be unable to sell my belongings. I divided my land and made two farms of it. I rented them to a Swiss doctor who promised much money, but never did pay. One of my friends received a power of attorney from me and promised to take care of my estate and, if possible, sell it for a reasonable price. Everything except my farms I had sold in the meanwhile, and the amount I had received for it came close to what I had expected. So the day approached, when I would have to part from my dear oldest sons. They helped me carry my baggage to the railroad, and even today, when I think of that goodbye, I have tears in my eyes.

I had planned my journey in such a way that first I would go to New Orleans. From there I'd travel the Mississippi upstream, and up the Ohio to Cincinnati from where I would travel to New York by train. In New York, brother Gustav expected me. From Galveston I left on a boat together with 100 oxen, several elephants, and other beasts which belonged to a circus. This circus traveled to New Orleans. In New Orleans I found a steamer which would leave that same evening for Cincinnati. I took my luggage over to this boat, paid my fare, and went into my cabin. Now I was a guest of this ship, which was my home. But first of all I had to convert the farmer from Texas into a gentleman, which was done in the city of New Orleans.

When I returned to the steamer, I was treated in a much different way as I had been treated when I came aboard in the Texas dress. You see, dress makes personality, in America perhaps even more than elsewhere. But instead of leaving this same evening, the steamer stayed in New Orleans for four more days, a fact which suited me, since now I was able to visit the old City of New Orleans. From aboard my swimming hotel, I could observe the life on the quay, and I had not even one boring minute. On the evening of the first day in New Orleans harbor, a gentleman came aboard ship and introduced himself as the captain of the boat. We soon became well acquainted, and since it was a very hot evening, we left the vessel and went on land where the captain treated me with several drinks.

For the following days I had no special plan. I loitered through the streets of the City, made short trips in her vicinity, etc. In the meanwhile, the passengers came aboard the ship. In the evening of the fourth day we sailed upstream the Father of Rivers, Old Man Mississippi. We soon appreciated the drought on the boat, which also saved us from the many mosquitos, which had tortured us before.

Everybody sat on deck of the ship, made conversations, and entertained each other. After sunset it was especially cozy on the upper deck of the vessel. There, I had my seat from the first evening on, and there I became acquainted with an old man with long white hair and beard. A young man and a lady joined us who traveled together with the old gentleman, and a few days later, the captain and a Scotch gentleman joined our circle. Every afternoon we met and discussed certain problems. The old man turned out to be a minister, and one afternoon he took my hand, fell back on his chair, his eyes closed, and then he began to talk in a muffled voice. The lady who chaperoned the old man apparently, took paper and pencil and wrote down what the old man said. He talked for about ten minutes, then got up from his chair and told us that his friend Alan had told him what he had said. He requested the lady to read what she had written. The lady read something which apparently was the description of the man's character. The description fit me, however, it was too good to have been mine. The old man, after the lady had finished reading, took my hand again and told me that what the lady had read was true, since the spirits never made an error. This proved to me that my shipmates were spiritists, but I think they were good natured and honest. We stayed together for the rest of the entire trip to Cincinnati.

In the evenings we usually sat on the upper deck, where the young man and the lady sang popular songs. Under those happy circumstance we arrived at Cincinnati ten days later, and there we parted. The old man told me, while he pointed to the sky with his finger, "up there we'll meet again!" This farewell impressed me so much that even today I have a clear picture in me of the old man pointing to the sky.

I did not hesitate to leave the capital of the West. The train to New York left in the evening, and I found a nice compartment for me. I stretched myself out on the upholstered bench and slept. So I did not see much of the landscape but noticed that the railroad line led to large forests, where I observed single settlements. The following morning we arrived at Cleveland, then we reached Buffalo and Albany, and after a 36-hour trip, we finally arrived in New York. There, I had to stay over night, and the following morning went to Stapleton on Staten Island, where my brother Gustav resided. Brother and sister-in-law greeted me heartily. They lived in a large house, and from its porch you had a wonderful view across the New York bay to Long Island and New York, and in the rear, Blue Mountains and the cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburg. I could see every incoming and

outgoing vessel from this porch, and so I stayed most of my time on it. Gustav was busy writing his “World History.” We had a wonderful summer together. During parties we met Gustav’s friends, who lived not far from Staten Island on the Hudson River. We also visited them occasionally. I had a nice experience once when I took the boat from New York to Staten Island. I noticed a group of approximately 300 men who marched in a somewhat military order. They also wanted to use the ferry and I found out that they were a part of the 1600 German singers who had participated in the meeting of singers from all over the world in Buffalo. They had intended to visit New York before returning to Germany. A man carried the German flag (black, red, gold), and their military attitude aroused some excitement. I noticed that an American observed the singers and turned away abruptly. I asked who this man was and was told that he was the leader of the so-called “Know-Nothings,” a political party which demanded that the immigrants would not have any rights in the United States.

When the boat left the harbor, the German singers began to sing. Among other songs they also sang the beautiful “Who Has Made The Wonderful Forest?” (Crude translation, the poem is by Eichendorff, melody by Mendelsohn-Bartjoldy). Now it was interesting to observe the face of the “Know-Nothing” leader. The gloomy expression changed and gave place to excitement. When the singers had finished the song he jumped off his seat, ran to the leader of the choir, shook his hands again and again and said, “In all my life I never heard anything that beautiful!” Well, this was another victory of the German song.

In New York I received the first letters from my beloved ones, since some of the letters which should have reached me in Texas had been lost. I was anxious to hear that they had a good, but boring trip of ten weeks, and that they had arrived at home well enough, where they had been greeted heartily by the dear parents and relatives. I received many letters now; however, the plans for the future did no longer look as good as they did in Texas. This gave me the creeps — I had nothing to live on when I returned to old Germany. Texas, where I could have made a living until I found something suitable, I had left, and in New York I had no connections at all. Then Gustav suggested that I should become a traveling salesman for his “World History” in Germany. He had a conference with several men who had convinced him that his book would become a best seller, and there was one man among them who informed Gustav that he would finance the printing of the book and also take the risk. So I agreed with Gustav’s suggestion. I did not think of the fact that with my decision I lost

the protection of the high persons in Germany. But I could no longer be without work, so I left New York for Hamburg.

When we left the harbor I could nearly have been killed. I had to cross a dark corridor and did not see the opening which led into the machine room of the steamer. This opening had not been closed and I nearly fell down into one of the heavy ship engines. Lucky enough, I was able to grasp a steel rod, which prevented me from falling down. I cried for help, and some passengers who had heard me helped me out of the dangerous situation. Unfortunately, I had hurt my stiff foot and so was not able to walk without the aid of somebody. Thus I arrived at Hamburg and proceeded to Berlin via Freienwalde, where I was expected by my beloved ones. We arrived at night and I waited till the following morning to take a streetcar to the house of my father-in-law, where I arrived and was greeted as heartily as ever. When I told them about my tough luck with my foot they wanted to inspect it right away. And true enough, the leg was black up to the knee. Who could know what might happen to me? However, after a rest period of three weeks, the leg was as well as before the fall.

NEW EXPERIMENTS — IN RHEINFELDEN

My intention to work as a traveling salesman was not agreed with by my relatives. They wanted to find a position for me, but they could look for a position only in the circles in which they lived themselves. On the other hand, I had promised my brother to work for him, and a promise is a promise. I couldn't refuse Gustav's kind offer before having tried it out. Furthermore, I had become acquainted in New York with the manager of a German Newspaper in the United States, who had offered me 5 dollars a week for a human interest article from Germany. I wrote these articles every week, but the fellow did not pay at last.

In Berlin, I had conferences with the owners of bookshops because of Gustav's "World History." Thereby I became acquainted with many an interesting person, among whom was the redactor of a Berlin newspaper. He told me that the following evening he would visit an interesting meeting of the big Club of the Artisans in Berlin. He invited me to join him and I readily accepted. The next evening, we went to the room where the meeting would be held and took a bench opposite of the seat of the President. The President opened the meeting with an introductory speech — about 1,000 persons might have been present in the room. Suddenly the President's eyes met mine and he asked me, "Are you not Struve from Texas?" I said, "Yes, I am!" Then the President left his seat, came down to me, and grasped my hands. "Don't you recognize me? I was with you in Texas. You were friendly enough to give me quarters and food, and I stayed with you for a day." Now I remembered — one evening a rider on a big mule stopped at my porch and asked for the road to La Grange. I had told him that he would not reach the town before nightfall; the road was bad and in the dark, he might get lost. I asked him to stay overnight, and found that he was a very learned man, who introduced himself as Professor M. He had traveled through Texas for a committee which wanted to find a good place for certain emigrants from Germany.

He asked me to accompany him to the speaker's desk, where he introduced me to the assembly. Then he asked me to tell the audience something about the slavery in Texas. I am not a speaker; however, I must have done well enough since the audience applauded me after my speech. After the end of the meeting I was greeted by many of the visitors, and Professor M. and I were close friends as long as I stayed in Berlin. This incident proves that the old saying is true that "Valley and

mountain will never meet — but people meet in the most curious ways!”

Gustav’s “World History” was a failure. The bookshops were not interested since the book had a republican tendency; and people who had this tendency were not rich enough to buy the book. My poor brother had worked for thirty years, and now his book would never be read. Gustav had worked in the libraries in Germany and England, and the book was to be the crowning achievement of his life. Those gentlemen in New York who had told Gustav that his book would be a big success had been wrong. I had traveled to Hamburg, Leipzig, Jena, and even Switzerland, and could not find any customers in one of these places. There was only one good thing — I met my friend Vogel again, who in the meanwhile had become the director of the district school at Rheinfelden in the canton of Aargau. He greeted me with joy and I stayed with him for several days.

I had to give up the idea of selling Gustav’s book. On my way home I paid a visit to my sister Freiderike (Gemmingen) in Rastatt, and then returned to my beloved ones. First I was not able to recover from my failure, until finally my brother-in-law Gustav (Hochstetter) suggested that I should go to a large estate in the province of Posen, where I should get the position of an inspector. The estate belonged to Gustav’s father-in-law.

I agreed and went to Posen for a year. The position was not good enough to make a living for myself and my family, but my work was appreciated by the owner. Since I couldn’t find a better position, I had to make plans what I should do. I had a little money in reserve, and I already intended to do as my older brother Gustav did — go to the United States and fight in the civil war. Gustav was much older than I was and so I should be able to get a good position in the Yankee army. However, I received a letter from my friend Vogel, who informed me that in Rheinfelden a possession was to be sold for only a moderate price, and that with 20,000 francs I would be able to make something out of it. But, where should I get that much money? It was then that a 10,000 francs bill arrived at home from a person in a high position who wanted to support me. This was half of the required amount. Where should I get the other half? Our relatives had already done more than they really could, and my little money was not enough. But I had to try, and so I traveled to Rheinfelden to at least take a look at the premises. I intended to ask my friend Vogel whether I could get the premises for 10,000 francs and whether my little money would be enough to start a business. If my plan failed, I intended to go to Hamburg and leave for the United States. Having been an officer in the Russian Army, and

being an expert in ballistics, I was sure that I would get an artillery unit under my command, perhaps a battery or something. However, I was in luck. The premises were located at the bank of the Rhein river, and the price was so cheap that I nearly did not pay for the construction material of the two houses. There was also a large garden. The former owner had died, and I got an agreement with the gentleman who had their money on the premises. They did not want their money back, and thus my 10,000 francs and my reserve money were enough to renew the two buildings. Since close to the premises a well was located, which was rich with natural salts, I made up my mind to establish a spa hotel with brine baths. The distance to the well was only a ten- minutes' walk. I had come to Rheinfelden in June, and at the beginning of August already I had my first customers. Now, I could think of having my family with me again and Minna and the children arrived in September.

TO TEXAS FOR THE SECOND TIME

Everything went fine until the Franco-German War [1870-71] changed the situation completely. I will forget about the unfavorable incidents which happened in the meanwhile. Twice the Rhein had flooded my establishment and had done much damage to the buildings. Then Minna suffered from a nerve fever and had to be taken into another environment. Our family life was destroyed; the girls could not be without the motherly assistance, and were taken care of by the noble aunts, while Konrad was old enough to make his own living. The two older girls had received a good education and became chaperones of noble young ladies. Fate had weakened me and I thought that I would not recover from these serious accidents. I had a longing for my sons in Texas, and I thought that together with Amand I could perhaps recover from all the mishaps which had befallen me. Amand lived in the west of Texas and had married in the meanwhile. In the fall [1876], when I had turned over the establishment to Konrad, and had taken care of my beloved ones, I left Germany for Texas again. This time my heart was heavy, since it could be possible that I would not see my beloved ones again. I was older now and of such an age that a return to Germany might be questionable. At that time I could not imagine that today, in the eightieth year of my life, I would sit here and write down my memories.

I traveled on a Bremen boat, which directly hit New Orleans. We had a good journey and after a twenty-four-day trip, we arrived at our destination. I took another steamer to Galveston, and finally was back in good old Texas.

Louis had informed friend B. of my arrival, and B. was friendly enough to have his coach waiting for me at the quay. He also invited me to stay with him overnight, however, I did not want to bother him with all my luggage. But he and other friends greeted me most heartily.

For some days I mingled with my former farmer friends, B., and many others had given up farming and had moved to the growing capital, where they had taken up some business. Conditions had changed considerably in the sixteen years of my absence. Instead of ox-carts and horses, transportation had been taken over by the railroad. Therefore, I reached Columbus within a day, and there Louis was supposed to pick me up at the station. However, he was not yet there when my train arrived. So I had to look for an inn and when I entered one, the inn-keeper looked at me and said,

“You’re looking quite familiar; haven’t we seen you before?” I replied, “You look familiar to me, too. My name is Struve.” He took my hands and said, “I’m Kulo. Remember the beating you gave me once? Well, later on we were quite good friends.” He had once rented my second farm, and I often helped him and even supported him. Once he had been very nasty to me, and I was forced to show him who was the boss. But soon we were on friendly terms again, and now he sent someone into the town and asked former friends to come and see me. And then they came, thick and fat, wealthy businessmen now. Most of them had already retired from business and their sons or sons-in-law were in charge now. All greeted me very heartily and invited me to stay with them for a few days or weeks. The Jewish merchant with whom I had done a lot of business formerly came and invited me to stay with him and his family. He told me as long as I would stay with him he would deliver all the cigars I needed. Kulo, however, did not want me to leave and told me that I would only have to pay half the price of everything.

I was glad in my heart for these many proofs that I had not been forgotten; however, Louis arrived the following morning and I left with him. He had also married in the meanwhile, the daughter of a former neighbor, Mr. von Lassaux. He had moved to his parents-in-law and was pretty well there. We had been separated for sixteen years, and you cannot imagine how glad we were to see each other again. We had both changed; Louis was a strong man, and I had become an old, white-haired one. Soon we reached his farm, which was only twenty miles away, and I was heartily welcomed by friend Lassaux, his wife, and by Clementine, my daughter-in-law. The former neighbors, who still lived on their old farms, were visited and everybody was glad to see me again. I also visited our former farm, which I had left to Amand and Louis. They had sold it, since they wanted to expand, and there was no more room in this area. But this was a sorry sight. As long as we lived there, it had been kept simple, but clean. Now everything was rotten. A free Negro lived there. The gardens and the fruit trees were in an awful condition. I did not stay, since it was too much for me to see these signs of decay and carelessness. I stayed with Louis and his beloved ones for several weeks and then went 120 miles farther west, where my dear Amand lived. I wanted to stay with him. We were very close to each other, since we had traveled together for months, stayed under the open sky at night, and traveled through wind and bad weather together. I had to wait for him in Austin — his farm was located 40 miles from this place. I had to wait for two days until he arrived,

and I used this time to buy myself a horse and a saddle. When Amand arrived, we held each other in our arms for minutes before we were able to speak. But then we hurried to his farm, since Christmas was in two days, and we wanted to be with our beloved ones then. Christiane, Amand's wife, greeted me very friendly and showed me my three grandchildren who lived at that time — Janie (Christiana), Heinrich (Henry Clay), Stephan (Stephan Douglas). Since then, four more boys arrived in Amand's home! Some neighbors visited us for Christmas, and we had a wonderful time. The old Texas life started again with its simpleness and good naturedness. They had prepared for me a nice, small room, which was a part of the porch, so that I could always walk out in the open.

A few days later, Amand showed me his possessions. He had quite a large farm with sheep, cattle, and horses. Soon, I felt at home and as a Texan. My grandchildren were very friendly with grandfather, and we were often together and had much fun. I found nice company on the farm of Amand's brother-in-law, who lived not far away, and on the farms of other German settlers in this area. I especially liked the numerous family of the former minister, Adolf Fuchs, from Mecklenburg. The honorable old man liked me very much. He led a patriarchal life, and his sons lived on farms surrounding his own place, and his daughters were married to wealthy men not far from the area. He was so fortunate that he could visit all of his children within an hour. This wonderful man became one of my closest friends, and I will never forget him, and neither his wife. (Members of the Fuchs family later married into the Struve family).

To do something useful, I began to educate my grandchildren a bit. The children of Amand's brother-in-law came over also (the Albert Giesecke children), and so I had a little school-class every morning.

There were several dogs on the farm, among which I noticed a Schaeferhund (German shepherd), which was especially strong and high. But he was a dog with character: he stayed alone and never mingled with the other dogs. In case none of the other dogs was used by the shepherd, Catch (this was the name of the dog) accompanied him, and he was a good dog for sure. He was brave, and had already killed many wolves, but he was a peaceful animal. He usually lay in the vicinity of the kitchen or on the cool, shadowy porch. But only when the children were away did he try out the latter place, since he was not allowed to be there and the children chased him away.

Since I liked to sit on the porch with a book, Catch and I became very friendly with each

other. He often joined me on the porch, and when I told him that he was not allowed on the porch and that the children would chase him away as soon as they returned, he left immediately. But when he was down the few steps, he looked back at me, waved his tail and lay down as close as possible to my chair. Every morning he scratched at my door and waited until I opened it, and then he showed me his happiness and joy that he saw me. This was his usual morning greeting as long as I stayed on the farm. When I rode out on horseback, he accompanied me and he was so clever that I had to be very careful in case I did not want to take him along. As soon as he noticed that my horse was brought out of the stable, he left the farm and waited for me in a short distance, so that he couldn't be caught and kept back.

He liked me so much that he thought he couldn't live without me. When I had to leave Texas and left good old Catch behind, he looked for me for days and when he didn't find me, refused all food until he died two months later.

It was a great joy for me that Janie, my granddaughter, loved nature as much as I did. She was in charge of the feathered animals, hens, geese, and ducks. She fed them and the animals recognized her when she crossed the yard.

One spring, the young geese were not well. All but one died, and this one would also have died hadn't Janie taken care of it. She took it into her own room, fed it and warmed it, and the little goose finally grew up to be a nice, strong gander. The gander liked Janie so much that he always followed her, even in case she visited a friend on a neighbor's farm. Two years later, Hans, as Janie had named him, had become very strong, and he could defend Janie in case. If anybody wanted to attack Janie, Hans attacked the person with the beak and with his wings. He especially disliked boys and dogs, and the latter knew Hans well enough as to immediately escape as soon as Hans attacked them. The boys however entered the area of Amand's farm only with a stick in the hand to defend themselves. Although this love for Janie was touching, Hans began to be a nuisance the older he became. He was very, very strong, and he seemed to know it; and so he was bound to a tree with a string for the purpose to prevent him from tyrannizing over the entire farm yard. Now Hans became very sorry, food was refused by him, and a few days later he died of a broken heart.

The following years were spent comfortably enough. Amand increased his farm; he mainly lived on his large herds of cattle and sheep. The fields were only large enough to raise the corn and

wheat necessary for the family. Amand, who was a very brave and just man, had been elected Justice of the Peace by the citizens, who were mainly Americans. This shows how everybody appreciated him and his justice and energy.

TO BRAZIL

In the meantime my oldest daughter, Stephanie, had married Paul Larcher, a construction engineer with a railroad company. They were soon called to Brazil.

