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Letters and Diary of Joh. Fr. Diederichs

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Source: *The Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Dec., 1923, Vol. 7, No. 2 (Dec., 1923), pp. 218-237

Published by: Wisconsin Historical Society

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/4630490>

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From the time of his coming to Wisconsin until his death in 1864, Governor Tallmadge was a resident of the town of Empire, in Fond du Lac County, where he owned and operated a large farm. His home was a center of culture in the pioneer period. His farm, with the farms of John B. Macy and Gustav de Neveu, formed a contiguous area, and the families a cultural group rarely found in a rural community. There was a large family of children in the Tallmadge home to add to its interest. One of the daughters married A. G. Ruggles, for many years president of the First National Bank of Fond du Lac. Another daughter became the wife of Napoleon Boardman; her son, General Charles Boardman, needs no introduction to the people of Wisconsin.

## LETTERS AND DIARY OF JOH. FR. DIEDERICHS<sup>1</sup>

TRANSLATED BY EMIL BAENSCH

BREMEN, August 16, 1847.

After we had at last torn ourselves from your loving embraces, had a pair of shoes thrown into our wagon at Barmen by the friendly Helmensteins (they fit our Auguste just right), had received a hurried and hearty handshake from the Deussens at Gemarke, and then had bid farewell with blessings and good wishes from dear uncle, aunt, and family, we had plenty of leisure to reflect, not only upon the days just passed, but also upon the guidance of the faithful and wonderful God. That with these reflections many a tear had to be forcibly restrained by myself and my dear wife, you may easily imagine.

Two bottles of wine and some bread with cheese and sausage from the good aunt Voss came in very handy during the trip and lasted as far as Minden, where we arrived safely at ten o'clock the following morning. In Werl we met the first emigrants,

<sup>1</sup> These documents describe the journey of the Diederichs family from Elberfeld, Germany, to Manitowoc, Wisconsin. The complete diary is an account of the trip from Elberfeld to Bremen, the ocean voyage from Bremerhaven to New York, the journey from New York to Milwaukee, and last, the settlement of the family in the woods near Manitowoc Rapids, Wisconsin.

three Württembergers; two of them, husband and wife, though no Hofackers or Barths,<sup>2</sup> were yet delightful persons with whom we would like to have made the whole journey to Milwaukee; the third was a jovial, frivolous tinsmith whose family was sending him to America for the purpose of reforming him. As far as Bremen we remained together, but there we lost one another, and we shall hardly meet again.

Saturday morning, at five-thirty, we saw in Minden the first emigration scenes, a couple of wagons filled with emigrants, and baggage standing on the shore, awaiting the departure. On account of low water it was impossible for all to embark and hence the majority had to remain until the following day. I inquired of one of the latter whether those on shore were not also going to America, whereupon I learned the above. Then, in turn, I was asked, "Are you also going to America, and where are you from?", and when I answered "Yes," and that I was from Elberfeld, he instantly said, "Then you must be Diederichs. I recognize you, having heard so much about you. I am a poor sinner like yourself and there on the shore are still others; my name is Schnacke, from Luebbecke near Minden; I lived as servant at Schroers not far from Orsoy, and now I, and my bride, who hails from Orsoy, are going to America, and precede our friends from Orsoy and Wesel to Wisconsin." You can appreciate how agreeable this was to us. Unfortunately we were again separated, and I have neither seen nor heard of them since night before last.

Here it is also crowded with emigrants, five hundred of them are said to have come at random and now must unhappily wait. Our lodging, "*im Weserthal*," is filled with Prussians, Saxons, Bavarians, Württembergers, Hanoverians, Hessians, etc., among them infants of three weeks, and old men from sixty to seventy years. . . . Our hosts are good people and do what they can, and have shown us many preferences without increase of cost. Nevertheless, Fred and Carl had to sleep on a straw-bed on the floor, and the rest of us had only two single beds, from which we arose in the morning more tired than when we lay down in the evening.

<sup>2</sup> The allusion may be to common friends of writer and addressee.

Wink and Vogel were delighted to see us and we were equally glad. They have a room next to us. This morning we settled our account at Schroeder's; this afternoon our trunks go by skiff to the harbor, and tomorrow, the Lord willing, we will follow by steamboat.

Candidate Brauer, a Hanoverian, and Pastor Sievertz will travel with us on the same ship; both devout men, the first a superior mind in learning and talent. Aside from these, Schroeder tells me that there are other devout Württembergers and Bavarians among our fellow-travelers whom I do not yet know. Through Schroeder, Bicker extends to us a hearty welcome, and we will claim his brother-love in case we are in need. We are invited to dinner at Schroeder's at half past one.

Whoever may follow from yonder should provide himself with ham and sausage. The former is very dear here; therefore we must do without it. For expenses here, one should supply himself with foreign pistoles, and for America with Napoleons d'or and 5 franc pieces. On the shipboard tinware of this place, which is ridiculously cheap, is used exclusively. Spoons, knives, and forks, should not be forgotten. Our innkeeper, Mr. Blome, "*zum Weserthal*," I recommend to all travelers, as well as Mr. Schroeder.

The poor emigrants are treated shamefully here too. Thus the dear Bavarian brothers, whom the agent had directed to be here on the fifteenth and to take passage on the ship *Carolina*, were told this morning, when they paid, that this ship would not sail until the first of September. Of course they promptly sued the ship-broker Traube in the Commercial Court, but it is doubtful if they will get on our ship *Florian* or on the *Emigrant*, both of which are now being dispatched to New York. With these are also two devout candidates, Ulrichs and Voller.

August 17th. The friends from Bavaria will not come with us. But Traube must pay them until September 1st, 18 groats daily, about  $8\frac{1}{2}$  silver groschen. We are all well except for the eyes of our Auguste and Maria, but these too have improved rather than become worse. Immediately after dinner we shall leave.

August 18th. Yes, truly, immediately after dinner we did leave Bremen per steamboat and accordingly should have been in Bremerhaven at 7 o'clock yesterday, but—man proposes and God disposes; we arrived only at 6 o'clock this morning, and were heartily welcomed by Bicker. Within sight of the city of Bremen, on account of the shallow water, we were grounded in the sand, and after five hours of incredible trouble and labor, in which all without distinction took part, we were again afloat. At ten o'clock in the evening we were loaded onto another steamboat, where we had the pleasure again quietly to rest in the sand for several hours, until at three o'clock the tide rose, lifted us up, and brought us safely hither. You see, my dear ones, here we already have material to sing—"No travel without trouble." But do not think that we have lost courage. Oh no, we are of good cheer and are going on in God's name.

O, what a view we had this morning, as we caught sight of the mighty waters, and saw lying before us the Weser, so broad that my eye could hardly recognize objects on the shores. Mr. Schroeder, to the greatest delight of my boys, showed us the first inhabitants of the sea, two or three seals which were tumbling about freely in the water. I was absorbed in quiet contemplation of the wonders and omnipotence of God. Great are the creations of His hand and in this hand we too are held. He will guide and lead us, and bring us to the place where, according to Mr. Mueller's blessing and farewell, which has become weighty with me, my poor feet, which have thus far found no repose, will find rest.

We have already brought our belongings on to our *Florian* and on this occasion saw our accommodations. My dear wife remained on shore with Maria and Auguste. I didn't care to ask them aboard, for I thought it's time enough when it has to be. But it's not so bad as I had formerly imagined. I sleep with my wife, A and M together, Fred and Carl with Vogel and Wink. And really, it suits me very well that we did not take separate berths like the candidates, which are not worth \$3. to \$5. per person extra, since they have less air and light than we, especially since our space is near the large aperture which is left open in good weather.

I have not yet seen our young captain, Poppe. Schroeder just now tells me that he has given the candidates and myself permission to visit him in his cabin; also, that the mate has promised especially to look after us; 175 persons are journeying with us. It is said there are two devout sailors aboard who rejoice at our arrival. Say, my dear ones, have we any reason to be faint-hearted? Of course, we feel that we are following a path that is not easy, but be confident, my soul, wait upon the Lord and despair not, for you will yet thank Him who is your help and your God.

At this moment we see our stately arrayed ship passing Bicker's house and working its way through the other ships in order to anchor at the mouth of the harbor and there take on the freight. Our dear Carl is acting as the watchman of our baggage. If we are required to go aboard this afternoon, then the ship will leave the harbor tonight and early tomorrow morning stand out to sea. At all events, we shall sleep on the ship our next night, and when you read this our feet will no longer touch the same ground with yours, and we will have bid our beloved fatherland a fond farewell. This letter is coming to a close, but not the silent well-wishes for all of you. You can scarcely believe with what love we embrace you all; I can not yet part from you, my heart is too full. Shall we ever again see you or any of you? The Lord knows. What jubilee it would be for us in our American block-house!

It is to me a remarkable indication that so many of God's children are departing. Henceforth we will no longer see you about us, dearly beloved father, and the hope, when once the death hour comes, to be permitted to guard and nurse you, is gone; but we are certain that loving filial hearts and hands will not be wanting then, and that you will also be mindful of us with blessed love as you part from here to live with our glorified mother in the Lord's presence through all eternity. O glorious, precious certainty, there shall we all see one another again.