Konrad, (3rd oldest son, 1st by Minna), who had taken over my spa hotel at Rheinfelden, had sold the premises and decided also to go to Brazil to find his fortune there. When he sold the premises, he did not make any profit. The political situation in Europe was such that there was more bankruptcy than ever before. Thus, my spa hotel, in which I had invested the last of my energy and money, was lost without a profit. Konrad went to Rio de Janeiro, together with his wife, and his two sons (Phillipine nee von Manuel, Robert, and Walther). He was accompanied by my daughter Sophie (3rd daughter). Stephanie and her husband invited me to visit them. My heart longed for my daughter, who was often alone, since Larcher had to be absent from home for his surveys, etc. Perhaps I could be of some aid to my child. Thus I should leave my dear Amand, although I loved him and his children so much. In the fall of 1879 I left, calling the blessings of the Lord upon Amand and his dear family.

From Galveston I had to go to New York first. From there I had the possibility to go to Brazil by steamer. There was no connection from Texas to Brazil. I took a cabin on the next steamer to go to Rio de Janeiro. This was a beautiful, large vessel, and for the next weeks, it would be my home. Passengers of every nationality were my shipmates. There were Spaniards, Americans from the Northern and Southern states, Portuguese, Frenchmen, and a few German merchants.

I had closer connections with a French captain, who had been a royalist and did not want to live in a republic, and his amiable wife. Then there were a few young Americans from Florida — good chess players — and two very noble Spaniards. We had a good time, played chess very often, sang, and played games.

Everybody spoke English or French. You didn't hear a German word. The two German merchants gambled in the dining room with two professional gamblers, and besides, they were not of a nice personality. We stopped at the Isle of St. Thomas, went along the West Indians Islands to Para where we had a four-hour stop. Many passengers went on land and returned with the most wonderful fruits. Then we stopped at Pernambuco and Bahia, and after a twenty-four-day journey,

we finally arrived at the “Sugar Loaf” of Rio de Janeiro. The “Sugar Loaf” is a peak, located at the entrance to Rio de Janeiro harbor, and it is one of the most beautiful sceneries of the world. No picture and no words can describe the impression which catches everybody who enters Rio de Janeiro harbor for the first time. But the panorama which greets you when you have turned the “Sugar Loaf” is even more marvelous.

Soon we landed. Larcher was on his job at Pinierhos and couldn't pick me up and Konrad might not know the date when the boat would arrive. I didn't have his address, therefore, I could not visit him. The following day got me to the dear children who were glad to see me. I had brought along a lot of luggage, which I had left at the railroad station in Rio. Larcher immediately sent a telegram for it and three days later it arrived.

LIFE IN BRAZIL
VISIT AT THE PALACE OF THE EMPEROR, DOM PEDRO

At Pinierhos I now became acquainted with Brazilian life. Everybody is polite and hospitable on the large coffee plantations. There was one in the vicinity of Pinierhos, the owner of which had died without an heir, which had more than 600 Negro slaves, not to count the women and children. The owner had ordered in his last will that all the slaves should be freed after five years. During this time, the plantation was administered by an inspector who had the duty to keep a public free luncheon for thirty persons daily. Half of the profit of the plantation was to be given to the Catholic Church, the other half should be saved for the deceased owner's brother. After a period of five years, every Negro family had the right to settle somewhere on the large plantation, and the necessary land should be given to each of them without charge. Every family that had already settled on the area of the plantation was to live there without paying a rent and they were entitled to so much land as they could cultivate. After this all having been done, the plantation would come into the possession of the brother, who had to prove that every wish expressed in the last will had been executed. This last will was really a monument that the deceased owner of the plantation had erected in the hearts of his subjects. We often walked over to the large house, and were always welcomed and treated very politely.

You cannot imagine how generously fruits, eggs, milk, etc., were given away to strangers. This certainly applies only for the large estates, but on the average, I found much generosity and kind-heartedness among all classes, and among people with different colors. The only thing you couldn't get was money; everybody tried to keep his money as long as he was able. This is a curious discrepancy in the character of the Brazilian. But you could enter the hut of the poorest Negro or Indian and you were immediately offered a cup of coffee, which was prepared as soon as you accepted the offer.

During a stay at Petropolis, I frequently visited the family of a German painter, who had painted the Emperor, the Empress, and the royal family several times, and who was a frequent visitor of the royal court. I had often told him of my Texas life, which interested him very much. One day, when I had visited him, a noble gentleman entered the study and I was introduced to him. He

belonged to the royal court. My friend, the painter, told this gentleman that I could probably tell the Emperor something interesting of America, since the Emperor showed much interest in the development of the United States. The nobleman agreed with emphasis and assured me that he would gladly introduce me to the Emperor. However, I refused, since I did not have the right costume for such a presentation. The friendly gentleman, however, told me that this was of no importance since His Majesty lived as a civilian and did not care too much for such formalities. After a short conversation we parted and I thought that the subject was over then. It was a surprise when the following morning my nobleman appeared in my room and told me that he had talked to His Majesty and that the Emperor would like to see me.

I again told him that I couldn't go in my attire. He waved his hand at me and told me that this was of no importance; took my arm and led me to the Royal Palace. When we arrived there, he told me to wait a few minutes, and when he returned shortly thereafter, he led me into the private cabinet of the Emperor. I bowed respectfully, and the Emperor approached me smiling, shook my hand, and led me to an easy-chair, close to the one which he had occupied himself. At the beginning of the conversation, the Emperor talked English, but he had not much experience in this language, so he soon changed to French. He asked me where I was born; how long I had been in the United States; how I had liked it there; what I had done in the States, etc. I told him everything. He especially liked my description of my Texan backwoods life, my travels, people I had become acquainted with on my travels, and the cultural status of my adopted fatherland. About an hour later he released me with the words, "*Au revoir*" (see you again). I cannot describe the impression which this truly noble man made on me.

What surprised me was that his Majesty traveled in poorly equipped coaches. He was always accompanied by six riders on horseback, and those riders were usually dressed in torn and dirty uniforms. The horses which pulled the royal coach were small and untidy, in short, the vehicle did not look impressive at all. The park which surrounded the royal palace was in bad condition, and it was most probably the worst park in the entire area of Petropolis. The Emperor did not notice these embarrassing conditions, and the servants therefore, took advantage of their Master's kindheartedness.

Every time, when I walked the streets with a high hat, I was often greeted with devotion. I wondered about this, until somebody told me that I resembled the Emperor Dom Pedro. We allegedly

had the same figure, height, build, and the same white beard. Only when I took off the hat, one could see the difference, since my head was completely bald, whereas the Emperor had long white hair. Well, I didn't mind this likeness, since it is an honor to resemble such a good man.

The Emperor was a man of iron. When he visited the district Parana some time ago, he rode on horseback for weeks, and he was always the first man to arrive at a destination. Several of the gentlemen who accompanied him and who were much younger than the old Emperor, could not stand the strain and gave up riding. They traveled in coaches then. The Emperor laughed at them and joked about their weakness. Furthermore, the Emperor was satisfied with even the poorest food, whereas the accompanying noblemen sometimes suffered from hunger, since they couldn't stand the primitive food of the natives.

A MONKEY FAMILY
CHRISTMAS AT EUGENIO NOVO

It was my greatest pleasure during the period of my stay at Petropolis to make long walks in the vicinity of the City. The sites were wonderful as soon as you had left the City limits. The City is located about 1200 feet above the sea level on the tableland of the Organ Mountains. The climate is healthy and the city is surrounded by peaks which are covered with virgin forests. The city itself consists of a number of large country houses and has only one street, along which you find the hotels and the shops of the merchants. During one of these walks I arrived at a hill on top of which I found a pretty Swiss house. It was a hot day, and since I had walked in the sun for several hours, I was thirsty. I hoped to get a drink of water in this villa.

When I arrived at the garden door, I said the customary "hello," which means in Brazil that you clap your hands once or twice. Now a man appeared in the door of the villa and in a friendly manner asked me to enter. I gladly followed the invitation and was surprised when I was addressed in German, and in Austrian dialect. The owner of the premises was a nice gentleman who told me that he had recognized me as a compatriot when he had seen me climb uphill. I was even more surprised when I noticed two rooms which were furnished with extremely well taste. This showed that the owner of the house was not one of the common immigrants whom you might meet in the streets of Petropolis. The bookcases in one of the rooms proved that the owner was a man of education with intellectual interests. We soon became acquainted with each other and I asked him curiously, why he had settled at this wonderful but lonely spot. He replied that he liked it to be alone since he loved nature in its true state and not spoiled by humans. After my friendly host had offered me some oranges, I was curious whether somebody else would live in this house. But nobody was to be seen. So I asked the gentleman whether he lived alone and whether he had no family. He laughed and said that many a visitor had wondered already, and that if I was curious, he would gladly introduce me to his family. So he went to the door and whistled, then he returned to his chair and sat down again. Soon a bell rang, and now I observed that there was a bell at the garden door. I saw somebody or something ring the bell, but couldn't recognize what or who it was. When the gentleman had opened the garden door I was surprised to see a group of small monkeys enter the

garden. There were two bigger and three small monkeys, not as big as a cat, but bigger than a squirrel. They came into the room and sat down on a wide chair. My host explained, “this is my family, and I was able to civilize them so that they behave well enough. After breakfast in the morning they are allowed to play in the forest, but they are not allowed to leave before I have opened the garden door. They are not permitted to climb the fence. When they return, they have to ring the bell and wait until I open the door for them, and so far, none of them has tried to climb the fence. It was hard work to get the monkeys to comply with my orders, especially since in the forest they play with other monkeys which often accompany them to the fence. But it is funny to see what happens if one of the wild monkeys dares to climb the fence. The old male monkey gets very angry then, throws earth and stones at the intruder, and does not rest before the other monkey escapes.

I thanked my host for the interesting hour I had spent with him, and the Swiss villa and its owner will always be a nice memory.

We stayed another year in Pinierhos and then moved closer to Rio de Janeiro. We rented a nice villa at Eugenio Novo, from where my son-in-law was able to reach his office in Rio within 15 minutes. The house was surrounded by a large garden with orange trees, the environment was pretty, and we were all satisfied.

Our garden bordered the garden of a large villa. The owner of that villa was a colored man, a half-caste, and a Negro lady. The children were quite dark. The oldest daughter was a beautiful girl, who had a good education in an institute in Rio de Janeiro — I really must call her a Lady. The father was the owner of a coal business in the capital. Those people proved to be good neighbors from the beginning and we liked them very much. During the time we stayed in Eugenio Novo, they stayed that way, were helpful and friendly. Every day they showed us their appreciation. The oldest daughter brought sometimes some nice flowers for Stephanie, or the family sent us fruits or something else from their large garden. The father often came over when Paul was in Rio and asked us whether we had any errands for him. In short, they couldn't have been better neighbors.

Christmas came and on the day before, the neighbors came over to our house to invite us heartily to join their family in the Christmas celebration. We couldn't refuse such a polite invitation and agreed to go. The neighbor had hired a band, and host and hostess welcomed us in a very friendly manner. There were other guests — Portuguese, and Brazilians of various color, who also welcomed

us politely. Then we entered the dining room where a large table was covered with food of all kind. There was roast pork and beef, salads, pickles, fish, and oysters — in short, even the connoisseurs of food would have been satisfied. I had my seat in the middle of the table, which is the place of honor in Brazil. Paul sat at my right and Stephanie at my left side. When all the guests had taken their seats, the host excused himself to the guests that he was unable to treat them the way they should be treated. Then he offered Portuguese wine and water, which was cooled with ice. Not even a fourth of the food was eaten, and only a little wine was consumed, but the water was a real delicacy! Imagine, ice in hot Brazil! For dessert we received fruit of different kinds — fresh, dried, and conserved with sugar. I was given many compliments, but only could answer by bowing, since I didn't speak Portuguese. Paul interpreted for me. Then the musicians approached me, a guitar player sang a song, bowed to me and returned to his former seat. I got up from my chair and bowed, and Paul translated to me that the guitar player had sung a song about my worthy character and expressed the wish of the audience that I would stay here as long as possible. I had not deserved this honor, but I was very happy that everybody liked me so much. After dinner the young folks began to dance and we had a wonderful time. When we said "good-bye" to our host and hostess, he thanked us for the honor of visiting him and his family, and then the guests accompanied us to our house, where the compliments started anew. I was glad when they had returned to the hospitable house of our neighbor, and we could hear the music and the dancing go on throughout the night.

BRAZILIAN ANIMALS

We stayed only one year in Eugenio Novo (1880?). Larcher had been assigned the job to construct a railroad line from the bay of Rio de Janeiro to the Organ Mountains, and from the terminal of this line he was to construct a road to Theresopolis — a famous recreation place for the inhabitants of Rio. In the mountains we had rooms in a large building called Barrieros; the rooms were very comfortable and the area a romantic one.

I often took a walk in the surrounding virgin forest. Thereby, I had once the opportunity to see a Brazilian panther. I couldn't shoot the beast since it disappeared in the forest with a jump. This happened during daytime and close to the premises. There were many monkeys in the forest, and once I was able to catch one. I had seen the monkey on a tree and shot it. The animal came down, tumbling from branch to branch, and when it finally hit the ground it sat there, crying like a human being. I couldn't stand it and killed the animal with another shot. The other monkeys were excited, and when I left the scene, they gathered around their dead brother and cried. The monkey had been 1 meter high, with a long tail. The natives eat monkeys, and I sent one man out to bring the monkey in. We took off its skin, but I was unable to eat anything since the cries of the dying animal rang still in my ears. But the natives told me that it had tasted fine. I did not see other game, although there allegedly were many wild boars, tapirs, and large and small sloths in the mountains.

There were many birds. Inseparables were easy to catch, and in the trees you could see thousands of parrots. Small humming birds came into our rooms and were not timid at all. There were plants I had never seen before, and insects, such as gorgeous butterflies and beetles. I never saw reptiles and snakes, although I was told that they were the majority of the animals here. The worts were the sand-fleas, which sat under the toenails and caused not only pain, but even serious wounds. Finally, I found a means to keep them from entering my shoes. There were billions of ants, and I could observe these little clever animals very often.

On the occasion of a trip into the Organ Mountains I met a group of about a billion so-called army-ants. The column was at least one foot wide and 600 feet long. At first I thought that a tremendous snake was crawling up on me, and turned already to escape. But then I recognized the ants, left the path, and continued to the next village, where I had something to do. I had completely

forgotten about the ants and as I returned home I found the family in the open with boxes and chests. I asked them what was the matter, and was informed that the army-ants were in the house and that everybody had to leave immediately.

Such a visit of army-ants is a relief in Brazilian houses. Food is always kept in metal containers, therefore the ants cannot do any harm. But they kill and eat the many vermin which always live in those houses. The ants chase their enemies from their hiding places. Vermin, which are twenty times as large as the ants, are attacked by many of them, killed and eaten. Within a few hours the black ants have cleaned an entire house and continue on their way. For a long time we were safe from those vermin, and we wished that at least twice a year we would have the visit of such an army of black ants.

The premises where we lived belonged to a gentleman from Rio. He once told me that he would like me to establish a hotel up here, since the stage coach traveled to this point, from where the passengers were transported to Peresopolis by mule. The coach arrived at 2100 hours and the passengers could not proceed before next morning, so they had to camp in the open all night. The owner, Mr. Bajana, was also Larcher's employer. He was a rich man, had been in Paris and London, and was a friend of the Brazilian Minister of Finance. He built a new house with sixteen rooms and promised to furnish them completely. There was only one condition — once a week we had to keep one room for him, since every week he had once to go to Theresopolis on business.

Everything went fine. Bajana furnished the rooms as promised and we had many customers. The passengers from the stage coach were glad that now they could sleep in comfortable beds, whereas formerly they had to camp in the open. There was only one thing that bothered me. Bajana had promised me ten mules for the transportation of the passengers to Theresopolis, and those mules never arrived. One day Larcher told me that apparently his patron was in financial difficulties, since he did not receive his pay as he should. Finally Larcher confronted Bajana and asked him about his financial situation. And there he learned that Bajana had lost his fortune. So the hotel went haywire, but we did not suffer any losses, on the contrary, we had lived on the expense of Bajana and did not have to repay him.

We moved to a house at the foot of the Organ Mountains. The house was surrounded by a large garden with orange trees, banana shrub, and coffee bushes. The rent was cheap and Paul

worked as a surveying engineer for a nearby company. The location was marvelous; a brook close to the house was my favorite bathing place.

However, Paul could not get a permanent job here. So we had to move to Rio de Janeiro, where he would have better opportunities. I considered myself a burden for the young couple and decided to leave them, although this was very grievous for all of us.

TO TEXAS FOR THE THIRD TIME

My daughter Sophie and I, who had been living with the Larchers in Brazil, had often been invited to stay with Amand in Texas. Sophie had suffered a sunstroke and could not stand the Brazilian heat. Therefore, we came to the conclusion that Sophie and I would go to Texas. For several days we searched for transportation to Galveston, and finally found a German steamer which had to deliver a cargo of coffee to Texas. We booked our passage and were told that the boat would leave as soon as the cargo was aboard. The Captain told me to move to the boat right away, so that there wouldn't be any delay. So we had to part from our beloved ones quickly. Would I see my dear Stephanie and Paul again? Nobody could tell.

It was a boring ten weeks trip to Galveston. When we were on Texan ground again, we were welcomed by B. and other friends, as I had been welcomed some years ago. The Captain of the boat permitted Sophie and me to stay aboard ship until we would start our journey into the country.

We stayed some days in Galveston, then traveled to Columbus by train. There we stayed for one day, but I didn't give my name since I did not want to be invited by my many friends. In the meantime, a railroad line had been constructed from Columbus to La Grange. So we were able to travel by train close to the home of my son Louis. We met Louis by chance at the last stop before La Grange. He took us along with all our luggage right then. Again we were heartily welcomed by my old friend Lassaux (Clementine's father?) and by Clementine (Louis' wife). We stayed for some days and then proceeded to Austin, where Amand's cart waited for us.

The children greeted me with joy and the parents welcomed me heartily. Thus, my third Texas life began. I had my former room again. The children visited a nearby school now, so that I could no longer be their teacher. But I wanted something to do. And soon I had an opportunity. Amand's brother-in-law administered a little post office, and he set me in charge of this (Albert Giesecke married Bertha Otilie Fissler and ran the Post Office at Shovel Mountain / Otilie was Christiana's sister and Christiana was Amand's wife). So I had something to do and was even able to make some profit. I was entitled to send free letters up to an amount of 200 dollars per year, and I received a bonus of the stamps I sold. Thus I made a little money for me. The incoming and outgoing mail kept me busy and the days were not boring any more. Amand worked hard as ever, and so time flew.

TO EDINBURGH AND EISENACH

Some years later I was forced again to leave dear Texas. The Texan climate had not the expected effect on my daughter Sophie. She suffered from a mental illness, and it seemed necessary to take her back to Europe, where perhaps she would be cured. I was the only one to take her home. In the meanwhile, my daughter Fanny had married a gentleman from Edinburgh, and my dear Minna had moved to her. Minna, after having been in an asylum for several years, had moved to my nephew G. to Gernsbach in the Murg valley (Black Forest), where she was taken care of by his wife and recovered completely. Then she moved to the North to her sister, where she also was taken care of in the best way; and finally she went to her daughter in Edinburgh. Amy, our youngest daughter, lived also in Edinburgh as a governess.

We made plans that I should leave for Edinburgh together with Sophie. Thus, I would see again my beloved wife and would be able to spend the rest of my life with her. Since Amand agreed, we prepared the journey for the year 1884. We were to travel from Galveston to New York, and from there to Antwerp. There, Fanny would expect us.

So I had to leave once again Amand's home, which had really become my home too. I had to part from my dear grandchildren, who also loved the grandfather dearly. The farewell was hard and bitter, since we could not expect to see each other again in this world. But the journey would lead me to the best I had in my life: my dear wife and my daughter, from whom I had been separated for such a long time. Amand accompanied us to Austin, where we parted for the rest of this life.

From Austin we traveled to Galveston by train, and from there we took a boat to New York, where we arrived ten days later. Then we booked passage on a Belgian steamer, which would take us to Antwerp. This part of the journey was very uncomfortable; I had crossed the ocean several times already, and on none of the boats I had used had the passengers been treated as bad as on this steamer. So we were glad when we could leave the vessel. Fanny stood on the pier when the boat arrived. The following day we traveled to Kaiserswerth, where Sophie was to recover in the spa hotel. We left Sophie and arrived in Edinburgh on December 2, 1884. I cannot describe my feelings when I saw my beloved Minna again.

I had to change the style of my life completely. The life of a backwoodsman, which I had led since 1876, was exchanged for the life of city people with all the many conventional things, as it is known to be, especially in England and Scotland.

I felt very uncomfortable when I had to appear in a tailcoat with a white tie for dinner, but Fanny's social connections and her place in society demanded this — so I played my part.

During this period I became acquainted with many a nice Scotchman and German merchant in Edinburgh. From time to time I was asked by ladies who had been educated in Germany to give them lectures about German and Russian history. So I lectured about the German Emperor Wilhelm I, the Princes of Hohenzollern, the Italian liberation and unification under Victor Emanuel, the Russian influence in Germany, etc. Those lectures found always a good response by the audience and I should say that I had a very nice time in the capital of Scotland, except for those periods when I was affected by sickness of my beloved ones.

Unfortunately, my dear Minna was seriously sick several times. Once it was so bad that we thought she would never recover. But with the help of the Lord, the danger went by and she recovered gradually. As for myself, the All-mighty had equipped me with a good health and a clear spirit, which I didn't lose, even in my old age.

In 1886 we had to say goodbye to another member of the family. Our youngest daughter, who had been working at *** with a noble Scotch family, and who had often visited us in Edinburgh, married a German minister. He was to go as a missionary to the Kohls in East India. He had been in Edinburgh for the purpose to learn the English language, and therefore, had been a minister at the church of the German community in Edinburgh for some time. This community had been led by the minister Wagner-Groben, who had suddenly died. The young couple married in July. The ceremonies were held in this German church in Edinburgh, and that same day they departed for Germany, since the expedition to the Kohls was to start in September. Thus, five of our children were separated from the parents, and the distances were too far to be able to visit them. Sophie had also returned to Edinburgh. She had not recovered and her condition was as bad as before. Fanny had established a private school for the daughters of the upper classes in Edinburgh. She had been very successful; however, her health was bad and she was forced to leave the foggy Scotch climate. So we were forced to move again. Fanny established her school in Leipzig, and we decided to retire to

Eisenach.

On 15 March 1890 we went aboard the ship at Leith and arrived at Hamburg after a short voyage. Minna was sea-sick during the short voyage across the English Channel, but she recovered quickly when we were on solid ground again. So we left for Eisenach as soon as we could. On March 18 we arrived there. Our social contact in Eisenach was poor at first. In Edinburgh I had often played chess, but here I had no partner. For several months we led a lonely life, until finally we came in contact with a few families. The beautiful landscape around Eisenach was not for us, since Minna was too weak to walk in the vicinity, and my crippled foot prevented me from mountain tours. Our social contact began when I became a member of the Christian Youth Association, where I became acquainted with many honorable citizens of the old city.

My observations concerning political conditions in Germany did not comply with the fantasies which I had as long as I had been in Edinburgh. I had hoped that my fatherland was strong, happy, and free after the German unification. The news which I had read in Scottish papers I had believed to be wrong, and I had thought that the British were only jealous. But now I saw for myself. I was very sorry that the powerful nation, which had defeated its old enemy France, and which had been united by Bismarck, was not happy, but suffered from inner fights between the parties. Most of the newspapers belonged to Jews, and it was a pity to see how these newspapers of different party connections fought against each other in a way which was not at all gentleman-like. The influence of the Jews, who have their straw-men among the members of the civil service, in the parties, and even among the German noblemen, must be a terrible threat to every patriotic mind. The middle classes become poorer and poorer, and those are the classes which support the state and give it solidity. The Jewish influence turns the Germans into servants of money, and if you have been away from your country for a long time and return then to see that the fatherland is in the hands of foes, you can only feel fear and pity.

For two years we lived in Eisenach, and the second year was much nicer than the first. We were lucky enough to find an apartment in a nice house, and the owner made our life as comfortable as she could.

Meanwhile our children had returned from India. Our daughter's health was too tender, and the doctors had advised her to return immediately to Germany. Our dear son-in-law had been forced,

therefore, to leave his place as a missionary among the Kohls and returned to Germany with his wife and his children. They stayed at the town where Betzeler (this is the family name of my son-in-law) had been born until he would be given a position as a minister somewhere in Germany.

Within a year he was transferred to the community of Rothenberg, in the Odenwald, and after he and his family had everything ready there, they called Minna and me to live with them. In the spring 1893 we moved to our children; to the romantic, but lonely, Odenwald — and this might well be our last station.

In September 1894 we celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. Of our children, only Fanny from Leipzig was able to come. The youngest son of the Betzeler's was baptized the same day, a fact which beautified our golden wedding anniversary. We received the best wishes from near and afar.

SUMMARY

So I will close these pages where I described a long life, subject to change, and am close to a point which will be the end of this life. I could have included many an incident which might have been of interest, but the narrative is long enough, and I fear it would get tiresome if I continue.

The kind reader who is interested in the description of the adventures will be thanked by the

<signature>

82-year old Heinrich von Struve.

Rothenberg near Hirschhorn, 20 April 1894

PART TWO

ADDENDUM

My Memories of My Life in the Old and the New World were first printed in the *Allgemeine Konservative Monatsschrift* (Overall Conservative Monthly magazine). I received many letters from my readers which asked me to give a more elaborate description of my life than the one which I had given in the magazine.

This encouraged me to publish my memories from the days of my childhood and youth. Having an exceptional memory, I will be able to recall lots of incidents which might be of overall interest. I hope that this narrative will be as much liked as my former representation.

The now 83-year-old Heinrich von Struve
Rothenberg near Hirschhorn on the Neckar 1895

THE FAMILY

Our family was numerous. We were five pairs of brothers and sisters. The dear names were the following: Anton, Amand, Georg, Gustav, Heinrich, Elise, Sophie, Kathinka, Friederike, and Phillipine. (Another boy, Heinrich, and a girl, Marichen, died as children. Therefore the number of children is actually twelve. - Bgk)

- Anton entered the diplomatic career when he was still very young. First he was a Legationssekretär with the Russian embassy in Dresden. He died as a Botschaftsrat in Frankfurt on Main.
- Amand started his diplomatic career as an attaché of the Russian embassy which was headed by our father. He died as the Russian General Consul in Livorno.
- Georg became a forester. He studied in Aschaffenburg and Goettingen, then became a member of the Polish forestry commission in Warszawa. He ended his career as the superintendent of the royal forests, after having held every position between the lowest and this highest rank.
- Gustav started his diplomatic career as a Legationssekretär of the Oldenburg embassy at the Federal Parliament in Frankfurt on Main. He then changed his career and became an assessor at the Land Court in Jever, but did not like this position at all. He went to Baden, became a Badonian citizen and passed an examination, after which he was elected Prokurator at the Upper Court in Mannheim. His political role in Baden is well known.
- Heinrich, the youngest of the ten children, described his life, subject to change, in this booklet.
- Elise, a soul that lived in higher spheres, died in Karlsruhe.
- Sophie married the Major Manuel, who served at the Swiss guard in Naples and was killed in action at Messina.
- Kathinka remained single and died at Karlsruhe.
- Friederike married the Count Joseph von Gemmingen and died in Karlsruhe a very old woman.

- Philippine lives still in Zurich. She and I are the youngest of the ten brothers and sisters, and we are the only ones left. We reached the highest age of all of them.

The education of such a numerous family was not easy for our parents, but they had the joy to see all their children grow up to be honorable and noble persons. Our father was an ideal for the sons, and the mother was one for the daughters. Rarely you will find such a happy married couple as our parents were.

Our father played the harp, and we will never forget that every time, on Mother's birthday, he accompanied us on the harp while we sang the hymn "How great is the kindness of the Lord."

YEARS OF CHILDHOOD

We lived in Stuttgart until 1817 in the large house of our grandparents on the bulwark. There I was born. This house was the largest in Stuttgart at that time, and although I stayed there only for a few years, I can still remember most of the rooms. I had a female French teacher, and I can remember that once I was given a little lamb, which died since it had eaten shoe polish. The house was surrounded by a large garden in the middle of which was a fountain, in which I would nearly have drowned. I also remember the garden house. I also can remember our moving to Karlsruhe, which happened in the fifth year of my life. When my parents had established their household, and my father had established his connection to the Royal Court, and to the ambassadors of Austria, France, and Bavaria, the time came when I started to learn hard. I had learned to read and to write in Stuttgart already, and now my father took over as a teacher. My two youngest sisters, Friederike and Philippine, were taught French together with me, but I was also trained in Latin and German grammar. Two years passed by, only interrupted by my having two or three sicknesses, as scarlet fever, etc. Our doctor was a Medizinalrat Teufel (devil), and when he had been called, we were always informed that “the devil comes,” which created in me a strong dislike of doctors. I had become seven years old in the meantime, and since Father’s training had been very effective, I entered the High School at Karlsruhe, which meant that I had become a young boy now.

LIFE AS A BOY

During the following period of my life, I had various impressions. Joy about my schoolmates and friends, and sorrow about the daily homework for school. I did not like to study, but was a very thorough boy on the other hand. I lived in the constant fear that I had my home work not done well enough. Many Saturdays and Sundays were lost for me through this constant fear. In school, I always belonged to the average students and would never reach a high scientific level, but things which I had once memorized were never forgotten. It is an error if one believes that boys who learn easily will soon forget what they have learned, whereas a slowly learning boy will never forget. My especially good memory should be a proof against this.

Every year I was transferred to the next higher class, and after five years, I left the school. I was not sorry, but I have to admit that the education which I received there created the basis for my entire life.

In 1825 brother Gustav, who lived in Frankfurt on Main at that time, invited me to stay with him for my vacations. My parents agreed and I traveled to see my brother. We had a good time in Frankfurt; there were many parties, and I was liked by everybody. For a short time, Gustav sent me to Wiesbaden to visit our cousin Viktor von Gruen. Viktor was glad to see me and showed me everything. One day he took me along to the gambling room in the spa hotel, where he told me to gamble for him, since he, as a member of the Nassau civil service, was not allowed to do so. He gave me four kronenthaler (a coin, about 10 DM worth) and told me to put some money on some number. The first two "thaler" were soon lost, but then I was in luck. I did not lose any more. Viktor told me to let the money ride, and I did so. After some time, I moved the heap of money from red to black and won again 12 times in a row. Then we filled the money into our hats, which were nearly filled completely. Then we went to Viktor's apartment where we were able to fill a drawer with the money. We did not count it, but it must have been more than 1,000 thaler. Now Viktor promised me a Rhine trip and sent me to bed, since he expected a visitor. The visitor came, and they gambled. Viktor lost the entire money, which I had won, and was not even able the following morning to give me the money for the trip to Frankfurt. But I had learned a lesson!

Since my father thought that my progress in school was too slow, I was sent to a famous

school at Blaubeuren. There, I was very uncomfortable. We had to study all day and had only two hours leisure time. We were under constant supervision from 0600 hours to 2000 hours. The food was sufficient, but the cook of the institute must have been terrible. No matter what we ate, it tasted all alike. Nobody enjoyed the meals therefore. As a result, I became homesick and decided to run away — a decision which I realized immediately. I walked towards Stuttgart, living from what I received from kind farmers, and sleeping in barns at night. After two days I arrived in Stuttgart, where I asked for quarters at the house of our friend Staatsrat von Kaufmann. My dear grandmother had died a year ago, so I couldn't ask her for support. The friendly Kaufmann family let me stay, and when I had explained my grief to Mr. von Kaufmann he promised me that he would talk to my father, and that my father would certainly forgive me.

I stayed in Stuttgart for a few days and was then sent to Karlsruhe by state coach. Mr. Kaufmann had given me a little money, since the few pennies which I had at Blaubeuren had been spent on the way to Stuttgart. When I arrived at home, my parents, Elise, and the two youngest sisters were in the bath Rippoldsau, and only my sister Sophie was home. She had already received a letter from Mr. Kaufmann, who explained my running away, and who had attached a letter to my father in which he had asked Father to forgive me. Sophie was very friendly to me, and while the parents were still in the bath, I renewed my friendship with my old comrades, Freidorf, Otterstedt, Beck, Kageneck, Roeder, and Rothberg.

When my parents and sisters returned, my wrong action was explained to me, but I was not punished. Then I was to enter High School again, and I did my duty for about a year. Then I entered the mathematical class of the newly established Polytechnikum, where I made out quiet well. During this period I had a companion in my cousin Louis von Hochstetter, the son of the beloved Uncle Konrad from Bern. He visited the High School and although we were cousins, we had many an argument. But he was a year older and stronger. One day we argued about the Dragoon Regiments of Bern and Karlsruhe. Although I had never seen the dragoons from Bern, I denied that they should be anything like good riders. Our argument became hot, and suddenly Louis hit me with his flat hand on the cheek. I cried and ran to my father, where I accused Louis. Father calmly asked me on which cheek Louis had hit me. I told him, and then received another slap from my father on the other cheek. There I had learned another lesson; boys should be friendly with each other, but a boy should never

complain about another boy to adults.

My parents had contact with Mrs. Von Rathberg, the mother of the Marshallin Rapp. Marshallin Rapp had three children, two girls, Adele and Alice, and a boy who was a peer of France, although he was only seven years old. The older daughter, Alice, was of the same age as my sister Philippine, and therefore, the children of the Marshallin visited us very often. When our parents decided that it was time for us to have dancing lessons, the Marshallin Rapp asked our father to let her children participate in the lesson, which wish was gladly granted. After the lessons we young folks had pleasure by playing games and dancing. Nice Adele seemed to especially like me. She always made me dance with her, but I had no feeling for girls yet. So when one day after the lessons she caught me again and wanted to dance with me, I left her and went to bed in my room upstairs. She came after me and asked me again and again to come down. But I got annoyed and used hard words against the girl. Crying, she ran downstairs, and I was punished by my father for my rude behavior. From that time on, the girls called me “the bear.” However, it was not long when the bear lost its rudeness and became a gallant young man who knew how to behave.

LIFE IN THE HOUSE OF MY PARENTS

Our mother was the soul of the house. Although she was an economic woman, our house did not lack the nobleness which was necessary for the home of such a high official as Father was. Our house was famous throughout Karlsruhe, especially our dinners, which were prepared by our cook, Kathrina, who was a wizard with cooking. Father had often to invite ambassadors of other countries, and our dinners on these occasions were famous among the other diplomats. The French ambassador, Count Monlessun, mentioned that the “Russian dinners” (that’s how he called the social meetings of diplomats in our house) were the finest and best of all.

Closer friends of the house often visited us in the evenings. There were the General von Stockhorn, Prelate Hebel, and Baron von Gemmingen, who always lived with us when he came to Karlsruhe from his estate, Steinegg. There were other gentlemen, however, I have forgotten their names. On the occasion of such a social meeting of our friends, Mother often told stories from her past. I’ll try to repeat some of them as I have kept them in mind.

When Napoleon had defeated the German Reich, he established the Rheinbund (Confederation of the Rhine states), which federation was completely under his power. Russia, which resisted Napoleon’s expansion, and France were enemies and the War was declared between the two nations. Now Napoleon demanded of his satellite states that they banish every Russian diplomat within forty-eight hours. My father was a Legationsrat at the Russian embassy in Munich at that time, and after Napoleon’s orders, the Russian diplomats were prosecuted wherever they were seen. The roads, by the way, were crowded with Napoleon’s soldiers and travel was nearly impossible. Father, however, was able to escape and after a long time arrived in London, from where he traveled to Petersburg, where he worked in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

So my mother was alone with the children. She had no other refuge but the house of her parents in Stuttgart, but she didn’t know how to go there. Fortunately, a Munich citizen, who liked my father very much, was in the possession of a coach and horses, and he decided to take Mother and the children to Stuttgart. He took care of the necessary passes and the journey began. On the way, the coach was stopped every few hours, the passes were controlled, and due to the many soldiers on the roads, the trip was a very slow one. Often, there was no room in the inns where they wanted to

stay overnight; they had to sleep in the coach and also have their meals on in. After a long, terrible journey, they arrived at Stuttgart and finally were safe.

Father only rarely was able to visit his family during this period. After Napoleon's defeat the diplomatic contact between Russia and the Princes of the Rheinbund was renewed. Now Father became the Russian ambassador in Wuerttemberg. Mother's father, the Grossarchivar von Hochstetter, had much to suffer from the King of Wuerttemberg. My grandfather was also in charge of the property of the Protestant church in Wuerttemberg. The King now wanted to confiscate the property of the Protestant church and ordered my grandfather to turn it over to his Minister of Financial Affairs. Grandfather refused and told the King that for the property of the Protestant church he was only responsible to the so-called Church Council. So the King had Grandfather arrested, the property of the Protestant church was confiscated, and then Grandfather was released from imprisonment. This King also annulled the constitution and made himself an absolute King again. Those were the results of the newly created kingdom!

A relative of the Hochstetter's was the old General Huegel. He was in command of the Wuerttemberg troops in Stuttgart. When General [Michel] Ney approached Stuttgart, the King called Huegel and gave him the order not to let the French army march through the Capital. After having given these orders, the King went to his palace at Ludwigsburg.

The French army approached Stuttgart the following day, and General Huegel had a meeting with Marshall Ney. He asked the French Marshall not to march through Stuttgart, which request was refused, since marching around the capital would have cost the French army three days. General Huegel sent a courier to the King at Ludwigsburg and asked him to revoke his former orders, since he was unable to fight the French army with nothing but two battalions of riders. There was no answer and the courier was retained in Ludwigsburg. When on the following day the French army approached, the old general did not resist. The Frenchmen marched through Stuttgart, where they stayed for one day, and continued eastward. The citizens of Stuttgart thanked General Huegel, that he had saved their city from destruction.

Another day passed and then the King returned from Ludwigsburg. He busted the general to private and had him immediately imprisoned on the Hohenasperg. This broke the old man's heart — he died four days later. All citizens of Stuttgart were sorry for the old gentleman who had

sacrificed himself for the community.

The brother of my mother, my uncle Konrad, was the son-in-law of the victim. Also, he hated the King for his evil action, and had to serve him as a riding master. Some days after General Huegel's death, the King entered the horse stables and saw a white horse, which belonged to my uncle. The King wanted this horse to be saddled for himself. My uncle told the King that this horse was not ready for riding, yet the King ordered him to saddle it. My uncle did so and then asked the King, at least not to use his spurs. The King gave him hard words and then mounted the horse. For two or three days there had been heavy rain and the roads were muddy and in a terrible condition. There were puddles of muddy water everywhere. My uncle rode behind the King and trembled, since he couldn't imagine what would happen if the King would fall off the horse. When the King wanted to jump a puddle with the horse, he gave it the spurs; the horse jumped, and the King fell into the puddle of muddy water. My uncle knew what would come: Hohenasperg. So he didn't wait for the King to get up, but turned his horse and rode to his home, where he did not even get off the horse, but informed his wife through a window that he had to cross the border immediately.

He escaped to Bern, where he was hired by the canton administration as a horse master. He became an authority of horses, and was some years later called to Berlin, where he became the director of the royal riding institute.

I have seen the columns in Stuttgart with the letter FIR and the royal crown. As long as the King lived, everybody had to take off his hat in front of these columns. There were guards at each column who had to arrest everyone who did not comply with the orders. My father was arrested once and taken to the police, since he certainly had not taken off his hat in front of the columns. Certainly, he was released from the police right away.

Let us return to our family life. In 1825, Dom Miguel of Braga, the Spanish infante, visited the court in Karlsruhe. He had planned a revolution against his father, and to keep him out of trouble, his father had sent him on a tour to visit the European Courts. During his visit to the Badenian Court in Karlsruhe he also visited my father, who gave him a banquet. The Grand Duke invited the Prince to hunts, and other princes from Germany arrived in Karlsruhe during this period. Many of them visited our home, and I distinctly remember the two princes of Braunschweig, who were the same age as my brothers Gustav and Georg. We had little dances and sometimes we played in the garden. At

one occasion, Duke Karl of Braunschweig and brother Gustav wrestled, and Gustav won. Duke Karl was highly annoyed and did not return to our house. This was the same Duke Karl of Braunschweig (Brunswick) who had later to leave his country and died in Geneva, known under the name of “Diamond Duke.”