I must close. Mr. Schroeder comes running and tells me that the freight has arrived; I must therefore hurry aboard so that the one trunk which we shall need daily does not get into the lower deck. Farewell, farewell, I can [write] no more. Amen.

## DIARY

On the 19th of August we left our dear Bicker and toward evening went on board, since it was to be expected that we would get under sail early in the morning. And so it turned out. Friday, the 20th, at 4 o'clock in the morning, we started, and with us 8 to 10 other ships, all under full sail, so that our dear German fatherland will soon vanish from our sight, but never from our hearts. However, the wind did not last long and on the 21st we were totally becalmed and lay at anchor. Sunday, the 22nd, Pastor Sievertz held the first divine service, in full robes and with complete liturgy, and had it been practicable, crucifix and burning candles would not have been wanting. Otherwise he is a lovable man, a true child of God, but so stiff and biased a Lutheran that he almost pitied us for being genuine Reformed. But enough of this.

23—Monday. Sea-sickness is in full swing, and it is amusing to see how big, strong men writhe and choke and roar, in order to pay their tribute, while children and women escape much easier. My dear wife and Auguste were among the first, then in turn came Maria, Fred, and Carl. I am keeping up bravely, exercise in the open air, bring up the dishes and pottery for my dear sick ones, empty and rinse them; always at it, and have agreed with Candidate Brauer, who is a valiant man, to oppose this dog-sickness with all our will power, yes, to scare it away. We keep on cheerily eating, drinking and smoking, and laughing, while one man after another succumbs, who but a few minutes before joined us in laughing at others.

24—Tuesday. Nearly every one is still sick, and last evening my friend Brauer had to submit to the common fate, and share the same, *nolens volens*, with Vogel, who had thus far kept up gallantly. And our poor Wink, too, was dreadfully exhausted, and thus I alone am the hero, and a surprise to myself when I consider the sensitive temper I formerly had at operations of that kind; now I stand there and look upon this spectacle with wide-open eyes, and combat my nausea, which, however, will probably come up suddenly. This morning at 5 o'clock I arose and went on



deck to drink my coffee. We are not sailing through the Channel, but are making a wide detour, around Scotland, which will be so much safer. The sea is somewhat calmer, hence the rolling of the ship has lessened, which is very beneficial to my dear sick ones. The wind is favoring us and we are sailing merrily, but it is very cold and I am freezing in my two summer coats.

25—Wednesday. This morning there were earnest remonstrances to the captain on account of the extremely bad meals, which are sometimes burnt, then too salty, and again unclean, and the result was that a woman took over the cooking, which, I hope, will improve them. The wind is southeast. All my dear ones are well again except the dear mother and poor Wink.

26—Thursday. Splendid weather. Everybody is active, including my dear wife and children. Today the first lice on the ship were discovered, which has filled us with anxiety and fear. There was a crowd of Hanoverian girls, aged from 12 to 20 years, who were afflicted with them, but to our relief a woman was able to rid them of their uncomfortable guests, and then throw the latter overboard.

Only a few days at sea and how bored we are with life on a ship! Could we but once more drink water to the full in Louise street, how grateful we would be; how glad we would be to see some fish etc. for a change! But only sea gulls, and nothing but sea gulls, present themselves to our view. Today our dear Maria again moved cheerfully about the deck, despite the bright sunlight, thank God.

27—Friday. We have a good breeze and are moving forward. O, how thankful if the heart for every breath of wind that brings us nearer our release. Today it is eight days that we have been traveling; these are gone, thank the Lord. How often we rejoice that when we are alone in a crude but clean log house it will be a palace compared with our present home. Indeed we have struck it bad in every respect, and Schroeder probably did not know the ship and the captain well; otherwise he would not have recommended them to us. Last night there was a great scandal in the steerage, concerning which the Pastor and I made bitter complaint to the captain; but the captain is a vain, con-



ceited man, and does not concern himself about order or cleanliness.

28—Saturday. Wind southwest and stormy. The rolling of the ship is again bringing sea-sickness to many; our dear mother, too, has again taken to her bed, since headache, nausea, and cramps are causing her much trouble. I feel very well and keep on deck despite wind and weather, though the former pierces to the very marrow of the bones. We are coming far to the North and ought to reach the point of Scotland by tonight; if this should be the case, then tomorrow we will steer westward, and then it will again be warm, I hope. The cook burnt the barley-groats today and hence war again with the captain.