Of all the celebrations in our family, and there were many, birthdays, marriage anniversaries, etc., the most beautiful was Christmas. Our father had granted the amount of 600 florins for this occasion every year, which was tremendous amount at that time. The largest room in our house was prepared for the celebration. A large table stood in the middle of the room. The main Christmas tree stood opposite the entrance, and along the sides of the room there were many other Christmas trees, although smaller ones than the main tree. The table was covered with food of all kind, and the Christmas gifts were nicely arranged under the Christmas trees. The table was illuminated with candles, and even the desk for the servants was illuminated in the same way. Before we were allowed to enter this room, we assembled in the anteroom and sang together the wonderful hymn “Silent night, holy night”; whereby Mother accompanied us on the piano. When the doors were then opened, it was always a breathtaking experience for us children to see the Christmas trees.

Grand Duke Leopold had heard of the Christmas celebrations in the Struve family, and he once asked my father whether he could join us. Father was honored by the request and certainly agreed, and the Grand Duke spent the entire evening with our family. There was another, but less poetical, feast in our family. Every half year, the laundry was cleaned, and after the washing, the laundry had to be pressed. This was a real feast. The long table was set up again in the largest room of the house. Mother presided over the table, on her sides her daughters, and there were dozens of girls pressing the laundry. During this time, many gentlemen visited Mother, since then they were treated with liquor and pastries. Imagine today, the wife of a diplomat taking care of the laundry herself!

But let’s go back to the hero of this narrative, Me. I was fifteen years old and my confirmation came and demanded certain spiritual preparations. My parents wished that I should be confirmed by the minister Henhoefer, who was a friend of my parents. Since this honorable man agreed, I was taken to Groben for half a year, where minister Henhoefer instructed me in religious matters. I had a very nice time in the house of the minister, and after having been confirmed, I returned to the

Polytechnikum in Karlsruhe. My favorite lessons were geography, mathematics, ethnography, chemistry, and physics. The director of this institution was the Hofrat Professor Padomus, who was friends of my parents. The Hofrat was very small and you might have called him a dwarf, but he was a famous scientist. I was often allowed to visit him during which visits he showed me his aquarium with little tortoises, fishes, and beetles.

Louis had been in Bern in the meanwhile and then returned to Wuerttemberg, where he was to enter the military service. I had grown up to be a young man now, and I liked to dance a lot on the occasions of official banquets.

THE YOUNG MAN HEINRICH

Uncle Konrad from Bern visited us in the Spring 1828. He talked to my parents and convinced them that they should let me go with him to Bern for awhile, where I should learn to ride on horseback, and visit the academy. So I left my parents and went with Uncle Konrad to Bern. I found a second home in the house of the Hochstetters in Bern. I was soon a good friend of my dear cousins, Henriette, Charlotte, Minna, and Albertine. Cousin Gustav was in the country at the house of a minister where he received some education, whereas a son of said minister lived in the house of my uncle. This was customary in Switzerland. Cousin Karl was a young boy. I became a member of the academy and the riding lessons began.

My uncle lived in a house located on the east side of the Aar river, Switzerland, and from the upper windows I was able to observe the other bank of the river. There was a large house which was inhabited by three young ladies, who were always accompanied on their walks by an old servant. They never left the house, only the servant went into town once a week and returned with many packages, which probably held the things he had bought. The house had been rented to the ladies through a banker, who did not reveal their identity to anybody. The ladies were always dressed differently from anybody else. The ladies were always dressed in different colors: one in red, one in blue, one in white. I was very curious, but everybody was unable to find out anything about the ladies and their servant. They must have had female servants in the house, but I never saw one.

I observed those ladies nearly every day on their walks, but my observations were done from a distance, so that I never would have recognized one of them. My curiosity became less and less interesting, and finally I had nearly forgotten the ladies, when the town was disturbed by the news that three ladies, dressed as described above, and connected to each other with a scarf, were found drowned in the Aar river.

The police arrived at the scene of the accident immediately, but their findings were kept secret. The old servant had also disappeared, and nobody heard anything from him any more. However, there were rumours among the population. One rumor said that the ladies had been daughters of King Karl X. Another rumor said that they had been daughters of the Duke of Braunschweig, who had been killed in action in the Battle of Waterloo. The truth, however, might well never be found.

Some weeks later I had become a good rider, and my uncle wanted to test me. Therefore, I had to accompany him on a ride to Freiburg, which is located five hours from Bern. I had to mount a high black horse, which was the one horse among my uncle's horses which I liked the least. However, my uncle insisted that I ride this horse, and so we started. As soon as we had left the town, Uncle fell in a slight trot. He kept this trot up until we reached Freiburg five hours later. This ride had taken much of my strength, however; Uncle told me to visit the so-called "Jesuitencollegium," a monastery, and the famous bridge in Freiburg. While I visited these sites, Uncle finished his business and then we rode home again. On our way to Freiburg, my legs had already begun to be sore, but on our way home, while Uncle Konrad kept up a fast trot, this became worse and worse. When we finally reached Bern, I was barely able to get off my horse. For a week I had to stay in bed and couldn't move, but then I was all right again. Later on, I was never bothered again by a sore leg on my riding tours. So, this steeple-chase cured me of future pains. And although Uncle was the most considerate man in every respect, he was rough and tough as far as riding on horseback was concerned.

Some time later, my uncle and I and the painter Vollkmer made a wonderful journey on horseback. From Bern we rode via Murden and VisVis to Lake Geneva, then to Lausanne, and from there to Geneva. The beauty of this region is world famous, and so I will not describe it again. In Geneva, Uncle visited his friend, the town horse-master. We inspected the horses and I was put on back of a horse to show my riding ability. My show was liked by the audience and Uncle was congratulated to his intelligent student. On our way back we took another road, and traveled to Bern via Neuchatel and Biel. After a journey of two weeks, we arrived at home.

Upon my arrival in Bern, a terrible news awaited me: my father had died suddenly [May 6, 1828]. He had been in the museum in the morning, where he used to read the newspapers, and on his way home, he suffered from a little indisposition. An officer, who noticed Father's indisposition, took his arm and led him home. There, he lay down on the couch, and died of an epileptic stroke. The widow was inconsolable, and so were my sisters. Fortunately, Amand had been at home by chance, and brother Anton, from Dresden, immediately came to Karlsruhe.

Our dear father had all his belongings in the best order. His salary for four months was in an envelope, and so was our mother's money, untouched. Father had no debts, since he always paid in

cash. The family affairs were all taken care of, and it really was a work of art that my father was able to lead a great house, give his children a good education, had his older sons set up in diplomatic careers, and still had all his affairs in the best shape.

The Grand Duke and the Counts came in person to console with my mother, and from near and afar, we received letters of condolence. The memory of our father has never died in our, the children's, hearts.

To get Mother's mind off the sorry incident of Father's death, Uncle Konrad invited her to stay with his family in Bern for awhile. Mother agreed, and traveled to Bern, together with my sisters. I was allowed to meet them halfway to Bern, and our reunion was grievous, but also happy. We hadn't seen each other for a long time, and there was much to tell. In the house of the Hochstetters, Mother and my sisters were heartily welcomed. My sisters and my cousins, together with Uncle Karl Manuel, made many trips into the vicinity of Bern, and the Stabbach, the country-house of Aunt's father, the honorable Major Manuel, which was often the goal of those excursions. The Manuels were one of the most honorable and noble families in Bern. Uncle Karl was a 1st Lieutenant with the so-called "Standeskompanie" (noble squadron), which consisted of a Captain, a 1st and a 2nd Lieutenant, and six Sergeants. This squadron had the duty to give the first military instructions to the recruits.

Uncle suggested a trip to the Berner Oberland (Highlands). To our joy, Mother agreed and so we started out on this trip. Mother and the young ladies rode in a coach, Uncle and I rode on horseback. We traveled to Thun, where we had lunch and sent the horses and the coach back. We rowed across the lake to Untersee, and from there, via Interlaken to Lauterbrunn. Then we admired the Staubach and stayed there overnight. The following day we traveled to the foot of the Wengernalp. Mother mounted a secure mountain horse, and the rest of us went on foot to the Wengernalp, from where we were able to see the "Jungfrau" (one of the highest mountains in the Alps) from a close distance. We had lunch there and returned to Grindewald, where we stayed overnight. The glacier was certainly visited.

From Grindewald, we traveled via Scheidegg to the Rosenlauri glacier, and from there to Meiringen, where the beautiful Reichbach leaves the Alps. Then we visited the wonderful Giessbach and traveled from there to Brienz. Then we rowed across the lake to Interlaken again, and from there we proceeded via Lake Thun and Thun to Bern. We had a week of wonderful experiences, but

Mother was glad to return to the peace of the house in Bern.

In the meantime I had passed my rider's examination and was given a pair of silver spurs by my uncle, who told me that I was a rider now, and therefore, was entitled to wear the silver spurs. I was very proud!

Now the time had come that we had to part. We rented a coach, which should take us to Karlsruhe. Traveling in these coaches was very uncomfortable, however it was not as expensive as traveling in the state coaches. After a journey of six days we arrived at home.

A long letter arrived from Anton, who was in Dresden. It advised Mother to let me enter the Russian military service. He wrote that there was a Russian General in Dresden who was willing to take me along to Warzawa, and who would like to introduce me to the Prince Konstantin. Since brothers Gustav and George seconded the motion, Mother agreed. Furthermore, there was no possibility for me to have a military career in Germany, since I was a Russian subject by birth. Preparations for my departure began. I learned a little Russian, however, it was not much and would not help me at all in Russia.

I said good-bye to my beloved ones and proceeded to Dresden, via Jena. I was to meet the General Warpochowski in Dresden at brother Anton's house. In Jena I visited Uncle Georg von Struve, who lived there since he had left his position as a Russian ambassador in Weimar. From Jena I traveled to Greiz, where I visited Uncle von Gruen, who had married Father's sister (Franz Ferdinand von Gruen & Phillipine nee Struve). Uncle von Gruen was the chancellor of the principality of Reuss, and he was liked as well by the Prince as by the natives. I had much pleasure with my cousins Sidonie, Marianne, and Detmar. Uncle von Gruen's castle was located on top of a hill, and it was the possession of the Prince of Reuss. The days of my visit passed to soon, and I had to leave for Dresden. I made this trip in the state coach, so that I soon arrived at brother Anton's house. There, I was introduced to the General, who I would accompany on the journey to Poland. The journey was boring. Usually the General read or slept, and when I tried to start a conversation, it was refused by the General. A servant had to prepare tea in the morning for breakfast, at noon for lunch, and in the evening for supper. There was no change in this. The days seemed not to end, and I already regretted my decision to join the Russian Army. However, everything ends in life and this journey came to its end as well. Now I was in Warzawa. I had recommendations from my brother

Georg to the Land forest-master Count von Brinken, and I stayed in his house for the first few days. This gentleman turned me over to his brother, who was a Lieutenant in a Lithuanian infantry guard regiment. This officer and the painter Bloedner, who were close friends of my brother Georg, lived in the same house. Georg was not present since he had to visit several forests outside of Warzawa.

Brother Georg returned a week later. I had used the time to hand my letters of recommendation to the various Generals. These were: Lieutenant General von Richter; General von Strandman from the Guard Hussars at Grondo; the artillery General Count von Gerstenzweig; and the Chief of Staff Count Corutu. They all knew brother Anton and had visited him before in Dresden. There was much traffic at that time between Dresden and Warzawa. I had another letter from brother Anton which recommended me to the Captain Essakoff. In this letter, Anton wrote his friend that he should make it possible that I could enter the riding guard artillery, which was Essakoff's regiment.

I already described my experience in the Russian Army and my promotion to an Officer. But there are a few incidents which might be of interest. So I will tell them before I turn over to my time as a student and my stay with brother Georg at his forestry Gonsiorowo near Kolo.

I had some closer contact with a few of the other junior officers, one of which was a Count Bukalow. Bukalow had been in Geneva, where he had visited the high school, and then studied a few semesters in Heidelberg. Returning to his large estates in Podolia, he came through Warzawa. It was a custom there that every important traveler was invited to the Grand Prince Konstantin. Thus, Bukalow visited one morning the Belvedere. The Grand Prince was in a bad mood apparently, since he asked Bukalow why he had received his education in a foreign country. Bukalow replied that perhaps the education was better there than in Russia. The Grand Prince was angry and said that he and his brothers were educated in Russia, and whether Bukalow was of the opinion that he was better educated than the Grand Prince? Bukalow, thereupon, shrugged his shoulders. This impudence made the Grand Prince even more angry. He ordered Bukalow to be arrested and made him a junior officer in the riding guard artillery. Bukalow was immensely rich, and so he was soon well-liked by the officers, the sergeants, and the soldiers. He often left the barracks in his soldier's overcoat and took along a few soldiers, who he treated in the best restaurants in town. One evening, he entered a fashionable inn in Warzawa with the company of three common soldiers. He ordered three brandies and radishes. Some Frenchmen, who were sitting at a table and drank champagne, made a remark

about why common Russian soldiers were allowed to drink common brandy and common radishes in one of the best inns of Warszawa. Bukalow kept quiet, but when he and the soldiers had finished their brandy and radishes, he ordered a bucket and four bottles of champagne. He poured the champagne into the bucket, and then washed his hands in the champagne. The three soldiers did the same, then left the hotel.

On another occasion, Bukalow was invited by his Captain to his house. He went there in the uniform of a common soldier. When he arrived he took a seat near the wall, where he sat and grinned. The ladies who were invited that same evening wondered why the Captain had invited such a common person. Later on, one of the ladies went to the piano and played it. Bukalow approached the piano, and when the lady had finished, he hit a few keys with his forefinger. The more he played the role of an idiot, the more the ladies wondered why the Captain could have invited him. Suddenly Bukalow sat down in front of the piano and played as the artist which he was. Everybody was thunderstruck, and when he had finished playing the piano, the host introduced him to the audience as the well-known Count Bukalow.

After two years of service, Bukalow was promoted to Junior Officer when the officers of his regiment had brought a petition to the Grand Prince. But still he liked to play jokes. It was forbidden to junior officers to enter bakeries and cafés. So Bukalow went to the windows of those shops, knocked and ordered ice, cake, and whipped cream, and ate these things on the street. One day, as he ate some whipped cream in front of a café on the New World (the main road of Warszawa), the Grand Duke approached him in his coach. Bukalow did not take notice of the Grand Prince, who stopped his coach close to Bukalow. The Grand Prince asked Bukalow why he had violated the order? Bukalow replied that he had not violated the order since he had not been in the café, but stayed outside of it. The Grand Prince got angry and ordered him locked up for several days. This cured Bukalow a bit.

The last I heard of him was that on November 29, 1830, the outbreak of the Polish revolution, he was a member of the school for junior officers in Warszawa. The revolution started in this school, where there were Russian junior officers together with Poles. Bukalow stayed with the Poles, help them succeed in Warszawa, and when the last Russian regiment had to leave Warszawa, he kissed his Polish comrades goodbye and returned to his Russian regiment. I do not know what later happened

to this noble and intelligent fellow.

Another close friend was the Prince Solohup. Although he was a Russian Prince, he spoke the Dresden dialect. His father, the Prince Solohup, had participated in a conspiracy against Czar Paul, the Czar was assassinated, and the Prince had to flee. He was able to escape across the Russian border and went to Dresden, where he married a common German girl. He had a son, and died before his son was ten years old. This boy was educated by his mother in the way which was usual in the German middle classes. When he grew up, his mother brought in a petition to the Russian ambassador in Dresden and demanded that her son be returned into his rights as a Russian prince. Some of the relatives of the Prince Solohup forwarded this petition to the Czar, and the Czar gave back all the landed estates and other possessions to the son of his Father's assassin. The Prince was glad to meet me, since he couldn't speak Russian, and with me, he was able to talk German. Since his affairs were not yet completely clear, he had not received any money from his landed estates as yet, and so he had to live on the few florins his mother was able to give him. I do not know what was the future fate of him.

The Grand Prince Konstantin must have been very fond of foreigners, since there were many of them among the regiments in Warzawa. One of them was a junior officer Vaucher de la Croise, and although this was a French name, he was a true Austrian from Tirol. I liked him very much. Another of my friends was a poet from Friesland, Harri Haring. Here, I have to explain the difference between the junior officers and the so-called "volunteers." Every Russian nobleman could serve as a junior officer and was promoted to officer after one year of service. The volunteers came from all over Europe, and although some of them were barons and counts in their home countries, they had to serve four years before they were promoted. The junior officers were also entitled to carry a silver sword-knot as soon as they had passed the examination, after three months of service.

Among the volunteers was a French nobleman, St. Cyr, who lived in the same apartment with me for nearly half a year. I liked him very much except for his gambling. After the Polish revolution had started, he joined the Poles, and when the revolution had been suppressed by the Russians, escaped to Belgium. There, he was immediately given the rank of a Captain, and he was in charge of a squadron of riders. When later I studied in Goettingen, he visited me one day. I still do not know where he got my address.

There was also a Mr. von Mayern from Bavaria. He was a nice guy, but he had duel with an officer. Although he won, he was ordered to appear before the Grand Prince Konstantin, who busted him to private and sent him to the infantry. I never heard of von Mayern again.

The commanding officer of my Regiment was a Colonel von Gerbel, an Estonian. His career was one of the fastest I have ever heard of. He entered the Russian military service after the Neapolitan War as a junior officer, and in 1827 he was a full Colonel already. He had never been in action, and yet had a position which brought him at least 100,000 rubles per year. The Russian troops in Poland were paid in silver, whereas those in Russia received their salary in paper money. The commanding officer of a regiment had a large income due to the fact that they bought the food for their soldiers and their horses. Colonel von Gerbel was to keep 134 riding horses and 121 artillery horses, however, he only kept ninety-five riding horses and eighty-six artillery horses. He also received money for the food of the horses for twelve months, whereas in the month of July he always sent the horses in the meadows, which didn't cost him a penny. The soldiers were fed well and in satisfactory quantities; however he made quite a penny on their food too. Colonel Gerbel himself was a simple man, and I think his only extravagance was his connection with the daughter of the doctor of the regiment. He had bought her a nice house, where she lived with her father.

The aforementioned conditions were everywhere in the Russian army. Every inspecting General had the same experience, and so none of them found anything wrong in these conditions. Colonel von Gerbel, by the way, had no luck. When the Polish revolution began and his regiment had to return to Russia, he died on the march to Petersburg.

In addition to Colonel von Gerbel, the regiment had another full Colonel, Colonel Isakoff. He was in charge of the training of the junior officers and the volunteers. He liked me very much since he had been a friend of brother Anton in Dresden. I was often invited to his home, where I was introduced to his wife, the sister of Lieutenant General von Richter. Colonel Isakoff committed suicide after the outbreak of the Polish revolution. I do not know his reasons.

In my battery we had the following officers: three Captains — Wrubel; Leszczinski; and Baron von Robb, who was the commanding officer of my squad and of whom I reported already in the magazine. Then there were four Lieutenants — an Estonian, von Knorring; Kobeletzki; Sochodolski; and the Greek Prince Maurocordato. They were all nice and friendly gentlemen.

The little village of Skiernewice, which was our garrison, could not offer any social contact, and only two of the officers, Colonel Isakoff and the doctor Speier were married. The Polish nobleman did not mingle with the Russian officers, so we had no choice but to gamble. Personally, I never joined the gamblers, but I liked to attend their sessions. I told some stories about the gambling in the Russian army in my “Memories. . .” already. Intellectually, the officers of the Russian army had no intention to educate themselves. None of the batteries had a library, and you couldn’t even get a newspaper in my battery.

This life was not for me, and you can imagine that I was glad when I could escape it by resigning from the Russian service.

Now a few more words about the Polish army. As is well known, a Kingdom of Poland existed before the outbreak of the Polish revolution in 1830. This kingdom had its parliament, its national army, and an administration independent from Russia.

I was interested in the Polish army. This army had very good training and consisted of eleven infantry regiments, nine cavalry regiments (four uhlans and five chasseurs), and ten batteries with twelve guns each. The entire army had 40,000 men.