29—Sunday. Stormy night, everything clinks and clatters, the ship goes up and down, the dishes are striking one another and falling from nails and shelves, and there's confusion everywhere. In addition, the weather is very cold and one cannot be on deck. The majority are sick in bed; all the women this time, and therefore Vogel is chief cook today. Alas, while I write this, my heart is touched; I think of you, dear ones, of the beautiful divine services, which recall so many things to me. Thank the Lord, physically I am well, nothing wanting, but the heart is uneasy. The wind is bringing us still farther north, winter is always drawing nearer, and I do not yet know where my feet will rest. But the Lord will not forsake me and will guide everything for the best.

30—Monday. Another stormy night. Through the pitching of the ship things had been thrown about and this morning there was plenty of debris. During the night I got up and tied the coffee pot and water bottle to the bedstead and thus in the morning our things were in order. Now we are in the ocean, but have little wind. If the Lord in His mercy would only order His winds to move us forward! Mother feels somewhat better and will soon be about.

31—Tuesday. Stormy. Of course, the sailors laugh at our idea of a storm, but it fully satisfies me and I would gladly refrain from any closer acquaintance. The bow of the ship dives deep into an abyss and the waves meet high above our heads; in addition, it rains and freezes and no one is able to stand with-

out holding on to something. O, if it would only come to pass, as the captain stated today, that we will arrive in New York before the end of September. Some of the passengers claim to have seen a few flying fish and a large shark.

Wednesday, Sept. 1.—Today we had pleasant weather and the pleasure of seeing a lot of dolphins swimming about our ship. But toward six o'clock in the evening the scene shifted, the wind howled fiercely in sails and rigging and the waves roared and foamed in unusual grandeur and splendor. The sailors, awaiting the orders of the captain who stood at his post, in a great cloak and water-boots, which I had never seen on him before, looked at the sea with serious mien. I cannot say that I had any fear, but it was sufficient to commend myself and mine, with quiet sigh, to the faithful protection of our Lord and Saviour, for in such hours, when it is not improbable that in the next moment you will stand before the judgment seat of God, there is nothing to do but to implore a judgment of right and mercy. To experience the novelty of a genuine and great storm, and to see nature in its full strength and power, kept me on deck, but the probability of a great danger could not long be hidden from the steerage, and I therefore deemed it my duty to go below and encourage my wife and children as best I could. In the meantime it had become dark, but nevertheless I had to go on deck once more in order to empty the dishes overboard, and since it was impossible to carry anything up the stairs, my Fred had to hand them up to me. It was just about that time, I imagine, when my dear father was taking his meal with brother William and probably talking about us. O, if you had known what condition we were then in. You would have cried with us to the Lord of Mercy. I looked for the stairs in order to go back to my people, but the waves washed overboard and the stairs were wet, and when my feet touched the first step, the ship leaned far over and down I fell into the steerage below. Everybody cried out, for many thought some harm had come to the ship; although the fall was a hard one, the good Lord guarded me, and aside from severe pains in the hips and right knee, which vanished after ten minutes, I had received from it nothing but a severe fright. I begged my wife to let me go up

again; I wanted to face the storm, I wanted to see the grandeur and might of our Heavenly Father, I wanted to admire and adore. O, it was terrible, to hear the roaring of the wind, to see these mountain-high crests which bore our ship on high as if it were a feather, only to hurl it down deeper than before, and the next moment rush together so that the water sprayed high in the air, and then covered the sea with foam. Every moment one heard the orders of the captain, which were executed with the utmost celerity. Here and there sailors fell on deck, others sprang over them, and lucky he who first reached a rope to hold onto. I too, helped as well as I could, since the crew was insufficient. The captain, a butcher from Bamberg, the cook, and myself, hauled in the three bowsprit sails while the waters washed the deck; but when the captain ordered all sails hoisted and the sailors climbed like cats up the rope ladders, and up there, at the tops of the masts, began to unroll the sails, and I expected every moment to see one or the other hurled into the sea, then I did feel queer. O, it was dreadful to see these men on high, silhouetted against the clouds, and I thanked the Lord when the work was completed and all were safely down again. The Pastor, the candidate, and I, were the only passengers still on deck, and, in order not to stand in water up to our knees, we fled to the bench in front of the cabin. Towards 12 o'clock at night the storm seemed to have reached its height and by six o'clock in the morning it had abated. Yes, truly, great is God! Who can conceive His power!

2—Thursday. The morning is clear but cold, the sea still restless, but the wind is northeast and favorable, so that we are making ten miles per hour.