The Grand Prince Konstantin was very proud of this army, which had been formed and trained under his supervision. When after the outbreak of the Polish revolution he had to leave Poland, he was accompanied to the border by the 2nd Uhlan regiment. At the border he said goodbye to every officer and sergeant, and allegedly, he wept. According to rumors he said, “I have always loved you and I will always love you!”

He died in Vilnius the following summer, allegedly from cholera. Other rumors say that he was poisoned, since he had become a nuisance to the Royal Court in Petersburg.

LIFE AS A STUDENT

After I had received my honorary release from the Russian military service I wanted to visit brother Georg. Fortunately I could avoid unfavorable incidents on my trip since right at that time, the Polish revolution broke out. I had to use the road from Warszawa to Kalisch, on which road the little town of Kolo was located. Near Kolo I was passed by a courier of the Polish army, who waved a flag in his hand and shouted, "Revolution! Hurrah for Poland!" The Cossack who was on guard at the door of the citadel at Kolo fired at the courier but did not hit him. However, he nearly shot me, since I heard the bullet whistle by my ear.

As I learned later on, the Russian regiments in Warszawa had been surrounded by the Polish army and would be forced to give themselves up, or by decree of the Polish Commanding Officer, they were to retreat to Russia. The Polish Commanding Officer was of the opinion that there was a possibility to negotiate with Czar Nikolaus, which was a fatal error. The revolution soon turned out to be a war between Russia and Poland, and this war ended with the total defeat of the Polish Kingdom, which ceased to exist. The odds were against the Poles, especially since they did not receive the support which had been promised to them by France.

I arrived at my brother's home without incident. Georg gave me civilian clothes immediately, so that I had no longer to wear the Russian uniform which now hated by the population. Since all our relatives were in the Russian service, Georg and I could not support the Polish revolution, although we would have done so except for the fact that many of our relatives would have lost their pensions, which were paid by the Russian civil service. The Polish government, however, formed a battalion from foresters, and Georg was asked to join the formation. However, he was able to talk himself out of this deal, and I was declared to be a visitor from Germany if anyone asked for me.

The entire country was stirred up, certainly. Although the theater of war was east of the Weichsel river, the newspapers published the most contradictory articles. One time they printed that the Polish army was completely defeated; the next day they published that a French army of 40,000 men approached Warszawa; and the following day you might read in the papers that an Austrian Grand Prince with an army was on the march to Poland, where he would make himself King of Poland. And every one of these impossibilities was believed.

We did not care too much for the political evolution in Poland. Georg was engaged with Eugenie, the daughter of a Mrs. Czarnowska, who in spite of her Polish name was a good German. I spent my time either in Gonsiorowo, where my brother lived, or at Budzislaw, the estate of my brother's mother-in-law. Eugenie and I played together on the piano and had much fun together. Every Sunday at least, Georg joined us at Budzislaw. Thus time passed wonderfully and the day of Georg's marriage arrived. This was supposed to be June 12, and I wanted to stay that long so that at least one member of the Struve family would be present. The ceremony was held by the Protestant minister from Wladilawowno, and the young married couple went to Gonsiorowo then. I, however, had to part from my brother and traveled to the Polish-Prussian border. The border, however, was closed (due to the cholera in Poland, as was told to me by an officer. However, we never had heard of a cholera epidemic in Poland!) and everybody coming from Poland had to pass a quarantine of twenty days. This was a costly experience, however; those twenty days passed by and I could continue my travel.

The journey from the border to Berlin was terrible. I had to travel in a private coach to Posen, from where I had to take the state coach. The state coach was in very poor condition. I was the only passenger, and so I should have been comfortable, but the windows of the coach were broken, and the dust of the road could easily enter the coach. At every station we stopped for hours, in the night I could not sleep, and when I finally arrived in Berlin, I was covered with dust from head to toe. I went to a bath and then into a hotel, where I slept for eighteen hours.

I then visited the mother of Mrs. Czarnowska and her sister, but did not visit the Russian embassy, which proved to have been a terrible mistake, since money was deposited there on my name. When I arrived in Magdeburg, my money was all gone, and I had to borrow money at the post office for which I had to pawn my suitcase. However, this money only helped me to Nordhausen, and from there, I had to send word to brother Gustav in Goettingen, who came to Nordhausen and paid my debts. Together we now marched to Goettingen.

I was a student at the university now. I lived together with Gustav, and during the first two semesters I did not make any acquaintances. At the beginning of the third semester, however, I wanted to change this. Gustav had left Goettingen during my second semester.

I entered the corps now, and soon was one of the average independent students. I drank with

the others, and in due time had thirteen students' duels, in the course of which I received as many cuts as my opponents. I participated in two excursions of my corps, one to Kassel, and another one to Pyrmont; the latter excursion was made riding on horseback.

The excursion to Kassel was made on foot, and already a few miles behind Goettingen my feet were covered with blisters. However, I did not give up and marched as well as my comrades. But after another few miles, I couldn't go on, so I sat on the side of the road and my fellow students laughed at me. However, I was joined by some other students who suffered from the same pain and we walked slowly to Muenden, where we had lunch in an inn. There we decided to take a state coach to Kassel. On top of a mountain, which is located close to Muenden on the road to Kassel, a state coach with four horses approached us. The two drivers agreed that they would swap their passengers, and since the passengers did not refuse, we had the advantage to travel in a fast coach which was pulled by four horses to Kassel. In the meantime, a terrible thunderstorm had passed and now it rained cats and dogs — and now we had our vengeance on the other students who formerly laughed at us because of our blisters. We passed them, standing under an apple tree, wet to the skin! Now we laughed at them. They asked us to take them along to Kassel, which request was refused and laughing we proceeded to our destination. We had already finished our supper and drank some beer when our “heroes” arrived. The following day we visited the sights of Kassel, Wilhelmshoehe, etc., and then we were lucky enough to find a farmer who went to Goettingen with his cart. For a little money, he promised to transport us home. The trip back went by joyfully, and we had the nicest weather.

The second trip to Pyrmont was done on horseback. We had rented horses; everyone of us had just received his money from home, so we were all well equipped and had a happy ride. We arrived at our destination well enough, where we stayed at one of the best inns. We decided to try out our luck the next day at the roulette. Everyone of us promised to spend only two Thalers (about 10 Dms). We walked in the park surrounding the spa hotel, and then entered the gambling room. There we lost our twelve Thalers without having even won a single time. We walked in the park again and were very sorry, for twelve Thalers had been quite an amount for us. However, we decided to try our luck again, and this time everyone sacrificed one Thaler. I was to play, as I had done the first time, but we lost again. Now we tried it a third time, and this time everyone of us sacrificed another half

Thaler. But again we lost. My friend from Munich and I declared now that we would stop gambling. We mounted our horses and left immediately. The rest of my fellow students, however stayed in Pymont and wanted to change the luck. Four days later I received a letter from them. They had lost all their money and their watches. The inn-keeper demanded payment and refused them their horses, which we had only rented in Goettingen. They asked us to borrow the necessary money and pick them up. My Munich friend and I did so and sent them the money. The day when we expected them back, everybody awaited them outside the walls of Goettingen. And there they came, bowed heads and completely broke. We accompanied them home and I think, that they had learned their lesson!

For four years I had now been away from home. My studies in Goettingen were finished and I decided to travel via Frankfurt on Main to Karlsruhe right away. The fall vacations started in September, and I traveled now by fast coach to my beloved ones. When I arrived at Karlsruhe, I met my cousin Louis Hochstetter at the post office. He wanted to visit his aunt, my mother, and he had become a strong young man who looked important in his uniform as an officer of the Wuerttemberg army. He was stationed in Stuttgart. Together we went to my mother's house.

We had a wonderful social life now. My friends Alfred LaRoche, Karl Enzenberg, and Philipp Roeder had become officers in the Badonian army and were stationed in Karlsruhe. They, my cousin Louis, my sisters, and my brother Amand formed a nice circle. We even printed a little magazine, which appeared every two weeks. Everyone of us had to add at least one article to every edition, and brother Amand's poetical ability helped us to make the magazine something more than amusement. Then we were constantly invited, at least once a week, to the Princess of Nassau; those banquets were usually on Wednesday. On Friday we joined the banquets at the house of the Minister of the Interior, Baron von Tuerkheim, and then there were the dancing sessions in the museum, which we also joined very often.

Meanwhile, brother Georg had suggested that I should study agriculture and settle somewhere in Poland or in Posen, where there were many opportunities to buy real estate cheaply. So I started to study agriculture on my own, and thus winter passed. In March, I was to travel to Poland, but before I left we were visited by the family Hochstetter. Uncle Karl had been called to Berlin as the director of the Royal Riding Academy and therefore had resigned from his position in Bern. At the end of February they left us, accompanied by Louis.

At the beginning of March I left for Poland. I traveled to Frankfurt on Main, where brother Anton had been transferred to in the meanwhile. Anton was a social man and he had already many connections to the most important persons in Frankfurt. I was introduced to many important persons, and distinctly remember the Prussian ambassador at the German Federal Parliament in Frankfurt, the General Post Master von Nagler. He once gave a banquet to which I was invited. There I danced with the Princess Jablonowska Masurek, which was a great honor. I was twenty-one now, but looked like twenty-four, since my large mustache made me look older.

From Frankfurt I traveled to Goettingen, where I had some affairs pending from the time when I was a student. From Goettingen, where I stayed only for a few days, I proceeded to Berlin, where I lived in the house of my uncle. There I met Louis again and together we renewed our friendship with the brothers Count von Otterstedt, with whom we had been schoolmates at the high school. In the meanwhile both of them had become officers of a Prussian guard regiment. They invited us one evening to join them in a game of billiards in a recommended cafe. We were glad to play a game and when we finally stopped playing it was very late. Louis had told me that he would easily find his way home, but when we were on the street, he could not even remember the name of the street he lived in. We looked for refuge in another cafe, but were refused, since the inn was closing. We also could not get into a hotel. Desolate, we sat down on the steps of a church, from where we were chased away by a patrol of soldiers. We walked on, the streets were silent, and finally we sat down on the steps of a house. We were chased away again, this time by the night watchman. Finally dawn came, and by chance we were in the Breitestrasse, where Uncle Konrad lived. We knocked at the door and received a well-deserved lecture from Uncle Konrad. Then we took a bath and went to bed; we slept until we were called to lunch. Then we had to tell our adventure, and everybody laughed at us.

Soon after this incident, I left for Posen. From there I reached the Polish border and finally arrived at brother Georg's home.

Before I forget about my life as a student, I must tell one more joke. Some students wanted to play me a trick and put a skeleton into my bed. When I came home, I hit my sack without switching on the light. I felt the hard bones, jumped out of the bed and found the skeleton. But the joke was on the others. I threw the bones of the skeleton out of my window, and the bones broke on the hard pavement. This joke cost my fellows at least six louis d'ors.

MY LIFE IN SILESIA

I have to add some interesting incidents from my life on my estate in Silesia. One of my best friends was the old Captain v. R., who commanded several squadrons of the Hussar regiments, which were stationed in the town located close to my estate, and in several other towns of the area. Von R. was one of the heroes of the independence war, a true hussar and an honorable man.

One morning I rode on horseback into the town and visited my friend, who just had breakfast together with his young wife. I was heartily invited and took a seat at the breakfast table. While we were sitting and chatting, von R. addressed his wife, "Tine, our friend Pogerehl died last night."

"Oh no, don't tell me. The day before yesterday Pogerehl was here, sound and healthy."

"May be, but it is as I said. Last night I stood in my room before going to bed, and there he was, in front of me and told me, 'Goodbye old friend, I am leaving. Give my regards to G. <G. was the owner of an estate in the area> and tell him he should forgive me that I did not think of him in my last will. I turned over my entire fortune to my poor relatives who need the money.'"

Some minutes later a courier arrived and reported that Captain von Pogerehl died last night of an epileptic stroke.

The town of W., where the Pogerehl's squadron was stationed is located more than three miles from the town where von R.'s squadron was stationed. There was no telegraph at that time, and communication between the two towns was bad, and needed a long time. I couldn't imagine that any other information could have arrived before the courier had delivered the message. However, von R. was a quiet and simple man, but had the gift to see certain accidents before they happened. He never told anybody but his wife these things.

Later, von R. told me of many similar incidents.

There is one more story of the same kind. When our mother seemed hopelessly sick, my sister Elise walked, crying along a floor on the end of which our old grandfather's clock was standing. There she distinctly recognized our dead father, who put the small hand of the watch to seven and said, "It's not time yet, seven years later."

Elise was the one of us children who had the closest contact with our father. She told me seriously that she often saw Father at our mother's side, especially in times when Mother was worried.

How I would not argue, if someone called those incidents fantasies. However, the first story seems to be a proof that there may be a connection between the dead and the living.

Elise was a person who lived more or less spiritually, and she might have been able to see more than the average person.

GREEN HEINRICH

In the summer 1834 I got engaged to Stephanie von Borowska. My future father-in-law, the nephew of the only Protestant Archbishop of Koenigsberg, introduced me to the noblemen of the area. My future father-in-law was the Landrat of this region. The noblemen I had been introduced to invited me often to social meetings, banquets, and hunting parties.

I was a great hunter and it was on the occasion of a hunting party in the forests of Medzibor, which belonged to the principality of Oels, that I became acquainted with a man who was famous among hunters under the name "Green Heinrich." He was the old Count R., a member of one of the oldest Silesian noblemen's family. We had been given the same room for the night when he undressed himself. I learned immediately why he had been given this name, "Green Heinrich," since all his clothes, even the underwear, were of green color. Soon we became well acquainted, although he was many years older than I was. But I had told him of my brother Georg, who was a forest master in Poland; and that in the large forests, under his supervision, there were many wolves. I added that my brother would certainly be honored if the Count would accept an invitation to a hunting party there, if the journey to Poland would not be too much for him. The Count agreed, and I informed Georg of my invitation.

When the hunting party in the Medzibor forest was over, the Count R. invited me to accompany him to his estate. I stayed with him for a few days and was introduced to the Countess, a very amiable Lady. Here, on the estate, I was able to become acquainted with the odd special liking of the old gentleman for the green color — furniture, linen, the walls — everything was green. There were no wardrobes in the house. They had been replaced by the horns of deer, roe, etc. The pictures on the walls told all of hunting, and the Count told me that he had been in Naples as a young man, and that he had been invited by the King of Naples to participate in the Royal Hunting Parties. The King liked the Count that much that he gave him the Royal Hunting Medal and a hunting knife, which the Count still wore at every hunting party, together with the Royal Hunting Medal.

There were some more odd things. If the price for the rye was less than one Thaler, he did not sell any; and if the price for lumber was less than a quarter Thaler per cord of wood, no lumber was sold. Thus, he often came into financial difficulties and the government had to confiscate some of

his possessions. However, the government officials usually only emptied the barn of the Count and there was enough rye from the last two or three years left over to pay the debt of the Count. Thus the old Count was even disliked by the other nobleman and was only invited to join their hunting parties because of his high rank and his family.

At the time I visited him he led the administration of his estate himself. He showed me the premises and I wondered again. All horses were brown, the cows were white and had black ears, and all hens were white. He told me that this cost him quite some money but he didn't want other horses, cattle, or hens. Otherwise, the estate was in top shape. The Count had also a little private zoo where he kept some deer and roes.

Finally, the Count showed me his private office. When he opened the door I was greeted by a terrible odor. This was no miracle since in one corner of the room I observed a small artificial swamp under a wire fence on which some swamp birds lived. In the kitty corner I noticed a volière with partridges and quails, and I even noticed a hoopoe there. Between the birds, the Count had set up two little dog houses, the one of which housed a fox and the other one a marten.

The Count lived most of his time in the open air. He hated smoking and did not tolerate it in his house. But the odor in this room did not bother him a bit, and he was able to sit there for hours and perform his writing!

The Count had also a flourishing fish business. There were many lakes in his possession and he used them for piscicultures. He made much money out of this business. In the reed grass which bordered those lakes, many ducks had their nests. Nobody was allowed to shoot a duck except on the 4th and 5th of July, when the birthday of the Countess was celebrated with duck hunting. At that time the male ducks have lost their feathers and cannot fly, whereas the female ducks can fly. It was the rule to shoot only the male ducks.

One year, a pair of wild swans had settled on one of those lakes and the Count wanted to keep these rare animals for their beauty. He was anxious that the swans were not disturbed. When the next year the pair of swans had six young swans, he was proud and happy. The day of the big duck hunting party arrived, and among other important guests the Count had invited Prince Radziwill and the commanding General von Grolmann from Posen. Before the hunting started the Count informed every hunter of the fact that his swans had young ones, and that he did not want the swans hurt. He

pointed out that a young swan might easily be taken for a wild goose, and asked the hunters again not to hurt his swans.

The boats then started out in the middle of the lake. Every boat had a flag on the top of its mast, and when the boats entered the thicket of the reed, these flags could be seen. Now it happened that Prince Radziwill, who was a bit near-sided, was the unlucky man who came into the region where the swans paddled through the water. Although he was warned by the Count, he mistook the young swans for wild geese and killed two of them. General Grolmann saw the mishap and he and the Prince tried to sink the dead bodies into the lake. Thereby, they had to stop their boats, and the Count saw that the two flags did not move for some time. He approached the two boats and arrived at the scene in the moment when the General and the Prince were about to sink the dead swans. The Count's face grew white with anger. He shouted, "The hunt is over!" and left the lake without giving the Prince the possibility to apologize. For years the hunting parties of the Count were avoided by other noblemen and those incidents made the Count very unpopular.

The forests of the Count were full of game. Only during the hunting season were some deer and roe shot, otherwise, the Count would rather buy the game for his table than shoot an animal.

Politically, the Count supported the absolute monarchy. A republic or a democracy was called rebellion by him. Czar Nikolaus of Russia was his ideal. He hated the Frenchmen and the Poles and often said both nations should be exterminated! Although I did not understand his ideas, I did not contradict him, and I think that this was the reason for our long friendship — the Count befriended me for ten years long.

This time I stayed with him for three days and we agreed that we would travel to Brother Georg in Poland as soon as the first snow had fallen. We arranged that the Count would pick me up in the nearby town, which was the place where my father-in-law lived.

A few weeks later we had the first snow, and the Count appeared with an arsenal of weapons in an open coach, which was pulled by three horses. The next day we started our journey, and after two days we arrived at Gonsiorowo, in my brother's house. On our way we had a funny incident. When we tried to drive around a curve in the road, the coach turned over. Fortunately the snow was deep there and we didn't get hurt. While we fell, the Count shouted "116," which was the number of similar accidents he had already.

The following day we rested. Georg was busy to get everything ready for the four days which were planned for the hunting party. The Count had taken along his snow hunting garment, which was a white coat. When he tried it out in the garden, we had to admit that this garment was quite practical, since the Count looked like a snow-covered tree stump. During the hunt, this would prevent the animals from recognizing him too early.

From four foresters we received information of wolves in their forests. So we could hope that the hunt would be successful. The old Count was joyful and the following day we started on the hunting party in two large sleds. One of the sleds was pulled by two horses, the other one was pulled by four horses, but the sled pulled by two horses was the faster one. For the night, we had arranged for quarters in the house of one of the foresters.

The Count was in a wonderful mood. He told my brother and me that this was the most wonderful hunting party he had ever participated in. He shook hands with each of us again and again, and he nearly couldn't wait until the hunt began. When we had reached our night quarters we were all so excited that the chatting would not stop for a long time. Finally, my brother told us to sleep, since otherwise we would not be able to get up in time in the morning.

On the first day we were partly successful. I was able to shoot a good fox, and a Cossack officer shot a strong wolf. The Count was sorry that he was not the lucky one who had killed the wolf, and the officer of the Cossacks was polite enough to offer the Count the trophy. However, the Count was too much of a hunter to agree in such a business.

The second day was unsuccessful. We had cornered a strong group of wolves, and the Count had the best position of all of us, however, the animals tried to break through on our left wing, and the Count did not get a trophy. Only one of the foresters on the left wing hit a wolf; however, the beast could escape. Since we had no dogs, we couldn't follow the wolves, so we returned to our quarters, tired and in a gloomy mood.

On the third day of the hunt, the Count was able to shoot a fox, a fact which changed his mood a bit. Thus, the first three days of the hunt were over and we had not been too successful. Since we all longed for a warm and cozy house, we decided to give up the fourth day, and returned to Georg's home. There, we had a hearty supper and went to bed.

The next morning brought an invitation for the Count and myself to Budzislaw, where we

were welcomed by Mrs. Czarnowska, who in spite of here Polish name was a true Berlin girl. We spent a nice afternoon there and when we left, the Count invited Mrs. Czarnowska to visit him on his real estate in Silesia.

The day after this visit we spent with Georg and his family, and then we had to return to Silesia. Two days later we arrived at the Count's estate, and the following day I returned to my quarters, where I was glad to be able to embrace my little bride-to-be.

The hunting parties had to cease now for a long time, since I had been able to buy an estate in Silesia for a considerably cheap price. I married my dear Stephanie, and we lived out life on our estate in peace. I did not have too much contact with the old Count during this period, only when Stephanie and I traveled to visit my parents-in-law. We passed by the old Count's estate and stayed there for one or two days.

Six years later I was able to sell my estate with a good profit and buy a large estate in Poland. Now I was even farther from my old friend, and I only saw him when I traveled to the wool market in Breslau, since then I always paid him a visit on his estate. Then the Count was able to also sell his possession with a good profit, and he then lived in Breslau with his wife.

During my second year in Poland, I received a letter from the old Count in which he invited me to join him on an even larger hunting party than had been the one in brother Georg's forests. He intended to travel to Warzawa, and with the permission of the Prince Governor Paskewitsch, to shoot an aurochs, which game lives only in the meadows and forests of the Bialowiczer Heide and may only be shot with the permission of the Czar.

Although I could never join the Count on this hunting party, I did not refuse it at first, since I expected some pleasure of his visit. The Count must now have been a man of more than seventy years of age, and such a hunting trip was not without danger. However, the old hunter appeared a few days after the arrival of his letter and in spite of my warnings, he insisted on his hunting trip. He worked on me until I promised to accompany him to Warzawa. I finally agreed, especially since brother Georg had moved to Warzawa in the meantime, where he had a higher position in the administration of the Royal forests in Poland. We traveled in my coach to Czenstochau from where we traveled by train to Warzawa.

Traveling with the old gentleman was no pleasure at all, since you were not allowed to smoke

in his presence. Furthermore, his green costume was ridiculous and aroused the curiosity of other travelers. In the railroad car we got company. A Pole entered our compartment and as soon as he had taken his seat, he pulled out his pipe and began to smoke. The Count forbade him in German to smoke. The Polish man did not understand German and politely said so to the Count. Since neither of them understood the other, the argument would never have stopped had not the conductor appeared. He explained to the Count that this compartment was a smoker compartment and that the Count would have to move into a non-smoker compartment, since he couldn't stand smoking. So at the next stop the Count left our compartment and I didn't see him before Warszawa again.

We took our quarters in a good hotel, but the Count was a little tight, and insisted that he get the cheapest room in the hotel. This was not very thoughtful. He had many letters of recommendation to important persons in Warszawa, and he could expect counter-visits from those persons. Imagine the impression on such a person, if he saw a German Count reside in the cheapest room of a hotel!

The following morning we had our passes stamped at the police headquarters and then proceeded to Brother Georg's house. There, we were heartily welcomed by Georg and his dear wife Eugenie. We stayed for tea, and Georg arranged for the Count to be introduced to the Prince Governor the following morning.

After the necessary preparations, the Count went to the palace of the Prince Governor. The audience was not a long one, and when the Count returned he did not want to talk about it at first. But finally he admitted that the Prince Governor had told him flatly that he was in no position to grant the wish of the Count, since an aurochs could only be shot with the agreement of the Czar. Georg and I hoped that the Count would now give up his idea of shooting an aurochs. But not at all. He intended to travel to Petersburg and ask for an audience with the Czar. He was sure that he would get the permission to shoot one aurochs.

He immediately prepared for the journey. Georg and I helped him as much as we could, especially since the Count needed Russian money for this trip. Georg's banker was willing to make the transaction, to convert Germany money in Rubles. In the banker's office the Count made a few nasty remarks about Jews, and I had to warn him, since Georg's banker was also Jewish. Finally the Count left for Petersburg.

I did not see him for the next two years. Then, on the occasion of another trip to Breslau, I met him by chance. He told me that he had been introduced to the Czar by the Prussian ambassador and finally got the permission to shoot an aurochs. He admitted that he had spent a lot of money before he had got the document. Then he returned to Lithuania, where the forest master of the Bialowicz Forest made it possible for him to shoot a three-year-old aurochs. However, the Count did not kill the animal, but only wounded it. And so he could not carry home a trophy in spite of all his efforts. He then traveled to a friend in East Prussia, and on his friend's estate was able to shoot a strong elk. From there, he returned home. This was my last visit to Breslau since the following year was the year 1848, which forced me to cross the ocean.

So I say goodbye to thee, old hunter, "Green Heinrich." May you have found good hunting grounds in the other world!

POLISH AUTHORITIES AND CONDITIONS

With a few words I have to return to those conditions which I already mentioned in the Conservative Monthly Magazine.

When I took over the estate in Poland, conditions there were terrible. Although located close to the Prussian border, it seemed as if the premises were located somewhere in far Siberia. The farmers and laborers lived in holes, which were scattered all over the area. One laborer lived in a hole together with a cow, a pig, some hens, his old blind father, his wife, and his five children. Who didn't see it would not have believed it. When I told him to leave this hole and move into the newly constructed house for the servants, he ran into the forest and cried that he would commit suicide. When the cow was led out of the hole to the new stable for the cattle of my servants, the wife tore her clothes and threw herself to the ground crying. I told the blind man that he should go over to the brandy shop and sit there, close to the big warm kettle; that he should pick up his food at the kitchen by twelve o'clock, and that in the evening, he should go over to the new house for the servants. The old man was happy. I had the walls around the hole immediately torn down and the hole was filled with earth so that nobody could move in again. At about noon, I saw the wife enter the new stable and a little later she entered the new house for the servants, where she found all her belongings in a room which had been reserved for her husband and his family. In the evening, her husband came back, so he hadn't committed suicide. He became one of my best servants.

After I had done the most necessary things on the premises, I had an architect construct fifteen farmhouses with stables and barns, and eight houses for eight families each. Every farmhouse was given twenty acres of land, and for each family of a laborer I gave one acre of land for a garden. However, the farmers and laborers did not want to leave their holes. So I talked to the Captain of the Russian infantry squadron, which was stationed in a nearby village, and the Captain agreed to send me twenty-five soldiers who would help me move the farmers and laborers into the new buildings. The Captain demanded one Ruble per man. I agreed in the business, and the following morning twenty-four soldiers and one sergeant arrived at my premises. With the aid of the soldiers, the moving of the farmers and laborers was done in a jiffy. The following day I made the soldiers tear down the old buildings, so that nobody could move in again, and then sent them back home. The

Captain received fifty-two rubles. I do not know how much of this money was given to the soldiers. My employees were soon used to the new environment and within two years every building on the real estate was renewed.

I had to execute the police authority on my premises. Therefore, I had to have close contact with the district authorities. This contact was usually kept by so-called “breakfasts” (which usually lasted for one or two days!). The lower district officials could be bribed with money, and so I had no difficulty in crossing the Prussian border whenever I intended to. This continued until 1848, when everything changed.

As I mentioned before, the “contact” with the district officials was comparatively cheap. It became more expensive if I had something to do with the county government. In this case, gifts for the Lady of the house were necessary, and the husband had to be treated in a good restaurant. However, this was nothing compared with the expenses which I had if I was forced to contact the government in Warszawa. The official contacted had to be treated in the best hotel, and there was not only one man to be treated, but usually the employees of the entire office. So you may understand that although I lost my entire fortune, I was glad when I had left behind the Russian border in 1848.

It may be that today everything has changed. My best wishes to the country, but I am glad that I can end my days in peace somewhere else. Of all the experiences of my life, this experience in Poland is the most unlucky, since it is depressing if you must meet such an end as I did after years of work and effort.

But, back to my estate! The population was not the best. People drank, lied, stole. Their attitude towards the master was slavish. There was a good core in everyone of them, but you needed a lot of digging before you found it! Before I took over this estate, it was the custom to beat the workers if they had done something incorrect. I immediately forbade this, and the result was that at first, nothing was done correctly at all! The people took advantage of my kind-heartedness! So I had to return to the old method, and it was a long time before I could order my inspectors again to stop beating the laborers.

Here, I'd like to tell an incident which is symptomatic. I had hired a young fellow who had been working on another estate. When I asked him about his former master, he told me that it had been a very good master since “he beat everyone!” Well, the fellow was to learn that this theory

could be applied on other estates too. I had him take care of four white horses, which I needed sometimes on my travels. Those horses were fed better than the rest of my horses, and the servant who took care of them received one more thaler than the rest of the laborers. Now, I observed, although those white horses were fed better than the rest of the horses, and although they were not used as often as the others, they looked worse than any of my other horses. Now I have to add that it was the duty of the servant to wash the horses every morning. And here is what the fellow had done. Instead of washing the white horses, he had tied up their heads in such a way that the horses were unable to lie down. So while all the other horses lay down and rested, the white horses were always standing, and therefore, lost their weight. I had the servant beaten this time, and he learned his lesson and became one of my best laborers.

But the worst part of conditions in Poland was that everything was governed by Jews. During the entire period of my stay in Poland I couldn't do a single business which had not been handled by Jews. Everything was in their possession — dairies, inns, rye, wheat, fur, wool, and lumber — every article was bought and sold by Jews. The Polish noblemen were married to Jewish girls, and thus the Jewish influence was increased. Why wonder then that farmers and noblemen went to ruins?

RHEINFELDEN

Sixteen years of my life I lived in Rheinfelden, and as I have already mentioned in the Monthly Magazine, I had been about to risk my bones in the American Civil War when I had the opportunity of buying the premises in Rheinfelden. I am far from saying that I had the faintest idea about how to administer a hotel; however, my efforts were successful. The cures performed in my baths were miraculous, and I was supported by high ranking persons. One of my constant guests was the Archduke Heinrich, who visited my establishment every year. The Brazilian ambassador had once ordered sixteen rooms for himself and his staff. The French ambassador, who often visited my establishment, usually took six rooms. I had accommodations for about 100 persons. The location of Rheinfelden was favorable since on the east bank of the Rhine we had the Badonian railroad, and on the west bank, the Swiss one. My guests could easily travel to Zurich, Bern, and Lucern, or to the Bodensee (Lake Constance), Freiburg, or Karlsruhe.

There were many curious incidents, especially with my lady guests. Every Saturday, the head waiter delivered the weekly bills to my guests. It was the ladies who did not pay him but usually wanted to speak to me in my private office. They always had complaints about the prices, and I usually told them to take a pen and to scratch out those things which they didn't like. This made the ladies uneasy, and finally they would pay their bill as everybody else had. The doctor who took care of the patients was a stout man with, I must admit, bad manners. The ladies did not like him at all. Many of the ladies, therefore, wanted me to give them medical advice — which I couldn't do. I must admit that I was much liked by the beautiful sex. A fact which gave me much pleasure, but also much trouble, and kept me often from my business.

Business was fine, and I had made about 200,000 francs when the Franco-German War broke out. This nearly ruined my business, since my customers left in a haste, and I had to keep twenty-two waiters and servants until October. However, I made it.

When the fighting came close to the Swiss border, I wrote to my former friends and schoolmates, the General von Treskow and Count Degenfeld, that I would gladly accommodate a number of German officers. I received a letter of thanks from the General Headquarters but my offer was not used at all. After the War I renewed my offer and two nice young Lieutenants were sent to

me for recovery.

After Bourbaki had been forced to cross the Swiss border with his army, his soldiers were kept under guard in various parts of Switzerland. About 500 men were kept in Rheinfelden in the schoolhouse. Since this schoolhouse was overcrowded with men, I decided that I would take some of the French soldiers to my premises. I went to the schoolhouse and was permitted by the Swiss guards to take along ten soldiers. I picked them out and later found out that they all lived in the Bretagne. On my establishment they were useful. Three of them worked as gardeners, others helped in the kitchen, and others helped in keeping the house clean. When the war was over and the soldiers were permitted to return home, they thanked me a thousand times, and for a long time I received letters of thanks from the Bretagne. There are good people among the Frenchmen too!

One year after the Franco-German War I was visited by an Englishman who after a stay of some days told me that my spa hotel was exceptionally fine. He suggested that I should enlarge the premises, and I replied that I couldn't do this because of lack of money. So the Englishman suggested that I should sell shares of the spa hotel to an association of men with money. He told me that after his return to London he would manage everything.

The Englishman kept his word, and soon after, the association was established. Everything looked fine, and I had already ordered lots of prospecti in English, German, and French for the new spa hotel, when by accident, the main man of the association lost all his money. This was a fatal stroke against the association, which had not yet been established. Everything went haywire, and I lost about 10,000 francs for the prospecti.

I was tired and did not want to keep the business up any longer. I wanted to sell the premises, but my youngest son asked me not to do so. So I gave him a power of attorney and he kept the business up for two more years. However, business did not become better and after two years he sold the premises. The result was that we lost everything, since the establishment was sold for the amount of the mortgage which was on the house. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* [So the glory of this world passes away!]

GUSTAV

I have to add something about my brother Gustav which should be interesting and which might help to show a true picture of this exceptionally learned man.

His character is above every suspicion. He was an idealist and he loved all life. He did not even eat the meat of animals, and when he was an officer in the Army of the Northern States during the American Civil War, he never touched meat, but lived only on corn and bread.

He was a consequent character. When he reached the decision that a republic is the best of all possible forms of a state, he no longer carried the “von” of a nobleman.

Gustav von Struve was born in Munich in 1807 as the son of the Legationsrat at the Russian embassy. In the age of sixteen he passed the final examination at the highschool in Karlsruhe, and then attended the University of Goettingen. Two years later he went to the University of Heidelberg, where he passed the final state examination. The Grand Duke of Oldenburg asked him to join his services, and Gustav became the Oldenburg ambassador at the German Federal Parliament in Frankfurt on Main. Two years later he had seen that this parliament was nothing but a fake, and he asked the Grand Duke for his release — which was finally granted.

Gustav returned to Oldenburg and became an assessor at the Land Court. There, he refused his signature when the court had made an unjust decision against a poor widow. He fought for the right of the widow, and when he could not succeed, he asked for his release again. The Grand Duke did not grant the wish this time, but talked to Gustav’s Uncle Heinrich in Hamburg, who was the Russian ambassador at the Hanse Cities. However, Gustav’s mind was made up, and since after three months of waiting, he had not received an answer from the Grand Duke, he resigned from his position. He then went to Baden, where he became a citizen, passed several examinations, and finally was elected a “Prokurator” at the Upper Court in Mannheim. He would have got a very good position if he had not been one of the leading persons through the German Revolution of 1848. Gustav was forced to escape to the United States. There, he took up again the work on his World History, on which he had worked thirty years of his life. I’m sure that this book is an asset to history; however, everything is seen with the eyes of a republican, and if it had been more objective, its success could not have been stopped.

In the USA, Gustav followed the Republican Party of Lincoln. Gustav had much influence among the Germans in the state of New York. It was his influence which made the Germans in New York state change their minds. Most of the Germans over there had joined the Democrats, but Gustav convinced them to elect the republican candidate for the Presidency, Lincoln. And since in the state of New York the German element was the strongest, and since furthermore the state of New York was the one district which gave Lincoln the majority, I may say that Lincoln has been elected by Gustav Struve. Lincoln never forgot Gustav's efforts and thanked him as long as he lived.

When the Civil War broke out, Gustav (now fifty-four years old), joined a German regiment of volunteers which he had formed among his fellow countrymen in New York. He was elected Captain of the troop but refused this position because he had not served as a private and did not know the military business. Half a year later, he accepted the vote and led the squadron as a Captain, was promoted to Major, and commanded the battalion. This battalion performed heroic deeds in the battle at the Potomac River. After the first battle on the Bull Run the Northern States were saved by the German brigade. The Republican Army had been completely defeated when the German brigade stopped the advancing Virginian Dragoons, thereby saving the Union. Whenever Lincoln came into the camp at the Potomac, he always visited old Struve.

When the Civil War was over, Gustav decided to return to Germany. Lincoln was sorry that such a deserving man would leave the US service. Gustav replied that he had only done his duty, and that he received his reward by the appreciation of the President. So he came to Germany, lived in Hamburg, and started a political career again by writing a public letter to "the German Princes." This letter was a beacon for all republicans in Germany, but Gustav was arrested, found guilty of having violated the press law, and was sentenced to three months of imprisonment. Since he did not want to be imprisoned, he escaped to Switzerland, where he lived with me in Rheinfelden. Before this happened he had been offered by Lincoln the consulate at the Thuringian court. As long as he lived with me he wrote pamphlets against monarchism. From Rheinfelden he moved to Stuttgart and from there to Vienna, where he died. With him a spirit died which could have accomplished great things if it had been led into the right channels.

So goodbye dear, noble brother. He who knew you closer, loved and adored you in spite of your errors.

After Gustav's death his oldest daughter, Damajanti Frida, lived with nephew Gemmingen at Gernsbach, and the youngest daughter, Amalie, lived with me for several years until her cousin, the General Gustav von Struve in Moscow adopted her and took over her education.

PRUSSIAN AND RUSSIAN POLAND

During the time of my agricultural studies in the Posen and Russian Polish districts I had the opportunity to make several interesting acquaintances. One of them was the Count O. with whom I became acquainted on the occasion of a banquet in the district's capital. He invited me to his castle where he then introduced me to his mother, a noble old Lady. The Lady invited me to visit her on her estate as often as possible since her son was a restless spirit and was more often in foreign countries than at home. The estate included wonderful, large forests, and I promised to come as often as possible, especially since the Countess told me that there were hunting parties at least once a month.

A few weeks after my first visit I paid another visit to Count O., but I was accepted by the Countess who told me that her son had left the castle again and traveled to Spain. I wanted to leave but she told me to stay and I was given a nice room. Since I had intended to stay for a few days, I was glad to accept the offer of the countess.

Such a Polish castle is different from the German ones. Although the Poles call it a castle, it is more or less a large single-storied country house. However, the castle of the Lady O. was different from the other Polish castles which I had visited in the meantime; it was cleaner, and there were hundreds of servants — male and female ones. The languages spoken in those Polish castles were Polish and French, which both languages I spoke perfectly, so that I never had any trouble with the conversation.

The day of my arrival was spent with a visit to the horse stable, where I met the German inspector, who told me something about the administration of the estate. In the evening, I had supper with the Countess, and the German inspector joined us. We chatted a bit after supper and then went to bed.

The following morning, I was awakened by a noise in my room and was surprised to see a nice looking young girl who brought me coffee. I learned from her that she was the "Kaviarka" of the Countess (A "Kaviarka" was a servant in a better position. They were selected from the upper classes of the farmers on an estate, and except for preparing coffee for their mistress, they had no other duties. Today, we would call her position that of a "daughter of the house.") The Kaviarka told me that her

name was Kaschka, and we chatted a bit. Every morning she brought me coffee now, as long as I stayed in the castle. Also, on further visits, I was served my morning coffee in bed by that same Kaviarka.

For more than ten years I had not been able to visit the estate of the noble Count O., when on the occasion of a banquet in Breslau, I met him again by chance. He told me that he had married in the meantime and that his young wife was with him in Breslau. I asked him where she was, and he told me that she was at the banquet, but was now chatting with some ladies in another room. I asked him to introduce me to her, and he took me into the next room, where he introduced me to a beautiful young lady whose features were very familiar to me; however, I couldn't think of the occasion when I had become acquainted with her. She smiled at me and asked me whether I couldn't remember her, and I had to admit that, although her features were very familiar, I couldn't place her.