3—Friday. Today it's 14 days that we are on the sea—if we had only reached our goal! In Bremen we had bought some apples and today we exchanged some of them for eggs; a Swiss lady gave us some flour, we added two shipbiscuits, and then six pancakes were baked, which furnished us a royal meal. The weather is still cold, but with northeast wind we are making fast time. We will forget everything if only the end of our journey be near, and I feel much relieved when I see my wife and children happy about me, as was the case today.

4—Saturday. Weather clear and warmer. Wind northwest, not the best. Saturdays we have barley-groats without meat, the worst meal of the whole week.

5—Sunday. This is the day of the Lord. We have no lack of sermons on the ship,—two daily. Since the Pastor now unsparingly exposes the abominations on the ship, he is no longer the king's friend, and our meeting consists of only a few men. And then the captain is not a man for divine services, and purposely tries to disturb them, although he does not prohibit them, having once given his consent.

Sundays we have rice and smoked meat, but this is generally so salty that one cannot eat it. Bacon is still the best meat. On the whole the meals are miserably poor; I would not complain if they were only eatable, but under existing circumstances—well, it will all pass over and we will endure patiently.

6—Monday. The wind has shifted and is southwest, but too light to profit much. Last night I dreamed that we had arrived in New York in 35 days and 5 hours; accordingly we should land there on the 24th; if it will happen, the Lord knows; we are in His Hands! O, how happy I am that my wife is beginning to recover, also that Auguste and Maria are again cheerful, and that for several days the latter's eyes seem to have improved. Thou faithful God and Father! Wilt Thou keep us and give us strength, that united we may live and work in Thy fear and do our day's work when called upon.

7—Tuesday. A restless night, much vexation and wickedness on the ship; in addition, contrary winds, so that captain and sailors were busy the entire night. We are being well practiced in patience; sometimes it is said that we have passed half the journey, then again, not by far.

8—Wednesday. Light, unfavorable wind, the air warmer and wife and children cheerful. By afternoon the sea became agitated and therefore everybody stayed below in the steerage; it gets dark by 7 o'clock and since the captain furnished no lights in the steerage, one has plenty of time for reflection. This evening my thoughts were with my dear Dröhners and passed each one in review; that moved the heart and moistened the eyes. But—

9—Thursday. It is once more better, with a northwest wind. The sun is shining gloriously, my dear ones are playing together, and my heart is grateful to God.

10—Friday. Fairly good wind, splendid weather, but not so warm as yesterday. This morning the steamer *Caledonia*, Boston to Liverpool, passed near us, and every one who wasn't sick came on deck to see something new for a change. We are all well and even the worst meals are relished nearly every day; so that we have persuaded ourselves that man can endure much, if he has to. There are peas on Monday, beans on Tuesday, peas on Wednesday, beans on Thursday, peas on Friday, barley on Saturday, and rice on Sunday, but O, Lord, how the last two dishes are prepared! For a change today we received half a herring and each one some soup. During the first eight days we occasionally saw potatoes, and if we were fortunate sometimes to find one in the soup, it was honestly divided into six parts.

11—Saturday. Last night mother and the children and I remained on deck until late to observe the phosphorescence of the ocean, extending as far as the eye could see. I believed that this brightness was nothing more than the snow-white foam on the dark blue surface of the sea, and that that caused the beautiful sight. However, my astonishment increased after I had pulled up a pail of the water, and, stirring it with my hand, observed results as if I were stirring glowing ashes, and even after I had poured the water on the deck, I noticed the brightness again. I had to admit that my wisdom was at an end, that I should have to leave it to the judgment of the learned and content myself with what I had seen. Great are the works of the Lord! He who regards them has unalloyed pleasure in them. With this thought we went to sleep and awoke to a stormy, rainy morning, with a strong southeast wind that will bring us off our course. Yesterday it was said that the captain had miscalculated and we had not yet covered a third of our journey; if this is the case it may well be the middle of October ere we arrive in New York. I live in the hope that the Lord, whom the winds must serve, will command them to bring us there by the end of this month.

12—Sunday. Last night we sailed rapidly, and also today, with a north wind—we are making five hours in one—we are

quickly forging toward our goal. Last night there again appeared a herd of sea-hogs, or better, hog-fish; the helmsman tried to harpoon one, hit it, too, but since the harpoon was not sharp enough, we lost the prize again. We are from ten to twelve miles from the Azores but we can see no land.

13—Monday. How grateful is the heart that we still have the same wind as yesterday, that lets our ship fly over the waves so that, if this keeps up, my dream may be realized. We are all well, we lack nothing but victuals for strengthening; unfortunately we did not sufficiently provide ourselves.