She laughed and said, "But I am Kaschka, the Kaviarka"! The joke was on me, I admit. But how should I have expected the Kaviarka to be the Countess O.? Count O. told me that in spite of the refusal of his mother, he had sent Kaschka to Brussels to one of the best institutions for the education of young ladies. Two years later, he was introduced by the director of the institute to a beautiful young lady, in whom he nearly did not recognize Kaschka. The Count had already been in love with her, and now he did not hesitate to marry her. Meanwhile, his mother had died, and the young lady took over the duties and responsibilities of a countess so well that soon she was liked and admired by everybody, and the "Kaviarka-Countess" was always surrounded by admirers. I didn't see Count and Countess O. again later on, and never heard of both of them again.

Although Poland is divided into the Prussian part, Posen, and the Russian part, Congress Poland, it had formerly been one nation. You should expect that in one nation, customs and style of living should be similar. But that is not true. Whereas in Posen you find more or less the Prussian style of life, the Russian part tends to the French style. I had many possibilities to study the customs in Russian Poland, and I will describe a Polish marriage "old style," in which I participated together with Georg.

We arrived at the house of the bride early in the morning and were surprised to see that the large society was already present. The bride and the groom welcomed us, and soon after our arrival we all went into the church, where the "Probst" (minister of a Catholic church in Congress Poland)

performed the wedding ceremonies. After the ceremony, we all, including the Probst, returned to the house of the bride. There, a large table awaited us. It was covered with hearty food — roast pig, pheasant, roast beef, roast hens, geese, ducks, etc. The plates were served, and with a plate the guest received a bottle of vodka. The father of the bride made a speech in which he praised the virtues of his daughter and promised the groom a good whipping in case he would not appreciate those virtues of his wife enough. Laughing, the audience began to eat and drink. The meal lasted for hours and I got tired. I asked brother Georg what I should do, and he advised me to take a nap somewhere in the barn on the straw. When I entered the barn, I knew that I wouldn't be able to sleep here, since everywhere in the straw I found young men with their girls, who had their pleasure. I left the barn and returned to the table where meanwhile the coffee had been served. The hot coffee woke me up, and I was able to stay awake until the bride and the groom wanted to retire to their room.

I thought that everything was over now, but that was an error. The girl friends of the bride and all men of the table accompanied the young married couple into their bedroom. There I found a large cake, a so-called “tree cake,” surrounded by dozens of bottles of champagne. The girl friends of the bride started to dance and during this time the men began to eat the “tree-cake.” Everybody, including the Probst and the groom drank champagne during this time, and soon the area around the “tree-cake” looked like the battlefield after the battle. The Probst fell down, completely drunk. Some of the young girls caught his legs and pulled him into a corner of the room, where he slept. And the battle continued. The groom was drunk, more than half of the men were drunk, and still there was no end to the drinking. I had been able to keep considerably sober, since I poured more champagne on the floor than into my throat. The bride talked to her girl friends, and the girls left the room. The groom lay on the bridal bed, snoring. Finally, the last drop of champagne was drunk, and the drunken persons left the bridal chamber. Two of the men pulled the Probst out of the room by his legs. He didn't notice this, and I am sure, he will never know what happened to him.

Georg had been able to sneak out of the room to the inspector, where he and I had our quarters. I left the house, where everybody slept in place, where he had stood when he had been overwhelmed by the alcohol. The picture was not a nice one, and I was glad when Georg and I left the scene the following morning. I swore that I would never participate again in a Polish marriage, “old style”!

Before I had come to Poland I had thought that the Poles were a nation of riders and that I would find everybody on horseback. But that was an error. Most Poles like to travel in a coach, and I rarely saw a Pole who really was a good rider. There were no riding horses and saddles on the estates, and I was always admired for the fact that I did most of my traveling while riding on horseback.

The Polish breed of horses, which formerly had been famous all over the world, is extinct. Only in the stable of the Count Szembrek did I see one of those gorgeous animals. Allegedly, there are a few horses of this breed left on the large estates in Galicia, but my journeys never led me into these regions.

Otherwise, I saw nearly every breed of horse in Poland. On a horse market in Gostin, I was able to buy four similar horses. They were about four feet high and looked more like ponies. However, the price was cheap (forty-five Thaler per horse), and I intended to use them for my coach. A few weeks later, when the horses had been constantly cleaned, and had been fed well, they looked wonderful, and I was glad to have such a wonderful team of horses. In Kalisch, I was able to buy a beautiful coach cheaply, and now I had the most wonderful team of horses and coach in my area.

The next time I went to Breslau to the wool market, I traveled in my coach with this team of horses. They were really wonderful; the journey lasted only nine hours, and when we arrived, the horses seemed not to be tired at all.

In Breslau, I rode through the streets one day. I parked in front of an inn where I expected a friend. There, I was approached by a gentleman who introduced himself as the Count S. from Upper Silesia. He asked me whether I would sell him the coach and team of horses. I told him that I had not intended to sell, but since I could easily get other horses and a coach in Breslau, I would think it over. I did not know which price I should ask, since the horses and coach had cost me not more than 500 Thaler in all. The Count told me that he would pay me 1,000 Thaler if I would let him have the coach and team of horses as they were now. I agreed, and the Count was glad about this new acquisition.

I returned to my estate and the following day rode on horseback to the next town, where a detachment of Cossacks was stationed. I knew the Major of these Cossacks well and asked him whether he could sell me some good horses. It was customary in the Russian army that a squadron

or a detachment keep some additional horses, which could be sold by the commanding officer. The Major told me that I should be at his house the following day, where I could pick some horses out of the forty which were for sale in his detachment.

The following day, I was at the Major's house about noon and found the horses there as promised. They were all of the same breed; we called them "star-lookers" because of their bowed neck and high forehead, and were not younger than eight years, which is the best age for a horse. The Cossacks never use a horse before its seventh year, a fact which should be responsible for the strength and longevity of the Cossack horses. I picked four horses, similar in color, age, and height, and paid sixty Thaler for each of them. Those horses were wonderful for my coach, but I could never use them for heavy work.

They were shy, and once I had an accident with them which could have been fatal. I rode across the border in my coach four-in-hand, and in the village on the Prussian side a dog rushed out of a farmhouse, barking. This frightened my horses somehow, and they ran away. At the end of the street was a church, and they turned the church square nicely and returned to the Prussian-Russian border. During the turn on the church square, my driver had been thrown from the seat and the bridles hung to the ground, where I couldn't reach them. My companion, in the rear of the coach, the secretary of the district government, wanted to jump off the coach, but I kept him in the coach, since in the jump he would have broken arms and legs, if not his neck. Thus, we approached the border and I began to shout, "Close the barrier! Close the barrier!" Some Russian border officials came rushing out of the house and one of them was clever enough to understand my order and close the barrier shortly before I reached it. The first two of my horses now jumped the barrier, but the second pair couldn't make the jump. The barrier broke into three pieces in the collision, and the horses fell to the ground as if they had been shot. I jumped from my seat and grabbed the reins in my hands so that I would have control over the horses as soon as they would get up.

There, I heard the cry of one of the Russian border policemen, "Now look at this fellow, he smokes!" And true enough, my cigar was still burning!

I had thought that some of my horses had been killed in the accident, but none of them was injured. The coach had not been damaged, and except for the barrier, for which I certainly paid, nothing was damaged. The adventure had taken the spirit out of my horses, and never again did they

try to run away. I kept the horses as long as I stayed in Poland, and they even carried my family across the border. Then they were lost like everything else.

I would like to say one more word about the Texan horses. The basic horse over there is the Mexican horse, which on the average is four to five feet high. Those Mexican horses are as strong and steadfast as the Cossack horses. If a Mexican mare is crossed with a Kentucky stallion, the result is the Texan horse, which is the best horse for cavalry service. These horses are in the open throughout the year, they are tame and easy to ride. Their average height is 5' 5."

But this should be enough of my hobby — Horses!

KALISCH IN THE FALL 1835

In the summer 1835 the news that Czar Nikolaus had invited his father-in-law, King Friedrich Wilhelm IV of Prussia, to meet him in Kalisch had aroused the attention of all of Europe.

For the following months, Kalisch and the entire area prepared for this important incident. Tents for about 50,000 Russian troops were erected close to the border. Behind the camp, devices for a great fireworks were under preparation. In the city, the streets were cleaned, houses were built, and old houses received a new painting. On a large square an improvised theater was constructed, and the city looked like a lady in holiday clothes.

In July, the Russian troops from Warzawa began to pour into the area. Since I had spent this summer with brother Georg, I was able to observe the entire spectacle closely, since Georg's house was located close to the main road from Warzawa to Kalisch.

I saw all the troops pass by. When the Preobratchenski grenadiers passed, I wondered when I saw a giant sergeant, who did not walk, but followed the regiment on a horse cart. I learned later on that this man was the bugle man of the regiment, that he had the privilege not to walk, and that he received the pay of the Lieutenant. When I later saw this man in the parade, the Colonel on horseback stood left of him, and their helmets were the same height! Shortly before the spectacle I was informed by my bride that her father, the Landrat, had decided to play his role in the spectacle. The Landrat informed me that he would take me along if I'd like to, and that I could act as his secretary. So I hurried to the house of my future father-in-law.

The King of Prussia had spent the summer at Erdmannsdorf in the Riesengebirge, and he traveled to Kalisch via Breslau and Ostrowo. The Crown Prince and Prince Wilhelm had their quarters in the castle of the Prince Radziwill. There we traveled in our coach and were introduced to the Crown Prince and Prince Wilhelm of Prussia. We were also invited to join the royal table. The following day, we traveled to the border and awaited the spectacle when the two sovereigns, who were the most powerful in the world, would meet.

At about 11 o'clock, King Friedrich Wilhelm IV arrived and jumped off his horse. He was a good rider and was clad in the uniform of a general of the Guard Hussars.

At about 10 o'clock, we received the information that the Czar had arrived at Scipiorno, the

Russian border police station. The Prussian King mounted his black Trakehner horse and approached the border. From the Russian side, the Czar and his suite also approached the border. I still have the picture in my eye, when the old gentleman, the King of Prussia, left his suite behind and galloped towards the Czar of Russia. The Czar also left his suite behind and approached the King of Prussia in the same pace. While this lasted, the Russian army band played the German hymn “*Heil Dir im Siegerkranz*” (Hail Thee, Coronated Victor), and the Russian battery fired 101 shots from its guns.

The two sovereigns met in the middle of their suites, they embraced and kissed each other on the cheeks. Then they turned around and rode together towards Kalisch. The suites of the two sovereigns united now and followed their Kings.

As for the military spectacles, the Prussian King had brought along one company infantry and one squadron of cavalry. The Russian Czar had also ordered two squadrons, one squadron infantry and one squadron cavalry to the scene. These four squadrons rode at the end of the suite, and in Kalisch they paraded together in front of the two sovereigns. It was a wonderful spectacle. Then the four squadrons camped together in the tents west of Kalisch.

Although my father-in-law had been invited to join the royal table, he preferred to return home with me and to rest, since the following days would be more of a strain to him.

The next day was a military spectacle. The Russian army paraded in front of the two sovereigns. This lasted for six hours, and I admired the King of Prussia, who stood like a rock in the hot September day and never forgot to salute a flag or a commanding officer of a new regiment. The King of Prussia was given command of a dragoon regiment, and he gave the regiment a new flag with the inscription, “*Dragoon Regiment Friedrich Wilhelm IV of Prussia.*” It was customary among European sovereigns to give command to each other over a regiment, but this was the first time in European history that a sovereign really commanded his troops. The King of Prussia tried his regiment out that same evening on the fields north of Kalisch, and after three hours, he complimented the Czar for the high training standard of his cavalry.

The following day was governed by the arts. There were exhibitions in the museum at Kalisch, and in the afternoon the sovereigns attended a drama in the theater. So far the weather had been wonderful. On the fourth day it became cloudy and started to rain. The sovereigns said goodbye, and the King of Prussia returned to his country. My father-in-law and I myself also returned

to our homes; my father-in-law to his family and I to my dear brother Georg.

These were wonderful days and I never forgot them in all my life. However, I was glad that they were over and that the simple life had us back again.

BRAZILIAN CONDITIONS

Conditions in Brazil were not the best, neither administratively nor governmentally. This may be proved by the experience of my son-in-law. My son-in-law was employed by the Swiss Central Railroad. The job did not bring too much pay, but it was enough for my son-in-law to support his family well. One day he was approached by a member of the Brazilian embassy in Vienna, who invited him to Vienna, where he would be made a profitable offer. My son-in-law traveled to Vienna, where he was introduced to the Brazilian ambassador, who offered my son-in-law a contract for the triangulation of the Province of Parana. The journey to Brazil would be paid by the Brazilian government. His salary would be 1,000 milreis per month. All expenses would also be paid by the Brazilian government, and helpers would be paid on the expense of the Ministry of the Interior, which was in charge of the project.

My son-in-law gave up his position with the Swiss Central Railroad and traveled to Brazil. When he arrived in Rio de Janeiro he immediately reported to the Ministry of the Interior. From there he was sent to the Ministry of Finances, where he was flatly told that the government had no money for the triangulation of the Province of Parana. My son-in-law replied that he was given a contract by the Brazilian ambassador in Vienna, and the Minister of Finances informed him that this gentleman was no longer in his position. He explained that in the meantime, while my son-in-law was aboard ship, a new government had been formed, and that the new government was not responsible for the actions of the former one. The Minister further informed my son-in-law that he couldn't help him, but would hand him a letter of recommendation for the director of the railroad line, Pedro II, who most probably would have a position for him. Arriving at the manager's office, my son-in-law handed him the letter of recommendation from the Minister of Finances. The manager of the railroad company smiled and told my son-in-law that it was easy for the Minister to transfer his responsibilities to him, the manager, but that he was in no position to hire my son-in-law, since he did not have a vacancy. So the poor man was in Brazil without any support and any means to make a living. The journey to Brazil had taken the last of his money, and now he had no job. But when he arrived in his hotel, the manager told him that the director of the Campinas gas company was looking for an engineer. My son-in-law, his name by the way was Larcher, went to the director

immediately, was welcomed with joy and immediately hired. However, due to his former experience, Larcher demand that the contract be signed in the presence of the Austrian ambassador. The manager of the gas company agreed, the contract was signed, and Larcher left for the gas works, which were located north of Rio de Janeiro.

There, he found the gas works in a terrible condition. Not that many things were damaged but everything was dirty, and due to this dirt, many devices did not work anymore. Larcher hired a staff of mechanics and ten days later the gas works worked again. He was honored by the manager of the company, received a nice reward, and was promoted to chief engineer of the gas company. At the evening of the day when the first gas was supplied again to the northern parts of Rio de Janeiro, Larcher received the visit of the city government, who thanked him for his work and gave him a medal, the inscription on it reading "For merits above and beyond duty." Larcher was never able to find out for which occasion this medal had really been designed.

Four months passed. Larcher lived from the money which he had received as a reward. He had never yet received his monthly pay of 400 milreis. Now he sent a letter to the chief cashier and was informed by him that there was no money in the treasury department. However, money was coming in now and he would be paid in full right away. Patience and patience again, this was the motto of the following months. Then, one morning, the manager visited the gas works and asked the chief engineer for a conference. The manager told him that the company could not pay the salary of 400 milreis per month, and that the foreman of the laborers would run the gas works for 200 milreis a month. If he would work for this amount, it would be okay with the management. Larcher replied that under no conditions he would give up his rights. The contract ran for four years, and in case he was released earlier, he could demand the entire salary. The manager told him that in this case, he was released and that he should go to court. Larcher left and went to the sheriff. The sheriff read the contract and then ordered the manager to appear in court. He informed the manager that his company had to pay the salary for four years. The manager replied that there were higher courts, which had to discuss the matter first. Larcher went to a lawyer, who read the contract, then informed him that a trial would be won. Larcher asked how long this would take and was informed by the lawyer that it would take about two years, and that Larcher should pay 200 milreis in advance. Two years for the trial and 200 milreis in advance. This was too much. Larcher could not afford it. So he had to be

glad when the noble company finally paid him his salary for four months. Tired and disillusioned, he returned to Rio de Janeiro. There, he went to the railroad company again and he was glad to hear that they were looking for an engineer now. Larcher was given the position and immediately went to his place of work. There, he worked and a few weeks later the manager of the company visited the section and told Larcher that this section was the best in the entire network of the railroad company. He promised Larcher that he would be given the position of section chief as soon as the old section chief retired, which would be within a few months. The old section chief retired, and Larcher expected his promotion to section chief daily. Then one day, he was called to the railroad station, where he was introduced to a young man, the new section chief. This man was the illegitimate son of the manager! Larcher, without waiting for further orders, resigned from his position and returned to Rio de Janeiro.

All this happened under the government of the good Emperor Dom Pedro II. He was unable to change the administration since he had not the power to do so. What could happen in Brazil may be illustrated by the following story: One day, the Minister of Finances got the idea that it would be much better if the postal stamps and the bank bills would be printed in Brazil instead of in New York, as was presently the case. Therefore, he informed his ambassador in Berlin to make a contract with some artists of the Prussian mint, lithographers of knowledge and experience, to come over to Brazil under most favorable conditions. The lithographers were to receive 300 milreis per month salary and they should be fed during their working hours at the expense of the Brazilian government. The Prussian mint recommended two young artists, who together with their families traveled to Brazil on the expense of the Brazilian government. The machines were bought in Germany, but instead of following the suggestions of the Prussian mint, the machinery was bought at various machine tool factories by a subordinate member of the Brazilian embassy.

When the machinery arrived in Brazil, the lithographers found out that important parts were missing. They had to be ordered now, and months passed until they arrived. The building which was planned to be the mint was in poor condition. The machinery had to be assembled while painters and masons were still working inside of the building. The two lithographers received their money and had their meals in a nearby restaurant at the expense of the Brazilian government.

Several months had passed and the affair had already cost a lot of money without having

shown any results. The Minister of Finance got angry and asked the two lithographers for a conference. He explained to them that he would like to drop the experiment, and offered the lithographers an agreement — they should be given the entire machinery and an amount of money equaling one year's pay and should set themselves up in a business. The lithographers agreed and the experiment was dropped. But the Brazilian government had not dared to cancel the contract signed in Berlin!

Conditions did not change after the Emperor had abdicated and the republican government had taken over. This may be proven by the following experience of my son-in-law. I had not been in Brazil at that time, but the reports of the main person, my son-in-law, Larcher, are in my possession and will prove the truth of the story.

At the beginning of the republican era, an association of capitalists was formed in Rio with the intention of making Rio Dolce navigable. The Rio Dolce is located in the Province of San Paolo, which is the richest province, now a state, of the Brazilian Federation. Most of the Brazilian coffee is produced here and also most of the sugar, which is the most important export in Brazil.

Larcher and his staff began their work. They measured the depth of the river for hundreds of hours upstream, inspected the riff which barred the river at its mouth, and finally found out that the problem was not too difficult. They sent their report to the association of capitalists, who got into an argument about how to get the money for the work. Thereupon, the association dissolved and the project was dropped.

It was not dropped by my son-in-law. He had negotiations with the proper authorities of the government, got a contract which gave him the right to make Rio Dolce navigable, and to use it alone as a means of transportation for 50 years, and everything was taken care of. The contract had only to be signed by the President of the Republic, Fonseca.

With the contract, Larcher was able to form an association of European capitalists, who raised the necessary money. Larcher was also given the right by the Brazilian government to make use of an area of two kilometers on each side of the Rio Dolce, which was covered with forests of mahogany. So Larcher thought that his future was taken care of.

However, the ministry with which Larcher had negotiated failed to get the majority of the Parliament to settle a negligible problem and was overthrown. Now, President Fonseca refused to

sign the contract, which had been agreed upon by the former ministry. Nothing helped. Larcher had an audience with the President, but the President still refused. Therefore, the plan had to be dropped completely. This project would have been of importance for the Brazilian Republic and it would have made my children millionaires. But it had been too nice to come true.

OLD BOB

One morning, friend Baylor and another American rode by my house and told me to come along and help Old Bob erect a new house. I didn't know Old Bob, but in these better times it would have been a shame not to hope and not to comply with such an invitation. Therefore, I saddled my horse and went along. On our way we picked up some more men, and the troop rode to the Colorado valley, where Old Bob had lived on a clearing in a forest for years. The place was located about seven to eight miles from my farm, and in spite of my having traveled in this area a lot, I had never known of the existence of another human being there. When we arrived at the place, we were welcomed by an old, tall man of about eighty years, who pointed to the forest where we found a number of trees which had already been cut to the proper length. The old man showed us the place where he wanted his new house constructed, and we went to work. Old Bob, in spite of his years, helped us in the construction of the house, and a few hours later, we were finished. It was up to Old Bob to finish the roof, etc., as this was the custom in Texas and in all the United States at that time. Now, I noticed that an old woman brought some sheet metal plates and cups to a fire close to the new house. Over the fire I observed two large iron kettles. Old Bob invited us now to a breakfast, which invitation we gladly agreed with, after the hard work. Old Bob explained that he had no whiskey and was, therefore, unable to toast with use. John Baylor, who seemed to know Old Bob better than any of the others, went to the kettle and got himself a plate of its contents. We all followed his example and found out that the kettle contained a soup from sweet potatoes and wild game, which tasted very fine. An old woman had also brought corn bread, and we ate a hearty breakfast. The old woman looked like a gypsy, but was an Indian, who did the housework for Old Bob. After the meal we said goodbye, mounted our horses and left. On our way home, Baylor informed me that Old Bob came from Pennsylvania and had been a trapper in his youth.

My interest in Old Bob was aroused, and since my oxen often wandered into the area where his house was located, I often visited him. Old Bob was a quiet man and spoke rarely. My visits were more or less saying a "hello" and "good-bye." However, Old Bob seemed to like my company and gradually lost his silence and began to tell me of his life. His speech was a mixture of English, Pennsylvania Dutch, and Indian words; however, I soon was able to understand him perfectly and

even talk this mixture of language myself. When he observed that I was curious about the old Indian woman, he told me that years ago he had found her in the woods and thought that she was dead. However, he had revived her with a little brandy, and from that time on she followed him like a dog with its master. She had been chased away by her Indian husband, a fate which often befell weak Indian wives if they did not prefer to be killed by their husbands. After some time, he even told me that he was the child [descendant?] of German immigrants who had come to the United States during the reign of Queen Anne, and who had settled in Pennsylvania. He did not like the farm work at all, so he had given up farm life and had become a trapper and hunter. Since Pennsylvania had been crowded with people in the meantime, the animals had been either killed or they had moved to other regions. So he decided to move too. At first, he crossed the Ohio river and went into the area which today is covered by the states of Ohio and Indiana, and which in those times was occupied by the Shawnee Indians. The Indians didn't hurt him, but let him alone with his traps and his hunting. He did not shoot many animals, only what he needed for food. He also lived with the Shawnee in their villages, and they were always friendly to him. But when the great Indian War broke out and thousands of Indians were killed by the American troops, he crossed the Mississippi with the remaining part of the Shawnees and stayed in the area which is now covered by the state of Arkansas. He went up to the Missouri as a trapper and had good hunting grounds there as well. However, the Americans came and settled there too, and so he followed the Shawnees into an Indian Territory. But he couldn't stay there, since more and more Indians were forced to live in this territory, and so he went south to the state of Texas, where he had good hunting and trapping for a long time. Finally, he felt that he was too old to live as a trapper and decided to settle somewhere. The place where his house was located was in a large forest. He still had good hunting and the few things he needed he could pay for with fur, since he still had a few traps in this forest and caught a skunk, or a beaver now and then. He had also no troubles with the Comanches and the Lipans, since he never shot a buffalo — those Indians believed the buffaloes to be their private property. He often had many dollars from the beaver skins, which he had got out of his trapping; however, during bad periods he had spent every dollar he had. He had not needed much money, since he never liked whisky, and his rifle supported him with the meat he needed.

One day, Old Bob was in an especially good mood. He talked of his life in Ohio with the

Shawnees. He told me that the Shawnees had proposed to him to become a member of the tribe, and they wanted him to marry the daughter of the chief. He had hesitated for a long time, whether he should take the offer or not. The girl was nice and he liked her, but as a Christian, he couldn't live with the heathen and even marry one. He also had a friend, a white man, who was called John Appleseed by the Americans. From John he had received a book now and then, and he liked to read, since he had learned reading in Pennsylvania. In these books he found many wonderful things which did not comply with what the Shawnees did, and finally those books had convinced him that he had to refuse the offer of the Shawnees. John Appleseed, Old Bob told me, came often in the fall into the forests with a sack full of spoiled apples and pears; and he planted those fruits in the clearings in the forests. He always walked barefooted, and as a jacket he wore an old potato bag into which he had cut holes for his arms and his head; and in his pockets he had always written matters which he gave to people who could read. He was liked by the Shawnees and they always fed him and gave him a tent when he visited them. The man, while walking, sang and spoke always to himself. However, he was of such a good and peaceful character that everybody liked him. Old Bob had listened to him many nights when he told many wonderful things of God and our Lord Jesus Christ. He would never forget what he had heard of old John Appleseed.

It was touching to see how Old Bob looked into the sky when he spoke the last words. I had to love the old man, since he had a wonderful core hidden under a rough skin. I had not thought that he was such a great fellow, although from the beginning I had a good feeling for him.

For many years, until I left Texas, I have visited Old Bob. I never saw him laugh, and the old Indian woman never did speak. There were only signs between the two old people, and sometimes a few Indians words on the side of Old Bob. His entire possessions were a mule, many pigs, some cows, and a lot of hens. His house was surrounded by a small field on which he grew some sweet potatoes and corn, which he needed for bread and for food for the animals in winter time. But what would happen to the old people in case they fell sick? I asked Old Bob and he answered me that neither he nor the old woman had ever been sick, and that they would fall sick only once in their lives and then they wouldn't need anybody any more.

When I left Texas, I visited him for the last time. We didn't speak much, and when I left I turned around once and then he greeted me as I never before saw him do. He saluted me, one hand

pointing towards the sky.

During my second stay in Texas on the farm of my second son, Louis, I tried to get some information concerning Old Bob, but nobody knew him and I couldn't get any information. So, I mounted my horse and rode eighteen miles to the well-known location. But how this place had changed in the sixteen years of my absence! The entire Colorado valley was fields now, and I couldn't even find the place where Old Bob's house had stood. None of the Negroes, who had formerly been slaves on the plantations and now worked on their own fields as free citizens, was able to give me any information concerning my Old Bob. The only person who, besides of myself, had taken care of him had moved far to the West and couldn't be questioned.

That the two old people did not live any more was clear, since they couldn't have lived for the sixteen years that I had been absent. But I would have liked to find their graves.

I have to add about John Appleseed that he was a follower of Swedenborg, as I was able to read in one of the printed matters which he had given to Old Bob. There is also a booklet about him which praises him as a good and religious, but curious man. The booklet did not contain any information concerning his death.

There are still traces of John Appleseed in Ohio state. Within the forests, you often find wild apple and pear trees, and some of them are even cultivated. John Appleseed must have cultivated some of the trees which came from the seeds which he had put into the ground.

THE DUTCH NIGGER

After having delivered my beloved ones to the boat, I returned to Galveston where I booked passage to La Grange with the state coach, which passed close by my farm. The coach was to leave the following evening and so I stayed overnight in an inn where another German resided. He was going to La Grange too, and from there to San Antonio. He was the owner of a drug store in Krotoschin, where I had many friends, and so we had many things to talk about. He had been in many places. Among others, he had lived with the Choctaw Indians, who resided in the state of Alabama and later transferred into the Indian territory. He had been married to a Choctaw lady and received a nice farm from the government. His wife had also received 100 dollars when she married and they had used the money to buy some Negro slaves, so that they had quite a good living. However, after two years of married life, he was bored from it and escaped to California, where he became a gold digger. He made good money and intended to go back to Germany and settle in his birth-town. He did so, but after a year he was bored from this life too, and returned to California. This time he wanted to go there on horseback via Texas, and so we met. By the way, he was a well educated man with good manners, and we chatted quite a bit that evening. When we arrived at the office of the state coach the following evening, it had already arrived. I wondered about the wonderful horses which pulled the coach and asked the driver where they came from. He replied that those horses came from Kentucky, as was every horse which was bought by the state coach company. One of these horses was so beautiful that it would have been fit for an emperor. The coach was heavy, but comfortable and had seats for six passengers.

We entered the coach, and soon, two other passengers arrived, a Texan Senator and a merchant from New York. Those two were very impudent; they only talked to each other and when I wanted to light my pipe, the Senator told me to stop this. Since the driver informed me that smoking was forbidden in the state coach, I had to put my pipe away. On our way we stopped at a farm and two persons mounted the coach, a nice young lady and a man. When I tried to help the lady to get into the coach, the man informed me, "Don't trouble yourself; it is only a white nigger." After those passengers had taken their seats, we proceeded on our journey. The man who accompanied the girl offered her to the two Americans for an adequate price and praised her virtues and beauty. He told

us that she had been sold after the death of her former master. He had bought her, and then the three of them made dirty jokes, which increased my hatred against the Senator. At the next stop, the four of them got out to eat something, but we two Germans stayed in the coach. Fortunately, the man with the girl did not return, and only the Senator and the New York merchant returned. The Senator told the merchant that it was his belief that the girl was a white one, one of those Dutch niggers who had been picked up by the owners of the plantations after the great immigration of the Dutchmen in 1845 and 1846 at Indian Point, and who had been raised together with Negroes. This got me so angry that I told him that he had forgotten about his duty as a Senator. He should have arrested the man with the girl and the girl should have been set free right away, since it was his belief that she was white. At first the Senator couldn't say a word, but then he got angry and told me to keep my big mouth shut. I told him that I would speak whenever and whatever I liked to. Now he grabbed his Colt under his jacket, but I got out my long hunting knife, and this convinced him to keep quiet. He sat in the corner and we met each other with angry eyes. My fellow German had also grabbed his weapon and would have fought with me if necessary. Now he and I began to talk in German, French, and Polish, which the Americans did not understand — and made jokes about them. They did not understand our conversation, but might know of what we were talking. Now, they became very friendly, and the Senator asked my fellow what language we were talking. He answered that the Americans certainly did not know foreign languages and that, in case they couldn't speak English, they had to bark like dogs. This answer made the Senator angry, but the New Yorker got friendly now and talked to us in a poor but understandable German. In Richmond they left the coach and we were alone now. Thus the day and the following night passed, and then we arrived at my farm, where I took leave from this nice German gentleman.

Here, I have to add a few words concerning the immigration of Germans in 1845. At that time, a society had been formed in Germany, the so-called “Society of Noblemen” [*Adelsverein*]. This society had bought the American grant (land, which had been given by the Mexicans to the firm Fischer and Miller), and they tried to settle many German immigrants there. The Society asked for emigrants to the USA in all German countries, and there were many families who wanted to emigrate to the States, especially since they were promised large areas of free land and other advantages. Seven ships full with emigrants from Germany arrived one behind the other at Indian Point in 1845

(the present name of Indian Point is Indianola). Once the settlers left the boats, there were no means of transportation for them, and neither was there food. So the poor people had to wait for months before the promised help of the Society arrived. In the meantime, many had fallen sick with yellow fever, and many of them died. Thus it happened that a great number of children remained as orphans, and they walked around the area, since they did not know where to go. Many of the owners of the plantations in the area picked up the orphans and raised them with Negro children — and those children were called Dutch Niggers; the girl we had seen was one of them. The rest of the settlers were finally picked up by carts of the Society and transported to the region of the Guadalupe River where they founded the colony of New Braunfels, which today has grown into the flourishing city of New Braunfels. Another flourishing German settlement in the same region, Friedrichsburg [Fredericksburg], was also founded by settlers from the Society of Noblemen, but those settlers arrived in 1846. The settlers of Friedrichsburg had many fights with the Comanche Indians, who raided their settlement again and again, and stole mules and cattle, and even children. But they never stole scalps!

Since the Society of Noblemen could not keep the promise to send 5000 settlers from Germany within five years, the grant was taken away from the Society and much money, which had been given to it in Germany, was lost.

Now let me return to my story of the Dutch Nigger. I would never have believed that this incident, once known to the public, would have brought political complications.

In the month of July I was ready to leave Texas. I had settled my affairs and my journey went via Stapleton, Staten Island, New York to brother Gustav, who lived there. When I told him the story with the Dutch Nigger, he told me that I should write down this incident and publish it, since it would help to convince many Germans to vote for the Republicans instead of the Democrats, which means that many Germans would vote for Lincoln. I wrote the story down and visited the editor of the “Criminal Paper” (now “Belletristic Journal”), Mr. Lexow. Gustav had accompanied me and he told my story to the editor. He was very pleased and told me to write the story down immediately. I handed my article to him, and he told me that this article would be the leading article tomorrow morning. He was convinced that this article would have great influence on the Germans, and that many would change their mind and vote for the Republican candidate. The following day my article

was really the leading article of the paper, and the editor had added a long accusation of the slave drivers! My article made headlines in every German and Republican paper, and in a meeting of the German citizens, where Gustav was the main speaker, this incident was discussed and aroused quite a stir.

One word concerning the two parties who fought against each other in this election: The Democrats were of the opinion that every state should have the right to settle its own affairs, and that it was, therefore, up to each state to decide whether there would be slaves, or not. Therefore, this party was called the “party of the slave drivers.” Nearly all the Southern states voted for Douglas, their candidate. The Republican party wanted the concentration of the power in the hand of the President of the Federation. The candidate of this party was Abe Lincoln.

Both parties wanted the power, since they wanted to be in charge of the state finances. During this election, the state of New York was casting a decisive vote, and the German element in this state was the tongue of the scale! The candidate, who would be supported by the Germans would win! The Germans, due to incidents like the one I have reported here, turned to Lincoln and so his election was certain. My Dutch Nigger, in that way, was also responsible for Lincoln’s election, and me too; however, I had no other reward other than that I had done something for a good cause.

SCHILLING AND RIEBE

When I looked through my Texas suitcase I found a piece of paper by accident, and on the paper was the signature Schilling. This recalled the many fates which I had heard from this.

This man was a shepherd on the farm of my son Amand. I liked him and we often chatted in the evening. He usually started a conversation with the words, "I'm out of tobacco!" I brought him some packages and gave them to him, and this was the beginning of our friendship.

He was a German by birth and left Germany as a young man. He never wrote to his relatives over here, so probably these lines will tell them what happened to their relative in the United States of America. I had offered him to write to his only sister, but he refused my offer.

Schilling was born in Jena as the son of a member of the civil service. He attended the high school there and later studied at the school for construction engineers. After having finished his studies, he worked as a mason, so that he would know the profession from the beginning. As a mason journeyman, he wandered through Germany, Austria, a part of France, and was on his way to Venice and Italy when he heard of the death of his father. He returned to Jena, where he inherited a small fortune, which enabled him to live as he liked. He gave up his career as an architect and traveled across the ocean to America, where he thought he would find his luck.

First, he stayed in New York; then he went to Pennsylvania, where he worked as an architect and mason on a settlement there. He built for himself a nice house and wanted to stay there forever. But he was caught by the oil fever, left with some other Germans for the oil region, and tried to find oil. However, he was unsuccessful. He sold his house in the settlement in Pennsylvania, but lost all his money. What should he do now? He decided to go to California and try his luck as a gold digger. He went together with another German, and they traveled across the desert. If they had reached their destination, perhaps they would have made a fortune. But when they camped one night and both slept, they were raided by a tribe of Comanche and Lipan Indians. Before he had woke up, the other German had been killed by the hit of a tomahawk. Schilling was captured and bound before he knew what happened.

In the morning, he was placed on the back of a mule, and the Indians left for their village. There, he was fed with roasted deer meat and pushed into an empty tent. When he had been pushed

into the tent, his fetters had been taken off, so that he was able to move. He was desperate and his fate seemed to be at its end. But then he saw that the rear wall of the tent was open. He widened the opening with his hands, which was hard work, since the material of which the tents were made was deer skin, and finally was able to crawl out of the tent. Everything was quiet. The Indians seemed to sleep. On his belly he crawled through the village, and finally reached a brook. At the bank of the brook Schilling noticed the corpse of a cow. Dawn came and the Indians would soon find out about his escape. They would search for him for sure, and he didn't know where to go. So Schilling decided to crawl under the carcass and wait.

Soon he heard a shouting in the Indian village. Then he heard footsteps, and some of those steps passed close by his hiding place. Then he heard horses and knew that the warriors were searching for him in the area. He could not move all day, since dogs or children of the Indians might be in the vicinity. The corpse stank like hell, and he was hungry and thirsty.

When he heard the warriors return, he knew that dusk fell, waited until everything was quiet in the Indian village, and then left his hiding place.

Now he made up his mind to go west. Since he didn't know where west was until the sun set, he waited. Then he walked towards the sun and soon was on the infinite prairie. Finally he reached a brooklet where he could drink, and for his hunger, he ate the fruits of the cactuses. For days he walked without finding a human dwelling. He often fell to the ground from weakness, but the howling of prairie wolves brought him always on his legs again. Then, one night, he heard a cock. He walked towards the noise and at dawn arrived at a house. He didn't know how he entered it, but when he came to, he lay on a straw bed, and a brown woman and a man of the same color tried to pour some liquid into his mouth. There he stayed for several days and recovered. Then he asked the owners of the house where he would reach people of his own race, and they pointed southward. He thanked them and turned south.

On his way he found houses now and then which always belonged to Mexicans. He got food and quarters in those houses, but could not talk to the people, since he didn't understand their language. He finally found a man who talked a few words of English and learned from him that he was in Mexico, in the state of Zacatecas.

Meanwhile, the German had learned two Mexican phrases: *Sono Alemanno* (I'm German) and

Indios bravos (brave Indians or Indian bandits). With these two phrases he finally reached the Mexican border, was taken in by the Texan border police, and finally could explain his fate in English. He was released, and after a long trip, arrived in the German settlement Braunsville [Brownsville], where he stayed. Here, he heard that the Civil War was over, and so he decided to travel to New Braunfels with another German, who had the same destination. From New Braunfels, he traveled northwest and reached the area of Amand's farm [near Cypress Mill], where he stayed and got his job as a shepherd.

Amand had hired a man with the name of Riebe. He was the counterpart of Schilling, and I should like to add a few words about him.

Karl Friedrich Riebe was born in Pomerania. He was a journeyman gardener when he left his fatherland and traveled to Texas. Here, he bought a small farm not far from Amand's place. Since he wanted to make his place a real home, he was forced to make a little money. So he went from farm to farm and sheared the sheep. Soon he was well-known in the area, and the farmers hired him when they wanted their sheep sheared.

One day he asked me to ride with him to his home. I agreed, and he led me to a nice wooden house with three rooms. Every room was clean and well furnished. Riebe's bed consisted of seven buffalo skins, which made a soft and warm sleeping place. The furniture was simple, but everything had a personal touch and one felt that the owner of the house loved it. We stayed here overnight and the following morning, Riebe accompanied me back to Amand's farm. We had many more nice hours together, and I will always remember the fellow.

What a difference between the two men: the content happy Riebe, and the quiet, sour, lonely Schilling!

SUMMARY

Not even an enemy can deny that I was a man with many professions in my life. I do not think that I have enemies, since I like everybody except profiteers and capitalists — and love produces love.

I attended the high school in Karlsruhe, then the Polytechnicum, entered the riding academy in Bern, was an artillery officer, studied the law, was a farmer and an owner of an estate, a political refuge, emigrant, Texan backwoodsman, owner of a cigar factory, trader and carrier, peach brandy shop owner, traveler for Gustav's "World History" (which nobody wanted to buy), inspector of landed estates, owner of a spa hotel in Switzerland, Texas teacher, Brazilian engineer, Texan U.S. Postmaster and Justice of the Peace, gentleman in Edinburgh, pensioner without a pension in Eisenach, and finally a writer in a village in the Odenwald. You cannot expect more from one man!

Yes, you can expect more: To recognize the hand of the Power above us, the hand of our Father, which punishes the child, but also blesses it. I bow before this Power in love, humility, and thankfulness, and trust our Lord Jesus Christ who had taken our sins on himself, and through whom we will receive forgiveness. He be honored in all eternity!

Well, now the dear reader knows me, and I will say "Good-bye."

The old author.

Heinrich Struve

b. August 9, 1812