14—Tuesday. In the world and on the sea there is nothing stable but instability. Here we are now, with the finest weather, with an immeasurably beautiful view and the clearest sky, on the open ocean with its gently curling waves, but—without what is to us most indispensable—wind. We try to pass the time fishing but catch nothing but a few gelatinous animals, called nautilus, which we cannot use.

15—Wednesday. O! What a wonderful and indescribable view we enjoyed last evening, when we beheld the sun set in a glory and magnificence never before seen. My God, since the works of Thy hands are so beautiful, how glorious must Thou be, and that house wherein our dwellings are to be that Thou hast prepared for us! Until late I sat on deck with our Wink and our John (an unusually pious sailor who has lived in Chicago for 5 years and has been on a visit to his home at Bremen), conversing as to the millennium and with the Lord near us. Then we retired and awoke this morning with a southeast wind, which will again bring us too far North.

16—Thursday. Cloudy day with north-northwest wind, not exactly favorable.

17—Friday. Clear, pleasant day. Wind like yesterday. How dissatisfied I am and how often I ask, why does the Lord not give us good winds? Does he not know that I am on the ship? Does he not know that my means are meager and that I must necessarily have my hut ready before winter? Ill-humored I pace back and forth, in constant conflict, would like to entrust all and surrender myself and mine to my true Lord and Saviour;



then, when I am about to submit to his guidance, this will not do, and soon I again call out: Halt, O my dear Lord, this will not do! You do not consider this, nor that. O, do bring about a change. It is easy to hope and trust when our experience accords with our views, easy to hope and trust when things run along in a rut and chests and boxes are filled—for then we always have a thing of our own in our hand, but—but—Faith, how art thou so difficult! And yet how art thou so easy! To whom He gives, he has it free, that's certain. Inheriting and acquiring is naught but cobweb.

18—Saturday. Restless night. No sleep came to my eyes. Poor heart, when it comes to the test, how little can you build on the father-goodness of God! And yet, all things are in His hand, and there is nothing that should and will not serve our best. The day is fine and the wind fair, but light, and my dream will hardly come true.

19—Sunday. Strong southeast wind, therefore favorable; but rainy the entire day. Liturgical service to weariness. How longingly I reflected today on our beautiful simple services, and wished to move once more with the masses toward the house of the Lord. At the morning service we sing not less than 20–25 not short verses, and in addition have the singing of the Lord's Prayer, and at the opening and closing the church's blessing spoken by the minister himself, and with all that, intermittent songs by the choir. I do not believe that in my new fatherland I will ever hold to a church that has such ceremonies. This evening heavy rain and stormy.

20—Monday. Northeast wind and therefore favorable. We are near the coast of Newfoundland. The color of the water has changed from dark blue to light green.

21—Tuesday. Yesterday noon it was already somewhat stormy, continued the whole night, and now we have almost contrary wind which brings us more backward than forward. There-with the pleasant news is passing about the ship that the captain has ordered the rations to be reduced. That's likely to turn out good!

22—Wednesday. The wind which started favorably at day-break today, during the course of the afternoon turned into a



storm, which, violent at first, died down about 7 o'clock in the evening. Then it became very pleasant on deck and we remained there, with beautiful moonlight until ten o'clock.

23—Thursday. Splendid wind. About 4 o'clock this morning we saw a sail ahead of us, and it soon appeared that it was following the same course we were. About 11 o'clock we overhauled her, and, since our captain wanted to learn her nationality, he hoisted the flag; and since our friend, as a matter of politeness, had to do likewise, it then appeared that it was an English ship, whereat our captain was not a little pleased and doubly proud, as if he were the man who was able to blow our ship along. I should have liked it better if he had "blown" earlier, so that our ship would have remained with the Americans *Pallas* and *Perkins*, who left the Bremen harbor with us and are probably already in New York.

24—Friday. If my dream had been realized, we should be in New York today; but now we are far from it and the Lord only knows how long we still have to sail. Today we had for the second time soup with half a herring per man, without any potatoes, however. But at any rate it was a feast again. Since our own provisions have all been consumed we must content ourselves with the ship's fare; well, we have already learned a great deal. Today a hog was slaughtered but we poor steerage passengers will see nothing of that.

25—Saturday. Fine weather, but feeble wind. The Lord puts heavy tests upon us; one grows impatient and the evil heart will no longer acquiesce in God's ways. Today there occurred again unpleasant scenes with the captain; due to his rudeness the men are no longer willing to help work, carry water, etc., and to me these wrangles are very disagreeable. I, as well as the Pastor and the candidate, are very much dissatisfied with the treatment.

26—Sunday. Today it is five weeks that we have been at sea and with the little wind we have a good opportunity to meditate on the journey passed. About seven o'clock we saw at a great distance to the eastward of us, a sailboat, which, as the captain noted through the spyglass, seemed badly damaged. Soon it raised five flags, from which our captain concluded that it desired to talk with us and ask for water and food. However, our

dear John, as an old experienced seaman, knew better, and told me immediately that the flag signal denoted that the ship wished to compare longitude with us. And so it turned out. About eleven o'clock we were alongside and now soon learned, after the two captains had talked with each other through the speaking trumpets, that we differed only about three minutes, in that the Englishman had 47 degrees, 15', and we 47 degrees, 12'. The ship came from San Domingo, loaded with coffee, bound for Liverpool, and several days ago had passed through a severe storm, and as a result the mainmast was broken off, the rear mast had disappeared and was replaced by a jury-mast, and the bulwarks were very much damaged. I looked at the ship with peculiar sensation; it seemed to me almost like an old warrior who, though badly wounded, still emerged victorious from the battle. About five o'clock the wind changed, and that favorably. O, would but the Lord keep this up for 10 to 14 days!

27—Monday. Our hearts are happy in the Lord who has heard our humble prayer. Since eight o'clock last evening we have had the finest north-northwest wind, which will bring us to New York, our desired goal, by the end of this week, if we keep it, and that is indeed an easy matter for the Lord. Just now we saw the first American bird of Newfoundland flying through the air, about the size of a goose. The meat this noon was not eatable on account of its stench, and the passengers threw their portions overboard. Upon my representation to the captain he had the remaining supply inspected, when an entire barrel with decayed contents was found, which was quickly thrown overboard amid loud hurrahs and delivered as a welcome prize to the fish of prey.

28—Tuesday. Today too the Lord heeds prayers and wishes; the wind, like yesterday's, is favorable. O, how the heart yearns for the wished-for harbor! Shall we too one day, when our sails are spread and we begin the journey into eternity, be anxious with yearning desire to enter the eternal Haven of Rest? O, I hope that our sight will then be clear, and we can see the right Pilot at the helm who alone knows how to bring us through the storms of vexation to the father-heart of God where all sorrow shall have an end. Since last evening I am not well; last night

was a long and troublesome one for me and today I have a headache.

29—Wednesday. Since midnight the wind has left us and with a mild southwester we are moving forward but slowly. Here we are now, and all our hopes have come to naught. Seafaring fully resembles spiritual life; in both one is wholly dependent; in the former on the wind, in the latter on compassion and mercy, and only when the face of the Father beams upon us, are we saved.

30—Thursday. Last night we were on deck until late, 11 o'clock, where we admired the beautiful Northern Lights in rare perfection; and when soon thereafter the moon rose above the ocean we involuntarily exclaimed, "What beauty, what splendor!" The wind today is mild, and we are not getting forward.

October 1st—Friday. Although today, with rainy weather, the wind is favorable, yet we have postponed our hopes of arrival to the 4th or 5th instant. Perhaps the anniversary day of my birth will also be the day of our arrival.

2—Saturday. Again unfavorable wind, and instead of sailing westward we are tacking toward the South. So near our goal and yet we cannot reach it. O, may the Lord dispose all for the best!

3—Sunday. The wind is better, but feeble, and we are glad to have it. The weather is pleasant.

4—Monday. Since last night the wind is most favorable; so that we made the last ten German miles in four hours and today covered another nine miles. It is said that if this continues we shall reach port by Wednesday. Would to God that this were so.

5—Tuesday. Today I celebrated my 43rd birthday, on the wide ocean. O, how many recollections throng my bosom. . . .

Since twelve o'clock last night the wind has forsaken us and today we are again tacking, so that the hope to be in New York today has wholly vanished. Thus is our patience ever and anew put to the test. Towards five o'clock a whale-fisher passed us on its way to the South Sea, and it was interesting to watch the boat battle with the waves, now deep down so that we could see but the top of the masts, and then again dancing about on the crest of the waves.

6—Wednesday. The sea runs high, the wind is strong and adverse. During the night the sea was very restless. Two ships that passed us today came so near that the captain exchanged reckonings with them.

7—Thursday. We have favorable winds again since last evening, and hope to reach New York this week; we are now so near that a continuous good wind could bring us there by to-morrow night; but experience has so often disappointed us in our expectations that we do not think about it at all. Today we saw from four to six large grampuses, with bodies equal to a large ox, whose length, however, on account of the great distance, could not be clearly noted. We also saw several small land birds like sparrows—all gladsome signs to us.

8—Friday. Fine weather and favoring winds. Everybody is happy now and hopeful soon to reach land; but——

9—Saturday. Doleful awakening or rather doleful waking, for there was no thought of sleep, since the spirit was too agitated over shattered hopes. Stormy southwest winds have met us, the sea is running high, a sail has been torn by the force of the gale, and now we are drifting, the Lord knows how long. I am completely downcast from the long duration of the journey.

10—Sunday. The wind still has its full force, is still adverse, but the sea is somewhat calmer. About twelve o'clock the sea was swarming with hog-fish and it was interesting to see them swimming about the ship. The mate harpooned two of them and the smaller, after head and entrails had been removed, weighed a hundred pounds. Internally they are constructed like a hog; and now, after they had been trimmed and carved, the larger one was assigned to the steerage and the smaller to the cabin passengers. We were granted a special distinction in that the captain called my wife and gave her an extra large piece which, if we had had potatoes with it, would have furnished us a delicious meal.

11—Monday. Wind feeble but favorable. This morning the mate caught a vampire which had fastened itself to one of the sails. This is a sort of bat, the size of a small rat, with long, bat-like wings, varicolored fur, sharp teeth, and a head which very much resembles that of an English bulldog. How the creature came upon our ship is a mystery and we can only guess that

a ship passing us in the night carried it, and that at the moment of passing it flew over to us. A cabin passenger bought it to send to the museum at Berlin.—A whaler from the South Sea, heavily laden, passed us.

12—Tuesday. The wind is stronger, we are moving rapidly forward, and expect the pilot on board today. Everybody is on the lookout. *Noon.* The wind is growing stronger, almost stormy, and since no pilot has yet appeared, the captain intends to haul in the sails so that during the night we may remain far enough from land and have no mishap to fear. *4 o'clock P. M.* On the far distant horizon a small sail appears and every one is anxious to know whether it is the pilot boat. I am too fearful to believe it. Yes! it is! Through his spyglass the captain recognizes it by its shape; it is the pilot boat! It is coming nearer and we see it transfer a pilot to a large three-master, which is ahead of us. Will the little boat also have one for us on board? Surely, it is coming toward us—what joy for all of us! Meanwhile the storm has increased and the captain has the sails furled; so that the little boat may reach us. There we stand, fearing to breathe as we watch the little ship battling with wave and storm, the women and children crying aloud every time it is hidden by the waves. But—O wonder, each time it comes up again. At last it is a rifle-shot distant from us, a small boat is lowered—but my God, will the pilot come over to us in such a nutshell in this storm? Indeed, two sailors are going over. The pilot too, and now—oh my God, let these three lives find favor with you! There they leave—a cry upon our ship—and boat and all has disappeared; but no, look, there they are again; now it's all over; they are gone forever—but again they appear and are nearer—again to disappear and again to move nearer, until finally—oh the joy and rejoicing—they reach us and our sailors pull up a tall lean man who is to guide us into the harbor. The captain welcomes him and asks his commands, whereupon the order “Hoist all sails” resounds from one end of our ship to the other. What? In this storm and so near the land? Still, he is the pilot. He is the man who knows the way and who now must be obeyed. Soon all sails are spread, the wind bellows them, the masts creak, the waves dash house-high—it matters not, onward it goes

through storm and waves, and we are no longer able to look upon the sea without getting dizzy. Ever wilder the ship courses through the high waves—but the pilot stands fast at his post and calmly and firmly faces the storm. Brothers, then I acquired admiration for the American pilot! At 9 o'clock, it was said, we would see the lighthouses, and so it turned out. I was on deck most of the time; everything was new to me and the time seemed long until I could see my new fatherland. The anchors were cast and we lay at the mouth of the Hudson.

13—Wednesday. At daybreak we were all on deck to see the land and gradually, on both sides, it appeared through the dawn. What a sight! There it lies, the land in which I and mine shall hereafter live, where my remains will rest, and where the call shall come to me: "Fred, thy pilgrimage shall stop and the days of thy knighthood shall end!" All, all, all, is with Thee, Thou true God!—Soon the anchors are lifted and toward 10 o'clock in the morning we at last enter the harbor, where soon a crowd of German leeches come on board, one knowing of a good tavern, another of good work, a third this, a fourth that. However, it seems to me that these loafers are nearly played out, and that the Germans have in time become too wise to be fooled by them. After our arrival we went on land as soon as possible, since our baggage was not to be delivered until the following day.

14—Thursday. Now that we have received our baggage and all has been opened for inspection, we have no more to do with our ship. A great distance lies back of us, much has been overcome, and this I have emphatically realized: "Man can do much, if he must."

But the Lord who has helped us until now, will in mercy help us further. To Him alone the honor! Amen!

*[To be concluded]*